

1884

UA94/1/1 Elizabeth Curd Tucker Scrapbook

Elizabeth Curd Tucker

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UA94/1/1 Elizabeth Curd Tucker Scrapbook

Elizabeth Curd Tucker was born February 9, 1863 near Glasgow, Kentucky to Havilah and Leticia (Mosby) Curd. She attended Glasgow Normal School graduating in 1880 when she delivered the valedictory speech at commencement. She married George Tucker on December 16, 1884 in Cave City. Except for a brief residence in Bowling Green between 1914 and 1921, the couple lived and raised their family in Cave City where George owned and operated the Tucker Telephone Company. They had six daughters and two sons. Mrs. Tucker died in Glasgow September 18, 1947. The scrapbook was donated to the WKU University Archives by her daughters in 1975.

Scrapbook created by Glasgow Normal School graduate Elizabeth Curd Tucker Scrapbook.

The bulk of the scrapbook is made up of newspaper clippings of poetry and articles regarding education and sermons. There are Glasgow Normal School commencement programs and drawings by her son Charles and an unidentified artist in the scrapbook as well. The following articles are of particular interest:

Wedding announcement for Roy Clifford and Nell Overstreet, p. 31.

"Glasgow Normal Senate," Friday May 28, 1880 which mentions Ms. Curd, p. 49.

"Glasgow Commencement Exercises," June 30, 1880 which mentions Ms. Curd giving the valedictory, p. 50.

Address delivered by Glasgow Normal School founder A.W. Mell at the Louisville Annual Methodist Conference, p. 54.

Wedding announcement for Prof. H. Leibing and Ella Bohannon, p. 55.

"Graduates of Glasgow Normal School," p. 58.

J.K. Gwynn obituary, p. 77.

Glasgow Normal School commencement programs

Scrapbook was scanned by University Archives student worker Todd Wilson, Feb. 2010.

Here is a complete list of titles:

A Fine Sonnet
A Good Name
A Sermon in Rhyme
Alphabet of Texts
American Wonders
Annie and Willie's Prayer
Around the World in Eighty Days
Bar, Temple. Rest in the Grave
Barr, Lillie. The Passing Storm
Be Up and Doing
Bean, Jake. The Two Glasses
Beautiful Things
Bible Points
Bob's Petticoats
Bradish, Alice. A Teacher's Soliloquy
Butis, M.F. A Water Lily
Cake, L.B. Croquet
Carleton, Will. The Boy-Convict's Story
Carlos. Gleanings from Many Sources
Carlson, Will. John Henry Payne
Chapter of Interesting Facts
Charles Tucker
Curfew Must Not Ring To-night
Dempsey, W. Koss, A Reverie
Despair
Do Not Be Idle
Dr. Rolland's First Poem
Duties of Sabbath School Teachers
Easy Method of Washing
Eliot, Charles. John G. Whittier
Ellis, Olyette. Write Them a Letter To Night
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. The Mountain
Farningham, Marianne. The Last Hymn
Ferry, Mary. Indian Summer
Fourteen Wonders of the World
Frances Willard
Good Words for Women
Gregory, John. Necessity of Education
Henry Clay Morrison, image
Hildreth, Charles. Over the Mountains

Hill, Eugene. The Old Farm-Gate
Home Without a Woman
Horrible Rum
How Slate Pencils Are Made
Huggins, Annie. American Literature
In the Mire
Introspection
It Sounded Awful
J.G. Holland obituary
Kelly, Andrew. The Early Days
Kentucky Census Statistics
Knowledge in a Nut-Shell
Life
Life and Dinner
Longfellow, Henry. Mad River
Longfellow, Henry. Autumn
Longfellow, Henry. The Bridge
Longfellow, Henry. The Day is Done
Longfellow, Henry. The Golden Milestone
Longfellow, Henry. Winter Winds
Longfellow: Whittier's Tribute to the Dead
Singer
Look Up, Not Down
Lowell, James. The Heritage
Lowell, James. The Snow-Fall
Luck and Labor
Lukens, Henry. America's Greatest Lyric
M'Cormick, John. Frances Willard
Mix, Paramenas. Fame
My Mother
No Flowers
Oliver Goldsmith's House
Our Moments
Our Wasted Resources
Parallel of the Sex
Pencilings by the Way
Percy, Florence. Rock Me to Sleep Mother
Prentice, George. The Closing Year
Prentice, George. The Invalid's Reply
Prouty, Father. The Bells of Shandon
Punctuality in All Things
R. Poole Photographer, Nashville, TN

Random Readings

Realf, Richard. One by One

Reputation and Character

Riley, John Whitcomb. How John Quit the Farm

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother

Romeo. On the Banks of Barren

Romeo. The Highland Nell

Rules of Conduct

Self-Reliance Necessary

Some Familiar Sayings

Somebody's Darling

Somebody's Mother

Somehow or Other

Something That Should be Learned by Heart

Sorrow's Teachings

Spence, Harry. The Spirit of Progress

Sunday Gossip

Sweetheart, Good-bye

Talmage, T. DeWitt. St. Paul

Talmage, T. DeWitt. Whose Son Art Thou?

The Advantage of Being a Woman

The Beautiful Snow

The Education of Girls

The Flight of Time

The Managing Wife

The Marriage of Great Men

The Moneyless Man

The Old Sexton

The Presidents in Brief

The Punctuation Puzzle

The Shattered Tomb

The Silly Sheep

The Timber We Use

The World for Christ

The World's Seven Wonders

The Year

The Young Architect, image

The Yule Log

Theatrical Productions

Thekla. Lost Harmonies

Things Not Always What They Seem

Troubles Will Not Last Fore'er

Thorpe, Rose. In the Mining Town

To Take Out Stains

To-Morrow

United States. Centennial

Valentine

Venable, W.H. The Teacher's Dream

Very Thrilling, But Too Brief

We've Always Been Provided For

What to Teach Boys

What to Teach Our Daughters

Which Shall It Be?

Whisperers

Whittier, John. Longfellow

William Cullen Bryant, obituary

Wilson, Mary. Allie's Christmas

Womanly Modesty

Wouldn't Look at a Girl

Wren, Jenny. The Blind Girl to Her Father

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Dr. Talmage's New Year's Sermon Upon Longevity of Man.

We Live too Rapidly and Sap Without Thought Brain and Nerve Foundations—Moderation Advised.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 3.—This morning the Tabernacle congregation, meeting for the first Sunday service in the new year, found the pastor disposed to serious reflections on the flight of time. The opening hymn gave the key-note in the familiar words:

My days are gliding swiftly by;
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

Dr. Talmage read several passages relating to antediluvian longevity, making characteristic comments as he read, and then preached from the ominous words, Jeremiah xxviii, 10: "This year thou shalt die."

Jeremiah, accustomed to saying bold things, addressed Hanaiah in these words. They proved true. In sixty days Hanaiah had departed this life.

This is the first Sabbath of the year. It is a time for review and for anticipation. A man must be a genius at stupidity who does not think now. The old year died in giving birth to the new, as the life of Jane Seymour, the English queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI., dawned. The old year was a queen. The new shall be a king. The grave of the one and the cradle of the other are side by side. We can hardly guess what the child will be. It is only two days old, but I prophesy for it an eventful future. Year of mirth and madness! Year of pageant and conflagration! It will laugh; it will sing; it will groan; it will die.

Is it not a time for earnest thought? The congratulations have been given. The Christmas-trees have been taken down, or have well-nigh cast their fruit. The friends who came for the holidays are gone in the rail-train. While we are looking forward to another twelve months of intense activities, the text breaks upon us like a thunderbolt: "This year thou shalt die!"

The text will probably prove true of some of us. The probability is augmented by the fact that all of us who are over 35 years of age have gone beyond the average of human life. The note is more than due. It is only by surfeiting that it is not collected. We are like a debtor who is taking the "three days' grace" of the banks. Our race started with 900 years for a lifetime. We read of but one antediluvian youth whose early death disappointed the hopes of his parents by his dying at 777 years of age. The world then may have been ahead of what it is now, for men had so long a time in which to study, and invent and plan. If an artist or a philosopher has forty years for work he makes great achievements, but what must the artists and philosophers have done who had 900 years before them? In the nearly 3,000 years before the flood, considering the longevity of the inhabitants, there may have been nearly as many people as there are now. The flood was not a fresher, that washed a few people off a plank, but a disaster that may have swept away a thousand million. If the Atlantic Ocean, by a lurch of the earth to-night, should drown this hemisphere, and the Pacific Ocean, by a sudden lurch of the earth, should drown the other hemisphere, leaving about as many beings as could be got in one or two ocean steamers, it would give you an idea of what the ancient flood was.

At that time God started the race with a shorter allowance of life. The nine hundred years were hewn down until, in the time of Vespasian, a census was taken, and only 124 persons were found 100 years old and three or four persons 140 years old. Now a man who has come to 100 years of age is a curiosity and we go miles to see him. The vast majority of the race pass off before 20 years. To every apple there are five blossoms that never get to be apples. In the country church the sexton rings the bell rapidly until almost through and then tolls it. For awhile the bell of our life rings right merrily; but with some of you the bell has begun to toll, and the adaptedness of the text to you is more and more probable: "This year thou shalt die."

The character of our occupations adds to the probability. Those who are in the professions are undergoing a sapping of the brain and nerve foundations. Literary men in this country are driven with whip and spur to their topmost speed. No one brain-worker out of 100 observes any moderation. There is something so stimulating in our climate that if John Brown, the essayist of Edinburgh, had lived here, he would have broken down at 35 instead of 55, and Charles Dickens would have dropped at 40. There is something in all our occupations which predisposes to disease. If we be stout, to disorders ranging from fevers to apoplexy. If we be frail, to diseases ranging from consumption to paralysis. Printers rarely reach fifty years. Watchmakers, in marking the time for others, shorten their own. Chemists breathe death in their laboratories, and potters absorb paralysis. Painters fall under their own brush. Foundrymen take death in with the filings. Shoemakers pound away their own lives on the last. Overdriven merchants measure off their own lives with the yard-stick. Millers grind their own lives with the grist. Masons dig their graves with the trowel. And in all our occupations and professions there are the elements of peril.

Rapid climatic changes threaten our lives. By reason of the violent fits of the thermometer, within two days we live both in the arctic and the tropic. The warm south wind finds us with our furs on. The wintry blast cuts through our thin apparel. The hoof, the wheel, the firearm, the assassin, wait their chance to put upon us their quilets. I announce it as an impossibility that three hundred and sixty-five days should pass and leave us all as we now are. In what direction to shoot the arrow I know not, and so I shoot it at a venture. "This year thou shalt die."

In view of this, I advise that you have your temporal matters adjusted. Do not leave your worldly affairs at the mercy of administrators. Have your receipts properly pasted, and your letters filed, and your books balanced. If you have "trust funds," see that they are rightly deposited and accounted for. Let no widow or orphan scratch on your tombstone. "This

man wronged me of my inheritance." Many a man has died leaving a competency whose property has, through his own carelessness, afterward been divided between the administrators, the surrogate, the lawyers and the sheriffs. I charge you before many days have gone, as far as possible, have all your worldly matters made straight, for "this year thou shalt die."

I advise also that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the year? Fifty-two. If the text be true of you, it does not say at what time you may go, and therefore it is unsafe to count on all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves, and calculate only 26 Sabbaths. Come, Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the 365 days into two parts: what can you do in 182 days? What, by the way of saving your family, the church and the world? You will not, through all the ages of eternity in heaven, get over the dishonor and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath-school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class; that Daniel Baker, the Evangelist, took thousands into heaven; that Doddridge has taken in hundreds of thousands; that Paul took in a hundred million. How many will you take in? If you get into heaven and find none there that you sent, and that there are none to come through your instrumentality I beg of you to crawl under some seat in the back corner and never come out, lest the redeemed get their eyes on you and some one cry out: "That is the man who never lifted hand or voice for the redemption of his fellows! Look at him, all heaven!" Better be busy. Better put the plow in deep. Better say what you have to say quickly. Better cry the alarm. Better fall on your knees. Better lay hold with both hands. What you now leave undone for Christ will forever be undone. "This year thou shalt die!"

In view of the probabilities mentioned, I advise all the men and women not ready for eternity to get ready. If the text be true, you have no time to talk about non-essentials, asking why God let sin come into the world; or whether the book of Jonah is inspired; or who Melchisedec was, or what about the eternal decrees. If you are as near eternity as some of you seem to be, there is no time for anything but the question, "What must I do to be saved?" The drowning man, when a plank is thrown him, stops not to ask what saw-mill made it, or whether it is oak or cedar, or who threw it. The moment it is thrown, he clutches it. If this year you are to die, there is no time for anything but immediately laying hold on God. It is high time to get out of your sins. You say: "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been sinful? The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold from the tip of your finger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather; they compact, until some day a traveler's foot starts the slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. So the sins of your youth, and the sins of your manhood, and the sins of your womanhood may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergences from the right—so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning, but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon you an avalanche of ruin and condemnation.

A man crossing a desolate and lonely plateau, a hungry wolf took after him. He brought his gun to his shoulder and took aim and the wolf howled with pain, and the cry woke up a pack of wolves, and they came ravening out of the forest from all sides, and horribly devoured him. Then art the man. Some one sin of your life summoning on all the rest, they surround thy soul and make the night of thy sin terrible with the assault of their bloody muzzles. Oh, the unpardoned, clamoring, ravening, all-devouring sins of thy lifetime.

A maniac was found pacing along the road with a torch in one hand and a pail of water in the other, and some one asked him what he meant to do with them. He answered: "With this torch I mean to burn down heaven, and with this water I mean to put out the fires of hell." He was a maniac. He could do the one thing just as well as he could do the other. No time to lose if you want to escape your sins, for "this year thou shalt die."

Let me announce that Christ, the Lord, stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the year before, and all your life. He has waited for you with blood on his brow, and tears in his eye, and two outstretched, mangled hands of love. You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front steps. You hasten in, and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out, and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you cannot do enough for the rescuer. You know your arms around him. You offer him any compensation. You say to him, "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul sinking, and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse him thanks, but stand on the beach and say, "Drop that soul! If I want it saved, I will save it myself."

I wish you might know what a job Jesus undertook when he carried your case to Calvary. They crowded him to the wall. They struck him. They spat on him. They kicked him. They cuffed him. They scoffed at him. They scourged him. They murdered him. Blood! blood! As he stoops down to lift you up, the crimson drops upon you from his brow, from his side, from his hands. Do you not feel the warm current on your face? Oh, for the hunger, the thirst, the thirsting, the suffocation, the darkness, the groan, the sweat, the struggle, the death.

A great plague came in Marseilles. The doctors held a consultation and decided that a corpse must be dissected or they would never know how to stop the plague. A Dr. Guyon said: "To-morrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will; prepared for death; went into the hospital; dissected a body; wrote out the results of the dissection and died in twelve hours. Beautiful self-sacrifice, you say. Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven and saw a plague-stricken race. Sin must be dissected. He made his will, giving everything to his people. He comes down into the reeking hospital of earth. He lays his hand to the work. Under our plague he dies—the healthy for the sick, the pure for the polluted, the innocent for the guilty. Behold the love! Behold the sacrifice! Behold the rescue!

Decide, on this first Sabbath of the year, whether or not you will have Jesus. He will not stand forever begging for your love. With some here his plea ends right speedily. "This year thou shalt die."

This great salvation of the Gospel I now offer to every man, woman and child. You cannot buy it. You cannot earn it. A Scotch writer says that a poor woman, one cold winter's day, looked through the window of a King's conservatory, and saw a bunch of grapes hanging against the glass. She said, "Oh, if I only had that bunch of grapes for my sick child at home!" At her spinning wheel she earned a few shillings and went to buy the grapes. The King's gardener thrust her out very roughly, and said he had no grapes to sell. She went off and sold a blanket, and got some more shillings, and came back and tried to buy the grapes. But the gardener roughly assaulted her, and told her to be off. The King's daughter was walking in the garden at the time, and she heard the excitement, and, seeing the poor woman, said to her, "My father is not a merchant, to sell, but he is a King, and gives." Then she reached up and plucked the grapes, and dropped them into the poor woman's apron. So Christ is a King; and all the fruits of his pardon he freely gives. They may not be bought. Without money and without price, take this sweet cluster from the vineyards of God.

I am coming to the close of my sermon. I sought for a text appropriate for the occasion. I thought of taking one in Job: "My days fly as a weaver's shuttle;" or a text in the Psalms: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" or of the prayer of the vine-dresser: "Lord, let it alone this year also;" but pressed upon my attention, first of all and last of all, and above all, were the words, "This year thou shalt die."

Perhaps it may mean me. Though in perfect health now, it does not take God one week to bring down the strongest physical constitution. I do not want to die this year. We have plans and projects on foot that I want to see completed; but God knows best, and he has a thousand better men than I to do the work yet undone. I have a hope that, notwithstanding all my sins and wanderings, I shall, through the infinite mercy of my Savior, come out at the right place. I have nothing to brag of by way of Christian experience; but two things I have learned: my utter helplessness before God, and the all-abounding grace of the Lord Jesus. If the text means some of you, my hearers, I do not want you to be caught unprepared. I would like to have you, either through money you have laid up or a "life insurance," be able to leave the world feeling that your family need not become paupers. But if you have done your best and you leave not one dollar's worth of estate you may confidently trust the Lord who hath promised to care for the widow and the fatherless. I would like to have your soul laid out for eternity, so that if any morning or noon or evening or night of these 365 days death should look in and ask, "Are you ready?" you might with an outburst of Christian triumph answer, "Ay, ay, I am ready!"

I know not what our last words may be. Lord Chesterfield prided himself on his politeness, and said in his last moment, "Give Dryden a chair." Dr. Adam, a dying schoolmaster, said, "It grows dark. The boys may dismiss." Lord Tenterden, supposing himself on the bench of a court-room, said, in his last moment, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." A dying play-actor said, "Drop the curtain. The farce is played out." I would rather have for my dying words those of one greater than Chesterfield or Dr. Adam or Lord Tenterden: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me."

The sooner the last hour comes the better if we are fitted for entrance in the celestial world. There is no clock in heaven, because it is an everlasting day, yet they keep an account of the passing years, because they are all the time hearing from our world. The angels flying through heaven report how many times the earth has turned on its axis, and in that way the angels can keep a diary, and they say it is almost time now for father to come up, or for mother to come up. Some day they see a cohort leaving heaven, and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth;" and the question is asked, "What soul?" And a family circle in heaven find that it is one of their own number that is to be brought up, and they come out to watch, as on the beach we now watch for a ship that is to bring our friends home. After a while the cohort will leave in sight, flying nearer and nearer, until with a great clasp the gates hoists, and with an embrace, wild with the ecstasy of heaven, old friends meet again. Away with your stiff, formal heaven! I want none of it. Give me a place of infinite and eternal sociality. My feet free from the clouds of earth, I shall bound the hills with gladness, and break forth in a laugh of triumph. Ah! ah! We weep now, but then we shall laugh. "Abraham's bosom," means that heaven has open arms to take us in. Now we fold our arms over our heart, and tell the world to

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and back, as through our bosom was a two-
 sided gate to keep the world out. Heaven
 is not with folded arms, but with heart
 open. It is "Abraham's bosom." I see a
 mother and her child meeting at the foot of
 the throne after some years' absence. The
 child died twenty years ago, but it
 is a child yet. I think the little
 ones who die will remain children
 through all eternity. It would be no
 heaven without the little darlings. I do not
 want those that are in heaven to grow up. We
 need their infant voices in the great song.
 And when we walk out in the fields of light,
 we want them to run ahead, and clap their
 hands, and pick out the brightest of the field
 flowers. Yes, here is a child and its mother
 meeting. The child long in glory, the mother
 just arrived. "How changed you are my
 darling," says the mother. "Yes, says the
 child, this is such a happy place; and Jesus
 has taken such care of me, and heaven is so
 kind, I got right over the fever with which I
 died. The skies are so fair, mother! The
 flowers are so sweet, mother! The temple is
 so beautiful, mother! Come, take me up in
 your arms as you used to." Oh, I do not

know how we shall stand the first day in heav-
 en. Do you not think we will break down in
 the song from over-delight? I once gave out
 in church the hymn,

There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,

and an aged man standing in front of the pul-
 pit sang heartily the first verse, and then he
 sat down weeping. I said to him afterward,
 "Father Linton, what made you cry over that
 hymn?" He said, "I could not stand it—the
 joys that are coming." When heaven rises
 for the doxology, I cannot see how we can rise
 with it if all these waves of everlasting delight
 come upon the soul. billow of joy after billow
 of joy. Methinks Jesus would be enough for
 the first day in heaven, yet here he approaches
 with all heaven at his back.

But I must close this sermon.* This is the
 last January to some who are present. You
 have entered the year, but you will not close
 it. Within these twelve months your eyes will
 shut for the last sleep. Other hands will plant
 the Christmas tree, and give the New Year's
 congratulations. As a proclamation of joy to
 some, and as a matter of warning to others, I
 leave in your ears these five words of one
 syllable each, "This year thou shalt die!"

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

O, to be wise, to be strong for the Savior,
 To labor with zeal in His glorious cause,
 Till all shall adore Him, their King and Re-
 deemer,
 And gladly obey His beneficent laws.
 "The earth is the Lord's," yet how much is still
 barren,
 Unsworn, or with seed lying waste on the sand;
 O, where are the streams that shall water the des-
 ert
 Till the palm-tree shall wave o'er Immanuel's
 land?
 In faith we may speak to the Rock of the Ages,
 And in answer the clear crystal waters shall
 flow,
 Still wider and deeper, more grand and majestic.
 As over the desolate regions they go.
 Then from the desert, transformed to a garden,
 A cloud of sweet incense forever shall rise,
 The fruit it shall bear, with the Lord for its
 warden,
 Be garnered by angels at last in the skies.
 O Father all-gracious, what more canst thou give
 us?
 What treasure more precious has heaven in
 store?
 The knowledge of thee is the fount ever-flowing.
 "A place of broad rivers," a sea without shore.
 —S. A. J., in *The Watchman*.

BOB'S PETTICOATS.

"'Twas the night before Christmas," and little
 Bob Moore
 stood tugging the bell at his own father's door
 and crying, "You, Mary Ann, let me in quick!"
 "Yes, darling," said she, "but its naughty to
 kick."
 "It's time for yer supper, too, Bobby," she said,
 "Yer mother just told me ter put yer ter bed."
 "You coaxed her," he cried, "and it's all for your
 sake;
 I know you just want to go off to a wake!"

Then, finding his mother, he threw his brown
 head
 in her lap, and between his sobs dolefully said:
 "I'll never go out on the sidewalk again;
 The fellow keep calling me 'Sweet Sarah
 Jane!'"

"'Twill be Christmas to-morrow," she said, as
 she heard,
 "Think how jolly, my boy!" But she breathed
 not a word
 Of the little suit in her own bureau drawer
 That had come from the tailor the evening be-
 fore.

"Be a man, Bob," she added; "my own darling
 son
 Must be brave. Dry your eyes—they were only
 in fun!"
 "I do y," he moaned, "to be brave as I can,
 But a fellow in petticoats can't be a man!"

Now, Mamma Moore's taste said his own were at
 strife;
 His pretty kilt skirts were the plague of his life,
 And he'd soaped his brown rinklets to take out
 the curl,
 For it quite broke his heart to look so like a girl!
 But mamma long noted her little boy's grief,
 And her dear, loving heart had been planning
 relief;
 For she knew, without proof of the tears or the
 s-b,
 That life's load was too big for the shoulders of
 Bob.

Then mamma, in his rinklets hiding a smile,
 Told many a story his grief to beguile;
 And he, pleading to "Ten Little Niggers" again,
 Soon forgot all the troubles of "Sweet Sarah
 Jane."

That night, when his father had chuckled to see
 Bob's stocking stuffed tight as a stocking could
 be,
 He took the great shears in his hand, and he
 crept
 To the side of the crib where his little boy slept—
 For his father had said, when his mother had
 plead
 To keep the brown curls on the precious brown
 head,
 "The boy's nearly six, and, my darling, tut, tut,
 There's no use in talking, his curls should be
 cut!"

Said mamma: "They're so lovely I couldn't cut
 one!
 You must do it yourself if the thing's to be
 done."
 So that was the reason papa held the shears,
 While mamma held her handkerchief over her
 tears!

Snip, clip! The bright rings on the white pillow
 fell—
 How solemn the scene only mothers can tell;
 Till at last, by a very slight twining and twirl,
 Papa cut Bob's last and his hindmost curl.
 Then mamma laid them all in a book on the shelf,
 To cry over softly when all by himself;
 And exchanged his kilt suit, and his petticoats,
 too,
 For jackets and trousers of naviest blue.

After pressing a kiss on the warm, rosy cheek,
 She left him there, looking so quiet and meek,
 While she slowly and warily went to her bed,
 To dream that her own little Bobby was dead!
 But he wasn't! Next morning he thumped at her
 door,
 Crying, "Now let me in, for it's me, Bobby
 Moore!"
 But before mamma reached it the door was flung
 wide,
 And when she saw Bobby she laughed till she
 cried.

The jacket and trousers had made him so tall
 That, seen by the early dim light in the hall
 With his little bare feet and his funny crotch-head,
 "The boy's none of mine!" she could almost
 have said.

"Mamma, please," he cried, "will you tell Mary
 Ann
 To give me my breakfast as soon as she can?
 I want to go out on the sidewalk again,
 And punch them for calling me 'Sweet Sarah
 Jane!'"

BE UP AND DOING.

Those who are always up and doing, al-
 ways on the lookout for the good chances
 to make money that are occasionally offered,
 become wealthy just as surely as they use
 good judgment. Those who always hesi-
 tate and wait, allow all the good chances for
 bettering their condition to pass by unim-
 proved and remain in poverty and ob-
 scurity.

Doubtless this issue of *The National Agent*
 will be read by both classes; those who are
 always on the alert looking out for improv-
 ing their condition will take agencies at
 once, and if by candid earnestness we induce
 any of the other class to try to take a step
 onward it will be good work and will make
 men of those closely related to the miserable
 sluggard.

All who are up and doing in the agency
 business will meet their reward as surely as
 they work and the sun rises and sets. We
 are calling your attention to no ordinary
 business but one that the people feel an
 urgent need of, and is sweeping the land as
 no other business has ever done. It has
 proved itself to be a popular and profitable
 business. TRY IT.

A GOOD NAME.

What is more valuable in any pursuit than
 a good name? It is often the key-note of
 success in your calling. It is worth ten
 times its cost to its possessor during life;
 and, after death, what more precious legacy
 can be left for your children? Besides, the
 value of a good name does not accrue to
 yourself and children alone. The whole
 community is benefited thereby. Your no-
 ble traits of character remain as a stimulus
 to others, encouraging them to efforts of
 self-improvement.

To a young man, ambitious for a position
 of honor and profit in the business world, a
 good name is of the first importance. With-
 out this, no one is wanted in a position of
 trust. No young man, when fitting himself
 for business, should lose sight of this impor-
 tant fact. We always endeavor to impress
 upon pupils attending our school the value
 of a good name, and also to instill into them
 habits of industry and integrity.



SELF - RELIANCE
NECESSARY TO SUCCESS. — Self-reliance, conjoined with promptitude in the execution of our undertakings, is indispensable to success. And yet multitudes live a life of vacillation and consequent failure because they remain undetermined what to do, or, having decided that, have no confidence in themselves. Such persons need to be assured; but this assurance can be obtained in no other way than by their own successes in whatever they may attempt for themselves. If

they lean upon others, they not only become dissatisfied with what they achieve, but the success of one achievement, in which they are entitled to but partial credit, is no guaranty to them that, unaided, they will not fail in their very next experiment.

THE world is governed by three things: wisdom, authority, and appearances. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people who can look only at the outside.

Punctuality in All Things.

It is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality.

Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes careless of it gets involved in troubles from which it is almost impossible for him to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time; it saps the business reputation of a lawyer, and it injures the prospects of mechanics who might otherwise come to fortune; in a word, there is a profession, nor a station in life which is not liable to the canker of this destructive habit.

In mercantile affairs, punctuality is as important as in military. Many are the instances in which the neglect to renew an insurance policy has led to a serious loss. Hundreds of city merchants are now suffering in consequence of the want of punctuality among their western customers in paying up accounts. With sound policy do banks insist, under penalty of a protest, on the punctual payment of notes; for were they to do otherwise, commercial transactions would fall into inextricable confusion. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligations brought on the ruin of a score of others, just as the toppling down, in a line of bricks, of the master brick causes the fall of all the rest.

Perhaps there is no class of men less punctual than mechanics. Do you want an upholster? He rarely comes, when he agrees. So with carpenters, painters and nearly all others. Tailors and shoemakers often do not have their articles come in time. The consequence is that thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful to their word, would secure

"Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew—and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow,
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro,
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up,—her white lips saying,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell;
A wail is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell,
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 't is the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow,
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell,
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children,
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now;
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Alphabet of Texts.

A. "Ask and it shall be given unto you."

B. "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

C. "Children obey your parents in the Lord."

D. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

E. "Even as Christ forgave you, so also ye."

F. "Fear not, little flock."

G. "God is love."

H. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

I. "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

J. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

K. "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips that they speak no guile."

L. "Love us, brethren; be pitiful, be courteous."

M. "Make me a clean heart, O God and renew a right spirit within me."

N. "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."

O. "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

P. "Perfect love casteth out fear."

Q. "Quicken Thou me, O Lord, according to Thy Word."

R. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

S. "Search the Scriptures."

T. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

U. "Unto you which believe He is precious."

V. "Verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me, hath everlasting life."

W. "While we have time let us do good unto all men."

X. "Excellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God."

Y. "Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake."

Z. "Zealous in good works."

LONGFELLOW:



THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the
mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er
me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of sum-
mer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

LOST HARMONIES.

BY THEKLA.

There's many a song that might have been
sung,
But it died ere it reached the throat;
There's many a harp that is left unstrung
For the want of an answering note.
Had the song been sung, it might have left
Us cherry and bright all day;
Had the tender chords of the harp been
swept,
It had chased dull care away.

There's many a life goes wayward and wrong
For the want of Hope's cheering rays;
There's many a heart made hopeful and
strong
By a word of tender phrase;
Had hope cheered that life, it might have
been glad,
And strong to resist error's chain;
Had no kind word been said, the heart had
been sad,
And its toil might have all been in vain.

There's many a darksome web we weave
For the want of a golden filling;
There's many a day we are left to grieve,
For the lack of hope's bright fulfilling.
Had the sunshine of love filled the shuttles of
life.

The fabric were fair and bright;
Had the anchor of faith stilled the waters of
strife,
The soul had not mourned hope's night.

There's many a road made dreary and sad
For the lack of flowers by the way;
There's many a heart made blithesome and
glad

By the kindly words we might say.
Had the flowers upsprung on the wearisome
way.

The journey had not seemed so long;
Had the words been withheld, which were
so easy to say,
Tuneless and dull were life's song.

How the friction of life wears its wheel work
apace,
For the want of a softening oil;

Had the mission of kindness a readier place
Then labor would no longer be toil.
If we would stop but a moment to temper
life's hands,

By a word of loving cheer,
The work would speed faster from willing
hands,
Nor cost our lives so dear.

How the sweets of life are squandered and
lost!

How we trample its flowers amain!
How blindly regardless we are of cost
Of what we can never regain!
The dearest haunts amongst the soul's fair
chambers

Are left to gloom and dust;
The sweetest chords amongst the human
heartstrings
Are dull with care and rust.

AMERICAN WONDERS.—The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of one hundred and seventy feet each.
The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish that are without eyes.
The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles long.
The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe.
The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over two thousand acres.
The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.
The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long, and one thousand feet deep.
The greatest natural bridge in the world is the

Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width and two hundred and fifty feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creek flows.
The greatest newspaper establishment in the world is the New York Graphic.
The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, over three thousand miles in length.
The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.
The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for Orphans in Philadelphia.
The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct in New York. Its length is forty miles and a half, and it cost twelve and a half millions of dollars.
The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.
The greatest Remedy in the world is Mansfield's Magic Arnica Liniment. Six Hundred Thousand Bottles sold annually.

Mr. J. Herman Dempsey, Supervisor of the Census, has kindly furnished us the following statistics showing the population of several of the county capitals in his district:

Bowling Green, Warren Co.	5,100
Elizabethtown, Hardin	5,575
Bardstown, Nelson	2,075
Russellville, Logan	2,050
Lebanon, Marion	2,050
Franklin, Simpson	1,650
Glasgow, Barren	1,500
Litchfield, Grayson	500
Scottsville, Allen	350
Brownsville, Edmondson	120

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS.

Two Novel and Beautiful Ballets, led by the great Terpsichorean Artists,
Mdlle. De ROSA of the Imperial Opera House, Moscow, Mdle.
LOCATELLI, of the Royal Theatre, Turin, Mlle.
ADELLE CAMMIS, and Mons. CONTI, the Great
Grotesque, supported by a Corps of
Coryphees and Seconde
Danseuses.

THE GREAT CAST:

Aouda, an East Indian Princess.....	Miss Helen Tracy
Nemee, her Sister.....	Miss Rose Wilson
Bessie.....	Miss Edith Ainsworth
Nakahira, Aouda's Slave.....	Miss Josie Loan
Ioali, a Malay Woman.....	Miss Frances Browne
Oiga.....	Miss Carrie Mott
Giza.....	Miss Agnes Mapleton
Daora.....	Miss Gertrude Davine
Phileas Fogg, a member of the Eccentric Club.....	Mr. Harry Meredith
Miles O'Fako, an ex-Senator from N. Y.....	Mr. Archie Cowper
Fix, an English Detective, Scotland Yard.....	Mr. J. F. Peters
Jean Francois Passepartout, a French Valet.....	Mr. John Ward
Mr. Blunt, Calcutta Magistrate.....	Mr. W. H. Bartholomew
Sir Roger Shewdryn.....	Mr. William Howard
Arthur Mayburn.....	Mr. L. Morton
Foster Jones.....	Mr. J. Wakefield
Governor of Suez.....	Mr. F. E. Kille
Shafter.....	Mr. W. Porter
Boatswain.....	Mr. P. Williams
Engineer.....	Mr. C. Runyon
An Aged Parsee.....	Mr. M. S. Johns
Brahmin Chief.....	Mr. A. H. Denham
Phil. Tracy.....	Mr. W. Holliman
Jack Rivers.....	Mr. W. Smithline
Conductor.....	Mr. Frank Richmond
Engineer.....	Mr. P. Taylor
Chief Scout.....	Mr. P. Toole
Adzam Ahan, King of Borneo.....	Mr. Jas. Van Pelt
Waiter.....	Mr. Chas. Notelzah
Station Master.....	Mr. J. Mahned
Barkeeper.....	Mr. J. A. Cook
Captain Collins.....	Mr. Wm. S. Hurd

Brahmins, Priests, Punka Wallahs, Dohes Wallahs, Soldiers, Hindoos, Arabs
Egyptians, Malayans, Road Agents, Indians, Passengers, Policemen,
Sailors, Members of the London Eccentric Club, Snake
Charmers, and Byadere.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

PROLOGUE—Club of the Eccentrics. A wager of half a million.
ACT I. Scene 1.—SUEZ, WITH A VIEW OF THE CANAL (new).
Arrival of the steamer "Magnolia." A chase for \$20,000. Scene 2—
East Indian Bungalow. Purchase of an Elephant. Fix in a Fix.
Scene 3—THE ROYAL NECROPOLIS (new) and the grandest stage
picture ever presented. Funeral Pageant. The Rajah's Wife. "Down
on your knees." To the Rescue.
ACT II. Scene 1—Hotel in Calcutta, with a view of the city. The
Discriminating Judge. Scene 2—PALACE AT BORNEO, (new).
Grand Festival March. Entrance of Nakahira at Borneo. Procession
of 250 Performers. Double Corps of Fanfares, followed by a New
Grand Ballet: "Homage a la Beauties," by Mdle De ROSA, and a Bal-
let of 150 Ladies. 1st, Entree des Esclaves, by Coryphees. 2d, Grand
Entree, Mdle. CAMMIS. 3d, Variation by Mdle LOCATELLI. 4th,
Spanish Dance, by the Corps de Ballet. 5th, Grand Pas de Deux, by
Mdle De ROSA and Sig. CONTI. 6th, L'Amour el Cigarette, by
Eight Seconde. 7th, Grand Finale, by the entire Corps de Ballet.
ACT III. Scene 1.—Saloon in San Francisco (new). Scene 2—
Kearney Station on the P. R. R. (new). Train in full speed. The At-
tack by the Road Agents. Another day lost. Scene 3.—The Giant's
Stairway (new). The Ladies Prisoners. "Only one shot will save
the ladies." Thrilling Tableau.
ACT IV. Scene 1.—Saloon on the Steamer for Europe (new).
Fogg, the Captain, "I will give a whole year's wages." Scene 2—
Deck of the Steamer (new). Full three-master at Sea. "If I don't
reach Liverpool to night I'm a lost man." Breaking up of the Ship.
The Explosion. The Wreck. Scene 3.—Lights of Liverpool (new).
View of the City by Night and Day.
ACT V. Scene 1.—Hotel Parlor in Liverpool (new). I have lost
my bet, but not my honor. No; it is Sunday, not Monday—yet in
time. Last Scene—The Palace of the Eccentric Club (new). This
marvel of artistic achievement represents a Palace Built of Rare and
Gigantic Porcelains. Grand Ballet of BRIC-A-BRAC. Congress of
China of all Nations, by 100 Ladies. The Last Stroke of the Hour. He
has Lost. No! I am here, Gentlemen. Grand Finale.

*This play was witnessed in
N. B. La, Nov. 18th 1884 by
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Tucker.*

Random Readings.

Of all things which cost nothing, politeness is worth the most.

The longest and darkest of all nights is the night of despair.

He who loses his temper in an argument loses the argument also.

Very nice scruples are sometimes the mark of a great mind, but oftener of a little one.

The wise man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

He who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue is a novice both in the one and the other.

We must do quickly what there is no hurry for, to be able to do slowly what demands haste.

The truths that we at least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

WHOEVER makes a great fuss about doing good, does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good, will not do it long.

He who bears failure with patience is as much of a philosopher as he who succeeds; for to put up with the world needs as much wisdom as to control it.

If you cannot wear diamonds, put up with pearls; if you can afford neither, be content with making the best of what you have. Adaptability is in itself a jewel.

HABIT is almost as strong as principle, and sometimes, when we are beset by a multiplicity of cares, may act in its stead. Be careful, then, that your habits are of the very best.

FORTUNE is usually called fickle, but she seldom bestows her favors upon those who idly spend their time in importuning her without making any bold attempt to win her.

ENJOY what is within your reach. Don't go wandering after strange flowers, when fairer ones grow in your own gardens; for, in reaching after distant treasures, we are apt to let go those we have.

OVER-CONFIDENCE.—Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue than the confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and, by assuring us of the power of retreat, precipitates us into hazard.

The name "talby cat" is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called Atabi, or taffety, the wavy markings of the watered silks resembling pussy's coat.

THERE is this difference to be observed between want of consideration and want of tact, that the one can be cured by care, watchfulness, regard for personal interest, or an enlarged benevolence, but the other never.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits; but the fact is, that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over-eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

DON'T ask favors if you can avoid it, not even from your nearest and dearest friends. Give as many as you can, and, if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for, or stand waiting for any.

THERE'S nothing like good, solid, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them; you want sleep—calm, sound sleep—and eat your dinner with an appetite. But you can't, unless you work.

WHEN you speak evil of another you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which comes back to the same place and covers him all over."

A MARRIED man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, although abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is monarch.

Of all the myths of the fairy age, of its many legends and enchantments, true love seems to be the one great charm which has come down to us unchanged by time, untouched by steam-engines, and unexplained by science. True love is true love by whatever signs and language it is spoken—as long as hearts beat, as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron or golden, we must seek it.—Miss Thackeray.

It is not work that hurts men. It is the corrosion of uncertainty; it is the acrimony of fear; it is the anticipation of trouble; it is living in a state of painful apprehension. Therefore we should endeavor to rise out of the atmosphere of gloomy foreboding. The man who is lifted above fear and the cloud of mischief goes through life as a man.

TO-MORROW.

THAT mythical to-morrow! That "undiscovered country" which we long for, yet find not—the land of day-dreams, of hope, and wherein we build so fair and stately, all our bright castles in Spain! To-day may be cold and clouded and dreary, but what matter? The sun is shining brightly in that fair to-morrow.

When we reach it we shall be divinely happy; for, as distance throws a soft purple haze over the far-away hill and forest, so, seen through our engloamored vision this to-morrow, which is ever a few hours away, seems like an enchanted land, with flowers and birds, bright sunshine and pure ether, song, laughter, music; where pleasure and health, wealth, fame and love walk through paths fair as Eden, making one grand harmonious sum of all our dearest desires. Time is swiftly bearing us toward this Elysium; we go to sleep each night upon its threshold; we visit it in dreams, perhaps; but when we waken, it is still to-day—never, never to-morrow. Yet we rise in nowise disheartened by the truth; for do we not see it on a little way before us, as ever, the same beautiful vision that has gladdened our eyes from our youth up?

Some one has wisely said, "It is not so much what we enjoy as what we expect to, that makes us happy." And in this lies the secret of our contented waiting for to-morrow, for the anticipation of a joy is often greater than its realization, and it is well, perhaps, that this is so. We keep to-morrow as a pleasant picture—a rare painting, with living colors brighter than any artist's skill can convey to canvas—to adorn the walls of a dreary to-day. The present may be ever so dark, yet that blessed picture hangs before our eyes—"a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever."

With many, to-morrow is a land of promises as well as a land of promise. They are always on the eve of performing for you some great miracle; they are ever going to do something for your everlasting good, but it is never to-day they will accomplish it—always to-morrow. Something prevents their doing it to-day; there is never anything to hinder their doing it to-morrow. This is true of many individuals, and even some nations. It has been said in jest the word most spoken by the Spanish is "to-morrow." Do you ask some favor of a Spaniard, some trifle which you are anxious to have done at once, the invariable answer, given with a most polite bow and captivating smile, is, "*Mañana, señor, mañana.*" And so it is with people who have unfulfilled their promises of gifts or favors to you; if you happen to remind them of the little oversight upon their part, they are so willing to oblige you to-morrow.

There are many to whom to-morrow has nothing of promise or comfort or beauty. The errors of to-day have filled their otherwise fair to-morrow with spectres whose companionship they have good cause to dread. Or this clouding of their future may be the result of another's sin, whose black shadow is reflected over them. To them, to-morrow may be a burning desert, a steep mountain, a desolate plain. In it there is no vision of joy or wealth or beauty, but pain and cold and hunger; disgrace and death, perhaps, walk on the very verge of to-day. They lie down to their troubled sleep in sore dread of what to-morrow may bring forth, too miserable and wretched, it may be, to feel that in God's hands lie all to-morrows.

Yet to the worker—not he who dreams alone—though gladdened and strengthened with the golden vision which hope ever spreads before his eyes, the time for earnest work, the time to be up and doing, the time to battle nobly with fate, ever is to-day. By-and-by is a word scarcely known in his vocabulary, his motto and watchword is "*now.*" (And perhaps, to him who faithfully employs his allotted time, when all to-days, like the petals of a flower have dropped off one by one; when his life is a tale that is told; when the slumber of death has lain heavily upon his eyelids, he may awaken—who knows? to find that the goal he has longed for is at last won; that though to-day is of the earth earthy, to-morrow is of heaven, and heaven to-

IN THE MIRE.

IT is astonishing how differently people take the journey of life. Two persons may be walking side by side, each having the same amount of sunny weather, and equal seasons of storm; but, while one makes himself miserable over trifles, the other, possessing his soul in patience, manages to be cheerful, if not merry, under great disadvantages. One thoroughly enjoys the smooth and sunny places, but the other seems to have a predilection for the mire. When one comes to a bog or a muddy patch of ground, he hurries over it as quickly as possible; in his opinion, there is nothing to be gained by loitering; if one loiters at all, it is better to linger over some pleasant portion of the journey, and not where it is not only very uncomfortable, but where there is absolute risk of sinking so deeply in the mire help will be needed to pull one out.

But his companion passes over the bright, cheery places heedlessly or gloomily, never looking out for the exquisite views of mountain, prairie or woodland which meet the eye of the observant on every side. He toils along where the path is smooth, not seeming to realize it is level and easy; but when he comes to the mire, as if it were his favorite element, he sinks down, either in a sort of apathy, or else he begins to bewail his fate, and the uselessness of mire and physical and moral effort generally, as though that would make traveling more easy or the mire less deep. No matter whether it be the mire of failure, of disappointment, or of poverty, he does not look to see how deep it is, or try to hurry over it, but wastes his time and force in useless lamentations. If with the help of others, or by unwilling and tearful efforts of his own, he at last does emerge from it, he cannot at once rid himself of the mud and slime which will cling to him long after.

It is true that some natures are more cheerful and energetic than others, but even those of gloomy or shrinking disposition may conquer or greatly obviate these natural propensities if they set about it with an earnest will. And from their earliest infancy children should be taught that to make the best of things is rare wisdom, and to imagine them worse than they are is cowardice and gross folly.

SORROW'S TEACHINGS.

SORROW for the most part not only purifies but enriches; not only disciplines but ennobles. By affliction we are made better friends and more sympathetic companions, braver to meet and stronger to bear, and molded into a grander form throughout than we could ever have attained without this suffering which has been our hard but benevolent task-master.

Without experience how can we understand the pain of others? To the most pitiful child what is the anguish of a broken heart? what the grave anxieties of business? what the terror lying round the loved one's sick-bed, or following him into the battle-field and across the winter seas? All unknown lands throughout!—blank pages in the great book of life, across which even shadows do not wander for those clear unspeculative eyes! The child can understand mamma's tears. It has shed them often enough itself, and has learnt by experience that they are not pleasant, but bitter and bad. It can understand, too, the words as words, "Mamma's head aches;" and it lays its fat little hands on the throbbing forehead with an air of angelic compassion—a compassion untouched by experience and only the surface-seeming of sympathy. It is not real; it is merely an intellectual apprehension of words, while the essential thing remains as dark as before. We must suffer before we can sympathize; and when we have suffered, then our own experience teaches us to be pitiful to others. We can handle best that sore of which we have felt the smart; and the burden which we ourselves have borne we can help to adjust on the shoulders of others with greatest knowledge of where the corners press. All the hardness of youth comes from want of experience; all the tender pity of age, the helpfulness of maturity, come from the foregone knowledge of pain. If sorrow does nothing else for us, it teaches us to be tender to others, and shows us how to alleviate by having taught us how to bear.

THE HIGHLAND NELL.

When autumn breezes fill the land,
When flying wagons track the sand,
When young Apollo strings his band,
When love and music go hand in hand,
When purest friendship floats 'pon the strand,
What song comes alluring, ere one can tell,
Fading o'er the moorland, from highland Nell?

See the moon, fair, gentle queen of the night,
See the shades of eve fading out of sight,
See Venus twinkle, and Jupiter wave aright,
See some young collegian failing in his might,
See the powerful avalanche—the world in fright,
With failings and fearings, see, all remains well,
If the gods do but listen to bonnie Nell.
Softly chirps the cricket in hearth, 'hind door,
Softly mews to cat, all snugly on the floor,
Softly coos the dove a tale of holy lore,
Softly whistles the farmer's boy, as he follows behind the mower,
Softly repeats some poet young, sweet lines of Thomas Moore,
So she, softly touching her piano—the music's swell,
So thousands flock around her—all lovers of highland Nell.
Ope the claspings of angel's white glove,
Ope the blue vault hanging starry above,
Ope the clouds, see the colors of rainbow's clove,
Ope heaven's richest and choicest love,
Ope all obstructions to sun's rays above,
And yet will light be minus, and love quickly sell,
To exchange for that, from highland Nell.
The lark is warbling 'tis early morn;
Hark, to the beautiful highland song!
The sweeter voice, the lark's or hers, 'tis hard to tell,
Though the world decides favorably for highland Nell.

—ROMEO.

Luck and Labor.

If the boy who exclaimed, "Just my luck," was truthful, he would say, "Just my laziness!" or "Just my inattention!" Mr. Cobden wrote some proverbs about "Luck and Labor" which it would be well for our boys to memorize:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.
Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.
Luck lies in bed and wishes the post-man would bring him news of a legacy.
Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.
Luck whines.
Labor whistles.
Luck relies on chances.
Labor on character.
Luck slips down to indigence.
Labor strides upward to independence.



Each man and woman was sent into the world not to be like somebody else, but to do his own work and bear his own burden, precisely the one work which God has given him, and which can never be given to or done by any other.

John Wesley says, "Get all you can without hurting your soul, body or neighbor; save all you can and give all you can; being glad to give and ready to distribute."

He who thinks he can do without others is mistaken; he who thinks others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.

There is always room for a man of force and he makes room for many.—Emerson.

"The voice of joy and health is in the dwelling of the righteous."

A page digested is better than a volume hurriedly read.—Macaulay.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

Try to get good, and you are sure to get good.

Keep good principles, and they will keep you.

Be lively, but not light; solid, but not sad.

HUMILITY is the mother of contentment.

Working is the acquiring of knowledge.

Liberty is a priceless jewel of the soul.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

Progress is born of doubt and anxiety.

Candid thoughts are always valuable.

Blunt people often say sharp things.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

Strong reasons make strong actions.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

Richest is he that wants the least.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Be just before you are generous.

Notions are ideas partly formed.

Ideas are pictures in the mind.

Knowledge is ascertained facts.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

Boasters are consins to liars.

Quiet conscience gives sleep.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Denying a fault doubles it.

ON THE BANKS OF BARREN.

Full many a planet, by forces, two,
In ecliptic path, is propelled, space, voidless through;

Full many an hour was spent to-day
By kindness and friendship of 'n enlight'n'd way.

Roll on, young Barren, with your muddy foam,
Pure the sweet song, how city gentleness did roam

On your shadowy, willowy banks—all green,
Surrounded by highlands, like a lawn between

Ah! little they dreamed, who gazed upon
your waters mild,

That the lonely whip-poor-will oft 'waked
the valley wild;

That the zephyrs, which cooled the blushing cheek,
Were gifts from Providence, collected during the week.

Roll on, little Barren, and with a simple rhyme,
Echo the *Beech Grove* company in another clime;

Sing pleasingly of the Moss that adorned
your shore,

Neglecting none—the Susies, the Nellies, the Rennies and more.

The sun sheds rays, which, when condensed,
are strong—

Where socialism and familiarity abide,
pleasure is long;

Few words, to express one's sincerest regard,
Are fitly condensed to wife and Doctor at large.

Roll on, proud Barren, and, with waves, cast
smiles,

As you plough the rough rocks for coming miles;

And with the gentle laugh of Misses Trigg
and Cora J.

Wanton, lasciviously, on some rustic down
your way.

The morning rose, perfumed by nature—
with petals red—

The low lands of clover, and tall blue grass
—a med'

The many, many scenes that Providence
provide,

Are bestowed on Pageville, for man's harshness to hide.

Roll on, rolling Barren, and, as you o'er top
the lilies white,

Leave them all stainless, pleasing to the
sight;

And, as you flood on down your foaming
way,

Inscribe, with gracefulness, the English
letter, J.

—ROMEO.

Never question a servant or child
about family matters.

Never present a gift, saying that it is
of no use to yourself.

Never read letters which you may find
addressed to others.

Never fail, if a gentleman, of being
civil and polite to ladies.

Never call attention to the features or
form of any one present.

Never refer to a gift you have made or
a favor you have rendered.



THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,

Laughing, Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, and fickle as love!
Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing, Laughing, Hurrying by.
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.
How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.

Ringling, Swinging, Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by:
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.
Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell;
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to hell;
Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street;
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat.
Pleading,

Cursing, Dreading to die.
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!
Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.

Father, Mother, Sisters all,
God, and myself I have lost by my fall,
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.
How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting, Freezing, Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan,
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Nature has strange ways of doing the most beautiful things. Out of the oozy earth, the mud and rain of early spring, come the most delicate flowers, their white leaves born out of the dirt, as unsoiled and pure as if they had

The World's Seven Wonders.

The seven wonders of the world are: The Pyramids, the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's temple at Ephesus, the Pharos of Alexandria, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Olympian Jove, and the Mausoleum by Artemisia at Halicarnassus. The Pyramids are numerous and space forbids anything like even a list of them. The great piles were constructed of blocks of red or syenitic granite, and of a hard calcareous stone. These blocks were of extraordinary dimensions, and their transportation to the sites of the pyramids and their adjustment in their places, indicate a surprising degree of mechanical skill. The Great Pyramid covers an area of between twelve and fifteen acres. The masonry consisted of 89,028,000 cubic feet, and still amounts to about 82,111,000 feet. The present vertical height is 450 feet, against 479 feet originally. The total weight of the stone is estimated at 6,316,000,000 tons. The city of Rhodes was besieged by Demetrius Poliorcetes, King of Macedonia, but aided Ptolemy Soter, King of Egypt, the enemy was repulsed. To express their gratitude to their allies and to the tutelary deity, they erected a brazen statue to Apollo. It was 102 feet high, and hollow, with a winding staircase that led to the head. After standing fifty-six years, it was overthrown 224 years before Christ, and lay nine centuries on the ground, and then sold to a Jew by the Saracens, who had captured Rhodes, about the middle of the seventh century. It is said to have required 800 camels to remove the metal, and from this statement it has been calculated that its weight was 720,000 pounds. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was built at the common charge of all the Asiatic States. The chief architect was Chersiphon, and Pliny says that 220 years were employed in completing the temple, whose riches were immense. It was 425 feet long, 225 broad, and was supported by 127 columns of Parian marble (60 feet high, each weighing 150 tons), furnished by as many kings. It was set on fire on the night of Alexander's birth by an obscure person named Erostratus, who confessed on the rack that the sole purpose which prompted him was the desire to transmit his name to future ages. The temple was again built, and once more burned by the Goths in their naval invasion A. D. 256. The Pharos of Alexandria and Hanging Gardens were described recently. The colossal statue of Jupiter in the temple of Olympia, at Elis, was by Phidias. It was in gold and ivory, and sat enthroned in the temple for 800 years, and was finally destroyed by fire about A. D. 475. From the best information it is believed that the mausoleum at Halicarnassus was a rectangular building surrounded by an Ionic portico of thirty-six columns, and surmounted by a pyramid, rising in twenty-four steps, upon the summit of which was a colossal marble quadriga with a statue of Mausolus. This magnificent structure was erected by Artemisia, who was the sister, wife, and successor of Mausolus.



THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of Coral,
Rising silent

In the red sea of the winter sunset.
From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Special watchfires

Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside the old men seated
Seeing ruined cities in ashes,
Asking sadly

Of the past what it can ne'er restore them

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,

Asking blindly,
Of the future what it cannot give them!

By the fireside tragedies are acted,
In whose scenes appear two actors only—
Wife and husband,

And above them God, the spectator.

By the fireside is peace and comfort;
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,

Waiting, watching,
For a well-known footstep in the passage.
Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;

Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance

Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it,
Hears the talking flame, the answering nightwind.

As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are
Not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fastidiousness

Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile

From the earth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures.

But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

—[Longfellow.]

10

No 24597


United States
Paul le Roy
THREE DOLLARS
R. POOLE,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
 Corner Cherry and Union Streets,
 NASHVILLE, TENN.

MAY 10th 1862

A WATER LILY.

What to Teach Boys.

A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men." What is it they ought to know?

First—To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action—rather than be learned in all the sciences and languages, and at the same time be false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

Second—To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society in which he moves, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society, and were compelled to cry "unclean" as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third—To be unselfish; to care for the feelings and comforts of others; to be polite; to be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and sacred things.

Fourth—To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from childhood: to be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however rich or poor, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

O star on the breast of the river,
 O marvel of bloom and grace,
 Did you fall straight down from heaven
 Out of the sweetest place?
 You are white as the thoughts of an angel;
 Your heart is steeped in the sun;
 Did you grow in the golden city,
 My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
 None gave me my saintly white;
 It slowly grew from the blackness
 Down in the dreary night.
 From the ooze of the silent river
 I won my glory and grace.
 White souls fall not, O my poet;
 They rise to the sweetest place.

—M. F. BUTTS, in *Sunday Afternoon*.

Necessity of Education.

A sound and liberal education is the surest pathway to success in all pursuits. Statistics show that the educated man will, on the average, be as far advanced in his career at 35 as the uneducated man at 45 or even 50. His education is as good as ten years' start of his competitors. While not one out of every ten well educated men makes a comparative failure, not one out of every ten of uneducated men achieve success. The chances of the educated men are, therefore, ten to one better than those of the uneducated. This is true in every branch of business; in agriculture and mechanic arts, as well as in law, medicine, or trade.—*John M. Gregory, L.L.D., Prest. Ill. Ind. Univ.*



What to Teach Our Daughters.

The following advice is worth many readings:

Teach them self-reliance
 Teach them to make bread.
 Teach them to foot up store bills.
 Teach them how to cook a good meal.
 Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them every day, dry, hard, practical sense.

Teach them to say "no" and mean it; or "yes" and stick to it.

Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like queens.

Give them good, substantial common school education.

Teach them that a good, rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.

Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their suitors.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate young men.

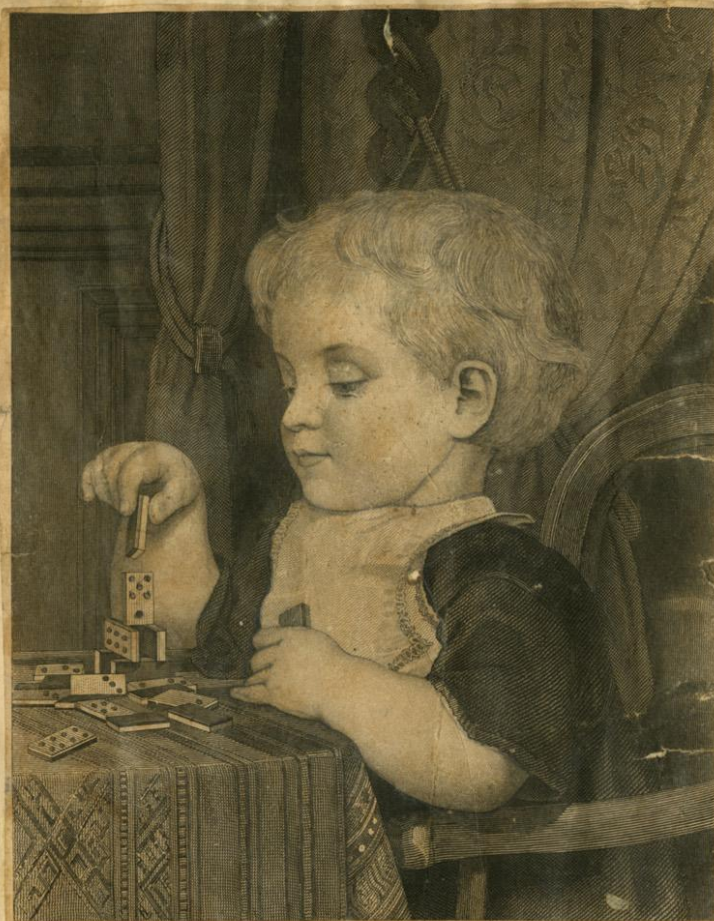
Teach them the mysteries of the kitchen, dining room and the parlor.

Teach them that the more one lives within his income, the more he will save.

Teach them that the farther one lives beyond his income, the nearer he is to the poor-house.

Reply upon it that upon your teaching, depends in a measure, the weal or woe of their after life.

Teach them the accomplishments,—music, painting and drawing,—if you have time and money to do it with.



THE YOUNG ARCHITECT.

Very Thrilling, But Too Brief.

[Franklin (Ky.) Patriot.]

In the calm moonlight, last Wednesday evening, we witnessed a scene of thrilling interest, such as awakened feelings we shall not soon forget. A young and beautiful girl, apparently of that age when a mother's protecting care is most needed, was observed slowly crossing Cedar street, in the direction of the Boisseau House. There was something peculiarly attractive in the sweet, sad young face, for she was beautiful; no daughter of the Tyrol was ever more lovely. Her dress was not such as to indicate a follower of fashion, though its graceful folds were arranged with more than ordinary taste. As she approached the crossing she appeared disconcerted, as if dreading the approach of danger. Her brow was very fair; yet notwithstanding her beauty and her youthfulness, there was an expression of sadness on her fair young face, denoting the struggle of the heart within. Suddenly from the direction of Depot street, emerged a youth, whose age could scarcely have been eighteen years. We were all anxiety to know the cause of this excited and evidently unhappy meeting. The beautiful girl (Captain, supper's ready, says Tom at our door.) (Just our luck, we never began a sentimental sketch but something or other calls us away. Be patient, gentle readers, we will continue the story the first opportunity.)

CROQUET.

BY L. B. CAKE.

Well, wife, we're here at home again,
Just you and I alone;
How strangely still the old house seems,
With all the children gone!
Ah, me! how often I have thought,
When worried with their noise,
What joys we'd see when they grew up,
Those shouting girls and boys.

They're done as other children do,
Done just as we did, wife;
Their children will do so by them,
So runs the warp of life:
But could I change one single thre
In life's full woof, to-day,
I'd bring the children home to wait,
Till we should go away.

I've thought so much on that new game
We helped the children play;
The one with mallets, balls, and wires,
With that queer name,—Croquet.
'Tis not much like the games we played,
More like the game of life,
That you and I have learned to play,
Since you became my wife.

They choose their partners, make the start
All for position aim;
Strive to be first from arch to arch,
And winner in the game,
Croquet "positioned folks" away,
Drive others from the ground.—
Some fall behind, some rove, some win:
Thus runs the game around.

Together through the wickets, wife,
Since partners we became,
We've run the weary score of life,
And soon we'll close the game.
The sun dips low, the friends that look,
Drop one by one away;
Few will be left upon the ground,
When we shall cease to play.

The night comes creeping darkly on,
The shadows round us blend;
But I can see the arches plain,
Between us and the end:
The curfew call from Far Away,
Will soon come o'er the heather,
The arches won, I only pray
We may go out together.

RULES OF CONDUCT.

Never exaggerate.
Never point to another.
Never betray a confidence.
Never wantonly frighten others.
Never leave home with unkind words.
Never neglect to call upon your friends.
Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.
Never give a promise that you do not fulfill.
Never send a present, hoping for one in return.
Never speak much of your own performances.
Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.
Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.
Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.



LOVE AND DINNER.

(By a Bachelor Uncle.)

Ah, love in a cottage is all very fine,
And kisses are sweet when the loving ones take 'em!
But there's naught in this world, when you sit down to dine,
Like the girl who knows well how to fry and to bake 'em.
The dinners I mean, not the kisses of love,
Though they both are all right if you rightly have "took" 'em.
If you want to keep in with your darling, your dove,
Be careful, oh, wives, and be sure how you cook 'em.
The doves now I mean, not the loves or the men,
But I whisper this secret: As sure as we're sinners,
The love will fly out of the windows just when
You fail to have ready acceptable dinners.

It is well you should fondle, and "dear," and caress,
For love in itself is a bright household blessing;
It is well for the husband who loves you to dress,
But 'tis better by far if his dinner you're dressing.
Call him "darling!" and "love!" and "dearest!"
and "sweet!"
These things are all right, and by him will be "took" in—

But be sure, all the same, that you don't burn his meat,
And serve up his meals in your best mode of cooking.

For remember that Love will go out of the door
If his stomach is empty—this sturdy bread-winner.

He may love you to-day; he will love you no more
If you dry up his pudding and ruin his dinner.

There's a sight of this nonsense of "love all in all;"
I tell you, endearment has no such a handle!
The road to affection, in cottage or hall,
Leads straight through the stomach, and that you must dandle.

At the door, with a smile, when he comes unto you,
Be ready—enjoyment shall follow the meeting—
But be sure that the fumes of a roast, broil, or stew
Shall rise to his nostrils and second the greeting.
And remember, dear girls, who are lately made wives,

Let this be a lesson to each new beginner:
You may fondle and love through the rest of your lives,
But be sure that you second that love with your dinner.
E. N. G.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING A WOMAN.

FROM the equator to either pole the law of civilized society is "Make way for the ladies!" "Will any gentleman oblige a lady?" asks the omnibus conductor in his blindest tones; and no sooner said than done. For whom are the tid-bits reserved at every feast? who is served first, and has the best seat, at breakfast, dinner and supper? Women, lovely women? Who pays for them? Men, the wretches!

Man loves and runs away. Woman brings actions for breach of promise and gets damages. Woman loves and she rides away. Man brings his action and gets hooted out of court.

Whatever things are beautiful, whatsoever things are rare and costly, are at the disposal of woman to make her irresistible. Even the robed red-breast lays down his melodious life, and justly so, since a bird in her hat is worth two in the bush. The little bow-wows give up their brass collars, that they may shine upon her snowy neck. She goes forth conquering and to conquer. Man, poor devil—with his chimney-pot hat, and his coats made of the wool of the congealed sheep—is a mere collection of cylinders, and his garments seem contrived to enhance his native ugliness.

Who toils and suffers all hardships—bears the burdens of the day and the rigor and darkness of the night? Man, the unlucky rascal! Mean while woman, bless her sweet heart! gives smile, an order or two, and is queen of herself that heritage of joy.

These are only a few of the reasons which show what a grand and blessed thing it is to be a woman, and what cause for gratitude that human being has who is thus sublimely privileged.

Something that Should be Learned By Heart.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human arm?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones in the shoulder bind?
Two in each—one before and behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each one, two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by the joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each, like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the kneecap, please.

How many bones from the leg to the knee?
Two in each, we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now altogether these many bones fix,
And they count in the body two hundred and six.

And then we have the human mouth,
Of upper and under thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink.

A sossamoid bone, or a wormain, we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

The Timber We Use.

To make shoe pegs enough for American use, consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches, 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lasts and boot-trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more. The baking of our bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repair consumes about 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consume annually thirty years growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all our railroads would cost \$45,000,000 with a yearly expenditure of \$15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American forests are going. There are others, our packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1874 \$12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than \$100,000,000.

INTROSPECTION.

Have you sent her all her letters?
Have you given back her ring?
Have you cursed the day you met her first?
Thanked God that you were free?
And said in your inmost heart, as you
thought,
"She never was dear to me."
You have cast her off; your pride is
touched;
You fancy that all is done;
That for you the world is bright again,
And bravely shines the sun.
You have washed your hands of passion;
You have whistled her down the wind;
O Tom, old friend, this goes before,
The sharpest comes behind!
Yes, the sharpest is yet to come.
For love is a plant that never dies;
Its roots are deep as the world itself,
Its branches as wide as the skies;
And wherever once it has taken hold,
It flourishes evermore, blossoming still.
And bearing its beautiful fruit with the
bitter core.

II.

You will learn this, Tom, hereafter,
When anger has cooled, and you
Have time for introspection,
You will find my words are true;
You will sit and gaze in your fire alone,
And fancy that you can see her face,
With its classic oval, her ringlets fluttering
free.
Her soft blue eyes wide opened,
Her sweet red lips apart,
As she used to look, in the golden days,
When you dreamed she had a heart!
Whatever you do, wherever turn,
You will see that glorious face
Coming with shadowy beauty
To haunt all time and space.
Those songs you wrote for her singing,
Will sing themselves into your brain,
Till your life seems set to their rhythm,
And your thoughts to their refrain—
Their old, old burden of love and grief—
The passion you have foresworn—
I tell you, Tom, it is not thrown off,
So well as you think, this morn.

III.

But the worst, perhaps, the worst of all,
Will be when the day has flown,
When darkness favors reflection,
And your comrades leave you alone;
You will try to sleep, but the memories of
unforgotten years
Will come with a storm of wild regret—
Mayhap with a storm of tears—
Each look, each word, each playful tone,
Each timid little caress,
The golden gleam of her ringlets,
The rustling of her dress,
The delicate touch of her ungloved hand,
That woke such an exquisite thrill,
The flowers she gave you the night of the
ball,
I think you treasure them still.
All these will come till you slumber,
Worn out by sheer despair,
And then you will hear vague echoes
Of song on the darkened air—
Vague echoes, rising and falling,
Of the voice you know so well,
Like the songs that were sung by the
Lurlei maids,
Sweet with a deadly spell!

IV.

In dreams her heart will ever again be yours,
And you will see fair glimpses
Of what might have been—what now
Can never be; and as she comes to meet you
With a sudden wild unrest,
You stretch your arms forth lovingly,
To fold her to your breast;
But the Lurlei song will faint and die,
And with its fading tone you wake to find,
You clasp the thin and empty air alone,
While the fire-bells clanging dissonance
On the gusty nightwind lorn,
Will seem an iron-tongued demon's voice,
Laughing your grief to scorn.
Oh, Tom! you say it is over;
You talk of letters and rings—
Do you think that Love's mighty spirit, then,
Is held by such trifling things?
No; if you once have truly loved,
You will still love on, I know,
Till the churchyard myrtles blossom above,
And you lie mute below!

How is it, I wonder, hereafter?

Faith teaches us little here
Of the ones we have loved and lost on earth;
Do you think they will still be dear?
Shall we live the lives we might have led?
Shall those who are severed now
Remember the pledge of a lower sphere,
And renew the broken vow?
It almost drives me wild when I think
Of the gifts we throw away unthinking,
Whether or no we lose Life's honey and
wine for aye!
But then, again, 'tis a mighty joy—
Greater than I can tell—
To trust that the parted may sometimes
meet;
That all may again be well.
However it be, I hold that all the evil we
we know on earth,
Finds in this violence done to love,
Its true and legitimate birth.
And the agonies we suffer,
When the heart is left alone,
For every sin of humanity
Should fully and well atone.

VI.

I see that you marvel greatly, Tom,
To hear such words from me,
But if you knew my innermost heart,
'Twould be no mystery.
Experience is bitter, but its teachings we
retain
It has taught truly
Who once has loved, loves never on earth
again!
And I, too, have my closet,
With a ghastly form inside—
The skeleton of a perished love,
Killed by a cruel pride.
I sit by the fire at evening,
As you will sometimes sit,
And watch in the rosetate half-light,
The ghost of happiness flit.
I, too, awaken at midnight
And stretch my arms to unfold
A vague and shadowy image,
With tresses of brown and gold.
Experience is bitter, indeed; I have
learned
At a heavy cost the secret
Of Love's persistency;
I, too, have loved and lost.



LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting edges.
Though the joy bells may be ringing;
Not a song you'll hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through those same sorrows,
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows;
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
Lo! your mole hill seems a mountain,
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power,
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and royal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor:
Look up, as you love and labor,
Not for one alone woe's ills,
Every one has cares and trials,
Joy and gain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather,
May we have, oh, let us pray,
Faith and patience for to-day.

LIFE.

The following remarkable compilation is
a contribution to the San Francisco Times
from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The
reader will notice that each line is a quota-
tion from some of the standard authors of
England and America. This is the result
of a year's laborious search among the lead-
ing poets of the past and present time:

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?

Life's a short summer, man a flower.

By turns we catch the vital breath and die—

The cradle and the tomb, alas, so nigh.

To be, is better far than not to be,

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;

But light cares speak when mighty griefs

are dumb;

The bottom is but shallow whence they

come.

Your fate is but the common fate of all;

Unmingled joys here to no man befall.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere;

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;

Custom does often reason overrule.

And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.

Live well; how long or short, permit to

heavens;

They who forgive most shall be most for-

given.

Sin may be clasped so close, we can not see

its face,

Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.

Then keep each passion down, however dear;

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,

With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;

We masters grow of all that we despise.

Then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

What is ambition!—'tis a glorious cheat!

Only destructive to the brave and great.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

How long we live, not years but actions tell;

That man lives twice who lives the first life

well.

Make then, while yet we may, your God

your friend,

Whom Christians worship, yet not compre-

hend.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself

be just.

For, live we how we can, die we must.

PARALLEL of the sex: Man is strong,

woman is beautiful. Man is daring

and confident; woman is diffident and

unassuming. Man is great in action;

woman in suffering. Man shines abroad;

woman at home. Man has a rugged

heart; woman a soft and tender one.

Man talks to convince; woman to per-

suade and please. Man prevents mise-

ry; woman relieves it. Man has

science; woman has taste. Man has

judgment; woman has sensibility. Man

is justice; woman is an angel of Mer-

cy.

A REVERIE.

BY W. KOSS DEMPSY.

Who lives only in the present?
Who thinks not of days ago?
Days of sadness, or all pleasant—
Faint hues come, 'tis mem'ry's dawn.
See the gray light of the dawning
Lighting up some happy scenes;
Shines again life's early morning,
Nor a shadow intervenes.

List the voices,
How they're calling!
Heart rejoices
As they're falling.
Tones so tender
Softly saying,
"Heart surrender
With us straying,
The glad scenes see
Of the ago,
Which no Lethe
Floweth o'er."

See the faces loved so truly,
Beaming fond with love for me;
As the warm hearts throb so purely,
Let me still those faces see;
For they hold a magic power,
And my heart yields to their spell.
And it loves a pleasant hour
Oft to spend with those loved well.

Dead, they're sleeping
In the ground,
While Hope's weeping
O'er the mound;
Mem'ry calling,
Wakes them all—
Softly falling,
List the call.
They, obeying,
Come again;
With me straying,
Bid joy reign.

Yes, fond mem'ry wields a power
O'er this heart, this heart of mine,
That yields me many a happy hour—
Hours of peace and joy divine,
Hours when shines the promise bow,
Hours which bid fair hope revive,
Hours when the loved of the ago
With me are again alive.

For the loved ones,
Passed away
To the far-off
Realms of day,
Still are living
In my heart,
Mem'ry giving
All her art,
Softly calls them
From the tomb;
Disenthralls them,
Bids them come.

And again I see the faces
Of the loved ones lost to me,
As they come and take their places
In the halls of memory.
There with them I well-pleased wander,
Look on scenes so long gone by,
And the future gently ponder,
Hushing ev'ry low-breathed sigh.

Father, mother,
Long who've gone:
Sister, brother,
Whom I mourn;
Friends and classmates,
Boys and girls
With books and slates,
Smiles and curls;
Talking, smiling,
Come to me—
Care beguiling,
Sorrows flee;

And their tones, so gladly singing,
Thrill my heart as they did then;
And my heart joins in the singing—
E'en the tune has come again;
And the words—I have not sung them
Since a little boy at school,
When our happy voices sung them
In the evenings long and cool.

Do I alone
Sing that song,
Nor hear a tone
From that glad throng
That sung with me
To now awake
Glad minstrelsy?
Do they forsake?
No, no! They come,
Places take
Within my room!
Heart, awake,

Listen to the happy voices—
Voices from the long ago;
How this throbbing heart rejoices
As the pleasing numbers flow!
So when come the hours of sadness,
And the mournful numbers flow,
Let me view the scenes of gladness—
Scenes so bright in the ago.

Or if sorrow's
Only seen,
Let the morrow's
Golden sheen
Light the now
With hues divine,
And from my brow
The shadows drive,
And bid my heart
In hope revive,
And gloom depart,
Nor heart repine;



For our fancy often brings us
Sure relief for ev'ry sigh,
As a song she softly sings us
Of the pleasures "by and by."
Hope sees, with eye by faith made strong,
With true vision pure and clear,
A far-off, blood-washed, ransomed throng,
The central figures—lost ones dear!

Act the present!
Live the now!
Let the pleasant
Holy power,
Of fond mem'ry
Cheer the heart,
Pleasure bring thee,
Joy impart:
Future gladness,
Hope's fair ray,
Drive all sadness
E'er away.

THE OLD SEXTON.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made
Leaned the sexton old on his earth worn
spade;

His work was done and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lip so thin,
"I gather them in—I gather them in."

Many are with me, but still I'm alone;
I am king of the dead and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold;
And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage or come they from
hall—

Mankind are my subjects—all—all—all.
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin,
"I gather them in—I gather them in."

I gather them in—both man and boy—
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've builded the houses that lie all 'round
In every nook of this burial ground.
Mother and daughter and father and son,
They come to my solitude one by one,
Or come the stranger or come the kin,
"I gather them in—I gather them in."

I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, low down, in this church-yard
breast.

The sexton ceased and the funeral train
Wound slowly o'er that solemn plain,
And said, to myself, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton old
Will sound o'er that tramp's dreadful din,
"I gather them in—I gather them in."

AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the
year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbin-
gers
Of sunny skies and cloudless time enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread
out:
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and
with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid
scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow riches on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared
clouds.

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate
wooer,

Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep crim-
soned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leav-
ed

Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits
down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the
trees

The golden robin moves. The purple
finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive
whistle,

And pooks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud,
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird
sings.

And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing floor the busy
flail.

Oh what a glory this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes
forth

Under the bright and glorious sky, and
looks
On duties well performed, and days well
spent!

For him the wind, aye, and the yellow
leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent
teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn that
death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

—Longfellow.

Reputation and Character.

Reputation is what we seem to be.
Character is what we really are. Men
know our reputation; God knows our
character. Reputation, like wealth,
is left behind us when we pass into
eternity. Character is taken with us
over the river of Death. Reputation
fades away, and is of momentary im-
portance. Character is an everlasting
possession and has an eternal value.
Then it is far more important to ac-
quire character than to make reputa-
tion. The acquisition of character
should be the great business of life.
If we take care of our character, our
reputation will take care of itself.

ALGEBRA is said to have been in-
vented by Diophantus, who first wrote
upon it A. D. 200.



Gleanings From Many Sources.

BY CARLOS.

Maps, globes and dials were first invented by Anaximander in the sixth century before Christ. They were first brought into England by Bartholomew Columbus in 1489.

Comedy and tragedy were first exhibited at Athens 562 B. C.

Plays were first acted at Rome 239 B. C.

The first public library was founded at Athens 526 B. C.

The first public library was founded at Rome 167 B. C.

The first public library was founded at Alexandria 284 A. D.

Paper was invented in China 170 B. C.

The calendar was reformed by Julius Caesar 45 B. C.

Insurance on ships and merchandise first made in A. D. 43.

Saddles came into use in the fourth century.

Horse-shoes made of iron were first used A. D. 481.

Stirrups were made about a century later.

Manufacture of silk brought from India into Europe A. D. 551.

Pens made of quills A. D. 635.

Stone buildings and glass introduced into England A. D. 674.

Pleadings in courts of judicature introduced A. D. 788.

The figures of arithmetic brought into Europe by the Saracens A. D. 991.

Paper made of cotton rags about the close of the tenth century.

Paper made of linen in A. D. 1300.

The degree of Doctor first conferred in Europe at Bologna in 1130; in England, 1209.

The first regular bank was established at Venice in 1157; at Genoa in 1407; at Amsterdam in 1609; and the bank of England in 1694.

Astronomy and geometry brought into England in 1220.

Linen first made in England in 1253.

Parents must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only government firm and mild, but sympathy, warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

Wherefore should we mock the Deity with supplications, when we insult Him by murmuring under His decrees? or how, while our prayers have in every word admitted the vanity and nothingness of the things of time, in comparison to those of eternity, should we hope to deceive the Searcher of hearts by permitting the world and worldly passions to reassume the reins even immediately after a solemn address to Heaven!—*Scott.*

The true faith in Christ is to believe in Christ, and not to think something about Christ, or try to settle metaphysical questions concerning the relation of Christ to God in the physical body. The true conception and practice of faith is to believe in God, take Christ for our example and leave all the abstruse questions to take care of themselves, leaving all matters of uncertainty to the Father of mysteries.

Not war, but husbandry, builds nations; not controversy, but education and edification—spiritual culture—is the condition of church prosperity. As Carlyle puts it: "The true epic of our times is, not arms and the man, but tools and the man—an infinitely wider kind of epic."

The everyday cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion, and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—*Longfellow.*

How can the Almighty and Merciful Friend, who is always with us, take delight in sacrifices? Let us purge our minds, and lead virtuous and honest lives. His pleasure is not in magnificence of temples, but in the piety and devotion of consecrated hearts. Let us be sure not to admit any evil intentions into our hearts, that we may lift up pure hands to heaven, and ask nothing by which another may lose.—*Seneca.*

Spectacles invented 1280.

The art of weaving introduced into England in 1330.

Musical notes, as now used, invented 1380.

Gunpowder invented at the city of Cologne by Schwartz, 1320-40.

Cannon first used at the siege of Algeziras in 1342.

Muskets in use 1370.

Pistols in use 1544.

Printing invented at Mentz by Gutenberg 1440.

Printing introduced into England 1471.

Post-offices established in France, 1464; in England, 1531; in Germany, 1641.

Turkeys and chocolate introduced into England from America in 1520.

Tobacco introduced into France by Nicot 1560.

First coach made in England 1564.

Clocks first made in England 1568.

Potatoes first introduced into Ireland and England in 1586.

The circulation of the blood discovered by Harvey, 1619.

The first newspaper published in England, 1588; in Venice, 1630; in France, 1631.

Coffee introduced into England in 1641; tea, 1666.

Turnpikes first made in England in 1663.

Bayonets invented in Bayonne in 1670. First brought into use at the battle of Turin in 1693.

Stereotype printing invented 1725.

New style of calendar introduced into England 1752.

Air balloons invented in France in 1782.

The first mail stage coach in England 1785.

The cotton gin invented in Georgia by Whitney 1794.

Life-boats invented in England 1802.

The first steamboat on the Hudson, N. Y., 1807.

The streets of London first lighted with gas 1814.

Some of these dates are given differently by different authors.

ALLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY WILSON.

"Oh! dear, it is awful to be poor," said Alethea Graham, as she folded up the satin bodice she had just finished. "How I should like to have fine clothes and lovely jewels like Emily and Hilda. But, I suppose, Aunt Laura thinks I do not care for such things, and yet," as a doubt crossed her mind, "Aunt Laura ought to know that I would like to go down to the parlor when the girls have their Christmas party; and she knows, too, that I've nothing suitable to wear. Ah! me, if all the fairy tales I tell little Gracie were true, I would not be sitting here wishing for love and beautiful clothes. If they would only love me a little, I would not care for all the jewels in the world. But I must hurry, for here comes Emily to try on her new dress."

"Allie, you are very slow this morning, I thought the dress was nearly done. I have only a few minutes to spare, for mamma and I are going out to look at some silks. What a poor little fire you have; I am nearly frozen in this cold room." And the 'beautiful Miss Norton' drew nearer to the fire and thrust her little slippered feet upon the fender.

"Now, Emily, it is finished. What a perfect fit; you will look lovely enough to draw a score of admirers to your feet."

"Many thanks, Allie, for the compliment. It is a beautiful dress, but all the pleasure of the party will be destroyed, for old Aunt Alethe has written to mamma that we may expect her here in time for the holidays, and she is so odd. I never could endure her."

"I never saw Aunt Alethe, but I am named for her. Well, Emily, your party dress is finished, and now I am to make Gracie one. Poor little thing, her heart is almost broken, for Aunt Laura says she can only stay in the parlor an hour or two, and she is so anxious to see the dancing."

Here the sound of wheels caused them both to step to the window in time to see a little old lady, with a huge satchel, walk briskly up the marble steps.

"It is Aunt Alethe, just as we were speaking of her. 'Speak of the evil one'—you know the rest, Allie."

With this remark, the amiable young lady left the room. Poor Allie, she had kept back the tears all day; but as she folded up the rose-colored satin, with its cloud-like masses of lace, the bright drops fell and lay glittering like diamonds amid its fleecy folds. When the last touch was given to the dress and the room tidied up, Allie went to the nursery, where little Gracie welcomed her with beaming smiles.

"Cousin Allie, I've got something good to tell you. It's just splendid. Mr. Howard Germaine is going to take sister Emily and me out sleigh-riding this evening. I heard mamma tell Hilda that she or Emily one must manage to catch him. What did she mean, Cousin Allie?"

"I can't say, pet, but did you know Aunt Alethe Graham has come to spend the Christmas with us?"

This Howard Germaine was an old friend of Allie's. They had played together as children and grown up as friends, but Howard had gone to Europe to finish his education; her father and mother had died, and she had become an inmate of her haughty Aunt Norton's beautiful home. A home that should have meant happiness and content, but where she was treated by all, but her Uncle George and Gracie, as a kind of upper servant, without that servant's privileges. And she had no idea that Howard would remember her, or remembering, care to know her. Filled with these bitter reflections, she had turned from the child, with her face pressed close to the cool window pane, and so, did not heed the opening door nor the light step, until a hand was laid on her shoulder and a kind

voice spoke her name. Looking up to the beautiful old face bending over her, Allie rose, and ere she could speak was clasped in a warm embrace.

"And so this is poor Tom's child, my namesake, little Alethe." The kind voice trembled, for Tom Graham was her favorite nephew, and she had never seen him since he ran away from home. He had written to her when he married, and again he wrote telling her of little Alethe, who made such sunshine in his home. All this and more she told Allie, and kissed the sweet lips repeatedly, much to the astonishment of little Gracie, who had never seen any caresses, save her own, bestowed on Allie.

Not long were they permitted to remain thus, for Mrs. Norton's voice was heard in the hall, and soon she came in, bringing with her a chilly air; and indeed, such an atmosphere was entirely suited to her. She habitually maintained a rigid, icy demeanor, and never thawed toward any one.

Miss Graham soon saw the position Allie held in her aunt's family, and her heart ached as she thought of Tom's child, subjected to insults and indifference. She mentally resolved that Allie should yet be acknowledged as far superior to the aunt and cousins, who now saw in her only the seamstress—one through whom they could attain some coveted desire. She noted the scantily furnished room and slender wardrobe belonging to Allie, and thought of the two dainty, silken clad girls, lounging in their boudoir, trifling over some fancy work suited to their soft, white fingers.

The much-talked-of party at length arrived, and Miss Graham had learned why Allie could not go down, but she held her peace.

After Allie had helped Hilda and Emily dress, she hurried to her room. In the gathering darkness, she did not see anything unusual in the arrangement of the room, but as she lighted the gas and turned around, she gave a delighted little scream. There on the bed lay a snow of illusion dress, with all the accessories of an evening costume, even to the delicate lace kerchief and fan. She was sur-

prised at every turn, for on the toilet stand, nestling close to the puffed satin, was an entire set of pearls, and there, too, was an exquisite bouquet of hot-house flowers. Looking closer she saw a tiny note in the heart of the blossoms, and, going to the light, saw that it was for Miss Alethe Graham. Opening it, she read:

"MY DEAR CHILD: Please accept these Christmas gifts, and as soon as you are dressed come to my room. Your AUNT ALETHE."

Quickly she put on the beautiful dress, and when the last pearl was hung in her tiny ears, she went to her Aunt Alethe. The old lady involuntarily opened her arms to the vision of loveliness that stood on the threshold of her door waiting for a welcome. And very warm and tender the welcome was, as, with her bright head resting on her aunt's shoulder, Allie learned that the future for her was all rose-hued—that she was to leave Aunt Norton's house as the adopted daughter of her Aunt Alethe.

"Oh! Aunt Alethe, this is the happiest Christmas gift I ever had—a home and a mother's love."

"A happy Christmas for both, my darling. I suppose you will not object to going down to the parlor with your old auntie. It has been so long since I took part in such festivals, I will be quite at a loss."

"Never fear, Aunt Alethe, but you will be a greater belle than any of the young ladies present. I am envious now."

And the blue eyes danced with merriment. Down to the crowded rooms, where 'fair women and brave men' laughed and danced away the happy moments, passed the aunt and niece.

Howard Germaine was standing with folded arms leaning against the door opposite the one through which Alethe entered, carelessly looking over the gay throng, all unmindful of the many bright eyes bent on him. Suddenly his eyes lighted up with pleasure, and joy beamed from every lineament of his face.

"It surely must be little Allie, who else could have that pure, innocent face. I will see if she remembers me."

Allie's heart lost some of its lightness as she saw the frown on her Aunt Laura's face, and felt, rather than heard, the ill-concealed displeasures of her cousins; and as Aunt Alethe just then met an old friend, she gladly hurried through the conservatory door, there to hide her burning cheeks and fight back the rebellious tears. She was standing with bent head and fingers tightly interlaced, absently gazing at a box of snow of heartsease at her feet, when a shower of roses and a well remembered voice saying 'Sweets to the sweet little Allie,' caused her to look up, startled, to meet the laughing eyes of Howard Germaine. "Have you then forgotten me? And, after all these years, has little Allie no welcome for me?"

Till then Allie had not uttered a sound, but as the old familiar name fell on her ears, the rosy blushes broke over her face, and Howard was satisfied

with his welcome. There was so much to tell that each forgot the flight of time. They were Howard and Allie to each other, and as Hilda passed them on the arm of her escort, she caught the name of 'Howard' from Allie's lips. All the sarcasm of her nature was thrown into the one sentence—"You are progressing rapidly for a novice, Miss Graham."

Howard rose and with sarcasm, cutting as her own, bowed and said: "You must admit, Miss Hilda, that man never saw a lovelier novice than Allie."

Hilda, with a haughty stare, passed on, and Allie smiled brightly on her champion.

"Come, this is almost the last waltz, and, placing his hand on his arm, they were soon whirling gaily through the 'mazy measures of the waltz.'"

Miss Graham was delighted with Howard and gave him an invitation to visit them at her country home, where she and Allie were going at once.

The snow had been falling steadily all evening, and, as a servant brought in the lights, a slender figure sprang from the depths of a large, easy chair, and blithely exclaimed: "Ah, Uncle Will, is it you? I'd no idea it was so late. Has any one come?"

"No, Miss Allie, but I specs dey is coming, for I thought I heard the sleigh bells, and dar comes Miss Alethe down stairs."

And soon she heard a manly voice in the hall, and then her Aunt Alethe answering. The voices drew nearer, and Allie stood with glowing cheeks and shining eyes waiting for Howard Germaine. He clasped the outstretched hand, and raising it, pressed a lingering kiss on the dainty fingers that grew rosy at his touch. Aunt Alethe pretended not to see this little passage, and walked to the old fashioned broad window and drew closer the heavy damask curtains. Her eyes grew misty as she stole a glance at the happy young faces near her, for she remembered how she had once stood before that same fire-place listening to vows of love. But alas! the voice she loved had been hushed in the grave's repose many long years.

The two young people were so completely absorbed in their conversation they did not notice when she left the room, but they were soon interrupted by the summons of the bell to supper. And when they had again gathered around the old-time wood-fire in the cozy sitting room, Howard thought he had never seen a fairer picture than Allie made as she sat, her fingers idly toying with the fleecy white wool she was crocheting. He had loved Allie all his life, and, as he watched her, he knew that for him life had no greater happiness in store than the love of this fair young girl. He could scarcely refrain from telling her of his love. When his visit of three days had drawn to a close, and he was standing by the fire with Allie at his side, he suddenly drew her to him, and his kisses fell on the tremulous lips again and again.

"My love, my own darling, look up and tell me that my love is returned, that when I come again it will be as your promised husband?" And in the blue eyes lifted so trustingly to his face, Howard read his answer, and as Aunt Alethe came in, he softly pressed the clinging fingers and said:

"Aunt Alethe, for so my little Allie has given me the right to call you, I ask you for the dearest boon a man ever craved—no less than the sunshine of your home. Will you trust her to my keeping? I cannot remember the moment when Allie was not the ruling motive of my life."

"Indeed, my dears, I see there is nothing left me to do but give my consent. Take her, and though all the brightness of my home will leave with her, it is a comfort to know that she will be happy."

"Heaven bless you, Aunt Alethe," and Howard pressed a kiss on the soft white hair as she told him good-bye at the door.

And so the winter passed, and with the first of May came Allie's wedding day. Mr. Norton's family were there, and as the fair lovely bride, came in the parlor, leaning on the arm of handsome Howard Germaine, Emily and Hilda were almost blind with envy. When the words were spoken that made them man and wife, Howard, putting his hand beneath her chin, raised the sweet face to a level with his own, and as he bent to kiss the perfect lips of his fair young wife, he softly murmured:

"My love, my wife, my own forever and ever."

THE BOY-CONVICT'S STORY.

[Will Carleton, in Western Farmer's Almanac, Louisville.]

Let's sit over there, Mr. Sheriff, up nearer the end of the car; I'm doing too much advertising, to stay in the seat where we are. That fine-tooth-comb chap saw the jewels that you on my wrists had bestowed, and tells all new passengers promptly, you're taking me over the road. I've had a well-patronized trial, and every one knows of my fall; But when I get out among strangers, I'm sensitive-like, after all.

For I was a lad of good prospects some two or three seasons ago; There wasn't any boy on the prairie, that made a more promising show. I learned all the Sunday-school verses, and took in their goodness and worth, Till I felt like a virtue-hooped barrel, chuck full of the salt of the earth; And this precious picnic of sorrow would probably all have been saved, If I had had less of a heart, sir, or home had contained what it craved.

For the time when a boy's most in danger of running a little bit wild, Is when he's too young to be married—too old to be called a child: A bird in the lonely grass-thickets—just out of the parent-tree thrown— Too large to be nursed in the old nest—too small to have one of his own; When desolate 'midst its companions, his heart is a stake to be won; 'Tis then that the devil stands ready to get a good chance to catch on.

Oh yes, I'd a fine enough home sir, as far as the house was concerned— My folks were first class providers—I got fully as much as I earned; My clothes were all built of good timber, and fit every day to be seen. There wasn't any lock on the cupboard—my bed-room was tidy and clean;

And taking the home up and down, sir, I'd more than an average part, With one quite important exception—there wasn't any room for my heart.

The house couldn't have been any colder, with snow-drifts in every room; The house needn't have been any darker, to make an acceptable tomb! I used to stop short on the threshold, and brace up a minute more, And bid good-bye to the sunshine, before I would open the door; I used to feed daily on iceburgs—take in all the freeze I could hold, Then go out and warm in the sunlight—because my poor heart was so cold!

And hadn't I a father and mother?—oh yes, just as good as they make; Too good, I have sometimes suspected—though maybe at last's a mistake. But they'd traveled so long and so steady the way to Perfection's about, They hadn't any feeling for fellows that couldn't as yet find the road. And so, till some far advanced mile-post on Goodness' pike I could win, They thought me not of their own child, but one of the children of sin.

And hadn't I brothers and sisters? oh yes, till they somewhat had grown; Then, shivering, they went off left and me to stand the still racket alone. For I had the luck to be the youngest—the last on the family page; The one to prop up the old roof tree—the staff of my parent's old age. Who well understood all the purpose to which a mere staff is applied. They used me when convenient, then carelessly stood me aside.

And hadn't I any boy comrades?—of course I had friends more or less, But seldom I asked them to visit our house with the slightest success; Whenever the project was mentioned, they'd somehow look blue like and chill, And mention another engagement they felt it their duty to fill: For—now I am only a convict, there's no harm in telling the truth— My home was a regular stamper to blood that was seasoned with youth!

Not one single thing was cheerful; no festivals, frolics or games; No novels of any description—twas wicked to mention their names! My story books suddenly vanished; my checker-boards never would keep; No newspapers came o'er our door-step, save such as were first put to sleep. And as for love—well, that old song, sir, is very melodious and fine, With "no place like home" for the chorus—I hope there aint many like mine!

And hadn't I any nice girl friends?—well, yes, there was one: a sly mouse; Who came to teach school in the district, and boarded a while at our house: She was full of her antics, and girlish, but good as a mortal could be; My folks drove her out of the district—because she was partial to me. They thought it was wicked, to dally with any thing pleasure was in, And drove me to certain destruction, to save me from possible sin.

And so, soon my body got hating a place where my heart couldn't abide— And Pleasure all the time smiling and beckoning me to her side; And when I start out on a journey, I'm likely to go it by leaps— For good or for bad I'm no half way—I'm one or the other, for keeps. My wild oats fell thicker and faster; I'm reaping the same that I sowed; And now I am going to market—I'm taking it over the road.

Yes it grieved my good father and mother, to see me so sadly astray, They deeply regretted my down fall—(in a strictly respectable way); They gave me all due admonition, they sent me off full of advice, And wondered so much at an outcast, from parents so good and precise; And indeed I have often suspected, when full of neglect and its smarts, That I was once left on the door-step of their incongenial hearts.

My home is in the prison waiting—it opens

clear up to my sight; Hard work and no pay day a coming—a close call to sleep in at night; And there I shall lie in the cold gloom, with more tribulation than rest, And wake in the morning with Trouble sticking sharp in my breast; But maybe the strain and the sorrow won't quite so much o'er me prevail, As 'twould over some one who wasn't brought up in a kind of a jail.

You've got a good home, Mr. Sheriff, with everything cozy and nice; And isn't for a wrist-shackled convict to offer a word of advice: But one thing I'll say: of all places your children may visit or call, Make home the most pleasant and cheerful—the sweetest and best of them all! For the Devil won't offer a dollar to have his earth chances improved, When homes are made up of side shows, with all the attractions removed!

Don't say I'm too bitter, good Sheriff; I like you! you been very good; I'm ever and ever so grateful—I'd pay it all back if I could! And I don't mean to slander my parents—I have nothing against their good name, And as for my unrighteous actions, it's largely myself that's to blame; Still, if I had a home—but the prison's only a station ahead; I'm done; only, Sheriff, remember, and think over what I have said.

The Marriage of Great Men.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass who could not endure the restraint put upon her; so they separated. Subsequently, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, a rare example in the long line of English monarchs, wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say she was worthy of him, and they lived as married people should live—in perfect accord with each other.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besides this was fifty-two years old while he was but twenty-five. He wouldn't take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant. She made an excellent wife and sagacious empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an amiable woman, and was most devoutly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

THE INVALID'S REPLY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Yes, dear one, I am dying. Hope at times
Has whispered to me, in her siren tones,
But now, alas! I feel the tide of life
Fast ebbing from my heart, I think
That soon
The green and flowery curtain of the
grave
Will close as softly round my fading
form
As the calm shadows of the evening
hour
Close o'er the fading stream.
Oh! there are things
Which my heart's tears gush wildly at
the thought
That, in the fresh, young, morning tide
of life,
I must resign my breath. To me the
earth
Is very beautiful. I love its flowers,
Its vales, its mountains, its green woo-
ing woods,
Its moonlight clouds, its scents, and
its soft
And bowy twilight; and I needs must
mourn
To think that I so soon shall pass away,
And see them never more.
But thou, the loved
And fondly cherished one of my life,
Thou dear twin spirit of my deathless
soul,
'T will be the keenest anguish of my
heart
To part from thee. True we have
never loved
With the wild passion that fills heart
and brain
With flame and madness, yet my love
for thee
Is my life's life. A deep, abiding love
has never sighed and wept beneath the
stars.
Or flowed within the breasts of saints in
heaven.
It does not seek the vision of my heart,
nor a portion of my soul. I feel
That I am but a softened shade of thee,
And that my spirit parted from thine
own,
Might fade and perish from the universe
Like a star that when the star itself
Is hidden by the storm-cloud, Aye,
I fear
That Heaven itself, though filled with
love and God,
Will be to me all desolate, if thou,
Dear spirit, art not there. I've often
prayed
That I might die before thee, for I felt
I could not live well without thee, on the
earth,
And now my heart is breaking at the
thought
Of dying. For thou livest, for I feel
My life's dear idol, that I can not dwell
Without thee in the sky. Yet well I
know
That love like ours so holy, pure and
high,
So far above the passions of the earth,
Can perish not with mortal life. In
Heaven
It will brighten to a lovely star, and
glow
In the far ages of eternity,
More beautiful and radiant than when
first

'T was kindled into glory. Oh! I love,
I dearly love thee—these will be thy
last
My dying words upon the earth, and
they
Will be my first when we shall meet
in Heaven;
And when ten thousand myriads of
years
Shall fade into the past eternity,
My soul will breathe the same dear
words to thine—
I love thee, oh! I love!
Weak and low
My pulse of life is fluttering at my
heart,
And soon 't will cease forever. These
faint words
Are the last echoes of the spirit's
chords,
Stirred by the breath of Memory.
Bear me, love,
I pray thee, to yon open window now,
That I may look once more on Nature's
face
And listen to her gentle music-tone—
Her holy voice of love. How beautiful
How very beautiful, are earth and sea.
And the overarching sky, to one whose
eyes
Are soon to close upon the scenes of
Time!
You blue lake, sleeps beneath the flower-
crowned hill
With his sweet picture on her breast;
The white
And rosy clouds are floating through
the air
Like cars of happy spirits; every leaf
And flower is colored by the crimson
hues
Of the rich sunset, as the heart is tinged
By thoughts of Paradise; and the far
trees
Seem as if leaning like departed souls,
Upon the holy heavens. And look! oh
look!
Yon lovely star, the glorious evening
star,
Is shining there, far, far above the
mists
And dews of earth, like the bright star
of faith
Above our mortal tears! I ne'er before
Beheld the earth so green, the sky so
blue,
The sunset and the star of eve so
bright,
And soft, and beautiful; I never felt
The dewy twilight breeze so calm and
fresh
Upon my cheek and brow; I never heard
The melodies of wind, and bird, and
wave
Fall with such sweetness on the ear.
I know
That Heaven is full of glory, but a
God
Of love and mercy will forgive the tears,
Wrung from the fountain of my frail
young heart,
By the sad thought of parting with the
bright
And lovely things of earth.
And, dear one, now
I feel that my poor heart must bid
farewell
To thine. Oh! no, no, dearest! not
farewell.
For oft I will be with thee on the earth.
Although my home be Heaven. At
eventide
When thou art wandering by the silent

stream,
To muse upon the sweet and mournful
Past,
I will walk with thee, hand in hand,
and share
Thy gentle thoughts and fancies; in
thy grief,
When all seems dark and desolate
around
Thy bleak and lonely pathway, I will
glide
Like a bright shadow o'er thy soul
and charin
Away thy sorrow; in the quiet hush
Of the deep night, when thy dear head
is laid
Upon thy pillow, and thy spirit craves
Communion with my spirit, I will come
To nerve thy heart with strength, and
gently lay
My lip upon thy forehead with a touch
Like the soft kisses of the southern
breeze
Stealing o'er bowers of roses; when
the wild
Dark storms of life beats fiercely on
thy head,
Thou wilt behold my semblance on
the cloud.
A rainbow to thy spirit; I will bend
At times above the fount within thy soul,
And thou wilt see my image in its
depths.
Gazing into thy dark eyes with a smile
As I have gazed in life. And I will
come
To thee in dreams, my spirit-mate,
and we,
With clasping hands and intertwining
wings,
Will nightly wander o'er the starry deep,
And by the blessed streams of Paradise,
Loving in Heaven as we have loved on
earth.

Poetical.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder—
None may escape from its troubles and
care:
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when
we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we
wear.
Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of
soul:
Lovers grow cold and friendships are
slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.
Everyday toil is everyday blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we
may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are
pressing.
But stout is the heart that is strengthened
by prayer.
Somehow or other the pathway grows
brighter,
Just when we mourn there are none to
befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem
lighter,
And, somehow and other, we get to the
end.

—Victoria Magazine.

Miscellany.

The Managing Wife.

Ezra Newton had been looking over
his yearly accounts. "Well," asked
his wife, looking on, "how do you
come out?"

"I find," said her husband, "that
my expenses have been thirty-seven
cents over a thousand dollars."

"And your income has been a thou-
sand dollars?"

"Yes; I managed pretty well, didn't
I?"

"Do you think it managing well to
exceed your income?"

"What's this thirty-seven cents?"
asked Mr. Newton, lightly.

"Not much, to be sure, but still
something. It seems to me that we
ought to have saved instead of falling
behind."

"But now how can we save on this
salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived
extravagantly. Still it seems to have
taken it all."

"Perhaps there is something in
which we might retrench. Suppose
you mention some of the items."

"The most important is house rent,
\$150, and articles of food, \$500."

"Just half."

"Yes, and you'll admit that we can't
retrench there. I like to live well; I
had enough of poor board before we
were married. Now I mean to live as
well as I can."

"Still we ought to save something
against a rainy day, Ezra."

"That would be like carrying an um-
brella when the sun shines."

"Still it is well to have an umbrella
in the house."

"I can't controvert your logic," said
Ezra, "but I'm afraid we shant be able
to save anything this year. When I
get my salary raised it will be time
enough to think of that."

"Let me make a proposition to you,"
said Mrs. Newton. "You said one-
half of your income had been expen-
ded on articles of food. Are you will-
ing to allow me that sum for that pur-
pose?"

"You guarantee to pay all the bills
out of it?"

"Yes."

"Then I will shift the responsibility
upon you with pleasure. But I can
tell you beforehand you won't be able
to save much out of it."

"Leave that to me."

"That I will. I do not relish hav-
ing any additional bills to pay. As I
am paid every month I will each month
hand you half the money."

The time at which this conversation
took place was at the commencement
of the second year of their married
life.

The first step Mrs. Newton took on
accepting the charge of the household
expenses was to institute the practice
of paying cash for all articles that came
under her department. She accord-
ingly called on the butcher and en-
quired:

"How often have you been in the
habit of presenting your bills, Mr.
Williams?"

"Once in six months," was the re-
ply.

"And I suppose you sometimes have
had bad bills?"

"Yes; one-third of my profits, on
the average, are swept off by them."

"And you could afford to sell cheap-
er, I suppose, for the ready money?"

"Yes; and I would be glad if my
customers would give me a chance to
do so."

"I will set them an example, then," said Mrs. Newton. "Hereafter, whatever articles shall be purchased of you shall be paid for on the spot, and I shall expect you to sell them as reasonably as you can."

This arrangement was also made with the others, who, it is scarcely needful to say, were glad to enter into the arrangement.

Fortunately Mrs. Newton had a small sum of money by her, which lasted until the first monthly instalment from her husband became due. Thus she was able to carry out her cash plan from the beginning.

Another plan which occurred to her as likely to save expenses was to purchase articles in large quantities. She had soon saved enough from the money allowed her to do this. For example instead of buying sugar a few pounds at a time, she purchased a barrel, and so succeeded in saving a cent for more on the pound. This, perhaps, amounted to but a trifle in the course of a year, but the same system carried out in regard to other things yielded a result which was by no means a trifle.

With an object in view she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, to get the full value of whatever was expended. The result was beyond her anticipations.

At the close of the year, on examining her bank book—for she had regularly deposited whatever money she had not occasion to use—she found that she \$150, besides reimbursing herself for the money used during the first month, and having enough to last another.

"Well, Elizabeth, have you kept within your allowance?" asked her husband at that time. "I guess you have not found it so easy to save as you thought for."

"I have something, however," said his wife. "How is it with you?"

"That is more than I can say. However, I have not exceeded my income, that's one good thing. We have lived

fully as well as last year, and I don't know but better than when we spent \$500."

"It's knock, Ezra," said his wife, smiling. She was not inclined to mention how much she had saved. She wanted, sometime or other, to surprise him when it would be a service.

"She may possibly have saved up \$25," thought Mr. Newton, "or some trifle," and so dismissed the matter from his mind.

At the end of the second year Mrs. Newton's savings, including the interest, amounted \$350, and she began to feel quite rich.

Her husband did not think to inquire how much she had saved, supposing, as before, that it could be very little.

However he had a piece of good news to communicate. His salary had been raised from \$1,000 to \$1,200.

He added: As I before allowed you one-half of my income for household expenses, it is no more than fair that I should do so now. That will give you a better chance to save part of it than before."

As before Mrs. Newton merely said that she had saved something without

specifying the amount.

Her allowance was increased to \$600, but her expenses were not proportionately increased at all, so that her savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the savings bank to \$600.

Mr. Newton, on the contrary, was no better off at the end of the third year. His expenses had increased by \$100, though he would have found it difficult to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby.

In spite of his carelessness in regard to his own affairs, Mr. Newton was an excellent man in regard to his business, and his services were valuable to his employers. They accordingly increased his salary from time to time until it reached \$1,500. He had steadily preserved the habit of assigning one-half to his wife, as heretofore, and this had become such a custom that he had never thought to inquire whether she found it necessary to employ the whole or not.

Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time Newton had lived in the same hired house, for which he had paid an annual rent of \$150. Lately, however, he had become dissatisfied with it. It had passed into the hands of a new landlord, who was not disposed to keep it in the repair which he considered desirable.

About this time a block of excellent houses were erected by a capitalist, who designed to sell them or let them as he might have opportunity. They were modern and much better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton now lived, and he felt a strong desire to move into one of them. He mentioned it to his wife one morning.

"What's the rent?" inquired she.

"Two hundred and twenty-five for the corner house; \$200 for either of the others."

"The corner house would be preferable on account of the side windows."

"Yes, and they have a large yard besides. I think we had better rent one of them to-day; you know our year is out next week."

"Please wait until to-morrow before engaging one."

"For what reason?"

"I should like to examine the house."

"Very well; I suppose to-morrow will be sufficiently early."

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called Squire Bent, the owner of the new block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. Her request was readily complied with. Mrs. Newton was delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

"Are these houses for sale or rent?" she inquired.

"Either," said the owner.

"The rent, I understand, two hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Yes. I consider the corner house worth at least twenty-five dollars more than the rest."

"And what do you charge for the house for a cash customer?" asked Mrs. Newton, with subdued eagerness.

"Four thousand dollars cash," was the reply, "and that is but a small advance on the cost."

"Very well; I will buy of you," added Mrs. Newton, quietly.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked the Squire, scarcely believing his own ears.

"I repeat that I will buy the house at your price, and pay the money within a week."

"Then the house is yours. But your husband did not say anything of this transaction, and in fact I did not know that—"

"That he had the money to invest I suppose you would say. Neither does he know it, and I must ask you not to tell him for the present."

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction. They soon stood in front of the house in which he desired to live.

"Wouldn't you like to go in?" she asked.

"Yes. It's a pity we haven't got the key."

"I have the key," said the wife, and forthwith she walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door.

"When did you get the key of Squire Bent?" asked her husband.

"Yesterday, when I bought the house," said his wife, quietly.

Mr. Newton gazed on his wife in profound astonishment.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—the house is mine and what is mine is thine. So the house is yours, Ezra."

"Where in the name of goodness, did you raise the money?" asked her husband, in amazement as great as ever.

"I haven't been a managing wife for ten years for nothing," said Mrs. Newton, smiling.

With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt that when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the house that he had reasons to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

BY W. H. VENABLE.

The weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on;
And not a sound was heard around;
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:

"Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away,—
Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

Of no avail is constant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is loss,
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn
Each evening, into dross.

I squander on a barren field,
My strength, my life, my all;
The seeds I sow will never grow,
They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he pressed;
And o'er his frame, ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
But started back aghast,—
The room by strange and sudden change
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a Senate hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," said he, "the same
Is in my record book."

The stately Senate hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

And thought he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought,
"I whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon;
What saw the teacher, then?
In classic gloom of aloof room,
An author plied his pen.

"My oldest lad!" the teacher said,
Folled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold his name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumed the place,
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! A miracle!
This matron, well I knew,
Was but a wild and careless child,
Not half an hour ago.

And when she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
My words to her in school."

REST IN THE GRAVE.

"Rest in the grave!—but rest is for the weary,
And her slight limbs are hardly girt for toil;
Rest is for lives worn out, deserted, dreary,
Which have no brightness left for death to spoil."

"We yearn for rest, when power and passion
Wasted,
Have left to memory nothing but regret;
She sleeps, while life's best pleasures, all untasted,
Had scarce approached her rosy lips as yet."

"Her childlike eyes still liked their crowning
Sweetness,
Her form was ripening to more perfect grace;
She died with the pathetic incompleteness
Of beauty's promise on her pallid face."

"What undeveloped gifts, what powers untested,
Perchance with her have passed away from earth:
What germs of thought in that young brain arrested,
May never grow and quicken and have birth!"

"She knew not love who might have loved so truly,
Though love-dreams stirred her fancy, faint and fleet;
Her soul's ethereal wings were budding newly,
Her woman's heart had scarce begun to beat."

"We drank the sweets of life, we drank the bitter,
And death to us would almost seem a boon,
But why to her, for whom glad life were fitter,
Should darkness come ere day has reached its noon?"

"No answer—save the echo of our weeping,
Which from the woodland and the moor is heard,
Where, in the springtime, ruthless storm-winds sweeping,
Have slain the unborn flower and new-fledged bird."

—Temple Bar.

—Gold is found in fifty-six counties in Georgia, copper in thirteen, silver in three, iron in fifty-three and diamonds in twenty-six.

—The population of the world is given at 1,350,200,000.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas, "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of, than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys, with presents each year,
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds.
Eight—nine—and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken between them till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered "Dear Annie is you fast asleep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replied,
"I've been trying in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry, because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now we know that there is—and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before dear mamma died.
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked Him to send 'Santa Claus' here,
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why can't we pray just as mamma did then,
And ask God to send him with presents adieu?"
"I've been thinking so, too"—and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
"Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must keep still till I say the "Amen,"
And by that you will know your turn has come then."
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee,
I want a waxy dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That 'Santa Claus' loves us much better than he.
Don't let him get fretful and angry again,
At dear brother Willie and Annie—Amen!"
"Please, Desus, et 'Santa Taus' turn down to-night
And bring us some presents before it is light;
I want he should give me a nice little sled,
With bright shining runners, and all painted red—
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight—nine—and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again.
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sigh,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eye.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And I should not have sent them so early to bed."

But, then I was troubled, my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But, of course, they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice asked for kiss;
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before.
So saying he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both their prayers;
His Annie's "bless papa," draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh,
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire—facing the cold, driving sleet;
Nor stopped he, until he had bought everything
To the box full of candy, the tiny gold ring;
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stowed;
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier, in uniform, stood by a sled
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While "Santa Claus," laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready some more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he'd been amply repaid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year,
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before—
What care I if bank stock fell ten per cent more?"
Hereafter, I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have "Santa Claus" visit us each Christmas eve.
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "Papa" to come quick and see
What presents "Santa Claus" had bro't in the night—
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light;
"And now," added Lillie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' Papa, I know."
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their fondly remembered mama, who was dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in Heaven had answered her prayer;
"Then we dot up and prayed just as well as we could,
And God answered our prayer, now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that he was, if he sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please."
("Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up-stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

LONGFELLOW.

Whittier's Tribute to the Dead Singer

The May number of Wide Awake, issued yesterday afternoon, contains the following tribute to Longfellow from the pen of John G. Whittier:
With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion,
He sat on his last birthday,
With his books and his pleasant pictures
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of his birds singing
From far and near stole in.
It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.
And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing songs of him;
The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.
All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his window,
And sang in the poet's ear.
Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.
With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young,
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.
And, waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home,
And to him a holler welcome
Was the mystic meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MAD RIVER.

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

[The following, which appears in the May number of the Atlantic, is Mr. Longfellow's last poem. It received his revision in the proof only a day or two before his final illness.]
Traveler.
Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?
What secret trouble stirs thy bre?
Why all this fret and hurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?
The River.
What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?
Traveler.
Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in its numbers.
The River.
A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Came venturing down the stairs of stone.
Irresolute and trembling,
Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I pants
Out of the forest dark and dread

Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.
I tossed my arms, sang aloud,
My voice exultant, blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.
I heard the distant ocean call,
Implored and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged and the waterfalls
Made answer to the greeting.
And now, beset with many ills,
A tedious life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.
Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.
Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst by banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridges away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.
Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thy own creating,
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time,
The mills are tired of waiting.
—Atlantic Monthly.

FAME.

BY PARAMENAS MIX.

"I don't wish to discourage you, but lately I've been filled
With certain strong misgivings, son, that somehow won't be stilled;
There's something tells me plain as words
That you with all your wit,
Have erred in marking out your course, and you'll repent of it.
"The time will come when you will sigh,
"Had I but only known
What I do now, the good old farm, with all its hills and stone,
Would not have driven me away to find,
when hope is dead,
That fame does not bestow her wreath on any sort of head."
"I'm talking plainly, that I know, but Reuben, mind you this,
That Fame's a far off target that a million marksmen miss,
Then, some fine day a shot is heard that rings throughout the land
And Genius pops the bull's eye, square, with steady eye and hand.
"You may turn out a genius, Rube, I really hope you will;
You know Fame's temples crown the top of an enormous hill.
And tens of thousands bound that way, with resolution stiff,
Have found their way completely blocked, by a stupendous 'If.'
"This 'If' is very hard to climb, it seems to touch the moon,
Montgolfier went over in his primeval balloon—
But, all along the way this side, you'll hear dreary moans
Of the 'rising' Smith and Jenkins, and the 'Gifted' Brown and Jones.
"Now Reuben, when you reach that 'If' you will show good judgement, son,
By striking cross-lots for the farm, and home-folks on a run;
Stay there and toil as I have done, and you may get to be
A Deacon in the church, perhaps or a school Trustee.
"All that be blowed? Well go your way, you'll have my earnest prayers,
We'll always keep in order, son, your cosy bed upstairs,
For you may yet return, convinced that wreaths of fame are rare,
And that your old straw hat best suits the color of your hair."

—Dr. J. G. Holland, the well-known poet and novelist, and for some years past editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, died suddenly in New York city on Wednesday. He was born July 24, 1819, Belchertown, Hampshire county, Mass. Five years ago he was attacked by the disease which caused his death; but for the past twelve months he enjoyed comparatively good health. He leaves a wife, two grown-up daughters and a son at Yale College.

AMERICA'S GREATEST LYRIC.

The True Story of the Strange and Eventful Career of Its Composer—
John Howard Payne.

A TALE OF TWO HEMISPHERES.



[Henry Clay Lukens in Texas Sittings.]

"It was many and many a year ago," on this island by the sea, and in that lower section of its twelve mile length which is now almost exclusively occupied by the money-changers and the stock gamblers, that a precocious child was born to the modest house of Payne. This event was jotted down in the family record, among eight or nine similar happenings, as the special order of business for June 9, 1792. Two years before this the slow news had reached our free and independent country that a great and good man had died in fever-scourged Europe, a martyr to his philanthropic zeal. No name a century back was more revered than that of John Howard. "Thus will we baptize our handsome boy," quoth Schoolmaster Payne to his second wife, and it was done. Little did these fond parents dream of the romantic career of that boy, of his future vagabondish life, his heartaches, his bitter poverty, his sudden but imperishable fame, and his death on an inhospitable shore at the comparatively immature age of sixty. As I write this narrative the remains of John Howard Payne, but a few days since exhumed at Tunis, after thirty years interment, are in charge of the diplomatic representative of the United States, at Marseilles, in France, awaiting transportation by government or merchant steamer to this port, thence to be conveyed to Washington and buried at the expense of millionaire Corcoran, in Oak Hill cemetery, on the brow of a hill overlooking Rock creek, a tributary of the Potomac. Such is to be the final abode of the mortal relics of that poet whose home was the wide, bitter, unsympathetic world. This spot after next spring, when the monument is erected, will become a Mecca for the thousands and tens of thousands who have sought in vain "amid pleasures and palaces" for that "charm from the skies" and "peace of mind dearer than all" which can only be found at

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

In reviewing the earthly pilgrimage of John Howard Payne, one is impressed with its kaleidoscopic changes. He was of gentle blood, a scion of the best New England stock, but he became of his own choice a prodigal and a wanderer. His father, who had many ups-and-downs as a doctor, merchant and pedagogue, was educated for a physician by the hero Warren, whose life ebbed away at Bunker Hill. His father's sire was a member of the Provincial Assembly of Massachusetts, and an officer in the colonial militia. His mother came from a highly-esteemed family of Israelites that dwelt for many years at East Hamilton, Long Island, the village that is so often erroneously printed as the birthplace of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." A curious story is extant about his maternal grandfather. He and raised a heavy crop of cranberries, and sent a liberal portion thereof as a gift to a friend in England. Back came the word that the "fruit" had arrived in damaged condition, "having turned sour on the voyage." Much of the fatal beauty of John Howard Payne was inherited from his mother. His childhood was spent in Boston, where his father had been called to take charge of a new academy, here the elder Payne became noted as an

elocutionist, and his son John as his most advanced pupil. At this time printer Woodworth, author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," employed young Payne as office imp and contributor to a juvenile paper, entitled the Fly. But the restless boy had heard of Master Betty's thespian victories in London, and his own feet toed toward the music stage. To divert his mind, he was sent back to New York to grow up in the mercantile house of Payne & Forbes, which had been established by his eldest brother, William Osborne Payne, then just deceased. The plan didn't work as father and mother hoped it would. Mr. Forbes was astonished one day to hear that his apprentice was editing a theatrical Mirror, and with considerable success.

HE WAS THEN THIRTEEN.

His merits had already enlisted the benevolence of a Mr. Seaman, who determined to send him to Union College and educate him. He accordingly sailed for Albany on a river sloop in company with Charles Brockden Brown, afterward known as the first American novelist. The death of Payne's mother in 1808 and the subsequent bankruptcy of his father again led the youth's thoughts to the footlights. His father's consent was seconded by that of his friend Seaman, and on the evening of the 24th of February, 1809, the sixteen-year old Yankee Roscius bowed as Young Norval on the boards of the Park Theater, which then stood where the bustling offices of the Mail and Express, Daily News and the World newspapers are now located. From the metropolis the boy-actor went forth to conquer the plaudits of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Washington, Richmond, and even Charleston, South Carolina. Being honored with George Frederick Cooke, a trip to England was determined on, and early in January, 1813, Payne embarked at New York, and landing a month later at Liverpool, was jailed by the Mayor of that city because he didn't know what else to do with such a progressive alien. Soon released, however, he went to London, and, after tiring of its streets and wonders, sought an engagement at Drury Lane, obtained a hearing, made a big hit, and triumphed round of the provinces. Then he went to Paris, saw Talma and was

FAVORED WITH HIS KIND WORDS.

Bonaparte returned from the Isle of Elba, and young Payne improved the forced confinement of the Hundred Days at the French capital by making translations of operettas and melodramas for the English stage. This began his adaptation and literary transmutation of other playwrights' ideas, language and situations. In many respects he out-Bonaparted Dion himself. I shall not take issue here with dead-and-gone reviewers who howled like a pack of Siberian wolves whenever a new dramatic piece was brought out under his name. If he was a plagiarist, he was assuredly a remarkably honest and clever one, as his preface to "Brutus" and the tragedy itself will show. Harris, manager of Covent Garden, bought Payne's version of "The Maid and the Magpie" for one hundred and fifty pounds sterling, and made money by the purchase. Edmund Kean accepted "Brutus," and first appeared in it at Drury Lane, Dec. 3, 1818. Charles Kemble, succeeding to the control of Covent Garden, in 1822 produced Payne's opera of "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," in which the elder Miss Tree (sister of Mrs. Charles Kean) first sang the immortal "Home, Sweet Home." The music of this song-hymn of civilization was born of the genius of Henry Rowley Bishop (1786-1855). Before 1830 it was computed that one hundred and twenty thousand copies of the ballad had been sold by its original publishers. On the twentieth night of the performance of "Clari" it had been stipulated that Kemble was to pay John Howard Payne twenty-five pounds. Not a sixpence of the sum agreed upon ever touched the minstrel's fingers. A writer in the Utica Observer quite recently gave these facts about Payne's tragedy of "Virginia." "Edmund Kean employed both Knowles and Payne to write plays introducing that marked historical character. Payne's was acknowledged to be superior in diction, but at the same time lacking certain elements which go far toward making a strong acting drama."

PAYNE WAS RELUCTANT

to submit his manuscript to the rough prun-

ing knives of Edmund Kean and his stage manager, with both of whom he had already had many serious financial complications. So Kean gave the preference to Knowles' rendition of the classical story, and curious was the sequel. Though the tragedy was damned on the first night, it became in time a favorite with actors and their patrons. Our own McCullough regards it as the best in his repertoire.

Twenty years after, "Home, Sweet Home" became nationalized by all nations. Queen Victoria knighted the melodist Bishop. What a startling contrast of recompense! The framer of the words, which

every humanist's lips hold pat, and will thus hold forever, had, ere his co-lyrist received this high dignity, actually starved in Parisian attics, and walked the dusty highways of London without the beggarly pittance needed for food and lodging. In 1832 he made a temporary "rise," and returned to his native land. Here his fortunes were bolstered by a monster benefit at the "New Park." But Payne's spirit was broken, and he drifted into a come-day-go-day God send-every-day sort of existence; now strolling through the Western towns, tramping the Florida everglades, anon a Democratic editor, then twice Consul at an insalubrious African city, where, on a weary April day, in 1852, he folded his thin hands over a breast whose longings were stilled, and whose feeble throbs betokened the end of unrest and the certain satisfaction of nature's debt. How tenderly and reverently will the sailors of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic handle the casket in which is to be transported the tardily reclaimed dust of Columbia's famed exile, who wandered in vain! In the grand Occidental commonwealth of homes the ashes of John Howard Payne are, by the grace of philanthropy, to find a peaceful and eternal habitation. Of his masterpiece it has been truthfully written that it was a rough diamond of verse "cut and set with perfect art."

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[Will. Carleton in Harper's Weekly.]

I.
The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone;
And waves have thundered loud between
This singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea;
And greater lands than his own
His welcome here shall be!

III.
He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own.
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the bill road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load.
And when he was in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

IV.
He heard the melodies it made
On pealing o'er and o'er;
From royal music halls that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And where-so'er true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown,
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own.

V.
The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept an honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine,
And pilgrims with clad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sang the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

Good Words for the Masterpiece.

Confucius—Woman is the masterpiece.
Herder—Woman is the crown of creation.
Voltaire—Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.
John Quincy Adams—All that I am my mother made me.
Lessing—Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece.
Lamartine—There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.
Whittier—If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restores it.
E. S. Barrett—Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.
Richter—No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.
N. P. Willis—The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.
Voltaire—All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.
Becher—Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity.
Leopold Schefer—But one thing on earth is better than a wife—that is the mother.
Shakespeare—For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes!
Michelet—Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.
Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.

Mr. ORE, BROWN Co., OHIO, August, 1873.

I inclose a piece of poetry entitled "The Two Glasses." The Household will appreciate this I know. JAKE BEAN.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and the grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the height of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have leaped the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste;
Far greater than kings am I.
Or than any army beneath the sky,
I have made the arm of the driver fall,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, Behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all."
But the paler brother, laughing the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water-glass, "I can not boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
Of thirst I've quenched and brows I've lav'd,
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the
mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile with
grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the bread and turned as I will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew,
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wheel of despair free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and the glass of water,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table rim to rim.

Louis Desnoyers—A woman may be ugly,
ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid,
but hardly ever ridiculous.
Lord Lansdale—If the whole world were
put into one scale, and my mother into the
other, the world would kick the beam.

ONE BY ONE.

BY RICHARD REALP.

One by one earth's wrongs are smitten,
One by one its errors fall;
One by one are carved and written
Truth's great triumph over all,
One by one the dreary places,
Glow with green and gush with light;
One by one God's finger traces
Moons and stars upon the night.
One by one are rent and riven
All the links of Hell's hot gyres;
One by one the chords of heaven
Gently, strongly clasp our lives;
One by one earth's bitter wearings
Leave us nearer to the skies;
One by one life's higher meanings
Break like sunlight on our eyes.

O the weary months of sorrow!
O the long and solemn years!
O the yearning for the morrow,
That should give him joy for tears;
O the unnesting heart's great anguish!
O the wasting of the frame—
And the love that could not languish,
And the spirit singed with flame!
Let it pass; the blessed throbbing
Of the purple heart of morn
Drew its pious from the sobbing
Midnight—setting in her scorn;
And the calm soul's higher thirsting,
And the light of truer eyes—
These are but the upward bursting
Of the seeds of sacrifice.

Therefore—though the iron shackle
Clasp and clench the writhing spheres;
Though the red fires flame and crackle
Through the ghastly shuddering years;
Though the green earth weep us shriven,
And thick and mildew blast the sun,
Still shall all save man and heaven
Pass and perish one by one.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoes shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears;
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away!
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a Summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that are down,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
None like mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall o'er my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happily will through the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream,
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!



THE SNOW-FALL.

[By James Russell Lowell.]

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been leaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged in deep with pearl.
From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.
I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.
I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were falling it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.
Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying: "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told her of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.
Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When the mound was heaped so high.
I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.
And again to the child I whispered:
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."
Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing me, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

Home Without a Woman.

To the Editor of Farming World:

In the goodness of our hearts can we not pity the occupants of a home without a woman? Such a home, how rayless, sad and lonely! As bereft of charms as the rosebush without its crimson roses! Desolate as the desert without its cheery restful oasis! Free of love's sweetest fragrance as the garden without its darling flowers! A home without a woman! As well might day be without its blazing sun, or night without its lunar and diadem of dazzling stars! Truly, are they to be pitted who live in earth's isolated retreats away from woman's loving charms. Twice blessed is he who daily basks in the sunshiny smiles of mother, wife, or sister. His home should be an earthly paradise, a fit emblem of the habitation beyond the skies. Fair readers, let your hearts go out in purest sympathy for those poor, lone beings who have not a mother's loving counsel, a wife's holy wooing, or a sister's twining affection. Their homes are upon earth's desert waste, or along the rock-bound shores. Blot woman from existence and the world would be in midnight darkness. She is the light of the world, man's brightest flower, the poet's grandest theme. Where women dwell not, the home is without its charms and angel of peace. O man, be not lacking in woman's praise; her sweet influences are as vast as the ocean and as high as the heavens. Let her name be inscribed upon the scroll of fame and every home on earth enjoy her benighted charms. So mote it be.

THE EARLY DAYS.

BY ANDREW W. KELLY.

Turn backward, Time—face right about,
And take me back to life's bright May.
I know you ne'er reversed your route
And only paused for Joshua,
But oh, it seems by far too soon
For hair turned gray and falling sight,
That fondly turns towards life's forenoon,
From out this "early candle-light."

Let me but for a time exist
Once more a youth, light-hearted, free;
Caressed, advised, and fondly kissed
By loved ones as I used to be.
Let night bring sleep with visions pure,
While rain-drops kiss the roof of old—
The simple, old-time water-cure
For wearied limbs and cares untold.

Oh, childhood's days, how brief ye seem
When looking backward o'er the years!
How strangely like a pleasant dream
Each recollected scene appears:
My first grand triumph with my kite,
The snow-ball charge I proudly led,
And, farther back, that blissful night
I wore my first new boots to bed!

I fain would hear the school-bell ring
As joyously as when, long syne,
I from late buckwheat cakes would spring
Some minutes previous to nine;
Each feature of that time appears,
The stern-faced teacher in the van;
Instinctively, amid my tears,
I once more dodge his long rattan!

The old-time church! Let me once more,
Within the well-remembered pew,
Revive the faith I felt before
The seeds of doubt took root and grew.
I see the preacher, tall, erect—
I hear his thrilling words of fire;
He used no notes—in this respect
He'd no advantage of the choir.

Those happy days on Cameron's hill
In winter, when the crust was stiff!
The bracing air so pure and still—
'Twas worth a dollar, every whiff.
One lesson learned on that huge bank,
Comes to me o'er the year's dull span—
When coasting on the hemlock plank
To note which way the silvers ran!

Can I forget the pleasant trips
With Polly Plummer o'er the farm—
Her kisses linger on my lips,
Her slender waist still haunts my arm.
Oh, cruel fate, how couldst thou knock
That night-elopement on the head?
Poor child, for hours the nervous shock
Confined her to her trundle-bed!

Heigho! The old clock seems to say,
"Time's march is ever straight ahead;"
Ah, well, I'll not impede his way,
But seek the past in dreams, abed.
Hoping to tread those paths again,
In dreams, that boyhood's feet have trod,
I join the drowsy caravan
That nightly seeks the "land of Nod."

Over the Mountains.

[Charles L. Hildreth, in August Lippincott's.]

"What dream unpillowed thy young head
At chill and cheerless break of day?
And where, with swift, impatient tread,
Pursuest thou thy lonely way?"
See where the purple mountains lie,
Like clouds that catch the rising sun;
Beyond you peak that breasts the sky
I needs must be ere day is done."
"And lies thy home beyond that peak,
In some wild-wooded mountain glen,
And, sick with absence, dost thou seek
The sweet, familiar scene again?"
"Untroubled as the morning wind
That drinks the dew from grass and tree,
I leave my father's house behind—
The broad, bright world is home to me."
"Then fancy hath thee by the hand,
And whispers tales of import sweet—
How, sighing through a rainbow land,
Love listens for thy coming feet."
"Twere sweet to find love waiting me,
If love were mock and came unsought;
Not mine a love-sick fantasy—
I follow a sublimer thought."
"Dost dream of mines and treasures rare
In you recesses buried down,
Or seek in fairy fastness there
The bitter laurel of renown?"
"Ask me no more: I cannot tell
What thing I burn to find or do;
I only know a wild, wild spell
Compels me to those crests of blue."
"I warn thee, though they seem so near,
It is a weary way between—
Through woods and wastes obscure and drear,
And adder-haunted fens unseen."
"A journey made, a danger met,
Are tales to tell when both are done;
There never was a pleasure yet
Worth tasting if too smoothly won."
"Oh, boy, why waste the golden hours
In searching after fancied sweet?
Thou'lt find naught sweeter than the flowers
That die beneath thy heedless feet."
"Oh, rank of scent and pale to sight
The weeds that haunt this homely place!
The flowers that spring beyond that height
Must bloom with a diviner grace."
"On some tall cliff's inaccessible crown
They mock the desperate climber's clutch,
Or haply, if he pull them down,
They turn to ashes at his touch."
"Beyond those hills in other years
I, too, sought wondrous things to find.
Ah me! I turn again, with tears,
To seek the sweets I left behind."

A FINE SONNET.

The following is considered by some critics as Longfellow's finest sonnet:

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please
him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

WINTER WINDS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blow the
gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbroods the lonely vale.
O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden those deep solitudes.
Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the silence broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.
When, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.
Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft and woods were green
And the song ceased not with the day.
But still wild music is abroad
Pale, desert woods! within your crow;
And gathering winds in hoarse accord
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.
Chill airs, and wintry winds' my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

IN THE MINING TOWN.

[By Rose Hawthorne Thorne, author of "Curf Must Not Ring To-night."]

"'Tis the last time, darling," he gently said,
As he kissed her lips like the cherries red,
While a fond look shone in his eyes of brown.
"My own is the prettiest girl in town;
To-morrow the bell from the tower will ring
A joyful peal. Was there ever a king
So truly blest, on his royal throne,
As I shall be when I claim my own?"
'Twas a fond farewell; 'twas a sweet good-bye
But she watched him go with a troubled sigh.
So, into the basket that swayed and swung
O'er the yawning abyss, he lightly sprung.
And the joy of her heart seemed to thrum
As they lowered him into the depths below.
Her sweet young face, with its tresses brown,
Was the fairest face in the mining town.
Lo! the morning came; but the marriage-bell
High up in the tower, rang a mournful knell.
For the true heart buried beneath earth and stone
Far down in the heart of the mine—alone,
A sorrowful peal on their wedding-day,
For the breaking heart and the heart of clay,
And the face that looked from her tresses brown,
Was the saddest face in the mining town.
Thus time rolled on its weary way
Until fifty years with their shadows gray
Had darkened the light of her sweet eyes;
And had turned the brown of her hair to snow.
Oh! never a kiss from a husband's lips,
Or the clasp of a child's sweet finger tips,
Had lifted one moment the shadows brown
From the saddest face in the mining town.
Far down in the depths of the mine one day,
In the loosened earth they were digging—
They discovered a face, so young, so fair,
From the smiling lip to the bright, brown hair,
Untouched by the finger of Time's decay.
When they drew him up to the light of day,
The wondering people gathered round
To gaze at the man thus strangely found.
Then a woman came from among the crowd,
With her long white hair, and her slight form bowed.
She silently knelt by the form of clay,
And kissed the lips that were cold and gray.
Then the sad old face with its snowy hair
On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there.
He had found her at last, his waiting bride,
And the people buried them side by side.

The Presidents in Brief.

The first and best President of the United States was George Washington. He was born on the banks of the Potomac river, in Virginia, in 1732. After successfully leading the American army through the great war of the Revolution, the highest office of the nation was bestowed upon him by a grateful people. He was in politics a Federal. His election took place in the spring of the year 1789. His Vice President was John Adams, from Massachusetts. He was again elected in 1793. His Cabinet officers were:

Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, Secretary of State.

Alex. Hamilton, of New York, Secretary of Treasury.

Gen. Knox, of Massachusetts, Secretary of War.

Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, Attorney General.

The principal events of his administration were Hamilton's financial measures, by which the credit of the nation was restored—spoken of by Daniel Webster in the following terms: "He made the rock of national resources and abundant resources burst forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang to its feet." The other principal event was the various Indian wars of the far West, which ended in 1794 by the defeat of the Indians on the 20th of August, by Gen. Wayne. Washington, after refusing to accept office for a third term, died December 17, 1799, greatly lamented by his country.

The second President of the United States was John Adams, of Massachusetts, a man who had been Vice President under Washington, and who was eminently fit to be the successor of that man. He was born at Braintree, Mass., in 1735, and died July 4th, 1826. He was a Federal, while his President, Thomas Jefferson, was a Republican. He was elected from his native State in 1797, and served only one term. The principal events were the trouble with France and the Alien and Sedition law.

Adams' successor was Thomas Jefferson, elected from his native State—Virginia—where he was born in 1743. He died July 4th, 1826. The Vice President of his first term was Aaron Burr, of New Jersey, but he was tried for treason, and G. Clinton, of New York, was elected. Jefferson and Burr were inaugurated March 4th, 1801. The principal events of their administration were the purchase of Louisiana territory from France, in 1803, for fifteen millions of dollars, and the Algerian war. Jefferson and Clinton were inaugurated March 4th, 1805, and served till 1809. The principal event of their administration was the invention of the steamboat by Robt. Fulton, in 1807. The only State admitted during Jefferson's administration was Ohio, in 1802.

James Madison, of Virginia, was next chosen President. G. Clinton was continued in office till 1812, when W. Gerry, of Massachusetts, was elected. The only event of importance was the second war with Great Britain. Two States were admitted during Madison's administration—Louisiana, 1812, and Indiana, 1816.

James Monroe, the next President, was born in Virginia in 1751, and died July 4th, 1831. He was elected by the Democrats in 1817, and served till 1825, with D. D. Tompkins Vice President. The events of importance were the building of several important canals and the Seminole war, in 1817 and the Missouri Compromise, by which slavery was prohibited in all States North of 36½° N. L., except Missouri.

J. Q. Adams, son of John Adams, was elected in 1825, with J. C. Calhoun, of S. C., Vice President, and served one term. The only event of importance was the death of two Presidents—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, on the same day, July 4th, 1826. Adams died in 1848.

Andrew Jackson, the next President, was born in S. C., in 1767, but was elected from Tennessee in 1829 by the Democrats, and served two terms. His first Vice President was J. C. Calhoun and the second M. Van Buren, of N. Y. The principal events were: The destructive cholera in 1832; Black Hawk's war in 1832; the removal of the National money from the U. S. bank to numerous State banks; a second Seminole war that lasted till 1842, and the admission of two States—Arkansas in 1836, and Michigan in 1837.

Martin Van Buren, the successor of Jackson, was born at Kinderhook, N. Y., in 1782, and died 1862. He was elected to the Presidency from New York, but the Vice President, R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was chosen by Congress. The great national panic occurred in 1837, but was caused by Jackson. The famous Canadian rebellion also occurred in 1837. The celebrated Sub-Treasury Bill became a law in 1840.

Harrison was born on the James river, in Virginia, in 1773. He did good service in the war of 1812, and it was his popularity gained in this war that caused him to be elected to the Presidency. No important event occurred during his administration, as he died April, 1841, just a month after his inauguration.

Tyler, of Virginia, Harrison's Vice President, became President at the death of his chief. He was born in Virginia in 1790, and died in 1862. The important events were: The settlement of N. E. boundary between U. S. and Great Britain's colonies; the Anti-Rent difficulties in New York in 1844-'47, and the Mormon Diff in Illinois. Tyler was a Whig, but he was deserted by his party, and consequently he served only the remainder of Harrison's term—till 1845. Arkansas was admitted in 1845.

The Democrats elected James K. Polk, of Tennessee, and G. M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, to succeed Tyler. Polk was born in N. C., in 1795, and died soon after his term expired—in 1849. During his administration occurred the Mexican war, from 1845 to 1848, and also the famous discovery of gold in California. Iowa was admitted in 1846.

Gen. Zach. Taylor, the Whig candidate, was elected over his opponent, Cass, of Michigan. He was born in Virginia in 1784, and engaged in the various wars which occurred up to his election. He and his Vice President, Millard Fillmore, of New York, were elected by the Whigs. No event of

bus Bill, referring to the admission of California. On the 9th of July, 1849, the nation was bereaved by the news of the death of its beloved chief.

Millard Fillmore, the Vice President, immediately took the oath of office. He was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., in 1800. The important events of his administration were the deaths of Clay and Webster in 1852; the invasion of Cuba; the Arctic expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. California was admitted in 1850. Fillmore served till 1853.

Franklin Pierce was inaugurated March 4th, 1853. He was born in N. H. in 1804, and served in the Mexican war as a Brigadier General, and, after peace, was elected by the Democrats to the Presidency over Gen. Scott. His Vice President was M. R. King, of Alabama. The events of importance were the Kansas difficulties, and the rise of the Know-Nothing party. Pierce served till 1857.

J. Buchanan, "the Bachelor President," and the last of the Democratic Presidents, was born in Pennsylvania in 1791, and elected from that State in 1857. His Vice President was J. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. The principal events were another money panic, Mormon troubles, Dred Scott decision and J. Brown's raid—the fore-runner of the civil war. Buchanan's term expired in '61, and he then resigned the Presidency into the hands of his successor, and died in '68.

Abraham Lincoln, the first Republican President, was born in Kentucky in 1809, and was assassinated in '65. He was elected from Illinois, but his Vice President, H. Hamlin, was from Maine. Lincoln was re-elected in '65, with Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. During his administration occurred the civil war, so well known by most of my readers. Nevada was admitted in '64, and West Virginia in '62.

After Lincoln's assassination, Andrew Johnson assumed the duties as President. He was born in Raleigh, N. C., in 1808. His administration included the close of the war and the reconstruction of the Union, besides the abolition of slavery.

U. S. Grant was inaugurated March 4th, 1869, with S. C. Colfax as Vice President. Grant was born in 1822, and, successfully for the Union, brought the civil war to a close. During Grant's term the States that seceded were re-admitted. He, together with Henry Wilson, of Mass., was elected for a second term. In the year 1876 occurred the great Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

R. B. Hayes, of Ohio, was inaugurated March, 1877, together with W. A. Wheeler, of New York. They served one term—till '81. My readers are acquainted with the events of his term, and also of Garfield's election and cowardly assassination, so I desist.

Oliver Goldsmith's House.

[Paris American Register London Chat.]

It seems that Goldsmith's house in the Middle Temple is not to be destroyed after all the talk in the papers. Fair Brick-buildings, now known as Brick Court (where Goldsmith died, on the 4th of April, 1774), were erected more than 300 years ago. Some of these buildings have been condemned as unsafe by competent authority, and will shortly be pulled down. But No. 2, the second floor of which Oliver Goldsmith occupied, and in which he commenced his "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," will be spared now, and it is to be hoped for many years to come. On the first floor of the same pile of buildings Blackstone had his chambers, and indeed there is scarcely a set of chambers in this grand old inn that is not hallowed with memories of the mighty dead—

"Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."
Now that I have given the address of the Goldsmith building, American admirers of the gentle poet, whom old Dr. Johnson badgered and loved, should make a note of it and pay a visit to an interesting spot.

Dr. Holland's First Poem.

The first article of mine that ever saw the light was a little poem of four stanzas entitled "James' Tree." A little lad, son of the late Judge Dewey, of Massachusetts, struck a willow twig into the ground of his father's garden, which took root after the manner of such twigs, and grew into a tree. The boy lived long enough to call this tree his own, and to secure its protection as such, and then died. After his death I wrote the poem, and it was published in *The Youth's Companion*, a publication still prosperous. I was then seventeen years old. I took the printed copy containing it from the postoffice, peeped within and then walked home on air. I shall probably never be so absorbingly happy as I was then. Earth has nothing like it—earth never had anything like it—for me. I have seen my work in type since then until I have been tired of the sight of it, but I can never forget the great joy of that occasion. Smith College in Northampton now stand on the sight of the old Dewey place, and when they cleared things away for the new buildings they found an old, gnarled willow tree. On learning the history of the tree, and the nature of my association with it, President Seelye had a book-rack, elegantly mounted, made of it, and sent it to me. Of course it was installed among my household gods.—*Letter Written to a Randolph (O.) Reading Club.*

Womanly Modesty.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloud less sky and a full-blown rose leaves him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when emerging from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and of pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to a figure in painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white roses the name of the "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virtue should use. It is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the albe, which bloom and die in a few hours; but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

Poor whisky makes rich divorce lawyers.—*Chronicle Herald.* Now tell us what good whisky does.—*Williamsport Banner.* Well, with the other ingredients, it makes excellent milk punch. It also causes bad headaches, creates a demand for Seltzer water, and makes America ashamed of its Congressmen.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth;
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search this wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for the moneyless man.

Go look in yon hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long-lighted vistas the bewildering view.
Go there in your patches, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man.

Go look in yon church, with its cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the aisle, see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to the moneyless man.

Go to the Judge, in his dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down.
Where he frowns on the weak, and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;
Where juries, their lips on the bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court-room, and find, if you can
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go to the banks, where mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold,
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter, ah! there you may stay
'Till your limbs grow old and your hairs turn grey;
And, you'll find at the banks, not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel, no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod,
And you'll find at the end of life's little span,
There's a welcome above for the moneyless man.

Compare *wait*.—Positive *wait*. Comparative
waiter. Superlative; *get it yourself*.

Why do women kiss each other, and men do
not? Because men have something better to
kiss, but women have not.

THE LAST HYMN.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The Sabbath day was ending, in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted
West,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed
boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was
raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the
air—
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them, till they thun-
dered, groaned, and boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs en-
tombéd.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of
Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling
awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon
the shore
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done here-
tofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave wo-
man strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise,
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must
be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such
a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and
thronged the beach.
Oh! for powers to cross the waters and the perishing to
reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts
grew cold with dread,
And the ship urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock
shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! O, the half of her goes
down!
God have mercy! is his heaven far to seek for those who
drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with ter-
ror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

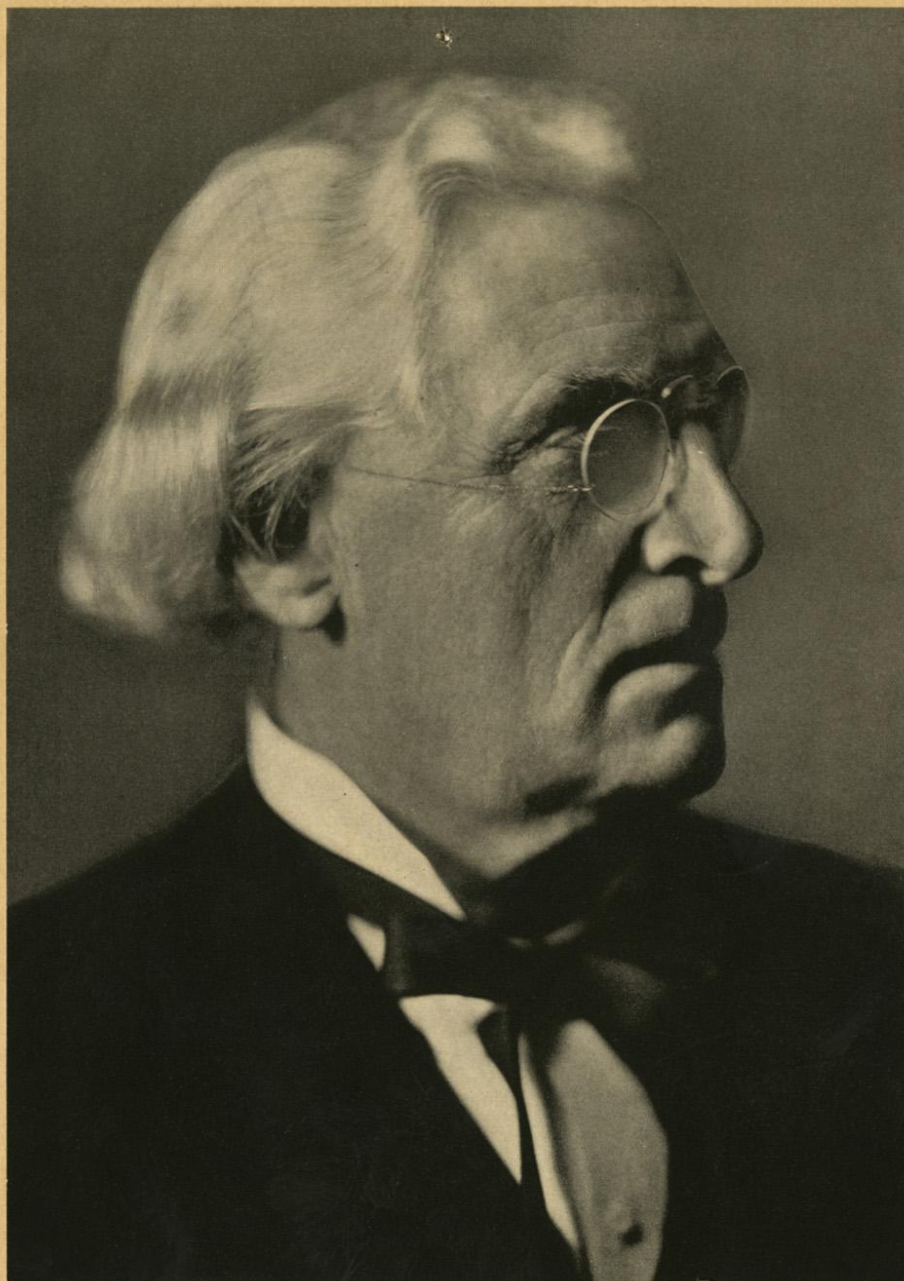
Nearer the trembling watchers came to the wreck tossed
by the wave.
And the man still clung and floated, though no power
on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet!
Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered
what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly! Ah
no.
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of
woe:
So he shouted through the trumpet: "Look to Jesus!
Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters
loud and clear.

Then they listened, "He is singing, 'Jesus lover of my
soul,'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer
waters roll."
Strange indeed it was to hear him, till the storm of life
was past,
Singing bravely from the waters, "O receive my soul at
last."

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless
soul on thee,
Leave, O, leave me not"—The singer dropped at last into
the sea.
And the watchers looking homeward through their eyes
by tears made dim,
Said, "he passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that
hymn."

—*Christian World*.



HENRY CLAY MORRISON

M

28

ONE of America's most beloved and
revered evangelists and camp-meet-
ing preachers,—

A profound and most eloquent pulpit
orator,—

For fifteen years the peerless president
of Asbury College,—

Founder and editor of The Pentecostal
Herald, America's mightiest organ of
Christian orthodoxy,—

A most pleasing and entertaining writer,
and a popular author of many books,—

"Mighty in the Scriptures," a champion
of Historic Christianity; and defender of
the faith,—

A great soul with many interests, but
with only one great master passion, the
salvation of a lost world,—

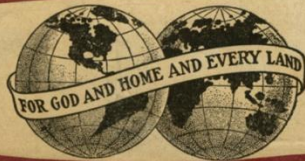
Henry Clay Morrison is still among us,
a brother, a minister and a prophet—a
friend of God and a lover of men.

We thank you for your interest in the
Morrison Library Plan and take great
pleasure in presenting to you his latest
photograph prepared expressly for this
occasion.

THE MORRISON MEMORIAL COMMITTEE
REV. E. L. EATON, Secretary.



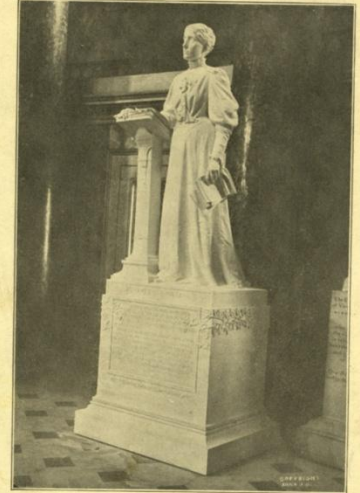
FRANCES E. WILLARD
BORN SEPT. 28, 1839
DIED FEB. 17, 1898



Remember that only the golden rule of
Christ can bring the golden age of man.

Frances E. Willard

[Insert between p. 28 & 29]



It is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them. By the dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient waiting over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to Heaven, I charge you to give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved.

Frances E. Willard

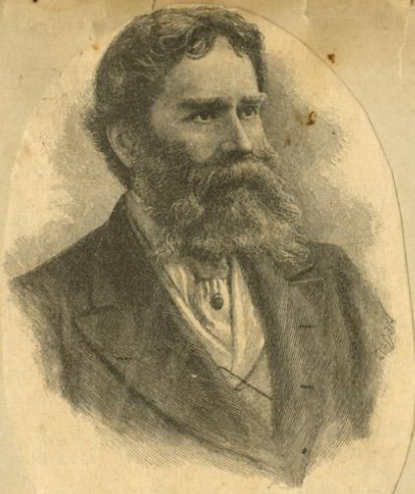
She lives in minds and hearts that loved her well;
They feel her presence ever ting'ring near,
Her death was but the tolling of life's bell,
And oft she seems to comfort, guide and cheer.

Her voice is heard in other voices, spared
To labor on, and do great good, in turn;
Her failures and successes they have shared,
And yet there is so much to humbly learn.

Her followers are legion. One by one,
They've swelled the ranks, till now a mighty host
Are somewhere toiling still from sun to sun,
And "Good news!" is the cry from coast to coast.

Her wondrous work goes on in spite of all
That's said and done to down the glorious Cause;
And higher will it rise, nor ever fall,
The while it bates to frame our country's laws.
MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Items inserted between pages 28 and 29 of the scrapbook.



Mr. Lowell

THE HERITAGE.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn;
Some breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants:
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair,
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

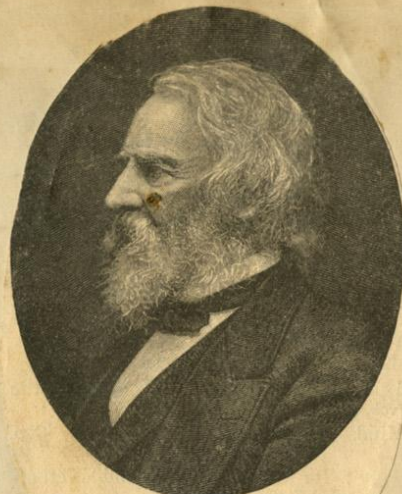
What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things;
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit;
Content that from employment springs;
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft, white hands;
That is the best crop from the lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state!
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.



Henry W. Longfellow

THE BRIDGE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflections
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far into the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters
The wavering shadows lay;
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing,
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
I had wished the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadows over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge of wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passion's
As long as life has woes.

The moon and its broken reflection
And shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven
And its wavering image here.



How Slate Pencils are Made.

Broken slate from quarries is put into a mortar run by steam, and pounded into small particles. Thence it goes into the hopper of a mill, which runs it into a bolting machine, such as used in flouring mills where it is bolted, the fine almost impalpable flour that results being taken into a mixing tub, where a small quantity of steatite flour, manufactured in a similar manner, is added and the whole is then made into a stiff dough. This dough is thoroughly kneaded by passing it several times between iron rollers. Thence it is carried to a table where it is made into chaages—that is short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing from eight to ten pounds each. Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber or retort, with a changeable nozzle, so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure under which the composition is pushed through the nozzle in a long cord like a slender snake sliding out of a hole, and passes over a sloping table slit at right angles with the cords to give passage to a knife which cuts them into lengths. They are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugations serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln, into which super-heated steam is introduced in pipes, the temperature being regulated according to the requirements of the articles exposed to its influence. From the kiln articles go to the finishing and packing-room, where the ends are thrust for a second under rapidly-revolving emery wheels, and withdrawn neatly and smoothly pointed ready for use. They are then packed in pasteboard boxes, each containing 100 pencils; and these in turn are packed for shipment containing 100 each, or 10,000, in a shipping box. Nearly all the work is done by boys, and the cost therefore, is light.—[*Ex.*]

The Yule Log.

The ancient Goths and Saxons observed a festival at the winter-solstice. As it celebrated the turning-point of the year, or the day when the sun began his northern journey, they named it Jul or Yule. The name is supposed to have been derived from the Gothic *giul*, or *hiul*, the origin of the modern word wheel; and bearing the same signification. The name is preserved in the phrase of the "Yule log," the burning of which is an old Christmas ceremony. The Scandinavian ancestors of the English used, at their feast of Yule, to kindle large bonfires in honor of Thor. The transmitted custom was formerly observed in England with pomp and circumstance.

On Christmas eve after the religious services, a huge log, sometimes a rugged root grotesquely marked, was drawn from the woods with much merriment. As it passed the wayfarer, he raised his hat in honor of the venerable back log, which was destined to support a fire that would crackle a welcome to all guests and burn out ancient feuds.

Formerly the custom was for each member of the family to sit in turn on the log after it was rolled to the hearth, sing a Yule song and drink to a merry Christmas. When the fire was kindled large Christmas candles were lighted, and the sport began. The log was kept burning till Candlemas, Feb. 2nd and a small portion of it was carefully preserved to light the Yule log of the next Christmas. Herriek sets forth the custom in the following stanzas:

"Come bring with a noise
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas logs to firing;
While my good dame she
Bids you all be free,
And drink to your hearts desiring.

"With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your palteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is teeming."

*Burning.

The Blind Girl to her Father.

BY JENNY WREN.

"Father, they tell me that to-night
You'll wed another bride;
That you will clasp her in those arms
Where my own mother died."

That she will lay her graceful head
Upon your loving breast;
Where hers, now lying low in death,
In life's last hour did rest.

They say her name is Mary, too—
The same my mother bore;
But, father, is she kind and true,
Like her you loved before?

And is her step as soft and low,
Her voice as sweet and mild?
And do you think she'll love me, too,
Your blind and helpless child?

Please, father, do not bid me come,
To-night, to greet your bride;
I could not meet her in that room,
Where darling mother died.

Her picture hangs upon the wall,
Her books are lying there;
There stands the harp her fingers touched,
And there her easy chair.

That chair, where, by her side I knelt,
To say my evening prayer—
O! father it would break my heart—
I could not meet her there.

But when I've wept myself to sleep,
As now I always do,
Then softly to my chamber steal,
My new mamma and you,

And bid her gently press a kiss
Upon my throbbing brow,
Just as my angel mother did—
Father, you're weeping now.

I love you, but I long to go
To yonder world so fair;
'God is their light,' and I am sure
There are no blind ones there.

Now, Father, once, before you go
To meet your promised bride,
Please sing the song my mother sang,
That night on which she died.

And let me kneel beside you here,
And to our Saviour pray,
That His right hand may guide you both,
O'er all life's weary way."

The song was ended—and the prayer—
"I'm weary now," she said;
He gently bore her in his arms,
And placed her on the bed.

Then as he turned to leave the room,
One low, glad cry was given;
He caught one beaming smile—and then
His blind girl was in Heaven.

They laid her by her mother's side,
And reled a marble fair,
On which they carved her simple words,
"There lies my blind once there."

The Spirit of Progress.

BY HARRY SPENCE.

The Spirit of Progress is abroad. It is advancing with rapid strides. As we enter the Twentieth Century we feel that great responsibilities rest upon us as a nation. Where shall we look for guidance? We must make a careful study of the principles of government and give thoughtful consideration to the lessons of history. A close study of past events alone can give us the best and safest ideas in regard to the future. The beacon lights of history stand perpetually to warn us of the rocks and shoals, and guide us safely over troubled seas.

It has been asserted that we are on the verge of a decisive conflict between the conservative and destructive forces; that the safety and perpetuity of our civilization is menaced; that mighty problems, greater than any that have shaken our beloved country since the days of slavery are crying out for solution; that amid scenes of æsthetic splendor, the shadow of an impending danger falls; that a conflict of ideas and principles is being waged at our very doors. There are grave problems to be solved in the near future, aye, are now being solved.

Scientists base their theories on the fact that society is an organic whole, and each individual is a member of the same. While it is true that some laws or tendencies have commanded the attention of men in every age, it is equally true that real political science must be the product of a very advanced stage of intellectual and moral development. A close study of the civilization in which we live must necessarily supplement a study of the past, if we are to come to any practical solution of the great questions of to-day. We

should note closely the elements of weakness and power in the great leaders of the past.

Nero was a tyrant. Such cannot make the highest type of rulers. Insurrection will break forth, and defiance to law prevail. Alexander was hard and relentless. Lacking heart, he lacked the requirements of the highest type of leadership. Napoleon was supremely selfish and though possessing some enviable traits, this overbalanced all his good generalship, and the great hero was left to die on the lone isle of St. Helena.

Washington stands forth as a star of the first magnitude to guide those who follow, into paths of peace and safety. True, he was "first in war" for justice's sake, but also "first in peace" and "in the hearts of his countrymen" for his humanity, justice, truth and nobility of character.

Passing by many shining lights we come to Abraham Lincoln whose greatness lay in the fact of his fidelity to God and principles of right. Unswerving to duty as the needle to the pole, he was yet kind and simple as a child in his dealings with men. His goodness made him great. If mankind would only learn to love humanity more and money less; if hearts would but respond more to love and sympathy for all the races of God, then would government approach the ideal, and much sorrow and sadness be dissipated. Were all to pause and study this momentous theme it would create a deep regard for those who are struggling under the myriad and varied burdens of life, and solve the problem of the removal of those not imposed by God, but by unjust legislation and one's environment, prominent among which is the legalized liquor traffic of to-day.

The world's heroes and benefactors have not all been men. Deborah of old, Joan of Arc and Frances E. Willard of the present age, are types of hundreds of the mothers and sisters of the world, to whom we are indebted for the placing of truth upon the throne and whose lives furnish examples worthy the attention of any student of government.

One of the most potent factors in the progress of to-day is the public school. Its influence upon society and government is being more fully appreciated. Many mistakes and crimes are unerringly traced back to the lack of proper education in youth. A government of the people and by the people must be a government of educated people, by educated people, if it is to meet the demands of the twentieth century. The name of Mary H. Hunt will ever shine with enviable luster for being the means through which scientific instruction, concerning the evil effects of alcohol and narcotics upon the human system, was introduced into the public schools. It can but tell for unbanded good, and the banishment of King Alcohol, in another century, upon humanity. All honor to the W. C. T. U. for this, and for their instrumentality in abolishing the army canteen.

It is the duty of every American citizen to arraign himself at the bar of his own conscience and call duty into question if he would be a patriot in the highest sense. To this end party will sink below principle at the ballot box and the good of the commonwealth will supersede individual preference. True politics seeks the good of all in municipality, the state, the nation.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon thus voices his idea of civic duty:

What makes a city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right,
And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But people rich in Virtue's dower,
Whose homes, though humble still are great,
Because of service to the state.

In view of existing conditions it is most fitting at this time for a declaration of rights in behalf of helpless children and in behalf of future generations. We are in a measure personally responsible for the existing state of affairs. Gladstone said we should make conditions such that it will be easy for men to do right and hard to do wrong. To-day, in all our cities, it is just the reverse, teeming as they do with manifold temptations for old and young alike.

But were these considerations to be exercised in active life; were there to be brought about a true conservation of forces in the body politic, then indeed would the Pilgrim Fathers' perilous journey hither finally result in something grander and more beautiful than any exhibit of science and art from the world's four quarters; then indeed would the sacrifice of Pilgrim Mothers bring a prolific harvest of love which is the fulfillment of law and the fruition of true patriotism.

"The golden age lies yet ahead,
And not in epochs past and dead.
Along the road of progress,
March the races on and on;
Far up the way, a dazzling arch,
Gleams golden in the dawn.

Beyond it, what may lie in store,
What wonders never dreamed before?
It is God's promised blessing,
Set before the coming race.
Our children's children yet
May see it face to face;
But we, the masters of to-day,
Must see the light and lead the way."

Spirit of Progress, descend;
Uplift! Impel! Inspire!
'Till all the world is filled
With a celestial fire.

Springfield, Ill.

The wedding of Mr. Roy Clifford Campbell and Miss Nell Miller Overstreet was solemnized at the Fourth-avenue Methodist church last evening, the Rev. Frank Thomas officiating. The interior of the church was decorated, marguerites predominating. An aisle of shepherd's crooks, topped with marguerites and tied with maline bows, was formed from the organ loft to the chancel rail, where the bridal party stood, and the double ring ceremony was performed. Two French baskets filled with plumosa and tied with yellow tulle were on each side of the chancel rail, and palms and ferns were banded in every available space. A musical programme was rendered before the ceremony, and Mrs. Aulyn Kendall sang "At Dawning" and "All For You."

The bride wore a robe of duchess satin, trimmed in lace and seed pearls. The bodice was of the chataigne type, with puffed sleeves and bebe yoke of French net. The short skirt was festooned with orange blossoms, with an overdress of lace. The court train hung from the shoulders, and the veil was arranged with a coronet of lace caught with a spray of orange blossoms and fell in delicate folds. The ushers, Messrs. Louis Kieffer, Woolsey Caye, J. J. Kimbel and John J. Fichtner were followed by Miss Lucille Curd, gowned in white organdie with bodice of pink taffeta, and carrying an arm bouquet of ferns. Then came Miss Rosemary Flanagan, wearing a gown of white organdie, with bodice of blue taffeta, and carrying a bouquet of ferns. Mrs. John Warren Jones, of Carrollton, an aunt of the bride, was the matron of honor and wore white embroidered net with a bodice of yellow taffeta and carried an arm bouquet of marguerites. The bride, preceded by little Germaine Grimes carrying the rings in a white ribbon bow, entered with Mr. Brent C. Overstreet, her brother, and was met by the groom and his best man, Mr. William J. Daly. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left on a trip North.

American Literature.

On her throne sits the fair queen America,
Crowned with daisies - trophies of her victories
beautiful in the extreme.

"With all the soul expansive"

Round, and justly proud of what? Her blood-
stained battle fields, over which again
and again the shout of victory has rung?
No, 'tis not this that gives happiness to
the heart of Columbia. But look deeper
search farther and you will find engraven
on her heart the exquisitely simple, naive
of her sweet singers.

Yes, for what would America do without
her Literature? Take this away and you
leave her not only shorn of her wealth of
violets, daisies, and rose buds, but defenceless,
bleeding - lying, exposed to all open volleys of
mockery. John Bull will scoff, perhaps,
at his lovely cousin for pretending to claim
literary fame - be this as it may, we know
that it is dear, of dearer by far than glimmering
gems to the souls and daughters of our
Independence. In exchange for Longfellow
would you accept a Shakespeare? No! a thousand
times no! Shakespeare, we admit is exalted
high above the common herd; but he does not
appeal to the heart; he does not breathe love

half whispered words of consolation and
comfort, indeed he does not mind and sorrow
with us as does this dear American Author.

Truly he is a writer for the million.

His name is a password in the low thatched
cottage, and the magnificent dwellings of the
great, and all the quiet laboring man.
The lowly student and millman come close
to God, in his omnipotence, while pursuing
sweet simple thoughts of him. Dear, dear
Longfellow's name has been so connected with
smiles, tears, and prayers, as thine.

You touch the heart, because you speak of
familiar things, for you have lived in this
age and have known and loved the things that
we have. Snow and Whittier are blessings

to any land, and right royally call our twins
together. The Cathedral and St. Paul's as
a pure white lily, and blushing rose to deck
the brow of our beloved Country. Next comes
the cheerful sunny face of Washington Irving.
Every one knows how the darkest bitterest theme
touched by his pen turns to molten sunshine,
sparkling and dazzling, showing new beauties
where before were heaps of stones and piles of
rubbish.

England has a Byron, Scotland
a Burns and Ireland a Moore, but none of
these could have written Katharine Mistress of
the Manor, or Nicholas Minton, for in his

peculiar style Dr. Bolland takes the penne down
and we challenge the world to produce such
another work of truth and fiction so blended
together as to hide so effectually the dividing
line as Bay Path.

But stop - stop silently
rememberfully for in the annals of our country's
history here are two new made graves. One the
tomb of Bayant truly he did more for his
country than if he had wielded the sword.
He died a gray haired hummed man and the
greatest tribute to his memory is that he was
universally beloved. Surely he has won that
 recompense for earthly labor which he so nobly
sought to obtain.

The other a grave made
with loving hands, and breaking hearts, for
here lies the most noble, the tenderest - strongest -
heart - the loving brother - Counselor - friend
Bayard Taylor, cut down in his prime, and
yet he has accomplished a great work.

He rose from the depths of poverty to an envied
position in every clime. He surmounted
obstacles, which to us would appear gigantic.
His life was purged by a soul sword which
lent strength to his very existence.

What he accomplished was miraculous.
So let us with a fervent prayer thank God
that he was an American.

But hush - breathe not a word lest
unthoughtfully it be calumny over the grave.

of Edgar A. Poe the talented young Author
who while he lived was an out-cast from that
society, which his genius made his so fit to
allow; whose life was a continual drag.
Who can doubt; but that his soul was noble,
and soared far above all others, that 'twas
only his poor frail body that was tempted
and fell. For we can not reconcile ourselves
to the possibility that the Author of *Leviathan*
could be wholly depraved. Let us drop
a tear, and I feel that a whole nation weeps
with me over this young hero fallen.

What America lost in him shall be told
long ages hence. Now that he is dead we
recognize the good the noble giants for all
the evil men do dies with them.

Shakespeare to the contrary, and we only see
in his writings the good predominated

in writing of him.

"I strive to mix some gladness in my strain

But the sad things complain

And will not please the ear."

essentially we?

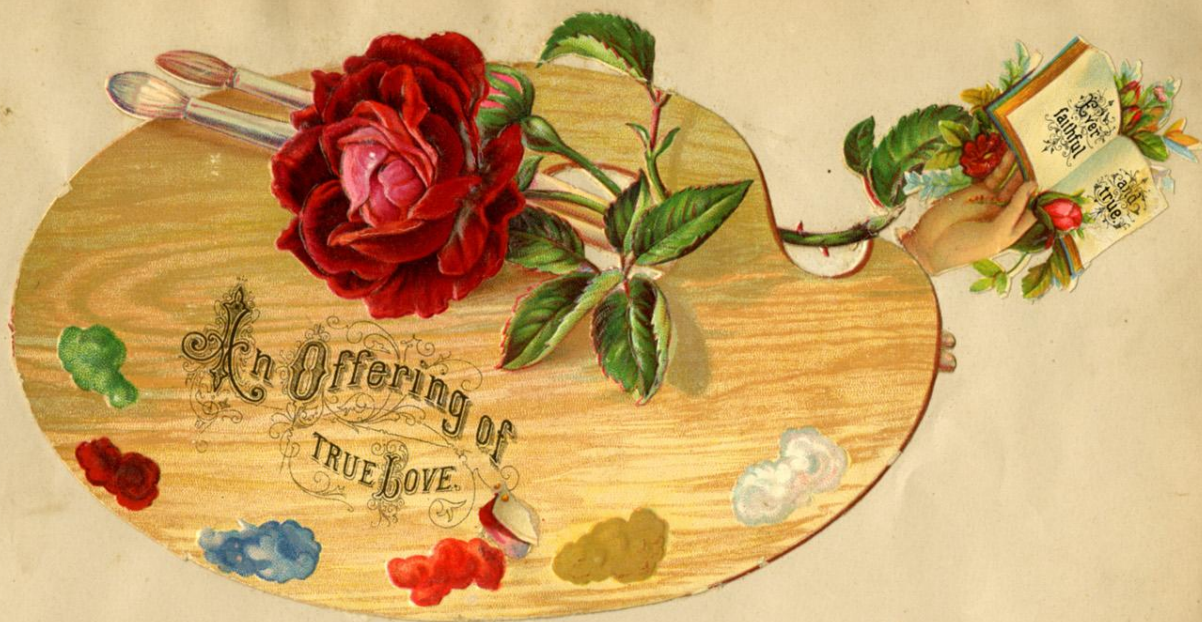
So tenderly

essentially we twice immortal with the
fairer flowers that crown the cold bowed
head of our dear motherland.

America is young, but little more than a
century has seen her joyously wielding the
scepter of light. Therefore we cannot content

that she has produced a Scott or Dickens.
We only ask time. We do know that for
purity of style no nation can compare
literature with America. We feel that
they dare not do it - from all lands came
her inhabitants and we are closely allied,
in some of her most illustrious productions,
the calm quiet-contents of England and
the north, and the warm passionate words
of France and Italy. All these adorned
kindred spirits - united into one brotherhood
and founders of this nationality there were
their forefathers of their royal heritage.

Composed by Miss Annie Higgins
Copied by Anna Lewis



THE SHATTERED TOMB.

Christ, Like Most of the World's
Benefactors, Was Appreciated
Most After Death.

Oh, You Unfilial Children, Do Not
Give Your Parents So Much
Tombstone,

But a Few More Blankets — Less
Funeral and More Bed-
room.

No One Was Ever More Lovingly
and Tenderly Put Away to
Sepulchre

Than Christ, Our Lord, But There
Were Only Four People in
the Procession.

COME SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

BROOKLYN, April 9. — Dr. Talmage
preached the sermon given below in the Tabernacle this morning.

The church was decorated—both platform and galleries—with such a display of flowers as has hardly ever been seen in an American church. The music was of the highest order. Selections from Handel, Haydn, Schubert and Mozart were rendered by George W. Morgan, the organist, and Prof. Ali, the cornetist. Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, the celebrated contralto, sang. The opening hymn was:

"Hark, the sound of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar."

Subject of the sermon: "The Shattered Tomb."

TEXT—Matthew xxviii, 6: "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Visiting any great city we want to see its cemetery. We examine the different styles of cenotaph, of mausoleum, of crypt, of sculpture. There sleeps a warrior, yonder a poet, here a statesman, there an orator. But how different the feeling when we visit the resting-place of our own kindred. The tomb at which we halt this morning is that of a king, a conqueror, an emancipator, a friend, a brother, a Christ. The surrounding is a manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He belonged to the Court of Seventy who had condemned Christ, but he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had absented himself when the vote was to be taken. At great expense, he laid out the garden. It being a hot climate, I suppose there were trees, broad-branched, and there were paths winding under these trees, and here and there were waters dripping down over the rocks into fish-ponds, and there were vines and flowers blooming from the wall, and all around the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem court-room, how refreshing to come into this suburban retreat, botanical and pomological. Wandering in the garden, I behold some rocks which have on them the mark of the sculptor's chisel. I come nearer, and I find there is a subterranean recess. I come down the marble steps, and I come to a portico, over which there is an architrave by the chisel cut into representations of fruits and flowers. I enter the portico. On either side there are rooms—two, or four, or six rooms of rock, the walls of these rooms having niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. Here is one room that is especially wealthy of sculpture. The fact is that Joseph realizes he can not always walk this garden, and he has provided this place for his last slumber. Oh, what a beautiful spot in which to wait

for the coming of the resurrection! Mark well this tomb, for it is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages. Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India nothing compared with it.

CHRIST HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED, and His body will be thrown to the dogs and the ravens, like other crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and efficient hindrance. Joseph, the owner of this mausoleum in the rock, begs for the body of Christ. He washes the poor mutilated frame from the dust and blood, shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think that regular embalment was omitted. When in olden time a body was to be embalmed, the priest, with some pretension of medical skill, would point out the place between the ribs where the incision must be made, and then the operator, having made the incision, ran lest he be slain for a violation of the dead. Then the other priests would come with salt of nitre and cassia and wine of palm tree and complete the embalment. But I think this embalment of the body of Christ was omitted. It would have raised another contention and another riot. The funeral hastens on. Present, I think, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, the wealthy man who had brought the spices, and the two Marys. No organ dirge, no plumes, no cataphalque. Heavy burden for two men as they carry Christ's body down the marble stairs into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. Coming forth from the portico they close the door of the rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples may steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, order the seal of the Sanhedrim to be put upon the door of the tomb; the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the Government of the United States or Great Britain, to be followed with great punishment. A company of soldiers from the Tower of Antonia is detached to stand guard. At the door of that mausoleum a fight takes place which is to decide the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel against military. No seal of letter was ever more easily broken than that seal of the Sanhedrim on the door of the tomb. The dead body in the niche in the rock begins to move in its shroud of fine linen, slides down upon the pavement, moves out of the portico, appears in the doorway, advances into the open air, comes up the marble steps. Having left his mortuary attire behind him, he comes forth in workman's garb, as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener. That day the grave received such shattering it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry can never mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death taking side with the military in that fight recovered a terrible cut from the angel's spear of flame, so that he himself shall go down after awhile under the King of Terrors retiring before the King of Grace.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

Let earth and heaven keep Easter today. Hosanna.
Some things strike my observation while standing by the Saviour's sepulcher. Among them is the thought that honors after death are poor pay for unkindness to the living. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulcher, why could they not have given him an earthly residence? Will they give this piece of marble to the dead Christ instead of a soft pillow to the living Jesus? If they had expended half the cost of that tomb to make Christ comfortable, it would not have been half so sad a story. He asked bread; they gave him a stone. Christ, like most of the world's benefactors, was appreciated better after He was dead. Westminster abbey and monumental Greenwood are the world's attempt to atone by honors to

the dead for wrongs to the living. Poets' Corner in Westminster abbey attempts to pay for the suffering of Grib street. Go through that Poets' Corner in Westminster abbey. There is Handel, the great musician, whose music we hear to-day; but while I look at his statue I can not help but think of the discords with which his fellow musicians tried to destroy him. There is the tomb of John Dryden, a beautiful monument; but I can not help but think at seventy years of age he wrote of his being oppressed in fortune and of the contract he had just made for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. And there, too, you find the monument of Samuel Butler, the author

of "Hudibras;" but while I look at his monument in Poets' Corner I can not but ask myself where he died. In a garret. There I see the costly tablet in the Poets' Corner—the costly tablet to one of whom the celebrated Waller wrote: "The old, blind schoolmaster, John Milton, has just issued a scathing poem on the fall of man. If the length of it be no virtue it has none." There is a beautiful monument to Sheridan. Poor Sheridan, if he could only have dis counted that monument for a mutton-chop! O you, unfilial children, do not give your parents so much tombstone but a few more blankets.

LESS FUNERAL AND MORE BEDROOM.

If five per cent. of the money we now spend on Burns banquets could have been expended in making the living Scotch poet comfortable, he would not have been harried with the drudgery of an excise man. Horace Greeley, outrageously abused while living, when dead is followed toward Greenwood by the President of the United States and the leading men of the army and navy. Massachusetts tries to atone at the grave of Charles Sumner for the ignominious resolutions with which her Legislature denounced the living Senator. Do you think that the tomb at Springfield can pay for Booth's bullet, or that the monument to cost \$200,000 on the bank of Lake Erie can atone for Garfield's assassination. Oh, do justice to the living! All the justice you do them you must do this side of the gates of the necropolis. They can not wake up to count the number of carriages at the obsequies, or to notice the polish of the Aberdeen granite, or to read epitaphal commemoration. Gentleman's mausoleum in the suburbs of Jerusalem can not pay for Bethlehem manger and Calverian cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary.

Again, standing in this garden of the new sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that floral and arboreal decorations are appropriate for the place of the dead. We are glad that among flowers and sculptural adornments Christ spent the short time of his inhumation. I can not understand what I sometimes see in the newspapers, where the obsequies are announced and the friends say in connection with them, "Send no flowers." Rather, if the means allow—I say, if the means allow—strew the casket with flowers, the hearse with flowers, the grave with flowers.

Put them on the brow—it will suggest coronation; in their hand—it will mean victory. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers mean resurrection. Death is sad enough, any how. Let conservatory and arboretum contribute to its alleviation. The harebell will ring the victory. The passion-flower will express the sympathy. The daffodil will kindle its lamp and illuminate the darkness. The cluster of asters will be the constellation. Your little child loved flowers when she was living. Put them in her hand now that she can go forth no more and pluck them for herself. On sunny days take a fresh garland and put it over the still heart. Brooklyn has no grander glory than its Greenwood, nor Boston than its Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain. But what shall we do with those country graveyards with the vines broken down and the slab aslant, and the mound caved in, the grass

PASTURE GROUND FOR THE SEXTON'S CATTLE!

Indeed, were your father and mother of so little worth that you can not afford to take care of their ashes? Some day turn out all hands, and straighten the slab, and bank up the mound, and cut away the weeds, and plant the shrubs and flowers. Some day you will want to lie down to your last slumber. You can not expect any respect for your bones if you have no deference for the bones of your ancestry. Do you think these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are in the day when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your cemeteries into gardens.

Again standing at this new sepulcher I am impressed with the dignity of private unpretending obsequies. Joseph was mourner, sexton, liverman, had entire charge of everything. Only four people at the burial of the King of the universe. Oh, let this be consolatory to those who, through lack of means or through lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the graves of their loved ones. Long line of glittering equipage, two rows of silver handles, casket of rich wood, pall-bearers clothed and scarfed, are not necessary. If there be six at the grave, Christ looks down from heaven and remembers that is two more than were at his obsequies. Not recognizing this idea how many small properties are scattered and widowhood and orphanage go forth in to cold charity. The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves, but the funeral expenses absorbed everything. That went for craps which ought to have gone for bread. A man of moderate means can hardly afford to die in any of our great cities. By all means do honor to the departed, but do not consider a

funeral pageant as necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put away to sepulcher than Christ our Lord, but there were only four people in the procession.

Again standing at this new sepulcher, I am impressed that you can not keep the dead down. Seal of Sanhedrim, regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonia, floor of rock, walls of rock, door of rock, can not keep Christ in the crypts. Come out and come up. He must. Come out and come up He did. Resurrection. First fruits of them that slept. Just as certainly as we come down into the dust, just as certainly we will come up again. Though all the granite of the mountains were piled upon us, we will rise. Though buried amid the corals of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean, we will come to the surface. With these eyes we may not look into the face of the noonday sun, but we shall have stronger vision, because the truest thing in the land to which we go will be brighter than the sun. We shall have bodies with the speed of the lightning. Our bodies improved, energized, swiftened, clarified—mortality immortality. The door of the grave taken off its hinges and flung flat into the dust. Oh, my brethren, death and the grave are not so much as they used to be; for while wandering in the garden with the new sepulchre, I find that the vines and flowers of the garden have completely covered up the tomb. Instead of one garden, there are four gardens opening into each other—garden of Eden, garden of the world's sepulchre, garden of the earth's regeneration and garden of heaven. Four gardens.

BLOOM, EARTH! BLOOM, O HEAVEN!

O, my hearers, wake up to gladness on this Easter morning. This day, if I interpret it right, means joy—it means peace with heaven and it means peace with all the world. It means four or five or twenty resurrections. Resurrection of commercial integrity, resurrection of political honor, resurrection of international good will, resurrection of social purity, resurrection in art, resurrection in literature, resurrection of apostolic faith, resurrection of all that is good and holy and right. Nothing will remain dead and buried but fraud, and crime, and revenge, and disease, and sorrow, and sin, and pain. Wealth of flowers here to-day. Bring forth more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon; plant them in the desert that it may blossom like the rose; braid them into the mane of the returned war-charger. No more red dahlia of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. All around the earth strew Easter flowers. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will to men!

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells.
Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,

Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vi-

brate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on

The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole"
in

Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome
of Peter

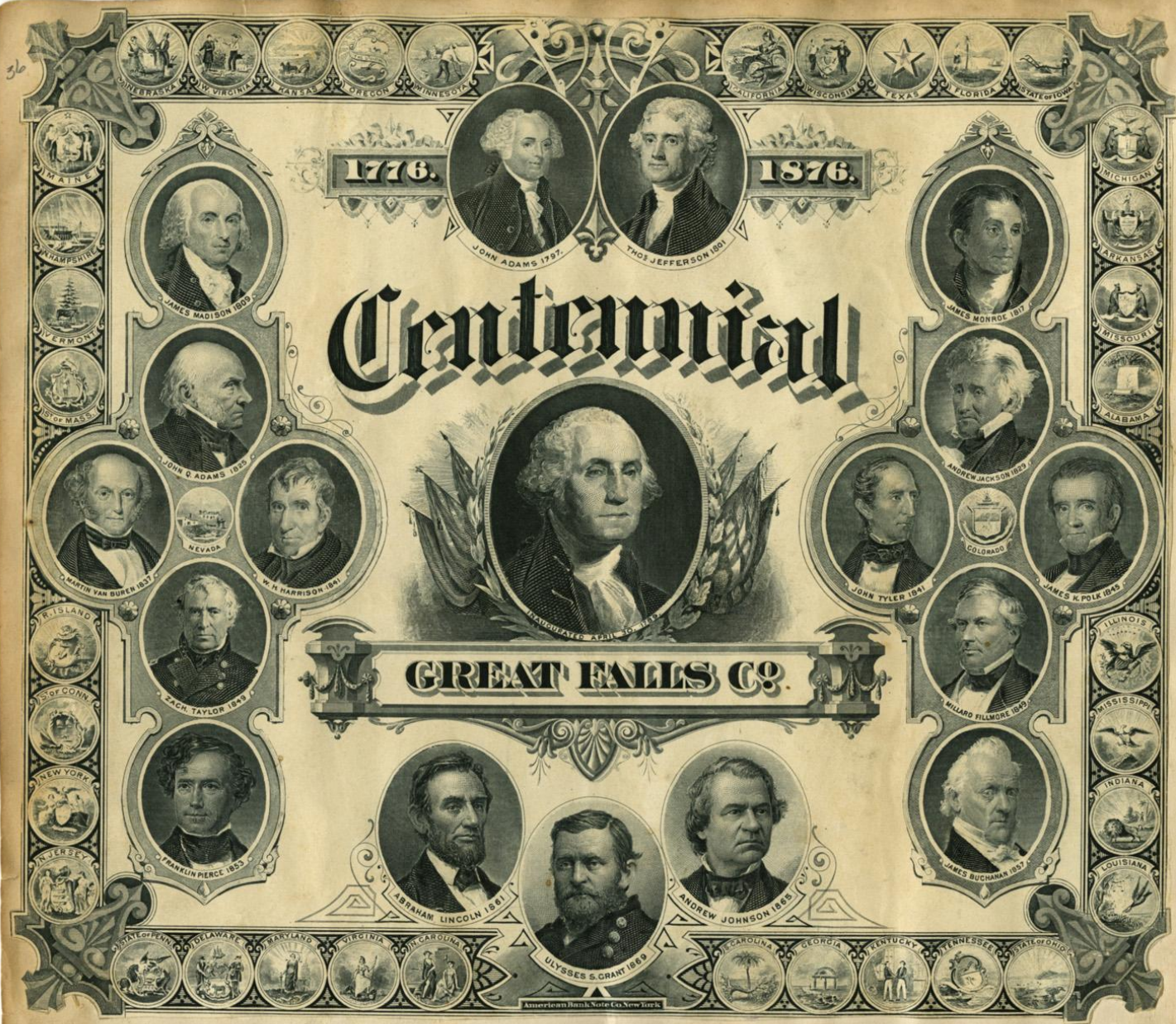
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound more grand on

The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and
kiosko

In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in the air, calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me:

'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.
—*Rather Prouty.*

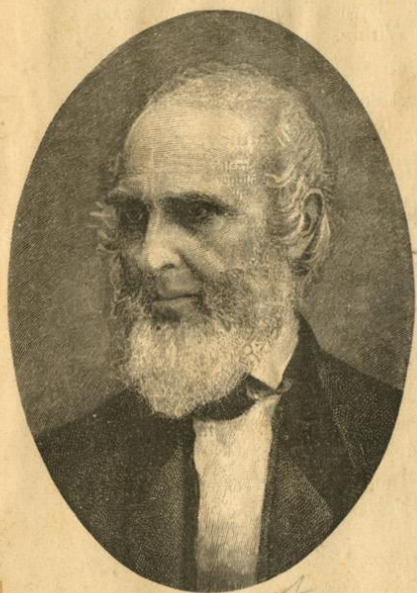


John G. Whittier.

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What great love has silently grown up all over our country for the man who has used his gift of song so rarely, so faithfully, and so marvelously! It has answered every need. It has been a sharp and swift sword of justice to smite persistent wrong-doers, a cry of warning, a trumpet-call to battle, a bugle-note of victory. It has given faith to the doubting, courage to the timid, hope to the despairing, comfort to the sorrowful, balm to the wounded. It has kept young hearts pure, and filled them with ardor and with gladness.

— *Boston Advertiser*.
True poet of the American people Whittier must ever be acknowledged. His voice rings forth clear and pure and strong, giving glad utterance to the poet's broad faith in humanity, to his deep love for all human beings, and boundless faith in a glorious future. Whittier's verse is as clear and sharply defined as a rock-crystal, and as melodious as a shepherd's horn heard among the mountains; and into this body, strong and sweet, flows spontaneously the hopeful, loving, potent spirit of his verse. — *New York Evening Post*.
They who love their country will thank him for the verses, sometimes pathetic, sometimes stirring, which helped to redeem that country from a great sin and shame; they who rejoice in natural beauty will thank him that he has delightfully opened their eyes to the varied charms of the rough New England landscape, by highway, river, mountain, and sea-shore; they who love God will thank him from their hearts for the tenderness and simple trust with which he has sung of the infinite goodness. — CHARLES W. ELIOT, President of Harvard University



John G. Whittier

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WHISPERERS

Compared to Witches That Circle
Around a Boiling Caldron
of Gossip.

Jubilee of Whisperers, Gala Day of
Back-biters, Semi-heaven For
Scandal-mongers.

Dr. Talmage Tells How Loose Tongues
Have Brought a Whole
World to Woe.

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

BROOKLYN, Nov. 19.—The following interesting sermon was preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage:

Subject of the sermon—"Whisperers."
TEXT—Romans 1, 29: "Whisperers."
Paul is calling the roll of the world's villainy and puts in the midst of the roll a class of persons known in all cities, in all neighborhoods and in all places as whisperers. They are thus described because they are apt to speak under voice and in confidential mood and with hand at the side of the mouth acting as a funnel so as to hinder the precious information from wandering into the wrong ear. They do not speak softly, because they are acting in lung force or because they are overpowered by the spirit of gentleness, but because they do not want to be held responsible for defamation. If no one heareth but the one into whose ear the nice little delicacy of intelligence is distilled, and the offender is afterward arraigned, he can deny that he ever said it, for the whisperer is always a first-class liar. Some people whisper because they are hoarse from a cold or because they want to say something useful without disturbing others, but the creature photographed by the Apostle Paul gives muffled utterance from sinister and depraved purpose, and sometimes all you can hear is a sibilant sound as the letter S drops from the tip of the tongue into the listening ear—a brief hiss of the serpent as he projects his venom. They are masculine and feminine, about equally divided, with a little tendency to a majority on the side of those who are called the "lords of creation." They have been heard at the window of every bank cashier and in every counting-room and in all business circles, as well as at sewing societies and at meetings of orphan asylum managers. They are the worst foes of society; are responsible for miseries innumerable; are the scavengers of the world, driving their cart through every community, and for your execration and contempt and loathing I hold them up this day before your eyes. From the manner in which Paul frequently alludes to them, I judge that he had himself suffered from their attack.

HIS PERSONAL PRESENCE

was defective and gave abundant opportunity for their ridicule. And beside that he was a bachelor, persisting down into the sixties in his celibacy, and no doubt some of them having failed in their confidant designs upon him, the little missionary had to take the raking fire of these whisperers. He was a fine morsel for their scandalization, and Paul, no longer able to keep his patience in regard to them, shows these miscreants of the tongue and heart sitting down in my text beside the secondarily and the murderers.

The law of libel has a quick and stout grip for open slander. If I should plainly and by name charge you with fraud or theft or arson or uncleanness, the next morning I might have a peremptory document served on me and in dollars and cents I should have to pay you for that damage I had done

your character. But these creatures spoken of in my text are so small they slide through between the fine-tooth comb of the law. They live on and live on, escaping courts and juries and penitentiaries. The District Attorney can not find them. The grand jury can not find them. Shut them off from one route of peridy and they start on another. No amount of moral influence can persuade them to desist. You might as well read the ten commandments to a flock of crows, expecting them to retreat under the force of the moral sentiment. They are found everywhere. I think they thrive best in a village of one or two thousand inhabitants where everybody knows everybody, but our large cities have a full share. They are of a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows to see people at the morning and evening meal. They can see as far through the keyhole as other people can see with the door wide open. They can overhear conversations at the other side of the room. To them the world is a whispering gallery. They put the worst construction upon everything. A wife descending into the street with eyes a little dim with tears, the event is stimulating to the tale bearer and sets the whisperer up in business for many weeks. "Guess that husband and wife don't live happily together." "Warrant you the husband abuses her." "Outrageous." "Shall go over and

TELL THE NEIGHBORS,

for this thing has got to be stopped." "Shall I bring the matter before the church?" She rushes in out of breath, saying: "Don't you think, All-ear, that our neighbor, poor thing, came out of her house this morning crying? That brute of a man has been abusing her. Isn't it awful? Just think of having our neighborhood disturbed by such goings on! Well, I have suspected it for a long time. I saw him down the street the other afternoon very gracious and polite. I thought then he might better go home and pay attention to his own family, who were probably at that very time sitting up stairs crying their eyes out. Now, do persuade your husband to go over and put an end to this outrage! Dear me, isn't it awful? Whisperers! The fact is that one woman set on fire with a bad spirit can keep a whole neighborhood a-boil. She does not have to be endowed with any special brain. It is quite requisite that she be not incommenced with a large family. That would keep her at home. Such must either be single or have no children in order that she may have time to attend to all the secret affairs of the neighborhood. Women with large families seldom succeed as whisperers. If anything goes wrong she is the first one to hear it. There seem telegraph wires and telephone lines between her ear and all the households of all the town, or good, healthy news she has no appetite, but for the scraps and recidms that are thrown out from the scullery into the back yard she has great avidity. The only day when she has no time to go abroad is some day when there is a new divorce case in the papers with three or four delightful columns of private letters published. That morning she has no time to read even her Bible. She may saunter out toward night just to get another paper to see if there are any more particulars of the case to get hold of. Satan does not have to look very sharp after his evil dominion in that neighborhood. He has let out to her the whole contract. She puts husbands and wives out with each other, and brothers and sisters in antagonism, and makes the pastor disgusted with his church and the church irritated with the pastor, and makes neighbors who feel kindly towards each other suspicious and critical.

HISsing THROUGH THEIR TEETH

as one rides past in a fine carriage, saying, "We could keep carriages if we never paid our debts." If two or three of these whisperers happen to meet they stir a caldron that makes me think of the three witches of Macbeth, dancing around the boiling caldron in a dark cave.

"Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble;

Fillet of the fenny snake
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble;
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf,
Of the mired self-seek shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and morsel of new
Silvered in the moon's eclipse,
Make the gruel thick and sab,
Add thereto a tiger's chauldron
For the ingredients of our caldron.
Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble;
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good."

I have more respect for a poor wail of the street, floating down under the gaslight, with no home and no God, for she deceives no one as to what she is, than for one of those hags of respectable society who covers up her claws of death with a fine shawl and bolts the bell of her heart with a diamond breast-pin.

The work of

THE MASCULINE WHISPERER

is chiefly seen in business embarrassment. Hundreds of you at some time have had business trouble. In nine cases out of ten the work was done by whisperers. All was going on smoothly until one day some one whispered a suspicion about your credit. Perhaps you sold your carriage because you thought it was a useless expense. The whisperers began to wonder why you sold it. They said: "Perhaps his business is going down." "Yes, it must be going down." Perhaps you had to borrow money from a bank. Some director whispered it outside. You lost heavily by the failure of a friend. The suspicion that you could not bear the pressure was started, and it leaped from lip to lip until everybody whom you happened to owe wanted his money, and the business world closed in on you like a pack of wolves, and with assets more than enough to meet your liabilities crushed in everything. How many misapprehensions of this kind businessmen suffer. We discuss sometimes in ministerial churches why so many commercial gentlemen do not go to church. One great reason is that by the time Saturday night comes they are fagged out with the annoyances of the week. They have had enough meannesses practiced on them to leave their "wavy system all at-witch." Many do not understand why the audience assembled here on Sabbath differ from any Sabbath audience on earth in having a majority of men. It is because I preach so much to businessmen, and I try never to let a Sabbath pass without in prayer or sermon to utter sympathy for those in commercial struggle, and I remember now that nine-tenths of that struggle is made by the whisperers. If people would

MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS

we would have the millennium next week. These gad-about, these tale-bearers, these back-biters, these everlasting snoops—hate them with a holy and vehement and ever increasing hatred, and I love to hate them. One of the worst of these creatures is the one who brings to your ears all the harsh things they have heard said against your personal appearance, or against your family, or against your style of business. They gather it up and cackle while they see you writhe under it. They tell it in its worst shape, and leave out the embarrassing circumstances, and first having made your feelings raw, they take this brine, this turpentine, this aqua-fortis, and rub it in with a coarse towel, and rub it in till it soaks clear to the bone. They make you a pin-cushion, into which they stick all the sharp-pointed things they have heard. They beg you not to say anything about it. "Now, don't bring me into the scrape!" They aggravate you to the point of profanity, and then you demand you don't go off singing psalm tunes. They turn you on a spit before a hot fire, and wonder that you are not all absorbed in gratitude to them for turning you.

Peddlers of night-shade! Peddlers of Canada thistle! Peddlers of nux-vomica! They sometimes get you in a corner, and you can't, without rudeness, escape; and they will tell you all about that one and all about the other one, and they talk, and talk, and talk, and talk, and they at last go away, leaving the place like a barn-yard the night after foxes have been down; here a wing, and there a claw, and yonder an eye, and here a crop. How they do make the feathers fly! Compared with the defamation of good name, it would be quite an innocent and commendable business to go round with a box of matches in your pocket and a razor in your hand, to see how many houses you could burn down and how many throats you could cut. A woman at confession told the priest that she had been guilty of slandering her neighbor. The priest gave her a thistle and then told her to go and scatter it on the fields, and then come back. On her return the priest said: "Go now and gather up all those thistle-seeds." When she declared she could not, he said to her: "Neither can you gather up the evil words you have spoken." There is hardly a man or woman on earth but has had the detractors after him or her. John Wesley's wife began to whisper about him, and whispered all over England, and whispered until

THEY DISSOLVED PARTNERSHIP.

Jesus Christ was charged with drinking too much and keeping bad company, "a wine bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners." Take the best man in the world and put a detective on his track and watch him for ten years, seeing where he goes and how long he stays and when he comes, and all he does, with a desire to destroy him, and you can make him appear despicable. But if it is wrong to despoil a man's good name, how much worse to damage a woman's reputation? That style of infamous work is going on from century to century, and always by whisperers. One whisperer starts a suspicion. The next whisperer tell the suspicion as an established fact, and many a woman as honorable as your mother or your wife has been whispered out of all kindly association and whispered into the grave. Now, there are people who say there is no hell. But if there be no hell for such an accursed despoiler of woman's good name, then it is high time that we take up a collection and have one built. There is such a place already established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get together to rehearse things down there. What an everlasting carnival of mud! If it were not for their insufferable surroundings, they would enjoy the new opportunity in that realm of the outcast. All this bad being there, what a rich and rare field for exploration by whisperers. On earth they had often to be lie people in order to destroy them, but now they can say all the bad things possible about their neighbors and still speak the truth. Jubilee of whisperers! Grand gala day of back-biters! Semi-heaven for scandal-mongers! Only stopping their gables about their diabolical neighbors long enough to ask at the iron gate some new comer from the earth what is the last

GOSsIP FROM BROOKLYN.

Now, how are you to help quell this great iniquity? First, by refusing to listen or believe anything against anybody till it is positively proven. By all law of courts and all common decency let every one be supposed innocent till he or she is proved guilty. I do not commonly say way to you, but I will tell you what I *do* say always say when I hear or read anything defamatory of anybody—"I guess that is a lie." The only person that is worse than the whisperer is the person who, without protest, accepts and believes the whisperer. The trouble is you hold the sack while they fill it. The receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient author said that those who uttered slander and those who believed it ought both to be hanged, one by the tongue, the other by the ear. When you hear anything about your neighbors do not go about asking questions concerning the charge made, and so speak it. Don't demean yourself by becoming inspector of wars and supervisor of caruncles and commissioner of gutters and the holder of stakes at a dog-fight. Allow no defamation at your breakfast, or dinner, or tea-tables. Teach your children not to speak ill of others. Show them the difference between the bee and the wasp, the one gathering honey, and the other thrusting a sting. I have heard of a household where they carefully keep what is called a slander book, and everything that is said in the house in the way of detraction is as carefully recorded as any ledger is kept. For the first few weeks there were many entries; now very seldom anything written in that book. If you are, any of you, in the habit of whispering let me advise you to desist. Mt. Taurus is a great place for eagles, and cranes flying along there cackle so loudly that the eagles know they are coming, and pounce upon them to their destruction. But it is said that the old cranes have found this out, and that they take a stone in their mouth before they start, so that it is impossible for them to cackle, and so they fly in safety. Be wise as those old cranes and avoid the folly of the young

cranes. Don't cackle! Take courage if you are maltreated of whisperers because such creatures soon run themselves out. They come to be understood as well in community as though some one had chalked on their forehead or shawl the words, "Here comes a whisperer, make room for the leper." You come on and do your duty, my persecuted friends, and some day you will be vindicated. Get down on your knees and put your reputation and

EVERYTHING ELSE IN GOD'S KEEPING.

I solemnly charge all of you to make right and holy use of your tongue. Though it is loose at one end and can swing either way, it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth and you are responsible for which way it swings. The philosopher Xanthus ordered his servant to provide a great dinner of the best of things from the market, as some friends were coming to dine. Seated at the table he found there was nothing on it but tongue and the guests had tongue served up to them in a

DESPAIR.

Ah! what is so dead as a perished delight?
Or a person outlived! or a scheme over-
thrown!
Save the bankrupt heart it has left in its
flight,
Still as quick as the eye, but cold as a
stone!

The honey bee hoards for its winter long
need
The treasure it gathers in joy from the
flowers,
And drinks in each sip of its silvery mead
The flavor and flush of the sweet summer
hours.

But a pleasure expires at its earliest breath:
No labor can hoard it, no cunning can
save,
For the song of its life is the sigh of its death
And the sense it has thrilled is its shroud
and its grave.

Ah! what is our love with its tincture of
lust,
And its pleasures that pain us and pain
that endears,
But joy is an armful of beautiful dust,
That crumbles and flies on the wings of
the years.

And what is ambition for glory and power,
But desire to be reckoned the uppermost
fool
Of a million of fools for a pitiful hour,
And be cursed for a tyrant or kicked for a
tool?

Nay, what is the noblest that art can
achieve,
But to conjure a vision of light to the eyes,
That will pale ere we paint it, and fall ere
we leave
On the heart it betrays and the hand it
defiles?

We love, and we long with an infinite greed
For a love that will our deep longing, in
vain;
The cup that we drink of is pleasant, indeed
Yet it holds but a drop of the heavenly
rain.

We plan for our powers the divinest we can;
We do with our powers the supremest we
may;
And, winning or losing, for labor and plan
The best that we garner is—rest and decay.

Content, satisfaction—who finds them? look
down!
They are held without thought by the
dolls and the dromes;
Tis the slave who in carelessness carries the
crown,
And the hovers have king for men than
throne.

The maid sings of love to the hum of her
wheel;
And her lover responds as he follows his
team;
They wed, and their children come quickly
to sea;
In fulfillment the pledge of their loftiest
dream.

With humblest ambitions and homeliest
fare,
Contented, though toiling, they travel
abreast,
Till the kind hand of death lifts their burden
of care,
And they sink, in the faith of their fathers
to rest.

Did I beg to be born? Did I seek to exist?
Did I bargain for promptings to loftier
gains?
Did I ask for a brain with contempt for the
fist,
That could win a reward for its labor and
pains,

Was it kind—the strong promise that guid-
ed my youth?
Was it good—the endowment of motive
and skill?
Was it well to succeed when success was in
truth,

But the saddest of failure? Make answer
who will!

Do I rave without reason? Why look you,
I pray?

I have won and sought of the highest and
best,

But it brings me no guerdon; and, hopeless,
to-day,

I am poorer than when I set out on the
quest.



THE PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.

The following article forcibly illus-
trates the necessity of punctuation. It
can be read in two ways, making it a
very bad man or a good man, the result
depending upon the manner in which it
is punctuated:

He is an old and experienced man in
vice and wickedness he is never found
in opposing the works of iniquity he
takes delight in the downfall of his
neighbors he never rejoices in the pros-
perity of any of his fellow creatures he
is always ready to assist in destroying
the peace of society he takes no pleas-
ure in serving the Lord he is uncom-
monly diligent in sowing discord among
his friends and acquaintances he takes
no pride in laboring to promote the
cause of Christianity he has not been
negligent in trying to stigmatize all
public teachers he makes no efforts to
subdue his evil passions he strives hard
to build up Satan's kingdom he lends
no aid to the support of the Gospel
among the heathen he contributes large-
ly to the evil adversary he pays no at-
tention to good advice he pays great
heed to the devil he will never go to
Heaven he must go where he will re-
ceive the just recompense of reward.

Oh! emptiness! Life, what art thou but
a lie,

Which I greeted and honored with hope-
fullest trust?

Bah! the beautiful apples that tempted my
eye

Break dead on my tongue into ashes and
dust!

"A father who loves all the children of
men,"

"A future to fill all these bottomless gaps,"

But one life has failed: can I fasten again

With my faith and my hope to a special
perhaps?

O! man, who begot me! O! woman who
bore!

Why, why did you call me to being and
breath?

With ruin behind me, and darkness before,
I have nothing to long for, or live for, but

death!

John Nollands, Rotterdam.

The Year.

The Egyptians, it is said, were the
first who fixed the length of the year.
The Roman year was introduced by
Romulus, 738 B. C., and it was corrected
by Numa, 713 B. C., and again by
Julius Caesar, 45 B. C., who fixed the
solar year as being 365 days and 6 hours.
This was denominated the Julian Style,
and prevailed generally throughout the
Christian world till the time of Pope
Gregory XIII. The calendar of Julius
Caesar was defective in this particular
that the solar year consisted of 365
days 5 hours and 49 minutes, and not
of 365 days 6 hours. This difference at
the time of Gregory XIII, had amount-
ed to 10 entire days. To obviate this
error Gregory ordained in 1582 that
that year should consist of 365 days
only; and in 1751 it was ordered to be
so used in England; and the next year
11 days were left out, the 3d of Sep-
tember, 1752, being reckoned as the 4th,
so as to make it agree with the Greory
calender. The Russians still adhere to
the Julian calender (called now Old
Style) which is 12 days behind the rec-
koning of the Gregorian.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

[A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor
neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and
promised, if the parents would consent, that he would
give them property enough to make themselves and
their other six children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John, John looked at me,
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, listening, bent my head—
This is his letter.

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he has borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which, I, though well to do, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And that of this—

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, waking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lillie, the baby slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And hushly he said: "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Altogether the boy's face lay bare,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on James's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak
"He's out a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, he who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he!
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, saint of love,
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite solemnly
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not that!"
Till while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no!"
I cannot, will not, let him go.
And so we wrote in a courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toll lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place,
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

—Brooklyn Union.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

When any reference is made to our literature, the character that forms the subject of this sketch at once suggests itself as the one to whom too much reverence may not be paid nor too much praise be given. He stands at once the exponent of what is shrewd in business, ripe in scholarship, lofty in genius and noble in human character. His nature seems to have inhaled a freshness from the ground which he loved so well and sang so truly. His was a spirit that may justly challenge our ardent admiration. Parents may well point to his as a character worthy the aspiration as well as imitation of their children. His style of composition has the quality of being strictly American. No one can fully appreciate the merit of his power without an acquaintance with the scenery he describes. To understand how faithfully he has interpreted nature one has only to take a copy of his poems to the woods and fields and read his inimitable descriptions in full view of the woods and waterfalls.

His life began at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. His father Peter Bryant, who was a physician of extensive travel and liberal culture, early instilled into the minds of his children the love of books and refined society. How good an effect these principles produced, in the case of his son William, an admiring nation of readers may tell. Perhaps no more striking example of early mental development can be mentioned. His "Embargo" was written at 14, and his great "Thanatopsis" at 19. The latter is, perhaps, his most striking production, and ranks with the best short poems that have appeared in any language. It was first published in the North American Review, with which was connected the late lamented Richard Dana, and led to a life-long friendship between these venerable authors. So uniform is the excellence of his productions, that it is a matter of no small difficulty to discriminate between them. We present to our readers the well-known "Lines to a Waterfowl." This poem is charming in style, varied in description, and rich in its purity of suggestion. The picture in the first stanza is one upon which one may dwell with increasing delight. In the third stanza the lake spreads out as if by magic, the river glides past and the wild surges lash their chafed sides. In the fourth is a rare sermon of subtle depth and beauty. In the last is summed up the entire moral lesson. The spirit of piety which pervades this entire selection came not of "warring creeds," but rather from the woods and dells and lakes and rills of the land which life and labor have so richly adorned. Such literature as this, read and studied in the home circle of our country, would do very much to redeem the land from vice and scepticism. Let parents furnish for the children no more costly editions of Byron or Shelly or Moore, while so much that is pure and ennobling may be found among the writers of our own lovely land. We give the poem:

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither mid falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the flashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bud,
And soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart;

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Pencilings by the Way.

"Think truly, and thy thought shall be a fruitful seed."

To deliberate on useful things is a prudent delay.

Be severe to yourself and indulgent to others; you thus avoid all resentment.

Most people will forgive a great man's faults far more readily than they will praise a small man's virtues.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made to reply to calumny and defamation.

Politeness is not always the sign of wisdom, but the want of it always leaves room for the suspicion of folly.—*Landor*.

Conscience is your magnetic needle. Reason is your chart. But I would rather have a crew willing to follow the indications of the needle, and giving themselves no great trouble as to the chart, than a crew that had ever so good a chart and no needle at all.—*Joseph Cook*.

"I'll tell thee what men's hopes are like:

A silly child that, quivering with joy,
Would cast its little mimic fishing line,
Baited with loadstone for a bowl of toys
In the salt ocean."

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say, 'Tis all barren; and so it is, and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers.—*Sterne*.

When you are applauded by the world, ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good.

It has always been the folly of the wise to undervalue the wisdom of the common people. The lawyer despises the jury that he flatters, and the politician shows in the tricks by which he endeavors to deceive and mislead the people, the contempt he feels for those whom he affects to honor.

"A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate,
A dog, by instinct, turns aside,
Who finds a ditch too deep and wide,
But man, we find the only creature,
Who ruled by nature, combats nature,
And where his talents least incline,
Absurdly bends his whole designs."

CHAPTER OF INTERESTING FACTS.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first air pump was made in 1854.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1583.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1848.

The iron steamship was built in 1826—7.

Coaches were first used in England in 1669.

The first horse railroad was built in 1835.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

Omni-buses were introduced in New York in 1830.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1552.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.

The first use of the locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first almanac was printed in 1460.

The first steam engine in this continent was brought from England in 1723.

The first complete sewing-machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1845.

Glass was early discovered. Glass beads were found on mummies over 3,000 years old.

The first algebra originated with Diophantus about the third century B. C.

The first society for the promotion of Christian knowledge was organized in 1608.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

he faster
end of our journey. E
reasonable way whilst you ha
remember that every time yo
you are contracting a debt wh
d with heavy interest in the futu
as long as you can, neglect
ch will assist you in doing so, bu
everything which is false or decei
en old age comes—as come it wil
efforts to the contrary—accep
be gracefully, and attempt neith
to disown it.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The street was wet with the winter's snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for amid a throng
Of human beings, who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray
So meek, so timid, afraid to stay
Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down the slippery street,
At last came one of the merry troupe,
The gayest laddie of the group.
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For she's old and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's old and poor and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low
Her head
Her home that night, and the prayer
she said
as, "God be kind to the noble boy
who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

Fourteen Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the world, in ancient times, were the pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the Temple of Diana, the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, the Mausoleum of Artemesia and the Colossus at Rhodes. The seven wonders of the world in modern times are the printing-press, the steam-engine, the telephone, the phonograph, telegraph and electric light. The so-called "seven wonders" of the ancients were mere trifles compared with those of the present time. The Brooklyn bridge for example, would make the hanging gardens of Babylon mere toys, while the whole seven would put together would sink into insignificance could their builders have seen a lightning express train at full speed.

A TEACHER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ALICE T. BRADISH.

[Read at the annual meeting of Fredonia Normal School Alumni Association, June 27, 1881.]

I pause, oftentimes, when I'm weary
And worn with the toil of the day,
When the pathway looks long and so dreary,
The end seeming still far away,
And think o'er the day's work just ended,
The routine of labor and care.
And ask if the world's any better
For what I have done for my share.

Each day brings its toil and its sorrow,
Each night brings its darkness and rest;
Is the rest but for toiling to-morrow?
Is the toil but to fit us for rest?
Do the days stretch onward forever?
Do the nights always come in their turn?
Is their length and their dreariness shortened,
By what I may teach or may learn.

The children around me come thronging
With faces so eager and bright,
I look at them fondly, with longing,
Asking that ever aright
I may guide them, and aid them, and lead,
But the troublesome question will come:
What shall I have to show for my caring
When all of my labor is done?

I sometimes ask, as I'm thinking
Of the centuries of sorrow and sin,
Of the millions of lives which have ended,
Of the myriads yet to begin,
What am I 'mid the circling of ages?
What are you 'mid eternities past?
Can it be that our deeds are of moment?
Can it be that our actions will last?

He stars shining down through the spaces,
With cold, distant look seem to say,
We are here, we have been here through ages,
We will be here when you are but clay.
What are you then, oh! man, in your wisdom?
What are you in the strength of your might?
What are you with your striving and longing?
What are you in the gleam of our light?

I know that the stars in their places,
Are more than the sands of the sea;
I know that each one through vast spaces
Sends its clear, brilliant light down to me.
They all have been shining for ages,
They will shine on for ages to come,
Each one has its place in the pageant,
Each one has its share in the song.

My heart grows happier, lighter,
My thoughts of the future less sad,
The pathway before grows brighter,
All nature around me more glad.
I, too, have my place in life's pageant,
I, too, have my share in its song;
Though the end may be sooner or later,
The way's not too short nor too long.

We each have our tasks for fulfilling;
The duties before us lie plain;
If we do what each day sets before us,
We'll find we've no time to complain.
If we pause not for question or query,
Just doing with all of our might,
We'll find when our work here is ended,
And seen by eternity's light,

What seems to us now small and needless,
Will unfold in the radiant whole,
To a far greater beauty and fairness
Than ever has dawned on our soul.
We'll find that each task has its meaning,
Each one, however irksome, was right,
And the years we have passed through so slowly
Will seem but a day's transient light.

HORRIBLE RUM.

A Parody on "Beautiful Snow."

[Toledo Blade.]

Oh! the rum, the horrible rum,
Filling saloons and every slum,
In city and town, and humbler place,
With suffering and woe and deep disgrace;
Gurgling, Ripping,
Flowing along,
Inciting the rude, bacchanalian song,
As it wends thro' its devious, winding course,
Filling its victims with pain and remorse,
Whose virulent poison must surely flow
From the demon of darkness dwelling below.
Oh! the rum, the terrible rum,
Making a babble of home become,
Not stirring its thoughtless drinkers up
To notice the snakes that lie in the cup,
Hissing, Twisting,
Writhing about,
And wriggling around, as if to get out,
With wild, glaring eyes, and terrible fangs,
All gathering in great, infernal gangs,
And snapping with venom, right and left,
From every crevice, rock and cliff.
How rum's friends go swaying along,
Making a motley, discordant throng,
With not a single soul of them loath
To utter the most blasphemous oath.
Staggering, Swagg'ring,
Tott'ring they go,
Into the haunts that all lead to woe,
Inflicted by rum, whose friends, far and near,
Were first taught to drink what's called lager
beer,
And step by step, in a few months longer,
Were enabled thus to drink something stronger.
Once rum's dupes were pure, but they fell—
Fell like Lucifer, from heav'n to hell—
Fell to be liken'd to filth in the street—
Fell to be scoff'd at, spit on and beat;
Quaking, Shudd'ring,
Dreading to die,
But thirsting still for a little more rye;
Trudging about like weary tramps,
Knowing the people look on them as scamps;
But finding no rest for their shrivel'd souls,
Shrivel'd by emptying too many bowls!
Once they rival'd the beautiful snow,
With eyes like its crystal, and hearts like its
glow—
Once they were loved, before the rude trace
Of rum was beheld in their red, swollen face,
Fathers, Mothers,
Sisters, all,
God and themselves, have they lost by their fall;
The veriest witch that goes shivering by,
Will take a wide sweep lest they come too nigh—
Lest the rum-tainted breath should on them
blow,
Of those who were once like the pure vestal
snow.
Strange that a character so like snow
Should become tarnished and lose all its glow;
But not so strange that a sear of such stain
Should add desperation to heart and to brain,
Ending In sending
To early graves,
The wretched, blotched, rum-burned slaves,
Who failed to raise a heart-felt prayer,
That God would free them from rum's snare,
And not let them live and die and go
To the regions of dread, despair and woe.

"SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE."

[It has often been asked where the familiar quotation, "Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear," came from. So we give the whole of the lovely little gem. It was published first in a Greenwich Magazine 170 years ago, and was written by W. W. Grayson.]
Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the favoring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But forgotten every charm,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.
Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace!
O, cruel fate! true souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place,
Thou, thou alone, shall dwell forever!
And still shall recollection trace,
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form that face,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.
Sweetheart, good-bye! Though nevermore
The waves may bear me back to thee;
Though thrown upon some distant shore,
By angry wind and surging sea,
My constant heart would still recall
The soft brown eyes and browner hair,
And know thy tones, thy touch, thy all,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the
winds
The bell's deepest tones are swelling, 'Tis
the knell
Of the departed Year.

No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and
wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spot-jeweled shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through
heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's sol-
emn form.
And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching
wall.
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead Year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of
Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of hope and joy and love.
And, bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead
flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The Year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious
through
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the fearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed
o'er
The battle-plain, where sword and spear and
shield
Flashed in the light of midday—and the
strength
Of scarred hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It
came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what
power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or
brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's
home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks
down
To rest upon his mountain-crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to
bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the
breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs,
and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires
rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Starting the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass
away.
To darken in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce ca-
reer,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path.
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before God alone.
Why should any one be glad,
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling,
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow,
So until its happy end
Your life shall never lack a friend.

SUNDAY GOSSIP.

To early, of course, how provoking,
I told you just how it would be;
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here to see.

Just see, Eben Carl's paw is empty,
I declare if it isn't too bad,
To know my suit costs more than her's did,
And I cannot see her look mad.

I do think that sexton's too stupid,
He's put some one else in our pew,
The girl's dress just kills mine completely,
Oh! what am I going to do.

I don't care—I think it's a sin,
For people to come late to service
To make a great show coming in.

What a dress for a girl in her senses,
To go on the street in light blue,
And those coat sleeves—they wore them last sum-
mer—
Don't doubt though she thinks they're new.

Mrs. Cook's pelonaise was imported,
So dreadful a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion,
A pretty example of life.

The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the front—
Some girl who has gone on assistant,
Don't doubt it was Emily Mott.

Just look at her now, little humbug,
So devout I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over,
And the ends of her switches all show.

What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning,
That woman will kill me some day,
With her terrible lilacs and crimson,
Why will old things dress so gay?

And there comes Della and Irenball,
She's engaged to him—horrid thing—
Dear me, I'd keep on my glove sometimes
If I did have a solitary ring.

How can this girl next me act so?
The way she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people,
She'd better be saying her prayers.

Dear, what a dreadful long sermon,
He must love to hear himself talk,
And it's after 12 now, how provoking,
I wanted to have a nice talk.

Through at last; well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till 1;
How can people say church is poky?
So wicked—I think it's real fun.

The Education of Girls.

The establishment of cooking and sewing clubs in many of our larger cities is significant that a change in public opinion is gradually taking place regarding the education of girls. Sensible mothers are beginning to desire that their daughters should learn not only the accomplishments, but the practical as well. A young girl ought to be taught thoroughly every one of the duties devolving on the housewife, and with it she should be taught that which is of still more importance—the art of systematizing her work. Any one can, after a few trials, make a bed, sweep a room, iron a starched garment, bake a pie or cook meat, but to do all these things and many more simultaneously, or at least in such nice succession that at the proper time all will be done, is no slight accomplishment, and one which can only come with practice. In this connection the *Rural New Yorker* offers a few well-timed remarks:

What would one think of a mother who provided for her daughter's traveling outfit, over a very long, rough journey, where she was to meet all vicissitudes of climate and weather, only a flimsy ball dress? It might be very beautiful in fabric, and adorned with abundance of the choicest flowers and sparkling gems, but it would be a miserable failure as a traveling dress, and we should almost think the woman deficient in sound sense who should provide it for such a purpose.

But is it any more sensible to send our girls out over the rough journey of life with only a stock of accomplishments to meet the wants of this every-day working world? How many girls marry without the slightest preparation in the way of domestic knowledge and self-reliance in managing home affairs. It is fondly hoped that skill will come to them, and that they will manage somehow to keep a house in respectability and comfort; but oh, that ball-dress traveling suit! How poorly it answers in the wear and tear of the road.

Don't buy everything for the girls, Trust them with the money after giving them as much good advice as you please. Let them learn how to buy by actual experience. If they make some mistakes, let them abide by them, just as you have to. Said a boy of a brother skater who had met with a tumble: "Let him fall down. That's the way to learn." It is the way we all learn a great many things. If Jenny's pretty blue cambric fades out white, let her bleach it and make the best of it; but learn the lesson also of avoiding that alluring, deceitful shade in the future.

Let her learn to make bread from the beginning to the end of the process, and teach her the most thrifty, excellent short-cuts to perfection in all departments of cookery.

It is not needful to go through the tedious processes our grandmothers used to beating eggs to a froth with a knife, waiting all day for bread to rise, and so on, in a world where egg-beaters are to be had, and Vienna yeast-cakes which will answer the purpose of rising in an hour or two.

Let her eschew cream-of-tartar and soda when good baking-powder is to be had, and adopt all similar improvements. Life and time are too precious to be needlessly wasted on these old crudities. Housekeeping need not and should not be half so hard to the girls at the present time as it was for us, if they only will take hold and fit themselves for the business before actually in the whirl of it. What merchant would sent out a ship under a Captain who knew nothing of navigation? Would not there be likely to come disaster and distress enough in such a case? Should not the home pilot be equally qualified?

Write Them a Letter To-Night.

BY OLYETTE ELLIS.

Don't go to the theatre, grange or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself of the friends that call
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble "excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write."
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering
back

To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer—
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love or counsel wise;
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes—
It might be well to let them believe
You never forgot them, quite;
That you deem it a pleasure, when faraway,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thought for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off;
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and
longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

LONGFELLOW.

WHITTIER'S TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD SINGER

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his lock of gray.
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plains,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows
And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
Witch a joy akin to sadness,
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young
The last of earth and first of heaven,
Seeked in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home.

And to him a holier welcome
Was the mystic meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE SILLY SHEEP.

The following touching lines were recited with visible effect, by J. C. Young, at one of his Bible readings in Nicholasville, Kentucky.

I WAS wandering and weary, when my Savior came unto me
For the way of sin grew dreary, and the world had ceased to woo me,
And I thought I heard Him say, as He came along His way,
Oh, silly souls, draw near me, my sheep should never fear me—

I am the Shepherd true.

At first, I would not hearken, and put off till the morrow,
But life began to darken, and I was sick with sorrow,
And though I heard Him say, as He came along His way,
Oh, silly souls, draw near me, my sheep should never fear me—

I am the Shepherd true.

At last, I stopped to listen, His voice could not deceive me,
I saw His kind eyes glisten, so anxious to relieve me,
And I'm sure I heard Him say, as He came along His way,
Oh, silly souls, draw near me, my sheep should never fear me—

I am the Shepherd true.

He took me on His shoulder, and tenderly He kissed me,
He bade my love be bolder, and said how He had missed me,
And I'm sure I heard Him say, as we went along the way,
Oh, silly souls, draw near me, my sheep should never fear me—

I am the Shepherd true.

Strange pleasure seemed to move Him, whenever I did better;
And He wooed me so to love Him, as if He were my debtor,
And I always heard Him say, as we went along the way,
Oh, silly souls, draw near me, my sheep should never fear me—

I am the Shepherd true.

I thought His love would weaken, as more and more He knew me
But it burneth like a beacon, and His light and heat go through me,
And I always hear Him say, as we go along the way,
Oh, silly souls, draw near me, my sheep should never fear me—

I am the Shepherd true.

Let us, then, dearest brothers, what will best and always please us,
Follow not the paths of others, let us give ourselves to Jesus.
We shall ever hear Him say, as we go along the way,
Oh, silly souls, draw near me, my sheep should never fear me—

I am the Shepherd true.

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've lost the hay,
And what we'll do with horse and kye is more than I can say;
While like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat."
She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet:
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He turned round with a sudden glow. She said: "Love, be at rest!
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best.
That was your work; you'd naught at all to do with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields of golden grain;
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel but cannot see—
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning—we must, because we must."
She softly said: "I reason not, I only work and trust;
The harvest may redeem the day—keep heart, whate'er betide,
When one door shuts I've always seen another open wide.
There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel but cannot see—
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face, gone was his restless pain,
She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane,
And went about her household tasks full of a glad content,
Singing, to time her busy hands, as to and fro she went,
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel but cannot see—
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

Days come and go—'twas Christmas tide, and the great fire burned clear.
The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been a good and happy year;
The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought the hay, you know."
She lifted then a smiling face, and said: "I told you so!
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand we feel but cannot see—
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

EVERY YEAR.

The Spring has less of brightness,
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do Summer's flowers quicken,
Nor Autumn's fruitage thicken
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year.
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the joys and friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Oh! how sad to look before us,
Every year,
While the clouds grow o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
Come no new ones in their places,
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year.
"You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Thank God! no clouds are shifting,
Every year;
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
Every year.
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leaving us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the white-washed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonet, shell and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold.
Kiss the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread,
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling lies still and dead.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low.
One bright curl from the cluster take,
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he was somebody's love;
Somebody's love enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody went when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand,
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart
There he lies—with his blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear.
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here."

For Home and Farm. HOW JOHN QUIT THE FARM.

BY J. W. RILEY.

Nobody on the old farm here but mother, me and John,
Except, of course, the extra help when harvest-time comes on—
And then, I want to say to you, we needed help about,
As you'd admit, if you had seen the way the crops turned out.

For a quarter-section of better land or richer soil
wa'n't found
Than this here old-home place of mine for fifty miles around;
The house was small, but plenty big we found it from the day
That John—our only livin' son—packed up and went away.

You see, we took such pride in John—his mother more than me—
That's natural; but both of us was proud as proud could be;
For the boy, from a little chap, was most enormous bright,
And seemed in work as well as play to take the same delight.

He always went a-whistlin' round the place, as glad at heart
As the lark that wakes at five o'clock and takes an early start;
And many a time 'fore daylight mother's waked me up to say—
"Just listen, David!—listen! Johnny's beat the lark to-day!"

High-spirited from boyhood, with a most inquiring turn,
He wanted to learn everything on earth there was to learn;
And he'd ask more plaguey questions in a mortal minute here
Than his great grandpap in paradise could answer in a year.

And read! why, his own mother learnt him how to read and spell;
And "The Children of the Abbey"—why, he knew that book as well
At fifteen as his parents!—and "The Pilgrim's Progress," too—
Just knuckled down, the shaver did, and read 'em through and through!

At eighteen, Mother 'lowed the boy must have a better chance—
That we ought to educate him, under any circumstance;
And John he 'fined his mother, and they ding-donged and kep' on,
Till I sent him off to school in town, half glad that he was gone.

But I missed him—why, of course I did! The fall and winter through
I never built the kitchen fire, or split a stick in two,
Or fed the stock, or butchered, or swung up a gambrel-pin,
But what I thought of John, and wished that he was home ag'in.

He'd come, sometimes, on Saturdays, and stay the Sunday out;
And on Thanksgiving Day he 'peared to like to be about.
But a change was workin' on him—he was stiller than before,
And didn't joke, nor laugh, nor sing and whistle any more.

And his talk was all so proper; and I noticed with a sigh,
He was tryin' to raise side-whiskers, and hud on a striped tie,
And a standin' collar, ironed up as stiff and slick as bone;
And a breast-pin, and a watch and chain and plug hat of his own.

But when spring weather opened out, and John was to come home
And help me through the season, I was glad to see him come;
But my happiness, that evening, with the setun' sun went down,
When he bragg'd of a position that was offered him in town.

"But," says I, "you'll not accept it?" "Why, of course I will," says he—
"This drudgin' on a farm," he says, "is not the life for me!
I've set my stakes up higher," he continued, light and gay,
"And town's the place for me, and I'm a-goin' right away."

And go he did—his mother clingin' to him at the gate,
A-pleadin' and a-cryin', but it hadn't any weight.
I was tranquil, and told her 'twas no use to worry so,
And unclasped her arms from round his neck round mine—and let him go!

I felt a little bitter feelin' foolin' round about
The edges of my conscience, but I didn't let it out;
I simply retch out, tremblin'-like, and took the boy's hand,
And though I didn't say a word, I knowed he'd understand.

And—well!—since then the old home here was mighty lonesome, shore!
With me a-workin' in the field, and Mother at the door,
Her face forever to'rds the town, and fadin' more and more—
Her only son nine miles away a-clerkin' in a store!

The weeks and months dragged by us; and some-times the boy would write
A letter to his mother, sayin' that his work was light,
And not to feel uneasy about his health a bit—
Though his business was confin'g, he was gittin' used to it.

And sometimes he would write and ask how I was gittin' on,
And if I had to pay out much for help sence he was gone;
And how the hogs was doin', and the balance of the stock,
And ask on for a page or two just like he used to talk.

And he wrote, along 'fore harvest, that he guessed he would git home,
For business would, of course, be dull in town—but didn't come;
We got a postal later, sayin' when they had no trade
They filled the time fiddlin', and that was why he staid.

And then he quit a-writin' altogether. Not a word,
Exceptin' what the neighbors brought who'd been to town and heard
What store John was clerkin' in, and want round to inquire
If they could buy their goods there less and sell their produce higher.

And so the summer faded out, and autumn wore away,
And a keener winter never brought around Thanksgiving Day;
The night before that day of thanks I'll never quite forget,
The wind a-howlin' round the house—it makes me creepy yet!

And there set me and Mother—me a-twistin' at the prongs
Of a green scrub-bellum forestick with a spiteful pair of tongs,
And Mother sayin', "David! David!" in an under tone,
As though she thought that I was thinkin' bad-words unbeknown.

"I've dressed the turkey, David, for to-morrow," Mother said,
A-tryin' to wedge some pleasant subject in my stubborn head,
"And the mince-meat I'm a-mixin' is perfection mighty nigh,
And the pound-cake is delicious rich—" "Who'll eat 'em all?" says I.

"The cranberries is drippin' sweet," says Mother, runnin' on,
P'tendin' not to hear me, "and somehow I thought of John—"
of John—

All the time they was a-jellin'—for you know they always was
His favorite—he likes 'em so." Says I, "Well, s'pose he does?"
"Oh, nothin' much!" says Mother, with a quiet sort o' smile—
"This gentleman behind my chair may tell you after while!"

And as I turned and looked around, some one riz up and lean'd
And put his arms round Mother's neck, and laugh'd in low content.
"O it's me," he says—"your fool-boy John, come back to shake your hand,
Sit down with you, and talk with you, and make you understand."

How dearer yet than all the world is this old home that we
Will spend Thanksgiving in for life—just Mother, you and me!"

Nobody on the old farm here but Mother me and John,
Except, of course, the extra help, when harvest-time comes on;
And then, I want to say to you, we need sich help about,
As you'd admit, if you could see the way the crops turn out!

Who marries for love takes a wife;
who marries for fortune takes a mis-
tress; who marries for rank takes a lady. You're loved by your wife, re-
garded by your mistress; tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick your wife will nurse you, your mis-
tress will visit you, your lady will in-
quire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, your lady your debts. If you are dead your wife will weep, your mis-
tress lament, and your lady wear mourning. Which will you have?—
Ex.

Bible Points.

[Princeton Banner.]

Mr. H. O. Hallowell, Lamasco, sends us the following interesting Biblical information;

The 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther is the longest verse in the Bible.

The Bible contains 3,586,459 letters; 773,692 words; 31,173 verses; 1,189 chapters and 66 books.

The word "and" is used 46,277 times; "Lord" is used 1,855 times, while the word "revered" occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th psalm.

The middle verse of the Bible is the 8th of the 118th psalm.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet save J.

The 25th chapter of Acts is the most readable.

The 19th chapter of 2d Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John is the shortest verse.

The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th psalm are alike.

All the verses of the 136 psalm end alike.

No word in the Bible contains more than six syllables.

MY MOTHER.

O for the olden days!
Those were the golden days—
Days that have fled.
O for the mother love!
Earth has no other love
Worn in its stead.

Still, as it seems to me,
Comes she in dreams to me,
And her soft hands
Comb my fair hair for me,
With tender care for me
Fashion its strands.

Is love a pain to me?
Friendship in vain to me?
Barren life a way?
Sorrow she shares with me,
Whispers at prayers with me,
"God bless my child!"

Sings like the birds to me,
Speak loving words to me,
Covers my bed;
O I have need for her!
My heart doth plead for her—
Mother is need!

What are life's thorns to her?
Life's sunless moons to her?
Moons that must wane?
Spring has no breath for her,
Autumn no death for her,
Lights are in vain.

What are my prayers to her?
Cumberstone cares to her?
She is at rest;
Roses bloom over her,
Snow-blossoms cover her,
Earth on her breast.

Down through the dreary years,
Sorrowful, weary years,
Hears she my cry?
Are her hands holding me?
And her arms folding me?
Is she still nigh?

Sees she my yearning tears—
Pitiful, burning tears?
From heaven's height
Comes she to talk with me,
Stealthily walk with me,
Morning and night.

Ah! as it seems to me,
These are not dreams to me;
Still thou art here,
Walking beside me,
Whatever betide me,
Mother most dear.

When life's "good-night" to me
Heralds new light to me,
In the unknown,
Unending bliss for me
Shall be thy kiss for me,
Mother, my own!

"NO FLOWERS."

Oh, say not so! Let blossoms rest—
The sweetest, balmiest, and the best—
Upon the lady's pubelescent breast.

Put white blossoms in his little hand,
As emblems of the angel band,
Where he with cherub hosts will stand.

And on the golden locks of hair,
Above the waxen forehead fair,
Let pale buds cluster here and there.

Place lilies on the maiden's bier,
Let each white cap enshrine a tear,
In memory of the one so dear.

A flower herself, toward God's skies
Bent softly, bidding her to rise,
And bloom forever in Paradise.

Pluck roses for the fair dead wife;
She's done with loving—done with strife
Below, and entered into life.

Perhaps a mother—blessed name—
Firing each heart with generous flame,
Let blossoms perennial tell her fame.

Strew flowers abundant on the pall
Of him who, giving up his all,
Suffers and dies at Freedom's call.

"Bring flowers, sweet flowers," fair Hemans wrote,
And we the soft command would quote,
And all its precious meaning note.

Dear hearts! they all loved Flora's bowers
In rosy health's expectant hours—
Then say not, oh, my friends, "No Flowers,"

THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Only the leaf of a rosebud,
That fell to the ball-room floor,
Fell from the tinted clusters
Of the big bouquet she wore.

Quickly he stooped and seized it,
"Tis the leaf of a rose," said he;
"Tinted with summer's blushes
And dearer than gold to me."

"Lovely and fragrant petal,
Some sweet summer night, who knows,
I may have a chance to tell her
I cherished the leaf of the rose."

But when to his lips he pressed it,
He muttered in accents wroth,
"The blam'd thing is artificial
And not a rose at all!"

TROUBLES WILL NOT LAST FOREVER.

Never mind how dark and gloomy
Are the clouds that veil the sky;
Still we know the sun's behind them,
And will shine forth by-and-by.
Dreary days can't last forever,
Clouds won't always hide the sun;
Pleasant weather's sure to follow—
Azure take the place of dun.
Wintry snows won't e'er be folding
Round the earth a chilly shroud;
Frosty winds, like banished moanings,
Won't be always shrieking loud.
Earth will soon be crowned with garlands
Wove from Spring's delightful bloom;
Summer zephyrs soon will flutter
Gusts of odorous perfume.

We are all quite fond of saying
That our fate's too hard to fight,
Let me tell you, this is mostly
What we make it, dark or bright.
Don't give up to dull repining,
Or the clutch of grim despair;
Keep a stout heart on your journey,
Let the day be dark or fair.

Troubles, tho' can't last forever—
Every lane *must* have a bend,
And altho' the turn is hidden
You are sure to reach the end,
Even if the road seems stretching
On and on, and on fore'er,
You will surely reach some turning;
So brace **DIAN SUMMER.**

MARY E. FERRY.

The tranquil river glideth to the sea,
Thro' purple haze the golden sunbeams
fall;
The white sails glimmer by us silently—
The hush of dreamland lieth over all.
Our spirits live like flowers in the light,
Nor feel nor fear the sting of earthly pain,
Or dread the shadows of coming night,
In peaceful rest we lie; all toil is vain.
Ain are the hopes and fears and doubts of
youth,
We dream our lives away, and ask not
why;
Vain all our lofty aspirations after truth;
To-day we spend in ease, to-morrow die.

Why should we work when nature's heart
is still;
Why should we strive when nature bids
us rest?
We let her influence sweet our being fill,
Hushed as a child upon the mother's
breast.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.
Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.
Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence guards.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.
Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.
Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.
Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.
Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well won,
Beautiful rest with work well done.
Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

SOME FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

Shakespeare gives us more pithy sayings than any other author. From him we call: "Count their chickens ere they are hatched." "Make assurance doubly sure." "Look before you leap." "Christmas comes but once a year." Washington Irving gives us the "Almighty Dollar." Thomas Norton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" While Goldsmith answers "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs." Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us "It's an ill wind that turns no good." "Better late than never." "Lookers thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling will gather no moss." "All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras." Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair." "Men are but children of the larger growth." "Through thick and thin," "Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Cowper tells us that "Variety is the spice of life." To Milton we

owe the "Paradise of fools." From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love." Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life." Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "This distance lends enchantment to the view." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is from Keats. Franklin says "God helps those who help themselves," and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with the thought, that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

REPLY TO A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION.

You say I have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above,
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.
That I have written your duty out,
And, man-like, have questioned free;
You demand that I stand at the bar of your soul,
While you, in turn, question me.
And when I ask you to be my wife—
The head of my house and home,
Whose path I would scatter with sunshine
through life,
Thy shield when sorrow shall come—
You reply with disdain and a curl of the lip
And point to my coat's missing button,
And haughtily ask I want a cook
To serve up my beef and my mutton.
'Tis a King that you look for; well, I am not he,
But only a plain, earnest man,
Whose feet often shun the hard path they should
tread.
Often shrink from the gulf they should span.
'Tis hard to believe that the rose will fade
From the cheek so full, so fair,
'Twere harder to think that a heart proud and
cold
Was ever reflected there.
True, the rose will fade, and the leaves will fall,
And the autumn of life will come;
But the heart that I give thee will be true as in
May.
Should I make it thy shelter, thy home,
Thou requir'st all things that are good and true;
All things that a man should be:
Ah! lady, my truth, in return, doubt not,
For the rest, I leave it to thee.

THE MOUNTAIN.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Ages are thy days,
Thou grand affirmor of the present tense
And type of permanence!
Complement of human kind,
Having us at vantage still,
Our sumptuous indigence,
O barren mound, thy plenties fill!
Thou seest, O watchman tall,
Our towns and races grow and fall,
And imagest the stable good
For which we all our life time grope,
In shifting form the formless mind,
And though the substance us elude,
We in thee the shadow find.
Mute orator! well skilled to plead,
And send conviction without phrase,
Thou dost succor and remedy
The shortness of our days,
And promise, on thy Founder's truth,
Long morrow to this mortal youth.

JACKSON, TENN.—I wish you would publish the following piece, as I am very anxious to give it a place in my scrap-book, and I think a great many of your readers would like to see it in print also. I copied it from an old scrap-book in my possession. W. H. S.

WHO'S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR?
There's a big White House, and a handsome one,
In a place 'way North, called Washington.
As years roll on—once in every four—
There's one or two strangers knocking at the door.
Oh! who's dat knocking at de door?
Oh! who's dat knocking at de door?
Dat you, b'hoys! don't tall say "aye,"
For you'll never get in, tho' all should try—
And there's no use knocking at de door.
And there's no use knocking at de door.
"Was the fourth of March, in the year '49,
When the nigger porter was dressed up so fine,
As he peeped through his lock, out there he saw
A little fat man a knocking at the door.
Oh! who's dat knocking at the door?
Oh! who's dat knocking at the door?
Dat you, massa Zack? No, I am Cass.
Well, you can't come in, 'kase you got no
"pass."

So, dere's no use knocking at de door.
Der's no use knocking at de door.
Then up came another, a great politician,
Known in the crowd as the little Magician,
With a nigger on each arm, while a score or
more
Followed in his wake as he knocked at the door.
Oh! who's dat knocking at de door?
Oh! who's dat knocking at de door?
Dat you, massa Zack? No, I am Van.
Clar out wid your niggers; you're not the man.
So, there's no use knocking at de door.
So, there's no use knocking at de door.
Then another little fellow walked up by and by,
And a tear trickled down from the corner of each
eye.
Old Sambo thought, as he looked through and
saw,
It was the same little fellow that had lived there
before.
Oh! who's dat knocking at de door?
Oh! who's dat knocking at de door?
Dat you, massa Zack? No, I am Polk.
Well, we've had enuf to do wid sich sort of folk,
And dere's no use knocking at de door,
And dere's no use knocking at de door.

A mighty, mighty shout then rent the air.
For a great people's voice then thundered there,
As an honest old man stepped up to rap,
Dressed in a brown coat and an old glazed cap.
Oh! who's dat knocking at the door?
Oh! who's dat knocking at the door?
Dat you, Massa Zack? Yes, I am Fillmore.
Well, I guess I'd jist as well open de door,
As I won't keep you knocking at de door any
more—
I won't keep you knocking at de door.

HAZLEHURST, Miss.—Please publish the following piece of poetry for the benefit of the one who asked for a poem containing the words: "They who go are happier than those they leave behind." It was written by Edward Pollock and given by him to a friend who was about to depart on a steamer for Oregon. Pollock says: "Take this; you may perhaps read and appreciate the sentiment long after I have ceased to be among the living." M. D. M.

THE PARTING HOUR.

There is something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part—
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
That the one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.
No matter where the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep of bleak frontier,
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.
The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubting and with tears,
But does not hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears!
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find,
But this—the gone is happier
Than one she leaves behind.
Have you a friend—a comrade dear?
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end!
And when you part—as part you will—
O take it not unkind!
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind!
God wills it so—and so it is—
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay.
And when at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not be happier far
Than those he leaves behind.

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

BY EUGENE J. HILL.

The old farm-gate hangs, sagging down,
On rusty hinges, bent and brown;
Its latch is gone, and here and there
It shows rude traces of repair.

The old farm-gate has seen, each year,
The blossoms bloom and disappear;
The bright green leaves of Spring unfold,
And turn to Autumn's red and gold.

The children have upon it clung,
And in and out with rapture swung,
When their young hearts were good and pure—
When hope was fair and faith was sure.

Beside that gate have lovers true
Told the old story, always new,
Have made their vows; have dreamed of bliss,
And sealed each promise with a kiss.

The old farm-gate has opened wide
To welcome home the new-made bride,
When lilacs bloomed, and locusts fair
With their sweet fragrance filled the air.

That gate with rusty weight and chain,
Has closed upon the solemn train
That bore her lifeless form away,
Upon the dreary Autumn day.

The lichens gray and mosses green
Upon its rotting posts are seen;
Initialed carved, with youthful skill,
Long years ago, are on it still.

Yet dear to me above all things,
By reason of the thought it brings,
Is that old gate, now sagging down,
On rusty hinges, bent and brown.

Knowledge in a Nut-Shell.

A cubic is two feet.
A pace is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A palm is three inches.
A league is three miles.
There are 2750 languages.
A great cubic is eleven feet.
Two persons die every second.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
Brand, twenty pounds per bushel.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour.
A barrel of ice contains 600 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
An acre contains 4840 square yards.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
Oats thirty-three pounds per bushel.
Barley, forty-eight pounds per bushel.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
A span is ten and seven-eighths inches.
A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour.
A rapid river flows seven miles per hour.
Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel.
Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.
Course salt, eighty-five pounds per bushel.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds per bushel.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
The average human life is thirty-one years.
A day's journey is thirty-three and one-eighth miles.



It Sounded Awful.

A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now. Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Where will your fathers be in twenty years?"

"Dead," shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the public house doors waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys."

Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awfully! It was awful, but it was true.

OUR WASTED RESOURCES.

There are in round numbers, seven thousand licensed saloons in Chicago. Estimating the average income at \$30 a day (a low estimate) it amounts to \$67,287,750 a year. This money if turned into channels of usefulness could be made to produce the following result :

Employ 10,000 men cleaning streets and other public improvements, at \$1.50 per day	\$ 4,695,000
Employ 2,000 teams and men cleaning alleys and streets at \$4 per day	2,504,000
Say there are 60,000 poor families in Chicago—Could give each family \$1 per day	18,780,000
Pay the car-fare for 250,000 working people to and from work	7,825,000
Pay for lunch of 250,000 working people at 20 cents each	15,475,000
Buy one \$20 suit of clothes for each of the 250,000 working people	5,000,000
Buy one \$4 pair of shoes for each of the 250,000 working people	1,000,000
Buy one \$25 suit of clothes for the father of each poor family	1,500,000
Buy one \$10 dress for the mother of each poor family	600,000
Buy one \$3 pair of shoes for the mother of each poor family	180,000
Buy two tons of coal for each poor family, \$6.50 per ton	780,000
Buy one barrel of flour for each poor family, \$4 per barrel	240,000
Buy one \$4 suit of clothes for every boy and girl in the public schools (180,891 enrolled April 30, 1894)	723,564
Establish one free library and museum in each division of the city, at \$1,000,000 each	3,000,000
Build 30 new school houses at \$100,000 each	3,000,000
Build 36 new churches at \$50,000 each	1,800,000
Give to the Fresh Air fund for poor children	75,000
Give to the various hospitals of the city	100,000

Total \$67,277,564

Have a balance to begin the new year with \$10,186

—Chicago Record.

Published by the W. T. P. A., The Temple, Chicago. Price \$.15 per 100 ; \$1.25 per 1,000.

47
de la Cruz
W. B. Smith
de la Cruz
my

Examination for Honors,

SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

Annual Exposition,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18.
(DEFERRED FOR WANT OF TIME.)

Alumni Meeting,

JULY 18, AT 8.15 P. M.

Commencement Exercises,

AT BOLES HALL,

THURSDAY, JULY 19, AT 8 P. M.

Complimentary Address to the Class,

BY PROF. CHASE,

—AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,—

JULY 20, AT 8 P. M.

Meeting of Alumni

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18,

8.45 P. M.

—ADDRESS BY—

A. C. TAYLOR.

Class Exercises !

—THE END NOT YET. —

PROGRAMME:

MUSIC.

- Prayer..... ELDER E. S. ELLISON
1. Rome was not built in a day—Salutatory... M. P. MELL
2. "Thank God for such a birthright, brother."..... MISS
LELA HATCHER. = *Dr Lela Hatcher*
3. "Here let us stop."..... M. F. SPEER

MUSIC.

4. "Consider the Lilies,"..... MISS BETTIE BYBEE
5. Ministry of Genius..... P. L. FORD

MUSIC.

6. "Watchman, what of the night?"..... J. T. WILLIAMS
7. "Only remembered by what we have done"—Valedic-
tory..... MISS ANNIE L. HUGGINS

MUSIC.

- Degrees Conferred..... PRINCIPAL
Benediction..... DR. E. PETRI

Complimentary

ADDRESS,

—TO THE CLASS, BY—

PROF. CHASE,

—AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Formal Address of Welcome to Prof.
Chase, by

J. T. WILLIAMS.

Miss Kogel Oklahoma

still in class only
decided

miss W. B. Smith
Kellogg
py

Frances E. Willard.

BY JOHN D. M'CORMICK.

"Men make their opportunities, women accept the appointments of destiny. Man was made to rule, woman to obey; man to demand, woman to submit." Such have been the declarations of man through the ages. Thank God, for the noble woman who broke the prejudice that bound her to the ignorance and barbarity of the past and declared woman equal with man before the law as before God. Long after the temperance reform has become a matter of history, long after woman has been acknowledged the equal of man, socially, financially, politically, the name of Frances Willard will be remembered not merely as one who led a great movement, but as one who gave her talent, her enthusiasm, her life, to make the world wider for woman and better for humanity.

We stand face to face with a great life, the embodiment of all that is lovely and good, womanly and strong, noble and tender in human nature. Inheriting such Puritan blood as throbbed in the hearts of Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, having it quickened by the breath of Wisconsin prairies and the breezes of the great lakes, her slender frame vibrated to the very finger tips with expectant energy, and the sweet memory of the bright, beautiful home of her childhood became the inspiration of her after life, when she would have transformed to its likeness every cottage and tenement in the world where dwelt a mother with her growing children.

In 1873-4 there swept over America an inspiration for temperance work which has since been known as the Woman's Crusade. The pathos of the women's prayers, the love of purity and temperance, the craving for a power which should sway and shape the thoughts of her generation led this cultured young woman from her very successful career as a teacher into a life which touched the heart-strings of the world. Instead of peace she was to participate in war. Instead of having the sweetness of home, never more dearly loved than by her, she was to become an exile and a wanderer. Instead of association with scholarly, cultured men, she went forth with the heroism of Joan of Arc and the tenderness of Florence Nightingale to marshal the hosts of temperance and to rescue the victims of the saloon, the gambling house and the haunt of shame. She began by teaching women to respect their own souls and to cease regarding themselves as dependent for happiness wholly on masculine purpose and endeavor. She asserted the dignity of womanhood and the right and duty of woman to shape the home and society for which she suffers. To make the ideal home the real goal of human efforts, involved lifting woman to political equality with man and raising the masculine standard of morality to that agreed upon for all true women.

"The sorrowful estate of women throughout the world gave me," she said, "the courage to become a public speaker." It gave her more. It gave her the vision for whose coming she thought and prayed and planned and wrought. The accent of two worlds was upon her tongue as she blended prophetic ecstasy with practical shrewdness, and rapture with woman's wit. She mentioned Jesus Christ with a note of gladness that lifted her auditors into the presence of her divine companion, then turned and with childlike mockery pelted feminine folly and masculine stupidity in masterful fashion. Webster and Beecher were Jupiters hurling thunderbolts, but Frances Willard was the St. Cecilia of the human heart. Her clear, melodious voice, bearing grand thoughts clothed in the choicest of language possessed an indescribable charm. She touched the chords of every heart until the strings of prejudice and love trembled together in sympathy for the speaker and the cause which she so nobly represented.

She believed in prohibition, prohibition by law, prohibition by politics, prohibition by woman's ballot. She saw that America could never be delivered from the dramshop until the people should divide at the ballot-box on the question and elect an issue instead of a man. Rarely does a mind grasp a subject comprehensively and at the same time deal ably with its details, but she, realizing that her cause was combated by mighty and relentless opposition, went forward in the strength of Him who is the Prince of Peace, meeting argument with argument, misjudgment with patience and all difficulties and dangers with prayer. While her enemy brewed beer she brewed public opinion; while he distilled whisky she distilled sentiment. When he advocated protection of iron and pine boards she influenced thinking men to vote for and to work for protection of boys and girls. When he was crying out in vain language, "Let us alone," her voice was ringing from platform and pulpit with beautiful clearness: "As long as there are three times as many saloon-keepers as school teachers, as long as drink costs more each year than all other expense combined, and as long as you continue robbing us of our boys and girls, our manhood and our womanhood, I cannot and I will not let you alone." Steadfastly, earnestly and unflinchingly she criticized the liquor traffic and the parties that it dominates as its servants and allies. But a crisis was on, an issue at stake, a cause to be won. A standard had to be raised. Asking if law is the strongest force we have, why it cannot prohibit the liquor traffic, she cried out, and we hear the echo today:

"Strike! 'till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for your altars and your fires!
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land!"

With an activity which was indeed marvelous, she exhibited a capacity for organizing the labors of others which was amazing. Whether it was temperance, equal suffrage, social purity or labor reform, she always provided successful leaders for the several departments and preserved harmony and efficiency in the ranks. The daughter of the abolitionist embraced the daughter of the slaveholder and the child of the American democrat found a sister in the daughter of the English nobleman.

"She knew the power of banded will
But felt that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good
The world's united womanhood."

But was this brave woman free from persecution? Is any great soul who is striving to serve humanity free from persecution? We see college presidents forced to resign, ministers driven from their pulpits, reformers branded with the epithet of "dreamer" and "fanatic." In the face of bitter opposition, bearing painful persecution, she endured hunger and weariness of body and mind that she might institute a new chivalry for man and declare independence of thought and action for woman. She, the preacher of temperance, was indeed the soul of chastity; the prophet of a new commonwealth, but at the same time the herald of a nobler motherhood than that of which the world dared dream, and therefore the herald of a nobler manhood, a nobler society, a nobler humanity.

Her life was short but worth centuries of common life, for her fifty-eight beautiful years were rich in thought and experience, crowded years of enduring conflict for others. A strong will, a rich mind and a true heart explain its career. Love of work, intense application, lofty purpose and firmness for the right all combined to make her name illustrious. Whether or not the world carries out her methods of political and social transformation, her ideal of home will never perish. Her daughters will be the strong and serious women of the future and her sons the embodiment of energy and quickened intellect, because they have heard and obeyed the divine command "Keep thyself pure."

When custom is displaced by right and our land is redeemed from the curse of the liquor traffic, when women shall have their rights and their homes protected, when the sun shall rise illuminating the page of heroes and heroines who have brought about this reformation, we shall see at its head the name of the woman, the teacher, the philanthropist, the reformer, the best loved woman of America—Frances E. Willard.

"If any man will come after me,
let him deny himself and take up his
cross and follow me." There is
enough jewelry, gold and silver plate
buried in Christian homes to build a
fleet of 50,000 vessels, ballast them
with Bibles, crowd them with mis-
sionaries, build a church in every
deserted hamlet, and supply every
living soul with the gospel in a score
of years. Only let God's fire come
down and take possession of our
hearts and tongues, and the gospel
will wing its way like beams of
the morning.—Arthur T. Pierson.

GLASGOW NORMAL SENATE.

FRIDAY, May 28, 1880.

The House was called to order at 7:30 by the Speaker. The roll was called and a full response given. The Journal of the proceedings of the previous setting was read by the Clerk and approved by the Senate.

Mr. Newman, of New York, Chairman of Committee on Agriculture, to whom was referred the Bill (No. 11) to appoint a Commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic, reported it without amendment.

Miss Curd, of Georgia, from the Committee on Military Affairs, begged leave to offer a substitute for Bill No. 12 for the protection of the Indians of the United States. The substitute was read and accepted unanimously.

The following message was received from the President of the United States: To the Glasgow Normal Senate:

In answer to your resolution of the 7th inst., requesting the President to "inform the Senate whether the Hon. S. F. Gibson, a member of this body, from Maryland, has been appointed a minister to Spain." I herein state that said Hon. S. F. Gibson, L. L. D., has been duly appointed, and he, the Hon. S. F. Gibson aforesaid, has duly accepted the appointment at my hands, and the appointment is now ready for confirmation by the Normal Senate assembled.

J. H. BROOKS,
President of U. S.

Concurred in by
Hon. J. S. Dickey, Sec. of the Navy.
Hon. J. H. Eubank, " " " Treas.
Hon. B. F. Wood, " " " Interior.
Hon. L. P. Eaton, " " " War.
H. Y. Thomas, Post Master General.

The message was read and the appointment confirmed.

Miss Curd presented the petition of Ichabod Drankenough and Daniel Surfeited, praying that the manufacture of spirituous liquors be abolished in the United States.

Miss Breeding, of Ohio, submitted the following resolution, which was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to:

Resolved, That the Committee on Invalid Pensions, be, and is hereby directed to consider the expediency of granting a pension to Mrs. Laura Baker, widow of Lowell Baker, late a private in Company K, Twelfth Reg. Ohio Volunteers, whose papers are now on file in the office of the Commissioner of Pensions, and whose case is not covered by existing laws.

Mr. Renfro, of Minnesota, asked leave to read Bill No. 18, which the Speaker ruled out of order.

Mr. Newman read a petition praying for an investigation of alleged attempts to secure votes by bribery.

At 8:30, on motion by Mr. Williams, of Colorado, the Senate proposed to consider the Bill, proposed by him, to amend the law in regard to pensions by striking out all words or phrases in said law which make distinction between officer and private, and insert in their stead that all soldiers who were disabled while in the service of these United States in time of war, be entitled to equal pay for the same disability, be he officer or private; and that their widows and orphan children receive the same care and protection by receiving the same pay, regardless of their father's or husband's rank in the army.

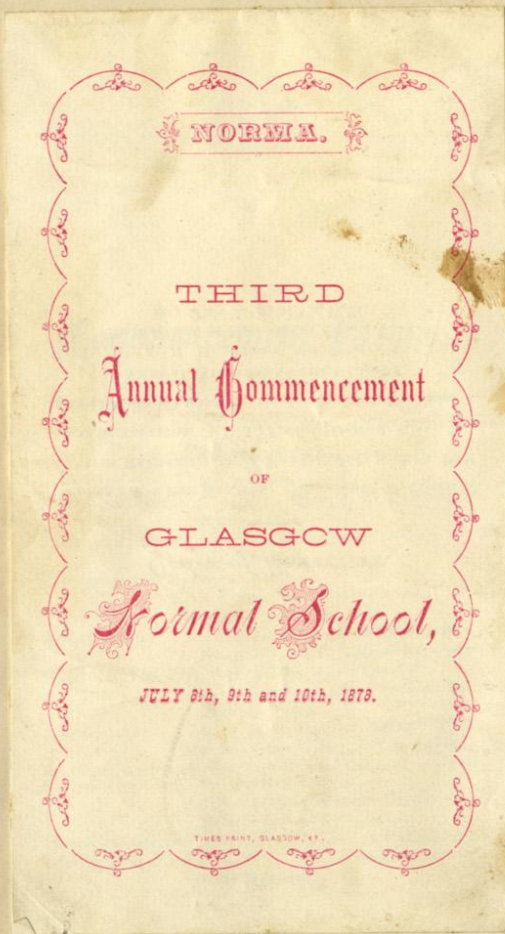
COMMENCEMENT

Glasgow Normal School,

TIMES LYCEUM,

Wednesday, July 10th, '78, at 8 P. M.

Admit one, if presented at the Hall door before 8 P. M.



The Senator from Colorado made an eloquent speech in favor of the Bill, and it was opposed by the Senator from New York.

On motion by Mr. Burks, of Mass., to amend the Bill by adding thereto the following words: And the widows and orphan children of the Confederate soldiers share equally with those of the Federal soldiers. Mr. Burks made a speech in its favor. It was opposed by Senators Mell and Newman.

On motion of Mr. Brents, of Cal., that the proposed Bill as amended lie on the table, it was determined in the negative.

On motion by Mr. Skipworth, of Kentucky, to commit, it was determined in the negative.

On motion by Mr. Ellison, of Ind., that the further consideration of the proposed Bill as amended be postponed to the next setting.

The motion to postpone the Bill as amended, to the next setting, was agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Wilburn, of Michigan, at 9 o'clock and 15 minutes, that the Senate take a recess of five minutes, it was determined in the affirmative.

At 9:20, on motion of Miss Watson, of Virginia, that the Senate proceed to consider the Bill submitted by her on the 21st inst., to provide for a better system of education in the United States; and, on the question to agree to said motion, it was determined in the negative.

On motion of Mr. Burks, the Senate proceeded to consider the Bill as submitted by him on the 14th inst., providing for a Commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic.

After debate, on motion of Mr. Bell, of Texas, that said Bill lie on the table, it was determined in the affirmative.

At 9:45, on motion of Miss Hays, of Mississippi, that the Senate proceed to consider the Bill as submitted by her on the 14th inst., that the husband bear the name of the wife. After debate by Misses Hays, Redding, Bohannon, Wright, Watson, and Messrs. Renfro, Newman, Mell, Snoddy, Burks and Brents.

On motion by Mr. Mell that the Bill lie on the table, it was determined in the affirmative.

At 10 o'clock, on motion by Miss Redding, the Hon. C. U. McElroy, of Warren county, honored the Senate and friends present by a short address. The eloquent gentleman highly complimented the evening's entertainment, and encouraged perseverance in this unique form of school exercises. The young Senators fully appreciating the honor conferred, were led to feel for one brief moment as Lowell writes:

"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment."

In long and loud applause, they expressed their thanks, together with the invitation to come again, and come often.

At 10:30 the Senate adjourned.

A. W. MELL, Speaker.

SALLIE DICKEY, Clerk.

CHARLIE TERRY, Sergeant-at-Arms.

HATTIE JEPSON,
MARY DICKEY,
MARY BRENTS,
HARRY HILL. } Pages.

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Order of Exercises.

EXAMINATION FOR HONORS June 15, 22 and 23.

ALUMNI MEETING Monday, July 8, at 8½ P. M.

ANNUAL ORATION P. L. Ford, (Scientific Class, '77.)

ADDRESS OF WELCOME J. W. Eubank.

ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE CLASSES.

By Dr. H. A. M. Henderson, Superintendent Public Instruction, at Methodist Church, Tuesday, July 9, '78, at 8½ P. M.



Commencement Proper.

Motto:—Ecco! venimus corde plenum spei, victoria est nostras.

Programme.

MUSIC—Galep.
Opening Prayer..... REV. R. W. BROWDER.
MUSIC—Polka.
Room—Salutatory..... J. U. BIGGERS, Freedom, Ky. de u.
MUSIC—Waltz.
Literature as a Means of Culture—
G. C. WOODSON, (Classic) Albany, Ky.
MUSIC—Schottische.
Realm of Life..... W. B. SMITH, Milledgeburg, Ky.
MUSIC—Waltz. *Wagon*
"Aet Well Thy Part, there all the Honor Lies"
J. W. EUBANK, Freedom, Ky.
MUSIC—Polka.
Life-Crowns H. C. SPODY, Glasgow, Ky.
MUSIC—Schottische. *Wagon*
"A Light Across the Sea, that Haunts the Soul and will not Let it be"—Valedictory—
B. S. PHILLIPS, Campbellsville, Ky.
MUSIC—Galep.
Degrees Conferred PRINCIPAL.
Closing Prayer..... REV. E. PETER.
HOME MELODIES.



The Senator from Colorado made an eloquent speech in favor of the Bill, and it was opposed by the Senator from New York.

On motion by Mr. Burks, of Mass., to amend the Bill by adding thereto the following words: And the widows and orphan children of the Confederate soldiers share equally with those of the Federal soldiers. Mr. Burks made a speech in its favor. It was opposed by Senators Mell and Newman.

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CHARLIE TERRY, Sergeant-at-Arms.

HATTIE JEPSON,
MARY DICKEY,
MARY BRENTS,
HARRY HILL.

Pages.

Glasgow Normal School.

The commencement exercises of the Glasgow Normal School began Wednesday evening, June 30th, 1880.

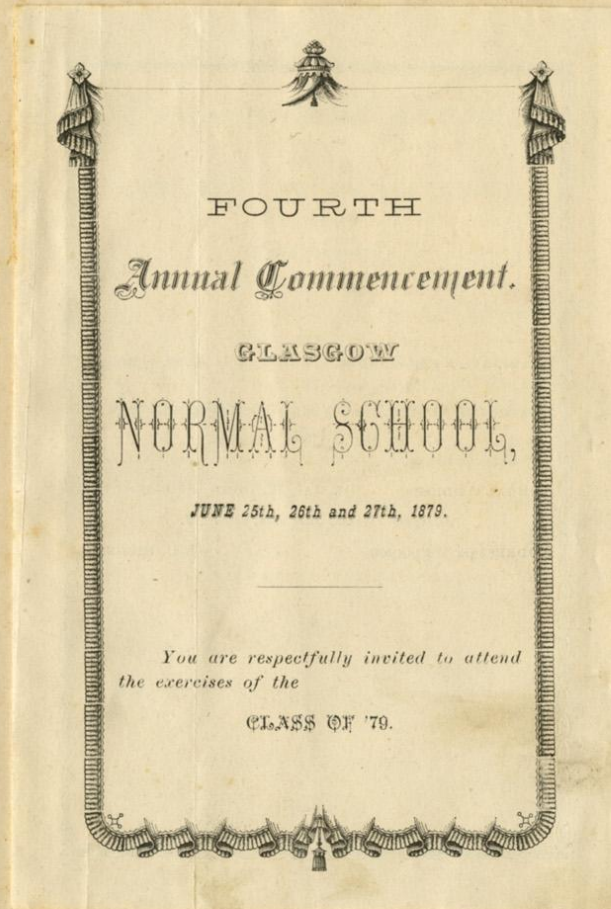
The annual address was delivered by Prof. Bartholomew, of Louisville, and though brief, it contained rare thoughts, showing a thorough preparation on the part of the speaker.

The Alumni met at the Normal School at 8½ o'clock the same evening to hear the address of Miss Annie Bagby, on the "Propelling Powers of the Nations," which was highly appreciated for its many excellences. After which came an elegant supper, prepared by Mr. A. Rapp. The evening's programme was then concluded with the election of officers for the Alumni for the next meeting. J. L. Skipworth was elected President; J. L. Bell, Vice-President; Miss Ella Bohannon, Secretary. Mr. E. F. Ellison was selected to deliver the next address before the Alumni.

On Thursday afternoon at 2½ o'clock the commencement proper opened at Boles' Hall with a prayer from Rev. W. H. Williams, and the following essays and speeches from the young ladies and gentlemen, members of the graduating class. Miss Ella Bohannon, essay, "Retrospect;" Mr. W. S. Burks, Pageville, Ky., speech, "Wondrous and Awful are thy Silent Halls; Oh Kingdom of the Past;" Miss Lulie Breeding, Breeding's, Ky., essay, "Making Memories;" Mr. J. F. Bell, Edmonton, Ky., speech, "Value of Enthusiasm;" Miss Laura Wright, Alleghany City, Pa., "Where the Treasure Is;" Mr. M. E. Wilborne, Temple Hill, Ky., "Among the Rocks;" Mr. George Y. Renfro, Dry Fork, Ky., "Philosophy of Science;" Mr. J. L. Skipworth, Burksville, Ky., "Intellectual Sovereignty;" Miss Bettie Lee Hays, Edmonton, Kentucky, essay, "Through Winds and Tides one Compass Guides; to that and your own selves be True." After Miss Hays' essay and a benediction by Rev. C. W. Robinson, there was an intermission.

At 8 P. M. the exercises were again opened with prayer by R. W. Browder, Miss Florrie Redding, Glasgow, "Ideals;" Mr. J. M. Brents, Glasgow, "Milestones of Progress;" Miss Sallie Watson, Celina, Tenn., "Books or no Books; the Art of Reading;" Mr. E. F. Ellison, Glasgow, "Iconoclasts;" Miss Lizzie Curd, Cave City, Ky., valedictory, "Prospect. The conferring of degrees and the closing address of the Principal, closed the evening's programme.

The young ladies and gentlemen without exception acquitted themselves most admirably, and had we the space and time would be glad to make personal mention of some splendid ideas and thoughts expressed in their several compositions. These essays would have done credit to older and wiser heads. The zeal and earnestness with which they were delivered spoke well for them and their teachers. Prof. Mell may justly feel proud of his graduating class of 1880. The citizens of this community may and do feel proud of the Glasgow Normal School, and we cannot close this article without a word in praise of its Principal. A few years he came to our town and found a broken-down school that had been striving for an existence since the close of the war, under various teachers, about twenty or thirty pupils, principally little children, and none of them living outside the corporate limits of town. Prof. Mell took charge, and by his untiring industry, energy and undivided and exclusive attention, year by year built up this splendid institution of learning, and for several years past has turned out just such graduates as the present class, many of whom are teaching school and practicing law in various States of the Union.



Wife of Mr Guthrie
Franklin Ky

Mrs. Kate Terry
Glasgow Ky

EXAMINATION FOR HONORS, . . . June 12, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 19.

MEETING OF ALUMNI, . . . Wednesday, June 25th, 8½ P. M.
M. P. MELL, Class Speaker.

ANNUAL ADDRESS, . . . DR. JAS. W. DODD, Frankfort, Ky.
Methodist Church, June 26th, 8½ P. M.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, . . . J. U. BIGGERS.

Commencement Proper.

METHODIST CHURCH, JUNE 27th, 8 1-2 O'CLOCK P. M.

Programme.

"Nam, ibi imperium fore, unde victoria est."

OPENING PRAYER, . . . REV. R. W. BROWDER.
Music.

GREETING—When my ship comes over the sea—
EMMA J. KEEN, Burksville, Ky.

Food for Character, . . . W. W. SHEPHERD, Albany, Ky.
Music.

Who is my neighbor? . . . LILLIE D. WADE, Glasgow, Ky.

To-day's death—To-morrow's life,
B. G. NEIGHBORS, Burksville, Ky.
Music.

Time—an element of success. . . C. NEWMAN, Gamaliel, Ky.

"Who to the heart of the floweret can follow the dew?"
BETTIE L. HAYS, Edmunton, Ky.
Music.

Some gathered more, some less—
G. C. CHILDRESS, Dry Fork, Ky.

"We build the ladder by which we rise"—Valedictory—
DORA D. SHIRLEY, Glasgow, Ky.
Music.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

Prayer, . . . ELDER PETRI.
Music.

Wife of Dr Esuthrie
Franklin Ky

Mr & Mrs Terry
Glasgow Ky

DUTIES OF SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The time has come when the christian world no longer looks upon the Sabbath School as simply an auxiliary to the church, but as the basis of the church. In it we are shaping and molding tender and plastic hearts into vessels, fit either for the Master's mercy or wrath. And this work rests almost wholly upon the teacher, whose first duty, and without which no one can be a successful teacher, is a thorough preparation of heart and mind for the work. He must love it for the very work's sake; he must love it for the children's sake; he must love it because he is doing God service. I have very little sympathy with one who discharges a christian duty simply because the world, or the church of which he is a member, expects it of him, or only through a sense of duty. I doubt not such motives are sometimes, yea, often blessed of God. But I think I know whereof I affirm when I say, a duty cheerfully, willingly, gladly performed has a double reward. Think you, the mother ever feels the restraints or constraint of the law of duty in providing for her child? Yet, none will deny that it is her duty. This is strikingly applicable to the Sabbath School teacher; in a word, it must be a heart work—a work of love. Again, the mind must be, as far as possible, well stored with Biblical knowledge. He must have at command every prominent Bible story that is calculated to enlist the sympathies or engage the attention of the little ones; this, too, is applicable to older ones, though they may take stronger food—in the way of the deeper truths of the Gospel. This begets in the young a desire to read the Bible and learn for themselves.

On being introduced to a class in Sabbath School, it is well to study first the disposition of each pupil before assigning a lesson; and in order to accomplish this, the first meeting may be profitably spent in general conversation, on some subject consistent with the day. This gives the class an opportunity to become acquainted with the teacher; and the teacher, by encouraging each one to express himself freely, will better understand the tendency and wants of each heart. He will, perhaps, discover faults or vices in some—human nature is imperfect in every stage of life—each heart has its besetting sin. The pious, conscientious teacher will feel it his duty to seek for these little vices, as they are sometimes called, and correct them; not by a direct attack, but in a short talk, from Sabbath to Sabbath, will allude to the bad habits to which they are addicted. And plainly and earnestly explain to them the consequences of such habits.

The teacher has now entered upon his labors, and will find that prompt attendance is a duty that can not be neglected with impunity. I have in my mind an old man who has a class of six or seven bright little

boys, and it is seldom that one pupil is missing. This may be attributed, in a great measure, to the regular attendance of the teacher. Rain or shine, that devoted man may be found at his post on Sunday morning; not ten minutes late, or five minutes late, but always in his seat in time to give each little boy a pleasant word as he comes in. Children are quick to observe the conduct of a teacher, and their interest will decrease in proportion to the carelessness or indifference of the teacher. It is well to remark, just here, that when the teacher finds his class decreasing in number or interest, it is well to look within for the cause. Nine cases out of ten the fault lies in the teacher. He has neglected some one of the duties devolving upon him. Example is better than precept. If, as teacher, you would have the children prompt in attendance, set the example. Again, if at any time you are hindered from attending Sabbath School, give the class in charge of some one who will interest and instruct them. Also send a note of apology to the class, giving a reason for your absence; it will be duly appreciated, and show that you regard absence from Sabbath School as no trivial matter in either teacher or pupil.

The next duty is one that requires close study and attention on the part of a teacher, and one upon which depends, in a great measure, the success of the teacher—that of making each lesson beautiful and instructive. We have every reason to believe that God himself is an admirer of the beautiful. Nature clearly teaches this; she is clothed in the color that is most agreeable to the eye; her mountains, valleys, plains, rivers, all are arranged in the most picturesque and pleasing manner. And this arrangement not only fascinates the eye, but moves the heart. The sight of a towering mountain or beautiful landscape inspires devotion; we lift our hearts in praise and "look through nature to nature's God." But the teacher should, in no instance, allow his manner of conducting a recitation to become tiresome. Children are fond of variety, and the most beautiful objects grow monotonous after a time. The teacher will guard against this by varying the exercises; for instance, when the children tire of answering "present" to the roll-call from Sabbath to Sabbath, instead, have them repeat a verse from the Bible, appoint some one to study a certain chapter or Bible story and repeat it to the class on the following Sabbath; this and many other means the teacher may suggest which will serve to keep alive the interest of the class.

We will now allude to a duty which should afford the faithful teacher a great pleasure, but one which we fear is often neglected, that of visiting the pupils at their homes. The teacher should, if possible, visit each pupil once a month and converse freely with them, show an interest in everything that concerns their every-day life and lead them to speak of all their little joys

and griefs; "rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep." By so doing, he will discover all their likes and dislikes, their bearing toward parents, brothers and sisters; besides, it will furnish materials for a lecture on the coming Sabbath. There will doubtless be some fault to condemn—some virtue to commend. The exercise of sociability on the part of the teacher leads the child to think of him, at once, as teacher, friend and counselor—one who loves him and one whom he can trust. Wherever you find a Sunday School teacher who has the love and confidence of his pupils, rest assured he is one who visits them. We hear a great deal said in regard to the pastor visiting his flock. This is all right and a pastor's duty, but the careless Sunday School teacher when disposed to complain of his pastor, should remember that he is neglecting a duty of far more importance when he fails to visit his class. The teacher who goes time after time to the place of meeting, hears the lessons assigned from certain lesson charts or papers, then dismisses the class, feeling that he has discharged his duty as teacher, is denying himself the comforts and pleasures which it is the privilege and duty of every teacher to enjoy, besides, he is doing the Sabbath School work an injury. As we have before remarked, the teacher should mingle with the children as freely as circumstances will allow, in school and out; he must make himself one of them, and train them to a full and free expression of their opinions and beliefs in regard to the subject before them. Their tire of holding the mind in a receptive attitude. The teacher should remember this, and allow them an opportunity of giving of what they have received. I doubt not the child's heart often burns to speak—perhaps of his love for Jesus, his trust in him, but he is timid, hardly knows how to begin or exactly what to say; and the teacher, blinded to his duty, continues to do all the talking or allows none at all, thus depriving himself and the child of a sweet comfort. Finally, it is the duty of every teacher in Sabbath School to pray earnestly and fervently for the conversion of his pupils; and to let them know that he prays for them and has their spiritual welfare at heart. He should ignore all creeds and church doctrines, teach them love to God—this is all the young heart can grasp—and it is enough. When the Savior took little children in his arms and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," he imposed no conditions. He was well pleased that their arms encircled his neck and their tender forms reposed confidently, trustingly upon his bosom, speaking in language stronger than words can express "I love you." When the teacher attempts to bring the child to embrace the creed or doctrine of any particular church, he goes beyond his line of duty, and enjoins upon them more than our Savior requires. He confuses the mind and lays an unsound foundation for religious education. The effects of

such training are seen and felt in all our churches. We have members who hold their opinions loosely, or fret and complain of the rules and restrictions imposed by the body of which they are a member. If we look back we will find that in many instances they were brought to Jesus through the instrumentality of a pious Sabbath School teacher—were converted while young. And the over-zealous teacher stepping beyond the bounds of Sabbath School work, forced upon the mind of the young and happy christian a belief in, or rather a consent to, certain church doctrines, which in maturer years he finds he cannot, according to his understanding of God's word, comply with, and yet, many of them

continue to stand as a stumbling block to the church and a torture to themselves. There are duties, and important duties, attaching to the church, which, by prayerful study, the young convert will in due time understand for himself; and that, too, with the feeling that not the slightest flavor of his manhood has been lost by accepting the proffered doctrinal views and opinions of others. This is obedience that is acceptable unto God. The Sabbath School is rightly called the nursery of the church, and it seems to me that if its duties were well defined and faithfully discharged, if every teacher was a praying teacher, the work of the church and her ministers would be greatly lessened. There would be little or no need of the spasmodic action to which churches are subject. I allude to exciting revivals of religion. It would not be understood as condemning the practice. In many communities excitement is necessary to draw the attention of the people to the subject of religion, and thousands have been converted under just such circumstances. But it is a law of the human mind that all excitement or great labor is followed by a corresponding depression and exhaustion. But I am glad to see that this manner of conducting what are called protracted meetings is fast dying out, and when the Sabbath School teacher comes fully up to the discharge of every duty resting upon him there will be no room for it.

In conclusion I would say the faithful teacher should never be discouraged, for, though he may not be allowed to know the full result of his labors here, there is a time coming when all things will be revealed. It may be when the pearly gates are opened for his admittance, he will find waiting on the threshold of the Celestial City, some glorified spirit to clasp his hand and say "Through your prayers—through your labors as Sabbath School teacher my soul was saved."

ON THE outside of this issue we publish a Sunday School address composed and delivered by a Glasgow lady. It is full of sound thought, and is one of the very best literary productions of its kind we have lately seen.



FIFTH

Annual Commencement

OF

GLASGOW

NORMAL SCHOOL

JUNE 30, AND JULY 1, 1880.

Herman Leibung
Terra Haute
and
son of Mr Shepherd
East Nashville
Tenn
at his address
Mrs Mollie
by leave city

and, wife of
Mr Cartwright
This city her
daughter.

COMMENCEMENT PROPER.

Boles Hall, Thursday, 2 o'clock, P. M.

PROGRAMME:

Part I.

- Opening Prayer,.....REV. W. H. WILLIAMS.
MUSIC.
 Retrospect,.....ELLA BOHANNON, Glasgow, Ky. = Mrs Herman Reibing
 "Wondrous and awful are thy silent halls; Oh King-
 dom of the Past,".....W. S. BURKS, Pageville, Ky.
MUSIC.
 Making Memories,.....LULIE BREEDING, Breedingville, Ky. = widow of Mr Shepherd
 Value of Enthusiasm,.....J. F. BELL, Edmonton, Ky. East Nashville
MUSIC.
 "Where the Treasure,".....LAURA WRIGHT, Alleghany City, Penn. + deceased
 Among the Rocks,.....M. E. WILBORNE, Temple Hill, Ky. Tenn
MUSIC.
 Philosophy of Science,.....GEO. Y. RENPRO, Dry Fork, Ky. can get his address
 Intellectual Sovereignty,.....J. L. SKIPWORTH, Burksville, Ky. from Mrs Mollie
MUSIC.
 "Through winds and tides,
 One compass guides;
 To that and your
 Own selves be true,".....BETTIE LEE HAYS, Edmonton, Ky.
 Benediction,.....REV. C. W. ROBINSON.

Thursday, 8 o'clock, P. M.

Part II.

- Prayer,.....REV. R. W. BROWDER.
MUSIC.
 Ideals,.....FLORRIE REDDING, Glasgow, Ky. = deceased wife of
 Milestones of Progress,.....J. M. BRENTS, Glasgow, Ky. = still Dr Cartwright
MUSIC.
 Books or no books; the art of reading,.....SALLIE WATSON, Celina, Tenn. This city her
 Iconoclasts,.....E. F. ELLISON, Glasgow, Ky. daughter,
MUSIC.
 Prospect,.....LIZZIE CURD, Cave City, Ky.
 Conferring of Degrees,.....PRINCIPAL.
 Closing Address,.....PRINCIPAL.
 CLASS SONG.
 Benediction,.....ELD. E. S. ELLISON.
MUSIC.

those who such training are seen and let it be
 those who our churches. We have members
 all discov who hold their opinions loosely, or
 like, their fret and complain of the rules and
 brothers restrictions imposed by the body of
 all furnish which they are a member. If we
 in the com look back we will find that in many
 doubtless instances they were brought to Je-
 senn—some sus through the instrumentality of a
 exercise of pious Sabbath School teacher—were
 the teacher converted while young. And the
 of him, at over-zealous teacher stepping beyond
 the bounds of Sabbath School work.

imposed no con to clasp his hand and say
 well pleased that your prayers—through your labors
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 is reposed confiding was saved.
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 literary productions of its kind w
 have lately seen.

LOUISVILLE CONFERENCE.

Prof. Mell's Welcome.

The following very handsome and appropriate address of welcome, was delivered by Prof. A. W. Mell, of Glasgow, to the Louisville Annual Conference, which assembled in this place Wednesday, Oct. 6th. 1880

DEAR BISHOP AND BRETHREN—It is a glad occasion that brings us together. The season of the year and all things seem ready. The people of Glasgow are on tiptoe of expectation. We have been wanting to see you together, that we might have an opportunity to judge of the kind of men that fills up the rank and files of the Louisville Conference. We have been wanting to see your wives and daughters—the former on the principle that you never rightly know a man till you know the better half of him. Our people are anxious to meet you around their firesides: to hear you talk and get the benefit of your accumulated culture, wisdom and experience. They are impatient to see you in solemn council, deliberating upon grave questions of church polity. They want to hear, for themselves, those men the fame of whose pulpit oratory has become household knowledge. We want to meet you in the love-feast, an institution beloved by our people of all denominations. A worthy gentleman said to your speaker some days since while in conversation upon this subject; I expect, said he, the conference may find it necessary to have love-feasts in different churches, and that will not suit me, as I will be afraid some good thing will be said that I won't hear. This may serve to show you the temper of our people in this regard. May God bless the love-feast! We want to commemorate with you the death and sufferings of our common Lord. We expect to gain much spiritual strength by kneeling with so many brave, strong Christians at the table of Him who said, "Do this, as oft as ye do it, in remembrance of Me." May a double blessing be to us all through communion!

We welcome you as members of the Louisville Conference. Permit an unworthy layman to touch briefly upon things about which he is expected to know very little. It has always meant very much to be a Methodist preacher. It means banishment, during the five years, to mountain circuits, with little salary, but with much exposure and toil. After you have been with your people for two or four years and learned to love them well, you must be sent to strange fields of labor. Such is the economy of our Church; and so on to the time when infirmity must compel your retirement from active duty, with no fortune accumulated and no pension provided. Where in all the world would be found any other body of men that would not become discouraged and mutinous? It reminds one of the culprit in the time of Good Queen Bess, who, when his hand had be-

chopped off by the executioner, waved the bloody stump and shouted, "God save the Queen!" Certainly men with less fear of God before their eyes, and less of His grace in their hearts, would not remain loyal.

We are proud to welcome you as a part of that great body of Christians known as Methodists. The whole nation is proud of its Methodist Church. And why? The reason is known to us all: through her 25,278 organizations; her 21,337 edifices; her 7,000,000 membership and her \$70,000,000 of church property. Has she not her great schools, beginning with Vanderbilt and running down through hundreds of colleges and thousands of academies, that train tens of thousands of youths every year. Her publishing houses are marvels of business enterprise, and which are turning annually a pure language upon Zion. Her missionaries unfurl the banner of the cross in Indian tropic and Siberian ice. Does she not erect a new house of worship for each day of the year? Her bishop and other clergy take high rank as authors, poets and orators; while her laymen are prominent in all offices of profit and trust. In the reign of James II., an able divine being asked by a farmer what the Arminians held, replied that they held all the best bishoprics and deaneries in England. This answer has much force to-day.

But I would fail to discharge the most pleasant part of the task assigned me, did I omit to say that not alone as Methodists do we welcome you; but rather as so many followers of Him of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named. You see before you members of all denominations in Glasgow. This means something. It means much. These Baptist brethren and Christian and Presbyterian and Episcopalian are here to welcome you upon the platform of the universal brotherhood of Christ's people. They want to take you by the hand and bid you God-speed as men who know their duty, and, knowing, dare to do it. It is the desire of our people that the welcome shall be both unmixed and unreserved. They want the general cause of religion to be revived by your presence and work among us. Indulge your speaker one moment longer. That was an apt conceit of the inspired apostle when he compared the Christian to a soldier and his life to a warfare. I once, when quite a boy, went, in company with my father, to view a large army encamped near our home. My boyish notice was attracted by the fact that each company had separate officers, separate quarters and a separate banner. Each regiment was differently furnished from the rest. But I noticed that the flag at headquarters while alike all the rest in many respects, was different in others. In thinking the matter over since, I see a reason for the diversity of appearance. While each flag of each company and regiment and battalion and division bore different insignia, yet they all had certain markings in common. Amid all diversity there was something to tell that a com-

mon cause had called the troops into the field and one commander-in-chief presided over all their movements. So we are proud to say to-day that one grand division of the army of high heaven is encamped in the hospitable old town of Glasgow. Upon its banner we read: Louisville Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. We all say God bless the goodly company! But at the same time we want to ask a blessing upon the other companies of the grand division known as Methodists. North and South, in our own Columbia, and with them all the companies of all the earth. But we can not be selfish! There is the grand divisions marshaled upon the hilltops, upon whose banners we read that venerated word, Presbyterian; and then just in the valley yonder is a numerous and gallant host with Baptist upon its banners; and all about and up and down are squadrons with other banners and other inscriptions, but all saying, as did the great Luther when on his way to the Diet of Worms, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." Some of these banners were old and time-stained and tattered, telling of many a fierce contest with the enemy. Others are

still bright, telling that the troops marching beneath have been but recently organized for the service. But upon each banner of each one is a crimson cross! Dim in some and hardly to be traced, but it is still there while a tatter of the old flag is left. Upon each is also an inscription, and as we look upon the war-stained banner of the Presbyterian and Baptist, we can hardly spell it out. But it is there. And turning to the bright banners of later organizations, we can clearly read the same words, and when read we find them to be those of the Apostle Paul, when, with the magnetism of an inspired Demosthenes, he exclaimed: "Thanks be to God that give thus the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But after seeing all the banners of all the divisions of the great Salvation Army, we look for the one that marks the headquarters of the Captain of our salvation. We need not look long, my brethren, for there it is! See it? Far out upon the battlements of glory; right on the side nearest our fore-castle, with every fold waving in celestial breezes and flashing back the sunlight of heaven. No mistake now as to whether all these militant hosts are battling for the same cause. No doubt now as to whether they belong to the same grand army. No doubt now about their drawing supplies of grace from the same headquarters. For upon the folds of that banner is seen the cross, and the inscription, "Peace on earth, good will to men," and another, "For God so loved the world," etc.; and still another, "Be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Is it any wonder that we exult and sing, "I'm glad I'm in this army!" But as we look, by the eye of faith, there is yet another banner. It floats far behind and above the first one. It reflects an intensified splendor. The inner glory seems to bathe its radiant folds. Upon it seems to rest the Shekinah himself. We look for the

crimson cross, but it is not there glittering crown has taken its place and on either side of the crown robe and palm; and beneath it is a name written, even holiness to Lord. There are inscriptions, upon this glorious banner. And look among them for words that tell of conflict and suffering death. But are there. But oh, we find: "I am resurrection and the life." With us we trace the words; "We always behold the face of our Father. And we read the triumphal inscription: "For Thou wast slain, and redeemed us to God by thy blood of every kindred, tribe and tongue hast made us unto God King priests."

And we say: "This is the banner under which are marshaled the dred and forty and four thousand thousands, a great multitude to man can number. These are the soldiers that have been mustered out of the plains of light." Is it any wonder that the saint, in view of such a prospect, should exclaim: "The stipe death is sin; and the strength of the law, but thanks be to God, giveth us the victory through our Jesus Christ." I don't know much what it means to be an ambassador of Christ, but I do know that he is full of like passions as ourselves. He is licentious for food and raiment. He is affection for wife and children home and friends. He craves sympathy and feels keenly a harsh critic. He recoils from contact with men, and writhes under disappointment. He needs, and must have, temporal and moral, and, above all, spiritual support. It is our duty, my lay brethren, to furnish these. The world demands it and the scriptures enjoin it upon us. I know more. I know that God's watchmen upon the walls of this world has provided for his use a complete set of armor that is dart and arrow proof. He has a chief who never lost a battle. Why, he met the arch enemy in the loathsome tomb, and came forth upon the third day leading him captive at his chariot-wheels. I know, too, that God's minister has this promise: "I will be mouth and wisdom unto thee." I know his library, bound in one blessed Book, contains sublimer poetry than Homer or Milton ever sung, a prouder science than Euclid or Cuvier ever taught, a grander philosophy than Plato ever dreamed. It is his privilege to tell of a hero whose trophies outvie the spoils of all the conquerors that ever desolated the globe. It is his crown of gladness that he can prescribe a balm that always cures the most deadly of all maladies.

I know, too, that like the sainted Cookman, he can "die at his post." And I know, too, that in the end of the world he will come forth rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him. And I know, too, that an eternal weight of glory shall be his through all the years of God. With this understanding we want to welcome you, Bishop, and other brethren to our hearts and homes.

We wa

M

You are respectfully solicited to attend the *NORMAL SENATE*,
to be held in the Chapel, Friday
at 7:30 P. M.

Admit one if presented to the Sergeant-at-arms before 7:30 P. M.

John L. Baird Clerk.

A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING.

Marriage of Prof. H. Leibing to Miss Ella Bohannon.

The fair hands and refined taste of the ladies of Glasgow arranged in beautiful order the Baptist church for the marriage of Prof. H. Leibing, of Terre Haute, Ind., and Miss Ella Bohannon, of this place, which occurred yesterday morning at 8:30 o'clock. Lovely flowers, tastefully placed, gave the inside of the church a most inviting appearance for a wedding, and long before the hour fixed a large audience of friends and relatives gathered to witness the ceremony. Promptly at the above-named hour the bride appeared in a beautiful evening dress of pink satin, and leaning on the arm of the groom, who wore the conventional dress suit, preceded by the six ushers, marched up the right aisle to Mendelssohn's wedding march played upon the organ by Miss Annie Gorin. The ceremony was then performed by Rev. S. C. Humphreys, and at its conclusion the happy couple, followed by the ushers, left the church by the left aisle, going at once to their carriage in waiting, and were driven to the bride's home, where she changed her bridal dress for a handsome traveling one. They then drove to the depot where they took the 10 o'clock train for the groom's home in Indiana, going by the way of Indianapolis.

The ushers were Messrs. Charlie Baird, Charlie Terry, Henry Taylor, Robert Leslie, Will Evans and Ellis Warder.

The bride is the daughter of Judge John S. Bohannon, and is a lovely and accomplished young lady, while the groom is said to be in every way worthy of the heart with which she has entrusted him. He is a professor of music in Terre Haute, and is a gentleman held in high regard by all who know him. He has fitted up a delightful home for his wife's reception, and their embarkation upon their new life is propitious of happiness and joy.

The TIMES mingles its congratulations and good wishes with those of many other friends, and metaphorically flings its handful of rice after the departing pair.



COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Glasgow Normal School,

AT

BOLES HALL,

Thursday, July 1, 1880, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

President,

J. L. SKIPWORTH.

Committee:

W. S. BUKS.

ELLA BOHANNON.

J. M. BRENTS.

Compliments of the Class.

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to be held in the Chapel, Friday
at 7:30 P. M.
Admit one if presented to the Sergeant-at-arms before 7:30 P. M.
.....Sallie Watkins..... Clerk.

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Scientific Glass.

LULIE BREEDING,	-	Breedings, Kentucky.
J. M. BRENTS,	-	Glasgow, "
ELLA BOHANNON,	-	" "
W. S. BURKS,	-	Pageville, "
J. F. BELL,	-	Edmonton, "
LIZZIE CURD,	-	Cave City, "
* E. F. ELLISON,	-	Glasgow, "
BETTIE LEE HAYS,	-	Edmonton, "
G. Y. RENFRO,	-	Dry Fork, "
FLORRIE REDDING,	-	Glasgow, "
J. L. SKIPWORTH,	-	Burksville, "
SALLIE WATSON,	-	Tompkinsville, "
M. E. WILBORNE,	-	Temple Hill, "
LAURA WRIGHT,	-	Alleghany, Pennsylvania.

Commencement Proper.

BOLES HALL,

Friday, July 1, 8 1-2 o'clock P.M.

PROGRAM.

Opening Prayer.....Rev. C. W. Robinson.

MUSIC.

'Tis greatly wise, sometimes,
To talk with our past lives,
And ask them what report
They bore to Heaven—Salutatory.....B. A. Snoddy, Glasgow, Ky.
Time is with Materials Filled.....T. P. Dickinson, Glasgow, Ky.
Elements of a Noble Life.....Lizzie Mayfield, Rowlett's, Ky.
Newspaper in Civilization.....G. H. Eubank, Freedom, Ky.

MUSIC.

Be He nowhere else.....J. S. Dickey, Glasgow, Ky.
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears—
—Bettie Bohannon, Glasgow, Ky.

MUSIC.

Forging of Thought.....C. D. Easton, Rocky Hill, Ky.
Unrest—Valedictory.....Jas. H. Brooks, Oakland Station, Ky.

MUSIC.

Conferring of Degrees.....Principal.

MUSIC.

BenedictionRev. R. W. Browder.

ADMIT ONE.

Commencement
C. N. S.
BOLES HALL,

Friday, July 1st, 1881.

Good if presented before 8½ o'clock P. M. '81.

SIXTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

—OF—

GLASGOW NORMAL SCHOOL,

GLASGOW, KY.

June 26, Sunday 10½ o'clock A. M., Annual Sermon—
Dr. A. H. REDFORD, Nashville, Tenn.

June 29, 8½ o'clock P. M., Alumni Association—
Oration by E. F. ELLISON, Class of '80.

June 30, 8 o'clock P. M., Annual Address—By ELDER
A. P. TERRELL, Jeffersonville, Ind.

July 1, Commencement Proper—Boles Hall, 8½
o'clock P. M.

Compliments of the Class of '81.

President, C. D. EASTON.

Committee:

J. S. Dickey, Bettie Bohannon, T. P. Dickinson.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.

Next session begins August 18th, 1881.
For circulars and full information, address

A. W. MELL,
Principal.

GRADUATES OF THE GLASGOW NORMAL SCHOOL.

Their Whereabouts and Present Occupations. 1881

We take the liberty of giving below the whereabouts and employment of some of the graduates of Glasgow Normal School. For this we have no apology, as such news will be grateful to the many pupils and friends of this institution:

A. C. Taylor, Scientific '76, is now teaching his fourth year at Summer Shade, Ky. He stands high in favor among the people as an excellent gentleman and fine educator. Salary, \$800.

G. C. Woodson, Scientific '76, Classic '78, is now Principal of Lee High School, LaGrange, Arkansas. He was married to Miss Lela Depp, of Glasgow, in '78. His energy and talent have given him high rank in the profession. Salary, \$1000.

Anna L. Hamlet, *nee* Bagby, Scientific '76, taught for several sessions, and now lives to adorn a home in Glasgow.

S. T. Jones, Scientific '76, is now teaching in Arkansas at a good salary. He is working with the zeal that characterizes his classmates.

B. G. Ellis, Scientific '76, has taught a number of sessions, and is now reading law. He is a good worker.

Preston L. Ford, Scientific '77, was married to Miss Mary Edmunds in '79. He has taught with marked success, and is now with the firm of Bryan & Cheek, Glasgow, Ky.

Anna L. Smith, *nee* Huggins, Scientific '77, taught one session with credit; in '80, married W. B. Smith of Lockhart, Texas, at which place she now lives.

Bettie Bybee, Scientific '77, has taught successfully since graduation, and is now at her home in Glasgow.

M. P. Mell, Scientific '77, after closing a four years course in school, has emigrated to the Lone Star to prosecute the study and practice of the law. We regret losing him.

Lela Devasher, *nee* Hatcher, Scientific '77, taught two sessions, and was married in '79 to Mr. Davasher, of Pageville, at which place she now lives.

J. T. Williams, Scientific '77, has filled several important positions, and now fills the Chair of Mathematics in Calhoun Institute, Macon, Mississippi. Salary, \$900.

M. F. Speer, Scientific '77, has taught several successful schools in the Lone Star State, and is now profitably connected with the Houston Post.

B. S. Phillips, Scientific '78, is principal of an academy in Boyle county, Ky., at a good salary. Was married in '79 and is happy.

J. W. Eubank, Scientific '78, taught with distinction for one year; was admitted to the practice of law in '79, and emigrated to Texas. He is now with the Engineering Corps of the Texas Pacific R. R. at a very fine salary.

J. U. Biggers, Scientific '78, has been at Burksville since '78 in charge of Burksville High School. He was married in '79 to Miss Letha Rodman, a class-mate, and now enjoys life upon

PROGRAMME

Undergraduates' Exercises,

—G. N. S.—

Tuesday, June 28th, 1881.

Part I.

Song—Ah! My Heart.....	Miss Loulie Breeding
Prayer.....	Rev. R. W. Browder
Music.....	Miss Adele Johnson
Oration—The Age of Chivalry.....	E. A. Shipley
Essay—"We build the ladder by which we rise".....	Miss Lela Tolle
Music.....	Miss Mary Purcell
Essay—The Importance of Reading.....	Miss Minnie Martin
Debate—Resolved, That Napoleon was a more illustrious man than Caesar.....	Messrs. E. H. Porter, L. T. Dickey, B. P. Eubank and R. W. Carden.
Song—"Rainy Day".....	Miss Loulie Breeding

Part II.

Tableau—"Country Cousins".....	Miss Mary Purcell
Select Reading.....	Miss Mary Dickey
Oration—Progress of the Age.....	J. M. Hagan
Essay—Nothing Lives for Itself Alone.....	Miss Lizzie Lazarus
Oration—Moral Training a Necessary Branch of Education.....	J. J. Hammer
Music.....	Miss Fannie Bohannon
Recitation—"Beautiful Lost".....	Miss Lizzie Redding
Oration—The Path to Success is Paved with Failures.....	Tom. F. McBeath
Music.....	Misses Gorin, Breeding and Martin

COMMITTEE.

TOM. F. McBEATH.	MISS MINNIE MARTIN.
E. A. SHIPLEY.	MISS LELA TOLLE.



OUR MOMENTS.

The following very pretty lines were written for the Glasgow Normal school paper, a short time ago, and read before the school by the author, a very accomplished young lady of our town.

Our moments are like the slips of pearl
Borne by the Carrier Dove:
One bears a message to loving friends:
The other to God above.

Our moments are filled with actions
Together both good and ill;
Which the Father takes in his own dear hand,
And disposes of at His will.

So many messages are sent to heaven—
Thousands and thousands each day—
Angels smile on the good, shed a tear o'er the bad,
And cover them up to stay

Till we gather around the great white throne,
To see what our actions have been:
And we find, to our sorrow, so many dark spots,
Made by our moments of sin.

Oh! let us strive each moment to bear
Naught but the good and the true,
To let each blot, that so mars God's book,
Be very small and few.

W. B. Smith, Scientific '78, taught two years; was admitted to the bar in '79; went to Texas to engage in the practice of his profession. He is editor and proprietor of the Lockhart Register. We regard him as a rising newspaper man. He married Anna L. Huggins, of Glasgow, in '80.

H. C. Snoddy, Scientific '78, after teaching one session went to Missouri to practice law. He is now local editor of the Saline County Democrat, a newsy journal of Marshall, Mo. He is happy on a good salary.

Lillie D. Wade, Scientific '79, has taught successfully one year, and is now studying the Classics at Glasgow Normal School.

W. W. Shephard, Scientific '79, has taught successfully since leaving school, and now has charge of a good school at Lake Mills, Texas. Salary, \$720.

G. C. Childress, Scientific '79, has been associated, ever since graduation, with J. U. Biggers in teaching at Burksville, Ky. Salary, \$600.

Emma J. Keen, Scientific '79, has taught successfully since leaving school, and is now at Caverna, Ky.

B. G. Neighbors, Scientific '79. This gifted young man is now prosecuting the study of law with a strong firm in Austin, Texas. He has taught several sessions.

Dora D. Shirley, Scientific '79, on account of ill health, has taught but one session, and is now at her home in Glasgow, Ky.

C. C. Newman, Scientific '79, has taught successfully ever since graduation, and is now in Hardyville, Ky., in charge of a fine school at a good salary.

Loulie Breeding, Scientific '80, is now one of the faculty of the G. N. S., and stands high with every one.

Morgan Brents, Scientific '80, is now at his home in Glasgow, Ky., enjoying the comforts of life.

Bettie Hays, Scientific '80, is now teaching a very successful school at Albany, Clinton county, Ky., and is very popular.

J. L. Skipworth, Scientific '80, is now at Mt. Ayr busily engaged in teaching. He is a splendid fellow.

Lizzie Curd, Scientific '80, has charge of a successful school near Canmer, Hart county, Ky., and is doing well.

E. T. Ellison has just closed a good school at Oakland, Barren county, Ky. Mr. Ellison was elected Annual Class Speaker for '81.

Ella Bohannon, Scientific '80, is now teaching near Cave City, Ky., and the work prospers in her hands.

M. E. Wilborn, Scientific '80, is the graduate farmer of the Normal, and is highly esteemed by all. He is at home near Temple Hill.

G. Y. Renfro, Scientific '80, has just closed a fine school at Pageville, Ky., and is now preparing to engage in another.

W. S. Burks, Scientific '80, is now principal of a flourishing school at Edmonton. As a teacher is a success.

Laura G. Wright, Scientific '80, is now teaching at Cave City, Ky. We predict her success.

Florrie Redding, Scientific '80, is now visiting friends in Louisville, Ky.

J. H. Bell, Scientific '80, is now at his home near Edmonton, Ky.

Sallie Watson, Scientific '80, is now teaching a good school in Tennessee.

ST. PAUL.

"Through a Window in a Basket
Was I Let Down by
the Wall."

The History of the Greatest Among
the Apostles Told From a
New Standpoint.

The Slender Tenure Upon Which Great
Results Hang Illustrated in His
Remarkable Career.

Walking Out of a Prison Cell, the
Doors Opened for Him by an
Earthquake.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON YESTERDAY.

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25.—At the Brooklyn
Tabernacle to-day the opening hymn was:

"Hark the song of jubilee
Loud as mighty thunder's roar!"

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was
"Paul in a Basket," and his text was taken
from II. Corinthians, xi., 33: "Through a
window in a basket was I let down by the
wall."

Sermons, said he, on Paul in jail, Paul on
Mars hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul be-
fore the Sanhedrim, Paul before
Felix are plentiful, but in my text we
have Paul in a basket. Damascus is a city
of white and glistening architecture, some-
times called "the Eye of the East," some-
times called "a pearl surrounded by em-
eralds," at one time distinguished for sword-
of the best material, called Damascus blades,
and upholstery of richest fabrics called dam-
asks. A horseman by the name of Paul
riding toward this city had been thrown
under a flash from the sky which at the same
time was so bright it blinded the rider for
many days and I think so permanently im-
paired his eyesight that this defect of vision
became the thorn in the flesh he afterwards
speaks of. He started for Damascus to
butcher Christians, but after that hard fall
from his horse he was a changed man. He
preached Christ in Damascus till the city was
shaken to its foundation. The Mayor gives
authority for his arrest and the popular cry
is "kill him! kill him!" The city is sur-
rounded by a high wall and the gates are
watched by the police lest the Christian
preacher escape. Many of the houses are
built on the wall and their balconies project
clear over and hovered above the gardens
outside. It was customary to lower baskets
out of these balconies and pull up fruits and
flowers from the gardens. To this day visit-
ors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are
lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives
prowled around from house to house looking
for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one
place, now in another.

HE IS NO COWARD,
as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate.
But he feels his work is not done yet and so
he evades assassination. "Is that preacher
here?" the foaming mob shout at one house
door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police
shout at another door. Sometimes on the
street he recognizes he passes through a crowd
of clenched fists, and sometimes he secretes
himself on the house top. At last the in-
fernal populace get on sure track of him.
They have positive evidence that he is in the
house of one of the Christians, the balcony
of whose house reaches over the wall.
"Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation
and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers
are at the front door. They break in.
"Fetch out that gospeller and let us hang
his head on the city gate. Where is he?"
The emergency was terrible. Providential-
ly there was a good, stout basket in the

house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the
basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is
lifted to the edge of the balcony on the
wall and then, while Paul holds
on to the rope with both hands, his friends
lower away, carefully and cautiously,
slowly but surely, farther down and farther
down until the basket strikes the earth and
the apostle steps out, and aloof and alone
starts on that famous missionary tour, the
story of which has astonished earth and
heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary
of travels: "Through a window in a basket
was I let down by the wall."

Observe first on what a slender tenure
great results hang. The rope-maker who
twisted that cord fastened to that lowering
basket never knew how much would depend
on the strength of it. How if it had been
broken and the apostle's life had been dashed
out? What would have become of the
Christian church? All that magnificent
missionary work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia,
Galacia and Macedonia would never have
been accomplished. All his writings that
make up so indispensable and enchanting a
part of the New Testament would never
have been written. The story of resurrec-
tion would never have been so gloriously told
as he told it. That example of heroic and
triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the
Mediterranean europydon, under flagellation
and at his beheading would not have kindled
the courage of ten thousand martyrs.
But that rope holding that basket, how
much depended on it! So again and again
great results have hung on what seemed
slender circumstances. Did ever ship of
many thousand tons, crossing the sea, have
such important passenger as had once a boat
of leaves from stem to stern, only three or
four feet, the vessel made water-proof by a
coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile
with the infant law-giver of the Jews on
board? What if some crocodile should
crush it? What if some of the cattle wading
in for a drink, should sink it? Vessels of war
sometimes carry forty guns looking through
the port-holes, ready to open battle. But
that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed
with all the guns of thunder that bombarded
Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile
craft sailed how much of historical impor-
tance!

THE PARSONAGE AT EPWORTH,
England, is on fire in the night, and the
father rushed through the hallway for the
rescue of his children. Seven children are
out safe on the ground, but one remains in
the consuming building. That one wakes,
and finding his bed on fire and the building
crumbling, comes to the window, and two
peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one
peasant standing on the shoulders of the
other, and down the human ladder the boy
descends—John Wesley. If you would
know how much depended on that ladder of
peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on
both sides of the sea. Ask their mission sta-
tions all round the world. Ask their hun-
dreds of thousands already accented to him
their founder, who would have perished but
for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.
An English ship stopped at Pitcairn
Island, and right in the midst of surround-
ing cannibalism and squalor the passengers
discovered a Christian colony of churches
and schools, and beautiful homes, and high-
est style of religion and civilization. For
fifty years no missionary and no Christian
influence had landed there. Why this oasis
of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty
years before a ship had met disaster and
one of the sailors, unable to save anything
else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible
which his mother had placed there and
swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth.
The book was read on all sides until the
rough and vicious population were evangeli-
zed, and a church was started, an en-
lightened commonwealth established, and
the world's history has no more brilliant
page than that which tells of the trans-
formation of a nation by one book. It did
not seem of much importance whether the
sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth
or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what

small circumstance depended what mighty
results.

Practical inference: There are no insignifi-
cances in our lives. The minutest thing is
part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of
infinitesimals. Great things are aggregation
of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling
on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a
drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization
of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the
Nile freighted with events for all ages. The
fate of Christendom in a basket let down
from a window on the wall. What you do,
do well. If you make a rope, make it strong
and true, for you know not how much may
depend on your workmanship. If you
fashion a boat, let it be water-proof, for you
know not who may sail in it. If you put a

Bible in the trunk or your eye as he goes
from home, let it be heard in your prayers,
for it may have a mission as far reaching as
the book which the sailor carried in his
teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest
man's life is an island between two eterni-
ties—eternity fast rippling against his should-
ers, eternity to come touching his brow.
The casual, the accidental, that which merely
happened so, are parts of a great plan, and
the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from
the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to
its mooring the ship of the church in the
northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded
services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it
to the basket? Who studied the illustrious
preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed
not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an an-
xious look from his face until the basket
touched the ground and discharged
its magnificent cargo? Not one of
their names has come to us, but
there was no work done that day in Damas-
cus or in all the earth compared with the im-
portance of their work. What if they had
in the agitation tied a knot that could slip!
What if the sound of the mob at the door
had led them to say: "Paul must take care
of himself, and we will take care of our-
selves?" No! no! They held the rope, and
in doing so

DID MORE FOR THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH
than any thousand of us will ever accom-
plish. But God knows, and has made eter-
nal record of their risky undertaking. And
they know. How exultant they could have
felt when they read his letters to the
Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians,
to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the
Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timo-
thy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews,
when they heard how he walked out of
prison with the earthquake unlocking the
door for him, and took command of the
Alexandrian corn ship when the sailors were
nearly scared to death and preached a ser-
mon that shook Felix off his judgment seat.
I hear the men and women who helped him
down through the window and over the
wall talking in private over the matter, and
saying, "How glad I am that we effected
that rescue. In coming times others may
get the glory of Paul's work, but no one
shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing
that we held the rope."

There are said to be about 60,000 ministers
of religion in this country. About 50,000 I
warrant came from early homes which had
to struggle for the necessities of life. The
sons of bankers and merchants generally
become bankers and merchants, or having
plenty of money sail a yacht or hunt
with other men's wives at
Newport and Long Branch during the
summer. The most of those who
become ministers are the sons of those who
had terrible struggles to get their every-day
bread. The collegiate and theological edu-
cation of that son took every luxury from
the parental table for eight years. The other
children were more scantily appareled. The
son at college every little while got a bundle
from home. In it were the socks that mother
knit sitting up late at night, her sight not as
good as once it was. And there also were
some relics from the sister's hand for the
voracious appetite of a hungry student. The
father swung the heavy cradle through the
wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin be-
fore every step of the way, and then sit-
ting down under the cherry tree at noon
thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired,
but it will pay if I can once see that boy
through college and if I can know that he
will be preaching the gospel after I am
dead. The younger children want to know
why they can't have this and that as others
do, and the mother says: 'So patient, my
children, until your brother graduates and
then you shall have more luxuries, but we
must see that boy through.' The years go
by and the son has been ordained and is

PREACHING THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL,

and a great revival comes and souls by
scores and hundreds accept the gospel from
the lips of that young preacher, and father
and mother, quite old now, are visiting the
son at the village parsonage, and at the close
of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and
mother retire to their room, the son lighting
the way and asking them if he can do any-
thing to make them comfortable, saying if
they want anything in the night just to
knock on the wall. And then all alone
father and mother talk over the gracious in-
fluences of the day and say: "Well, it was
worth all we went through to educate that
boy. It was a hard pay, but we held on till
the work was done. The world may not
know it, but, mother, we held the rope,
didn't we?" And the voice tremulous with
joyful emotion responds: "Yes, father, we
held the rope. I feel my work is done.
Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart
in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salva-
tion." "Pshaw!" says the father, I
never felt so much like living in
my life as now. I want to see
what the future is going on to do, he has
begun so well."

Something occurs to me quite personal. I
was the youngest of a large family of chil-

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dren, my parents were neither rich nor poor;
four of the sons wanted collegiate education
and four obtained it, but not without great
home struggle. We never heard the old
people say once that they were darning
themselves to affect this, but I remember
now that my parents always looked tired. I
don't think they ever got rested until they
lay down in the Somerville cemetery.
Mother would sit down in the evening and
say: "Well, I don't know what makes me
feel so tired!" Father would fall immedi-
ately to sleep spated by the evening stand,
overcome with the day's fatigues. One of
the four brothers after preaching the gospel
for about fifty years entered upon his
heavenly rest. Another of the four is now
on the other side the earth, a missionary of
the cross. Two of us are in this land in the
holy ministry, and I think all of us are willing
to acknowledge our obligation to the old
folks at home. About seventeen years ago
the one, and about nineteen years ago the
other, put down the burdens of this life, but
they still hold the rope. O men and women
here assembled, you brag sometimes how you
have fought your way in the world, but I
think there have been helpful influences that
you have never fully acknowledged. Has
there not been some influence in your early
or present home that the world can not see?
Does there not reach to you from among the
New England hills or from Western prairie
or from Southern plantation or from Eng-
lish or Scottish or Irish home a cord of influ-
ence that has kept you right when you
would have gone astray, but which
after you had made a crooked
track recalled you? The rope may
be as long as thirty years, or 500 miles long,
or 3,000 miles long, but hands that went
out of mortal sight long ago still hold the
rope. You want a very swift horse and you
need to reeve him with sharpest spurs and
to let the reins lie loose upon the neck and to
give a shout to a racer, if you are going to
ride out of reach of your mother's prayers.
Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven
days can't sail away from the shore! A sailor
finds them on the lookout as he takes his
place and finds them on the mast as he
climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in
the tempest, and finds them swinging on the
hammock when he turns in. Why not be
frank and acknowledge it? The most of us
would long ago have been dashed to pieces
had not gracious and loving hands steadily
and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

BUT THERE MUST COME A TIME
when we shall find out who these Damascus
men were who lowered Paul in the basket, and
greet them and all those who have rendered
to God and the world unrecognized and un-
recorded services. That is going to be one
of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunt-
ing up and picking out of those who did
great good on earth and got no credit for it.
Here the church has been going on nineteen
centuries, and this is the first sermon ever
recognizing the services of the people in that
Damascus balcony. Charles G. Plimney
said to a dying Christian: "Give my love to
St. Paul when you meet him." When you
and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him
to introduce me to those people who got him
out of the Damascus peril. We go into long
sermons to prove that we will be able to
recognize people in heaven, when there is
one reason we fail to present, and that is
better than all—God will introduce us.

We shall have them all pointed out. Many
who made great noise of usefulness will sit
on the last seat by the front door of the

heavenly temple, while right up within
arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be
many who, though they could not preach
themselves, or do great exploits for God,
nevertheless held the rope. Come let us go
right up and accost those on this circle of
heavenly thrones. Surely they must have
killed in battle a million of men! Surely
they must have been buried with all the
cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the tow-
ers of all the cities tolling the national grief!
Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I
lived by choice the unmarried daughter in an
humble home, that I might take care of my
parents in their old age, and I endured, with-
out complaint, all their querulousness, and
administered to all their wants for twenty
years." Let us pass out round the circle of
thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of
heaven? "I was for thirty years a Chris-
tian invalid, and suffered all the while,
occasionally writing a note of sym-
pathy for those worse off than I, and was
general confidant of all those who had
trouble. Once in a while, I was strong
enough to make a garment for that poor fam-
ily on the back lanes."

PASS ON TO ANOTHER THRONE.

Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I
was the mother who raised a whole family
of children for God, and they are out in the
world, Christian merchants, Christian me-
chanics, Christian wives, and I have had full
reward of all my toil." Let us pass on to
the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath-
school class, and they were always on my
heart, and they all entered the kingdom of
God, and I am waiting for their arrival." But
who art thou, the mighty one of heaven

on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecutions I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer keep him safely, I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the malnourished man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope. And I said, 'Is that all?' and he answered, 'That is all.' And while I was lost in amazement, I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures, and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: 'Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in his presence.' And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and it was the very one who had said, 'Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall.' Henceforth.

—THINK OF NOTHING AS INSIGNIFICANT.
A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot-box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, and suddenly the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantuxet shoals. A six-penny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies. A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night, by the light of an insect called the candlefly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three aughts placed on the right side of the figure one makes a 1,000 and six aughts on the right side of the figure one a 1,000,000, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

WHOSE SON ART THOU?

The Pertinent Query. Selected by Dr. Talmage as a Foundation of Remarks

On the Subject of Heredity, Quoting the Story of Eunice and Grandmother Lois.

Noble or Ignoble Blood Will Tell, Says the Preacher, for Good or for Evil.

Bequeathing to Posterity the Result of All in Ancestral Life of Sin or Goodness.

YOU MAY BE SONS OF THE LORD.

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

BROOKLYN, Jan. 6.—Dr. Talmage preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject of "Heredity." At the opening of the service he expounded the first chapter of the second epistle to Timothy in regard to the faith of Eunice and Grandmother Lois. The opening hymn was:

"Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace."

The text of the sermon was I. Samuel, xvii, 58: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

Never more unequal fight, said Dr. Talmage, than that between David and Goliath. David five feet high, Goliath ten. The one a shepherd boy, his life passed in rural scenes; the other a warrior by trade. The

one a monster of braggadocio, the other a marvel of humility. The one with an iron spear, and the other with a sling with smooth stones from the brook. But slingers in the Egyptian and Assyrian armies made up regiments which could throw a stone with the accuracy and force of a shot or shell. The Greek slingers threw leaden plummetts, inscribed with the irritating words, "Take this!" The Jewish rabbis say that Goliath laughed with such derision at little David that the giant threw his head back violently and his helmet fell off. David, seeing the bare forehead of the giant, hurled the stone that crashed in the skull like an egg-shell. The battle over, behold a tableau! King Saul sitting; in his presence David, standing with his fingers clutching the hair of decapitated Goliath. As he holds that ghastly, reeking, grinning, starting trophy in his right hand, the evidence of complete victory over God's enemies, King Saul wants to know what parentage was honored with such heroism, and inquires his pedigree in the words of the text: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

The King saw, as you and I see, that the question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, generous blood, cowardly blood, heroic blood, honest blood and thievish blood. The effects of bad parentage may escape one or two generations, but it will in time appear, as you often see in some little child a similarity to the faded picture of a great-grandfather on the wall. That the physical, mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so great sometimes as to be almost amusing. Various families, regal or literary, have kept the same characteristics from generation to generation. The large lip of the house of Austria is seen in every generation and is called the Hapsburg lip. The house of Stuarts always meant cruelty, bigotry, sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots and Charles I. and Charles II. and James I. and James II., and all the other scoundrels of that imperial line. Scottish blood means persistence. Welsh blood means religiosity. Danish blood means fondness for the sea. Indian blood means roving disposition. English blood means reverence for the ancient. Irish blood means ferividity. Roman blood means conquest. The Jewish facility for accumulation may be traced clear back to Abraham, who was very rich in silver and gold and cattle, and through Isaac and Jacob alike celebrated. Some families are characterized by longevity, and are positively Mathusalemish in tenacity of life, and some families are Goliathian of stature. Vigorous theology runs in the line of the Alexanders; tragedy in the line of the Sheridans; literature in the line of the Trollopes; philanthropy in the line of the Wilberforces; statesmanship in the line of the Adamsons. Henry and Catharine, of Navarre, and nearly all that great family were religious from age to age. The celebrated family of Casini were all mathematicians. The celebrated Medici family, grandfather, father and son and Catharine, were characterized for wisdom. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus nearly all warriors.

THE NOBLE OR IGNOBLE

blood can not be judged by worldly possession. Sometimes the noble blood will be in obscurity, and sometimes the ignoble in honor. The descendants of Edward I. were toll-gatherers; the descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunk-maker; the son of Edward III. a door-keeper. One of the Plantagenets became a cobbler. Some of the most famous houses of England are extinct, while some of the most honored in the peerage had an ancestry of hard hands and rough exterior. Independent of social or political distinction, heredity establishes itself. In other families go with full swing drunkenness or avarice or jealousy or uncharitableness or fraud. The violent temper of Frederick William is an inheritance of Frederick the Great. The Bible recognizes this proclivity to good or evil in the genealogical line. You remember it speaks of the "chosen generation," the "generation of the righteous," the "generation of vipers," the "pervasive generation," the "rebellious generation," the "untoward generation," the "visiting of the iniquity of the fathers upon the children

unto the third and fourth generation. With the force of a projectile from mightiest catapult comes the text: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

"Well," you say, "if there be such force in heredity, that discharges us from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parentage, we will go right anyhow, and born of unrighteous parentage we will go wrong anyhow, and we can not help it." In both statements you are as inaccurate as if you said the centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to drive everything to the center. Therefore all things must go to the center, or the centrifugal force has a tendency to make everything fly off toward the periphery, and so everything will go off toward the periphery. You know as well as I that you can make the centripetal overcome the centrifugal, and that you can make the centrifugal overcome the centripetal. And so the mighty tendency to go right in one family may be overcome by determination to evil, as Aaron Burr, the libertine, had for his father President Burr, the consecrated; and Pierpont Edwards, the scourge of New York society seventy years ago, had most religious ancestry; while, on the other hand, some of the holiest men and women of all the earth had an ancestry of whom it is not courteous in their presence to speak. The object of this sermon is to show that if you had a good parentage you are bound to preserve and develop that glorious inheritance, but if you had evil parentage then it is your solemn duty to brace yourself against that tendency by special prayer and holy determination. In other words, you are to call to mind what were the parental frailties, and in arming your castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With one or the other of these smooth stones from the brook I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath in the head, but where Nathan struck

David, namely, in the heart. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

ALD LANG SYNE.

There was something in the recent holiday times to call up the old folks. During the past two weeks the most of my thoughts have been set to the tune of Ald Lang Syne. You can not in these times help thinking of your father and mother. They planned so well for you and they were so busy at such times. Probably with less resources they made the most of the year brighter for you than you can with more resources make it for your sons and daughters. Though the snow may now lie twelve inches deep over their pillow, they shake off the white blankets and rise and mingle in the holiday festivities. Yes; the same wrinkles, the same stoop of the shoulders under the weight of years, the same old style dress or coat, the same smile, the same tone of voice. I hope you were old enough to remember when they went away from you that some one has told you all about them and that there is something in your house that you associate with their memory. I am going to call up all the most sacred memories of your heart when I make impassioned interrogation about your pedigree and say: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" First, I ascertained those who were launched on life by Christian parents. I don't ask if your parents were perfect. They were no perfect people then, as they are no perfect people now. Those parents in punishing you, perhaps, had a little more blood in their eye than they ought to have had, but from what I know of you, you deserved all you got, and a little more chastisement might have been salutary. But now that you think of them you realize that they tried to do right. You remember now their blows enough to sink them. You know from overheard conversations and from what transpired at family altars and on communion days and at neighboring obsequies that they had invited God into their heart and life. About their destiny you have no doubt. You expect, if you reach heaven, to find them there as certainly as you expect to find Christ there. All these years has been with you. One early Christian home has been with you. Once you got up from a place of iniquity and walked right out into the fresh air because you felt your mother was looking at you. You have never since felt happy in sin because of a sweet old face that would protect itself. A tremulous voice from that long-ago past seemed addressing you so that once you actually looked back to see who it was that addressed you. There was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament—a vast estate of prayer and holy example, and good advice, and gracious memory. The survivors of the family may have gathered together to hear that last will and testament read, and the orders were to sell this thing and keep that and share and share alike, but there was an unwritten will that read something like this:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD,

amen: I, being of sound mind, do bequeath to my children and their heirs and assigns all the prayers I have made for their welfare during the last forty years. I bequeath to

them the result of all my lifetime toil in their behalf. I bequeath to them the Christian religion that has done so much to comfort my sorrows, in the hope it may comfort them in their sorrows. I bequeath to them a hope of reunion in the land where there shall be no parting. May they share and share alike in eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors, and keep anything that may have been right. In the name of the God who made me and the Christ who redeemed me and the Holy Ghost who sanctified me I make this last will and testament. Witness all the hosts of heaven. Witness time. Witness eternity. Signed, sealed and delivered in this, my dying hour, with the love and tears of father or mother."

That last will and testament you did not get proved at the Subrogate's office, but I fetch it out to-day and read it to you. I take it out of the alcoves of your heart. I shake the dust off of it. Are you willing to accept the inheritance, or would you rather break the will? If you are fortunate enough to have been born of Christian parentage your responsibility is vast beyond all measurement. God is not going to let you off by being as good as ordinary people, because you have had extraordinary advantages. Ought not a flower in the hot house thrive better than a flower outside in freezing snow? Ought not a factory turned by a Housatonic do more work than one turned by a thin and shallow mountain stream? You ought to be and do a hundred-fold more than those who started life unblest. A father setting his son up in business keeps account—so much cash loaned at such a time, so much for store fixtures, so much for rent—and all the items of expenditures are put down and then aggregated, and the father expects the son to render account to him. So Heavenly Father has kept account as to your advantages—so many parental prayers, so many years of good example, so much kindly counsel, so many dying entreaties, so many tears of anxiety—and all the special opportunities are set down and aggregated. Are you ready to meet that account? Have you any idea of all the privileges of pious ancestry? Better have been picked up a foundling off the city commons than turn out indifferently after such a magnificent inheritance of consecration. I leave it to your sense of fairness to say if more ought not to be expected of you, having been brought up under Christian nurture, than of the man who can say truthfully: "The first word I ever remember hearing my father utter was on oath: the first time I remember his taking hold of me at all it was in wrath; I never saw a Bible till I was ten years old, and was then told it was a pack of lies. I lived the first twenty years of my life among the vicious. I seemed walled in of death."

Now, you of the kindly parentage must acknowledge that your responsibilities are greater than the responsibilities of those who had no chance. Where are all those early advantages? Standing as you do between generation passed and generation to come, are you passing on the blessing, or is your life the gulf in which the tides of blessing are to drop out of sight? You are the trustee of the piety in your ancestral line. Are you going to squander it, or squander the trust fund? Will you disinherit your sons and daughters of that heirloom that your parents left you? Are you particular to see that the deeds are all right and the mortgages all right and the life insurance all right and the last will and testament all right, so that your descendants may get all after you pass away, and are you making no provision for the passing down to them of your grandfather's and grandmother's religion? Oh, what a last will and testament you are making!

In the name of God, amen! I being of sound mind do make this my last will and testament. I bequeath to my children all the money that I have made and all the houses I have built. But I rob them of what I got from my father. I have squandered that by my own impetuosity and worldly life. Let my children share and share alike in the disappointing outrage. Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of God and man, and angels, and devils, and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell, January 1884."

O, YE HIGHLY FAVORED

sons and daughters of a Christian ancestry, wake up to your opportunity and your responsibility! There must be a little cradle or fragment of a cradle somewhere that could tell you a story of midnight supplications in your behalf. Where is the old rocking chair in which you were lulled to slumber with holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that stood in the corner ticking away the moments when you were sick on those nights when only three of you kept awake—you and God and mother? Is there not some old staff in the closet or some old Bible on the shelf that ought to speak and say, "My son, my daughter, why do you reject the God that kept us so kindly all our days, and to whom we committed you in our prayers, living and dying?" By the old

homestead, by the family altar, by the memory of our dying father, by the graves in which our bodies sleep while our spirit hovers, we beg you turn a new leaf with the new year.

But I look with a thrill of interest for a moment upon those who had disadventurous parentage. And let me tell them that the highest thrones in heaven and the brightest crowns of the mightiest triumphs will be for those who, born of frail or depraved parents, through the grace of God conquer. And there are uncounted thousands of them. The tide of evil in some families is swift and fearful as Niagara rapids, but some have caught on to a rock and held on and were rescued. One of the most eloquent and useful and splendid Christian gentlemen I know of had a father who died blaspheming God till the neighbors put their fingers in their ears, unable to endure the horror. One of the ablest and best ministers of religion is the son of a drunken horse-jockey. That in some families the evil propensity is great, no one can doubt. Avarice sometimes shows itself in grandfather and father and son and on and on. One of the wealthiest families of New York, their estate up among the millions long ago, was founded by a man who returned a paper of tacks to the store because they were 2 cents too high, and it is grip and gouge and grind in their fourth generation, and it will be grip and gouge and grind till the twentieth generation. There are families where the fire of thirst for intoxicants has burned down through the arteries of 150 years. Pugnacity or amateness are the characteristics of other kindred. If there have been a moral kink in the ancestral line it has been reported to you and you had better be alert for invasion from that quarter. If the frailty have been avarice, cultivate unselfishness and charity. If the frailty have been inebriety, touch not so much as a brandy glass or an opium pipe. If the family frailty be combativeness, keep out of the company of quick tempered people and resolve that you will not answer an impertinent question until you have counted a hundred forward and backward, and after writing a sharp letter carry it a week and then throw it into the fire. If you have innate timidity, cultivate backbone and put yourself on a diet of biography of brave men like Joshua and Paul, and see if you can not get a little iron into your blood. If the family tendency be evil, set body, mind and soul in battle array against that tendency.

I think the genealogical table in the first chapter of the New Testament was placed there not only to show the pedigree of our Lord, but to show how a man may rise up and successfully beat back unfortunate heredity. Good King Aha had for a father evil King Abia, while good Joseph and Mary and the most illustrious and glorious personage this world ever saw or ever will see had among their ancestors the scandalous Rehoboam, Rahab, Tamar and Bathsheba. If this world is ever Edenized, and it will be, all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated. There will appear in each of these lines some men or women who, in the strength of God, will rise up and open a new genealogical table, some Mary, some Joseph, who will reverse the baleful influence of Rehoboam. Perhaps the star of hope points down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the God-honored and heaven-applauded hero or heroine who is to put on the brake that shall stop the train and then switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. Do that, and I will promise you as fine a palace as the architects of heaven ever build, the archway inscribed with the words: "More than conqueror."

And now I remind you all of whatever heredity that you may be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Estranged children from the old homestead, let us all come back through the gate of adoption. Royal blood in all our veins. Crowns on our escutcheon. Our Father is king. Our Brother is king. We may all be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Wash in the clear fountains as they fall in the basins of crystal and alabaster. Look out of the upholstered windows on the gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potatoes and victrola; and let the text, sweeping backward, not stop at the cradle of your infancy, but at the cradle in which the first world was rocked, and, sweeping forward, not stop at your grave, but at a throne on which you may reign forever and ever. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 10.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the first of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," the subject being "The Choice of a Wife." In the series will be treated the following subjects, of the greatest importance to every person: "The Choice of Husband and Wife;" "Clandestine Marriages and Escapes;" "Duties of Husbands to Wives;" "Duties

of Wives to Husbands;" "In Matters of Religion, Should the Wife Go With the Husband, or the Husband Go With the Wife?" "The Wrong Ways of Women;" "Costume and Morals;" "Competent Housewifery;" "Sensible Young Womanhood;" "Woman Who Will Pass Life Single;" "Influence of Sisters Over Brothers;" "The Modern Novel and Woman;" "Boarding-house and Hotel Life;" "Treatment of Manservant and Maidservant." The hymn sung on the occasion was:

"The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears."

An organ solo was rendered by Prof. Henry Eyre Browne, who selected the first sonata in D minor by Ritzler for his musical theme. After expounding a passage of Scripture, Dr. Talmage took for his text Judges, xiv, 3: "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

DR. TALMAGE SAID:

Samson, the giant, is here asking consent of his father and mother to marriage with one whom they thought unfit for him. He was wise in asking their counsel, but not wise in rejecting it. Captivated with her looks, the big son wanted to marry a daughter of one of the hostile families, a deceitful, hypocritical, whining and sardonic creature who afterward made for him a world of trouble till she quit him for ever. In my text his parents forbade the ban, practically saying: "When there are so many honest and beautiful maidens of your own country, are you so hard put to for a lifetime partner that you propose conjugal life with this foreign filth? Is there such a dearth of lilies in our Israelitish gardens that you must wear on your heart a Philistine thistle? Do you take a crab-apple because there are no pomegranates? Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

Excuseless was he for such a choice in a land and amid a race celebrated for female loveliness and moral worth, a land and a race of self-denying Abigail, and heroic Deborah, and dazzling Vashti, and pious Esther, and glorious Ruth, and Mary who hugged to her heart the blessed Lord, were only magnificent specimens. The mid-night folded in their hair, the lakes of liquid beauty in their eye, the gracefulness of spring morning in their posture and gait, were only typical of the greater brilliance and glory of their soul. Likewise excuseless is any man in our time who makes lifelong alliance with any one who, because of her disposition, or heridity, or habits, or intellectual vanity, or moral twifification, may be said to be of the Philistines.

The world never owned such opulence of womanly character, or such splendor of womanly manners, or multitudinous instances of wisely, motherly, daughterly, sisterly devotion, as it owns today. I have not words to express my admiration for good womanhood. Woman is not only man's equal, but in affectional and religious nature, which is the best part of us, she is seventy-five per cent. his superior. Yea, during the last twenty years through the increased opportunity opened for female education, the women of the country are better educated than the majority of men; and if they continue to advance in mentality at the present rate, before long the majority of men will have difficulty in finding, in the opposite sex, enough ignorance to make appropriate consort. If I am under a delusion as to the abundance of good womanhood abroad, consequent upon my surroundings since the hour I entered this life until now, I hope the delusion will last until I embark on this planet. So you will understand, if I say in this course of sermons something that seems severe, I am neither cynical nor disgruntled.

There are in almost every farm-house in the country, in almost every home of the great town, conscientious women, worshipful women, self-sacrificing women, holy women, innumerable Marys, sitting at the feet of Christ; innumerable mothers, helping to feed Christ in the person of His suffering disciples; a thousand capped and spectacled grandmothers, Lois, bending over Bibles whose precepts they have followed from early girlhood; and tens of thousands of young women that are dawning upon us from school and seminary, that are going to bless the world with good and happy homes, that shall eclipse all their predecessors, a fact that will be acknowledged by all men except those who are struck through with moral decay from toe to cranium; and more inexcusable than the Samson of the text is that man who amid all this unparalleled munificence of womanhood marries a fool. But some of you are abroad suffering from such disaster, and to halt others of you from going over the same

precipice, I cry out in the words of my text: "Is there never a woman among the daughters of the brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

THE SUBJECT'S IMPORTANCE.

There are thousands of American pulpits, among them this pulpit, guilty in the fact that on some of the subjects on which men and women need practical advice they have been silent. About the choice of a lifetime companion, a question which in so much of time and all of eternity are involved, what almost universal silence in the church, so that there are not ten people in this house who have ever heard a discourse upon this theme; and the first one I have ever heard is the one I am preaching. We leave to the flippant novel, or the spectacular play, or the juggle of a doggerel rhyme, that which ought to burden the most tremendous sermon a minister ever preaches, the day when in judgment he meets his God. And so, in this course of the sermons, I am going to hitch up my best team to the whiffletree, and put the coulters of the plow clear up to the beam, and go straight on from fence to fence, however many nets of moles and serpents may be ripped up by the furrow, and however many alarmed people may cry "Whoa!"

That marriage is the destination of the human race, is a mistake that I want to correct before we go further. There are multitudes who never will marry, and still greater mul-

titudes who are not fit to marry. In Great Britain to-day there are 948,000 more women than men, and that, I understand, is about the ratio in America. By mathematical and inexorable law, you see, millions of women will never marry. The supply for matrimony is greater than the demand, the first lesson of which is that every woman ought to prepare to take care of herself if need be. Then there are thousands of men who have no right to marry, because they have become so corrupt of character that their offer of marriage is an insult to any good woman. Society will have to be toned up and corrected on this subject, so that it shall realize that if a woman who has sacrificed her honor is unfitted for marriage, so is any man who has ever sacrificed his purity. What right have you, O masculine beast, whose life has been loose, to take under your care the spotlessness of a virgin reared in the sanctity of a respectable home? Will a buzzard dare to court a dove?

But the majority of you will marry and have a right to marry, and as your religious teacher I wish to say to these men, in the choice of a wife first of all seek Divine direction. About thirty-five years ago when Martin Faganhar Tupper, the English poet, urged men to pray before they decided upon matrimonial association, people laughed. And some of them have lived to laugh on the other side of their mouth. The need of Divine direction I argue from the fact that so many men, and some of them strong and wise, have wrecked their lives at this juncture. Witness Samson and this woman of Timnah. Witness Socrates pecked of the historical Xantippe. Witness Job, whose wife had nothing to prescribe for his caruncles but allopahth doses of profanity. Witness Ananias, a liar, who might perhaps have been cured by truthful spouse, yet marrying as great a liar as himself—Sapphira. Witness John Wesley, one of the best men that ever lived, united to one of the most outrageous and scandalous of women, who sat in City Road Chapel making mouths at him while he preached. Witness the once connubial wretchedness of John Ruskin, the great art essayist, and Frederick W. Robertson, the great preacher. Witness a thousand heels on earth kindled by unworthy wives, tergiversants that scold like a March north-easter; female spendthrifts, that put their husbands into fraudulent schemes to get money enough to meet the lavishness of domestic expenditure; opium-eating women—about 400,000 of them in the United States—who will have the drug though it should cause the eternal damnation of the whole household; heartless and overbearing, and amny-pamby and unreasonable women, yet married, perhaps, to good men. These are the women who build the low club-houses, where the husbands and sons go because they can't stand it at home. On this sea of matrimony, where so many have wrecked, am I not right in advising Divine pilotage?

PRAYER TO PREVENT DECEPTION.

Especially is devout supplication needed because of the fact that society is so full of artificialities that men are deceived as to whom they are marrying, and no one but the Lord knows. After the dressmaker, and the milliner, and the jeweler, and the hair adjuster, and the dancing-master, and the cosmetic art have completed their work how is an unsophisticated man to decipher the physiological hieroglyphics

and make accurate judgment of who it is to whom he offers hand and heart? That is what makes so many recreant husbands. They make an honorable marriage contract, but the goods delivered are so different from the sample by which they bargained. They were simply swindled, and they backed out. They mistook Jezebel for Longfellow's Evangeline, and Lucretia Borgia for Martha Washington.

Aye, as the Indian chief boasts of the scalp he has taken, so there are in society to-day many coquettes who boast of the masculine hearts they have captured. And these women, though they may live amid richest upholstery, are not so honorable as the cyprines of the street, for these advertise their infamy, while the former profess heaven while they mean hell. There is so much counterfeit womanhood abroad it is no wonder that some can not tell the genuine coin from the base. Do you not realize you need Divine guidance when I remind you that mistake is possible in this important affair, and, if made, is irrevocable?

The worst predicament possible is to be unhappily yoked together. You see it is impossible to break the yoke. The more you pull apart the more galling the yoke, the minister might bring you up again, and in your presence read the marriage ceremony backward; might put you on the opposite side of the altar from where you were when you were united; might take the ring off of the finger; might rend the wedding veil asunder; might tear out the marriage leaf from the family Bible record; but all that would fail to unmarry you. It is better not to make the mistake than to attempt its correction. But men and women do not reveal their characteristics till after marriage, and how are you to avoid making the fatal blunder? There is only one being in the universe who can tell you whom to choose, and that is the Lord of Paradise. He made Eve for Adam, and Adam for Eve, and both for each other. Adam had not a large group of women from whom to select his wife, but it is fortunate, judging from some mistakes which she afterward made, that it was Eve or nothing.

There is in all the world some one who was made for you, as certainly as Eve was made for Adam. All sorts of mistakes occur because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his twenty-four ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife, there are twenty-three possibilities to one that you will select the wrong rib. By the fate of Ahab, whose wife induced him to steal; by the fate of Macbeth, whose wife pushed him into massacre; by the fate of James Ferguson, the philosopher, whose wife entered the room while he was lecturing and willfully upset his astronomical apparatus, so that he turned to the audience and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman;" by the fate of Bulwer, the novelist, whose wife's temper was so incompatible that he furnished her a beautiful home near London and withdrew from her company, leaving her with the one dozen dogs whom she entertained as pets; by the fate of John Milton, who married a tennant after he was blind, and when some one called her a rose the poet said, "I am no judge of colors, but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily;" by the fate of an Englishman, whose wife was so determined to dance on his grave that he was buried in the sea; by the fate of a village minister whom I knew, whose wife threw a cup of hot tea across the table because they differed in sentiment—by all these scenes of disquietude and domestic calamity, we implore you to be cautious and prayerful before you enter upon the connubial state, which decides whether a man shall have two heavens or two hells, a heaven here and heaven forever, or a hell now and a hell hereafter.

By the bites of Pliny, whose wife, when her husband was pleading in court, had messengers coming and going to inform her what impression he was making; by the joy of Grotius, whose wife delivered him from prison under the pretense of having books carried out lest they be injurious to his health, she sending out her husband unobserved in one of the book-cases; by the good fortune of Roland, in Louis' time, whose wife translated and composed for her husband, while Secretary of the Interior—talented, heroic, wonderful Madame Roland; by the happiness of many a man who has made intelligent choice of one capable of being prime counselor and companion in brightness and in grief—pray to Almighty God, morning, noon and night, that at the right time and in the right way, He will send you a good, honest, loving, sympathetic wife; or if she is not sent to you, that you may be sent to her.

BEWARE OF MATCHMAKERS.

At this point let me warn you not to let a question of this importance be settled by the celebrated matchmakers in almost every community. Depend upon your own judgment Divinely illumined. These brokers in matrimony are ever planning to

they can all be envious innocents to an heiress, or celibate woman to a millionaire or marquis, and that in many cases makes life an unhappiness. How can any human being, who knows neither of the two parties as God knows them, and who is ignorant of the future, give such direction as you require at such a crisis. Take the advice of the earthly matchmaker, and you may some day be led to use the words of Solomon, whose experience in home life was as melancholy as it was multitudinous.

One day his palace, with its great wide rooms and great wide doors and great wide hall, was too small for him and the loud tongue of a woman belaboring him about some of his neglects, and he retreated to the housetop to get relief from the luxuriant bombardment. And while there he saw a poor man on one corner of the roof with a mat-

tress for his only furniture and the open sky his only covering. And Solomon envies him and cries out: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a bawling woman in a wide house."

And one day during the rainy season the water leaked through the roof of the palace and began to drip in a pallor of pain to catch it. And at one side of him all day long the water went drop, drop, drop, while on the other side a female companion, quarreling about this and quarreling about that, the acrimonious and petulant words falling on his ear in ceaseless pelt, drop, drop, drop, and he seized his pen and wrote: "A continual dripping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike."

If Solomon had been as prayerful at the beginning of his life as he was at the close, how much domestic infelicity he would have avoided. But prayer about this will amount to nothing unless you pray soon enough. Wait until you are fascinated and the equilibrium of your soul is disturbed by a magnetic and exquisite presence, and then you will answer your own prayers, and you will mistake your own infatuation for the voice of God.

If you have this prayerful spirit you will surely avoid all female scolders in the Christian religion; and there are quite a number of them in all communities. It must be told that, though the only influence that keeps women from being estimated and treated as a slave—aye, as a brute and a beast of burden—is Christianity, since where it is not dominant she is so treated, yet there are women who will so far forget themselves and forget their God that they will go and hear lecturers malign Christianity and scoff at the most sacred things of the soul. A good woman, over-persuaded by her husband, may go once to hear such a tirade against the Christian religion, not fully knowing what she is going to hear; but she will not go twice. A woman not a Christian, but a respecter of religion, said to me: "I was persuaded by my husband to go and hear an infidel lecturer once, but going home, I said to him: 'My dear husband, I would not go again though my declaration should result in our divorce forever.'" And the woman was right. If, after all that Christ and Christianity have done for a woman, she can go again and again to hear such assaults, she is an awful creature, and you had better not come near such a reeking leprosy. She needs to be washed and for three weeks to be soaked in carbolic acid, and for a whole year fumigated before she is fit for decent society. While it is not demanded that a woman be a Christian before marriage, she must have regard for the Christian religion or she is a bad woman and unworthy of being your companion in a life charged with such stupendous solemnity and vicissitudes.

WHAT YOU WANT IN A WIFE.

What you want, O man! in a wife, is not a butterfly of the sunshine, not a giggling nonentity, not a painted doll, not a gossiping gad-about, not a mixture of artificialities which leave you in doubt as to where the humming ends and the woman begins, but an earnest soul, one that can not only laugh when you laugh, but weep when you weep. There will be wide, deep graves in your path of life, and you will both want steady when you come to the verge of them, I tell you! When your fortune fails you will want some one to talk of treasures in heaven, and not charge upon you with a bitter, "I told you so." As far as I can analyze it, sincerity and earnestness are the foundation of all worthy wifehood. Get that and you get all. Fail to get that and you get nothing but what you will wish you never had got.

Don't make the mistake that man of the text made in letting his eye settle the question in which coolest judgment, directed by Divine Wisdom, is all important. Let the man choose his wife wisely. Choice except a pretty face, is like a man who should buy a farm because of the dahlia in the front dooryard. Beauty is a talent, and when God gives it He intends it as a benediction upon a woman's face. When the good Princess of Wales dismounted from the railroad last summer, and I saw her radiant face, I could understand what they told me the day

before that, when at the great military hospital where are now the wounded and the sick from the Egyptian and other wars, the Princess passed through, and the sick were cheered by her coming, and those who could be roused neither by doctor or nurse from their stupor, would get up on their elbows to look at her, and when she passed they would pray an audible prayer: "God bless the Princess of Wales! Doesn't she look beautiful!"

But how uncertain is the tarrying of beauty in a human countenance. Explosion of a kerosene lamp turns it into scarification, and a scoundrel with one dash of vitriol may dispel it. Time will drive his chariot wheels across that bright face, cutting it up in deep ruts and gullies. But there is an eternal beauty on the face of some women whom a rough and ungallant world may criticize as homely, and though their features may contradict all the laws of Lavater on physiognomy, yet they have graces of soul that will keep them attractive for time and glorious through all eternity.

A QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

There are two or three circumstances in which the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband, whatever her stature or profile. By financial panic or betrayal of business partner, the man goes down, and returning to his home that evening he says: "I am ruined; I am in disgrace forever; I care not whether I live or die." It is an agitated story he is telling in the household that winter night. He says: "The furniture must go, the house must go, the social position must go," and from being sought for obsequiously they must be cold-shouldered everywhere. After he ceases talking and the wife has heard all in silence, she says: "Is that all? Why you had nothing when I married you, and you have only come back to where you started. If you think that my happiness and that of the children depend on these trappings, you do not know me. God is not dead, and his not suspended payment, and if you don't mind I don't care a cent. What little we need of food and raiment the rest of our lives we can get, and I don't propose to sit down and mope and groan. Mary, hand me that darning needle. And, John, light one of the other gas burners. And, Jimmy, open the register for a little more heat. Fanny, fetch father's slippers. I declare! I have forgotten to see the rising for those cakes! And while she is busy at it he hears her humming Newton's old hymn, "To-morrow."

"It can be with it nothing
But He will be with it in the night;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread."
"Though vine nor fig-tree either
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abode taketh,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding
I can not but rejoice."

The husband looks up in amazement, and says: "Well, well; you are the greatest woman I ever saw. I thought you would faint dead away when I told you." And as he looks at her, all the glories of physiognomy in the court of Louis XV. on the modern fashion plates are tame as compared with the superhuman splendors of that woman's face. Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette, and La Belle Hamilton, the emblems of the court of Charles II., are nowhere.

There is another time when the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband.

SHE HAS DONE THE WORK OF LIFE.

She has reared her children for God and Heaven, and though some of them may be a little wild, they will yet come back, for God has promised. She is dying and her husband stands by. They think over all the years of their companionship, the weddings and the burials, the ups and downs, the successes and the failures. They talk over the goodness of God and His faithfulness to children's children. She has no fear about going. The Lord has sustained her so many years she would not dare to distrust him now. The lips of both of them tremble as they say good-bye and encourage each other about an early meeting in a better world. The breath is feeble and feeble, and stops. Are you sure of it? Just hold that mirror at the mouth and see if there is any vapor gathering on the surface. Gone! As one of the neighbors takes the old man by the arm gently and says, "Come, you had better go into the next room and retire," he says: "Wait a moment; I must take one more look at that face and at those hands!"

My friends, I hope you do not call that death. That is an autumnal sunset. That is a crystalline river pouring into a crystal sea. That is the sole of human life overpowered by hallelujah chorus. That is a queen's coronation. That is Heaven. That is the way my father stood at 83, seeing my mother depart at 70. Perhaps so your father and mother went. I wonder if we will die as well.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 17.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the second of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring." Having spoken last Sunday on "The Choice of a Wife," he to-day preached on "The Choice of a Husband." The organist rendered the Sonata in C minor, by Rheinberger. Congregational singing, led by Prof. Ali's cornet, included that of the hymn beginning:

"Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise."
Selecting his text from Ruth 1, 9: "The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband," the eloquent preacher said:

THE SERMON.

This was the prayer of pious Naomi for Ruth and Orpah, and is an appropriate prayer now in behalf of unmarried women. Naomi, the good old soul, knew that the devil would take their cases in hand if God did not, so she prays: "The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband."

In this series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I last Sabbath gave prayerful and Christian advice to men in regard to the selection of a wife, and to-day I give the same prayerful and Christian advice to women in regard to the selection of a husband, but in all these sermons saying much that I hope will be appropriate for all ages and all classes.

I applaud the celibacy of a multitude of women who rather than make unfit selection have made none at all. It has not been a lack of opportunity for marital contract on their part, but their own culture and refinement, and their exalted idea as to what a husband ought to be, have caused their detachment. They have seen so many women marry imbeciles, or ruffians, or incipient fools, or life-time incapables, or magnificent nothings, or men who before marriage were angels and afterward devils, that they have been alarmed and stood back. They saw so many boasts go into the marketplace that they steered into menial waters. Better for a woman to live alone, to be a victor in a thousand years, than to be annexed to one of these magazine failures, with which society is surfeited. The patron saint of almost every family circle is some such unmarried woman, and among all the families of cousins she moves around, and her coming in each house is the morning, and her going away is the night.

AUNT PHOEBE.

In my large circle of kindred, perhaps twenty families in all, it was an Aunt Phoebe. Paul gave a letter of introduction to one whom he calls "Phoebe, our sister," as she went up from Cenchrea to Rome, commending her for her business and Christian service, and imploring for her all courtesies. I think Aunt Phoebe was named after her. Was there a sickness in any of the households, she was there, ready to sit up and count out the drops of medicine. Was there a marriage, she helped deck the bride for the altar. Was there a new soul incarnated, she was there to rejoice at the nativity. Was there a sore bereavement, she was there to console, and the children rushed on to her for first appearance crying, "Here comes Aunt Phoebe," and her parental interference, they would have pulled her down with their carresses, for she was not very strong, and many severe illnesses had given her enough glimpses of the next world to make her heavenly-minded. Her table was loaded up with Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises," John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and the books, which have fitted out all generations for the Heaven upon which they have already entered.

"De Witt," she said to me one day, "twice in my life I have been so overwhelmed with the love of God that I fainted away and could hardly be resuscitated. Don't tell me there is no Heaven. I have seen it twice." If you would know how her presence would soothe an anxiety or lift a burden, or cheer a sorrow, or leave a blessing on every room in the house, ask any of the family. She had tarried at her early home, taking care of an invalid father, until the bloom of life had somewhat faded, but she could interest the young folks with some three or four tender passages in her own history, so that we all knew that it was not through lack of opportunity that she was not the queen of one household, instead of being a benediction in a whole circle of households. At about seventy years of age she made her last visit to my house, and when she sat in my Philadelphia church, I was more embarrassed at her presence than by all the audience, because I felt that in religion I had got no further than the a b c, while she had learned the whole alphabet, and for many years had followed the v and z. When she went out of this life into the next, what a shout there must have been in heaven, from the front door clear up to the back seat in the gallery! I saw the other day in the village cemetery of Somerville, N.

J., her resting place, the tombstone having on it the words which thirty years ago she told me she would like to have inscribed on it, namely, "The Morning Cometh."

Had she a mission in the world? Certainly. As much as Caroline Herschel, first astronomer for her illustrious brother, and then his assistant in astronomical observations, and then discovering comets for herself, dying at 98 years of age, still busy with the stars till she sped beyond them; as much as had Florence Nightingale, the nurse of the Crimean or Grace Darling, the heroine of the Long Stone Light-house; or Mary Lyon, the teacher of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary; or Hannah More, the Christian author of England; or Dorothea Dix, the angel of mercy for the insane; or Anna Elvridge, among the wounded of Blackburn's Fort; or Margaret Brockbridge, at Vicksburg; or Mary Shelton, distributing roses and grapes and Cologne in Western hospital; or thousands of other glorious women like them, who never took the marriage sacrament. Appreciate all this, my sister, and it will make you deliberate before you rush out of the single state into another, unless you are sure of betterment.

DELIBERATE AND PRAY.

Pray and deliberate. As I showed you in my former sermon, a man ought to supplicate Divine guidance in such crisis; how much more important that you solicit it! It is easier for a man to find an appropriate wife than for a woman to find a good husband. This is a matter of arithmetic, as I showed in former discourses. Statistics show that in Massachusetts and New York States women have a majority of hundreds of thousands. Why this I, we leave others to surmise. It would seem that woman was a favorite with the Lord, and that therefore he has made more of that kind. From the order of the creation in Paradise, it is evident that woman is an improved edition of the man. But whatever be the reason for it, the fact is certain, that she who selects a husband has a smaller number of people to select from than he who selects a wife. Therefore a woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of lifetime companionship. She can not afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection, he can spend his evenings at the club, and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke, but woman has no club-room for refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars. If a

woman make a bad job of marital selection, the probability is that nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love letters of a married couple are poor reading, except for those who write them. Pray God that you be delivered from irrevocable mistake!

Avoid alliance with a despoiler of the Christian religion, whatever else he may have or may not have. I do not say he must needs be a religious man, for Paul says the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife; but marriage with a man who hates the Christian religion will insure you a life of wretchedness. He will caricature your habit of kneeling in prayer. He will speak depreciatingly of Christ. He will wound all the most sacred feelings of your soul. He will put your home under the anathema of the Lord God Almighty. In addition to the anguish which he will fill your life, there is great danger that he will dissipate your hope of heaven and make your marriage relation an infinite and eternal disaster. If you have made such engagement your first duty is to break it. My word may come just in time to save your soul.

Further: do not unite in marriage with a man of bad habits in the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of your present acquaintances, he will not give up his bad habits, he will not give up the prize you can not expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together.

THE ALMS-HOUSE COULD TELL THE STORY of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intemperance, he is under such headway that your attempts to stop him would be very much like running up the track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson-river express train. What you call an inebriate nowadays is not a victim to wine or whisky, but to logwood and strychnine and nux vomica. All these poisons have kindled their fires in his tongue and brain, and all the tears of a wise weeping can not extinguish the flames. Instead of marrying a man to reform him, learn reform first, and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he can not do without his bad habits for two years, he must do without you forever.

Avoid union with one supremely self-love, so wound up in his occupation that he has no room for another. You occasionally find a man who spends himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for any one to walk beside him. He is so: the blades of a scissors incomplete without the

other blade, but he is a chisel made to cut his way through life alone, or a file full of roughness, made to be drawn across society without any affinity for other dies. His disposition is a lifelong protest against marriage. Others are so married to their occupation or profession that the taking of any other bride is a sacrilege. There are men so severely tied to their literary work, as was Chatterton, whose essay was not printed because of the death of the Lord Mayor. Chatterton made out the following account: "Lost by the Lord Mayor's death in this essay, one pound, eleven shillings and sixpence. Gained in elegies and essays, five pounds and five shillings." Then he put what he had gained by the Lord Mayor's death opposite to what he had lost, and wrote under it: "And glad he is dead by three pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence." When a man is as hopelessly literary as that, he ought to be a perpetual celibate; his library, his laboratory, his books are all the companionship needed. Indeed some of the mightiest men this world ever saw have not patronized matrimony. Cowper, Pope, Newton, Swift, Locke, Walpole, Gibbon, Hume, Arbuthnot were single. Some of these marriages would have helped. The right kind of a wife would have cured Cowper's gloom, and given to Newton more practicability, and been a relief to Locke's overtasked brain. A Christian wife might have converted Hume and Gibbon to a belief in Christianity. But Dean Swift did not deserve a wife, from the way in which he broke the heart of Jane Waring first, and Esther Johnson afterward, and last of all "Vanessa." The great wit of his day, he was outwitted by his own cruelties.

THE TWO CRADLES.

Amid so many possibilities of fatal mistake, am I not right in urging you to seek the unerring wisdom of God, and before you are infatuated? Because most marriages are fit to be made convinces us that they are divinely arranged. Almost every cradle has an affinity toward some other cradle. They may be on the opposite sides of the earth, but one child gets out of this cradle and another child gets out of that cradle, and with their first steps they start for each other. They may diverge from the straight path, going toward the north, or south, or east, or west. They may fall down, but the two rise facing each other. They are approaching all through infancy. The one all through the years of boyhood is going to meet the one who is coming, through all the years of girlhood, to meet him. The decision of parents as to what is best concerning them and the changes of fortune may for a time seem to arrest the two journeys; but on they go. They may never have seen each other. They may never have heard of each other. But the two pilgrims who started at the two cradles are nearing. After eighteen, twenty or thirty years the two come within sight. At the first glance they may feel a dislike, and they may slacken their step; yet something that the world calls fate, and that religion calls Providence, urges them on and on. They must meet. They come near enough to join hands in social acquaintance, after a while to join hands in friendship, after a while to join hearts. The delegate from the one cradle comes up the east side of the church with her father. The delegate from the other cradle comes up the west aisle of the church. The two long journeys end at the snow-drift of the bridal veil. The two chains made out of many years are forged together by the golden link which the groom puts upon the third finger of the left hand. One on earth, may they be one in heaven!

But there are so many exceptions to the general rule of natural affinity, that only those are safe who pray for a heavenly hand to lead them. Because they depended on themselves and not on God there are thousands of women every year going to the slaughter. In India women leap on the funeral pyre of a dead husband. We have a worse spectacle than that in America—women immovable leaping on the funeral pyre of a living husband.

Avoid all proposed alliances through newspaper advertisements. Many women, just for fun, have answered such advertisements, and have been led on from step to step to catastrophe. All the men who write such advertisements are villains and liars—all, without a single exception. Ah! Ah! Do you answer them just for fun? I will tell you.

A SAFER AND HEALTHIER FUN.

Thrust your hand through the cage of a menagerie and stroke the back of a cobra from the East Indies. Put your head in the mouth of a Numbidian lion to see if he will bite. Take a glassful of Paris green mixed with some delightful benedictine. These are safer and healthier fun than answering newspaper advertisements for a wife.

My advice is: Marry a man who is a fortune in himself. Houses, lands and large inheritances are well enough, but the wheel of fortune turns so rapidly that through some investment all these in a few years may be gone. There are some things, however, that are a perpetual fortune—good

manners, gentleness of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry and whole-heartedness. Marry such a one and you have married a fortune, whether he have an income now of fifty thousand dollars a year or an income of five hundred dollars. A bank is secure according to its capital stock, and not to be judged by the deposits for a day or a week. A man is rich according to his sterling qualities, and not according to the fluctuation of circumstances, which may leave with him a large amount of resources to-day and withdraw them to-

day to-morrow. Why? Because you would enact a swindle. What would you do with a perfect man, who are not perfect yourself? And how dare you hitch your imperfect fast on such supernatural excellence? What a companion you would make for an angel! In other words,

There never was but one perfect pair, and they slipped down the banks of Paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins. We know he lies when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men, and they

who never having had much education themselves, have their sons at Yale and Harvard and Virginia University. These are the men who work themselves to death by fifty years of age, and go to Greenwood, leaving large estate and generous life insurance provision for their families. There are husbands and fathers here by the hundreds who would die for their households. If outlawry should ever become dominant in our cities, they would stand in their doorways, and with one arm would cleave down, one by one, fifty invaders, face to face, foot to foot, and every stroke a demolition. This is what makes an army in defense of a country fight more desperately than an army of conquest. It is not so much the abstract sentiment of a flag as it is wife and children and home that turns enthusiasm into a fury. The world has such men by the million, and the women can't that infernal communities must not hinder women from appreciating the glory of true manhood.

I was reading of a bridal reception. The young man had brought home the choice of his heart, in her elaborate and exquisite apparel. As she stood in the gay drawing-room and amid the gay group, the young man's eyes filled with tears of joy as he thought that she was his. Years passed by and they stood at the same parlor on another festal occasion. She wore the same dress, for business had not opened as brightly to the young husband as he expected, and he had never been able to purchase for her another dress. Her face was not as bright and smooth as it had been years before, and a careworn look had made its signature on her countenance. As the husband looked at her he saw the difference between this occasion and the former, and he went over where she sat and said: "You remember the time when we were here before. You have the same dress on. Circumstances have somewhat changed, but you look to me far more beautiful than you did then." There is such a thing as conjugal fidelity, and many of you know it in your own homes.

But, after all the good advice we may give you, we come back to the golden pillar from which we started, the tremendous truth that no one but God can guide you in safety about this matter, that may decide you in happiness for two worlds, this and the next. So, my sister, I put your case where Naomi put that of Ruth and Orpah, when she said: "The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband."

THE HOUR ARRIVES.

I imagine the hour for which you pledged your troth has arrived. There is much merry-making among your young friends, but there is an undertone of sadness in all the house. Your choice may have been the gladdest and the best, and the joy of the whole round of relatives, but when a young sister is about to leave the old nest and is preparing to put out into sunshine and storm for herself, it feels its wings tremble somewhat. So she has a good cry before leaving home, and at the marriage father and mother always cry, or feel like it. If you think it is easy to give up a daughter in marriage, though it be with brightest prospects, you will think differently when the day comes. To have all along watched her from infancy to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, studious of her welfare, her slightest illness an anxiety, and her presence in your home an ever increasing joy, and then have her go away to some other home—aye, all the redolence of orange blossoms, and all the chiming of marriage bells, and all the rolling of wedding march in full diapason, and all the hilarious congratulations of your friends can not make you forget that you are suffering a loss irreparable. But you know it is all right, and you have a remembrance of an embarkation just like it 25 or 30 years ago, in which you were one of the parties, and, suppressing as far as possible your sadness, you say: "Good-bye."

I hope that you, the departing daughter, will not forget to write often home; for, whatever betide you, the old folks will never lose their interest in your welfare. Make visits to them also, as often and stay as long as you can, for there will be changes at the old place after awhile. Every time you go you will find more gray hairs on father's head, and more wrinkles on mother's brow, and, after a while, you will notice that the elastic step has become decrepitude. And some day one of the two pillars of your early home will fall, and after a while the other pillar of that home will fall, and it will be a comfort to yourself if, when they are gone, you can feel that while you are faithful in your new home, you never forget your old home, and the first friends you ever had, and those to whom you are more indebted than you ever can be to any one else, except to God—I mean your father and mother. Alexander Pope put it in effective rhythm, when he said:

"Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposeful age;
Patient my eyes a parent's face behold,
Languid smile and smooth the bed of death;
Be the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile our parent from the sky."
And now I commend all this precious and beautiful young womanhood before me to-



From Fannie

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morning. If a man is worth nothing but money, he is poor indeed. If a man have upright character, he is rich. Property may come and go, he is independent of the markets. Nothing can buy him out, nothing can sell him out. He may have more money one year than another, but his better fortunes never vacillate.

Yet, do not expect to find a perfect man. If you find one without any faults, incapable of mistakes, never having guessed wrong, his patience never having been perturbed, immaculate in speech, in temper, in nat-

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 24.—The Rev. T. de Witt Talmage, D. D., preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the third of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring." The hymn sung by the congregation begins:

"My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies."

Professor Browne rendered on the organ the Sonata No. 1 in D minor, by Guiliant. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Clandestine Marriages and Escapes," and the text Proverbs ix., 17-18: "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread taken in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." The preacher said:

The garden of Eden was a great orchard of fruit-bearing trees, bushes and bushes of round, ripe, glorious fruit, but the horticulturalist and his wife having it in charge hankered for one special tree, simply because it was forbidden, starting a bad streak in human nature, so that children will now sometimes do something simply because they are forbidden to do it. This link in the human race is not easily unlearned. Tell a company that they may look into any twenty rooms of a large house except one, and their chief desire is to see that one, though all the others were picture galleries and that a garret. If there were in a region of mineral springs twenty fountains, but the proprietor had fenced in one well against the public, the one fenced in would be the chief temptation to the visitors, and they would rather taste of that than of the other nineteen. Solomon recognized this principle in the text, and also the disaster that follows forbidden conduct, when he said: "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

THE SHIP OF MARRIAGE.

In this course of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I this morning aim a point-blank shot at "clandestine marriages and escapes." Yonder comes up through the narrows of New York harbor a ship having all the evidence of tempestuous passage: Salt water mark reaching to the top of the smokestack. Mainmast, foremast, mizenmast twisted off; bulwarks knocked in; lifeboats off the davit; jib-sheets and lee-bowlines missing; Captain's bridge demolished; main shaft broken; all the pumps working to keep from sinking before they can get to wharfe. That ship is the institution of Christian marriage, launched by the Lord grandly from the banks of the Euphrates, and floating out on the seas for the admiration and happiness of all nations. But Free-loveism struck it from one side, and Mormonism struck it from another side, and hurricanes and libertinism have struck it on all sides, until the old ship needs repairs in every plank and beam and sail and bolt and clamp and truss and stanchion.

In other words, the notions of modern society must be reconstructed on the subject of the marriage institution. And when we have got it back somewhere near what it was when God built it in Paradise, the earth will be far on toward resumption of Paradisaical conditions. Do you ask what is the need of a course of sermons on this subject? The man or woman who asks this question is either ignorant or guilty. In New England, which has been considered by many the most moral part of the United States, there are two thousand divorces per year. And in Massachusetts, the headquarters of steady habits, there is one divorce to every fourteen marriages. The State of Maine, considered by many almost frigid in proprieties, has in one year 478 divorces. In Vermont, swapping wives is not a rare transaction. In Connecticut there are women who boast that they have four or five times been divorced. Moreover, our boasted Protestantism is, on this subject, more lax than Roman Catholicism. Roman Catholicism admits of no divorce except the reason that Christ admitted as a lawful reason. But Protestantism is admitting anything and everything, and the larger the proportion of Protestants in any part of the country, the larger the ratio of divorce. Do you not then think that Protestantism needs some toning up on this subject?

Aye, when you realize that the sacred and divine institution is being caricatured and defamed by clandestine marriages and escapes all over the land, does there not seem a call for such discussion? Hardly a morn-

ing or evening paper comes into your possession, without reporting them, and there are fifty of these occurrences where one is reported, because it is the interest of all parties to hush them up. The victims are, all hours of the night, climbing down ladders or crossing over from State to State, that they may reach laws of greater laxity, holding receptions six months after marriage to let the people know for the first time that a half year before they were united in wedlock; ministers of religion and Justices of the Peace, and Mayors of cities willingly joining in marriage runaways from other States and neighborhoods; the coach-box and the back seat of the princely landau in flirtation; telegrams flashing across the country for the arrest of absconded school-misses, who started off with armful of books, and taking rail trains to meet their affianced—in the snow drifts of the great storm that has recently passed over the country, some of them, I read, have perished; thousands of people in a marriage whose bonds have never been published; precipitated conjugality; bigamy triumphant; marriage a joke; society botched all over with a putrefaction on this subject, which no one but the almighty God can arrest.

We admit that clandestinity and escape

SOMETIMES AUTHORIZED

and made right by parental tyranny or domestic seridom. There have been exceptional cases where parents have had a monomania in regard to their sons and daughters, demanding their celibacy or forbidding relations every way right. Through absurd family ambition parents have sometimes demanded qualifications and equipment of fortune unreasonable to expect or simply impossible. Children are not expected to marry to please their parents, but to please themselves. Given good morals, means of a livelihood, appropriate age and equality of social position, and no parent has a right to prohibit a union that seems deliberate and a matter of the heart.

Rev. Philip Henry, eminent for piety and good sense, used to say to his children: "Please God and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me."

During our civil war a marriage was about to be celebrated at Charleston, S. C., between Louis De Roschelle and Miss Anna, the daughter of ex-Gov. Pickens. At the ceremony was about to be solemnized, a shell broke through the roof and wounded nine of the guests, and the bride fell dying, and, wrapped in her white wedding robe, her betrothed kneeling at her side, in two hours she expired. And there has been many as bright a union of hearts as that proposed, that the bomb-shell of outrageous parental indignation has wounded and scattered and slain.

If the hand offered in marriage be blighted of intemperance, if the life of the marital candidate has been debauched, if he has no visible means of support, and poverty and abandonment await only a little way ahead, if the twain seem entirely unmatched in disposition, protest and forbid and re-enforce your opinion by that of others and put all lawful obstacles in the way; but do not join that company of parents who have ruined their children by a plutocracy of domestic crankiness which has caused more than one elopement. I know of a few cases where marriage has been under the red-hot anathema of parents and all the neighbors, but God approved, and the homes established have been beautiful and positively Edenic.

But while we have admitted there are real cases of justifiable rebellion, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, yes, in 999 cases out of a thousand, these unlicensed departures and decampments by moonlight are ruin, temporal and eternal. It is safer for a woman to jump off the docks of the East river and depend on being able to swim to the other shore or get picked up by a ferryboat. The possibilities are that she may be rescued, but the possibility is that she will not. Read the story of the escapees in the newspapers for the last ten years, and find me a half dozen that do not mean poverty, disgrace, abandonment, Police Court, divorce, death and hell. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." Satan presides over the escapee. He introduces the two parties to each other. He gets them to pledge their troth. He appoints where they shall meet. He shows them where they can find officiating minister or Squire. He points out to them the ticket-office for the rail train. He puts them aboard, and when they are going at forty miles the hour he jumps off and leaves them in the lurch; for, while Satan has a genius in getting people into trouble, he has no genius for getting people out. He induced Jonah to take ship for Tarshish when God told him to go to Nineveh, but provided for the recalcitrant prophet no better landing place than the middle of the Mediterranean Sea.

THE MODERN NOVEL

is responsible for many of these abscondings.

Do you think that young women would sit up half a night reading novels in which the hero and heroine got acquainted in the usual way and carry on their increased friendship until the consent of parents to the day of marriage is appointed, and the vows are taken? Oh, no! There must be flight and pursuit and narrow escape and drawn dagger, all ending in sunshine and parental forgiveness and bliss unalloyed and gorgeous. In many of the cases of escapee, the idea was implanted in the hot brain of the woman by a cheap novel—ten cents' worth of unadulterated perdition.

These evasions of the ordinary modes of marriage are to be deplored for the reason that nearly all of them are proposed by bad men. If the man behave well he has a character to which he can refer, and he can say: "If you want to inquire about me, there is a list of names of people in the town or neighborhood where I live." No; the heroes of escapees are nearly all either bigamists, or libertines, or drunkards, or defrauders, or first-class scoundrels of some sort. They have no character to lose. They may be dressed in the height of fashion, may be cologne and pomatumed and padded and diamond-ringed and flamboyant-cravatd until they bewitch the eye and intoxicate the factories, but they are double-distilled extracts of villainy, moral dirt and blasphemy. Beware of them. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

Fugitive marriage is to be deplored because it almost always implies woman's descent from a higher social plane to a lower. If the man was of a higher plane, or the marriage on an equality, there would be no objections, and hence no inducement to clandestinity. In almost all cases it means

THE LOWERING OF WOMANHOOD.

Observe this law: A man marrying a woman beneath him in society may raise her to any eminence that he himself may reach, but if a woman marry a man beneath her in society she always goes down to his level. That is a law inexorable, and there are no exceptions. Is any woman so high up that she can afford to plot for her own debasement? There is not a State in the American Union that has not for the last twenty years furnished an instance of the sudden departure of some intelligent woman from an affluent home to spend her life with some one who can make \$3 a day provided he keeps very busy. Well, many a man has lived on \$3 a day and been happy, but he undertakes a big contract when with \$3 a day he attempts to support some one who has lived in a house that cost \$20,000 per annum. This has been about the history of most of such conjunctions of simplicity and extravagance, the marriage of ox and eagle. The first year they get on tolerably well, for it is odd and romantic and assisted by cupids and people who admire outlawry. The second year the couple settle down into complete dislike of each other. The third year they separate and seek for divorce, or, as is more probable, the man becomes a drunkard and the woman a blackened wail of the street. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

These transient marriages are also to be deplored because in most instances they are executed in

DEVIANCE OF PARENTAL WISDOM AND KINDNESS.

Most parents are anxious for the best welfare of a child. If they make vehement and determined opposition it is largely because it is a match unit to be made, and they can see for their daughter nothing but wretchedness in that direction. They have keener and wiser appreciation, for instance, of the certain domestic demolition that comes from alcoholism in a young man. They realize what an idiot a woman is who marries a man who has no brains or industry enough to earn a livelihood for a family. No bureau of statistics can tell us the number of women who, after marriage, have to support themselves and their husbands. If the husband becomes invalid, it is a beautiful thing to see a wife uncomplainingly, by needle or pen or yard stick or washing machine, support the home. But these great, lazy masculine louts that stand around with hands in their pockets, allowing the wife with her weak arm to fight the battle for bread, need to be reeducated from society. There are innumerable instances in these cities where the wife pays the rent and meets all the family expenses and furnishes the tobacco and the beer for the lord of the household. No wonder parents put on all the brakes to avoid such a train of disaster. They have too often seen the gold ring put on the finger at the altar turning out to be the iron link of a chain of domestic servitude. What a farce it is for a man who can not support himself, and not worth a cent in the world, to take a ring which he purchased by money stolen from his grandmother's cupboard and put it on the finger of the bride, saying: "With this ring I thee wed and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

It is amazing to see how some women will marry men, knowing nothing about them. No merchant or mercantile would sell a hundred dollars' worth of goods on credit without knowing whether the customer was worthy of being trusted. No man or woman would buy a house with incumbrances of mortgages and liens and judgments against it uncautioned; and yet there is not an hour of the day or night for the last ten years there have not been women, by hasty marriage, intrusting their earthly happiness to men about whose honesty they know nothing, or who are encumbered with liens and judgments and first mortgages and second mortgages and third mortgages of evil habits. No wonder that in such circumstances parents, in conjugating the verb in question, pass from the subjunctive mood to the indicative, and from the indicative to the imperative. In nearly all the cases of escapee that you will hear of the rest of your lives, there will be a headlong leap over the barriers of parental common-sense and forethought. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

We also deplore these fraudulent espousals and this

SNEAKING EXCHANGE

of single life for married life, because it is deception, and that is a corroding and damning vice. You must deceive your kindred, you must deceive society, you must deceive all but God, and Him you can not deceive. Deception does not injure others so much as it injures ourselves. Marriage is too important a crisis in one's life to be decided by sleight of hand or a sort of jugglery which says: "Fresto change! Now

you see her and now you don't." Better wait for years for circumstances to improve. Time may remove all obstacles. The candidate for marital preferences may change his habits, or get into some trade or business that will support a home, or the inexcusable father and mother may be promoted to celestial citizenship. But at the right time have the day appointed. Stand at the end of the best room in the house with joined hands and minister of religion before you to challenge the world that "if they know of any reason why these two persons shall not be united, they state it now or forever hold their peace," and then start out with the good wishes of all the neighbors and the blessing of the Divine sanction. When you can get out of harbor at noon with all flags flying, do not try to run a blockade at midnight.

In view of all this, I charge you to break up clandestine correspondence if you are engaged in it, and have no more clandestine meetings either at the ferry, or on the street, or at the house of mutual friends, or at the corner of the woods. Do not have letters come for you to the post-office under assumed address. Have no correspondence that makes you uneasy lest some one by mistake open your letters. Do not employ terms of endearment at the beginning and close of letters, unless you have a right to use them. That young lady is on the edge of danger who dares not allow her mother to see her letters.

If you have sensible parents take them into your confidence in all the affairs of the heart. They will give you more good advice in one hour than you can get from all the world beside in five years. They have toiled for you so long and prayed for you so much, they have your best interests at heart. At the same time let parents review their opposition to a proposed marital alliance, and see if their opposition is founded on a genuine wish for the child's welfare or on some whim or notion or prejudice or selfishness, fighting a natural law and trying to make Niagara run up stream. Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, was always saying wise things. One day Sir Walter Farquhar called on him in great perturbation. Mr. Pitt inquired what was the matter, and Sir Walter told him that his daughter was about to be married to one not worthy of her rank. Mr. Pitt said: "Is the young man of respectable family?" "Yes." "Is he respectable in himself?" "Yes." "Has he an estimable character?" "Yes." "Why then, my dear Sir Walter, make no opposition." The advice was taken and a happy married life ensued. Let ministers and officers of the law

DECLINE OFFICIATING

at clandestine marriages. When they are asked to date a marriage certificate back, as we all are asked, let them peremptorily decline to say the ceremony was in November instead of January, or decline to leave the date blank lest others fill out the record erroneously. Let a law be passed in all our States, as it has already been in some of the States, making a license from officers of the law necessary before we can make couples, and then make it necessary to publish before-hand in the newspapers, as it used to be published in the New England churches, so that if there be lawful objection it may be presented, not swinging the buoy on the rocks after the ship has struck and gone to pieces. And here it might be well for me to take all the romance out of an escapee

by quoting a dozen lines of Robert Pollock, the great Scotch poet, where he describes the crazed victim of one of these escapades:

*** Yet had she many days
Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
She lived on alms, and carried in her hand
Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring.
When any asked the cause, she smiled and said
They were her sisters, and would come and watch
Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
Of her deliverer, father, mother, home,
Of child, or heaven, or hell, or God, but still
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks and talked to them;
Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With woe too wide to see beyond, she died.

But now I turn on this subject an intenser light. We have fifteen hundred lights in this church, and when by electric touch they are kindled in the evening service, it is almost startling. But this whole subject of "Clandestine Marriages and Escapades" I put under a more intense light than that. The headlight of a locomotive is terrible if you stand near enough to catch the full glare of it. As it sweeps around the Horse-shoe Curve of the Alleghenies, or along the edges of the Sierra Nevadas, how far ahead, and how deep down, and how high up, it flashes, and there is instantaneous revelation of mountain peak and wild beasts fleeing themselves to their caverns, and cascades a thousand feet tall, clinging in white terror to the precipices! But more intense, more far-reaching, more sudden, swifter and more tremendous, is the headlight of an advancing judgment day, under which all the most hidden affairs of life shall come to discovery and arraignment. I quote an overwhelming passage of Scripture in which I put the whole emphasis on the word "secret": "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil."

THE DAY OF REVELATION.

What a time that will be in which the cover shall be lifted from every home and from every heart. The iniquity may have been so sly that it escaped all human detection, but it will be as well known on that day as the crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah, unless for Christ's sake it has been forgiven. All the fingers of universal condemnation will be pointed at it. The archangel of wrath will stand there with uplifted thunder-bolt ready to strike it. The squeamishness and prudery of earthly society, which hardly allowed some sins to be mentioned on earth, are past, and the man who was unclean, and the woman who was impure, will under a light brighter than a thousand noon-day suns, stand with the whole story written on scalp, and forehead, and cheek, and hands, and feet; the whole resurrection body aflame and dripping with fiery disclosures, ten thousand sepulchral, and celestial, and infernal voices crying: "Unclean! unclean! unclean!"

All marital intrigues and all secret iniquities will be published, as though all the trumpets spoke them and all the lightnings capitalized them, and all the earthquakes rumbled them. O man recreant to thy marriage vow! O woman in sinful collusion! What then will become of thy poor soul? The tumbling Alps, and Pyrenees, and Mount Washingtons, cannot hide thee from the consequences of thy secret sins. Better repent of them now, so that they can not be brought against thee. For the chief of sinners there is pardon. If you ask it in time. But I leave you to guess what chance there will be for those who on earth lived in clandestine relations, when on that day the very Christ who had such high appreciation of the marriage relation that He compared it to His own relation with the Church, shall appear at the door of the great hall of the Last Assize, and all the multitudes of earth and hell and heaven, shall rise up and cry out from the three galleries: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!"

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 31.—This morning fully six thousand persons were present inside the Tabernacle and as many vainly attempted to enter the building, representing the usual attendance, when the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., is at home. The musical exercises were exceedingly interesting, and included a performance on the organ of Thiele's Concert-Satz No. 1, in C. Minor, by Prof. Henry Eyre Brown. The congregation sang the hymn beginning: "Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King."

Dr. Talmage founded his remarks on the subject: "Husband and Wife in Harmony or Out of Tune," on Amos ch. 3, v. 3: "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" He said:

No, Amos, they can not. They will be tripping each other up, or pushing each other down. Married life under such circumstances will be the sounding of perpetual warwhoop. In this course of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I will to day speak of the mutual duties of husband and wife,

preparatory to discourses on their individual duties.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world is spelled by four letters—none! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The door-sill of the dwelling-house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret, or lower than his own cellar. In other words, domestic life overreaches and undergirds all other life. The highest house of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking-chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantel-piece. I therefore talk to you this morning about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

AS INDIVIDUALS WE ARE FRAGMENTS.

God makes the race in part, and then He gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog-wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most bountifully arranged this. It is in this way that He balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cutwater, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving-wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it in the center. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same varieties again, brothers, sisters, husband and wife, all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther, and mid-air, iron beaks plunge till white clotted wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden is gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the river Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

THIS INSTITUTION

MARRIAGE HAS BEEN DEFILED

In our day, and influences are abroad trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem or a great Salt Lake City. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novelists—their cheapness only equalled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time or eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sand! Alas for the mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right

and to assert what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelbood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wildcats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. It was only the first course in that banquet of hell; and I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who have just established their

homes. They have only been in it a few months or a few years. Then there are those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is,

HAVE JESUS IN YOUR NEW HOME. If it be a new home, and let Him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of the Divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take a Bible and read a few verses in the evening time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after a while came devastation, domestic disaster or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials, and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

My advice to you in your home is to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer-meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on their rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no luncheon coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out that he had mistaken, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said: "Now I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the warwhoop! Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forgive;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

MAKE HOME THE PLEASURE CIRCLE.

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice, and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throws the

and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satins, and laces, and ribbons, that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. On, it is said when a child has no one to say its prayers to because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel; but the jaws of New York and Brooklyn dissipation are swallowing down more little children to-day than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges! I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said: "If I had only watched over and cared for the child I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not; it was a dry, bitter, bitter tempest—a scorching sinner of the desert. When she wrung her hands it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tear! Courader of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in and wept over the coffin; they saw the still face of the child; the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soil; but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with rueful tears that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

I advise you also to

CULTIVATE SYMPATHY OF OCCUPATION.

Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me." The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with, but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vacations of the day around the stove or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have your husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, let the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at 10 o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing "teel business." And then there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the mansestrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trials running from earth to destruction. They start at the hours of the day, and all the hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often, and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and Death is an engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and

lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wall and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction: First, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do but are too lazy or too proud to do it.

LET LOVE PRESIDE IN IT.

When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when theerness you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearth-stone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the reputation of domestic bliss has become a desperate thing; neither God nor man will abide it. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house; and they think that if they have a house, they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done; the carpets are spread; lights are hoisted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls. Hal this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it on the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the center of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne; and then let Happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and all chaises lifted, we will say, "Drink, O Queen! live forever!" But the guests depart; the flutes are breathless, the last clank of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amidst the parlor floor. But, alas! as they come back, the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits there the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair. The romp of the dancers who have left seems like a dream; the live jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast, rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-benders come the words, "Happiness is not in us!" And the arches respond, "It is not in us!" And the silenced instruments of music, thrummed on by invisible fingers, answer, "Happiness is not in us!" And the frozen lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wiled flowers, she strikes her bony hands together, and groans, "It is not in me!"

That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the bible, and reads of him, who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on that plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on top of amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harp of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne, with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christian Love. And they knelt at his throne, and putting one hand on each head, she blessed them, and said, "Happiness is with me!" And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne and said, "Follow me and rooms is the arm-chair in which you rocked. I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up the vine-scented love, and walk on pavements of sleep, and in the sitting-room are the

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 7.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the fifth of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," the subject being "Duties of Husbands to Wives." Before the sermon he explained the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, concerning Abraham's admiration for Sarah, her age, the only woman's age mentioned in the Bible, implying that inquisitiveness on that subject is an impertinence. The hymn sung was:

"Ere'st be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

To-day was moving day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Once a year the pews are rented, and while many retain their old seats there are many changes seen to-day. At the annual rental Dr. Tucker paid \$760 for first choice of a pew, making his rent come to about \$900; Mr. Everett paid \$525 for the second choice of a pew, making his rent about \$700. The premiums and rentals were larger this year than ever before, and the income will be about \$31,000. All the pews in the galleries except the four front rows, are free, so that the church is conducted on the two plans, the free and the rented, and no man can say he may not attend because he has not the means.

The text of the sermon was from Genesis xxiv., 63; "And Jacob went out to meditate in the field at the eventide; and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming." Following is

THE SERMON IN FULL:

A bridal pageant on the back of dromedaries! The camel is called the ship of the desert. Its swinging motion in the distance is suggestive of a vessel rising and falling with the billows. Though awkward, how imposing these creatures as they move along, whether in ancient or modern times, sometimes carrying four hundred or four thousand travelers from Bagdad to Aleppo, or from Bassora to Damascus. In my text comes a caravan. We notice the noiseless step of the broad foot, the velocity of motion, the gay comparison of saddle and girthing and awning, sheltering the riders from the sun; and the hilarity of the mounted passengers; and we cry out, "Who are they?" Well, Isaac has been praying for a wife, and it is time he had one, for he is forty years of age; and his servant, directed by the Lord, has made a selection of Rebekah, and with her companions and maidens she is on her way to her own home, carrying with her the blessing of all her friends. Isaac is in the fields meditating upon his proposed passage from celibacy to monogamy. And he sees a speck against the sky, then groups of people, and after a while he finds that the grandest earthly blessing that ever comes to a man is approaching with this gay caravan. The drivers cry "Kneel!" to the camels, and they kneel, and putting foot on the neck of the stooping beast the bride dismounts and greets the man who was as worthy of her as she was worthy of him. "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide; and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and behold, the camels were coming."

In this fifth discourse on "The Marriage Ring," having spoken of a lifetime companion, I take it for granted, O man, that your marriage was divinely arranged, and that the camels have arrived from the right direction and at the right time, bringing the one that was intended for your consort, a Rebekah and not a Jezebel. I proceed to discourse as to how you ought to treat your wife, and my ambition is to tell you more plain truth than you ever heard in any three-quarters of an hour in all your life.

FIRST OF ALL, I CHARGE YOU,

REALIZE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

In having taken her from the custody and care and home-land in which she was once sheltered. What courage you must have had, and what confidence in yourself to say to her practically: "I will be to you more than your father and mother, more than all the friends you ever had or ever can have. Give up everything and take me. I feel competent to see you through life in safety. You are an immortal being, but I am content to defend you and make you happy. However bright and comfortable a home you have now, and though in one of the rooms is the arm-chair in which you rocked, and in the garret is the cradle in which you were hushed and the trundle-bed in which you

do better to come with me." I am amazed that any of us ever had the sublimity of impudence to ask such a transfer from a home assured to a home conjectured and unbuild.

You would think me a very daring and hazardous adventurer if I should go down to one of the piers on the North river, and at a time when there was a great lack of ship captains, and I should, with no knowledge of navigation, propose to take a steamer across to Glasgow or Havre, and say, "All aboard! Haul in the planks and swing out," and passing out into the sea plunge through darkness and storm. If I succeeded in getting charge of one that would be the ship that would never be heard of. But that is the boldness of every man that professes marriage. He says: "I will navigate you through the storms, the cyclones, the fogs of a lifetime. I will run clear of rocks and icebergs. I have no experience and I have no seaport, but all aboard for the voyage of a lifetime. I admit that there have been 10,000 shipwrecks on this very route, but don't hesitate! Taut! Taut! There, now! Don't cry! Brides must not cry at the wedding."

In response to this the woman, by her action, practically says: "I have but one life to live, and I intrust it all to you. My arm is weak, but I will depend on the strength of yours. I don't know much of the world, but I rely on your wisdom. I put my body, my mind, my soul, my time, my eternity in your keeping. I make no reserve. Even my name I resign and take yours, though mine is a name that suggests all that was honorable in my father, and all that was good in my mother, and all that was pleasant in my brothers and sisters. I start with you on a journey which shall not part except at the edge of your grave or mine. Ruth, the Moabitess, made no more thorough self-abnegation than I make when I take her tremendous words, the pathos of which many centuries have not cooled: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou dwellest, I will dwell, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if I should but death part thee and me. Side by side in life. Side by side in the burying ground. Side by side in heaven. Before God and man, and with my immortal soul in the oath, I swear eternal fidelity."

Now, my brother, how ought you to treat her? Unless you are an ingrate infinite you will treat her well. You will

TREAT HER BETTER THAN ANY ONE IN THE UNIVERSE

except your God. Her name will have in it more music than in all that Chopin or Bach or Beethoven composed. Her eyes, swollen with three weeks of night watching over a child with scarlet fever, will be to you beautiful as a May morning. After the last rose petal has dropped out of her cheek; after the last feather of the raven's wing has fallen from her hair, after across her forehead and under her eyes and across her face there are as many wrinkles as there are graves over which she has wept, you will be able truthfully to say, in the words of Solomon's song, "Behold, thou art fair, my level. Behold thou art fair!" And perhaps she may respond appropriately in the words that no one but the matchless Robert Burns could ever have found, pen or ink or heart or brain to write:

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,

We clamb the hill together;

And now I am auld and blind,

We've daft wi' ane another.

Now we maun totter down, John,

But hae'd in hand we'll go;

And sleep together at the foot

John Anderson, my Jo."

If any one tell her good name you will have hard work to control your temper, and if you should strike him down the sin will not be unpardonable. By as complete a surrender as the universe ever saw, except that of the Son of God for your salvation and mine, she has a first mortgage on your body, mind and soul, and the mortgage is foreclosed, and you do not more thoroughly own your two eyes or your two hands than she owns you. The longer the journey Rebekah makes and the greater the risks of her expedition on the back of the camels, the more thoroughly is Isaac bound to be kind and indulgent and worthy.

NOW, BE HONEST AND PAY YOUR DEBTS.

YOU PROMISED TO MAKE HER HAPPY.

Are you making her happy? You are an honest man in other things, and feel the importance of keeping a contract. If you have induced her into a conjugal partnership under certain pledges of kindness and valuable attention, and then have failed to fulfill your word, you deserve to have a suit brought against you for getting goods under false pretenses, and then you ought to be mulcted in a large amount of damages. Review now all the fine, beautiful, complimentary, gracious and glorious things you promised her before marriage, and reflect whether you have kept your faith. Do you say, "Oh, that was all sentimentalism and

Suppose I am interested in Western lands, and I fill your mind with rosy speculation, and I tell you that a city is already laid out on the farm that I propose to sell you, and that a new railroad will run close by and have a depot for easy transportation of the crops, and that eight or ten capitalists are going to put up fine residences close by, and that the climate is delicious, and that the ground, high up, gives no room for malaria, and that every dollar planted will grow up into a bush bearing ten or twenty dollars, and my speech glows with enthusiasm until you rush off with me to an attorney and have the deed drawn up and the money paid down and the bargain completed. You can hardly sleep nights because of the El Dorado, the Elysium, upon which you are soon to enter. You give up your home at the East, you bid good-by to your old neighbors and take the train, and after many days' journey you arrive at a quiet depot, from which you take a wagon thirty miles through the wilderness, and reach your new place. You see a man seated on a wet log in a swamp and shaking with the fiftieth attack of chills and fever, and ask him who he is. He says, "I am a real estate agent, having in charge the property around here." You ask him where the new depot is. He tells you that it has not yet been built, but no doubt will be if the company get their bill for the track through the next Legislature. You ask him where the new city is laid out. He says, with chattering teeth, "If you will wait till this child is off I will show it to you on the map I have in my pocket." You ask him where the capitalists are going to build their fine houses, and he says, "Somewhere among those lowlands out there by those woods, when the water has been drained off." The night you sleep in the hut of the real estate agent, and, though you pray for every body else you do not pray for me. Being more fortunate than many men who go out in such circumstances, you have money enough to get back, and you come to me, and, out of breath in your indignation, you say: "You have swindled me out of everything. What do you mean in deceiving me about that Western property?" "Oh," I reply, "that was all right; I was sentimentalism and romance and a joke. That's the way they all talk."

But more excusable would I be in such deception than you, O man, who, by glow of words and personal magnetism, induced a woman's soul into surroundings which you have taken no care to make attractive, so that she exchanged her father's house for the dismal swamp of married experience—treeless, flowerless, shelterless, comfortless and godless. I would not be half so much to blame in cheating you out of a farm as you in cheating a woman out of the happiness of a life-time.

My brother, do not get mad at what I say, but honestly:

COMPARE THE PROMISES YOU MADE

and see whether you have kept them. Some of you spent every evening of the week with your betrothed before marriage, and since then you spend every evening away, except you have influenza or some sickness, on account of which the doctor says you must not go out. You used to fill your conversation with interjections of adulation, and now you think it sounds silly to praise the one who ought to be more attractive to you as the years go by, and life grows in severity of struggle and becomes more sacred by the baptism of tears—tears over losses, tears over graves. Compare the way some of you used to come in the house in the evening when you were attempting the capture of her affections, and the way some of you come into the house in the evening now. Then what politeness, what distillation of smiles, what graciousness, sweet as the peach orchard in blossom week!

Now some of you come in and put your hat on the rack and scowl, and say: "Lost money to-day!" and you sit down at the table and criticize the way the food is cooked. You shove back before the others are done eating, and snatch up the evening paper and read, oblivious of what has been going on in that home all day. The children are in awe before the domestic autocrat. Bubbling over with fun, yet they must be quiet, and with beautiful politeness, yet they must ask no questions. The wife has had enough annoyances in the nursery and parlor and kitchen to fill her nerves with nettles and spikes. As you have provided the money for food and wardrobe, you feel you have done all required of you. Toward the good cheer and the intelligent improvement and the moral entertainment of that home, which at the longest can last but a few years, you are doing nothing. You seem to have no realization of the fact that, soon these children will be grown up, or in their requivers, and will be far removed from your influence, and that the wife will soon end her earthly mission, and that the house will be occupied by others, and you yourself will be gone.

Gentlemen, fulfill your contracts. Christian marriage is an affectional bargain. In heaven lands a man wins his wife by achievements. In some countries wives are bought by the payment of so many dollars, as many cattle or sheep. In one country

seizes one of them by the hair, and lifts her struggling and resisting on his horse, and if her brothers and friends do not overtake her before she gets to the jungle, she is his lawful wife. In another land the masculine candidate for marriage is beaten by the club of the one he would make his bride. If he cries out under the pounding, he is rejected. If he receives the blows uncomplainingly, she is his by right. Endurance and bravery and skill decide the marriage in barbarous lands, but Christian marriage is a voluntary bargain in which you promise protection, support, companionship and love.

Business men have in their fire-proof safes a file of papers containing their contracts, and sometimes they take them out and read them over to see what the party of the first part and the party of the second part really bound themselves to do. Different ministers of religion have their own peculiar forms of marriage ceremony, but, say, you forget what you promised at the altar of wedlock, you had better buy or borrow an Episcopal prayer book, which contains the substance of all intelligent marriage ceremonies, when it says: "I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I pledge thee my troth." Would it not be a good idea to have that printed in tract form and widely distributed?

The fact is that many men are more kind to everybody else's wives than to their own wives. They will let the wife carry a heavy coal scuttle upstairs, and will at one bound clear the width of a parlor to pick up some other lady's pocket-handkerchief. There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men, namely,

HUSBANDS IN FLIRTATION.

The attention they ought to put upon their own wives they bestow upon others. They smile on them coyly and askance, and with a manner that seems to say, "I wish I was free from that old drudge at home. What an improvement you would be on my present surroundings." And bouquets are sent, and accidental meetings take place, and late at night the man comes to his prosaic home whistling and hithering, and wonders that the wife is jealous. There are thousands of men who, while not positively immoral, need radical correction of their habits in this direction. It is measurably immeasurable for a man by his behavior to seem to say to his wife, "You can't help yourself, and I will go where I please, and admire whom I please, and I defy your criticism."

Why did you not have tact put in the bond, O domestic Shylock? Why did you not have understood before you were pronounced husband and wife that she should have only a part of the dividend of your affections, that when, as time rolled on and the cares of life had erased some of the bright lines from her face, and given unwieldiness to her form, you would have the reserved right to pay obedience to cheeks more rubicund and figure lithier and more agile, and as you demanded the last pound of patience and endurance on her part, you could, with the emphasis of an Edwin Forrest or a Macready, have tapped the eccentric marriage document and have said: "It's in the bond!" If this modern Reber understood before his hand where she was alighting, she would have ordered the camel drivers to turn the caravan backward toward Padan-aram. Flirtation has its origin either in dishonesty or licentiousness. The married man who indulges in it is either a fraud or a rascal. However high up in society such a one may be, and however sought after, I would not give a three-cent piece, though it had been three times clipped, for the virtue of either the masculine or feminine flirt.

The most worthy thing for the thousands of married men to do is to go home and apologize for past neglects, and brighten up their old love. Take up the family Bible and read the record of the marriage day. Open the drawer of relics in the box inside the drawer, containing the trinkets of your dead child. Take up the pack of yellow-covered letters that were written before you became one. Rehearse the scenes of joy and sorrow in which you have mingled. Put all these things as fuel on the altar, and by a coal of sacred fire rekindle the extinguished light. It was a blast from hell that blew it out, and a gale from heaven will fan it into a blaze.

Ye who have broken marriage vows, speak out! take your wife into all your plans, your successes, your defeats, your ambitions. Tell her everything.

WALK ARM IN ARM WITH HER

into places of amusement, and on the piazza of summer watering-places, and up the rugged way of life, and down through dark ravine, and when one trembles on the way, let the other be re-enforcement. In no case pass yourself off as a single man practicing gallantries. Do not, after you are fifty years of age, in ladies' society, try to look young-mannish. Interfere not with your wife's religious nature. Put her not in that awful dilemma in which so many Christian

men go to places or do things which compel them to decide between loyalty to God and loyalty to the husband. Rather than ask her to compromise her Christian character, encourage her to be more and more Christian, for there will be times in your life when you will want the help of all her Christian resources; and certainly when you remember how much influence your mother had over you, you do not want the mother of your children to set a less gracious example. It pleases me greatly to hear the unconverted and worldly husband say about his wife, with no idea that it will get to her ears: "There is the most godly woman alive. Her goodness is a perpetual rebuke to my waywardness. Nothing on earth could ever induce her to do a wrong thing. I hope the children will take after her instead of after me. If there is any heaven at all, I am sure she will go there."

Aye, my brother, do you not think it would be a wise and a safe thing for you to join her on the road to heaven? You think you have a happy home now, but what a home you would have if you both were religious! What a new sacredness it would give to your marital relation, and what a new light it would throw on the forehead of your children. In sickness, what a comfort in reverses of fortune, what a wealth! In death, what a triumph! God meant you to be the high priest of your household. Go home to day and take the Bible on your lap, and gather all your family yet living around you, and those not living will hear of it in a flash, and as ministering spirits will hover—father and mother and children, gone, and all your celestial kindred. Then kneel down, and if you can't think of a prayer to offer, I will give you a prayer, namely: "Lord God, I surrender to thee myself and my beloved wife, and these dear children. For Christ's sake forgive all the past and help us for all the future. We have lived together here, may we live together forever. Amen and amen." Dear me! what a stir it would make among your best friends on earth and in heaven.

JOSEPH THE SECOND.

The Emperor, was so kind and so philanthropic that he excused the unbought love of most of his subjects. He abolished serfdom, established toleration, and lived in the happiness of his people. One day while on his way to Ostend to declare it a free port, and while at the head of a great procession, he saw a woman at the door of her cottage in dejection. The Emperor dismounted and asked the cause of her grief. She said that her husband had gone to Ostend to see the Emperor, and had declined to take her with him, for, as he was an alien, he could not understand her loyal enthusiasm, and that it was the one great desire of her life to see the ruler for whose kindness and goodness and greatness she had an unquenchable admiration; and her disappointment in not being able to go and see him was simply unbearable. The Emperor Joseph took from his pocket a box decorated with diamonds surrounding a picture of himself, and presented it to her, and when the picture revealed to whom she was talking, she knelt in reverence and clapped her hands in gladness before him. The Emperor took the name of her husband and the probable place where he might be found at Ostend, and had him imprisoned for the three days of the Emperor's visit, so that the husband returning home found that the wife had seen the Emperor while he had not seen him.

In many families of this earth the wife, through the converting grace of God, has seen the "King in His beauty," and He has conferred upon her the pearl of great price, while the husband is an "alien from the covenant of promise, without God and without hope in the world." On that they might arm in arm go this day, and see Him who is not only greater and lovelier than any Joseph of earthly dominion, but "high over all, in earth and air and sky." His touch is life. His voice is music. His smile is heaven.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 14.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the sixth of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," the subject being "Costume and Morals." The opening doxology was sung with an effect that cannot be imagined except by those who have heard it in this church, led on by organ and cornet precentor. Dr. Talmage expounded a chapter in Isaiah, descriptive of the social and commercial splendor of the city of Tyre. The hymn sung was:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,

Ye nations bow with lowly joy."

The text was from Isaiah lii, 16-18-22: "Moreover the Lord said: Because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their caps, and their round tires like the

mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." Following is

THE SKETCH IN FULL:

This is a Jerusalem fashion plate. It puts us 2,500 years back, and sets us down in an ancient city. The procession of men and women is moving up and down the gay streets. It is the height of the fashionable season. The sensible men and women move with so much modesty that they do not attract our attention. But here come the haughty daughters of Jerusalem. They lean forward; they lean very much forward; so far forward as to be unnatural—teetering, wobbling, wriggling, flitting, or, as my text describes it, they "walk with stretched-forth necks, walking and mincing as they go."

They have in most astounding style arranged their bonnets and their veils and their entire apparel, and now go through the streets taking more of the pavement than they are entitled to, sweeping along with skirts that the text describes as "round tires like the moon." See! That is a princess! Look! That is a Damascus sword-maker! That is a Syrian merchant! The jangling of the chains, and the jangling of the headbands, and the exhibitions of universal swagger, attract the attention of the prophet Isaiah, and he brings his camera to bear upon the scene and takes a picture for all the ages. But where is that scene? Caricature. Where are those gay streets? Vermilion-covered population pass through them. Where are the hands and the necks and the foreheads and the shoulders and the feet that sported all that magnificent apparel?

That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of the first wardrobe in Paradise with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be beautifully and gracefully appareled is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it with golden sunbeams; or a tree, but He garlanded it with blossoms; or a sky, but He studded it with stars; or allowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend but He columned and turreted and doled it into columns of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple orchards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests, I come to the conclusion that if nature ever does join the church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notes of a tern let or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of heaven stay open so long, when it might go in so quickly? One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the grass with the dew on it. When the prodigal came home his father not only put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard. Paul, the bachelor Apostle, not afflicted with any sentimentality, admired the arrangement of a woman's hair when he said in his epistle, "If a woman have long hair it is a glory unto her." There will be fashion in heaven as on earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress, and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white.

I say these things as a background to my sermon to show you that I have

NO PHIM, PRECISE, FURDISH OR CAST-IRON TROCHES

on the subject of human apparel, but the Goddess of Fashion has set up her throne in this country, and at the sound of the timbrel we are all expected to fall down and worship. Her altars smoke with the sacrifice of the bodies and souls of ten thousand victims. In her temple four people stand in the organ loft, and from them there comes down a cold drizzle of music, freezing on the ears of her worshippers. This goddess of fashion has become a rival of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is high time we annihilated our batteries against this idolatry. When I come to count the victims of fashion I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy trade against woman as though she were the cheap worshipper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt some men in the more conspicuous part of the pew have already cast glances at the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of a generous distribution. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other.

Men are as much the idolaters of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars and club-rooms and yachting parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew

That is their fashion. In London not long ago a man died who started in life with \$500,000. But he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy of the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him three or four hundred dollars. He ate up his whole fortune and had only one guinea left. With that he bought a woodcock and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster Bridge and threw himself into the Thames and at 4, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale.

But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of simplicity. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would snakes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market! and yet men are the disciples of custom just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight that they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness, and there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checkerboards. I say these things because I want to show you that I am impartial in my discourse, that both sexes, in the language of the Surrogate's office, "share and share alike."

As God may help me, I am going to set forth the

EVIL EFFECTS OF IMPROPER DRESS,

or an excessive discipleship of costume. It is a simple truth that you all know, although the pulpit has not yet uttered it, that much of the womanly costume of our time is the cause of the temporal and eternal damnation of a multitude of men. There is a shamelessness among many in what is called high life that calls for a vehement protest. The stiff with many seems to be how near they can come to the verge of indecency without falling over. The tide of masculine profligacy will never turn back until there is a decided reformation in womanly costume. I am in full sympathy with the officer of the law who at a levee in Philadelphia last winter, went up to a so-called lady and because of her sparse and incompetent apparel ordered her either to leave the house or to habilitate herself immediately. It is high time that our good and sensible women make vehement protest against fashionable indecency, and, if the women of the household do not realize the deplorable extremes of much of the female costume, that husbands impel their wives on this subject, and that fathers prohibit their daughters. The evil is terrific and overshadowing.

I suppose that the American stage is responsible for much of this. I do not go to theaters, so I must take the evidence of the actors and managers of theaters, such as Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann. They have recently told us that the crime of undress is blasting the theater, which by many is considered a school of morals, and, indeed, superior to the church and a forerunner of the millennium. Mr. Palmer says: "The bulk of the performances on the stage is degrading and pernicious. The managers strive to come just as near the line as possible without flagrantly breaking the law. There never have been costumes worn on a stage of this city, either in a theater, hall or 'dive,' so improper as those that clothe some of the encores in recent comic opera productions." He says in regard to the female performers: "It is not a question whether they can sing, but just how little they will consent to wear." Mr. Bandmann, who has been twenty-nine years on the stage and before almost all nationalities, says: "Unquestionably state that the taste of the present theater-going people of America as a body is of a coarse and vulgar nature. The Hindoo would turn in disgust at such exhibitions, which are sought after and applauded on the stage of this country. Our shop windows are full of, and the walls covered with, snow cards and posters which should be a disgrace to an enlightened country and an insult to the eye of a cultured community." Mr. Gilbert says: "Such exhibition is a disastrous one to the morals of the community. Are these proper pictures to put out for the public to look at, to say nothing of the propriety of females appearing in public dressed like that? It is baneful!"

I must take the

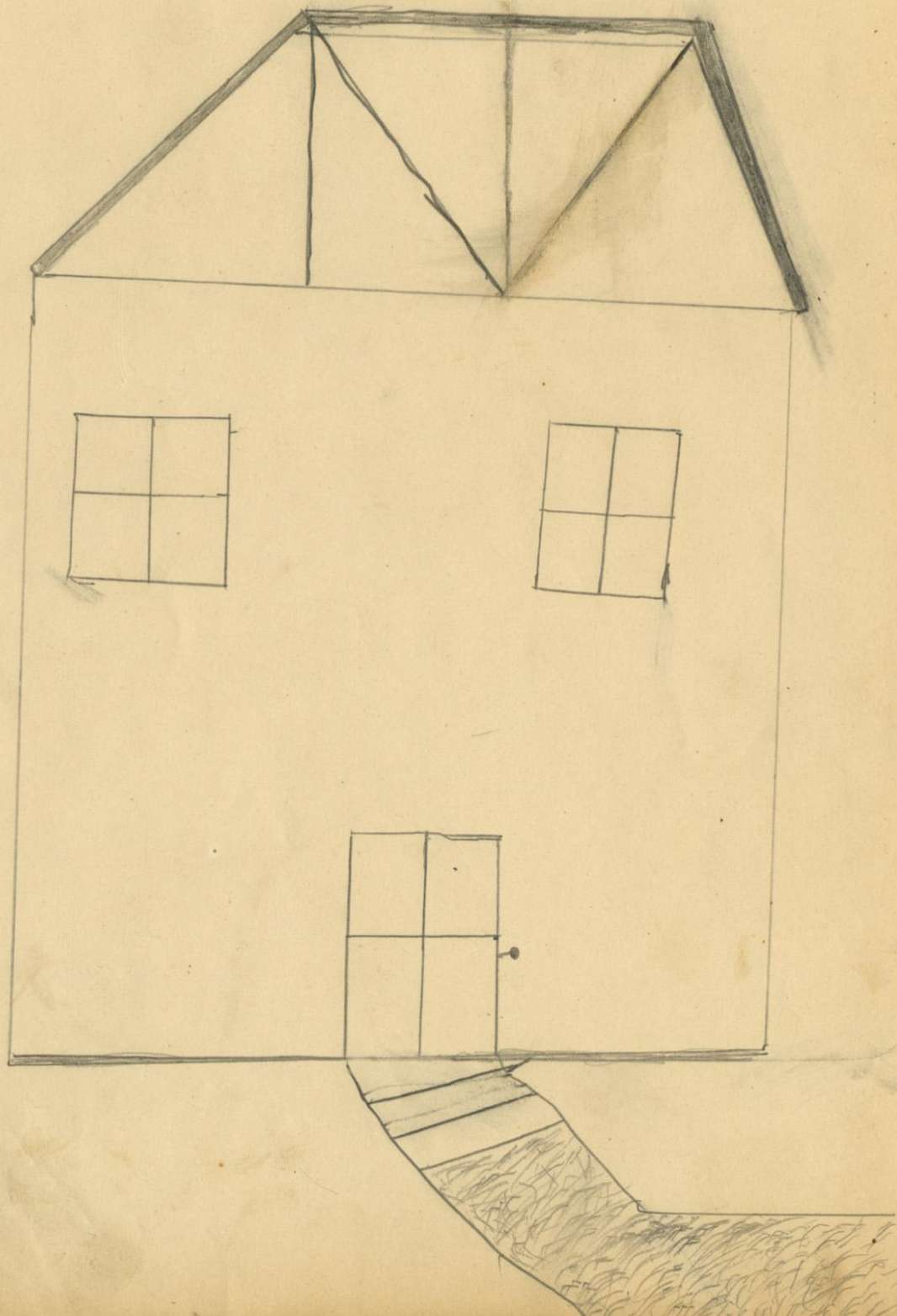
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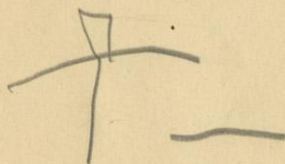
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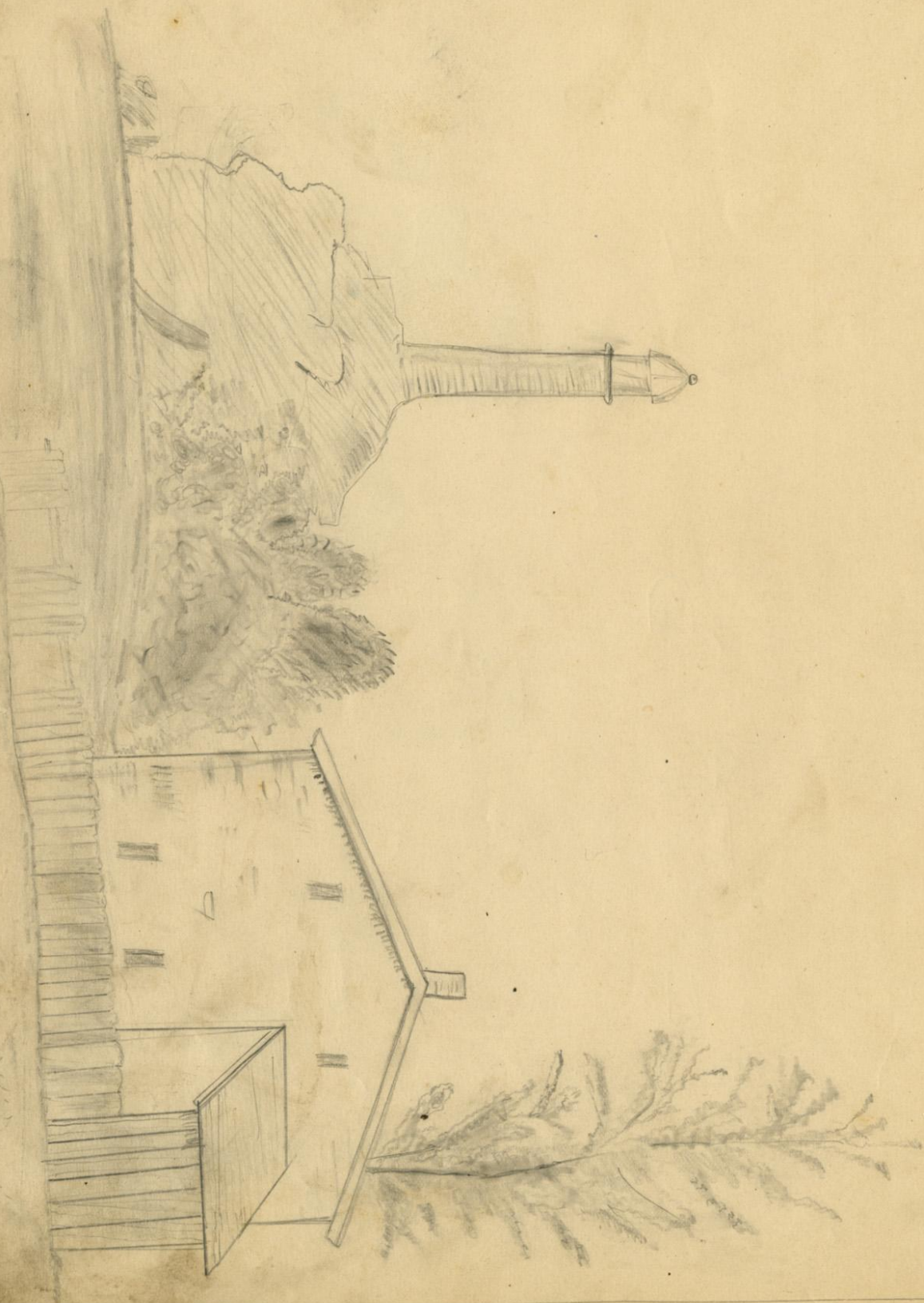
and the confirmation which I see on the board fences and in the show windows containing the pictures of the way actresses dress. I suppose that those representations of play house costumes are true, for if they are not true then those highly moral and religious theaters are swindling the public by inducing the people to the theater by promises of spectacular nudity which they do not fulfill. Now all this familiarizes the public with such improprieties of costume, and depresses the public conscience as to what is allowable and right.

The parlor and drawing-room are now running a race with the theater and opera bouffe. They are now nearly neck and neck

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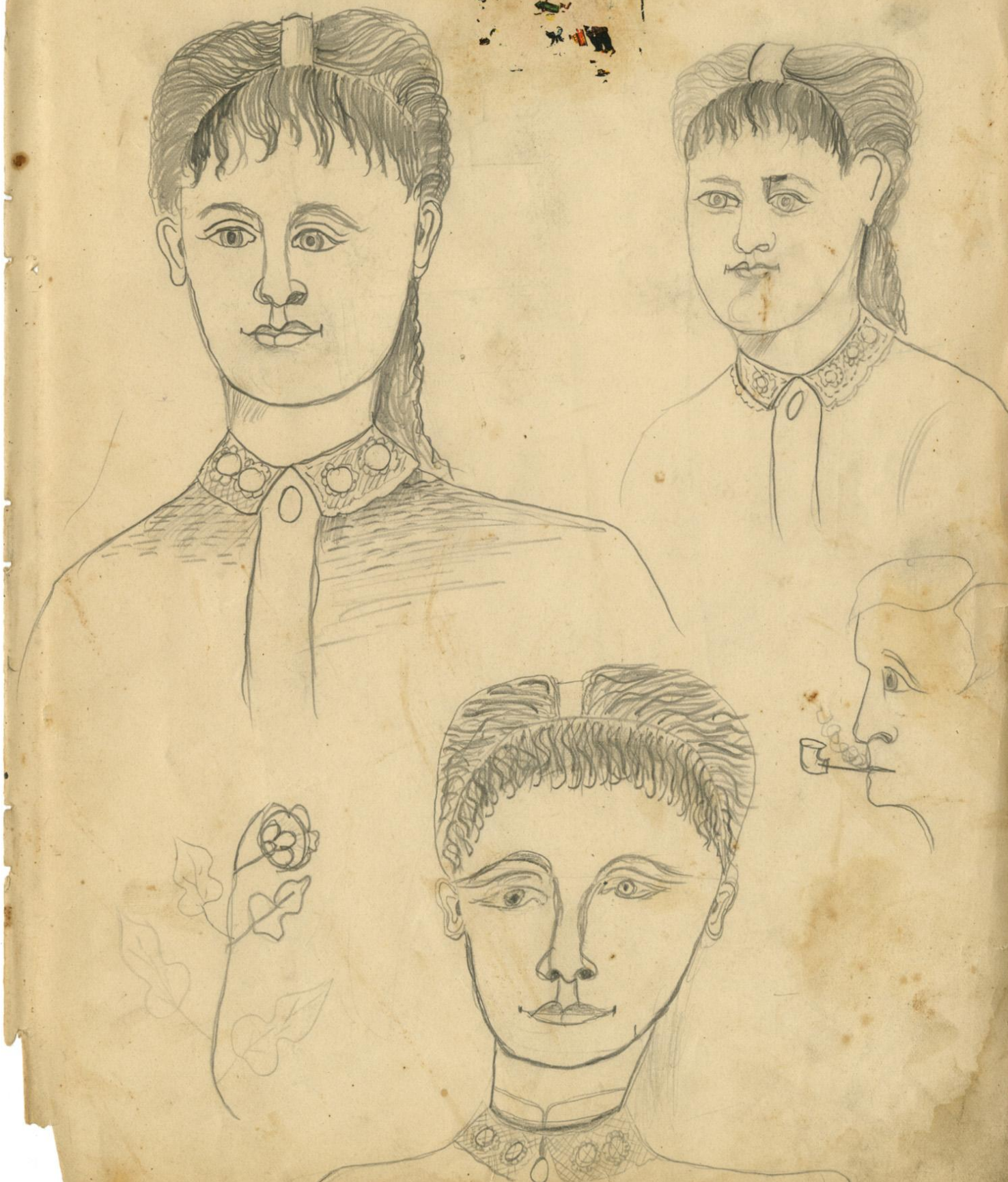




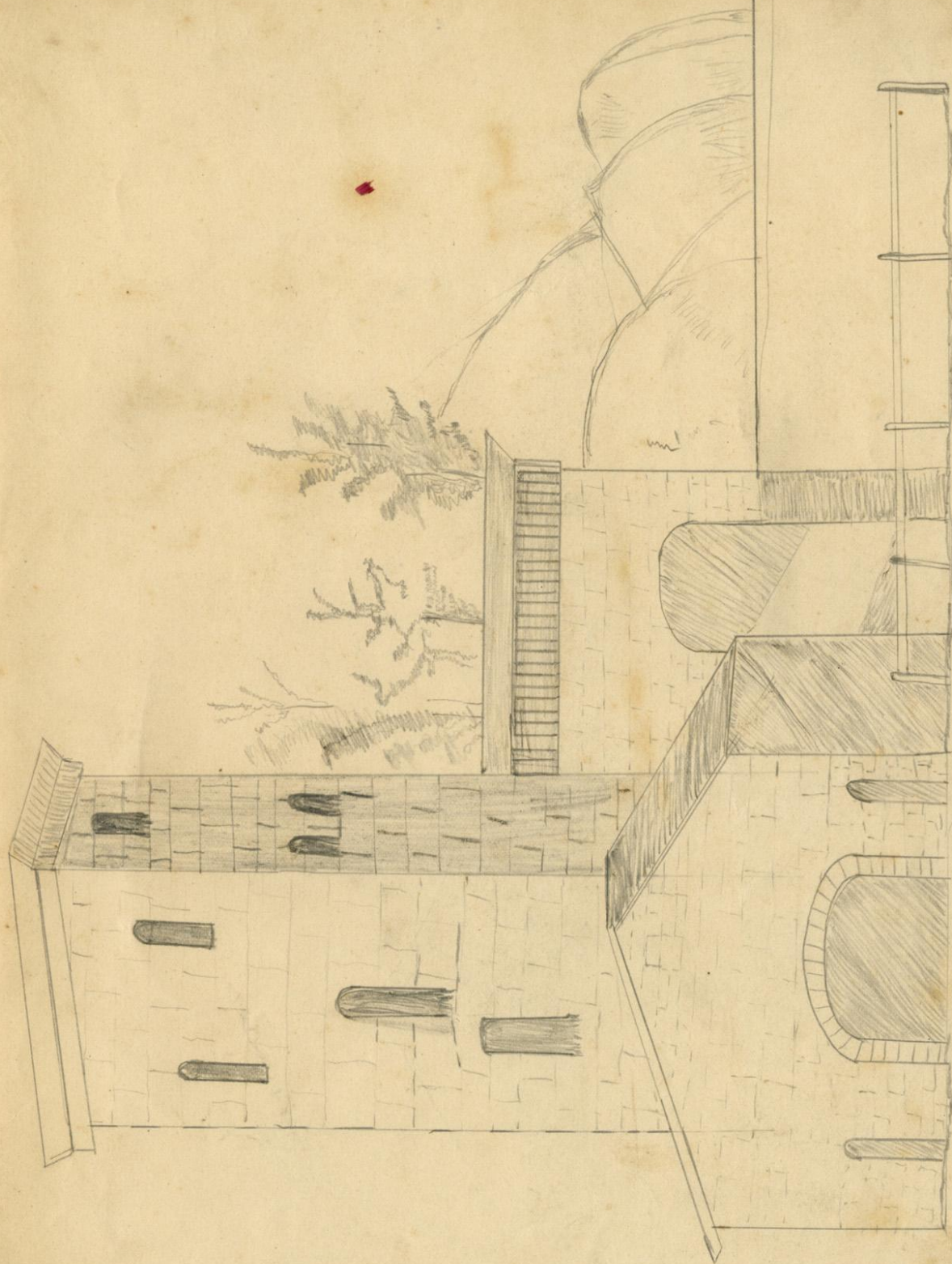


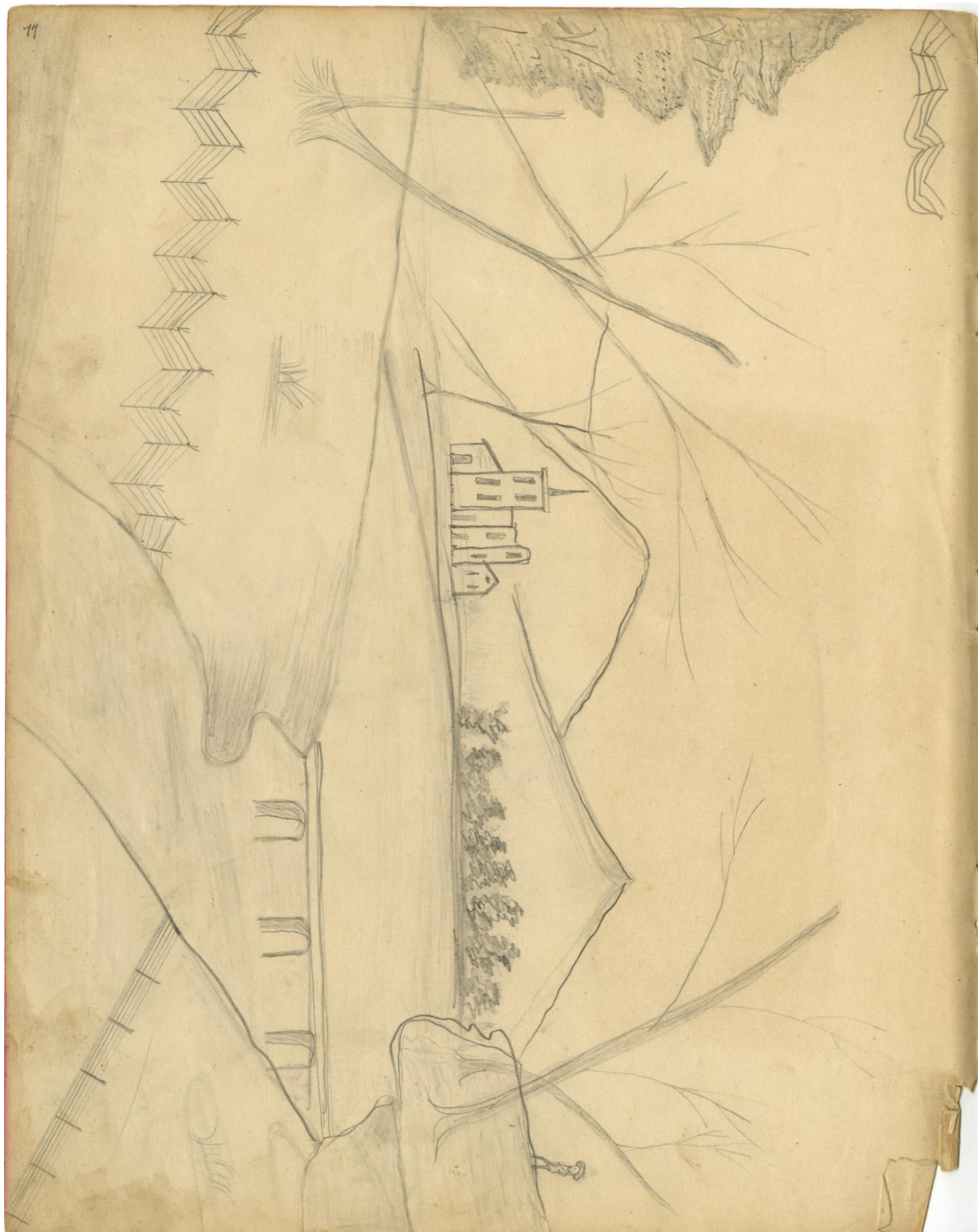












J. K. Gwynn Dead

A telegram was received Tuesday by C. D. Hunter from New York informing him that his uncle J. K. Gwynn had just died in that City of pneumonia.

Deceased was born in Kentucky and came to Missouri, locating in Versailles in the eighties where he lived several years. He engaged in teaching a private school and established a paper, The Morgan County Messenger which he published several years. Here he married Miss Lou Hunter a daughter of the late Shores P. Hunter, a pioneer citizen of Morgan County, who survives him. Mr. and Mrs. Gwynn lived in St. Louis a few years after leaving Versailles and from there went to New York where they have lived for the past twenty years or more. And where the former engaged in the real estate business.

Mr. Gwynn was a man of splendid mind, public spirited and progressive. A man of ready and pleasing address, he made friends wherever he went. He has many relatives and friends in this county who regret to hear of his passing. He was sixty-three years old.

DO NOT BE IDLE.

is the great destroyer of young men. It is sure to work out the ruin of the idle. Give a man plenty to do and he will be content. Allow him to spend his hours in idleness—to loaf around bar-rooms—stand in street corners, or stay about home, and his higher ambition than just to eat, drink, sleep and smoke, and you lay for him the broad foundation of future disgrace. Parents, you may depend upon it, that your grown-up boys find little that adds to their manhood in the walks of idleness. Better to give them some honorable trade than to trust to chance for some wind-fall of luck or fortune to benefit them in after life.

If young men are out of employment, let this great truth be impressed upon their minds, that time, even though it brings no money, is valuable. Self-improvement should be kept up, so that every spare hour may bring to its possessor some valuable acquisition. Enrich your minds by the careful study of some good work; for you may rest assured your labor is none the less for being intelligent. Better be found studying at home, thereby improving and disciplining your mind, than to be seen on the street corners with hands in pockets, a cigar between your lips—the very picture of laziness.

Nothing can be accomplished without labor. Excellence in every trade or profession depends upon it. It is not the idlers that make their mark in the world, but the earnest, go-ahead men who never stop for little troubles, or give up for great ones; but who go forward, determined to be, and do, something in this world. Turn over a new leaf—place before you the object of your desires and work for it.

for a lively discussion now going the rounds of the press of the question "Why more girls do not marry?" A large number of notable women have been interviewed on the subject and as not one of them has said that as many girls are marrying now as formerly, it must be that they are not. From this point of view the opinions of these women are exceedingly interesting.

Among other things Susan B. Anthony says on this subject is the following:

"Under the old regime marriage was a means to whatever end a woman wished to attain; but under the present state of affairs a woman can attain to any position by the use of her brain, her money or her hands—in fact, by the exercise of her own energies; so that marriage is now no longer a necessity to a woman, but a luxury."

Mrs. Harriet R. Rockwell makes the astonishing statement that "Self-supporting (another word for independent) girls find vastly more comfort in homes of their own making (where, to the extent of their means, they may satisfy their tastes and refinement with the sympathies and companionship of their own sex and such admiration from the other as they may command to appease their vanity withal), than in submitting to be the slaves of poor men with no manners, or the toys of rich ones with no morals. Girls with means, with homes of luxury, will think twice before they marry."

Possibly the kernel of truth is more nearly expressed by Mrs. Mary J. Creagh, who is the Superintendent of the Woman's Protective Union. Mrs. Creagh writes:

"My observation teaches me that women marry later in life now than formerly; that they look well before they leap, and that before deciding to embrace matrimony they consult not only their own minds, but those of their friends. Matrimony, in fact, is now looked on much more seriously than ever before; and while more girls may not marry now than years ago, those who do are happier than their sisters who plunged into matrimony unthinkingly."

ROCK ME TO SLEEP MOTHER.

[FLORENCE PERCY.]

Backward, turn backward, O, time in your flight.

Make me a child again, just for to-night; Mother come back from the echoless shore,

Take me again to your heart as of yore; Kiss on my forehead the furrow of care,

Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair:

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years;

I am so weary of toil and of tears—

Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—

Take them and give me my childhood again;

I have grown weary of dust and decay

Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;

Weary of sowing for others to reap—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long

Since last I heard your sweet lullaby song;

Sing, then, and unto my heart it shall seem

Womanhood's years have been only a dream;

Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,

With your light lashes just sweeping my face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

TO TAKE OUT STAINS.—One teaspoonful of chloride of lime in three quarts of water will take out any kind of stain. Put the part stained in the water, let remain until out; it will not injure the cloth; only stains on white goods can be taken out in this way.

EASY METHOD OF WASHING.—The recipe for an easy washing liquid, viz.: Four ounces of soap, one teaspoonful of turpentine, and two of ammonia, mixed in ten gallons of water, is not in any way injurious to the person using it. The effect is to more easily dissolve the dirty in the clothes and to render the washing much easier. There is nothing in it to injure the clothes.

WOULDN'T LOOK AT A GIRL.

A Bashful Man's Experience Related by Himself.

Senator Sebastian, of Arkansas, says the Louisville Commercial, was a native of Hickman county, Tennessee. On one occasion a member of Congress was lamenting his bashfulness and awkwardness. "Why," said the Senator from Rackensack, "you don't know what bashfulness is. Let me tell you a story, and when I get through I will stand the bob if you don't agree that you never knew anything about bashfulness and its baneful effects. I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghenies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden; but for all that I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides, and the old folks saw the drift and fixed it up. I thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lout, about nineteen years old. She was an intelligent, refined, and fairly well educated girl, in a country and a time when girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far as I could have it put off. I lay awake in a cold perspiration, as the time drew near, and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal.

"The dreadful day came. I went through with the programme somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of way, like an automaton booby through a supper where I could eat nothing, and though such games as possum pie, 'Sister Phoebe,' and all that sort of thing. The guests one by one departed and my hair began to stand on end. Beyond the awful curtain of Isis lay the terrible unknown. My blood grew cold and boiled by turns. I was in a fever and then an ague, pale and flushing by turns. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in the barn, leaving for the west never to return. I was deeply devoted to Sallie. I loved her harder than a mule can kick; but that dreadful ordeal, I could not, I dared not stand it. Finally the last guest was gone, the bride retired, the family gone to bed, and I was left alone; horror of horrors, alone with the old man. 'John,' said he, 'you can take that candle; you will find your room just over this. Good-night, John, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' and with a mischievous twinkle of his fine gray eye, the old man left the room. I mentally said 'Amen' to his 'Heaven help you,' and when I heard him close a distant door, staggered to my feet and seized the farthing dip with a nervous grasp. I stood for some minutes contemplating my terrible fate, and the inevitable and speedy doom about to overwhelm me. I knew it could not be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. I stood so long that three love-letters had grown on the wick of the tallow dip and a winding-sheet was decorating the side of the brass candlestick.

"A happy thought struck me. I hastily climbed the stair, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that holy chamber, where awaited me a trembling and beautiful girl: a blushing maiden, 'clothed upon' with her own modesty, and her snowy robe of nuit. I would make the usual preparations without, blow out the light, open the door, and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty and bashfulness, and grateful darkness at least mitigate the horror of the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman, altogether consisting of disrobing, and owing to a scarcity of cloth in those days, man was near the Adam state when he was prepared to woo sweet sleep. The dreadful hour had come; I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door knob with a deathly grip and nervous clutch; one moment and it would all be over. One moment and it wasn't over by a sight. I leaped within, and there around a glowing hickory fire, with candles burning brightly on the mantel and bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by six lovely bridesmaids.

Poetical.

THE PASSING STORM.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

The burning, brilliant, August sun,
Over the tassel'd corn fields lay;
It did not seem as aught could come
To mar the splendor of the day;
Yet, sudden as a thought, the sky
Grew black with clouds, a stormy gust
Went waiting through the tossing trees,
And filled the still hot air with dust.

The boatman tied his boat again;
The maiden stood with hat in hand;
How could she keep Love's happy trust,
And storm and darkness o'er the land?
The sheep fled cowering to the hedge,
The birds beat hard the heavy air,
To reach the shelter of their nests;—
And there was terror everywhere.

But speedily the wind was spent;
There fell some drops of cooling rain;
The black clouds vanished, and the sun
Shone bright in the blue sky again.
The frightened sheep, at ease once more,
Went scattering o'er the grassy lea;
The swallows chattered on the eaves,
And plumed their wet wings merrily.

The boatman looked both east and west,
Undid his boat with calm content;
"Twas but a wind storm after all,
It quickly came, and quickly went."
The maid look'd out with tender eyes,
And pulled some lilies wet and sweet;
Then down the green, cool, scented lane,
She went with smiles her love to meet.

Oh! oft in life, when all seems bright,
How quick a sudden storm will rise;
Then muttering winds are full of ill,
And black clouds drive across the skies;
So black and sudden that our hearts
Sink down in terror and dismay;
And birds that sang us Hope's sweet song
All in a moment fly away.

Then, Soul, a little while be still;
Into thy covert for an hour!
Some storm 'tis foolishness to brave,
They only have a passing power;
Hide like the birds within thy nest,
Or bend thee low, like the green grass—
The fiercest tempest that can blow
Have but their hour in which to pass.

'Tis better far to stand aside
Than meet a Power thou canst not fight;
The brave man bears—the coward's way
Is still to bluster for "his right."
The wise man waits—he'll not defy,
Without good reason, storm and rain;
He knows the clouds must soon pass by,
And song and sunshine come again.