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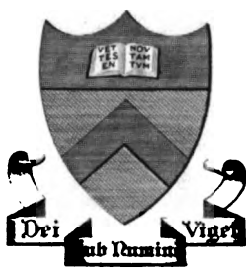
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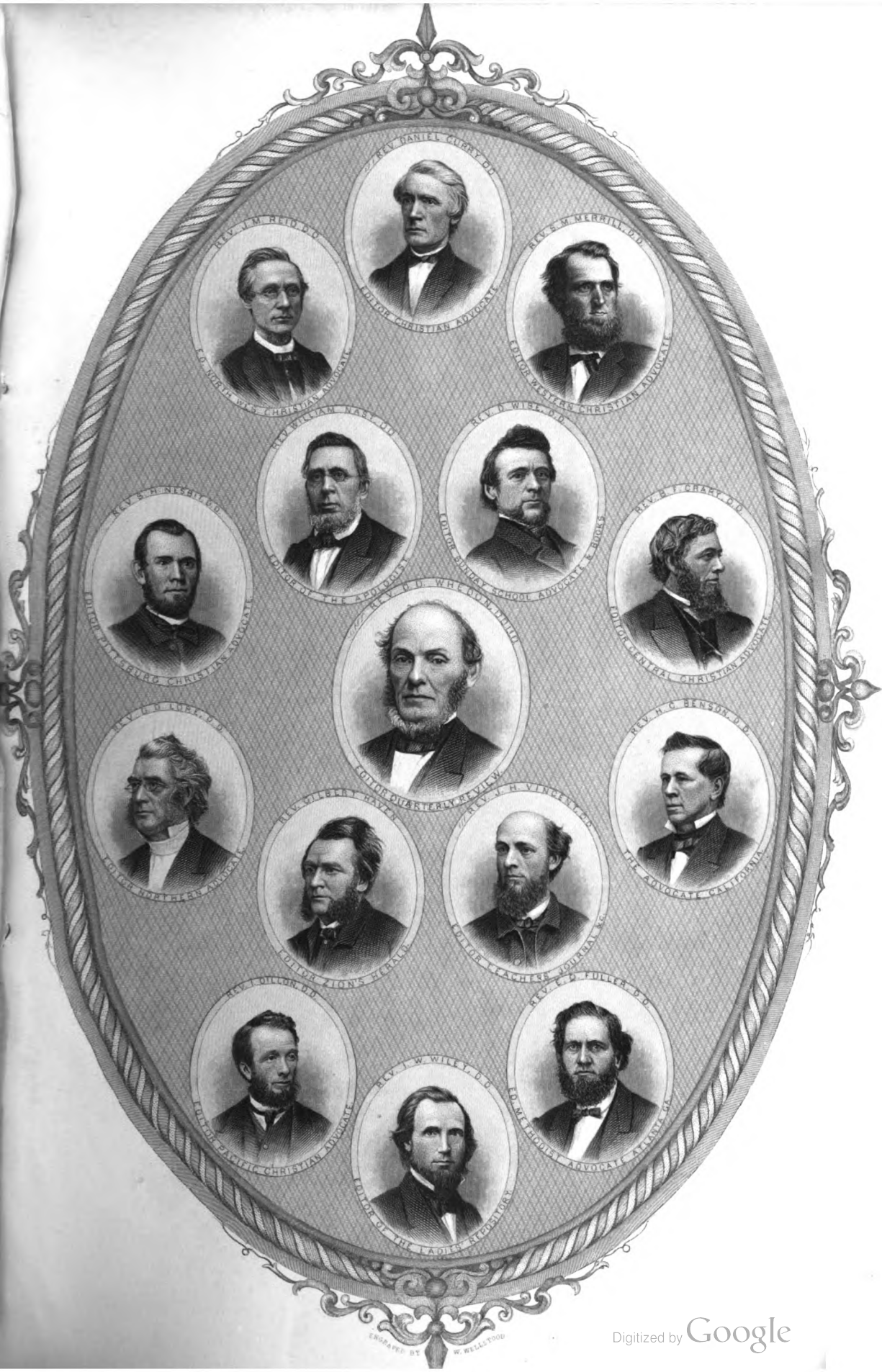
WINTER SCENE, OTTAWA.

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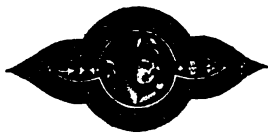
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THE  
LADIES'  
REPOSITORY.  
1871.

January.

HELPMEEETS.

HOW can the wives of Methodist preachers share most nobly their husbands' work? This is no light question. It ought to stir our souls to their depths. America is the standard-bearer of Jehovah's hosts. Protestantism is the one hope of America. The Methodist Church is the heaviest division of Protestants. Methodist ministers are responsible for the religious culture of one-fifth of the people of this republic. What power they have in American homes—over American institutions! True to their trust, what an immense enginery for good they work! Careless or false, how fearful the results, in this life, and in the long hereafter!

When I speak of those who, of all, most influence these men—those by whose strength they are strengthened, by whose weakness they are crippled, my heart cries to Christ for help, that we may understand what is pending upon our efficiency and earnestness—that we may be better women, better workers, better helpmeets for Christ's ministers, for this hour's thought.

It is a bad business for a man to fail in farming, or selling dry goods, or in practicing medicine or law. The failure of a Christian minister is infinitely worse. Not dollars, or farms, or lives even, are at stake, but souls—souls for whom the Lord of Glory gave his life—souls that must live in heaven forever, or wail with devils damned to all eternity! No minister, reasonably sound in body and mind, can be a failure, if his wife is earnest, true, pure, and strong. No matter what a man's gifts may be, he can not be a decided success if he is bound to a low, coarse, selfish woman.

How can we help our husbands? *We can take cheerfully the cross of the itinerancy.*

There is no use in pretending it is no cross to itinerate. No one in his senses can deny that it must be a cross for a woman of taste and culture to wander about the world, here and there, living in any sort of a whimsical old house, using every sort of incongruous, rickety, broken-legged, patched-up furniture; as far as the outer goes, completely hedged from the beautiful home-life she had planned for herself; just striking root in a place and getting her heart-strings tangled up with a set of good people, when a turn of the crank gives them a wrench and tears them loose, making them quiver and bleed in every fiber; being obliged to rear children with so few of those sweet, gentle, refining influences, that it is a miracle to find anywhere but in the seclusion and quiet of a permanent home. It is a cross—a heavy one. The woman that has not refinement of soul enough to feel this is not fit to bear it. Christ did not deny that his service was a yoke—a burden. But he said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." How? "Come and learn of me, I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest for your souls." There is the secret. We can take the cross cheerfully, only when we learn meekness and lowliness of Jesus. It is our silly pride, our wicked independence, that makes such heavy work of our cross-bearing.

Suppose the burden had been laid upon you of giving your best years to the care of a crippled or crazed relative. By God's grace you would make yourself carry it patiently. If the Master has laid this cross of the itinerant upon you, in Heaven's name, I say, bear it cheerfully.

"But," says one, "I never meant to be a minister's wife. My husband was in business when we were married. To tell the truth, I have always itinerated under protest."



You loved your husband well enough to forsake all and cleave to him—to him alone of all the world. Yet you do n't love him well enough to spare him the misery of dragging you about the country against your preference.

Let us not drive our husbands out of the work and into perdition by our everlasting fretting and chafing under this cross. Let us consecrate to God our tastes, our preferences, our friendships, our social and home life. The blood of the blessed Savior can cleanse from our hearts the fearfulness, the worldliness, the pride that are so often at the bottom of our reluctance to itinerate.

*Ours must be model Christian homes.*

To be sure we keep house under difficulties, especially in the poorer appointments. Parsonages are not always built by the golden rule. They are not usually quite the living-places the builders would plan for themselves. They are often minus not only modern improvements, but common conveniences. Moving about, as we do, we can't have the thousand and one little items of comfort that stationary people have. Fortunately these are not necessary to the make-up of a home. I remember going to a parsonage once where the minister's wife had little more idea what a home should be than a Camanche squaw. A gloomy, old shell of a house to begin with, but every thing was disorderly, dingy, cheerless. I was there again the next year. There were simpler furnishings, for the people were poorer than their predecessors, but a pair of deft tidy hands had wrought miracles of comfort—a ten-cent paper on the wall, fresh and cheery, a bright rag carpet, a white bed spread, groups of engravings from the Repository, and some pencil sketches, framed in nutshells and cones; pots of pretty plants in the window, a white curtain of the very cheapest, but looped back daintily with a bit of ribbon; and over all an air of refinement, that is often missed in houses with marble fronts. This reminds me of those sensible words of Emerson: "I pray you, O excellent wife, cumber not yourself or me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman that has alighted at our gate, or a bed-chamber prepared at too great a cost. He can get these things, if he is curious in them, for a dollar, at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, see in your looks, in your actions and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your will and thought, which he can not get at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well go fifty miles, dine sparsely, and sleep hard, to behold. Certainly the board must be spread, and the bed dressed for the stranger, but let not these emphasize your hos-

pitality. Honor to the house where these are spare to the verge of hardness, if there the intellect is awake to see the laws of the universe, the soul to worship in truth and love, and honor and constancy flow in all deeds." The pastor goes to his people from such a home with his heart harmonized, rested, refined. He must be loved by them. He is in condition to do them good.

Every body knows the old story of the loss of the battle for the lack of a horseshoe nail. I think many a fine sermon has been spoiled by a missing shirt button.

A minister, of the exquisite fiber that so often accompanies rare oratorical talent, was talking of his religious life, in the childlikeness that only great people can get down to. "Do you really think," he asked, "I can get grace enough to keep from getting cross Sunday mornings, when I'm all strung up for preaching, and I find my wife has forgotten to see that my shirt buttons are sewed on?"

"Most certainly!" But then, *entre nous*, his wife ought to look after the buttons, and save all that nervous wear and tear. Beecher says, "Worry, not work, kills ministers." They carry such loads of care nowadays. They come home, sometimes, worn to the last inch of endurance. If possible, let them find a roomful of neatness, comfort, and sunshine to rest in; and their efficiency will be greatly pieced out thereby. Some women go to a wretched extreme in neatness. It is a mania with them. They keep the house in a perpetual rage of discomfort, in the effort to make it comfortable. This is worse than good-natured slovenliness.

"But must we sacrifice all our strength, and opportunity, and happiness, in making pleasant homes for our husbands?" Certainly not. We are small patterns, and little worthy the love of good men, if we have not tact and skill enough to make each a pleasant home, and yet have our best strength left over for stronger work. Our selfishness might prompt us in this matter, if no higher motive could move us. The more sunshiny the home, the stronger the man; the stronger the man, the better the appointment; the better the appointment, the lighter the itinerant's cross. The presiding elders, being human, can but carry into their cabinet work memories of pleasant parsonages. But higher motives should crowd us. Christ's ministers strengthened—years added to their labor—greater results following their efforts to save souls. In the reckoning day, when the Master rewards each "cup of cold water given in his name," these humbler works of ours will not be overlooked.

*There should be well-trained children at the parsonage.* This item taxes a woman's talent and efficiency more than any other, but it pays better. Ministers' children are proverbially naughty. They often inherit their parents' energy. They have few settled habits. They are conscious of prominence, criticism, being watched. Yet statistics show that they turn out well, as a class—none better. I believe God specially cares for those who are specially committed to him, by people who sacrifice specially for his work. He makes up for their disabilities. Some women blunder fatally at this point. Their silly ambition runs away with their common sense. They trick their children out in cheap finery, trying to keep up with the showy people of the parish. They puff them up with vanity, till they feel quite too fine to associate with plain folk. The fathers' salary is insufficient for the demand. Then come the petty pinchings, and hypocrisies, the cheats, and lies, and meanness of "keeping up appearances." I know men who might be doing their very best work in the itinerancy, but who are drifting about, miserable and useless, hounded into locating by the extravagance of their wives and children.

Susannah Wesley is our model minister's wife. She held her *nineteen* children under a discipline as rigid as that of West Point—yet so tender and gentle, Dr. Clark says, "They had the reputation of being the most loving family in the county of Lincoln." They loved her so much, that after they were grown to positions of influence, one of them wrote to another, "Let us pray God to spare our mother, for if she were to die, I could not live." Though working such wonders in domestic life, she could, even under the strait-laced regimen of the Anglican Church, hold religious meetings, reading and expounding the Scriptures to her husband's parishioners. *We can help our husbands in social life and work.*

"O!" cries a spirited woman, "I'm not in orders! Any thing but the regulation preacher's wife! President of this, that, and the other concern—general burden-bearer for the Church! I never was called to any such office!" Possibly not. That is for you to settle with Him who "bought you with a price."

"But, do you think I am under obligation, on account of my husband's orders, to be specially prominent in my piety?" I think you are under obligations, that reach to the limit of your powers, to be as religious as it is possible for you to be. Why! you are redeemed by the blood of the Son of God! The matter of prominence can not be shirked. Holy or unholy, zealous or

lukewarm, the pastor's wife is, of necessity, before the people. She can not escape the public eye. Her behavior is so important to the well-being of the Church, the Holy Spirit gives it a special note in the book that has ruled the Church for nineteen centuries. Having given directions for the department of ministers, he adds, "Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things." Our husbands are "ensamples unto the flock." We share this responsibility. In our mode of living, our housekeeping, our conversation, our dress, we must deport ourselves "as it becometh women professing godliness." The Church may sometimes be unreasonable in its exactions; but, after all, it can hardly require more of us than the Lord Christ does of every man and woman. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." It is the motive that gives character to the act. We may trudge our feet off in district visiting, caring for the sick, or any other works of religion, but if we do it for our own sake, to make people love us, or for our husbands' sake, to piece out their popularity, or the Church's sake, simply to build it up in numbers or *eclat*—it is nothing. What we do *for Christ's sake*, even so little as giving a cup of water, is remembered and rewarded.

There is one item of parsonage life that calls for special patience—I mean the entertaining of all the floating good people. But it pays to "use hospitality without grudging." We may, in utter weariness, have to care for ninety-nine common people, but the hundredth the angel "entertained unawares" may lodge under our roof.

Another item demands description. Freshets of gossip overflow the parsonage. Most of it is like the little girl's definition of false witness: "Nobody do'n't do nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it." We must close our lips as do Catholic confessors. Let us be peacemakers among our people.

Some women suffer greatly in hearing their husbands preach. I knew a lady whose husband was a lawyer. He was converted, and went into the ministry. Her notions of pulpit excellence were so exquisite, she would sit, Sabbath after Sabbath, in chills and hot flashes, perspirations and palpitations—as tired at night as if she had been in a battle. So closely were their lives bound together he could not help feeling her cowardice and whimsies. It took just so much from his strength.

Once when Spurgeon was about to speak to twenty thousand people, his wife was so overcome by a sense of responsibility, that she sat

weeping before the service began. He sent one of his deacons to ask her to take a seat where he could not see her—her tears unnerved him. If Spurgeon were married to a woman who did not stagger under the burdens that are laid upon him, he would be less a giant; yet if she were braver, he would be stronger.

Said a lady to a young minister's wife, "Let your husband gather strength from your face, every time he glances in your direction." "But I am so afraid he'll not do well." "Then pray till you get confidence that Christ will take care of him and his work, even if he does make a little blunder now and then."

*We must share our husbands' studies.* It is a grand mistake for a woman to shut up her books as soon as she is married, especially if her husband is a student. How much of the best of married life does she fail of if she allows herself to be exiled from his beautiful book-world! He is a growing man. She must grow, too, or he will get away out of sight of her, so that she will not catch a glimpse of his real self once in ten years. I know married people who never quarrel, and yet they live leagues and centuries apart. You say, "I'd like to know how I can get time for study, with all these cares, this company, these children." Make time. If one of your children were very sick you would make time to take care of him. Ruffling and tatting, tucking and crocheting, pastry cooking and similar hurtful superfluities, can be put aside for a more important interest. You can simplify your domestic routine wonderfully, if you will; and greatly to its bettering, too. We can study while we work. I know a minister's wife who translates German for the press, who never had a German lesson in her life. She taught herself, with her book spread open on her ironing-board, beside her mending basket, her wash-tub, or her dish-sink. She studied Greek with her husband, while they were riding from house to house, making pastoral calls. Men respect cultured women. They like to talk with those who know something of the news of the day, and of current literature. We must make time to keep at least within hail of them, in their books, if we would hold our husbands' esteem.

*They need our criticisms.* No man can keep clear of faulty habits, without at least one close critic. No one would dare criticise our husbands as they wish us to. We must prepare ourselves to criticise kindly, fearlessly, and justly.

*We must be "posted" in Church matters.* Great questions are before the Church: Lay delegation, caste, temperance, Romanism. I believe it was Sydney Smith who declared it an

impertinence for a man with less than two thousand pounds a year to pretend to an opinion. We live in a land and a day of opinions. Ministers are largely responsible for public opinion. We can not help influencing them. Let us see to it that our own opinions are right and true.

*They need our help in Church plans.* Men generalize—women look after particulars. Many a noble scheme has failed for the lack of attention to details. There are so many departments of Church work in which a woman's brain is needed. We must develop intellectual strength, that we may be ready for the duties of the hour.

On one district in Rock River Conference, there is a Ladies' Association, that meets in connection with the district conference. Subjects for essays are assigned the pastors' wives, and published with the notice for the district meeting. The ladies discuss practical questions by themselves. They read essays, and share criticisms with their husbands, and bear their part in the Sabbath-School Institutes. Such associations give dignity and character to their work as pastors' wives. They stimulate to greater efficiency and zeal. And associations like those already formed in several of the Conferences, the "Itinerant Women's Union," are needed to-day. Organization is the order of the time. All classes of people join hands with those of similar thought, profession, or business, for mutual help and culture.

Since so much depends upon the wives of Methodist ministers, they certainly ought to avail themselves of every means of broadening their usefulness. It is cruel to subject a woman to the demands made upon her by this itinerancy, and leave her to find out her duty by failures and ugly criticisms. Young women often go into this work as Aurora Leigh says we must go into a book, "soul foremost." Their blunders dishearten and exhaust them. No wonder so many break down under it. In these associations they will be helped by the experience of others. These gatherings will be social reunions. We will join hands, and be stronger for the clasp. The electric sympathy will flash round the circle, stirring our hearts and stimulating our zeal. We will help each other in the Christian life. One of our India missionaries told me that their Conference reunion was the one event of social cheer and religious joy, that they look forward to it the whole year. All go—men and women. They talk and sing, pray and praise. These associations will be not only a drill for the newly enlisted of our sisterhood, they will be the red-letter days in the life of many an overwrought servant of the Church.

*Above all, we can most help our husbands by faith and prayer.* Unless we join, heart and soul, in their most earnest and progressive spiritual aspirations, we cripple them. Any thing is possible for two, joined in Christ's work. The Savior said, "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." What can withstand the union of faith, when a pastor and his wife agree to ask for the removal of stumbling-blocks, money for Christ's work, the conviction and conversion of sinners, the sanctification of believers? I know a minister and his wife, whose united faith has wrought as decided wonders in Church finance as ever George Müller's did. The Scriptural rule for success is, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." By this arithmetic, if a man is able, alone, to conquer a certain number, with his wife's zeal and faith added to his, his success is multiplied, not by *two*, but by *ten*. O! how soon we could conquer the world for Christ if only the hearts of our ministers and their wives were cleansed from all sin, and filled with the fullness of God!

Ministers are peculiarly beset with temptation. Satan would be a most incompetent general, if he did not keep his sharpshooters busy upon the officers of the Lord's army. Now and then one falls into gross sin. He breaks his wife's heart, disgraces the Church, and takes to hell with him such a sheaf of souls!

I believe nine of every ten of these wretched men might have been saved if their wives had stood close beside them in social, intellectual, and spiritual life. As a rule, men can hardly backslide while their wives hold steadily to Christ's strength.

Ought not these facts to drive us to our knees for the baptism of purity and power? The blood of the slain Lamb can wash from our hearts these ugly ambitions, this hateful pride. It can take away this dislike of hard work and poor fare, this craving for the sweetmeats of the itinerancy. Grace can help us do cheerfully, joyfully, the little duties God may crowd our lives with, leaving results with him. With the pressure of Christ's yoke ever upon us, instead of saying, "I pray thee have me excused from this or that burden," the cry of our souls should be, "All the work, Lord, that I can stagger under!"

The life of an itinerant minister's wife, lived earnestly, can not fail of large good. The handfuls of precious seed she carries, as she goes forth, here and there, must bring a blessed eternity. At last, wearied and foot-

sore, the itinerant's wife lies down to die. She glances back over the toilsome way she has come. She prays for the children she has trained for the Lord's work under such heavy disabilities. Memory hovers tenderly about the little graves left by the wayside. Her eyes rest upon the husband of her youth, by whose side she has wrought, in whose love she has rested. The parting-time is short; the reunion near and long. She lays her hand in that of the Savior, and he leads her gently away. If our eyes were opened, as were those of the young man at Dothan, we should see, not a poor, plain, out-worn old woman dying there almost alone—we should find the room crowded with God's beautiful tall angels, waiting to attend to her coronation, a princess of the realm of glory! If we could pierce the mist that receives her from our sight, we should see scores of shining ones crowding to welcome her. It was she who led them to Christ, and now they will lead her into the presence of the Great King!

If our ears could catch the music that hails her as she passes through the gates into the city that lieth four-square, we should hear, deeper than its harmonies, richer than its melody, the words of the glorious Lord Christ, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

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#### AN ITALIAN OLLA-PODRIDA.

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IT is related of Benedetto Alfieri that he never mentioned the name of Michael Angelo without respectfully doffing his cap. Worthy of equal praise or blame are they who indulge in the amiable weakness of a blind idolatry for every thing in Italy, because it is Italian. No climate so charming, no skies so blue, no sunsets so gorgeous. Art is captivating, and music ravishing, if only it be Italian.

We do not propose entering our caveat against so venial an offense. To be able to see a Grisi or Ristori in every ballad singing *contadina*, or inhale fragrance from an Italian sewer, or see an original or antique in every weather-beaten torso, or smoke-stained bit of canvas, though it may betray some radical defect in one's physical and mental constitution, may still prove a compensation scarcely less to be coveted than the touch of Midas, or the ivory shoulder of Pelops.

There are others again, who are most vividly impressed with whatever is most unpleasant in Italian life, and most objectionable in Italian society; outside of the churches, ruins, and galleries of art, they can see but little that is good

in Italy. It must be confessed that in this paradise of sentimental tourists, there are features against which each of the five senses enters its separate and formal protest. And these, too, are the features that impress themselves most forcibly, upon the delicate susceptibilities of the American tourist, who for the first time visits Italy, and yet it is not very surprising that the Italians themselves appear supremely unconscious of what ordinarily appears so objectionable to the foreigner. Aside from the effect of long-continued habit and familiarity, there is a charm in Italian life which, in the lapse of time, so captivates the senses, that you see and feel more and more only that which is most beautiful, while whatever is objectionable or repulsive retires farther and farther into the remote and constantly receding background of your consciousness.

First impressions, though the most vivid, are seldom the most reliable. A flying tourist who takes his notes upon the wing, as he dashes along in a railroad car, or establishes himself temporarily at a first-class hotel, where he meets only with English and Americans, may state his impressions with some degree of confidence, which a further acquaintance and deeper insight into this old-world life would sensibly diminish, if not entirely destroy. After a three years' residence he would hesitate to express an opinion, where once he would have delivered himself as an oracle; not because he knew less, but from the fact that none are so ready to express an opinion as those whose opinions are not worth expressing. He sees a palm-tree, or banana, growing in an exposed situation in a public garden, and forthwith he predicates upon it the tropical character of the climate, whereas, if he had extended his botanical observations a step further, he would have ascertained that it was only a *tin* palm-tree, or banana, after all, and, consequently, not referable to any known species, though capable of resisting a very rigorous climate.

Another generalizes upon exceptions, on the principle, it may be, that an exception proves a rule. I have seen a countess leading three several poodles at the same time, but I should hardly feel justified in affirming, on further observation, that this is one of the distinguishing characteristics by which you are to recognize a countess. As a result of this species of generalization, foreigners entertain quite as erroneous impressions of our country as we do of theirs. I have been seriously asked, if, in America, you could only see the feet of gentlemen at the opera, and if Yankees really spent the most of their time at Church in whittling

the benches. Time and observation alone are not sufficient. To depict truthfully and well, the observer needs the helmet of Pluto, or the ring of Gyges, to render him invisible, for you only half see a people so long as they are conscious that you are a spectator.

The verdict of a dispassionate observer of ordinary intelligence would be, that Italy is not an "unmixed good." "*Nihil est, ab omni parte, beatum.*" And it was something of a desire to catch the fleeting, shadowy, gossamer-like filaments of beauty floating under an Italian sky, to indicate the worthless straws drifting lazily along the current of Italian life, as well as to reflect, however imperfectly, from the printed page, something of the "good, bad, and indifferent" as I see it occurring every day before my eyes, that first suggested the caption of this literary *pot-pourri*.

Such splendor and squalor, beauty and deformity, harmony and discord! Here an artist may find his models from "Hyperion to a Satyr," a poet his images from Paradise to Inferno. As I write a splendid orchestra in the public gardens is vocalizing the beautiful conceptions of Gounod, Verdi, or Rossini, while a quartette of donkeys brays lusty opposition in a neighboring square. The monotonous thrumming of a hurdy-gurdy beneath my window, could compel me to effect a compromise between my conscience and my nerves by throwing upon the pavement an encouraging soldo, were it not for the inspiring bugles of a battalion of *Bersagliere* that completely drown its importunate droning. In the not remote distance, an asthmatic hand-organ wheezes out a lively polka, while soldiers and sailors, with hats on their heads and pipes in their mouths, clasp each other in loving embrace, while they whirl through the dance with all the winsome grace of two polar bears spitted on a broadsword. Nearer by, there is a procession with bell and candle, cross and crimson canopy, the priests and children chanting as they go to administer the last sacrament to the dying, or pronounce the *salve eternum* over the remains of the dead. All are silent, most uncover, a few reverently kneel; and then the living tide surges on again, and the comedy of life presses close upon the heels of its tragedy.

And so it goes! Fiddles and bagpipes, harps and hand-organs, guitars and kettle-drums, princes, priests, soldiers, sailors, peasant women, sisters of charity, porters and donkeys, gold-lace and ragamuffins, with glimpses of paradise, indescribable odors, unseemly sights, and vociferous street-cries—the deafening din of cabs, carriages, carts, and omnibuses, and, rising

exultingly above all this multitudinous uproar, the incessant explosions of that noisiest of Italian institutions, an Italian whip; this is the life that surges and roars through the narrow streets and debouches into the public squares of the New York of Italy, the aggregate of which is bedlam.

If in this picture there is a tone of undue levity, it is not the fault of the artist.

"*Gazzettino! Due citti!*"

That sounds very much like the millennium of journalism proclaimed by a newsboy. A daily newspaper published for a *centesimo*, or one-fifth of a cent, and then hawked upon the sidewalk for two *centesimi*, at a profit to the enterprising urchin of a hundred per cent. True, it would not compare favorably with the leading New York dailies, but then it is worth that, certainly, for wrapping-paper. One may very well entertain a serious doubt, however, as to the profits and emoluments of its publishers, editors, and special correspondents. With us the golden age of authorship appears to be dawning. The time is past when the English and American authors, like the tailor of Campillo, will work for nothing and find themselves. Nor is he disposed, like Dean Swift, to dedicate his work to Prince Posterity, and live and die in anticipation of its very uncertain reward. He prefers sending his intellectual wares into the world by express, with the significant characters C. O. D. inscribed on the envelope, and there must be payment on delivery. There is a business air about all this that is really refreshing, and, in truth, it would be difficult to assign a satisfactory reason, why the author should not demand and receive a suitable remuneration for his handiwork, as well as the artisan, for of all kinds of labor mental toil is the severest and most exhausting. It is a thousand pities though, that the trade-mark of a popular writer should give currency to literary trash, just as a well-known label will introduce into the market a worthless brand of Champagne; that the merest fustian or commonplace, christened by some illustrious name, should find its way into public print, while really valuable matter is thrown into the waste-basket without a hearing, simply because its author is unknown to fame. If a strict incognito were preserved under seal, this process would no doubt be often reversed, to the immediate edification of the public and the lasting benefit of literature.

Speaking of the *centesimo*, there is no doubt that the monetary unit of value has much to do both with political and domestic economy. During the war, when the least denomination of our fractional currency was five cents, you

could purchase nothing, no matter how trifling its value, for any thing less. Now, as just observed, you can purchase an Italian daily for one twenty-fifth of this amount. A peasant dines on a dish of *minestrone*, and it costs him a penny. A newsboy will invest the proceeds of his morning sales in the purchase of a cent's worth of *polenta*, or boiled chestnuts, and on this he will breakfast right royally. This *centesimo* basis is very kindly and considerate to the poor. With the rich it makes less difference. Luxuries are expensive every-where, and here fresh air and sunlight are luxuries. A bit of landscape costs something fabulous, while a flower garden or a terrace is for princes. Still Americans and English traveling, or resident abroad, find their account in this small unit of monetary value. A *centesimo* magnifies itself into the proportions of a cent, and a franc assumes in your eyes the importance of a dollar, and, as you write them just the same in your account-book, you are constantly startled, by the formidable array of figures, into new economies and more cautious expenditure.

A short residence abroad will satisfy the most careless observer that Europeans deserve but little credit for speaking French so well—particularly the French themselves—while Americans deserve a great deal for speaking it so badly. Studying French in America is like studying English on the Continent, with the odds greatly in favor of the latter, for here you hear more English in a fortnight than you would French with us in a decade. In fact, young people in polite European society could scarcely avoid learning it if they would. Children begin to imbibe it from their wet-nurses, they inhale it from the very atmosphere, and incorporate it as their daily pabulum. An hour tri-weekly under an English-French teacher, in our colleges and boarding-schools, may subserve the purpose, without other practice, of learning to read and write, but never to speak fluently either French or any other foreign language. Ordinarily we may reach that point of excellence, where we infallibly say, "*oui! oui!*" or "*en vérité*" in the wrong place, and are remarkably successful in making ourselves perfectly misunderstood. A child of three years will learn more in six months from a German nurse, or a French chambermaid, so far as speaking these languages is concerned, than a student at the university, as ordinarily instructed, will acquire during his whole college course. The custom of the Russians in employing servants of different nationalities, for the benefit of their children, will account, in good degree, for the fact that they generally speak so well so many

foreign languages. As for the French themselves, they should be the very last to criticise us sharply, as few foreigners speak English so badly, or indeed any other language but their own. And yet the fact remains, that foreigners traveling on the Continent find French very much to their account, while for the highest efficiency of a consular or diplomatic corps, since political influence is mainly won through social channels, not only a knowledge of the French, but great personal and social address, is well-nigh indispensable.

To my mind, one of the most charming features of good Italian society is the great respect felt and observed toward the aged. It is really a pleasure to grow old in Italy. I think one reason for this is the greater community of interests that exists between parents and children. Mothers *chaperon* their daughters everywhere, and all the time—to mass, to the opera, the evening party, the public drive, or promenade. It is true that this is necessary in a state of society in which actual criminality is the natural inference from possible opportunity, and where maidenly modesty, unattended, fares but little better upon the sidewalk than painted prostitution. In this latitude, no unmarried woman, whether old or young, appears alone upon the sidewalk, unless she courts the doubtful compliment and knowing leer, and challenges the bold effrontery and subsequent following of professional rakes. This state of things, in such striking contrast to the native freedom of American society, is particularly annoying to American belles sojourning in Italy, who grow restive and rebellious under the check-rein of this constant restraint. If we affirm that the Italians are in one extreme in this respect, they may not be very far from the truth when they reply, that we are in the other. That young Alexis and Amaryllis should conjugate the verb to love in a secluded arbor by moonlight, or, that some possible Lothario should hold a *tête-à-tête* with Arabella stowed away in a jumper, with a buffalo, with no one to stand guard but the sentinel stars, is certainly an aspect of the case which is not above criticism, and which, to say the least, I have found great difficulty in explaining satisfactorily to the obtuse apprehension of the average foreigner. To such, the courtship and betrothal of the saintly Kathrina is simply incomprehensible.

One need not travel so far as the Indian fable of a nation of Hunchbacks, among whom a young and beautiful god of consummate symmetry was received with shouts of laughter and derision, to conclude that taste, after all, is very much a question of latitude and longitude—a

relative term in the estimate of which education must enter as one of the principal factors. Granting, however, the existence of a true standard of taste, which we cheerfully do, nothing is truer, as Sir William Hamilton remarks, than that success in a country depends, in a great measure, upon your adopting the national hump of the people among whom you sojourn.

The Italian *signorina*, whose stock in the hy-meneal market would be at a heavy discount if seen unattended by some near relative on the sidewalk, or promenade; or whose reputation would be seriously damaged if she were to receive her betrothed alone in her drawing-room, may sport upon the beach during the bathing season like a Nereid, surrounded by admiring Tritons, in the most primitive of bathing costumes—in fact, nothing at all worth speaking of—whom she regards, as they bask in the sun upon a projecting rock, simply as so many interesting specimens in natural history, who look a little “odd,” if not decidedly “queer.” I am not able to account, philosophically, for this distinction, but not more so than for other singular phenomena in high life, both at home and abroad. I have never, for example, been quite able to see the propriety of assuming an attitude in a polka, or waltz, which, under any other circumstances, would be sufficient to ruin a score or two of reputations. If it be said in extenuation, that it is done only by way of amusement, then, we reply, May you not break every one of the ten commandments innocently, provided you do it only “by way of amusement?”

As one of the compensations, however, of this feature in Italian social life, you find a much larger proportion, than with us, of married ladies and elderly people at evening parties, and all places of public amusement. This not only has a tendency to elevate and dignify the character of social entertainments, but adds greatly to their interest and enjoyment every way. There is a mellow flavor about a woman just entering the Indian Summer of life, which the more brilliant beauty of eighteen can never successfully rival. Then there is a shade of thoughtful melancholy, a reflection of life's sad experiences and disappointments, that invests her with an additional charm. The young girl by her side is only happy in the semi-unconsciousness of what that beautiful dream-land, where she has built so many air castles, has in reservation for her. Youth is always beautiful and *per se*. But she who dotes upon her physical charms as her only dowry, who, with advancing years, makes frantic efforts to perpetuate it by the substitution of borrowed ones, or who, instead of laying up intellectual stores for future

enjoyment, is engaged in a constant contest to preserve herself in *statu quo*, or thinks to set back the index upon the dial-plate by falsifying the dates of the family register—such a one is to be pitied indeed. On the other hand, she who has been toned down, mellowed and subdued in the conflict of life, in whose breast dwell all noble charities and heavenly melodies, she has no cause to regret the lapse of years, and the loss of physical charms, for hers is an imperial beauty that abolishes the calendar, and only lacks the aureole to render it saintly or angelic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE GARMENTS OF LITTLE NANNIE.

**B**ETWEEN you and me, her father has very foggy-like notions about children. He would like to have her dressed like a Quakeress, and made to sew patchwork, as he is constantly informing me his grandmother did 'in the good old days of common sense.'

"But he takes the other extreme," replied Mrs. Montague, who was spending a few days with her friend, Mrs. De Forrest. "Of course childhood should be joyous and happy, but as the character for life, and the consequent fitness or unfitness for eternity, depend so much upon the lessons imparted then, I do not think serious things should be entirely ignored as, to all appearance, they nowadays are."

"But what can we do? We must follow the crowd, as the saying is. I'm sure I am not going to set myself up as a general reformer," laughed Mrs. De Forrest.

"It is true we can not do much; but, on the other hand, of how few of us can it be said, 'she hath done what she could.'"

"Now, Emma, you will do much better talking with my husband. He has preached to me on this subject for the last six years, and I can assure you that I am no nearer conviction now than when he gave his first lecture. You will find an admirable listener in him, that is, if he can resist expressing his sentiments before you finish. I will admit your views are less disagreeable than his, for you seem to think children should have a few enjoyments, while he thinks they should be fed upon sermons, and made to wear strait-jackets. But the truth is, I am determined to have my way for this season, after I may yield a point or two."

"Mamma," called out a musical voice, and little Nannie De Forrest came dancing into the room, looking wondrously like a fairy, her tiny feet so lightly touching the heavy Axminster that no sound could be heard.

"What, dear?" asked her mother, whose eyes lighted with fresh admiration whenever she looked at her beautiful child.

And, truly, she formed a lovely picture as she now stood before her mother, her dark eyes raised pleadingly, making the contrast between them and her sunny hair still more perceptible.

"Need I have my hair braided to-night? Jane braids it so tight I can hardly wink."

"Why, Nannie, you forget that we are to go to grandmother's golden wedding to-morrow night. Of course your hair must be crimped, and I am going to have it left in braids until afternoon."

"But papa said I should never come to the table with it so again."

"I know, dear, so I will have a nice breakfast for you in the nursery."

A shade of disappointment came over the fair features, but the little one only sighed and turned to leave the room.

"You know, Nannie, that all the cousins you have are to be at the wedding, and I do not feel willing to have my little daughter outshone by even one."

"Perhaps they do not have such naughty hair; or, if they do, may be their nurses do not pull it so," said Nannie, with a lingering hope that her request might yet be granted.

"But, my dear, it will not crimp as nicely if it is not braided tightly. You will have it put up for mamma, even if it does pull a little, will you not?"

"Yes, mamma," returned the child, the happy expression coming back.

"I never saw another child with such a loving heart," said Mrs. De Forrest, as the door closed after Nannie. "She will do any thing if one appeals to her love."

"Her affections are easily gained, I should judge," said Mrs. Montague.

"Indeed they are," returned Mrs. De Forrest, warmly. "I presume she will submit to Jane's tight braiding without a murmur. Her father is determined her hair shall be cut off, and I am equally determined that it shall not be until after we have been to the Springs, then I shall have it cut and kept short until she is twelve at least, so that it will be heavier when she is grown."

Many plans did the fond mother make for her child's future—not that far-off future for which we are told to prepare, but the morrow of which we are to take no thought—but amid them all there came no thought that another might interpose. Feeling secure in her own hopes, she forgot how limited her powers really were.



Sometimes, it is true, there came to her visions of another world, where the costly array would be cast aside, and where would be none save those clothed in the robe of righteousness. But they were not pleasant visions to one whose heart was given to this world, and so they quickly gave place to other thoughts—thoughts which to her, alas! were far more real than the precious truths spoken so long ago.

But her words—implying as they did a certainty of the child's life—sounded strangely in the ears of the mother who had parted with her three little ones while still in their babyhood. And no wonder that a look of sadness came into Mrs. Montague's face as she thought of the time when she, too, had formed earthly plans, until she learned, at last, through her own weakness, to strive, instead, to prepare her little ones for a better kingdom.

"If Nannie lives she will be still more beautiful," said Mrs. Montague, hoping to bring her friend to see the added responsibility thus given to her.

"Indeed she will. If she is my child I can not help seeing that she is perfectly formed."

"Very, indeed. If she attains womanhood her influence over her fellow-creatures will be very great. Beauty gives wonderful power."

"Yes, I know it does," returned Mrs. De Forrest, lightly. "I intended to have her beauty displayed to the best advantage by having her dress for the evening made with short sleeves and low in the neck, but Mr. De Forrest positively forbade it. Her arms and neck are far too fair to be concealed, so the next best thing is to have the dress made of material so thin they will show through."

"But will she not take cold?"

"O, no; the rooms will be warm."

"And the carriage in coming home? You know the evenings are very chilly."

"She can be well wrapped. Besides, she has not had a cold in months."

"You must excuse me, Gussie, but I can't forget how dangerous croup is."

"O, she has not had an attack in two years. Now, Emma, I beg you will not put such notions into my husband's head. I have promised that her arms shall be covered, and he is satisfied."

"Most certainly I shall not interfere. The little I say shall be said to you."

"That's a dear. I hate scenes, and there would surely be one."

But there was none. The short-sighted father did not inquire concerning the thickness of the covering, and the little *ruse* remained undiscovered until too late to thwart the mother's

desires. Stern by nature, Mr. De Forrest had become still more so from the constant opposition with which his opinions were met. He sometimes softened toward his child, whose little heart was overflowing with love. But it was sad to see how little he could enter into her childish thoughts and ways, and how frivolous her innocent amusements appeared to him.

Very large was the gathering which assembled to congratulate the aged couple, who for fifty years had walked together, bearing each other's burdens, and sharing each other's joys. Theirs had been a happy marriage, and they could now look around upon their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. There were few links missing, for, from among the numerous relatives, but few had been taken.

There was a slight tone of sadness in the wife's voice as she replied to the many congratulatory expressions, and as her eyes wandered about among the gayly dressed throng she could not but think how soon—for her, at least—these things would be as naught. Her days already numbered the three-score and ten, and it was not strange that she felt almost like one looking back from the other shore. Her eyes often rested upon little Nannie—the fairest of them all—and from the good old lady's heart there went forth a prayer that the child might be kept as innocent and pure as now. The little one looked too fair for this world, and yet every thing about her dress betokened "of the earth, earthy." Neither money nor time had been spared in this outward adorning, and, though Nannie's heart was still unsullied, it needed but a glance to show what years would surely do. Many eyes followed the fairy-like figure as she, Nannie, went to give her good-night kiss to grandmother, but none dreamed that the younger of these two, separated by so many long years, would be the first to go.

That night, all alone, as we must each go, the little one went forth. A loving voice called the child ere her heart had been set upon the things of this world. One short hour of pain, when the helpless mother's agony was pitiful to behold, and the struggles were over, and little Nannie passed from the world where she had shone so brightly to one of which the poor child had scarcely heard. But there was waiting to receive her a friend, who, though a stranger to the neglected soul, was still a loving, tender friend. Was it to meet this friend the robes had been prepared? Or had the mother forgotten that garments are also needed for the marriage supper of the Lamb? Alas! so little thought had the poor mother given to the heavenly home

of her precious child that, when she came to lay the fair form beneath the daisies, it was indeed hard for her to realize that the fairer portion also was not there.

There is a happy medium in the training of children, and fortunate are those parents who succeed in reaching it. Their little hearts need sunshine and light, and the purest is that which flows from loving, Christian hearts. There is a happiness to be found for them here which need not be at the cost of future peace and safety. True happiness can not be gained by a life of selfishness, or by an aimless life, or, by what is still worse, a life of fashion and display. And is it not cruel to teach the little ones to seek to gain it thus, leaving them to learn at the last that their whole lives have been sad mistakes? And to learn, too, at that late hour, of the true happiness that has been cast aside for the glitter of a false one? If mothers whose earthly missions are ended could return from the other world, would it be to toil again so ceaselessly for the fashion of this? Or would they come back with a wisdom gained which would enable them to look beyond this world, and to so fulfill the sacred trust committed to them that their children should rise and call them blessed?

How soon will these earthly pomps pass away! And then, when the great hereafter shall have come to us all with a fearful certainty, will there be none to reproach for the omitted lessons the young hearts stood waiting to receive? Or, sadder still, for the wrong lessons given? And do not those who sow in the tender soil, the soil yet so fresh that there is room for an abundant harvest, these seeds of worldliness, assist the enemy who stands eagerly watching for the upspringing of the tares? Are they sown in thoughtlessness? or in willful neglect? Or is it from that sadder, yet far more self-apparent reason, an utter unbelief in a future state? Can we read of the *man* who had not on a wedding garment, and fail to see that each and every garment is to be inspected? Is there not, then, a fearful responsibility resting with parents, with mothers especially, into whose care are given immortal souls?

The little ones have many wants which should be carefully supplied. Their hearts and minds, as well as their souls, require cultivation. Their homes should be made attractive, and their happiest hours be spent in them, and here should their young hearts be nourished with loving, tender care. And if their minds are not supplied with food which will create pure and holy thoughts, the impure and unholy will surely there find resting place. But above all should

we labor and pray that the little ones may have given to them "daily bread"—food to strengthen them to work in the vineyard of the Lord. And thus may they learn so vividly to feel the continual presence of a loving Father, that in the time of joy their first burst of thanksgiving, and in the hour of sorrow their first cry for help shall be to him.

### MARY BEATRICE.

"The brave unfortunate are our best acquaintances;  
They show us virtue may be much distressed,  
And give us their example how to suffer."

A LITTLE less than two hundred years ago, the old ducal palace of Modena resounded with the shouts of innocent mirth, and was gladdened by the bright presence of two very beautiful children. The sunny clime of Italy, always propitious to beauty, never smiled more lovingly than on these, her favored children, Mary Beatrice Eleanora d'Estè, and her brother Francisco, two years younger, but the heir of the fair Duchy of Modena. According to the portraits of Lely, who pronounced Mary Beatrice his beau ideal of feminine beauty, she had, at the age of fourteen, a clear complexion, perfect, classical features, dark hair, flowing in natural ringlets, and great profusion, from a well-formed head; large, dark eyes, soft and lustrous; a graceful form, and easy carriage. It would seem that her brother possessed the elements of manly beauty at this time, but was somewhat inferior to his sister in mental acumen and literary attainments.

Their widowed mother, at once the successor of her husband's ducal authority and parental responsibility, most ably discharged the duties of each station, although, it must be confessed, she ruled her people with less severity than her little subjects at home. The children were most tenderly loved, but their discipline was so stern and exacting as nearly to exclude the sweet sympathies that flow so naturally from, and to, a mother's heart. The tasks being completed, however, and the long prayers and acts of devotion, prescribed by the rigid Romish ritual in those days, being all duly and thoroughly performed, Mary Beatrice was at liberty to join her little brother in his sports. Most tender and loving was the tie that bound them together in those halcyon days. Not far from the ducal palace was a nunnery, whither the little girl delighted to go, and where she received love and caresses to her heart's content; indeed, to be professed a nun seemed to her the most delicious life in the world.

One day this maiden of fourteen was sum-

moned from her pleasant retreat at the convent to the presence of her mother in the palace, who, with unusual caresses and affection, drew her to her side. The warm heart of the child responded eagerly to the fond embraces of the mother, too happy to question what might be the cause of this unwonted tenderness. In due time she was informed, that an ambassador had arrived to demand her hand in marriage to the Duke of York.

"Pray, mamma, who is the Duke of York?" asked the child.

"He is the brother of the King of England, my dear."

"And where is England?" demanded the little girl, who, although she could read and speak Latin and French, and could paint, and sing, and dance, had, like too many of our modern young ladies, very crude ideas of geography or history.

The Duchess enlightened her daughter on these important points, adding that her suitor was a widower, in his fortieth year, with two young princesses about her own age.

"Then why does he not marry my aunt?" cried poor Mary Beatrice, bursting into tears; "she is thirty years old, and surely more suitable than I for the Duke of York!"

"But, my dear," suggested her mother, soothingly, "you should remember that every day will make you older, while it takes away from your aunt the charms that would make her pleasing to the Duke of York."

"But there are other princesses who would be glad of this honor," pleaded the child. "Why does he seek me? I do not wish to marry—I want to be a nun!"

"My child," replied her mother, "young ladies of your station can not enjoy their choice in these matters. You are not alone, my daughter, but you belong also to the Duchy. At present my council deem it wise that you should see the ambassador, and that we should consider his proposition."

The perverse child, however, required the authority of the Pope to induce her to yield to the overtures for her politic marriage, although she tenderly loved her mother, and was usually obedient to her wishes. When introduced to the ambassador, she told him, with passionate tears, that she had no desire to exchange her home in sunny Italy for the cold clime of England, or the freedom of her childhood for a husband so much too old for her, even with a prospect of a throne and a crown. After this outburst, she maintained an obstinate silence while the marriage treaty was agreed upon, and

ing with supreme indifference the costly jewels sent her by her unknown husband.

She was accompanied to England by her mother, the Duchess of Modena. While in France, she was so fortunate as to win the cordial affection of Louis Quatorze, who adopted the little beauty as his daughter, and, in after years, proved himself to be her untiring benefactor, and the most considerate friend.

The Duke of York was at this time reputed to be the handsomest and most accomplished gentleman in the court of his brother, Charles II. He was no less celebrated for his skill and bravery as Lord High Admiral of His Majesty's navy. He came to meet his reluctant little bride with great pomp, sending word, however, to his daughters, Mary and Anne, that he was about to bring them "a pretty playfellow." Mary Beatrice met him very ungraciously, not at all dazzled by the assurance that she had won an honor coveted by hosts of ladies, who were regarding her triumph with an evil eye. Not in the least daunted by this unfavorable reception, the Duke, who well understood the intricacies of the heart of a woman, and who was rather pleased at some difficulties to be overcome, most gallantly betook himself to the task of winning the love of the wife his position had purchased for him. He was completely successful. In a short time she was wholly his own, and during a married life of twenty-eight years proved the most devoted, tender, and self-sacrificing of wives, sharing with great courage and fortitude the various calamities and misfortunes of this last of the Stuart kings.

The hot delirium of the fever induced by a long series of political wrongs and tyrannies, and the continual upheavals of the common people, grown rebellious as the brighter dawn of the coming day revealed their abject slavery, combined with the fierce contentions of antagonistic religious parties, more zealous for creeds than truth, had culminated in the execution of Charles I, and the banishment of his wife and young children to France. After the death of Cromwell, however, the people, weary of his stern rule, and recalling their love for their hereditary sovereigns, restored Charles II to the throne of his fathers, and recalled the royal exiles from banishment. He was married soon after to Catharine of Braganza, who bore him no living children. At his death the crown would devolve upon James II and his young bride. James had been so impolitic as to renounce the Church of England and publicly declare himself a Roman Catholic, and also to avow and ably defend a truth at least a cen-

conscience, and perfect freedom to worship God in accordance with it, and the consequent toleration of all sects. This had made him many open and secret enemies, and had deprived him of the support of the loyal people of England, to whom any dissent from the established Church was a heinous crime.

Mary Beatrice, practicing the rites of her religion in a quiet, unostentatious manner, never interfering with the established order of things, or attempting to influence the opinions or religious education of her step-daughters, nevertheless made herself many deadly enemies, whose venom she could not wholly disarm by her gentle and gracious demeanor. The court of Charles II was notorious for its bold immorality fostered and encouraged by the shameful practices of the King himself. The blameless purity and calm dignity of Mary Beatrice, as she ripened into a lovely womanhood, checked not this foul evil, but arrayed against her in envenomed hate the impudent creatures who poisoned the air she breathed with their loathsome presence and practices. Twice were this devoted couple sent into exile by their reluctant brother the King, as the only means of quelling the loud and angry murmurs that distracted his court.

Mothers will readily appreciate the bitterness of some of the trials that beset this beautiful young mother, who, after laying three of her darlings in the tomb, was permitted, at last, to see her little daughter Isabella reach the age of four years, with every prospect of a long life before her. Through the cruel machinations of her enemies, this child was taken from her and was not permitted to share the exile of her parents. How crushingly came the news of the death of this idolized child after a separation of one cruel year, may be readily imagined by those whose hearts have known the bitter trial of losing their little ones while far away from them.

The recall of James and Mary Beatrice to England, to the court of their brother, was soon followed by the death of Charles and the immediate acknowledgment of his brother as his rightful successor. The horde of foul creatures who had rendered the court of Charles II infamous, now either retired or hid their evil plans beneath a show of loyalty. Meantime his daughters—Mary, married to William, Prince of Orange, and Anne, married to the easy, good-natured glutton, Prince George, of Denmark—were darkly plotting against their fond father, while maintaining an outward show of loyalty and affection. When their brother, the young Prince of Wales, was born and gave every promise of being a healthy child and the supplanter of themselves in the succession, the

absurd story of this being a spurious child was invented, accepted eagerly by the disappointed sisters, and eventually became one of the leading causes of the subsequent invasion of the Prince of Orange, with his fleet and army, into England. When the eyes of the King were at last opened to the treachery of his courtiers, the defection in his army and navy, the coldness of the nation, but above all, the wicked plottings and designs of his beloved daughters, he sunk beneath the blow. "Whom can I trust," exclaimed this modern Lear, "if my own children have turned against me and joined my enemies?"

Distracted by his fears, and unfitted physically to bear up under so great a "sea of troubles," by a severe attack of his hereditary malady, sanguineous apoplexy, James prepared to leave his kingdom without striking a blow in its defense. Mary Beatrice, in the guise of a washerwoman, clasped her precious boy, a babe of six months, in her arms, one dark, cheerless night, and succeeded in reaching the shores of France in safety. She was kindly received by *le grand monarque* Louis Quatorze, who decreed that the same royal honors should be paid to her, as if she were still the reigning Queen of Great Britain. The beautiful palace of St. Germain's was fitted up for her use with regal magnificence, and fifty thousand francs per month ordered to be paid from the royal treasury to enable her to maintain her court. Here she was soon joined by her husband, shattered in health and utterly dispirited, and St. Germain's became the rendezvous for the discontented English and Irish who chose to cling to the fortunes of their fallen master. Nothing could exceed the delicate and affectionate regard and kind attentions they received from Louis XIV, and the royal family of France, who commanded that, on all occasions, they should receive the same honors as were paid to themselves; Mary Beatrice, on all State occasions, being seated between Louis XIV and her husband, and taking the precedence of the French ladies of every rank, quite to their disgust; for no court in Europe exceeded that of France at this period, for the punctilious regard paid to birth and station. One circumstance alone, by the inadvertence of the artist intrusted with the adornments at St. Germain's, wounded the sensitive nature of the fallen Queen. The rich tapestry that formed the hangings of their bed, represented the scene where the wife and children of Darius were pleading before their conqueror, Alexander, on their knees, within their magnificent tent, for mercy and favor. The analogy was too painfully brought to the mind of the Queen as she

reflected upon their fallen fortunes, and she could not avoid an exclamation from her wounded heart, schooled as it was to quiet and patient suffering. The offensive tapestry was replaced by another as soon as the matter reached the ears of the French King, and this slight circumstance was the only mar upon the generous hospitalities extended to them. James made several ineffectual attempts to regain his kingdoms, but was always most remarkably thwarted by Providential occurrences, and ceased at last all efforts for himself, although he maintained a constant correspondence with friends in England favoring the rights of his young son. The succeeding ten years were by far the happiest that Mary Beatrice ever spent. The object of the reverent affection of the husband whom she adored, cheered by the health and innocent gayety of the young Prince, her son, and her babe Louise, fondly called by her father *La Consolatrice*, who was sent to bless them in their exile, when the boy was four years old, Mary Beatrice tasted the sweets of domestic bliss in the elegant palace of St. Germain, that more than compensated her for the loss of her throne and crowns. For, to a true woman, it is enough if she reigns a queen in the sweet realm of *home*, in the precious relations of a beloved and trusted wife and a fond mother. She was, however, no less a queen; for when State occasions and her duty to her benefactor drew her reluctantly from her beautiful retreat, her exquisite taste and ready tact, combined with the gentle dignity of her manners and her gracious deportment to all, with no offensive mixture of hauteur, won all hearts and disarmed those even who had been jealous of her preferment. Louis XIV loved her with the tenderness of a father, and often exclaimed to his daughter-in-law, the Dauphiness and prospective queen, who was in all respects vastly inferior to Mary Beatrice, "Behold what a queen should be!"

James II died of sanguineous apoplexy in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He retained the perfect use of his mind to the last, and was most tenderly nursed by his devoted wife, who excelled also in this important branch of woman's profession. In adversity James developed a meekness, and patience, and charity that seemed the sweet fruits of his trials. His daughter Mary had preceded him to the tomb, but to Anne, then reigning in England, he sent his forgiveness and love. His last words to his son are beautiful and suggestive:

"I am now leaving this world, which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being the will of God Almighty to wean me from it by many afflictions. Serve him with all your pow-

ers, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. There is no slavery like sin, and no liberty like his service. If his Holy Providence shall think fit to seat you upon the throne of your ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency. Remember kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of their people. Set before their eyes, in your actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues. Consider them as your children, and, as you are a child of vows and prayers, behave yourself accordingly. Honor your mother, that your days may be long, and be always a kind brother to your dear sister, that you may enjoy the blessings of concord and unity."

To his darling daughter he said:

"Adieu, my dear child, serve your Creator in the days of your youth. Consider virtue the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow closely that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been, no less than myself, overclouded by calumnies, but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."

Mary Beatrice was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her husband, and the remainder of her weary pilgrimage she was made to drain the cup of sorrow to its bitter dregs. The fearful malady of which she died, cancer in the breast, caused her untold agonies, while she endured repeated surgical operations from the cruel knife of the crude operator of those days. Her daughter Louise, who inherited her mother's beauty and virtues, and whose devoted love and companionship were her consolation in these days of grief and suffering, was snatched from her arms in the bloom of early womanhood by that loathsome disease the small-pox. Her son, for whose dear sake she still kept her miniature court at St. Germain, was forced by the political exigencies of the times to leave her retreat, and become a fugitive, and at length a dependent, in one of the petty courts of Germany. Her benefactor, deceived in his old age by his unworthy officials, was not aware that her income was withheld, or doled out to her in paltry sums, which she instantly disbursed to her ruined adherents at St. Germain, rendering herself utterly dependent upon the charity and love of the inmates of the convent at Challiot, whither she resorted as often as permitted by her duties to her son. The death of her constant and affectionate friend, Louis XIV, and the distractions in the court during the minority of Louis XV, increased her own disquietude and the dangers to her son. Her weary life was closed in her sixtieth year, uncheered by the presence of her darling son, whose affec-

tionate heart would have rejoiced to have ministered to her in the last agonies.

"Time, the mother of Truth," has indeed caused the virtues of this lovely woman to shine forth clear as the sun. Unaffectedly submissive to the will of God, whose hand she recognized in all the afflictions that befell her, she was, according to the testimony of those who knew her, "patient as an angel." Of her enemies, whose venomous hate followed her to her retreat, and imbittered her last days by the poisonous shafts of slander, she ever spoke with gentle charity and cordial forgiveness. If the faults or misdeeds of others were mentioned in her presence, she checked it at once with gentle firmness. "If it be any ill, I beg you will not relate it to me. I do not like histories that attack the reputation."

From Mary Beatrice Eleanora d' Estè, the ornament of the splendid court of Charles II, the beautiful Queen of James II, who bore the royal honors with sweet dignity for three and one-half years; the noble woman, ever more ready to share her husband's misfortunes than to seek her own ease and safety, the devoted wife, the tender nurse, the fond mother, the kind mistress, the self-sacrificing benefactress, the patient sufferer, the meek Christian, we learn, as we never can from volumes of fiction, what elements should constitute the character of a true woman, and how truly

"Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue;  
Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,  
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish."

### LITTLE FEET.

"Mother, watch the little feet  
Climbing o'er the garden wall."

THE piece of poetry beginning with the above lines is never weary of going the rounds, and readers never fail to get through the first verse, which concludes the appeal to the mother's vigilance over that part of the juvenile physical organization which usually comes clattering and slapping across the floor, just as the company in the parlor are settling in the most approved style of modern primness. Speaking of that clatter reminds us to say that it is with us a powerful argument against carpets. Our readers may remember the Irish school-master's wife, who grew melancholy and drooping after her husband had turned the barefooted charity children out of his school. Herder, the great literary German, said on his death-bed that he was dying for want of an idea. But the school-master's wife said, "Arrah, Jamie, if ye'd take

the poor things back, I think the music of their bare feet upon the flure 'ud revive me appetite."

When the beloved child has been borne to the grave, none of the mementos of its brief existence are so touching as the little shoes. We suppose it is because they bring up most vividly the contrast between the narrow confinement of the tomb and the free spaces of "the wide, wide world." Goethe says:

"To make room for footing was it  
That the world was made so wide."

Then, too, life is most aptly symbolized by a journey; and it is so easy for the mind to make the little empty shoes suggest how short was the travel from the cradle to the grave of one for whom our hopes had prepared the long, brilliant, and happy career.

We have seen the mother's glance deflect into futurity from the brow of her child, but she never seems to be looking so far ahead as when, musingly, she puts her hand upon the feet of the little one asleep upon her knee—only to "see that they are warm," of course; for mothers do not like to confess, even to themselves, all that they imagine for their children.

But the reason why the little feet have so much poetry in their patter, especially to the mother, is that in her mind *where* and *what* combine. She thinks of future paths where she can not walk by the side of her darling, and that, in her imagination, is equivalent to dangers which she can not avert, and sorrows which she can not soothe. Ah! she *can* be there, however, directing and blessing, although she may be far away, or even in her grave. The little feet which she must keep out of danger, during the long—yet how sweetly short!—period of dependence, only serve to remind her of a higher guardianship, which she must exercise with a view to dangers where only the memory of the mother, or the influence of her moral training, can avail. The little, growing feet remind her that the day of separation is coming, and thus seem to paddle in the very fountains of the heart, only to arouse the will and the intelligence through the affections. In fact, all those unspeakable natural tendernesses which children awaken in "the sweet breasts from which they feed" are but so many signs of a moral influence upon their character and destiny.

"Mother, watch the little feet."

When the wife of Terah held the little foot of her boy in her hand, she did not know that it was to wander into Canaan, nor that it was to climb Mount Moriah. But we know, by the character of her son, that she was, according to her light, a good mother. It must

have been from her that the patriarch received the natural strength of character which made him so fit an instrument for the grand designs of Providence.

Never had the feet of the great Reformer stood firm as fate upon the floor of the Diet of Worms, if their early wanderings had not been watched by a parent's eye of faith. And when Hannah consecrated Samuel to God, how could she have anticipated that the young Monk of Erfurth, who was first to open the Bible at her prayer, should become an instrumental cause of the Reformation? There must have been a time when Samuel Wesley sat by his fire, looking dreamily at John's foot in the soft clasp of his mother's hand. Not then did the parents know that the little foot belonged to a future herald of salvation, who, being turned out of the churches for preaching Christ crucified, was to make a pulpit of his father's grave. Parents, "watch the little feet." They *may* touch the heart without crushing it; they *may* wander through a long life without going astray, guided by a voice from behind them, whispering over and over again that saving word which, faithfully spoken by a parent's lips, must almost inevitably accomplish that whereunto it is sent.

We know a preacher whose only recollections of his bare boy's feet would be associated with stumps and bruises, if he had not once looked at them in class-meeting, whither he had gone with his mother, and wondered whether a boy could speak in class before he was old enough to wear shoes in Summer.

"Little feet were made to stray—  
Guide them, mother, while you may."

#### NOBODY'S CHILDREN.

A YEAR or two ago, as I sat in front of a farm-house, one warm Summer afternoon, my attention was attracted by numerous feathery objects that kept floating in and out at the open door. At first I thought they were insects, but on examination I found them to be seeds.

"Of what?" I asked the farmer's wife, as she passed through the entry.

"Thistles," she replied. "There 's a bed of them just below here, and the breeze carries them hither and thither, as you see."

Presently, I took my hat, and walked down the lane, until I came to the thistle bed. There it was—a large patch of ground, covered with the unsightly things, and as the wind swept over them thousands of the light, feathery seeds were borne away, and scattered over all the

surrounding country. Next year, thought I, they will spring up in the hay-fields, and in the corn-fields, and among the grain, and crops will be injured by them; will spring up in the flower-gardens, and the farmer's little daughter, going out to gather flowers, will have her tender fingers wounded by them; they will do no good, but only harm, wherever they find space to grow. So I went back to the house.

"Pray tell me why those thistles are not rooted up?" I asked the farmer's wife.

"O!" said she, "they are not on any body's ground, and so they are left to themselves!"

*Not on any body's ground, and so they are left to themselves!*

There is a text for a sermon, but I am not the person to do the preaching.

I sat down, and began to think. I thought of swarming city streets; of barefooted boys and girls, whose rags scarcely cover their limbs; of vulgar and profane language uttered by almost infant lips; and of crimes committed by little children, no older or larger than the farmer's little daughter.

Who are all these? O! they are *nobody's children*—nobody cares for them—they are left to shift for themselves! So they grow up, and they become the pests of society. They are the gamblers, the burglars, the incendiaries, the robbers, the murderers. They fill our almshouses, our jails, our prisons; they travel on the road to destruction, and they lead thousands and thousands along with them. Why? O! they are *nobody's charge*—nobody is responsible for them—they take care of themselves! O! will this excuse stand in the great day of judgment? Dare we look in the face of Almighty God, as we stand before the "great white throne," and say, "They were nothing to us—we could not help them—we had not power or strength to raise them from their degradation!" No, no! We dare not.

Christian, there is work for you and me in this great vineyard of the Lord. Let us go into these streets and lanes—into these highways and hedges, and carry the news of salvation. Let us seek out these little neglected ones, and bring them into our mission-schools, and our churches; let us visit their wretched homes, and tell their parents of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save the lost. Thank God, there are many workers already laboring in the Lord's harvest fields, but there is room for more, there is room for every Christian to share in the toil and the burden, and also in the rest and the reward. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



## JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

CLOSE not the window, mother, for the evening is still and fair,  
 And the breeze, like the hand that has vanished, is stroking each wave in my hair ;  
 Let me watch till the glow of the sunshine, till the voices of daylight cease,  
 And the holy purple twilight comes down like God's blessing of peace.

Yes, it cometh to me like an angel, and calmeth the throbbing of pain,  
 And stilleth the passionate yearning for the days that come never again ;  
 And its shadows are ever haunted with a form I have loved of yore,  
 And it wakeneth to life the music of a voice from the farther shore.

Dream I then of another twilight that is gathering o'er my life,  
 Of the peaceful rest that awaiteth the ending of mortal strife ;  
 Of the spirit that watcheth my coming, of the form in its ocean bed,  
 Of the final Easter triumph, when the sea shall give up her dead.

Ah ! mother, in vain are you hiding the gathering tears in your eyes ;  
 Were they dry, I could read the anguish in their sorrowful depths that lies ;  
 Though your lips have no motion, your prayers, I know, without ceasing, ascend,  
 And I mourn that your hopes and your watchings can have but the grave for an end.



O mother! whose loving protection has gladdened each day from my birth,  
And whose teachings of faith and submission shall soothe my last hour on earth;  
Fain would I live till thy sorrow for thy child, who must leave thee, shall cease—  
Till thou, too, canst utter the prayer, "Let thy servant depart in peace."

See there! where yon little vessel on the silvery wave doth ride!  
Stranded high on the beach, it waited long time for the high spring-tide;  
Now, as if fearing again to be left without life or motion,  
With all its white sails set, it hastes to the bosom of ocean.

I, too, have been stranded, mother, on the beach, 'neath the morning sun,  
While to a long, low, dreary ebb, the tide of life hath run;  
But the high tide cometh, I feel its pulse vibrating along the shore,  
And with silent joy I 'm waiting to float on its breast once more.

But not again may I idly rock on the wave-kissed edge of the shore;  
Ah! no, to the open sea I haste by a path untried before.  
But the perilous track shall be lightened up by the ray of my guiding star,  
And the prayers of those I shall leave awhile, shall follow me from afar.

. . . There, the shadows creep on, for the day-god is seeking his ocean bed,  
And the red sky grows gray and somber, like a life from which hope has fled.  
I hear the last note of the blackbird, 'midst the whispering thrill of the trees,  
And over the ocean sweepeth the mourning sigh of the breeze.

I can see the gray church towers rise through the deepening shade;  
I have lived in its sacred presence, let me rest 'neath its blessed shade.  
When Holy Church, there keeping high festival, with care  
The altar spreads, in union my spirit shall be there.

That hour is coming soon, mother; the dawning east is bright;  
Finished the days of mourning, joy comes with the morning light.  
I am leaving thee, mother, well knowing that she who has taught the way,  
With footsteps glad and unfaltering shall tread it herself one day.

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♦

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

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"I KNOW that my Redeemer lives"—and when the dark'ning gloom  
Doth sometimes gather round my way, like shadows from the tomb,  
O, then I lay my aching head upon his loving breast;  
My flowing tears are wiped away, my griefs are hushed to rest.

"I know that my Redeemer lives"—and when temptation's dart  
Doth aim to draw the life-blood from out my very heart,  
O, then I learn of Him to bid for aye the tempter fly;  
And in His strength I 'll conquer, I 'll conquer though I die.

"I know that my Redeemer lives"—and when, by toil and care,  
My spirit sinks beneath the load, too burdensome to bear,  
O, then I hear that pitying voice, saying to souls opprest,  
"Come unto me, ye weary ones, and I will give you rest."

"I know that my Redeemer lives"—and when, with tear-dimmed eye,  
I see the loved of early years around me droop and die,  
O, then to soothe my bitter grief, my Savior speaks to me,  
And bids the winds and waves "be still" of the soul's troubled sea.

"I know that my Redeemer lives"—and when life's sands run low,  
When my dim eye is closing fast, on all I love below,  
Rejoicing in the perfect trust which this assurance gives,  
I 'll triumph over death; for O! "I know that my Redeemer lives."

"I know that my Redeemer lives"—and by his saving grace,  
My sins all washed away, I shall behold him face to face;  
Then loud shall swell my joyful song, on that immortal shore,  
"I know that my Redeemer lives"—"he lives for evermore."

## FROM ALSACE TO THE HARTZ.

## III.

**T**HE Burg or Castle of Nuremberg is admirably situated on the summit of a low, isolated, sandstone rock of small extent, commanding a fine view of the town at its base, and of the flat country around. It is reached by a steep path directly from the city; but the most pleasant access is through the gate represented in the illustration, and along the outer side of the old ditch or fosse, now converted into an orchard. Within the old castle are three massive towers, forming an admirable termination upward to every view of Nuremberg. One of the towers is pentagonal, and ugly enough; the other is round and well proportioned. Both are very old. There are two chapels in the castle, in Romanesque style, probably of the eleventh century; and in the castle yard is a noble lime-tree, said to be seven hundred years old.

Nuremberg is rich in churches. The town is now, indeed, intensely Protestant, and the richer and more ornate character that belonged to the churches in Catholic times, has been lost since the Reformation, but they are still full of interest. St. Sebald's Church, in the northern half of the city, is the most important, although it can hardly be called the most handsome. The west front has two lofty square towers, with a prominent angular and highly decorated gable between them. The east end consists of a vast rounded apse, with numerous richly sculptured and turreted buttresses and lofty windows. Each, separately, is very fine, but the combination is almost grotesque. Parts of the building are said to be of the eighth century, but the towers and choir are of the fourteenth.

Round the outer walls of this curious church there is much sculpture of various degrees of excellence, and there is also suspended in one corner a richly ornamented bronze crucifix, said to weigh nearly a ton, and belonging to the earliest period of Nuremberg art in metal casting.

The interior of the church is quite as interesting as the outside. The choir is particularly elegant and well lighted, some of the painted windows being very good. The chapels also are very interesting, but the great sight of the church is the tomb of St. Sebaldus in the choir. It is, indeed, one of the finest specimens of early German art in existence, and represents twelve years of labor on the part of its constructors, Peter Vischer\* and his five sons; it

was completed in 1519. It still contains the original oaken coffin of the saint, but this is now inclosed in a case of silver and gold, roofed like a house, and supported on numerous figures of snails, shell-fish, and dolphins. It reposes under a rich canopy, and is surrounded and adorned by beautiful statuettes of the twelve apostles and prophets, while its base is decorated with sculptures in fine relief, showing the miracles of the saint. The sarcophagus itself is more than three feet high, about five feet long, and eighteen inches broad. The whole shrine is about fifteen feet high, nine feet long, and five feet broad. The statue of the artist, Peter Vischer, in his working dress as a brazier, is among the figures at the base. The whole is of bronze.

The church of St. Lawrence, on the south or opposite side of the river, is finer externally than that of St. Sebald, and is better situated. It resembles St. Sebald's in the peculiar towers at the west end, with the intervening gable, and the rounded choir at the east end. The western front is, however, grander and more beautiful than that of the rival church, the whole front being filled with the most elaborate sculptures in every available space. The choir is less fine. The interior is also less effective, but it contains a curious pyx, or *Sacramentshauschen*, which, though it does not rival the shrine of St. Sebald, is yet exceedingly beautiful and interesting. It is a pyramid of open stone-work sixty feet high, reaching almost to the roof of the church, and bent over at the top, its object being to receive the sacramental elements after consecration. It rests on three kneeling figures of men, representing the artist and his two assistants. Some of the other churches are interesting, but less so than these. The town-hall, although newly faced in the Italian style, really dates from the fourteenth century, and was partly renewed in 1522. It contains the ancient council chamber untouched. In it are paintings by Albert Dürer, and under it are torture chambers as at Ratisbon.

In the market-place is a magnificent work of art, called, the *Schöne Brunnen*, or Beautiful Fountain.\* It dates from the fourteenth century, but was restored in 1824, and in its present state is believed to represent a fac-simile of the original. It is a slender octagonal spire fifty-six feet high, decorated with twenty-four statues; the original was painted and gilt. During the restoration it was necessary to replace sixteen of the twenty-four statues. It is one of the wonders of Nuremberg. There are sev-

\* The readers of the Repository for 1869 will find an excellent picture of Peter Vischer and his workshop in the September number of that year.—E.D.

\* In the December number of the Repository for 1869 we gave a fine picture of this "Beautiful Fountain."—E.D.



ENTRANCE IMPERIAL CASTLE, NUREMBERG.

eral other fountains, some of great excellence. The great market-place is full of rich and very beautiful examples of house architecture. The modern market itself is plain, and even ugly, by the side of these specimens of fine mediæval Gothic; but it is altogether lost in the overwhelming magnitude, as well as general effect, of the old buildings. Among them the Catholic church—Frauenkirche—is very conspicuous for its richly carved and sculptured portal of the fourteenth century.

The cemetery of Nuremberg is a great curiosity. It is very ancient, and contains some

interesting graves. The total number of tombstones is nearly four thousand, and they are so closely packed that, though not actually touching, it is quite impossible to walk among them. They are for the most part high and massive, but without much ornament. Albert Dürer was buried here, but his remains no longer occupy his grave.

Nuremberg has many collections of pictures and museums, and is full of objects of interest of all kinds. It deserves to be visited by every one who would see and feel the kind of life passed in the Middle Ages by the wealthy middle-class

merchants of Central Europe, and the luxuries of art they were able to enjoy. Perhaps the absence of cushions and easy beds, the want of carpets and silk dresses, and of the thousand adjuncts now considered essential to a decent house, may have been, in some measure, compensated by a large amount of architectural decoration in private as well as public buildings, a genuine love of art in all its forms, and a willingness to accept such comforts as are easily obtainable without hankering after others belonging to other countries, and insisting on combining in one time and place all that has ever been contrived or discovered for insuring personal ease, without reference to taste, climate, or fitness.

From Nuremberg, starting by an early train, a most interesting day's excursion may be made through one of those picturesque districts in the plateau of Germany, which are dignified by the name of "Switzerlands." The one in question is called the Franconian Switzerland, and there is another, near Dresden, called the Saxon Switzerland. They are, indeed, geographically, as unlike Switzerland as it is possible for two kinds of scenery to be, being the natural results of rain and rivers, running over and eating a way through flat rocks, originally cracked at the surface, either by the upheaval of the strata or by the action of weather. In each case they consist of river-banks broken, worn, and weathered. The Franconian Switzerland is in limestone, and is remarkable for its caverns. The Saxon Switzerland is in sandstone.

Leaving Nuremberg at half-past seven in the morning, we reach Forchheim station before nine. There are always carriages at hand, waiting to conduct travelers to the various points of interest. The first point is Streitburg—about twelve miles—which is reached in a couple of hours. It is a small but picturesque village, and affords excellent head-quarters for a day or two's excursion to the valley, which from this point exhibits the peculiar scenery of the district. Immediately behind and above the town is a fragment of a castle of which the ruined walls are continuous, and seem to belong to the natural pinnacles of rock near them. There are many such castles, half ruins of old walls, half natural imitations, the remains, for the most part, of a chain of defensive fortifications constructed during the Middle Ages by the Prince-Bishop of Bamberg to keep off the Nuremberg burgesses. They have been neglected more than three centuries.

From Streitburg to Muggendorf up the valley of the Wiesent is only three miles, and the craggy rocks on each side are almost lost in the

thick vegetation. The main valley is crossed here and there by others, so that the distance from one opening to another is small, and the number of water-channels large. Each separate little gorge has the same general characteristics, so that in going up the valley we soon enter, as it were, a labyrinth of narrow passages all having the same general aspect.

Throughout the system of valleys the limestone rock on each side is honey-combed with caverns, most of which have once been the resort of wild animals. The list of these ancient inhabitants includes many species no longer living in any part of Europe. The most interesting and best worth visiting of the caverns at present is perhaps the Sophien-höhle, at Rabenstein. It is well provided with stalactites and stalagmites, and also contains a large supply of the old bones for which the district is famous. It is not, however, so remarkable in this respect as the cavern of Gailenreuth.

In a narrow part of the valley of the Wiesent, not approached by any carriage-road, a foot-path leads through a number of natural arches, partly masked by trees, and over little wooden bridges connecting detached pinnacles also clothed with vegetation. This spot is called the Riesenburg, or Giant's Castle, and appears to be a natural cavern of which the roof has fallen in.

There is a tolerably good road up the valley, past several broken-down mills, more picturesque than profitable, to a place where four little streams converge. Up one of the little ravines belonging to these streams is Tüchersfeld, a village most charmingly situated in front of two singular needles of limestone. Still further up is Pottenstein, a handful of houses of all shapes and sizes, but most of them more like toys than real houses, thrown pell-mell on an irregular heap of limestone rock, some of the houses one hundred and fifty feet above the stream, others on its very borders. Nothing can be more curious and irregular than these quaint and picturesque villages.

But, after all, it must be remembered that the whole district is nothing more than the irregular excavation and erosion of rotten limestone, forming a plateau of considerable elevation between the Alps and the low plains of Northern Europe. The greatest difference between the bottom of the valleys and the top of the plateau is three hundred feet, and thus the valleys are still at a considerable elevation above the sea. The streams that run through them afterward feed the larger European rivers, and carry thither the stones and mud derived from the rotten material they have helped to dissolve and eat away.

The Franconian Switzerland has hitherto been very little visited by travelers. When I visited it, there had been only two or three of my fellow-countrymen during the season at Streitburg, although the place is one of great repute among the Germans, who crowd thither partly for the sake of the scenery, partly for the milk and whey cure, for which it has a certain notoriety. Occasionally a geologist penetrates thither for the sake of the bone-caves, but with this exception, and a few hurried visits by travelers who are determined to run through the whole in one day, there are but few foreigners.

Those who stay a short time at Streitburg for the sake of the Franconian Switzerland, should not omit to visit also the town of Baireuth and the great Bavarian prison, about a mile and a half distant. The prisoners are made to earn their living, and do a certain amount of useful work in cutting and polishing marble, which is very abundant in the neighborhood. There is railway communication from Baireuth to Neumarck, and so to Leipsic, but it is perhaps better to return from Streitburg to Bamberg.

Bamberg is a neat town, prettily and conveniently situated, and has a remarkably fine cathedral, recently put into complete repair by King Ludwig. The repair has involved the removal of much that obscured and concealed objects of real interest, such as frescoes and sculptured work long overlaid with whitewash. This building dates from the very commencement of the eleventh century, but having been nearly destroyed by fire shortly after it was finished, the greater part of the work is about a century later. It contains a good deal of richly carved bronze. The lofty towers and spires of this building are exceedingly light and graceful, and are conspicuous objects at a distance, especially as the cathedral is built on high ground.

No one should leave Bamberg without visiting the Michaelsberg, the highest point of the hill on whose slope the upper town is built. It is not only the best part of the city, but affords noble views of the surrounding country. The church and old abbey upon it are also worth visiting, although the former is completely modernized. The abbey is very fine.

A journey of eight hours brings us from Bamberg to Leipsic, a handsome town containing many streets of lofty houses, but situated on the great plain, and with few remarkable public buildings. As in many other German towns, the old city is the center only of the modern town, the fortifications that once inclosed it having been razed to the ground, and the space partly built upon—partly left in picturesque

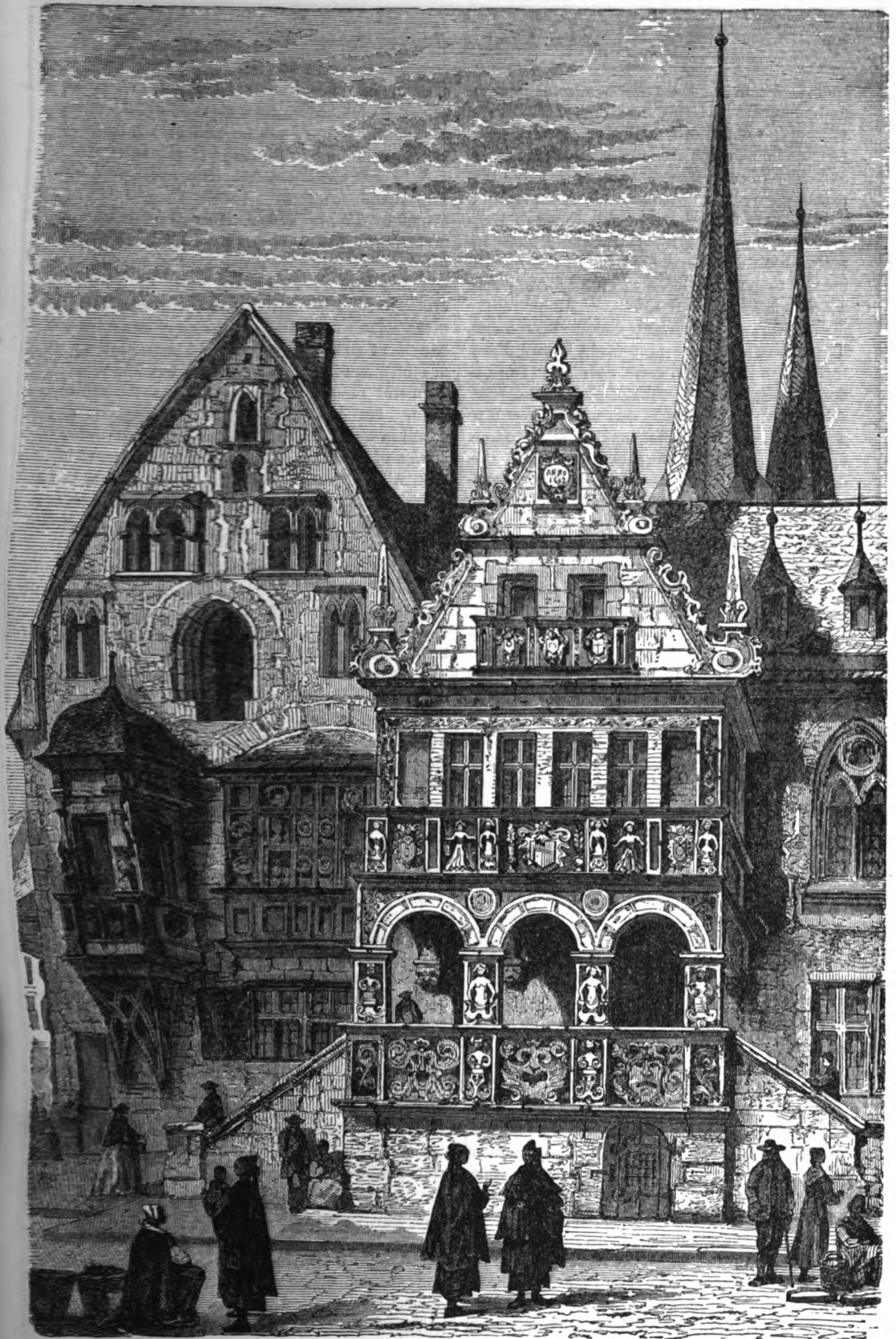
gardens and public walks. Thus the Leipsic of the Middle Ages was little more than half a mile across, whereas the town now bearing the name could not be crossed under two miles.

Leipsic is more celebrated for its fairs, which are still retained as important events, and for its book trade, than for any objects of antiquity or beauty. The principal fair nearly doubles, for the time, the number of the inhabitants, which always exceeds 80,000. It takes place after Easter, and lasts three weeks. There are smaller fairs at Michaelmas and the new year, and at all these times the streets and squares are lined with booths, and every hotel and lodging-house is filled to overflowing. Here only in Central and Northern Europe may be seen a mixture of Oriental with Occidental faces and costumes; and as there is a real interest and serious importance in the nature of the business transacted, Leipsic is well worth a visit at these times by those who would realize the nature of business in Europe in times gone by.

The traveler and tourist will, beyond a doubt, be informed when at Leipsic that he should visit the Castle of Pleissenburg, which formed a part of the old walls, and which now contains an observatory. The castle is interesting from its antiquity, but the position, which is eminently favorable for an observatory, is for that reason utterly uninteresting as a point of view. It commands a view of a flat plain without a single object to relieve the eye.

From Leipsic to Magdeburg is an easy run of two or three hours. The town of Magdeburg is fortified, and is considered strong. There is one good street, and in it is the cathedral, the lower part of which dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century. Many parts of it are very fine, but there is nothing to detain the traveler long. From Magdeburg there is easy railway communication with Halberstadt, whence we may conveniently enter the district of the Hartz. Halberstadt is reached by way of Oschersleben in about two hours, and is a city of very considerable picturesque and antiquarian interest. The market-place is full of exceedingly quaint mediæval houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in the center is a colossal figure, symbolizing the town itself and its privileges. The town-hall—*Rath-haus*—is a curious Gothic building of various dates, well worth careful examination. The illustration will remind the traveler who has seen it, of many points singularly attractive. The churches, especially the cathedral, are also remarkable, both without and within.

A short additional railway trip conducts us from Halberstadt by Quedlinburg, with its beau-



TOWN-HALL, HALBERSTADT.

tiful *Schlosskirche*, large and handsome houses, and turreted walls, to the station of Thale, the present terminus, where there is a very comfortable hotel, much visited during the Summer, and close to some very fine scenery. From this point we may be said to enter the Hartz district.

But before leaving the neighborhood of Magdeburg and entering the Hartz, the traveler interested in the mineral products of Europe will do well to pay a short visit to Stassfurth, where are extensive mineral works, resulting in the manufacture of important chemical products. These products were first made known about the time of the second great Exhibition in London in 1862, when the salts of potash, and other salts from this singularly rich source, began to attract attention. At that time about 2,500 tons of the raw material were extracted from this deposit. Few works have increased more rapidly, or become more economically important to whole groups of industries in so short a space as these Stassfurth minerals.

At the great works now established in this place there is a total thickness of nearly two hundred yards containing valuable minerals. They include nearly one hundred and fifty yards of rock-salt, separated by thin deposits of salts of lime, and beneath these other rocks, in which is a much larger proportion of minerals, containing salts of potash. The quantity is so great that the price of the salts of potash has been greatly lowered in the European market, followed by the introduction of the use of some of them for agricultural purposes. The mother liquor of the salt works, long established at Stassfurth, has long yielded crystals of the mineral in question. Upward of 150,000 tons of potash salt were extracted in the year 1866.

Stassfurth is easily reached by a small branch from Magdeburg, and the works will not occupy more than a day to examine.

#### FLOWERS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

COUNTRY life can not be made to yield its full measure of enjoyment to any one who neglects to cultivate a love of trees, shrubs, and flowers, or for some other department of the natural kingdom. I say its *full* measure, because there are pleasures in the country besides those which spring from fellowship with the beauties and curiosities of the vegetable world. For example, there is the *quiet* of the country, so enjoyable after a day spent amid the confused noises of the city. Then there is its pure, fresh air, its delightful land-

scapes, its charming sunsets, its refreshing drives, its rambles into the grand old woods, its musings in solitary nooks and on the banks of babbling brooks. These are pleasures which may be enjoyed by those who never offer worship at the shrine of Flora. But are they sufficient to *fill the mind* after the freshness of first enjoyments is over? Pliny, in writing to his friend, Caninius Rufus, who owned an enchanting villa at Comum, says of his friend's ordinary rural pursuits and occupations: "If these beauties wholly possess you, then is your happiness complete; but if not, then are you one of many in the same miserable situation."

In this remark Pliny strikes the nail on its head. He conditions the happiness of his friend in his charming home on the *entire possession* of his mind by his pursuits, and implies that, without such entire possession, he must be miserable, as he knew many others to be. In this Pliny was right. Country life produces enjoyment just in proportion to the measure of agreeable occupation it affords the mind. The complaint of those who do not love it is, that they "do not know what to do with themselves." Once made familiar with country quietude, fine landscapes, riding, driving, rambling, and musing, such persons lack further food for thought and, as millstones ever moving without fresh supplies of grain between them grind themselves, so do they grind and fret themselves into chronic conditions of melancholy and misery.

Just here, then, comes in the love of the floral kingdom. It furnishes boundless stores of delicious food for healthy thought. As a poet has well said, there is

"Not a tree,  
A plant, a blossom, but contains  
A folio volume. We may read, and read,  
And read again, and still find something new;  
Something to please, and something to instruct."

With such a volume to study, the lover of flowers is never without something entirely to possess his mind during his hours of leisure, to fill it with delightful reflections, and to lead it upward to Him whose loving skill filled the earth with floral beauty. Were he to leave the glorious volume of nature unopened and un-studied, his mind, lacking occupation, would weary of country life, and long for those busy rounds of social dissipation, which city-bred people misname pleasures. Is it quite true, therefore, that country life can not be made to yield its full measure of enjoyment to any one who neglects to cultivate a love for trees, shrubs, and flowers, or some other class of natural objects?

There are more than one hundred thousand

known trees, plants, and flowers. What an inexhaustible mine of pure pleasure lies within the grasp of every dweller in the country, in these divine productions! It is not my intention, however, in this paper to treat of the peculiar attractions of the floral world. I intend nothing beyond a few illustrations of the fact, that there is a vast fund of curious and interesting ideas—historical, poetical, and biographical, associated with plants, a knowledge of which adds materially to our enjoyment of their intrinsic beauties. A familiar acquaintance with these associations intensifies the pleasure of the amateur florist, and fills his greenhouse and garden with images of men and events long since become historical, or poetical, or both. I have selected a few plants at random, and have gathered such historical and other facts associated with them as I have collected for my note-book in the course of my readings about flowers.

## ROSEMARY.

And first, here is my modest, sweet-scented rosemary (*Rosmarinus officinalis*). As I pass my fingers lightly through its braided twigs and regale myself with its fragrance, I think of the ancient troubadours who prized it highly for its sweet odor, and sent its sprigs to their lady-loves as emblems of constancy. It reminds me, also, of happy bridal scenes, for, in Germany, it has long been worn in wreaths at the hymeneal altar by all classes, from the clumsy cottage maiden to the delicate bride of royalty. Anne, of Cleves, wore its sprigs in the coronal which bound her hair on the day of her marriage with the inconstant English Henry the Eighth. Alas, how misplaced was her faith in the man to whom she thus pledged her constancy!

As I linger over this familiar little shrub, it reminds me of my quaint old friend, George Herbert, who, speaking of that knowledge of herbs which he thinks every good country parson should possess, makes this curious remark concerning it:

“As for spices, the parson doth not only prefer this and other home-bred things before them, but condemns them for vanities and so shuts them out of his family, esteeming that there is no spice comparable to such herbs as rosemary, thyme, and mint.”

Finally, my little *Rosmarinus* reminds me of many distant lands, of old England, where it has grown immemorially in gardens; of Southern Europe, where it grows wild; of Africa, on whose deserts it literally wastes its sweetness, and where Dr. Shaw, seeing it used by the Moors for heating ovens, was forcibly reminded of Him who spoke of the flower of the field

which “to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven.”

## MISTLETOE.

Here is a sprig of *Phorodendron flavescens*, or mistletoe, with its white, semi-transparent berries. Its name, *phorodendron*, from *phor*, a thief, and *dendron*, a tree, indicates its character, which is that of a parasite, drawing its nourishment from the sap of oak, elm, or apple-tree.

This plant, though not much prized among us, is romantically associated with the past of our Father-land. Its presence carries us back to the days of that mysterious faith called Druidism, whose priests regarded the mistletoe with peculiar reverence. To them it was the symbol of immortality and mercy. They gathered it at the period of the Winter solstice, with their hatchets of brass, called celts, fastened to the end of their staffs. At their great festival, called Yule-tide, they carried it in their hands and laid it on their altars as a symbol of healing, and of coming happiness to the people. Why they did this is unknown. But it is conjectured that their reverence for this plant arose from the fact that, at the point where the parasite intersects the tree on which it lives, its wood contains numerous rays and circles curiously resembling the image of the sun, which was the chief deity of the Druids.

From this Druidical reverence for the mistletoe arose the practice, still prevailing in England, of using it for the adornment of churches and houses at Christmas. “At York,” says Dr. Stukeley, “the antiquarian, they carry mistletoe, on the eve of Christmas-day, to the high altar of the cathedral, and proclaim a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people, at the gates of the city, toward the four quarters of heaven.” This is, certainly, a very singular preservation of a heathen practice in a Christian city, maintained, probably, on the same principle

“As the ear

May love the ancient poet's rhyme,  
Or feel the secret charm of minster's distant chime.”

It is probable that the first converts to the Christian faith may have adopted the ancient custom of decorating their houses and churches with mistletoe at Christmas, because the plant was a well-known symbol of joy and gladness. It was, therefore, fitting for them so to use it when they celebrated that great mystery of our faith, the birth of the Lord Jesus. Nevertheless, even this practice may have been also connected with some remaining superstitious regard for the plant itself. There is abundant evidence



that they regarded it as a curative for many diseases, and a preventive of manifold evils. Even Sir John Colbach recommends it as a sovereign remedy for epileptic fits and other convulsive disorders; remarking that so fair a plant must have been designed by the Creator for further and more noble purposes than barely to feed thrushes, or to be hung up superstitiously to drive away evil spirits. He asserts that the high veneration in which the Druids were anciently held, by people of all ranks, proceeded, in a great measure, from the wonderful cures they wrought by means of the mistletoe of the oak.

It is not long since English youths and maidens were wont to carry branches of the mistletoe from house to house on the first of January as a New-Year's gift of friendship. Relics of the same practice remain in some parts of France to this day. And even now, in old England, if a maiden is caught by a youth standing beneath the mistletoe bough which, wreathed in holly, is still hung to the ceiling at Christmas in many a happy English home, she is considered bound to receive his kiss without offense. It may be that many willing maidens, by their seeming forgetfulness of the inviting bough, do often reveal their willingness to be wooed by lovers whose timidity has long forbidden them to put their secret hopes to the test of trial. On this point, however, I will not be positive, albeit I have little doubt that there are many happy wives and husbands in England whose union sprang from a first kiss given and received under the mistletoe and holly bough at Christmas tide.

#### THE FUCHSIA.

The graceful fuchsia, with its pink and crimson bells, so suggestive of its popular name, Ladies' Ear-drop, now challenges our attention. It has a German name, given to it in honor of a German botanist, Leonard Fuchs, who flourished in the sixteenth century, but its native habitat is South America.

This lovely plant was introduced somewhat curiously into England. One account says that the first fuchsia—*Fuchsia coccinea*—was taken from Chili and presented to the royal garden at Kew, in the year 1788. But another and a more romantic theory is, that Mr. Lee, a well-known London nursery-man, was one day informed by a friend that a poor woman in Wapping had a prettier flower than any in his collection. "Why," said Mr. Lee's enthusiastic informant, "the plant was elegant, and the flower hung like tassels from the pendent branches; their color, the richest crimson; in the center, a fold

of deep purple. It was, indeed, a very charming flower."

Mr. Lee, having inquired where this novel floral beauty was concealed, hastened to visit it. It delighted even his cultivated eye, and he said to its modest owner, "My good woman, this is a fine plant. I should like to buy it."

"I could not sell it, sir," said the poor woman, looking with loving eyes upon her flower, "for it was brought to me from the West Indies by my husband, who has gone to sea again, and I must keep it for his sake, sir."

"But I must have it," rejoined the impetuous gardener.

"No, sir, you can not," replied the woman firmly.

"Here!" cried the determined florist, emptying the contents of his pocket—copper, silver, and gold—upon the table, "I will give you all this for it. Here are eight guineas and over."

The sight of so much money overcame the loving scruples of the sailor's wife. She gave up the plant, receiving Mr. Lee's promise to send her one of the first he should rear from it, to "keep for her husband's sake."

Mr. Lee made such good use of this lone fuchsia that, at the commencement of the next flowering season, he had multiplied it three hundred-fold. With a shrewdness which would have been creditable to a pure-blooded Yankee, our London florist placed only two of his plants, in their primal bloom, in his show-room. The first lady who saw it exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?"

"It is a new thing, madam. Pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! It is lovely. What is its price?"

"One guinea, madam."


The guinea was cheerfully paid, and in a short time this blushing South American beauty stood displaying its charms in the lady's drawing-room. Her visitors admired it rapturously, inquired whence it came, and were told that Mr. Lee had one other just like it at his nursery. Away drove the visitor, bought the second plant, and hastened home with her treasure.

Mr. Lee then brought out two more of his plants, which were admired and sold at the same price and in the same way. This process was repeated until three hundred golden guineas lay snugly enough in the gardener's purse, the produce of the one plant purchased of the reluctant wife. It pleases us to know that the gardener kept his pledge, and gave the loving wife one of his new fuchsias to watch over and love for her absent husband's sake.

With this fact in one's mind the fuchsia is not merely "a joy forever," because it is a "thing

of beauty" in itself, but also because it brings before our imagination the image of that poor but faithful wife who clung so firmly to a fragile plant because it was her absent husband's gift.

### THE GENTLEMEN OF INDIA.

 UR papers on the Ladies of India will probably be more fully understood if we devote an article to the gentlemen of that land—what they are like, and how they act in general.

Happy indeed will that country become when its sons shall follow the example of the noble man whose portrait we here present, Duleep Singh, the first Christian Prince of India. For eighteen years he has been faithful to his Savior, and of him it can be said, in contrast with the usages of his class,

"He loves one only,  
And is true to her."

His life is pure and his influence and wealth are employed to advance the welfare of those around him, and to promote the cause of Christ, which he has espoused. But more of him hereafter. For the present we introduce him to the ladies as an India gentleman—the general type in figure and dress of thousands more of the wealthy and titled classes there. We do not speak here of the common people, or of their divisions and customs, more generally representing, as they do, Hindoo life and manners—this we may do hereafter—but only of the "upper ten thousand," who are especially responsible to God and to man for the condition and degradation to which women in India have been so long subjected, by the conjoint influence of the aristocracy, in its claims and vices, and the priesthood, who have pandered to that influence and justified their cause, so that no sacerdotal voice is ever heard raised in protest against the guilt and the wrongs which are known or suspected to exist in this condition of society. The combination is as powerful on the one part as it is heartless on the other, while the poor victim "has no helper" till Christianity has now begun to send the light which must ere long give her hope.

The *dress* of a gentleman in India is regulated as to its quality by his wealth and position, and as to its variations of form by his creed and locality. But the Maharajah costume here shown may be regarded generally as that of his countrymen.

Their dress is free and flowing, adapted to the climate, and leaving to the limbs a greater freedom of action, with more circulation of air,

than the American style of dress can ever know. Although, to our imagination, it appears somewhat feminine in its aspect, yet it is eminently graceful and becoming to the wearers, as any one who has seen a company of Hindoo gentlemen together will have observed. There is something so conservative and biblical in the aspect of it that you feel at once that the fluctuations of the fashions can have no influence upon it. Here is something that is at once suitable and unchanging—a style of comfort and elegance which the past five hundred years has not changed, and which will probably remain unaltered when five hundred more years have passed away.

The dress here represented shows a vest of "Kincole"—cloth of gold—slightly exposed at the breast; a loose-fitting coat falling below the knees, made of rich yellow satin from the looms of Delhi, bordered with gold embroidery—a Cashmere shawl of great value encircles the loins, and the usual "Kummerbund" binds all to the waist of the wearer. The turban is made of several yards of fine India muslin, twisted round the head, heavily adorned with chains of pearls and aigrettes of diamonds and precious stones. These, with the pearls encircling his neck, are of large size and extraordinary beauty and value—the heir-looms of many generations. He holds by his side his State sword, the hilt of which is studded with precious stones. To all this "glory" might have been added the matchless *Koh-i-Noor* diamond; for this Prince was the heir of "The Mountain of Light"—his father, the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, having been its last possessor. But his great diamond was sent as a present to Queen Victoria, and he himself is handsome and happy enough without it.

How significant of the resources of India is the fact that every article on the person of this princely man, from the gold and gems on his head to the embroidered slippers on his feet, is the production of his own country, and all of native manufacture! How quietly in this respect he outshines the Broadway "exquisite" or Parisian belle, whose finery must be sought for in a score of climes and imported from many lands!

The Maharajah is considered one of the handsomest of his countrymen. The excellent wood-cut here representing him does not, however, do justice to his black, lustrous eyes, or his finely formed features and intelligent look. But we must turn again from him for the present to consider the general subject.

The *education* of the gentlemen of India, in its proper sense, is sadly deficient. Conducted



THE MAHARAJAH DULEEP SINGH.

mostly in the zenana, among ladies ignorant of the most elementary knowledge, their mental training and acquisitions are of the most superficial sort and destitute of any healthful stimulus.

These gentlemen of means and leisure would, in other lands, be urged on to the privileges of scholarship; would be enlarging and enriching the literature of their times by their authorship, by foreign travel, by collections of books and

works of art, and institutions for developing the resources of their great country. But there are no authors in India, no libraries in its homes, not one in a thousand of its aristocracy ever saw the outside of his native land. Learned societies, museums, or fruits of genius, are not to be found there. Education, when acquired, is restricted mostly to the mere ability of reading, and writing, and talking in courtly style—while there are multitudes of wealthy men that

can not do that much ; nay, there are even kings without the ability to write their own names, who can only give validity to State documents by stamping them with "the signet on their right hand." The sovereign of the Punjab—father of the Maharajah here represented—was one such. He was unable to write or read his own name, and to the day of his death could not tell one figure from another.

The little information of general news which they acquire from time to time, has been obtained by a singular arrangement. Each great family, or king's court, had its "editor." He was expected to furnish the news daily, or as often as he could. So he collected from any source within his reach and got his newspaper ready. But he had no press, nor type, nor office, nor newsboy to aid him. He simply enters on his broad sheet, in writing, one after another, all the news or gossip he could collect, until his paragraphs fill his pages, and he sallies forth in the morning to circulate the news, commencing with the members of the household, and thence to the servants, and so on to the neighbors, reading for each circle the news he had previously collected and written out, and receiving his fees from each company as he goes round the neighborhood. Express trains, telegraphs, associated press, pictorial powers, and all our Christian appliances for collecting and distributing the news of the wide world he is utterly ignorant of. But the poor editor is on a par with the education of his patrons, and he can rest assured they are not likely to outstrip him in the race for knowledge ; and so it goes on from generation to generation, until now, when this wonderful innovator, Christianity, has walked right into the midst of this venerable ignorance, and, to the horror of these editorial oracles, has lifted many even of the pariah youth of their bazaars to a plane of education and knowledge up to which millions look with amazement, as they wonder what is going to happen now, when boys, "whose fathers they would have disdained to set with the dogs in their flocks," are actually becoming possessed of an education which even their Pundits do not enjoy !

The habits of the India aristocracy are in many respects decidedly peculiar. The residence, for instance, is usually very mean, as compared with the wealth of the parties. While they will spend millions upon a temple or tomb, they are content to dwell in a house which a man in America, with one-fiftieth of their income, would scorn to inhabit. A Rajah, with a rent-roll or income of say \$50,000 or more per annum, will pass his life in a residence built of

sun-dried brick and a tiled roof, that cost less than \$2,000, surrounded on all sides with mud hovels, and in the midst of a bazaar where the din, and smoke, and effluvia would be intolerable to any decent American.

No doubt this want of appreciation of surrounding circumstances in their life is caused by their inability, while heathens, justly or truly to estimate that idea of *home* which Christianity has created for man, especially in the "honorable estate" of the married life which she ordains and blesses, and to which she leads the grateful, loving husband, to bring his means and ingenuity to adorn it, and to make it a convenient, cheerful, happy dwelling for the blessed wife whom he loves, and the dear children that God has given them. Such a home, with its joy and honor, the heathen or polygamist can never know or appreciate. His residence is but a convenience, not the sanctuary of the affections, and his estimate of home must be, and is, defective and perverted.

They eschew furniture, in our sense of the word—tables, chairs, knives, and forks. They eat with their fingers alone, and generally sleep on a charpoy or mat. So that when you enter a Hindoo home you are at once struck with the naked look of the rooms—no chair or sofa to sit upon, no pictures on the walls, no piano or musical instrument, no library of books, no maps, no table, with the newspaper, or periodical, or album upon it, and you wonder how they can bear to live such a life ; to you it would be a misery and a blank ; but you are a Christian, and your holy religion has made you to differ, and taught you the nature and value of a Christian home and its conveniences and joys.

Nothing would more surprise them in visiting our Western world than to see how generally, according to the ability of each, we beautify and adorn our residences, and surround them with flowers, and verdure, and neatness. They would think this all very artificial and perhaps unnecessary, and could not enter into the feelings of those whose constant effort seems to be to make the abode on earth, in its purity, companionship, and peace, a type of the heavenly home—"the house not made with hands" above—which "Jesus has gone to prepare," and which he will yet honor with his own presence and fellowship when he comes again to "receive us to himself, that where he is there we may be also," in his Father's house and among the "many mansions" of his ransomed ones !

Woman alone in heathenism, even where she has possessed peculiar wealth, and power, and opportunity for the effort, can not make this

earthly paradise ; she requires Christianity to be successful. Cases have occurred where European ladies have been induced—in Delhi, Lucknow, etc.—to enter even loyal zenanas as wives—of which more hereafter. But, though knowing the difference, and probably fondly hoping they could by their presence and ability constitute a happy social state, they soon realized that the very atmosphere forbid the development of the home they hoped to cultivate, and the fair experimenters had, in utter despair, to abandon their efforts and their hopes, and not only so, but content themselves to sink to the sad level of the heathenish community into which they had ventured !

“Home is the sacred refuge of our life.”

True, but India's sons can never learn the sentiment and experience which Dryden's line thus expresses till the daughters of India receive the Christianity which alone can cultivate their minds and hearts, and take under its divine guardianship their sacred mission in India, as in America, to

“Give to social man true reliab of himself.”

The men of India have never known woman's high power as “a helpmeet” in mind, heart, social life, or usefulness ; and, until they do, they can never enjoy the blessed home which only honored and elevated women can create.

If there be any one thing, short of salvation, in which America and India contrast each other most vividly, it is woman's high position in her home, and man's consequent happiness resulting therefrom—as wife, living for the husband whom she loves ; as mother, making her abode a nursery for the Eden on high ; the friend and patron of all that is lovely, virtuous, and of good report ; her plastic influence of mind, and heart, and character, molding those within her sphere into sympathy with her own goodness, while she thus sweetly

“Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way.”

In presence of this excellence—and, thank Heaven, Christianity has thousands such !—every thing beautiful on earth brightens ; the holiest and happiest men in this world bask in this blessed social sunshine, and are led by it to the contemplation and earnest hope of those “better things” which it typifies ; their sanctified domestic joy becoming a sign and promise of the felicity that will be endless when they come to realize at last what they so often sing below,

“My heavenly home is bright and fair ;”

finally, realizing in death what the first native female member of the Methodist Episcopal

Church in India, the gentle Emma—Joel's lovely wife—felt after being all this to her husband and children, when she joyously exclaimed, “I am going from a happy home on earth to a happier home in heaven !”

The food and manner of eating is quite Oriental, with the peculiarity on the part of the higher castes that they never touch flesh of any kind ; but the rich variety of fruits and vegetables, and other products of the field and garden, with milk, butter, etc., enables them to enjoy a full variety. The favorite dish of India is the “curry,” and natives and foreigners alike seem to agree that it is the king of all dishes. If it was not the “savory meat” that Isaac loved, the latter was probably very like it ; but the dish itself is never equal, in piquancy and aroma, out of India to what you receive there. The eating is done without the aid of knives or forks, the fingers alone being used. This is the mode for all, no matter how high or wealthy. The writer saw the Emperor of Delhi take his food in this way. When they have finished, a servant lays down a brass basin before them, and pours water on their hands, and presents a towel to wipe them, reminding one of Elisha “pouring water on the hands of Elijah,” acting as his attendant in honor of the man of God.

The amusements of the India aristocracy are very limited. The enervation of the climate may have something to do with this, but it is probably more due to a want of that developed manliness and self-assertion which belongs only to a higher civilization. They hardly ever think of going out hunting, or fishing, or fowling. Of the chase they know nothing, and, I presume, there is not one base-ball club in the country ; gymnastic exercises they never take, their music is barbarous, and they do not play. When a feast or marriage requires entertainment, they hire professional musicians, dancers, jugglers, or players, to perform before their guests, but take no part whatever personally. Operas, and theaters, and promiscuous dancing they hold in abhorrence, as too immoral for them or their families to witness or attend. They are fond of formal calls upon their equals, or social and civil superiors, and like display and exhibitions of their standing and wealth. They are regularly scientific in the art of taking their ease, being bathed and shampooed, fanned to sleep and while asleep. They love to be decorated with dress and jewelry, enjoy frequent siestas, and divide the remainder of their leisure time among the society of women whom they choose to entertain in their zenanas. But, of public spirit and efforts, disinterested devotion to the welfare of others, intellectual enjoyments, the

culture and training of their children's mind or morals, or the exalting influence of communion with a refined and intelligent wife or mother, they know but little or nothing, because they are utter strangers to the inspiration of the holy religion whose fruits these joys and virtues are.

When they undertake to pay a visit of ceremony, it is, to our views, very singular what form and punctiliousness they deem to be indispensable. The whole establishment seems turned out for the purpose, for the larger the "following" of course you are reputed to be correspondingly impressed with the standing and dignity of the great man who has come to honor you with his call. An outrunner or two reaches your door in advance, and announces their master's approach; then come an armed squad, and his confidential servant, or "vakeel," and behind them the great man himself on his elephant, or in his palanquin; another crowd of retainers bring up the rear—the whole train numbering, sometimes, from thirty to sixty persons, or even more. Often, as I have looked at them, have I been reminded of the figure in the Revelations, where the blessed dead are represented as accompanied on their way into the kingdom of heaven by the escort of the good deeds of their faithful lives, which rise up to accompany them as so many evidences of their devotion to God—"Their works do follow them." The interview is merely a ceremony. The lady of the house is not expected to make her appearance; but where the visit is to a missionary family, the lady generally does show herself, and, joining in the conversation, watches the opportunity to say a word for the truth of the Gospel. The native gentleman is evidently amazed, though he conceals it as well as he can, at her intelligence and her self-possession in the presence of another man than her husband, so unlike the prejudices that fill his mind about the female members of his own household. No doubt amazing are the descriptions he carries home of what he has seen and heard on such an occasion.

But it is in connection with "*darbars*," governmental levees, and marriage festivals that the whole force of the native passion for parade and ostentation develops itself. As a sample: At the *darbar* some time ago in the Punjab, Diahn Singh, one of the nobles, came mounted on a large Persian horse, which curveted and pranced about as though proud of his rider. The bridle and saddle were covered with gold embroidery, and underneath was a saddle-cloth of silver tissue, with a broad fringe of the same material, which nearly covered the animal. The legs and tail of the horse were dyed red—the former up

to the knees, and the latter, half-way to the haunches—an emblem, well understood by the crowd, of the number of enemies which this military chief was supposed to have killed in battle, and that their blood had covered his horse thus far. The chief himself was dressed with the utmost magnificence, loaded with jewels, which hung, row upon row, round his neck, in his turban, on the hilt of his sword and dagger, and over his dress generally, while a bright cuirass shone resplendent on his breast. Add to this a face and person handsome and majestic, and you have the man as he delighted to be seen on the occasion.

But even this was outdone a few months ago, on the occasion of the visit of one of Queen Victoria's sons, the Duke of Edinburgh, to India. A part of the pageant was the procession of elephants. These animals, one hundred and seventy in number, and the finest in size and appearance in India, were each decorated in the richest housings, and ridden by the Nawabs and Rajahs who owned them, each trying hard to outvie the other. Perhaps the Maharajah of Puttecallah carried off the palm. The housings of his immense elephant were of such extraordinary richness that they were covered with gold and jewels. The Maharajah who rode on him wore a robe of black satin embroidered with pearls and emeralds. The *howdah*—seat on the elephant's back—in which the Rajah of Kuppoothullah sat was roofed with a triple dome made of solid silver.

This passion for ostentation and show breaks over all bounds on the occasion of their marriage ceremonies, and is permitted to know no limit but their means, nor sometimes even that. Sleeman narrates of the Rajah of Bullubghur—whom the writer saw in such different circumstances twenty years after these events, on trial for his life in the Dewanee Khass of Delhi, in 1857, as described in the article on "The Last of the Moguls"—that, on the occasion of the marriage in 1838, the young chief mustered a cortege of sixty elephants and ten thousand followers to attend him. He was accompanied by the chief of Ludora and Pattedallee with forty more elephants, and five thousand people.

It was considered necessary to the dignity of the occasion that the bridegroom's party should expend at least six hundred thousand rupees—\$300,000 gold—during the festival. A large part of this sum was to be distributed freely in the procession; so it was loaded on elephants, and persons were appointed to fling it among the crowds as the cavalcade passed on its way. They scattered copper money all along the road from their home till within seven miles of

Bullubghur. From this point to the gate of the fort they scattered silver, and from the gate of the fort to the door of the palace they scattered gold and jewels. The son of the Puttecallee chief, a lad of about ten years, had the post of honor in the distribution. He sat on his elephant, and beside him was a bag of six hundred gold mohurs—each mohur is worth ten dollars gold—mixed up with an immense variety of gold ear-rings, pearls, and precious stones. His turn for scattering began as they neared the palace door. Seeing some European gentlemen, who had come to look at the procession, standing on the balcony, the little chief thought they should have their share, so he heaved up vigorously several handfuls of the pearls, mohurs, and jewels, as he passed them. Not one of them, of course, would condescend to stoop to take up any, but the servants in attendance upon them showed no such dignified forbearance.

The costs of the family of the bride are always much greater than that of the bridegroom. They are obliged to entertain, at their own expense, all the bridegroom's guests which go with him for his bride, as well as their own, as long as they remain. Over and above this, on the present occasion the Rajah gave a rupee to every one of the multitude that came to see the festival. An immense concourse of the common people had assembled to share in this donation, and to scramble for the many scattered along the road. To carry out the programme to its full intention, ready money enough was not found in the treasury, so more had to be obtained. But before the supply could arrive, thirty thousand more people had assembled at the capital, yet no one was disappointed; all of them obtained their rupee, and the promise was fulfilled.

From this running description of the superficial, self-glorifying, and aimless lives which these men follow, the reader may easily imagine what must be the condition of their minds, their morals, and their characters.

The Maharajah Duleep Singh, whose portrait heads this article, is worthy of a more special notice, and particularly so as he has had the moral courage to separate himself from heathenism, and receive that Christian faith which has made him to differ so widely from his countrymen in the various respects in which we have here sketched them. He is the first royal person in India who has become a follower of Jesus Christ. His Highness is the son and heir of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, who, from the ferocity and valor with which he conducted his wars and ruled his nation, was called "The Lion of the Punjab," and whose death

and costly suttee is represented in the Repository of last year. The old gentleman's policy left his nation in confusion, and the English power in the wars that resulted, found his forces to be the sturdiest foe with whom they had ever measured swords in India. Runjeet died in 1839, and his son, this Duleep Singh, then only four years old, was placed upon the throne. His uncles ruled in his name, but the ten years which followed were times of anarchy and bloodshed, the Regents being assassinated in succession, and the country one vast camp. The army superseded the civil power, and, in their folly, actually crossed the frontier, and, in 1845, invaded British India. They were repulsed, but only to renew the effort four years later, when they were overthrown, and the Punjab—the country of the five rivers, as the word means, the rivers named in Alexander's invasion, and which unite to form the Indus at Attock—was annexed to the British Empire. The young Maharajah was pensioned, and placed for education under the care of the government. God mercifully guided the Governor-general in the selection of guardian and tutor for the little prince. Dr. (now Sir John) Logan, of the medical service, and a member of the Presbyterian Church, was appointed as guardian, and Mr. Guise, of the civil service, was selected as his tutor. To Mr. Guise's other high qualifications for his duties was added a beautiful Christian character. He had need of all his fitness, for the little ex-king had never been used to any restraint, much less to study, or to books, and claimed the right to run wild, and neglect all mental acquisitions. But the patience and conscientiousness of the faithful tutor overcame every difficulty; good habits and a taste for reading were formed. Their home was at Futtyghur, on the Ganges, where the American Presbyterian Church has a Mission, in which many young men were receiving a Christian education. The prince expressed a desire to have some one of good birth and talents for a companion, and a young Brahmin, by name Bhajan Lal, who had been educated in the mission-school, and had there, though unconverted, contracted a love for the Christian Scriptures, was chosen for the position. He soon enjoyed the entire confidence of the young Maharajah. Bhajan was in the habit of studying the Bible in his leisure moments, and the prince, two or three times, having come upon him thus engaged, was led to inquire what book it was that so interested him. He was told, and, at his request, Bhajan promised to read and explain the Word of God to him, but on condition that it should not be known. The priests of his own

religion that had accompanied him from the Punjab, and were training him in the tenets of their faith, were soon seen by him in a new light as he continued to read the Scriptures. When he began to compare them in all their mummery, immorality, and covetousness, with the purity and spirituality of the Christians around him, whose lives and examples he had carefully noted, a feeling of disgust with heathenism, and a preference and love for the religion of the Bible, sprung up in his heart, to which he soon gave expression. Thus the reading of God's holy Word, taught and explained even by a heathen youth and Brahmin, led the Maharajah to give up idolatry, and to express a desire to break his caste, and be baptized.

The priests were amazed and confounded, and offered what resistance they could. But the guardianship of the Prince effectually shielded him from all persecution. Yet, as he was so young, and the step contemplated so important, his guardian, though rejoiced at his purpose, and ready to aid it in every proper way, suggested delay till he could more fully study the religion of Jesus and act with fuller deliberation. He accepted the advice, drew nearer to the missionaries, attended the services, and enjoyed the association of the Christians. He was led to embrace Christ as his Savior, and on the 8th of March, 1853, was baptized and received into the Christian Church. The Rev. W. J. Jay administered the holy ordinance in the presence of all the missionaries, the native Christians and Europeans at the station, and the servants of the Maharajah. He was clad as here represented, and, when he took off his turban, and with such firmness and humility, bowed his head to receive the sacred ordinance, every heart in the assembly was moved, and many a prayer went up that he might have grace to fulfill his vows and honor his Christian profession.

He has faithfully done so to the present time. Immediately after his baptism he established relief societies at Futtyghur and Lahore, placing them under the control of the American missions at both places. Besides assisting in the support of the missions, he established, and still sustains, a number of village schools for the education of the people, and has been a liberal contributor to every good object brought to his notice. When the writer was at Futtyghur he had the opportunity of witnessing the results being accomplished by the Christian liberality of the Maharajah in and around that station. He was then aiding the cause of Christ and the poor to the extent, probably, of fully one-tenth of his whole income annually; and I presume his liberality is no less now.

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Some time after his baptism, with a desire to improve his mind by foreign travel, he visited England. He took with him a devoted Christian, who had formerly been a Hindoo Pundit, named Nil Knath, by whose instructions he was more fully established in the doctrines of the Gospel, and with whom he enjoyed daily prayer and other religious privileges. On his arrival in London the Government placed a suitable residence in Wimbledon at his disposal, and the Queen and Prince Albert showed him much attention and kindness.

The Sepoy Rebellion of 1857 distressed him exceedingly, and probably alienated him from his native land. His entire severance from the religion of his countrymen, and, most of all probably, reasons of state in view of the English rule in his country, which he would not wish by his presence there to disturb in any way, led him to prefer England as a residence. A magnificent home has been provided for him near London, and there, on the allowance of his rank paid yearly by the British Government, he is spending the present portion of his life, honored and respected by all around him. He has probably ere now come to the conclusion that the loss of the throne of the Punjab may have been for him a good providence. During the rebellion his life might have been sacrificed. In the peace and honor that surround him he is not only entirely free from the evil influences of an Oriental court, and the distractions of irresponsible government, but he may reflect, judging the present from the past, that had he remained and reigned he might very probably, like his uncles and predecessors, have met a violent death.

Some years ago his mother went to London to visit him. His efforts to lead her to Christ were unavailing. She died about a year or more after reaching England. Her servants and priests wished her body to be disposed of with heathen rites and by cremation. But he would not allow it. They returned to the Punjab, and raised such a row about the disposition of her remains, their great complaint being, to express it in their own words, that "he had put their Queen, the famous Ranee Chunda, down into a hole to rot instead of burning her decently and sending her ashes to the Ganges."

The Maharajah had given her a suitable resting-place in a costly tomb, but it would not satisfy them. She must be burned. And they continued to worry him till at last, worn out by their importunity, he told them to come for her and have an end of the annoyance. But they would not come; he must bring her. So, at length, he compromised the matter by telling



them to meet him at Bombay, to which place he took the body and handed it over to them, but would not proceed further, thus avoiding any connection with the idolatrous rites of the cremation.

All trials have probably their compensations. The Maharajah doubtless found it so on this unwelcome journey. He had now reached thirty years of age, and was still unmarried—probably had met no one exactly to strike his fancy in that line. But on this journey, while resting a day at Cairo, in Egypt, he employed his leisure hours in visiting the American missions. While being conducted through the school he saw a young lady, one of the teachers, a Copt by nation, whose elegant and intelligent person and manners attracted his attention. He concealed the interest she had awakened in his mind, and went on next day with his sad burden. But the lady had made her impression upon his heart, and he thought of her all the way to India; and then, having fulfilled his object, returned to Egypt, again visited the school, and saw her. He stated to the missionaries his interest in the lady, proposed, and was accepted.

In a few weeks after they were married in a simple Christian manner, and without any of the extravagance usual with his countrymen on such occasions. A portion of the money thus saved he devoted to the aid of the mission whose teacher he had so unexpectedly changed into "The Maharanee Duleep Singh." My lady readers will, I am sure, join me in hearty wishes for their health and happiness, and also in earnest prayer that, ere long, the gentlemen of India may find in Christ and Christian civilization that new life of joy and purity to which they are at present such strangers.

#### NIGHT-FALL.

COME close to my side, beloved,  
For the toilsome day is done,  
And our paths, that have wandered far apart,  
Draw near with the setting sun—  
So near, so dear, while the ingleside  
Glow soft in a dream of rest,  
And our hearts are glad for the quiet tide  
Of the hour we love the best.

You have warred all day, beloved,  
The warfare of right with sin,  
Where the foremost are smitten with envy's shaft,  
And the saddest are those who win;  
And while I wrought till the shades grew long,  
To God and my loved ones true,  
If ever the wrong waxed bold and strong,  
Then, kneeling, I prayed for you.

You are tired to-night, beloved,  
But the breaking waves that beat  
With rhythmic surge on the shore of day  
Subside in the night-fall sweet;  
And, knowing the need that comes from strife,  
When the day's brief page is read,  
On the heart that is yours for the work of life  
I pillow your aching head.

You are sad to-night, beloved,  
I glory when you are weak  
To lift your brow till a veil of hair  
Lies golden upon your cheek—  
To feel, though your life is brave and grand,  
And you march with the crowned abreast,  
That the light, light touch of a woman's hand  
Can quiet your griefs to rest.

Close, close to your side, beloved,  
For our wandering paths are one,  
And out from the tents of even-tide  
They lead to the setting sun;  
And, stirring the tenderly pulsing calm  
Of the night-fall, hushed and dim,  
We thank our Father for Love's sweet psalm  
That is leading us up to him.

#### THE SABBATH REST.

SWEET Sabbath rest, thou comest to me  
So blessedly, so welcomingly!  
Thou bidd'st my toil-worn footstep cease;  
Thou breathest on my spirit "peace;"  
Thou layest on thy holy breast  
My weary head, sweet Sabbath rest.

Thou biddest haggard care to wait  
Submissively without thy gate,  
Whilst I, within thy hallowed calm,  
Sit gathering strength and breathing balm,  
And drinking in thy whispered thought,  
Which with my life shall be inwrought.

Thou sweetly dost my spirit teach  
Eternal truths which heavenward reach,  
Till, softened, strengthened, lifted up,  
I clasp again "life's mingled cup,"  
And, rising, pass without thy gate,  
Less weary, less disconsolate.

Again I clasp the hand of Care,  
Transfigured now to Duty fair,  
And lo! the onward stretching path  
A light of peace and beauty hath;  
Sweet flowers of faith, and hope, and trust,  
Spring upward from the wayside dust.

Sweet Sabbath rest! thou precious boon,  
Gone to return in blessing soon,  
Renewing through our troubled days  
The dawn of peace, the joys of praise,  
Till, dawneth in life's fading west,  
The Sabbath of eternal rest.

## THE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

L

THE "great deep" is a lively emblem of its Creator, ever active and unchangeable.

Soundings have been made, showing a depth of from five to seven miles, exceeding even our highest mountains; were it increased by one-fourth only, all the earth, with the exception of the highest peaks, would be drowned; but its "proud waves," rising sometimes to the enormous height of sixty feet, are "stayed." "His wonders in the deep," truly they *are* wonders. The beds of the great Pacific and Atlantic are proved to be cemeteries of myriads of beings, most of which are so minute as to require the superficial magnifying power of 240,000 times to define them. The Diatoms, or flinty skeletons of parasitical marine plants, are of the most exquisite forms; the Polycystina, with their many-chambered stomachs, and the Foraminifera, with their novel organs of locomotion, are wonderful witnesses to the truth of the words quoted. Vast beds of brilliantly colored anemones, living plant-animals—"zoöphytes"—wave their petal-like tentacles, so as even to deceive the bees along shore, who have been seen to fly into their stomachs as into the nectary of a blossom when expanded above the surface; and vast beds of sea-fans, the work of the Gorgonia, sparkle with gem-like coverings of gold and rubies; the bright sea-mats, with their mother-of-pearl-like structure, revealing countless families of Flustra, are iridescent with light. The many-colored hairs of the sea-mouse reflect the most brilliant hues of the rainbow; while the leafless trees of coral forests and the green beds of rose-colored weeds float amid the bright blue waters in wondrous harmony. So brilliant are their hues in the sun as scarcely to be looked upon; and "when day declines," as says an eloquent writer, "and the shades of night lay hold upon the deep, this fantastic garden is lighted up in new splendor. Millions of glowing sparks, like little microscopic medusæ and crustaceans, dance like glow-worms through the gloom. The sea-feather, which by daylight is vermilion-colored, waves in a greenish phosphorescent light; every corner of it is lustrous. Parts which by day were dull and brown, and retreated from the sight amid the universal brilliancy of color, are now radiant in the most wonderful play of green, yellow, and red light; and to complete the wonders of the enchanted night, the silver disk, six

feet across, of the moon-fish, moves slightly luminous among the crowd of sparkling stars."

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

In opening the study of these living wonders we begin low down in the scale of life among the family of Asterias or star-fishes. Here are creatures which seem to be constructed by geometry. Their resemblance to that figure which we call a star has long been recognized by amateurs as well as naturalists. The organization of marine animals is far from being rigorously exact. The creative power seldom or never employed lines perfectly straight; the preference was always given to curved and wavy lines; hence the asterias are not constructed with exact geometrical accuracy. The star-fishes are animals without vertebra; they are generally flattened and pentagonal, the branches being nearly equal to each other, and

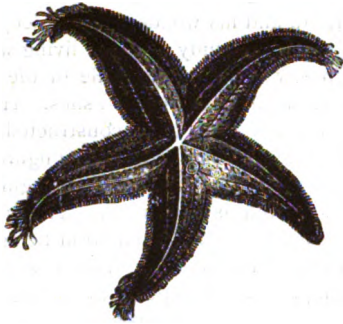


STAR-FISH.

arranged symmetrically as rays. These rays are more or less triangular, and are invariably five in number. The asterias strew the ground of the submarine forests. Sir L. M'Clintock, when exploring the route for a North Atlantic telegraph, found a living star-fish at a depth of two hundred and sixty fathoms! It belonged to a species generally found only in a fossil state, and here it was living under an enormous pressure, and far out of the reach of the light of day. The asterias are peculiar to the sea; they have no fresh-water representatives. Certain species are extremely numerous—so numerous, indeed, that the sea-board population cart them away to manure the land.

The star-fishes are variously colored. Some are a grayish yellow, some an orange yellow, others a dull red, or a violet. Their bodies are surrounded by a calcareous envelope, composed of pieces placed side by side, united by fibers. These plates are armed with tubercles and

pricks; M. Gaudry found more than 11,000 of them on a red star-fish—that species which is most common in Europe.

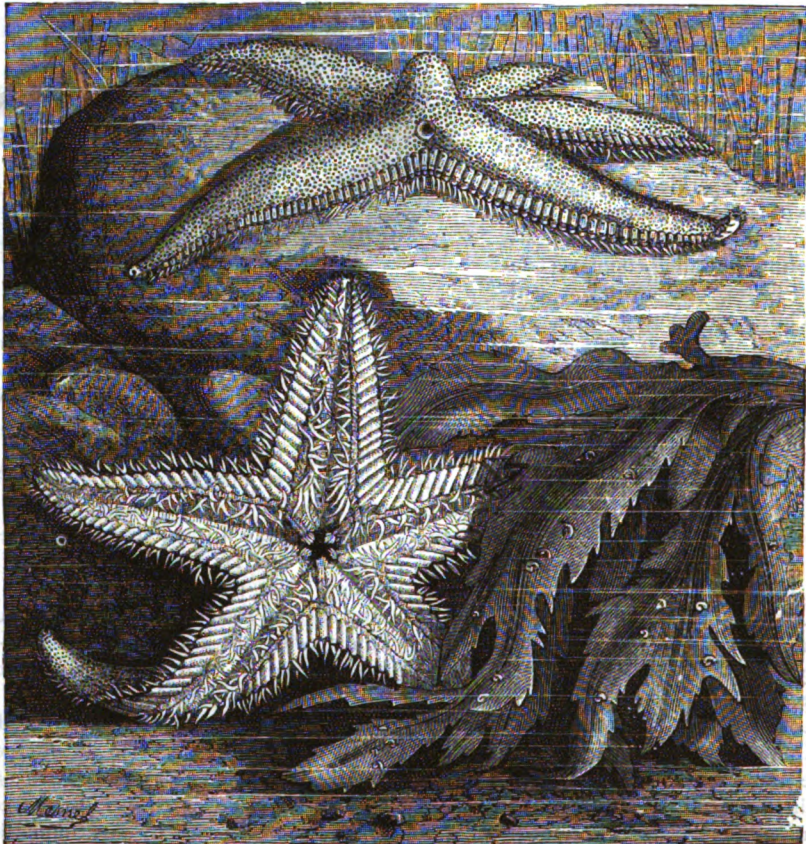


THE VIOLET ASTERIA. (*Uraster violaceus.*)

The asterias have a mouth at the center of their lower surface. There are also upon this under surface globular drop-like protuberances, which are furnished with arm-like appendages; and it is from the globular projections that the organs are put forth, which are really the feet of the creature. These form a double or quadruple row; they consist of a fleshy cylinder of

a grayish color, and in most cases are terminated by a little globular vesicle filled with a watery liquid. This vessel is capable of great extension. When the creature wishes to push out its foot, it causes the globular vessel to contract; this forces the liquid into the cylinder, which is consequently stiffened, and can be used for the purpose of locomotion. When the pressure upon the bag of fluid is relieved, the water returns back to its receptacle, and the cylinder becomes limp, and contracts. In spite of the great number of these ambulacral organs, the star-fish does not move any quicker than other inhabitants of salt water which possess only one foot or none at all.

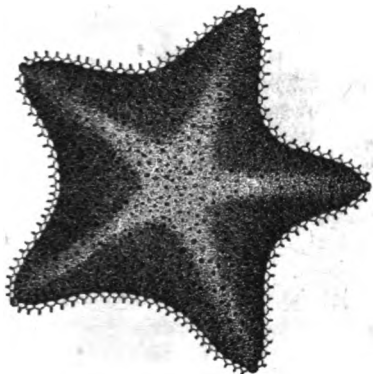
If you turn an asteria over upon its back, at first it remains motionless, with its feet contracted; soon, however, it pushes them out like so many little worms, spreading them here and there as if feeling for the ground; it then inclines them toward the bottom of the vase, and fixes them one after the other; when it has a sufficient number attached, the animal turns itself round. It is believed that these organs also play no inconsiderable part in the process



of respiration; even during times of seeming repose, currents of corpuscles are seen traversing them.

The mouth of a star-fish opens immediately into the stomach, which is a large sack, from which a chamber passes into each arm. These prolongations of the stomach are a kind of intestines.

These animals are very voracious. They ingult their prey while still living, in a single



EQUESTRIAN STAR-FISH. (*Goniaster equestris*.)

morsel. When the victim is too large for the mouth, the stomach inverts itself upon it. In all other animals the lips are the receivers of the food for the stomach; but here the stomach itself takes the food. The star-fish can eat even oysters. This appears at first sight impossible, for the mouth of the star-fish is but small, and an oyster is a considerable size. But, according to Professor Rymer Jones, they seize the oyster by their rays, holding it by means of their suckers; they then invert their stomach, which entirely infolds the unhappy mollusk; from the pores of the stomach there seems to exude a poisonous liquid; the oyster by this means is forced to open its shell, and thus becomes an easy prey to its captor.

The asterias play an important part as the scavengers of the sea. They love all kinds of dead flesh, and show a wondrous activity in discovering and devouring it. This necessary work of clarifying and making the waters of the ocean salubrious for its world of inhabitants is carried on silently, quietly, but continuously. How wondrous are the arrangements by which the Creator completes the compensations of life!

Ehrenberg first discovered that the star-fish had eyes. They are placed at the very end of the arms, and on the under surface; they are bright-red globules, surrounded by a defense of spiny cilia. To use them the animal is obliged to raise up the arm. These eyes, in one sense, may be said to be very imperfect, for they pos-

sess no lens; at least the most careful observers have not as yet discovered any.

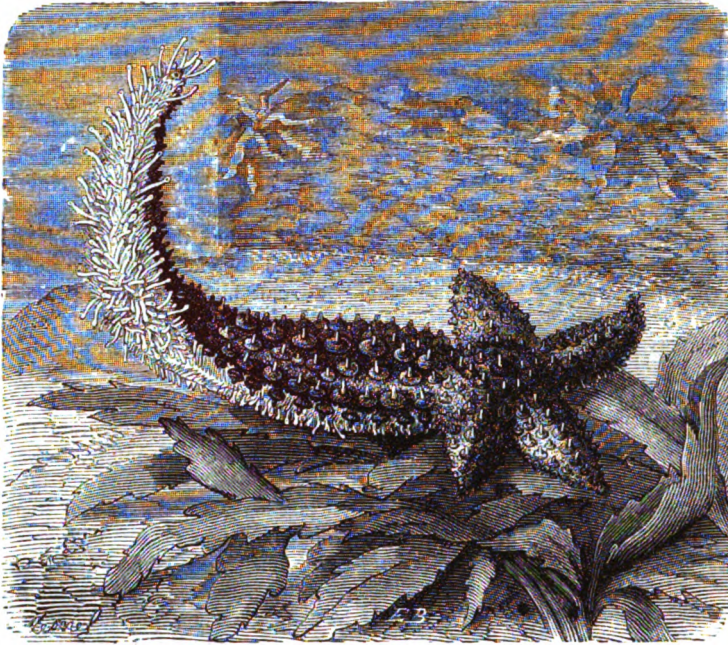
Edward Forbes gives a most interesting account of a star-fish which is found in the Mediterranean—the *Luidia ciliaris*—which, when attacked, is able to destroy itself; first the arms break off one after the other, and then the disc breaks itself into pieces. Not being able to defend itself as a whole, it kills itself in detail. One which had thus escaped him by sacrificing its arms, opened and shut its spinous eyelid with something very like a wink.

The star-fishes propagate their species by eggs, which are produced in vast numbers; the mother carries them in a cavity formed by a curvature of the body and the rays. They are so situated that the creature can not use its mouth, and, consequently, it has to pass the period of gestation without taking any food. An asteria has been known to remain in this state for eleven days. The eggs are yellow or red. The young come out of the egg very unlike the parent; they have no rays, are ovoid in shape, and are provided with vibratory cils, which give them the appearance of infusoria. They swim with great activity. At the end of a certain time the rays bud out of the upper part of the body in the shape of four tiny arms, by means of which the little star-fish fixes itself to its mother. As yet the members are only temporary; the body gradually flattens itself out and becomes a disc, at first round, upon the surface of which, toward the middle, spring up without any particular order, globular protuberances, which are the rudiments of the suckers; these appear to form six concentric rays. At last the body begins to become pentagonal and more or less like a star; the rays grow out at the angles, and the animal is complete.

The flesh of the star-fish is considered poisonous.

Star-fishes are capable, with wonderful facility, of reproducing any part of which they have been deprived. The individual which loses one or more arms gradually produces others in every respect similar to those which it once had. At first these new members are small, and in this state there is a necessary aberration from the figure of a star. There is in the Indian Ocean a species which often has four small arms upon the extremity of the fifth; these are new productions in course of development. In this case the star takes the appearance of a comet.

Sir John Dalyell, on the 10th of June, took a ray of a star-fish which had been cut off. It then exhibited no signs of reproduction; but on the 15th the rudiments of the other four rays showed themselves as little protuberances. At



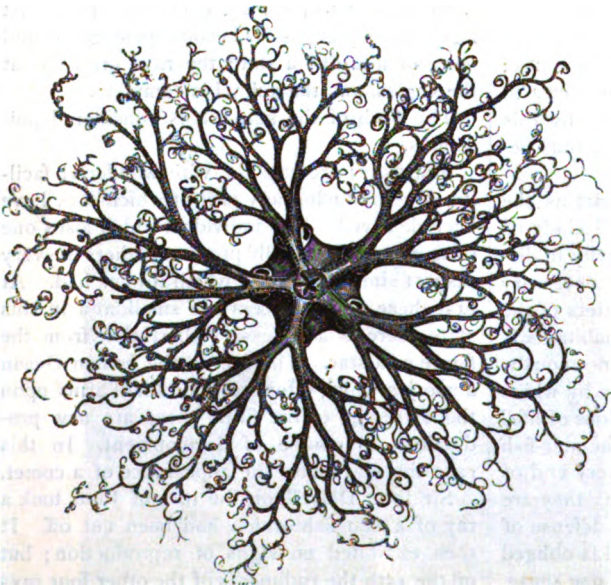
A STAR-FISH IN THE PROCESS OF PRODUCING ITS RAYS.

night one of them had doubled its size, and the others had also increased. An orifice—that is, a mouth—began to form at the center of this new group. The process of reproduction was then in full force, and in three days the four rays were completed; but when compared with the original arms they were, of course, but Lilliputians. In a month's time they had reached their proper size, and thus a new star-fish was

produced from the amputated limb of another. The asterias are tormented with parasites. There is not perhaps an animal, terrestrial or marine, which does not serve as a home for another, or perhaps for many others. To live in dependence on another is a great physiological law. As a general rule, parasites belong to an inferior grade to that of the creature on which they exist; the contrary is very seldom

the case. However, of this we have an instance in the parasite of the *Culcita discoidea*. Here is a little fish which passes its life in the intestinal cavity of a star-fish. This fish is called *Oxybates Brandesii*. The parasite is higher in the scale of life than the star-fish; for one is a vertebrate animal, and the other belongs to the inferior rank of the invertebrata. Another, the *Fierasfer Fontanesii*, of Risso, lives as a parasite in the great intestine of the *Holothuria royala*.

Some of the star-fishes have a body—a little round disc—from which rays extend, which are supported by a series of vertebral formations. These are the *Ophiurada*, so called from a fancied resemblance which the rays bear to the tail of a serpent. The arms are long, flexible, and wavy, and



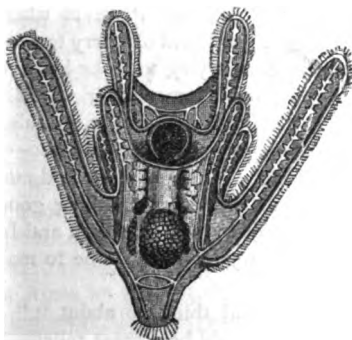
ASTROPHYTON VERRUCOSUM.

sometimes furnished upon their sides with spines and scales. In many species, which are termed *Astrophytes*, the arms bifurcate near their origin, and sometimes they are separated into two or three branches, which throw out again smaller rays, which are very fine and tortuous. In one individual no less than 81,920 of these have been counted.

The elegant rays of the ophiuradæ move and twist themselves as they have occasion. They seize the prey which comes within their reach, and direct it to the mouth, which is always placed at the center of the lower surface of the star-fish. The astrophytes appear to use their numerous arms as a net in which to catch their prey, and, at the same time, to hold it until it is wanted to make the repast of the animal. The visceral cavity is absolutely limited to the disc which forms the body; it does not extend into the arms, as is the case in other star-fish. When an ophiura is put into water which is not fit for its habitation, one by one the arms drop off, until nothing remains but the disc; and still the creature lives, and eats with avidity.

About the beginning of April the sides of the disc puff out, and the intermediate spaces between the rays become filled with spawn. The eggs are ovoid and of a bright red. Toward the end of August, or the beginning of September, the young appear. At the moment of their birth they are nearly microscopic, almost transparent, and slightly green. Their shape is curious; they have been not inaptly likened to a painter's easel. The upper part of the body is conical. The lower part is divided into eight prolongations, disposed in two divergent groups. These prolongations are covered with cilia, and toward their extremities are slightly orange. Each is upheld by a little calcareous support. These singular larvæ have been described under the name of *Pluteus paradoxus*.

In concluding this chapter we must not omit to mention the *Medusa's head*, one of the most



THE MAGNIFIED LARVA OF THE ECHINODERM.  
(*Pluteus paradoxus*.)

extraordinary productions of marine life. They belong to the *Crinoidea*, a class of zoöphytes which swarmed in the Palæozoic seas. Many of the limestones are all but masses of these cri-



PENTACRINUS EUROPEUS.

noids. Now the great race is all but extinct, and our seas present only two species. One is fished up from great depths, in the neighborhood of the Antilles, and is popularly known as the *marine palm*. This curious animal resembles a flower borne upon a stem, the calyx of the flower being the head of the animal. The stem has a calcareous core, which is secreted by the living tissue which surrounds it. The arms branch out from the calyx. In fact, the animal is a star-fish fixed to a stem—the fixed star of the ocean world. It has no mouth, and its digestive apparatus is very rudimentary. Its pedicle is slender, angular, and jointed. The animal can balance itself in any position, and appears to enjoy a kind of sensibility. Thus these animals occupy that position which is always found in moving from one section of the kingdom of nature to another; they are the stepping-stones between the animals which are fixed and those which are free. Nature never leaps, she always steps.

In 1823 Mr. Thompson discovered the second species in the European waters. The *Pentacrinus Europæus* is very small; the rays are deeply divided into two parts, and they appear to have ten of these tentacles; they are furnished with cilia. The pedicle is often as slender as a thread.

NOTHING can be very ill with us when all is well within; we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot.

## A PINK SUN-BONNET.

IT was a little corded, ruffled affair, that had been made originally with an intention of shading tiny Jessie's bright eyes, and protecting her face from sun and wind; but, as every day more and more thoroughly demonstrated, Miss Jessie's eyes were too anxious to survey every thing about them to submit to much shading, and her round, laughing face, already burned as brown as a nut, was past preserving any thing like fairness. It had a local habitation—this sun-bonnet—at least, out in the wide, pleasant hall there had been a nail driven for its express accommodation when it was not on Jessie's curly head. But the trouble was it could be seldom seen in either place, while it might be found on almost any other spot about the house or grounds. Bridget stumbled over it on the back-stairs when she went sleepily up to bed; Rover brought it in his mouth from the arbor, where it had been laid down as a couch for dolly; the wind whirled it down from the top of the coal-house, where it had served as a hearth-rug during some housekeeping operations carried on there the day before; Mike picked it off the raspberry bushes, where it had been caught when its owner was searching for fruit; Benny fished it up from the rain-barrel, into which, after much clambering, Jessie had contrived to look "to see if any 'skeeters were gettin' made."

Time would fail to tell of the haymow, the wood-pile, the orchard, and all the nooks in garret and cellar to which that wandering bit of pink cambric found its way. However nicely it was starched and ironed, and its ruffles fluted, it was sure to turn up in the course of a few days, limp, draggled, and forlorn, its long strings all chewed up, its stiffness departed, and altogether as much a wandering vagabond as ever.

"Jessie, child, where is your bonnet?" was a household phrase so constantly repeated that even the parrot, in her cage in the hall, had caught it, and would nod her green and gold head knowingly, and scream, "Bonnet, Jessie! Jessie! Where's Jessie's bonnet?"

Unfortunately, considering that it was a point on which information was so universally desired, the question was one that Jessie seldom could answer. In fact, the loss of the article always seemed to strike her as something new and not to be accounted for.

"Why, I do n't know," she would say, dropping her chin meditatively between her tiny palms. "I 'spect I should n't wonder if 't was where I played yesterday. Ma, where did I play?"

The mother was in despair, not from the roving propensities of the bonnet particularly, but because of the generally wild, freakish, impulsive, and careless temperament of Miss Jessie. No sage and sedate hen, expecting her brood to follow decorously in her steps, and industriously scratch for a living, was ever more surprised at finding among them a duckling that insisted upon taking to the water, than was Mrs. Middleton at finding such a one as Jessie, a child of hers. Gentle, quiet, timid even, she had been from her girlhood up, with her organ of order so largely developed as to make her a daintily neat housekeeper. Ella, her oldest child, was undoubtedly like her—a serious, modest, sedate little maiden, who took naturally to patchwork and handkerchief hemming, and had always a womanly aversion to having her clothes soiled, or her hair ruffled. Sure to keep out of mischief, safe to send on errands, was she, and one of whom every body said, "What a nice little girl!" But Jessie! Let the weekly washings, the torn dresses, and buttonless aprons testify to the fences she climbed over, the brooks she waded through, the mud-pies she compounded, and her general capacity for getting into every thing she ought to keep out of.

"I do n't know what to do with her," said Mrs. Middleton disconsolately. "I do n't wonder at Benny's doing such things, and being wild and noisy, he is a boy; but for a little girl—"

"Come now, Mary, do n't fret," interposed Aunt Ruey from her comfortable chair in the corner. "The child 'll come out well enough."

"But she does n't come out well enough, Aunt Ruey; she is constantly coming out in tatters. Why, she keeps me in a state of astonishment all the time. Some way I can't get used to it. She is so different from Ella."

"O, I know all about Ella," laughed Aunt Ruey—"good, quiet little body she always was. But Jessie an't a bit like her—never was, and never will be. You see there is where you make yourself a good deal of worry for nothing; you're all the time trying to make her over into something she was n't meant for. I tell you I believe what a good many folks in this world need—children and grown people, too—is just a little wholesome letting alone. God made the child, and made her for something good, too. What you've got to do is to watch and bring it out, and not be trying all the time to make her over."

"I wish I could think so about it," sighed the mother, "it would be a great relief. But—"

"But you feel as though you must keep tak-

ing thought, if you can't turn one hair white or black," said Aunt Ruey, completing the sentence in her own way. "She's affectionate and sweet-tempered enough, and the life and spirits that make her so wild and restless like now will be of some use by and by; and the courage that leads her into all sorts of out-of-the-way places and doings, why, God gave it to her for some good, and it will find its place after a while. Give her light and love enough, Mary, and then—do n't you remember the verse—'rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.' Raising a child is a little like raising bread," said the old lady laughing. "Put in the right kind of leaven, give it a good warm place and plenty of time, and it's pretty sure to come up right. But if a body is always watching and worrying, and poking and kneading, the chance is it'll turn out hard and sour, and not good for much."

The mother smiled, but shook her head, half comforted, yet half doubting. Meanwhile the little loaf that evinced such a capacity for spreading out in every direction, instead of coming up in an orderly way, certainly did call for the exercise of not a little patience. She had some need of it on her own part, poor little thing; for her world was by no means arranged precisely to her taste. Who ever stops to think that it may not be quite easy for the children, having their full share of individual wishes and inclinations, to submit with perfect willingness to all the household systems, plans, and rules, that were set in motion before they had any voice in the matter?

"I 'spect I wish I was a boy, Benny," said Jessie in a burst of confidence to the sympathizing brother, not quite two years her senior. "Boys do n't have to sit still, and be a little lady, and sew quilts. I do n't like patchwork, 'cause I do n't see what for 's the good of tearin' up whole cloth into little bits of pieces, and sewing 'em together again where they do n't match. Ma says it'll learn me to be a nice seamstress, but I do n't want to be a seamstress, and I did n't ever see any nice ones. Any way that woman that made your jacket was n't a bit nice, 'cause she squinted her eyes all up, and took snuff. Benny, do you 'spect papa has n't got much money?"

"Ho, he's got lots!" said Benny re-assuringly. "As much as twenty dollars, or a hundred, I s'pose. I wish he'd give me some to buy fish-hooks with."

"Well," pursued Jessie, meditatively, "if it's all gone when we get big, so he can't get us things any more, I do n't want to be a seamstress anyhow—'cause I'll wash like Biddy Mulligan. It's ever so much fun to splash in

the water, and have lots of white soap-suds. Benny, what'll you do?"

"Why," said Benny, reflectively, "I guess I'll be a hunter, and live in a hut 'way out in the woods. I'll kill bears and cook 'em."

Jessie looked at him with sparkling eyes. The pleasures of Biddy Mulligan's wash-tub grew dim before such a glowing picture.

"O, I wish I could do that too," she exclaimed regretfully.

"You can go 'long and live in the hut with me, and help cook the bears, if you want to," said Benny with condescending generosity.

"Well," assented Jessie, "I will."

"But you can't kill 'em, you know, 'cause you'll be a woman," pursued Benny with an air of superiority.

"If I put on one of your jackets I do n't 'spect the bears would know, and I guess I could shoot 'em as good as you if I had a gun," argued the little advocate of woman's rights, not willing to be placed in an altogether subordinate position. "Benny, let's go into the woods now and play hunter."

"Well," answered Benny, "you ask ma."

A doubtful look came over Jessie's face. She had a strong suspicion that going off into the woods to play at shooting bears would be viewed by the authorities within doors as not "lady-like"—that miserable word that barred so many of her enjoyments. Still, the proposed plan seemed too tempting to be given up without an effort, and so, after a few moments of irresolution, a forlorn little figure, much the worse for various adventures and experiments of the morning hours already passed, presented itself at the door of the pretty, orderly sitting-room with the petition, "Can't Benny and me go into the woods and play? 'Cause we want to make b'lieve hunt bears."

Mrs. Middleton looked up, and took in at one dismayed glance the tangled curls, soiled shoes and stockings, and torn apron.

"Dear me! I should think the bears had had you. Such a looking child as you are, Jessie! What is the matter with your apron?"

"I 'spect I guess it tore'd itself on a nail when I climbed down off the chicken' coop," answered Jessie, eyeing the rent somewhat ruefully, and stealing a side glance at her mother's face to see what she might think of such a performance on the part of the apron.

The child had been sent out that morning as fresh and neat as loving, skillful hands could make her, and her present condition was provoking. The mother drew her thread through her sewing with a vigor that snapped it, but she said nothing.



Jessie waited a minute or two, and then repeated her request timidly, "Can we go?"

"Yes, yes," answered the annoyed, impatient mother; "run along. You may do to go into the woods, and it's almost the only place you are fit for."

The child turned away, her pleasure somewhat dampened for a few moments, by the tone which the desired permission had been given, and feeling that in some way, she scarcely knew how or why, she was regarded as a sort of outlaw. She came across her bonnet on the way out, and by way of manifesting a determination to be particularly good, she picked it up, and tied it resolutely over her tumbled curls. Presently its fluttering pink cape and flapping front were seen bobbing out of the gate, with Benny's straw hat for company, and taking the direction of the wood, which was so near that the children frequently visited it, and not large enough to cause any fears of their wandering so far as to get lost there.

Aunt Ruey watched them with a laugh, and the mother with a faint smile that ended in something like a sigh, as they disappeared up the road. But they went on their way unconscious of either, and with no deeper regret than that caused by the scarcity of real bears to hunt, and real guns to hunt them with. Even that did not matter much, however, since it took them so long to build a respectable "hut" to live in, that they had not much time left for any other experiences of wild life. The perseverance and energy with which they labored at driving down sticks, and piling up brush and green branches, was something wonderful—only equaled by the zeal with which children of a larger growth spend almost the whole of their little day in just getting ready to live. When the little bower was completed, Jessie sank down beside it, with a long breath that expressed both weariness and satisfaction.

"But I do n't guess I'll shoot nothing bigger 'n squirrels, to-day—'cause they're little and I'm tired," she said.

Benny's enthusiasm was also somewhat diminished by his exertions, and the hunt gradually deteriorated into a leisurely ramble and search for wild flowers, with only an occasional pointing of the long stick, that served for firearms, at some twittering bird or frisking gray squirrel. Very still and lovely the wood was, that bright Summer day, and, beguiled by its beauty, the children wandered on until they reached the opposite side from that on which they entered, and stood on the top of a hill that sloped down a little way to a railroad, and beyond that formed a steep descent to the river.

"An't it nice?" said Benny, surveying the scene. "We could go right back home by the railroad, only ma do n't ever want us to go that way. I wonder if I could throw a stone 'way over there, and down the bank into the water?"

A question only to be settled by trying, of course, and he made various unsuccessful attempts, which Jessie emulated to the best of her ability. Presently a stone fell upon the track, and Benny, who had followed its course with his eyes, suddenly started, "O, Jessie, Jessie, look there!" and he pointed toward a rail that had been broken and displaced by a passing train.

In a moment the children had clambered down and were examining it.

"That'll throw the cars off the track if they come along," said Benny excitedly. "I'll just have to run right down to the station and tell the man there, so he can stop 'em."

"I do n't believe he can do it—a big engine, all by himself!" interposed Jessie, with wide-open eyes of doubt and wonder.

"O, yes he can. He'll come out and wave a red flag at 'em, and then they'll stop; that's the way they do it. You stay here, Jessie, you can't run fast like I can, and I'll come back pretty soon. I guess I'll have to come, any way, to show the man the place," and away sped Benny as fast as his feet could carry him, feeling, notwithstanding his anxiety to prevent harm, something of the pleasure natural to children in being the first to communicate important tidings.

Jessie watched him until he was out of sight, and his footsteps had died away, and then she seated herself upon the bank to watch for his return, arranging her wild flowers, meanwhile, by way of amusing herself. There was a few moments' stillness, and then came a low, rumbling sound that made her raise her head to listen. She recognized it at once; it was an approaching train; and she started up, full of eager wondering as to whether Benny would have reached the station in time to have it stopped. But a moment or two revealed another fact, even to her childish mind—the train was coming in an opposite direction from that in which Benny had gone! Earnestly she looked down the iron road for some sign of his coming, but there was no one in sight; and as the heavy breath of the engine, and the steady rattle of the wheels, grew every instant louder and more distinct, the little face grew frightened, and the rosy lips began to pale and tremble. Suddenly a thought struck her.

"There an't any man here, and I'spect I'll just have to wave a red flag at 'em my own

self!" she exclaimed, and catching off her bonnet—which had served as ensign for too many imaginary ships for her not to think of it in that capacity—she slipped it upon the long stick she had carried for a rifle, and flew up the road as fast as her little feet would bear her, carrying it high above her head. As the train came in sight, she mounted a stone by the roadside, and, waving her flag vigorously, shouted with all the strength of her small lungs:

"Stop, stop, Mr. Engine-man, stop, 'cause if you do n't you 'll get killed!"

Her voice was drowned in the roar and rattle, but the flag did have some effect, though in her unwonted hands. The speed of the train gradually lessened, and even when it passed her, so that those in charge could plainly discover who had signaled them, her earnest face and eager pointing down the road, were still so expressive of sincerity and warning against some danger, that the engine finally came to a full stop within a few feet of the broken rail. Delighted with her success, yet weary and almost breathless with her exertions, the child followed slowly down to the spot, and found engineer and fireman examining the fracture. Their questions and commendation soon drew about the child a little knot of passengers who had alighted to learn the cause of the stopping; and more than one glanced over the bank with a shuddering thought of what might have been but for the interposing Power that had inspired that childish head and hand. Suddenly a pair of strong arms caught up the little one, and some one nearly smothered her with kisses.

"O, papa," she exclaimed, looking up into his face, "I did n't know you was in the cars!"

The station-master came up in a few moments, and Benny with him; and Dr. Middleton, still holding Jessie in his arms, and with his boy by his side, turned away from the group and walked homeward.

"You see I just had to make a flag all by myself, Benny," the little girl explained to her brother. "Only I runned a hole right through the crown of my bonnet," she added ruefully.

A bright face glanced from the window as they reached home, and Mrs. Middleton met her husband with a smile.

"Ah, you are home early, dear! I did n't expect you before the six o'clock train. Where did you meet the children? O, dear! poor Jessie! I wonder you were not ashamed to be seen bringing home such a forlorn little waif!"

"Ashamed of her!" The father pressed her closer for a moment. "Mary, dear, if it had not been for her, I might never have come at all." And sending the children away he told

the story, while his wife and Aunt Ruey listened with smiles and tears.

Well, the children were just the same loving, careless, troublesome comforts they had always been—not a bit better. Mrs. Middleton, going up to her chamber that very evening, found Jessie's ubiquitous pink sun-bonnet lying on the front stairs. But she picked it up almost reverently, and viewed without a single feeling of vexation or annoyance, but only a deep breath of thankfulness, the hole that was "runned through the crown."

### FESTIVALS AND PRESENTS.

IT is often said that Americans make too little account of anniversary occasions, and we fear there is some foundation for the charge. We rush through life with such velocity as to find little time to lay garlands on the mile-stones as they quickly vanish from our sight. As families, how seldom do we rear the pillar and cast up the heap of memorial stones, that shall witness the good hand of our God upon us to children's children!

In avoiding the thriftless example of *fête*-ridden Italy, whose holy-days and saints' days consume the whole calendar, have we not walked too closely after those iconoclastic Roundheads, who cared little how many tendrils of sacred family association they rudely flung aside, if only they might hack and hew lustily at the "Man of Sin."

Why should we not, as families, make more account of commemorative occasions? Why should we not light a beacon torch at every headland of life, wreath with flowers every guide-post whose moveless finger points out a new stadium in our journey? Would they not, in a very pleasing and enlivening manner, break in on the monotony of daily life, giving our young people something to plan and prepare for in the home circle, and at the same time lessening their eagerness for foreign and less whole some forms of enjoyment?

Many Germans celebrate the birthdays of their children in a manner full of tender sentiment. The huge, decorated, birthday cake is placed on the center-table, and around it are ranged lighted candles, graduated in length and number to the age of the child. As the first slender taper, signaling babe-hood, goes out, the assembled family and guests unite in singing one verse of an appropriate hymn, and thus they go on in order to the last, each year expiring in music. What could make a sweeter, holier impression on the heart of a child?

The universal custom of giving presents on commemorative occasions has its foundation in nature, and deserves all encouragement. Especially let our little ones bring each other gifts on these high days of life, but let them, so far as possible, be such as their own loving painstaking can provide—a basket of nuts or fruit gathered by their own hands, a toy carved with a boy's penknife, or a pencil sketch in a rustic frame. For our own part, we prefer that these little tokens should be something for daily use, or ornament, so that the eye can fall often and lovingly upon them, rather than one of those exquisitely delicate specimens of handcraft that must be swathed in linen, and buried in the secret recesses of some drawer, lest the sun look rudely upon it.

Children of healthy, unperverted nature are always unworldly. They accept what is bestowed upon them with a glow of hearty enjoyment, and a gush of love for the giver. A tin trumpet makes them just as happy as a silver one; a pine toy, as one of ebony. They never speculate about the *cost* of an article, any more than we older people do about God's royal largess of sunlight and mountain air. How often do parents, by holding up the *moneyed value* of gifts, as their chief expression, assist to form a sharp, sordid, bargaining spirit! Is it not worth our while to study how we may so emphasize and tone our festive occasions, both family, social, and public, that they shall be like the thread of scarlet in the loom, that runs like a flash of sunlight among all the quiet, neutral tints, and preserves its vividness when all else is faded and dull?

Of our few great holidays, Thanksgiving—our grand American harvest hymn—has been little desecrated by unworthy variations. It rings out on the clear November air the same high, resonant psalm of gratitude that our pilgrim fathers chanted more than a century ago. We are glad that this New England "Feast of Ingathering" has become national in its character, and that the President of the United States honors himself and his office in announcing it by proclamation.

Mrs. Stowe, in her "Oldtown Folks," describes the Thanksgiving of the last century with great truth and heartiness. Who of us, having the fortune—good or evil—to remember so far back, does not recollect how one little shadow used, so often as the clock struck, to creep in even on this "State and Festival" day of all the year? That shadow was the thought that a *whole year*—and what an immense perspective does a *year* cast, through a child's eye!—must elapse before we could enjoy such

an occasion again. So greatly did this day overshadow all others that the domestic almanac began and culminated with it; such an event happened so long before or after Thanksgiving.

But Christmas, that greatest of all *Te Deums*, which the angels first sang in the rapt ears of the shepherds, is so drowned in the patter of bonbons, and the jingle of gilded trinkets, that its higher meaning is almost unintelligible to our modern ears. It is eminently a suitable time for gift-making—how better could our overflowing good-will find expression? The Magi laid their precious offerings on the cradle of their Lord—we barter them with our neighbors, and grumble if we make a poor exchange. Let us not be understood to discourage the now universal practice of making presents at Christmas. We only desire to see it come under good regulations. The mystery and expectation that herald its advent, the little ambuscades that love prepares for its victims, are very dear to the heart of a child. The stealthy industries, the shining bits of needle-work that suddenly disappear in pockets and under cushions, the secret conclaves from which *one* is always excluded; the animated, tell-tale faces that become placid as the moon when a door opens, or a footfall is heard; the half-uttered words that stop short, or are turned into irrelevant channels—all these plottings, at once dark as the deeds of Inquisitors and light as the morning, are among the clearest and sweetest recollections our children will carry with them into more serious years.

It is the *commercial* aspect of gift-making which we reprobate; the giving not from a spontaneous loving impulse, and not according to our *means*, but our *pride*. We know families in which this Christmas oblation is one of the most burdensome contingencies of the year, occasioning much sharp mental arithmetic, and much painful curtailment of household comfort to buy Japanese fans and gilt whistles for brother Ned's or cousin Dick's petted children. And the most disheartening thing about it is, that these young folks have been fostered in such a hot-bed of stimulated gratification that nothing yields them any crisp, robust pleasure. They look with very languid satisfaction on the gifts which it has cost you much trouble to provide, and, perhaps, in their simplicity, tell us that they have already much prettier duplicates of the same article.

Now, we know Diogenes will growl from his tub, "If people *will* wear the yoke of custom, let them not wince when it galls their shoulders." We know that *custom* is as great a tyrant as King Theodore, but what father, weapon-

proof, perhaps, himself against its assaults, does not grow weak and cowardly where his children are concerned? What mother will not despoil her own wardrobe lest the sensitive pride of her daughter should be wounded by humiliating comparisons? Who would willingly check that chivalrous spirit of honor that prompts the child to repay in full measure the costly gifts it has received from cousins and playmates?

In Germany they manage these things more silmpy and yet more enjoyably than we. At Christmas, or the "Feast of the Heart," as they lovingly call it, every village seems transformed into fairy land, and every body has found the magician's wand with which to conjure marvelous surprises. People give themselves up to festivity with a hearty abandon which does not seem possible to American character. The true Yankee keeps a side outlook toward business in his merriest hours, but, at Christmas, the Teuton discharges his face and his heart of all the toil, poverty, and anxious thought which, Heaven knows, press hardly enough at other times. No household is so destitute of resources that something merrily grotesque has not been found to bring shouts from the youngsters, or something thoughtfully tender to make older eyes brim with happy tears. And yet the prudent German does not go into any wild extravagance, even on the "Happy Evening." We do not believe anywhere else in the world so much good cheer can be managed for so little money.

Our whole code of gift-making needs revision. Presents should be given and received more as the *symbols* of attachment. They should *hint* rather than embody our affectionate sentiments, always being associated, as much as possible, with some painstaking of the donor. What costly article of *bijouterie*, fashioned by stranger hands, scrutinized by the greedy eye of trade, bandied from shop to shop, can have the beautiful significance of a wreath of skeleton ferns, an album of sea-weeds arranged on the spotless page, filament by filament, with gentle, dexterous skill, or a portfolio of pencil sketches in which our friend has wrought his heart and nature together in one twin volume?

We never hear a modern fashionable wedding described—we never go to one if we can decently help it—without much food for splenetic meditation. Let us say nothing of the trousseau provided with such reckless disregard of expense, and of the real, sober wants of a young wife, nor of the unblushing publicity with which its minutest details are paraded through the neighborhood, thus despoiling it of all those pure and spotless privacies which should always hover about a bride's wardrobe—that is an-

other topic. But when we listen to the long, glittering inventory of bridal presents—of rare laces and lustrous gems, of costly wares in gold, silver, and Bohemian glass, of inlaid glove-boxes and jewel-cases, and hosts of exquisite articles of *vertu*, too sumptuous for comfortable or appropriate use—all brought forward and ranged in order due before the wedding guests like trinkets in a merchant's show-case, I am afraid we laugh a hard, cynical laugh, as we say, "T was a brave show—a famous pageant. Now let the showman draw down the curtains, close the shutters, and put out the lights," and then fancy the comments that follow:

"Did you get a good look at the bridal presents last night, Mollie?"

"No, indeed! I was never so provoked in all my life. The folks kept pushing and jamming so, I only got a peep over their shoulders. Do n't know who gave a single thing, and I cared more about that than any thing else."

"O, you little goosey! You do n't know how to manage things. I got Ned Gavit to take me in, and folks have to stand round when *his* elbows are about, I can tell you."

"O! tell us all about it!" cry a chorus of voices.

"Well, there was a superb watch and chain from the groom, and a solid silver service from his father, and a set of diamonds from the bride's mother, and ever so much silver for the table from more nice folks than I can remember. Ned counted six card receivers, and four cake baskets. One of them was a real mean little thing, that old Miss Simms brought—got it out of a pawnbroker's shop, I'll warrant. But one of them was the most elegant thing you ever set eyes on. Solid, too. Ned looked at the mark on the bottom; must have cost a hundred and fifty dollars, if it did a cent. The Barkers brought it."

"Just like them," chimes in Mollie. "Do n't catch them doing a mean thing. I'm real glad we know them"—thinking of her own approaching wedding.

"Old Barker has just settled with his creditors at ten cents on a dollar," growls Pater from behind his newspaper.

"You do n't say! But come now, what did Mary Halstead bring? I've asked a dozen, but nobody knew."

"Well, that's the funniest thing of all. Ned and I hunted every-where, and at last found it in a back corner. Now guess."

"Set of pearls?"

"Pshaw! no!"

"Lace parasol?"

"O, well, you'll never guess. Just a portfolio of her own drawings! Never cost her a

cent! Own cousin, too! I would n't have believed it!"

"There!" exclaims Mollie triumphantly, "I always said that girl was n't any better than other folks! Talk of her being liberal—bah!"

"I've got an order in my pocket on Smith and Ball for two dozen woolen blankets, for the new ward in the hospital," quietly remarks Aunt Rachel; "Mary Halstead sent it to me yesterday."

"Well, go on with the presents," urge the girls.

"I can't remember half. O! the most ridiculous thing of all! That Susan Fielding, that works at dress-making—she's some sort of a cousin to the family—what must she do but send a present—quite a pretty butter-dish—just as if she belonged to our set! I always knew she was a proud piece! I'll warrant she'll have to go without a cloak all Winter to pay for it."

And so the colloquy runs on. At how many firesides in Bumbleton was the display of bridal gifts the text for gracious comments that morning? But we go back, in memory, to other weddings twenty, thirty years ago, when blushing brides uncovered, in the secrecy of their own chamber, the snowy stockings in which some fond aunt, or grandmother had knit their future initials with quaint device, the needle-cases, pincushions, and "housewives," which cousins and school-mates had wrought, working in a blessing and a prayer with each shining stitch.

Post-wedding celebrations are coming much into vogue, and are among the social innovations of the present century. Wooden, tin, china, and similar weddings have more of the comic than the sentimental element, and give rise to many grotesque, mirthful surprises. Their informality and freedom from conventional usages are quite refreshing in this age when society is steadily becoming more starched and arbitrary in its demands, and the free, impromptu gatherings of the olden times have quite died out. They help to limber the intercourse among neighbors, and make it more hearty and natural.

Silver and golden weddings belong to a different category, being usually heralded by long announcement, and conducted with much display and ceremony. In themselves they are among the most beautiful and pathetic of all our social customs, calling home scattered households, re-animating early and long-smoldering friendships, and making a green, sunny spot for the memory of the married pair to rest upon.

But why mar the pure and sacred sentiment

of these reunions by receiving, nay, by the very terms and emblems of the invitation, hinting at tribute of gold and silver? We sometimes think if the recipients could see how little affection often goes with these conventional offerings, how they are made costly and *recherché* merely because Mrs. Grundy is going to look at, comment on, and compare them with every body's else, their possession would confer very little happiness.

We notice in some ultra-fashionable circles of late a disposition to abrogate the custom of receiving marriage presents. Now, if this comes from a desire to do something pronounced and bizarre—to make a sensation, or if it affect a grandeur too magnificent to stoop to gifts, it is a less respectable folly than the one it supersedes. But it has this advantage, that timid, sensible people, who would be glad to curtail the proportions of a pleasing but demoralized custom, can do so without the pain of being thought mean or singular.

#### METHODIST HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM.

IN the first year of the war, a number of ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church united together under the name of the "Ladies' Christian Association," for the purpose of relieving the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers. For four years they pursued this work and labor of love with untiring zeal and energy which is beyond all praise. At the close of the war, their occupation of caring for the soldiers ceased, and at the final meeting of the Association held at the house of Mrs. General Cummings, June 14, 1865, the Ladies' United Aid Society was formed, to provide a home for the aged and infirm members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Philadelphia.

In order to relieve the immediate and pressing wants of some of these worthy but needy Christian people, a house was rented on Tenth-street above Poplar, but this was only a temporary expedient, and in June, 1868, "the family" was moved to a country place on Lehigh avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, which had been purchased and fitted up for their use, and steps were immediately taken to erect a more commodious and sightly house.

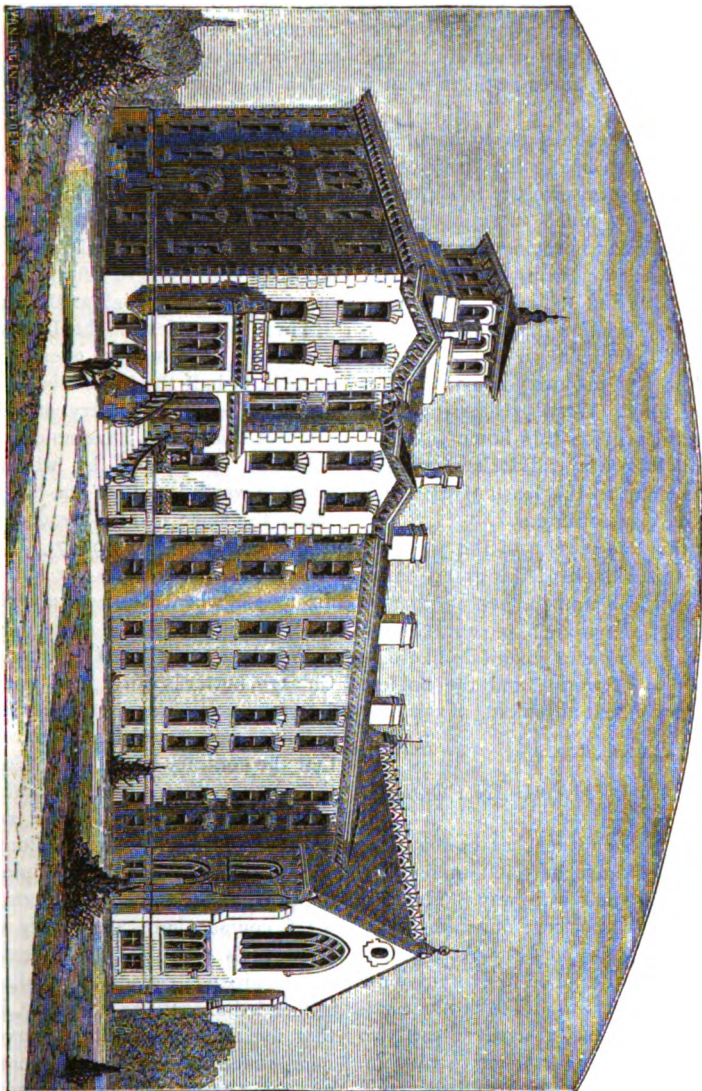
At two fairs which were held in aid of this building more than forty-three thousand dollars were raised. Auxiliary societies have been formed in nearly all the Methodist Episcopal Churches in the city, and at the Academy of

Music an annual jubilee of the Sunday-school children is held, the net proceeds of which go to the fund. On October 27th the last jubilee was held.

One marked peculiarity of this institution is, that it is open to men and women both, and an aged couple are enjoying its benefits, thankful for the care and thoughtfulness of those Chris-

tians who had provided such a grateful shelter during their declining years. Twenty-five occupants are now in the Home, and the old farmhouse is crowded to repletion, some of the rooms contain four beds, and yet such is the care and attention of the worthy matron, that all are in excellent health, and able to walk out and enjoy the country air. The new building,

METHODIST HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM.



of which we present a beautiful engraving, is rapidly being pushed to completion, and will contain forty-eight rooms, besides four bath-rooms, and chapel and dining-room accommodations for about two hundred persons.

Mrs. Simpson, the wife of Bishop Simpson, is President of the Society; Mrs. W. Early, First Vice-President; Mrs. R. Hammett, Second

Vice-President; Mrs. A. W. Rand, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. E. Salter, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. S. L. Keen, Treasurer. A Board of Managers, consisting of some forty zealous women, devote much time and care to the noble enterprise. These ladies are among the most active and efficient workers, and with the hosts of helpers in the auxiliary societies,

the future prosperity of the Home, with the gracious assistance of God, seems assured.

"The Ladies' United Aid Society," shows its character by its name. United in their efforts, blessed in having efficient officers, determined to leave no proper means untried to aid the aged objects of their Christian care, we feel confident that the family under their charge will never want for attention or for sympathy, and that the finances of the institution will be provided with the liberality that never stints, and the thoughtful care that never neglects what it takes in hand.

God's Holy Word teaches us to honor the aged and to bow down before the hoary head; and if it be right and praiseworthy to show reverence for them, how much more acceptable must it be in his sight to provide a comfortable and home-like retreat for them where they may repose after the toils and struggles and temptations of an active Christian life, until the Master sees fit to call them home to that better rest above, where he has prepared a mansion for those that love him! What greater incentive can they have to provide this home than the sure approval of Him who will declare, "Whatsoever ye have done to the least of these my brethren, ye have done unto me?"

We present this fine picture of the proposed "Home," and this sketch of the grand enterprise of these earnest women, hoping that in many other cities the women of our Church will catch the inspiration to go and do likewise. These are the purest works, and the noblest monuments, and the best arguments of our holy Christianity.

#### SUPPLY AND DEMAND IN FOOD.

POLITICAL economy teaches us that supply and demand are best left to regulate themselves in their own way. The reasoning in the books is perfect; our faith in the principle, on paper, is perfect. And yet it somehow happens that applied in every-day life the theory fails, or seems to fail, to produce satisfactory results. In the abstract these two seem to stand to each other as air to vacuum. Make a hole in the water, and it will fill itself. Leave trade, exchange of services alone, and they will regulate each other on equitable principles. That is the theory. It is expected that competition will keep prices at proper levels, and that the freedom of exchange will develop competition to the proper point and arrest it there.

Well, very plainly and flatly be it said, it does no such thing.

Go to any city where no cab laws exist, or where they are disregarded, and your ride costs you twice or thrice its proper cost. Cab number 215, you discover, has, to all intents and purposes, a monopoly of your business. Fifty others are within hail, but there is no competition; cabs standing still all over the city, but no competition in price. The cabmen have combined to swindle the public; they have a monopoly, and it is practically as though one man owned all the cabs.

Go to a butcher-shop in any city or village, you are charged a stout price for weak beef; but if you go across the street the price and quality are the same, and you will find all the meat-shops of the town in league to charge a fixed price. The London papers of 1868 complain that, though the wholesale price of beef fell that year forty to fifty per cent., the retail prices remained as high as the year before.

These examples might be much extended. There is a combination, open or secret, verbal or tacit, in half the trades that supply our daily wants. From the bakery to the railroad, we discover that prices have no definite relation to value as determined by wholesale markets. Flour is worth less than one-half as much as in 1867; the same loaf of bread costs eighty per cent. of the price in 1867. Wheat is worth about seventy-five cents per bushel in Chicago; for refuse wheat to feed my chickens I am charged just twice the price of good wheat in the wholesale market. One hundred miles from Chicago, butter is worth twenty cents per pound; I can get an average article for forty-five cents.

So far is competition from reducing prices, that the contrary is the law. The more stores, the fewer customers to each, and the larger per cent. of profit required. The trades that feed us have found out how to blunt the edge of competition. It is a very simple matter: raise the price and agree upon uniform prices.

Of course there are plenty of exceptions. Dry goods men are seldom combined; other trades are not consciously united. But when all needed exceptions are made, it remains true that the majority of things purveyed to us by middle-men are kept out of control of the law of supply and demand. We have not a hole in Lake Michigan into which the waters plunge pell-mell; but a cistern emptied by a hundred cocks worked by one hand, or conspiring hands.

Well, what is the matter? Several things are out of joint.

I. Demand is, to a certain extent, out of the control of motive. That is to say, demand has become automatic in a degree. Now, the law of supply and demand supposes that demand is

intelligent and free; that it reflects, considers the cost, and refuses to be fleeced. But demand become automatic does not reflect, is not angry when fleeced, takes its three meals a day regardless of cost. Now and then it may grumble, but it does not fast; to do without any customary supply is not to be thought of; nay more, to get supply by another and cheaper way involves too much trouble. There are plenty of good reasons for this automatic condition of demand.

1. Many consumers are themselves engaged in the same business of drugging competition by combinations. If the meat-bill is too high, so also is the railroad fare, the boot tariff, and the grocery list. So there is a body of consumers interested more or less consciously in drugging competition.

2. Many more consumers are very busy, terribly busy, worked to the verge of their lives; and these will not bother their badgered brains with these little matters of daily life. "Too much? of course it is, but I have no time to think about it."

3. Easy living puts many more consumers out of the account. They are really too lazy to inquire into the facts, and if they get a glimpse of them now and then, they rather pride themselves upon good-will to the poor store-keepers; it is an easy kind of charity.

4. Public satisfaction with the man who does well to himself, does more than all the rest to automatize demand. We like to see men get on; like them all the more if they are smart just to the verge of smarting for it. In a railway car I heard this story: "My brother is keen, you bet. He went to L. to sell groceries. The green fellows there had sold for fifteen per cent. profit. Jake got 'em to put 'er up to fifty per cent., and the fellows made him mayor."

Depend upon it, there is no indignation of a strong and general sort over this matter of combinations in trade. Now and then a poor preacher, or professor, or printer gets mad about it; but the most of us rather like to see hogs growing fat, even though we pay for their feed. And so we go on buying the same amount of tea, coffee, sugar, meat, butter, eggs, etc., and demand is just as automatic as though our stomachs gave the orders to baker or butcher.

Under the law, on paper, you and I should refuse to be cheated. If flour fell and bread did not, we should tell our wives to bake bread at home, or order hasty pudding, or subscribe to the stock of a co-operative bakery. As it is, our wives will not hear of the smudge of bread-baking, we get rid of our indignation by storming, and the baker delivers his usual or-

ders. Under the law, we should wear old clothes, reduce the supply of groceries, have our boots patched, or drive into the country for supplies, or hold an indignation meeting; that is, either reduce the demand or make the other side believe we are about to do so.

In practice we do nothing of the sort. Chicago is one of the great beef markets. The finest cattle of the Republic are sold in its shambles. But it is notorious that Chicago people are not permitted to eat good beef. The good cattle all go eastward; an inferior sort called "butcher's stock" is furnished Chicago people. Once a year, Christmas, the streets are paraded with butchers' carts loaded with good meat; and one taste contents our automatic demand. All the rest of the year we eat and ask no questions for conscience' sake. The fact is, we are proud of a set of butchers who, in a city of 300,000, can so subdue the carnal man, that delights in competition, as to sell one kind of meat, at one set of prices, all over this great city and its rejoicing suburbs.

The law of demand is—so much wanted, demand imperative; agree quickly who shall fill the order, but do n't cut under in price; no man should hurt his own trade. The law of supply is—so much furnished; all one price; select the best article.

Many poor people believe there is competition when there is none. Prices of staples agreed upon: Smith sells one card of buttons for half what it cost him and loses ten cents; Mrs. Economy is captivated, buys a silk dress, and without knowing it returns the unfortunate dime ten times over. Once, dining with some sea-captains, I heard this "yarn:—" "A green captain went to sea on his first voyage. His fellow-captains told him it was customary to buy a suit of clothes at the owner's expense for each voyage. The clothes were bought and entered in the bill. When the bill was presented an angry pen ran through the items. 'You find yourself in clothes, captain.' After the second voyage this conversation occurred:

"Owner. 'I see, captain, that you have not charged us for your clothes this time.'

"Captain. 'O, sir, it's there, but you can't see it. That's all the difference.'"

It is so difficult to persuade these our wives and sisters that the thread, and buttons, and other marvelously cheap items are all down in the bill at their full value. They are there, but they can not see them.

Doubtless these illusions play their part in our consumptions. The new butcher-shop seems to have "lovely" beef, and at all events he is not so surly as the old slayer of beasts.



We are willing to pay for both these things, politeness and a better article, at the old price. But, on the whole, demand is indifferent to cost. The moral machinery is clogged up. We are all eating like so many stomachs with no heads about them.

II. There are too many middle-men. That is to say, the business of exchanging is overdone. This happens in two distinct ways. In the first place the same article passes through too many hands. These seem to be necessary—the wholesale dealer and the retail dealer. There are usually three or four more at least. Take the barrel of flour and trace it. The wheat was bought by a small grain-buyer, shipped and sold to a large grain-buyer, bought and sold divers and sundry times in the warehouse, sold at last to the miller, sold as flour to a wholesale flour man, sold to a retail grocer, sold to consumer. All these fellows get paid for their work. Sometimes one or other catches a fall; but, on the whole, the big machine drives on and carries all the middle-men.

A crock of butter is ordinarily taxed by four middle-men: Country buyer, city factor, city butter dealer, retail dealer in city or suburb.

These examples are sufficient. The rule holds pretty well throughout the list of our daily wants. The other way in which middle-men are multiplied, is more harmful to the consumer. It is by increase of retail dealers in the same lines. Too many grocers, too many stores of all sorts. We clamor for more, hoping for competition; but this is just what we can not get. If there were competition to the death, if competition extended to price, there would be a slaughtering of competitors, a reduction of the number of competitors, and a restoration of disturbed balances. But the weights are clogged—the scale is not permitted to swing by the little contrivance of uniform prices. We need ten grocers, and we have one hundred; the consequence is that we pay the rent of ninety superfluous stores, ninety superfluous horses are fed, one hundred superfluous men are salaried, and ninety superfluous grocers and their families are maintained—all at our cost. Mr. Wells weeps that ninety horses are kept from plowing, two hundred and seventy men kept out of the corn-field; and similar items of lost production sadden him. We, alas! we weep that we must foot the bills! All these horses and rents and clerks come to our tables in per cents, of which the tea, sugar, and beans have an unpleasant flavor. To be sure, not half of us believe it. These good Christian souls who are our grocers, pay their own rents, and foot the calico bills of their

wives out of their own purses, and it is mean of me to hint that their customers are taxed therefor. If we could get the personal element out of our heads—agreeing that there never were in the world before, and never will be in the world again, such good Christians as our grocers—and then try to figure upon the facts, we should be puzzled to debit any body but our precious selves with these ninety rents, ninety horses, one hundred and eighty clerks, and ninety grocers and families.

Here it is: We are twenty thousand families, whose groceries can be purchased of wholesale dealers, and delivered at our doors by ten grocers properly equipped. The cost of this business we must pay. Suppose, however, we employ one hundred grocers and equipments to do the work of ten? Who pays the ninety? Depend upon it, there is no god Pan to debit himself with this little bill of extravagance.

The failure of competition is lamentable in many ways; one is the pressure which it gives to adulteration. Pure food is becoming scarce in cities. That is not all—we know it and still keep up the automatic stomach movement of demand. Ninety families in a hundred know that they are drinking chicory under the name of coffee, and, though both grocer and customer are conscious of the deception, they look into each other's faces without blushing. Old sea-biscuits are the staple of, I know not how many, delicate and costly articles, and are flavored in strange ways, and sold at wonderful prices—for sea-biscuit—but the honest grocer is so hemmed in by a system of uniform prices, that he can not be honest and be a grocer, under the average conditions, unless he is also a fool. Mind, my hot friend, there are plenty of exceptions, of men who are not under the average conditions. But that does not hinder the rogues from mixing every thing that we do not want with the things that we do want, from selling us the worthless and the poisonous at the price—plus a big commission—of the good and the healthy.

The example taken for illustration is not by any means the worst, much less the only, case of combination. Probably grocers are not usually conscious of any intention to raise or keep up prices by arrangement among themselves. The truth seems to be, that their interests lead them to common consent and action without effort. But it is none the less true that competition is killed in spite of the multiplication of grocers.

III. The middle-men are few and near each other; the consumers are many and separated. The first have all facilities for agreements or

concert of action; the second have no easy method of co-operation. The consumers are demoralized by the interest of a part of them in similar combinations, by the pressure of their regular pursuits, by a certain respect for the success of the middle-men, and by other causes; so they are not likely to desire relief. But though they should desire it, and seek it with some earnestness, the other party have the field pretty much to themselves. It is very difficult to concert measures of relief—it is more difficult to execute them. On the other hand, the dealers are, by pure force of interest and neighborhood, driven together, and kept in harmony.

Co-operative stores have obtained some popularity in England. There, *apparent* competition has reached such a point that the cost of bridging the space between producer and consumer is treble what it ought to be. That is, so many useless grocers, butchers, bakers, etc., must be maintained, that three dollars must be paid by the community to secure services honestly worth one dollar. Co-operative experiments have demonstrated that this form of social extravagance really reaches this enormous figure. But co-operation is by no means so easy as it seems; you must employ an expert and trust wholly to him. Now as to the man, if he is really competent, he must be well paid. In other words, what he could make on the old system must be made up to him. Incompetent men may offer to sacrifice themselves for other people's purses, and dishonest men are very sure to do so. The chances are that co-operative enthusiasts may fall into the hands of incompetent or dishonest experts. The business does not admit of oversight or effective inspection by committees, and if it did, committees are not apt to be worth their salt. Fiduciary service is rotten throughout the Anglo-Saxon race. Give the average Anglo-Saxon your purse and your signature, and expect to receive nothing again. Banks, commercial houses, life insurance companies, and railroads, in this country and in England, illustrate the danger of breach of trust. We have not yet been educated into honesty; probably because the Church has not yet made a direct and persistent effort in that direction. For these reasons co-operative stores are not likely to succeed. It involves a trust which, with our present knowledge of average character, we should be slow to indulge.

But is there no remedy? Yes—a better one than co-operation in selling goods is co-operation in reducing the price. Suppose we inform our bakers that, inasmuch as we take the papers, and have a little arithmetic, we know the cost

of a loaf of bread, and can estimate a reasonable profit thereon; being so situated, we shall pay only such reasonable price. If all, or the greater part of the customers, agree upon this policy, bread will come down to the proper level. So of other articles. Such co-operation is simple, and inexpensive. It is not, however, altogether easy, for reasons above given; but it is just as easy as co-operation in buying and selling, and involves no risks of any sort. Of course, on this plan, a little self-denial may be required. Consumers' strikes will, like those of workmen, require some nerve, and, occasionally, short rations.

There are, however, two or three things in which another method has been found effective. Government or municipal interference is very unpopular with us, in the abstract, and very dear to us in the concrete. If we desire to enrich an iron manufacturer, we can think of no easier way of showing our benevolence than just to raise the price of his goods from thirty to sixty per cent., by what is facetiously called a tariff. But if it is proposed to reduce any body's profits, then the idea is altogether ridiculous and absurd. The line runs there or thereabouts—between interfering to enrich somebody, and interfering to protect every body from extortion. Now, if there is any reasonable and fit subject of interference by law, it is that of extortion practiced upon the many by the few. Combinations are essentially and always odious; and wherever men, in special trades, combine to raise the price of necessary articles, protection is just and salutary.

"They manage these things better in France." Take bakers and cabmen for illustration: Bread is cheaper in Paris than in Chicago; that is, flour can be shipped across the continent and sea and made into bread at a less price than with us. A cab fare, on the average, costs twice as much in Chicago as Paris; though all the elements of the cost save one—labor—are cheapest in Chicago. The reason is, that bakers and cabmen are regulated in Paris, and unregulated in Chicago. Nor are they regulated in Paris to their damage. There you get into a cab as a matter of course; it is a trifle to pay, and the worth of your money. In Chicago, you trudge home on foot at considerable inconvenience, because you know time must be wasted in a bargain, or temper lost in an altercation, and a swindle suffered, if you enter a cab. No generation of cabmen will ever be born into this world with brains enough to see that uniform reasonable rates are the most profitable. If society is to have the benefit of so civilizing an institution as the cab, government must

furnish cabmen with brains, in the shape of a price-list, which is adopted to secure the interests of both cabmen and their customers.

If the French system were applied in Chicago, baking in private houses, which is now the rule, would cease at once. On what is called the free system, the bakers will never learn that reasonable profits are better than exorbitant ones.

Municipal governments have, thus far, in this country been something worse than worthless. All sorts of harmful interference with private property, all sorts of baneful interference under the name of taxation, but, hitherto, no beneficent interference, or little, or ineffective, against combinations in exchanges. When they furnish us cheap bread, cheap meat, and cheap cabs, they will begin to justify their existence.

## THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

### I.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY.

THANKS to the man who wrote the imperishable song, "Home, Sweet Home!" It is an offspring of modern times; it could not have been conceived, or written, or sung in eloquent Greece, in warlike Rome, or in all the effeminate East. It is a Christian anthem, dedicated to the *lares* and *penates* of Christian households. It has trilled on a thousand tongues, and taught ten thousand hearts to feel and appreciate the significance of Home! How deep a spell that little word contains! It is the circle in which our purest, best affections move and concentrate themselves—"the hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life, for age to meditate and feed upon!" It is childhood's temple, and manhood's shrine—the ark of the past and future.

The soldier dreams of it as he sinks to rest on the red field of slaughter, when the fierce fight is done. Let but the bugle of a light regiment play "Home, Sweet Home" far away on the battle plains of the Crimea, and a thousand hearts rise into the throats of brave warriors, and silence creeps into every chatting circle, and many a soldier's head turns aside from the watch-fire to listen to the air that carries the memories back to the far-off firesides they have left behind.

There are few passages in classical literature more beautiful or affecting than that where Xenophon, in his *Anabasis*, relates the effect produced on the remnant of the ten thousand Greeks, when, after passing through dangers

without number, they at length ascended a sacred mountain, and from its peak and summit caught sight of the sea, whose waves, far in the distance, broke on the shores of their beloved Ionia. "Dashing away their bucklers, with a hymn of joy they rushed tumultuously forward. Some wept with the fullness of their delicious pleasure, others laughed, and more fell on their knees and blessed that broad ocean. Across its blue waters, like floating sea-birds, the memorials of their homes came and fanned their weary souls. All the perils they had encountered, all the companions they had lost, all the miseries they had endured, were in an instant forgotten, and naught was with them but the gentle phantoms of past and future joys." O, Home! magical spell, how strong must have been thy influence when thy faintest memory could cause those bronzed heroes of a thousand fights to weep like tearful women!

But what is home? It is that charmed circle consecrated by the presence of a husband, adorned and beautified by the taste and skill of a wife, hallowed by the virtues of a father, sanctified by the gentle ministrations of a mother, and filled with joy and sunshine by the love and prattle of children. In the quaint Scottish brogue of Burns, it is where a man's

"Wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,  
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,  
His lying infant prattling on his knee,  
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,  
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil."

Home is of divine origin—an idea in the mind of the Creator, and only reaches its true character and full significance when it conforms to the original appointment of God. Adam was alone; all other creatures had their fellows, but as yet no companion was in existence capable of being the associate of this highest creature of the new creation. "It is not good," said the Lord God, "that the man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him," not of the dust of the earth, as I have made him and every beast of the field and fowl of the air, but in such a manner as that she shall be part of his own life, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, so that they shall cleave together in a holy union, deeper and dearer than that of any other relation.

There is something peculiarly impressive and instructive in the production of this companion for man. She was not created simultaneously with himself. He stood alone. All other creatures had their companions, appeared in the creation male and female together. But a lesson must here be taught the newly rising pair, and through them the future race—a lesson on

the importance and significance of this sacred union; a lesson on the mutual dependence of these two beings, of the imperfection and incompleteness of the one without the other, on the intimate and endeared relationship which was ever after to be continued between them. Hence woman did not appear along with man; not until he had seen and felt himself alone, incomplete and imperfect in the vast and beautiful creation about him; not until he had himself, perhaps, sighed for fellowship and companionship in his own kind. Nor then was a companion created for him out of the ground; that would have been cold and meaningless. It answered well enough for the transient union and intercourse of the inferior creatures; it would not have answered for the permanent, deep, and spiritual union which was to take place between these higher creatures. The companion of man appears under imposing and impressive circumstances. Adam sleeps, and a part of himself is taken and employed in this new creation. She appears before him as if she had risen from his own side, from near his own heart, a companion springing up from the depths of his own life. How he must have been impressed with this wonderful production of his future companion! He recognized and felt the lesson; and "Adam said, this is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man." And, then, from the way in which our Savior puts it, it seems as if God himself broke in upon Adam's soliloquy and said, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." The force of this language is much better felt through the Hebrew than in our English version—therefore shall she be called *Iska*, a female man—and because of this wonderful manner of creation, and this tender and profound relationship to man, it shall be the tenderest and most sacred of human relations, and a man shall leave even father and mother and cleave to his wife. Evidently this creation of woman was not, in the estimation of either God or Adam, a mere beautiful side-play, but was intended for a profound and significant lesson for all coming time.

Not only did this impressive production of the woman secure this foundation of a sacred and endeared union between man and woman, but it also secured another purpose of God which he declared when he said, "It is not good that the man should be alone, I will make a help meet for him." Not a *helpmate* as we often hear it, but a help *meet for him*, a companion worthy of him, an associate proper for

him, his equal, his counterpart, his second self, one that he can love, and in whom he can find the complement of himself, and who finds her complement in him.

Much has been said and written with reference to the relative strength and capacity of man and woman in the attributes of human nature. By some, woman is made to be the duplicate of man, his equal in all respects, in intellectual and moral endowments his fellow; by others she is exalted far above him, at least in respect to the finer sensibilities of human nature; and by others still she is made to occupy a position greatly inferior, at least in the scale of intellectual endowments.

We have no sympathy with these comparisons and contrasts. There is no real place for them; they are two distinct beings; sex is not a mere physical variation; it is a radical, a constitutional difference. Woman is not another man, man is not a duplicate of woman. A duplication of the same being was not the design of the Creator, nor would it serve the purposes of the mysterious union he intended between them. Marriage is not a friendship; it is vastly more. Friendship in itself is beautiful enough. Tender, indeed, was the friendship of Jonathan and David, of Damon and Pythias, and it is possible, however dangerous, that there may exist a "Platonic intimacy" and friendship between man and woman, but it is not love, and Platonic intimacy is not marriage; it is vastly different both in kind and in degree from the profound life union of husband and wife.

Nor is woman man's inferior, a mere dependent upon his pleasure or his affection. She need not be either

"A weakling girl who would surrender will,  
And life, and reason, with her loving heart,  
To her possessor; no soft, clinging thing  
Who would find breath alone within the arms  
Of a strong master, and obediently  
Wait on his whims in slavish carefulness;  
No fawning, cringing spaniel, to attend  
His royal pleasure, and account herself  
Rewarded by his pats and pretty words;  
But a round woman, who, with insight keen,  
Has wrought a scheme of life, and measured well  
Her womanhood—her brain and heart meanwhile,  
Working in conscious harmony and rhythm  
With the great scheme of God's great universe,  
On toward her being's end."

She is his equal, his fellow, the companion *meet for him* made by God. They are *equal*, but not *identical*; they are not intended for the same office and work in the needs of human life. It is his to think, to toil, to provide, to lead; it is hers to feel, to reward, to endure, to follow. It is his to go out to battle with the world, to meet its contests, to carry forward its

history, to wrest from it the means to provide for, to protect, and defend the sacred kingdom of home. It is hers to cheer and encourage, to aid and comfort, to meet with the smile of approbation and the reward of love the returning hero, the wayworn traveler, the weary laborer, the care-worn merchant, the exhausted student. It is his to produce; it is hers to weave the results of his toil into blessings. It is his to make the world wiser, and richer, and better; it is hers to make the world purer, more happy, and more beautiful. Possibly he may have the more intellect, certainly he has a larger brain; what of it? She has the greater sensibility, and is more richly endowed in those finer qualities that we call heart. He may have more strength, certainly has a larger frame, more compact bones, and powerful muscles. What of it? She is more beautiful, and her gentleness is her strength. He may have a broader comprehension, she has deeper insight; he may have better reason, she has deeper sympathy; yet we can not say that one is superior to the other, any more than we can say painting is superior to sculpture, or poetry to music, or birds to flowers. "The man is not without the woman, neither is the woman without the man." "He that made them in the beginning made them *male and female*," made them in beautiful harmony and adaptation to each other.

In spite of the so-called progress of modern times, and of all we have seen written or heard spoken on the rights and wrongs, the demands and destinies of woman—and we have read and heard much—we have seen nothing to convert us from the old and sublime lessons floating down to us from the lips of the Creator, and from the morning of the creation. In spite of the sneers that have been heaped upon the word, we still believe the Creator had a lofty design in the manner of woman's creation, and that he assigned to her, as well as to man, her own peculiar "sphere" and work, her own place in the economy of human life, and that there is no higher place or work on earth than the Creator has given to woman. What loftier, more potent, more sacred sphere is found in the world than home? What holier names are found beneath the sky than wife and mother? Home—the household—we still believe, is the sphere of woman, and woe be to both man and woman when the world repudiates it, or woman discards it. She was not made for the toils, the strifes, the excitements of the busy, outside world, and man and society are at fault when they trust the necessity for it upon her. Gentleness is stamped upon her in all respects, and not only is a meek and quiet spirit her greatest adorn-

ment, but it is the most essential characteristic of her nature. In proportion as she departs from it, she so far loses in the grace, the beauty, and the power of her character. In the busy world she is lost—at home she shines as the sun and center.

Nor should she be ashamed of this position. She should rejoice in it, as the sphere in which she remains supreme. Nor should she be betrayed into underestimating its importance. What would life be for either man or woman, if it were not for this vast sphere of female usefulness and activity? if it were not for homes, for domestic joys, for fireside virtues, for social relations? What is the mere bald picture in its naked outlines, uncolored, unadorned, unshaded? So what would human society be without the softening tints, the gentle shadings, the mild beauties thrown over it by the hand of woman? What would the world be if it were not for singing birds, for blooming flowers, for sloping hills, for beautiful landscapes, and for star-lit skies? So what would human life be if it were not for the beauty, the virtue, the bliss, which spring up, and bless, and adorn it in this sphere of action which God has assigned to woman? If the great Creator himself thought it not unworthy of his labor to adorn the home of his human creature with beauty, and to throw over all his works a veil of harmony and peace, let not woman think it an undignified position when God has placed this department of life and of the world in her hand. Because the sun shines by day, shall the peerless moon blush to ride in her chariot of silver through her dominion of stars by night?

Woman's ambition should be to shine at home, to shine in the social, beautiful, and peaceful scenes of life. In this very day society has no greater want than rest, homes of peace, where both men and women can find relief from the toil and excitement of the busy life we are living, and every woman who makes and preserves such a home is a benefactress of the race that needs not blush before the philanthropist, or the philosopher, or the statesman. So sings one of the brightest ornaments of the sex:

"As some fair violet—loveliest of the glade,  
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lovely shade,  
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,  
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light,  
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,  
And bear its beauties from its native wood,  
Exposed abroad its languid colors fly,  
Its form decays and all its odors die,  
So woman, born to dignify retreat,  
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great;  
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,  
With softness polish, and with virtue warm;  
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,  
Should seek but heaven's applauses and her own."

We say nothing here of woman's rights. She has one right at least that all concede, which gives her power to rule the world, to do what she will with it, if she but cares to wield it. But the one spring of her power is the spring of the divine power, and of the power that lies in all nobleness and goodness, the power to love, to bless, and to save.

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DR. SUSAN'S CHRISTMAS.

"U, do stand out of my light; I can't see through you."

Susan Fellows unintentionally had thrown a shade between the pier-glass and her beautiful young sister Minnie, whose face and figure were lovelier than usual, robed, as she was, for a Christmas ball. This evening dress had cost Mrs. Fellows many an anxious hour for a month past; in the night watches she had planned it on her bed; by day she had shopped and contrived, with the aid of her dress-maker, to bring the costume to its present state of perfection; for when Susan moved away, the gentle, self-satisfied smile that played over Minnie's face showed that she considered it a decided success.

Mrs. Fellows's brows, which had contracted anxiously at various stages during the process of dressing, now relaxed; she gave a sigh of relief, and plain, stout, awkward, unstylish Susan, in her sober gray silk, ungraceful and ill at ease, exclaimed with involuntary admiration:

"It's lovely, Min, and you too!"

Minnie gave the skirt a little twitch.

"Is n't there a little too much fullness here?"

"Not a bit; not a trifle too much," said Mrs. Fellows decidedly, glancing from her radiant daughter to Susan's grave figure. "O, Susan," she added deprecatingly, "if you would only take my advice!"

"What would I look like tricked out in that style!" interrupted Susan. "Dress a broomstick up in tarlatan, lace, satin, and flowers!"

"Not a broomstick," said Minnie, with a little giggle.

"A bolster or feather pillow, then," said Susan. "Now with Min it's gilding refined gold, adding perfume to the violet, and all that sort of thing; but my style of beauty when unadorned is adorned the most. I say, if that carriage is not here in ten minutes I shall go to bed. O, how I hate balls and parties! I'm always wishing, like the good little boy in that trout ballad, that I'd staid at home and read my book."

"O, Susan, Susan!" ejaculated her mother with something like a groan of despair.

"It's well enough for Min; she enjoys the dressing, the beaux, the dancing, and gobbling, and gabbling; the late suppers make me sick, and I poke about with my long arms, big hands, and red nose, to be pointed out as Min's plain sister; not that I mind that a bit; but then it's no fun for me, you must know."

"It is very curious that a young girl can't enjoy herself with other people. I do not understand it, Susan. You are always depreciating yourself; it's your own fault. You have your fine points; your teeth are perfect, and you have only to dance to let your feet show to some advantage."

"I wish I could send my teeth and feet, then, to do execution in the way of eating and dancing, and leave my more objectionable features at home. Welcome sound! there's the carriage. O, if it was only returning, instead of going to this Christmas ball! Get in first, Min; take the back seat and spread your finery. I can squeeze in a little corner; my dress won't rumple."

Mrs. Fellows gave a sigh of satisfaction when the carriage rolled off, as she caught another glimpse of her lovely daughter, who had not hesitated to act upon Susan's suggestion, but her brows contracted again as she thought of Susan, her peculiar daughter, who hated balls and parties, and abominated dressing and fashion. Minnie's future was very hopeful; but what could be done with Susan, her ugly duck?

Susan at that moment was entering the ballroom. The party was given in honor of a bride, and the bridal party was ranged in a semicircle in one part of the room. Minnie, with the comfortable assurance of being perfectly *au fait* as to costume, presented herself before the bride, to whom she offered her congratulations, and turned away just in time to hear Susan congratulating the second bridesmaid upon her marriage, and wishing her all the happiness she deserved. A smile, provoked by the mistake, showed her that she had made her first *faux pas* for the evening, and awkwardly excusing herself, with a blush which glowed more conspicuously on her nose than her cheeks, she hastened after Minnie's retreating figure, running against a fat gentleman, and planting her foot on an expensive lace train.

They were safe in a bay-window. "O, Su, how could you!" exclaimed Minnie in this place of retreat.

"What in the world made them wear veils!" said Su indignantly. "They are not Eastern women. I thought they were all brides at first; she was the tallest and best looking. Who is that dreadful little fat man with a bald head

staring at you? I hope you won't dance with him."

"Hush! hush!" Minnie looked around anxiously, fearing Su had been overheard. "That's the Mr. Goodwin the girls talk so much about—the West India millionaire."

The old beau was on the shady side of fifty. He was evidently making his way toward them, escorted by a gentleman who begged the honor of presenting him to Miss Minnie Fellows. Minnie swept a suave acknowledgment, and in a few moments, to Susan's horror, she saw him stepping out to dance with all the airs and graces of a youth of sixteen.

She remained unnoticed in the shadow of the bay-window, watching the gay scene and brilliant figures, passing kaleidoscope like before her, from this point of observation, until the various faces became familiar and this amusement grew monotonous. Minnie was a belle; she had a variety of partners, but the West Indian kept ever hovering near, and was the most devoted in his attentions. Minnie evidently smiled favorably upon him, somewhat to the neglect of other gentlemen, whose charms could not vie with the solid attractions of the millionaire.

The hours passed wearily on for Susan—an occasional nod, or few snatches of conversation with casual acquaintances, scarcely serving to while away the flagging moments. Supper hour came; some one attended her, and stealing back to her retired chair in the bay-window, she impatiently awaited the arrival of the carriage.

Mr. Goodwin and another gentleman stood near her; they were noticing and criticising the dancers.

"She has the face of an angel," said Mr. Goodwin enthusiastically, as Minnie passed, radiant and lovely as at the commencement of the evening.

"That one in green and white?"

"Yes; Miss Fellows. It is worth coming back to your native land after forty years' absence to find such loveliness, sir—azure eyes, fresh bloom, a sylph-like figure, and such grace! Do you know, sir, I expected to find all the American girls in short petticoats, pantaloons, and with cropped heads. I thought, with these new-fangled notions, that the whole sex had run wild, into strong-minded women—doctors, lawyers, preachers—with all their womanhood, their sweet dependant charm, their helplessness—all abandoned for masculine employments and professions."

"Not quite that. I am a physician," said his companion, "and while I can not wholly approve this movement, I can not entirely disap-

prove; for in my profession I think the opposite sex could be made extremely useful."

"Bah, sir," interrupted Mr. Goodwin in a tone of disgust. "Women are the flowers—the fancy-work of creation. Now I can't tell you how revolting it is to me, connecting any thing as lovely and captivating as that young lady in white and green with the disgusting routine of a public life. No, sir, let us leave them where God has placed them—in the garden of paradise."

"Many of them are not flowers of paradise; and I have always fancied that Eve looked out for herself quite as much as Adam, when they were driven from the garden."

"I do n't doubt that she ate the apple in order that she might dress."

"There are cases where a woman can do inestimable good," continued the physician, "where no man could reach the sympathy or heart of the patient. All of the sex are not butterflies—all are not independent; they must earn their bread as truly by the sweat of their face as we do. Their quick understanding and intuitive perceptions serve them where deeper reasoning fails. I am not an advocate for so-called woman's rights; but I am an advocate for good, sensible, true-hearted women making the best use of the capability given them by their Creator. They are not all born beauties."

Mr. Goodwin started. "Excuse me, sir." He darted after Minnie, who was that instant disengaged. His eyes had been following her, and his thoughts evidently straying, and his companion was left to finish his reflections as he pleased, and Susan regretted that it had been broken off so abruptly.

She rose, seeing that Minnie was beckoning to her; the carriage awaited them, and as she passed the physician, he scarcely noticed the plain girl whose whole future was shaped from the casual conversation of that evening.

Mrs. Fellows and Susan were dawdling over a late breakfast; Minnie had not made her appearance, and her mother was vainly striving to gain some information relative to the previous evening.

"How many people do you think were there, Susan?" began Mrs. Fellows with lively curiosity.

"A good many."

"What kind of a supper did you have?"

"Every thing you can imagine, mother."

"What did you do?"

"Spoke to the wrong person for the bride, stumbled over a fat old gentleman, trod on a lady's train, nodded half a dozen times, said 'good evening' twice."

"O, Susan, how could you! How were the girls dressed?"

"Mostly in pink and white, and blue and white."

"Did Minnie receive much attention?"

"Yes, a great deal, from a fat old Indian, whose head had been scalped."

Minnie entered in time to hear this, and her mother's horrified exclamation. She was sleepy and languid, as unlike the ball-room belle as possible; her voice was sulky as she asked,

"How can you speak so of Mr. Goodwin? I am sure all the girls in the room were dying to be in my place."

"I did n't see any of them carried out, Min, and their appetites did n't seem to be affected at supper. Mother," she said, abruptly changing the subject. "I'm going to be a doctor—I have decided to study medicine."

Mrs. Fellows held the cup she was handing to Minnie, suspended a moment. Minnie opened her mouth and eyes, and stared as Susan repeated,

"I have quite decided to study medicine. You know all the old ladies say I make a splendid nurse; I can sit up all night without feeling the fatigue; I do n't have headaches, nor heart-aches, as lovers have never troubled me; I am not nervous, and am as bold as a lion if occasion requires—so it seems I am just the person fitted for a doctor; so I decided it last night."

"Susan Fellows, are you crazy?"

Minnie smiled, and balanced her spoon on the edge of her cup.

"I am not crazy. I am tired of this meaningless, dawdling sort of a life; frittering away my time with people who do n't like me, and whom I can not like, or even respect. What does it all amount to? Min has her own way of enjoying life, let me have mine—let me try it any how."

"Susan Fellows! do you tell me that a daughter of mine wishes to be a woman doctor?"

"Will you run for President, Su? Cut your hair short, and wear a Bloomer dress?" said Minnie, giggling. "You will end in the White House."

"In the mad-house you mean!" returned her mother. "I am sick and tired of this nonsense—do n't let me hear any more of it! If you can't be a sensible, practical woman, why, be as sensible as—as—you can!"

"That is just what I intend being henceforth; I am going to lead a practical life, and it's time for me to commence. I wrote for admission to the college this morning, requesting an immediate answer—my letter is on its way by this time."

"And, pray, who is to pay for this wild scheme?" asked her mother.

"I shall take the money Aunt Susan left her namesake—it will just about carry me through with economy. I can live very cheaply, wear no fine clothes, and come out in the course of time with no money in my pocket, and a brain full of useful knowledge. Then I'll practice in the family, beginning with you and Min—I'll soon get a reputation!"

Mrs. Fellows eyed her sternly. "If you have decided, if you really mean to follow this course, you are no child of mine! Poor, lone widow as I am, I'll disown my own child—remember that, Susan Fellows! Then, there's that good offer you've slighted! How often have I warned you it would have been the best day's work that you ever did, if you had married as I advised!"

"Mother! mother! do n't begin that! I can't stand it!"

"Refuse a very good man for some very selfish reason, and then talk of running around the country on this wild-goose chase!"

"Am I never to hear the last of that man! Why did he ever think of asking me!" said Susan, with a groan.

"Why, indeed!—and he ready to take you any time! Listen to me, Susan—you either marry that man, or—"

"Be a doctor!" interrupted Susan; "I prefer the latter—I'll go, mother!"

Susan went. She was called very undutiful and disobedient by her mother, and very peculiar by the circle in which she moved, but she made her preparations, and finally left home with a grieved heart, for her mother would not bid her good-by, much less Godspeed. Minnie laughed when her acquaintances asked if Susan wore pantaloons, and made stump speeches in the lecture-room. Her mother nursed her wrath, and bridled so indignantly when her eldest daughter's name was mentioned. In the course of a short time all inquiries were dropped, she was scarcely missed, and, though her letters came punctually, acquainting her mother and sister with her progress and plans, they often remained unopened, and were never answered.

Minnie's future promised to be brilliant. Mr. Goodwin had taken a desperate fancy to the lovely face, and six months after—his charms proving entirely potent with the ambitious mother—he led his youthful bride to the altar, and the fashionable audience who witnessed the marriage of January and May, saw little discrepancy in age, disposition, or circumstances, so powerful an amalgam is gold in such cases.

There was no sympathy for the absent hard-working Susan; no one offered a helping hand,



or word of encouragement. She plodded on, living with rigid economy, studying night and day, and daily becoming more interested in her duties, and not regretting the step she had taken. She received no invitation to the wedding—from the papers she knew of it; she sighed as she wrote her letter of congratulation, which shared the same fate her others had received. Her life was certainly not one of un-mixed pleasure. The road to knowledge is strewn with difficulties, and there were more lions than usual in a woman's path to medical science. Her companions were scarcely more congenial than those she was accustomed to meet in her old home-circle—her recreations few, if any—her sympathizing friends, none.

The women students were the constant butt and source of ridicule for the young men, who were sometimes thrown in their society. From the time of her admission to the college, until she left its walls, they maliciously and persistently persecuted her with rude insults and coarse jests, that disgraced their humanity.

"Eels get used to skinning." Susan stood it all, possessing her soul with patience; rather pitying than resenting what, under any other circumstances, would not have been tolerated by any free citizen of America. "*Perseverantia vincit omnia*" was her motto. She was in a rough school, but came out of it finally, with her diploma, entitling her to the practice of medicine. She was rather sad than proud, as she, with only two fellow-women sufferers, received the well-earned honor. One of these was the daughter of an old country physician in Vermont. She had frequently assisted her father in his practice, "only on the sly," as she admitted, and, at his death, determined to study medicine, and adopt the profession. She was tall and lean; a spinster of forty, who carried a blue cotton umbrella, wore spectacles, and was a rank spiritualist, rejoicing in dreams and communications with the most distinguished of the departed.

The other, very unlike the spiritualistic spinster, was a buxom widow, with red cheeks and bright eyes; she had buried two husbands, and studied medicine in order to divert her mind from her afflictions and support herself.

They bade Susan an affectionate farewell, having their own plans in view, and left her to "gang her own gait." Her prospects were not hopeful; she had no invitation to return home and no friends to push her forward in her career, and one hundred dollars of Aunt Susan's legacy remaining, and her title, "Dr. Susan Fellows." She thought of starting for Vermont; there

cheap, and but one doctor within a circuit of ten miles. The spinster shook her head.

"The people were very old fogyish, very healthy, and very close."

"I'll go there," said Dr. Susan. A few days after she started, arriving in due time at the village where her Vermont friend's father had lived and died. She hired a room with a quiet widow, who resided on the principal street, and the very next morning, in broad daylight, appeared the following sign, in the neatest style:

DR. SUSAN FELLOWS.

The old-fashioned farmers, as they drove into the village from the country, leisurely paused, spelled out the sign, and then, giving a hard look at the meek little house of the widow, and a shake of their heads at the degeneracy of the times, rode on to the tavern to talk over the strange arrival.

The news spread like wild-fire; discreet matrons and sober gossips passed by on the other side, not without reading the obnoxious sign; the parson, in his morning walk, stopped, deliberately, to read it; while the dapper town-clerk reported that there was no mistake—the new doctor must be a woman, for no man was ever named Susan; a troop of school-boys, knowing the agitation of the community, commenced pelting the sign, until called off by their teacher, who, with every other able-bodied inhabitant of the place, happened that morning to walk in that direction.

When Dr. Susan issued from her house in the afternoon, every eye that could, in any possible manner, obtain a peep, or furtive view, saw nothing but a stout woman, with a sensible face, attired in a water-proof dress and felt hat; there was no outward labeling, either before or behind, that betokened her profession, no medicine-chest in her hand, no bottle or pill-box protruding from her pocket. Public curiosity was appeased, but not satisfied; but in the course of time, when the village milliner and dress-maker called, and the good landlady, who was somewhat startled herself, at first, at having such a boarder under her roof, reporting that "Dr. Susan went to church once a day, and took her meals regular," the milliner departed with less lively interest.

The arrival of a circus, soon after, diverted the attention of the public from Dr. Susan, who, after that, became less a show. The old doctor, who trudged by occasionally, knew perfectly well where his rival had taken up her

his glasses toward the invader's quarters. His nose was slightly elevated, as if an unpleasant odor pervaded that particular vicinity, and old Bet, his white mare, was said to have shied for the first time in her history, when she passed the sign.

Dr. Susan's prospects were not flattering; her money was steadily decreasing. There was sickness in the village; the measles raged, and the old-fashioned doctor bled and blistered at pleasure, and his patients paid his bill, in strong faith, never dreaming of calling in her aid. She cured a sore throat for her landlady, who promised to deduct something from her board, and recommended her to some poor people as a "cheap doctor." Thereupon several Irish women employed her for their croupy children. She had plenty of time, and went to them cheerfully. She had expected to assist the poor, but she was growing poorer than the poorest of her patients, and charity begins at home, and as she counted over her scanty hoard, she found nothing gained when six months were gone.

Her thoughts were neither pleasant nor profitable, as she sat one cool evening over a few glowing coals, in her own room. She dared not replenish the expiring embers; coal cost money, and money was growing scarcer every day; her friends at home evidently numbered her with the dead—she was at least dead to them, to all intents and purposes—and she could hardly count upon the friendship of a single individual in the village, her present home. Two persons only seemed to remember her existence; that evening's mail had brought her letters—one from the buxom widow, and the other from the spinster, her former companions. It appeared they thought of her in the time of their prosperity. The buxom widow had written, begging her to accompany her to Salt Lake City; there was an excellent opening for female physicians, and liberal remuneration, "all in gold."

Susan consigned this substantial offer to the flames, and opened her second letter. Here was another offer. The spinster urged her to come and accept the profits as partner in a most lucrative position. Her fortunes were united with a well-known clairvoyant, and in the crowded city they would reap a rich harvest; hundreds of dollars were made daily; their waiting room was filled with an impatient crowd; if she consented to engage in this money-making profession, her fortune was secured. The letter closed with a spiritual rhapsody, in which the writer fell into immediate communion with Harvey, respecting the circulation of the blood, wishing to obtain more particulars than he could give with his limited knowledge on earth.

"Pshaw!" said Dr. Susan gloomily, as she watched the epistle burning away. Her second offer was disposed of, and she sat shivering over her wretched fire.

Had she made a mistake; was her undertaking, after all her sacrifices and hard labor, a failure; must she acknowledge it first to herself, and then let it be known that she was worsted, beaten, with no chance of success for the future?

The last spark in her fire died out, and Susan went to bed, not knowing what a day might bring forth, and with hope telling no flattering tale.

A hasty message from her washerwoman in the morning hurried her from her unfinished breakfast. She found the case so trivial it scarcely needed her attention, but when she returned a more important visitor awaited her—a country farmer, well to do, and well known for miles around.

"I came after the woman doctor," he began, after taking a prolonged stare at Susan. "My darter's sick, and wants you to come, for she declares she won't be bled, and she won't be blistered—t' other doctor's bound to do one or t' other. Come on, and I'll give you a ride back in the wagon."

The farmer gave her more than one sharp look as the wagon jolted over the road. Susan was inclined to be communicative, but her companion was very silent, and seemed to be engrossed in his own thoughts.

She prescribed for her patient, and then explained that it was necessary for her to return. "I can't take the hosses out agin to-day," said the farmer sturdily.

"Then I must walk back," said Susan, rising and putting on her hat.

He stared. "It's six miles; you can't foot that."

"I'll try it, at any rate." She rose and went to the door.

"Stop; not so fast. Can't you wait a minute? There's the old mare, may be I can fix up something to fetch you back."

"I thought so," replied Susan. "Where there is a will, there is usually a way."

He gave another prolonged stare. "You think that, do you?"

"Yes I do," said Susan.

He managed to get out some sort of conveyance, and Susan was soon seated by his side, jogging very leisurely toward the village, her companion quieter than before, until their drive was nearly ended, when he drew his horse to a halt, and said, "You an't a good-looking woman—you an't a bit handsome, I must say,

but there's a look about you I like. I've seen you at meeting, and heard about you healing the poor. I do n't care if you are a woman doctor. What difference does it make to me, I'd like to know? I do n't care for that. And if you'll take me, why, I'll take you, that's all."

Susan's astonishment prevented her from speaking. Receiving no immediate answer, he took silence for consent, and after waiting a moment he added, "Any woman most would be glad of this chance—a good many's been looking after me. I've got a good farm, and my daughter's pretty even tempered. You'd get along smooth enough together. I see that to-day when you was together. And who knows how much doctoring you could pick up in the neighborhood! It's awful far to send for the old doctor, and you could take this old mare to ride around with."

Susan's usually calm brain whirled. This novel and unexpected offer, coming at such an opportune moment, quite bewildered her.

"Thank you," she began.

"So it's as good as settled," he said.

"No, thank you for your kind offer, but I must decline it."

The words were uttered. "Am I tempting Providence, or am I a fool," she thought, "throwing away every chance, with nothing but poverty staring in my face?"

The farmer started. His sunburnt face grew redder as he asked, "What! what!"

"I say no, I thank you," said Dr. Susan in a fainter voice.

"Well, you won't get a chance to say that again to me in a hurry," he returned. "You'd better get out here at the end of this street, and then old Moll won't be tired to death. You can easy walk half a mile if you can foot it six."

Susan sprang out. "Thank you. Good-day." She hurried home, thankful at heart, thankful for being born a fool if she had done a foolish thing in rejecting this chance, and yet her spirits sank as the evening shades prevailed. Sunlight helped her in keeping them up to a cheerful point, but when the daylight was gone, and she shivered over her meager fire, and hoarded every inch of her tallow-candle, something more akin to despair than any feeling she had yet experienced set in, and she wondered if it would have been better to have been born a fool, then she would not have been, perhaps, responsible for her actions. She had striven conscientiously thus far to do her duty in following the impulse that had guided her course.

However, she slept with an honest conscience, so peacefully that her landlady's voice called twice before she succeeded in rousing her.

"Dr. Susan, some one wants you. It's Miss Meigs's carriage, and the boy's waiting outside."

Was it a dream? She rubbed her eyes, while the landlady repeated her message, pausing to hear if she had awakened the sleeper.

Miss Meigs, the wealthy old maid, the aristocrat of the village, the embodiment of its little wealth and fashion, the courted, the respected, the rich Miss Meigs had sent for Dr. Susan, and Dr. Susan went.

An elderly lady, with prominent features, white hair, and piercing eyes, gave Susan a long and searching look when she reached the house, and entered her patient's room.

"I have always been prejudiced against women doctors," said Miss Meigs, "but I am in great pain. I hear how kind you have been to the poor in the village, and they say you are successful. I have little faith in your skill, but if you can relieve me do so."

"I will remain with you all night, and, under God's care, do what I can for you," said Dr. Susan.

Her fortune was made. The adverse tide turned, with Miss Meigs's influence on her side. The rich Miss Meigs headed the list of her patients from that evening, and becoming also a firm friend, one person after another found it far more convenient to employ her in place of the old doctor, and from henceforth Dr. Susan's name and fame were securely established.

She was not growing rich, but she was enabled to receive a comfortable support from her practice, and was able to accomplish the charity she had sometimes thought chimerical, and her poor patients had just cause to call down blessings upon her name, when they found her as kind a friend in prosperity as in her adverse circumstances.

The lions in her way were gradually vanquished. Rough experience is a hard teacher, but a good one, if the pupil lives long enough to make use of the benefit derived from it. The village people learned to love as well as respect the woman doctor. She had outlived their prejudice, and in the course of time, when Miss Meigs passed away, leaving a handsome legacy to Dr. Susan, she became a more useful, as well as a more independent woman.

It was Christmas eve. Dr. Susan sat by her pleasant fire in her comfortable room. "Ten years ago this night I decided to study medicine," she said, her thoughts traveling rapidly back to the evening party where a chance conversation had directed her future.

"Ten hard, yet happy years," she sighed. Did she want something more than success to give contentment? Yes, Dr. Susan honestly

confessed it; the time, with all its associations, the happy meetings and kindly greetings of the season, the family festivals where members of kindred blood met to join hands in one common joy or sorrow—all this made her feel more keenly the total separation that had cut away all family ties for her.

From time to time she wrote of her success and her plans to her mother and sister, without eliciting the slightest acknowledgment or response from either. Long since she had given up all hope of ever receiving sympathy, but their utter indifference gave pain; with Susan "blood was thicker than water," and this Christmas eve brought back old memories of the past, awakening associations and rousing feelings which had so long lain dormant they seemed forgotten.

"A letter." Her boy brought it to her; for Dr. Susan now kept a boy as well as a horse for him to drive.

She started at the strangely familiar but long-unseen handwriting of her sister Minnie, and looked long and earnestly at the outside, as one is apt to before reading a mysterious letter. It seemed like a message from the dead. Dr. Susan opened her letter and then read:

"*Dear Su,*—I have very bad news to communicate. I am left a poor, lone widow, with one little girl. Mr. Goodwin died last month; but, my dear sister, this is not the worst of my sad affliction—his fortune is all gone, and he was very much in debt; how it all is I can not imagine, for I always supposed he was a very rich man; but now it seems his money is all gone. It is very hard for me and for my poor child. I can't think what I shall do, as my health is very delicate, and mother has lost some of her little property lately. You know she always managed to keep up a good appearance on very little; but one can't live on nothing, you know. It's all very hard. Mother is very low-spirited, and often speaks of you.

"We have heard that you are quite rich. I hope you are not as poor as we are. Things turn out in a very strange way in this world. I would like very much to see you, my dear Susan.

"Your truly afflicted, but very affectionate sister,  
MINNIE."

"Thank Heaven!" said Dr. Susan with tears in her eyes. "I will write for them to come and live with me. My home shall be their home, and with my family around me I shall not have an earthly wish left ungratified."

She wrote accordingly, begging them to come to her and make her home their own.

They did not decline the invitation; they came, and Dr. Susan cheerfully supported them.

## SPITE.

SOCIETY finds a substitute for malice—a domestic, creditable, neighborly form of the great vice—in spite. We scruple to call any body malicious except in history or the newspapers, but with spite we are on more familiar terms. We see traces of it on the faces of some of our acquaintances, in the speech of others, in the actions of some few; nay, we may even detect some grains—when sorely tried—in ourselves, if we are curious in our investigations. Spite does not care to ruin any body; only it is apt to reverse the apostolic precept, and most especially makes no hand at rejoicing with those that rejoice. It draws unflattered portraits; it picks holes; it finds self-compensation in the misfortune of others. For here, again, it does not do to define spite as mere ill wishing, even in its most trifling and restricted form, unless action comes in.

Narrow sympathies are perpetually immersed in barren discontent with what interferes with one's own convenience—discontent which issues in positive gratification where another's pain brings relief to self. There are many worthy people, devoted to those nearest to them, helpful to their immediate surroundings, who will take cheerfully as a gift of Providence the news of a distant acquaintance's broken limb or fallen fortunes, if these disasters save them from an unwelcome guest or from the derangement of Summer plans. In fact, most persons are made so. It is a sign of peculiar sweetness and nobleness of nature when it is otherwise. Yet we deny that these defective sympathies are spiteful, because their satisfaction arises solely from one's own relief, and not from another's pain; such people would be even better pleased if another's good fortune, rather than his ill luck, had delivered them from a quandary.

There are people distinct from these, who do like mischief for its own sake—people who are companionable, who have their good moral points, but who, as we often observe, seem to be not only indifferent to the evil which occurs to others, but actually pleased to find themselves the cause of transient human suffering. They like to abash sensitiveness, and exercise ingenuity to bring this about; when the humor is on them they say things for the mere pleasure of giving pain, probing a wound, and curiously watching the department of the sufferer. There are many more who entertain a sort of general spite against humanity, and enjoy its smaller humiliations, losses, and vexations; who see something ludicrous in every thing that alarms, disconcerts, and exposes, as though wit

lay in the fact of one person being vexed while another looks on ; to whom your being too late for the train, or breaking your horse's knees, or being put out of countenance, are exhilarating circumstances, although they are in no way benefited by your discomfiture ; who from their own snug shelter will enjoy the spectacle of a wet, dripping holiday, when weeks of eager anticipation issue in the damp wretchedness of plodding thousands.

This pleasure in witnessing disappointment is especially the diversion of spoiled and pampered youth, which has not yet realized the possibility that its own turn may come, and looks upon all misfortune, great and small, in the light of a spectacle in which it has no other concern than a spectator. Time, bringing coward fears, if nothing better, does much of itself to cure this heedless and hard-hearted malice. The smooth brow and rounded contour which told nothing of what passed within, become vehicles of softer expression from the mere encounter with inevitable sorrow ; the countenance which before was merely impassive catches the gift of pity, though self may still have the greatest share of it. But if otherwise, if the malice is any thing more than thoughtlessness, then spite imprints a mark on the features which says more plainly than any other vice, Beware ! For spite, even where it wishes no great ill, and is kept in check by conscience, even where it consists in the mere *suspicion* of malevolence, is absorbing. It broods, and thus the features are molded into a sympathy with the inner mind which no temporary, transient misdoing imparts to them. It prompts thought to dwell most on what it hates or dislikes most ; it dominates over reverie.

Happily, however, these are not common physiognomies. That particular malevolent cast of eye and twist of lip are distinctive marks as rare as, on the other hand, are natures that are wholly foreign to some touch of the infirmity. Some few persons we may all know so free from this gall of bitterness as not only never to our knowledge to have said an ill-natured thing or betrayed a spiteful bias, but of whom we are confident that such a thing never happens, either in sport or under provocation ; who never teased even in boyhood, for teasing is the domestic form of the vice which should touch the consciences of the majority.

It is a testimony to the self-control which civilization confers that spite is not the universal salt of conversation which all literature represents it to be. The fact is that tone and manner can convey the shades of ill-will much more delicately than most pens. If we are not in-

trinsically more amiable than our forefathers, we have at least found out this more refined method of annoyance. People used to be thick-skinned, and could give and take in a way which would now be extermination. Uncivil things may be so curiously concealed and wrapped up that it is only when too late that the point is detected, and the retort which springs to the dawning intelligence dies in its birth.

It is by such arts that the cynical member of the polite circles knows how to keep his hold of intercourse with sensitive persons whom it amuses him to irritate. Courtesy, the show of pleasing, can not be dispensed with in decent society, whatever novelists may say. Dr. Johnson must have mended his manners, must have suppressed many a sneer and ugly, spiteful snub, had he lived in these days ; and of course he would have mended them. Now, perhaps, the most effective theaters for such performances are the hustings for vulgar spite, and the House of Commons for refined, exquisite malice. People may be civil to one another at home, without the assistance of Christian charity, when they have elsewhere a fitting arena for their spleen, and an antagonist at once worthy of their wit, and sensitive to its stabs. We hear of old maids and tea-tables, we see calm, private spite now and then setting itself to some long-planned attack. But what can match in venom the scene when Greek meets Greek in the crisis of debate, when courtesies are flung aside, pungent recriminations take their place, and personalities set in ? Then on either side quickened memory from "hiding-places ten years deep" drags forth the damaging fact, the broken pledge, the fatal periods of youth's heedless rhetoric. Then the blunders of a life are set in the glare of five hundred pairs of eyes, exposed as a folly, magnified into a crime. And always the practiced hand strikes where the nerves are most sensitive ; the vigilant eye notes how each stroke tells, and gleams the keener as anguish betrays itself ; while in rapturous sympathy "the many rend the skies in loud applause."

I OBSERVE that of all plants God hath chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpless wall ; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb ; of all birds, the mild and guileless dove. Christ is the rose of the field and the lily of the valley. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading palm, but in a bush, a humble, slender, abject bush ; as if he would by these elections check the conceited arrogance of man.

## MOTHERS AND CULTURE.

**W**E remember hearing, when quite young, a friend discussing another lady, who was a wife and mother, in the following strain :

“What a silly woman she is to make a perfect slave of herself when there is no necessity for it ! She takes no time to improve her mind ; she never goes into society ; takes no pains to appear well, and in a few years she will look old and ugly. Then, very likely her husband and children will be ashamed of her, and that will be her reward for making a drudge of herself.”

These remarks impressed us forcibly at the time. Since that we have practiced considerable observation in that direction, and have come to the conclusion that it is a duty a woman owes to her husband and children, to take good care of herself—of her body and soul, mind and manners.

We do n't have much sympathy with the notion that a mother is to be sacrificed to her family. We find, generally, when the mother is sacrificed, that family happiness is too. What scatters and ruins a family so quick as for a mother to be taken away from it ? Yet many mothers are overtaxing their strength daily, bringing on disease and death, and thinking all the time they are doing their duty to their families. In great poverty or affliction this may become duty, for “necessity knows no law.” But our remarks are only intended for those who might take care of themselves if they would, but who, from a desire to get rich, or to have their families make a display in the world, abandon themselves to a life of toil.

It is much better for a family to live plain, and be blessed with the love and care of a thoughtful mother, than to enjoy an abundance and be motherless. It is better to do without ruffles, embroidery, and many other superfluities, and have a mother competent to direct her family, and in whose judgment they can confide, than to enjoy any amount of trimming, and have a weak or silly mother, who can not command their respect or confidence.

When two persons marry, there is not, generally, a marked difference in their abilities ; but a man's business calls him out into the world, where he mingles in society, reads, travels, and almost unconsciously continues to develop and improve. But his wife, with the best intentions, devotes herself so entirely to the duties of domestic life, that she finds no leisure for reading, for society, or any thing else calculated to develop her mind : so she begins to retrograde,

and in ten years the difference is so great people begin to wonder why Mr. — ever married so stupid a woman, and it will be a blessed thing if the husband do n't wonder so himself. Her children grow up around her, and in her anxiety that they shall enjoy every opportunity for improvement, she makes a drudge of herself more than ever. The children, perhaps, become educated and intelligent. They continue to love their mother after a fashion, but her lack of cultivation mortifies them.

How much better if she had kept in advance of her children, and led them in intelligence and refinement ! Most women could do this if they felt it to be a duty. But multitudes of them honestly believe they are sinning against their families except when they have a needle or scrub-brush in their hands.

In some communities a woman would compromise her character if she were known to spend an hour a day in reading. She might spend weeks on a quilt, or embroidering baby dresses, and it would be quite praiseworthy ; but to waste time on music or books would be outrageous. Instead of having study come in after all other possible work is done—for every woman knows it won't come at all then—we would have self-improvement put down as one of a mother's first duties. This change in the programme might crowd out much trimming, and in some families much scrubbing, but where both can not be had, we would prefer faces bright with intelligence to shining tin-ware or ruffled dresses.

Some women seem to think that they were born for the express purpose of scouring their houses. Now, while we would insist on neatness both in person and in housekeeping, we have a notion that houses were made for women, and not women for houses.

Missionaries once working among Indians, took their sons to educate, but they returned to their tribe, married uncivilized women, raised uncivilized families, and fell back into their old habits themselves ; so the missionaries concluded if they raised the nation, they must raise the women first. Napoleon was once asked what was the great want of France. “Good mothers,” he replied. The moral influence of mothers is greater than that of any other class ; so let them see to it that their example, as well as their precept, is correct. Let them try to become themselves what they would have their children to be. In this way they may hope to secure the confidence of the husband, and to be honored by their children. Is not this what all true Christian wives and mothers most earnestly desire ?

## DISCIPLINE.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent." *Rev. 114, 19.*

Is the day so long in dawning  
That thy life seems one long night?  
Art thou hedged about with trials?  
Oft perplexed to know the right?  
All so different from our planning  
Is the work we have to do;  
Yet, surprised, some bright to-morrow  
We shall read the meaning true.

God may prove his loving children  
As in furnace fires of old,  
Claiming oft their dearest treasures,  
Yet, with tender love untold,  
Counts he every tie that 's riven,  
All our struggles for his sake,  
And sweet recompense is given  
For each sacrifice we make.

Ye who lay your fondest idols  
On the altar of his will,  
Longing that your works may praise him,  
Bidding every fear be still,  
Who are tried and not found wanting,  
Though at times tossed on the deep,  
God to you will prove his promise  
That the faithful he will keep.

"Peace that passeth understanding"  
Fills the soul with loving trust,  
Taking up its daily burden,  
Feeling God is good and just.  
Daring not his ways to question,  
Since he notes the sparrow's fall,  
Surely he will safely lead us,  
When he cares for things so small.

"Ye of little faith," so blindly  
Working your own will and way,  
Cheating your poor souls unkindly  
Of their birthright day by day,  
Stop and ponder; time is flying,  
Stop! and count the fearful cost;  
What is all this world can give us,  
If at last the soul is lost?

"Awake, then, thou that sleepest,"  
"Heed the error of thy ways,"  
Ere thy name the Bridegroom calleth,  
And the Giver of thy days  
Asketh for the talents loaned thee—  
Precious seed-time unimproved,  
Fruitless with no good endeavor—  
Be with kindly pity moved.

He who stilled the raging tempest,  
Walking on its troubled breast,  
To each storm-tossed pilgrim sayeth,  
"I will give the weary rest."  
O, believing come, accept Him,  
Whose sweet promises assure  
Loving care and tender guidance,  
And the things that shall endure.

Without money, without price,  
Are His gifts all freely proffered;  
And, dear Christ, thy sinless life,  
For our own, thine own was offered;  
Let thy loving pity move us,  
And henceforth our study be  
But to glorify the goodness  
That would make the sin-sick free.

## THE NEW YEAR.

New year, thou seemest strange to me,  
As on the threshold now I stand,  
And think of days and months to be,  
And yet so close at hand.

Thou comest like thy first gray dawn,  
While yet is seen no roseate hue,  
Or like the mist at early morn,  
The landscape hid from view.

Will that gray dawn give place to light,  
To crimson streaks and rays of gold;  
And will the landscape to the sight,  
In colors fair unfold?

Or will thy track reveal new grief?  
And thou become one cloudy day,  
No bright to-morrow for relief  
To cheer the toilsome way?

Wilt thou be like the past old year?  
How noiselessly it glided by!  
It brought a smile, it brought a tear,  
And woke the heart-felt sigh.

It brought me blessings fair and bright,  
But evanescent in their birth;  
They came, then flitted out of sight,  
Transient, like things of earth.

Ah! thou shalt still the secret keep;  
The wounds that can not here be healed,  
The sunbeams fair, the shadows deep,  
Thank God! are all concealed.

O, for that child-like faith which clings  
And cries, Jehovah is my choice,  
Beneath the shadow of his wings  
I therefore must rejoice.

Has he not ever been my aid?  
My guard from danger and from ill;  
It is not well to be afraid,  
Better to trust him still.

No leaf floats softly to the ground  
Unnoticed where it faded lies,  
The little birds that chirp around  
Have all their destinies.

Each Wint'ry blast, each whispered breath,  
The years and seasons as they roll,  
And joy and grief, and life and death,  
Are under his control.

Then shall not man commit his way  
To Him who ruleth all things right,  
Till earthly visions pass away,  
And melt in endless light?

## The Children's Repository.

### JANET.

JANET had a bank, not of red brick, but of red tin, and in this she deposited all the pennies and nickels that were given to her. And she did not rest satisfied with these; she was always putting her prying little fingers into her papa's vest pockets, and tickling his sides with feeling for the stray pennies. And whenever her mother came home from market or the shops, Janet would fly away to some corner with mamma's purse and rifle it of all the small change. Then, shutting it in her two hands, she would dance saucily around her mother, jingling it in her ears, and then in baby's, before dropping it in the savings-bank.

"See here, Janet," said her mother one day when she had been searching her purse in vain for some pennies for an organ-grinder, "if you rob my purse in this style, I can't get you a Christmas present; you'll have to get your own present."

"Well, if I've got to get my own presents, then I mean to steal every penny and nickel I can find in your purse," replied Janet, promptly.

"But I'll hide my purse," said mamma, with twinkling eyes.

"But I'll find it," replied the little rogue, laughing, and clapping her hands.

And so it proved. In vain mamma tucked her purse away in obscure corners and in unused drawers, and pockets of dresses seldom worn; Janet's keen eyes and expert fingers were sure to discover the purse's hiding-places. And so the mother and her little girl had a long game at "hide-and-seek."

At length the day came for the opening of the bank—the day before Christmas. With great jingling Janet poured the money on the floor and then began to count it. She made a great many mistakes and got sorely puzzled, especially in counting the three-cent pieces; the pennies and half-dimes she could manage much better. Finally she grew impatient, and dashing all the piles into one heap, said, "I do n't care; I'd rather not have a present than to have all this bother."

"Fret not thyself; Janet," said her papa pleasantly.

The frown disappeared from her face; her pretty blue eyes smiled.

"Well, you count it, papa," she said, gathering the money in her apron and going over to him.

"Three dollars and fifty-seven cents," said her papa. "What are you ever going to do with so much money?"

"I'm going to buy me a Christmas present; I sha'n't tell you what; I want to surprise you. It'll be something very nice. I'm going down street now to get it," she continued, lifting up her long hair as she put the elastic under it and adjusting her hat. Then she ran out the door and down the steps into the street. Then she hurried along, sliding over the smooth icy places on the sidewalk, and sledding down the glazed tracks when she encountered a playmate with a sled. She had n't made up her mind as to what she would get with her money; so she went along gazing into the shop windows, where there were all sorts of pretty things—handsome ribbons and plaids streaming like banners; sets of jewelry, pins, and ear-rings, and finger-rings, and cunning little fans—toys of every kind. Finally she came to a bird store. And what a twittering the birds kept up! Perched on a ring was a parrot, green and red, while canaries were hopping and twittering in a score of cages. One in the window, in a handsome blue cage, was executing all manner of trills and quavers. Janet thought she would like to be waked every morning by this pretty, merry creature; that she would enjoy feeding it and giving it water, and keeping its handsome house all tidied up. So she took out her purse; it looked very full and felt very heavy; she shook it; it made a very respectable jingle. Then she inquired the price of the bird.

"De bird and cage *seex* dollar," replied the Dutch shop-keeper.

The little girl turned away disappointed.

"And what is this one?" she asked, designating a smaller and plainer cage.

"Dat is five dollar."

Janet left the store, feeling not so rich by half as when she entered. She stopped next at a doll-store. There were big dolls, little dolls, and middle-sized dolls; they stared at her from every part of the room with their stupid eyes; they dangled by their heads above her head, naked and awkward; they stood in their handsome glass-houses looking vain and pert, pranked



in silk and gossamer. While Janet was surveying the collection, there came in a little girl with a basket of dolls, just from the doll dress-maker. They were beautifully dressed in tarlatan, and laces, and ribbons, and looked like heads peeping from fleecy clouds. Janet thought she had never seen any thing in all her life so pretty as that basket of dolls. If she had had money enough I think she would have bought the whole basket.

While the shop-woman was waiting on a fine lady, who was buying a great many handsome toys, Janet watched the little doll-carrier unload her basket, and the two children soon got up an acquaintance.

"O, how pretty this one is! That dress is splendid. How cunning that Grecian bend looks! That wax doll is a beauty. I wonder how much it is."

"It can open and shut its eyes," said the shop-girl, "and it can say 'papa' and 'mamma,'" and she proceeded to exhibit its accomplishments.

"Did you ever have a wax doll?" asked Janet. "No, I never had any kind of a doll."

Janet gazed at the speaker in astonishment. "Never had a doll! I've had ever so many—a million, I think. But then you do n't care for dolls, do you? You see so many here."

"Yes, I do care for them. I'd like to have one of my own, so that I could make it clothes, and dress and undress it, and wash and iron its clothes. I know it must be great fun."

"Yes, it is, and it's so nice to have doll parties—to have all the little girls in the neighborhood bring their dolls, all dressed up in party dresses. And a doll wedding is the best thing of all. All the dolls make the bride presents. And it's such fun to decide on her wedding-dress. I had a wax doll once that got married. She was dressed in white satin, and her veil was mamma's point-lace collar. I got a woman to make her some little white kid gloves, and she had on white kid shoes. Then she had a traveling dress, for she took a bridal tour; and a reception dress, for all the other dolls came to call on her; and she had a walking dress, and went out walking every afternoon. And she had wedding-cards and six brides-maids, and her husband had six groomsmen; and he had a black cloth suit, and a white satin vest, and a white neck-tie, and kid gloves."

"Was n't it splendid!"

"Yes, and we had the cutest refreshment-table, with a bride-cake and ice-cream, and little dishes, and tiny bouquets in cunning vases, and every thing just beautiful."

"I wish I could have been at the wedding."

"It was nice fun. And they were such a happy couple. They never had any cross words in all their married life," said Janet, who loved a joke.

By this time the shop-woman was at leisure, and Janet began to inquire the price of one doll and another. But the handsome ones were too expensive, and the others seemed poor in comparison. The little capitalist determined to look farther for an investment; so she was soon again on the street. But though she had left the dolls behind, she still thought of them and of the little girl who had never owned a doll. It seemed very queer to Janet, that there should be in all the world a little girl who had never owned a doll. Then her mind ran back over the long line of wax, and china, and rag babies that had successively occupied her affections. There was the bride and groom and the half dozen children that were born to the pair; and their colored servants, Dixie, Topsy, and Sambo. There was Minnie, that she got at the Sunday-school Christmas-tree, and the great saucy-looking china doll that Aunt Fanny sent, and that Janet enjoyed because she could bathe it; and the crying baby that cried when it was squeezed hard, as any baby would have a right to; and the blonde-haired one, with hair just the color of Janet's; and Miss Flora M'Flimsey, with her eighteen dresses; and the gipsy queen, that told the fortunes of the other dolls; and the orphan twins, all dressed in mourning, that her mother bought at the Church festival; and the French grisette that cousin Laura brought from Paris; and the soldier boy in blue, with gilt buttons, that lost an arm and finally died from loss of sawdust; and the big rag doll, that was homely but convenient for baby to play with; and the rubber doll, whose nose he bit off, and whom he scalped with his new, sharp teeth.

"How funny it would seem," said Janet to herself, "if I'd never had a doll! and how glad I'd be if somebody would give me one! I guess that little girl has n't any friends, or they are very poor. She looked sad, and her dress was rather shabby. I believe I'll give her my bridegroom. No, it would n't be right to separate husband and wife; besides, his skull is cracked; I'd be ashamed to give her an old, dirty doll. I've a notion to buy her a new one with my money. I think that would surprise papa and mamma more than any thing that I could buy. And I think they would like to have me do it; they were glad when I gave my pennies to that blind boy. And that little girl never had a doll! I'm just going to buy her one; that's all there is about it." And she

suddenly wheeled about and retraced her way to the store. A few steps from the door she met the doll-carrier, with a basket of naked dolls on their way to be dressed for Christmas-trees and Church-fairs, etc.

"Wait," said Janet. "Which one of these dolls do you like best, not counting that big wax doll?"

"This one," replied the child, designating a pretty blonde. "But I can't stop; I must hurry on."

"Well, you may have that doll, and get the woman to dress it as you like, and here's the money to pay for it," and she emptied her purse in the basket, showering the dolls.

"Do you mean that I may have all this money?"

"Yes; it's a good lot, is n't it?"

"But must I buy a doll with it? May n't I get my mother a blanket with it? We sleep cold of nights, and it's going to get a great deal colder."

"Why, do n't you get any money from the shop-woman?"

"No. I get my dinner and supper."

"Well, you'd better get the blanket, and I'll bring you round fat Minnie; she's got one foot broken off, but she's better than no doll. I'll bring her to the shop for you."

"Thank you," said the shop-girl shyly. "Will you please tell me your name?"

"Janet Pascal."

"I'll change the doll's name and call her Janet."

"Well, good-by, and a merry Christmas!"

"Good-by! I hope Santa Claus will bring you a great many pretty things." And the two children separated.

As Janet went home she felt a little uneasy lest her mother and father might not approve of the use she had made of her money; still she knew she had n't much to fear.

"Well, Janet, what present have you bought yourself?" asked her papa.

"I'm not going to tell you till Christmas morning," she replied, running up to her room, and locking the door against her papa, who was in hot pursuit.

Well, I must hurry on with this story, for my little reader, I suppose, is always anxious for Christmas morning to come, even in a story. And Janet was anxious for Christmas, even though she did not expect any present. She did n't hang up her stocking as she had always done before, for she thought that would be like asking for a present. And the next morning she did n't find any thing at her plate or under it, where they sometimes put her presents, so

she concluded that, for the first time in her life, Christmas would pass without bringing her any gift.

"Well, Janet, where's your present you bought with all that stolen money?" asked mamma.


"It's in my heart. A happy feeling here is all I've got for it," and she laid her hand over her heart in a grand way that was very funny. Janet liked to be dramatic.

"Why, what do you mean?" said mamma, smiling. And then Janet told them the story of the little girl who had never owned a doll, and who slept cold at night, and who was going to make her mother a Christmas present of a warm blanket.

"Now, did I do wrong?" and she looked from her mother to her father.

"You've done so wrong," replied her father, "that I shall take you up to the tower-room," and he picked her up in his strong arms and marched off with her, followed by her mother. Janet looked scared, curious, and amused all at once, but by the time she got to the head of the stairs all her fears were dissipated, for she knew her kind papa would never do her any harm. Striding across the hall, he unlocked the door of the tower-room, and set Janet down in it. And then every other feeling gave way to astonishment. The room which she had last known as a receptacle for unused clothing looked like a fairy palace. The finest satin paper was on the walls; the colored windows were hung with gossamer curtains; a pretty green and white carpet was on the floor; a doll's parlor-set harmonized with the carpet; a marble-top table stood in the center of the room, while in the rocking-chair sat a doll that could walk.

#### SYSTEM AND NO SYSTEM.

“ DEAR! what an amount of work I have to do to-day!” said Eva with a frown and a sigh. “I am sure I shall not get through with half of it. There are the beds to make, the rooms to sweep and dust, and then my apron ought to be finished. How I wish I had done my darning as soon as my stockings came up from the wash! I had plenty of time then, but now I am in a hurry about every thing. And when I get in a hurry the children are sure to bother worse than common. O dear! I do dread Saturdays!”

So in no very happy mood Eva began her morning's work. She made her bed, and then sat down by the window and watched some birds hopping about and bathing themselves in

the little pools of water standing along the sides of the carriage walk. There had been a fine morning shower just before sunrise, and the birds seemed to enjoy their bath with the wildest delight. They would splash about in it with their wings, and sometimes roll quite over, chirping and singing their loudest notes. It was such a curious sight that Eva forgot all about her work until the breakfast bell rang.

"O dear! how I shall have to hurry! I meant to have all my sweeping done before breakfast." But there was no help for it, so very reluctantly she went down stairs.

As the morning wore on Eva's work seemed to grow more and more tangled. I am sorry to say the little girl's temper, too, got into a snarl. Then you may be sure every thing else went wrong. Every one hindered and troubled her, and she contrived to make those around her as unhappy as herself. This is a very easy thing for an ill-natured person to do, as every one knows. When night came she felt she had not accomplished half what she should, and what she wished. This thought made her still more unhappy, and the inconvenience and discomfort caused by neglected duties sadly marred the Sabbath rest and quiet. But this was becoming a regular thing with Eva. She had not so much to do, but she had no system in doing it. She did not lay out her work regularly beforehand, and then concentrate all her powers on one piece of work until it was done, and then take up another.

This was the way in which her neighbor Lucy managed. On that same Saturday morning, when Lucy first arose, she took from her table a little slate on which she had noted down, the evening before, her day's duties. I know she will not care if we read them over after her. They may serve as a hint to some one else who would like to form a good habit.

1. Prayer and learning my verse.
2. Put my room in order; throw open the beds, and raise the windows in all the chambers.
3. Set the table and help Jane set on breakfast.
4. After breakfast, make beds; sweep and dust.
5. See that the parlor and dining-room are in order.
6. Finish Allie's apron, then practice one hour.
7. Weed my verbenas; tie up rose-bushes.
8. Set the table for dinner.

AFTER DINNER.

1. Dress Allie's doll; mend Frank's ball.
2. Write to Aunt Emily; send paper to John.

3. Take basket of fruit to blind Sarah—let Allie go with me.

4. Lay out Sunday clothes for self and children; have Sunday-school books looked up and ready; mite-box on the table.

Lucy felt that she had the day before her, so she went leisurely and orderly about her work, singing like the birds in the apple-tree, as she tossed up the beds and threw back the covers.

She knew just what she had to do, and the odds and ends of a whole week's duties had not been crowded into Saturday. The afternoon in particular was usually a holiday time with her, and little brothers and sisters knew she would not selfishly devote it all to her own pleasures. If they had a favor to ask she was quite as ready to grant it as they to ask it.

One by one the day's duties were taken up and finished. Lucy had learned the excellent lesson of doing with her might what her hands found to do, and it is surprising how this saves time. Though accomplishing a great deal in the course of the week, she seemed always at leisure, and never hurried. This was one secret of her even temper and rosy health. Some one has said "it is not work but worry that kills people." And every one who has tried it knows how it worries and wears on the system to be always hurried.

When Sabbath morning came it found the household quiet and orderly, for they had "remembered the Sabbath day" all through the week, and got ready for it. There were no buttons off, nor shoe-strings broken, no ripped stitches that required a thread and needle for a minute; no runaway garments to be hunted up at the last moment. Every thing was just at hand, and the children were all in their places at Sabbath-school before the stroke of the superintendent's bell. By the time the last hymn was ended you might usually see Eva and her sister coming in, looking flurried and uncomfortable, but no one ever knew them to be present at the opening exercises. To see them getting ready for Church you would only be surprised that they made out to come at all.

I wish I could persuade you all to try Lucy's plan of working by system. A little six-cent slate with a pencil attached is all the capital you need to start with. But if used in this manner I will venture it will gain you double the time for work, and give you the satisfaction every day of seeing just what you have done. You will be forming, also, an excellent habit, which will turn into gold when you grow older. "He that is slothful in his business is brother to him that is a great waster," but "the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**IDEAS INTRODUCED BY CHRISTIANITY.**—"Humanity" is a word which you look for in vain in Plato and Aristotle; the idea of mankind as one family, as the children of one God, is an idea of Christian growth; and the science of mankind, and of the languages of mankind, is a science which, without Christianity, would never have sprung into life. When people have been taught to look upon all men as brethren, then, and then only, did the variety of human species present itself as a problem that called for a solution in the eyes of thoughtful observers, and I therefore date the real beginning of the science of language from the first day of Pentecost. After that day of cloven tongues a new light is spreading over the world, and objects rise into view which had been hidden from the eyes of the nations of antiquity. Old words assume a new meaning, old problems a new interest, old sciences a new purpose. The common origin of mankind, the differences of race and language, the susceptibility of all nations of the highest mental culture, these become, in the new world in which we live, problems of scientific, because of more than scientific, interest. It is no valid objection that so many centuries should have elapsed before the spirit which Christianity infused into every branch of scientific inquiry produced visible results. We see in the oaken fleet which rides the ocean, the small acorn which was buried in the ground hundreds of years ago, and we recognize in the philosophy of Albertus Magnus, though nearly 1,200 years after the death of Christ, in the aspirations of Kepler, and in the researches of the greatest philosophers of our own age, the sound of that keynote of thought which has been struck for the first time by the apostles of the Gentiles: "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."—*Max Muller.*

**THE LAMP WITHOUT OIL.**—While spending a week lately in the society of a great number of faithful pastors from the Canton of Vaud, one of them, at a public meeting, related to us the recent conversion of a lady in his parish. She was one of those who lived only for this world; the thought of her sins had never caused her uneasiness; she was careful and troubled about many things, but neglected the one thing needful. One night while alone in the

room, she saw the lamp which lighted it suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud—thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark—"There is no oil in my lamp." The words thus spoken echoed in the room and sounded in her ears, but with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the five foolish virgins who had no oil, and whose lamps have gone out at the coming of the Bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, that word of God remained in her soul, as an arrow remains in the side of a stag who flies far away from the hunters. It recurred to her constantly: No, I have no oil in my lamp! My God, what will become of me? I have not thy grace in my heart! She was filled with fear; then she began to pray, and continued in prayer until God answered her favorably, and gave her his peace through the Holy Spirit, and now she is happy and full of zeal. Like Enoch, she walks with God; and we trust that, like him, she will continue to do so to the end.—*From the French of L. Gausson.*

**THE USE OF CHILDREN.**—Children keep our feelings fresh. The heart often grows old before the body; and the heart's growing old has often a good deal to say to the body's growing old before its time. I've seen men old at thirty, and men young at sixty. Children bring a man back to his early days; they make a man to be a boy, and a woman to be a girl once again. I saw your doctor the other day playing cricket with his little boy, six years old; he had five stones set one atop of another for wickets, and his crooked walking-stick for a bat; and the young chap was working with all his might to bowl him out. The doctor's whole heart was in the game, and he laughed fit to split his sides; and all this while there was a grand cricket match worth seeing going on in the next field. Why was n't the doctor there—for he had been a great cricketer when he was young? Because the young is our fresh time, and what brings us back to youth brings us back to the old fresh thoughts and feelings; and this was just the way the doctor used to play with his brother when they were children—long, long before he thought of giving any body physic, and when he took precious little of it himself. The child was drawing away the doctor's mind from his cares—and, poor man! he had plenty of them at the time—and stirring up his spirits. Depend upon it, his blood coursed more quickly

through his veins after that game of cricket than it did before.

Children give us healthy springs and motives for work. A child makes the parents feel that they are looked forward to as providers—of course, under God—for he is the great provider of all. It makes a man feel himself to be somebody when he gathers the children round him and looks at them, and says to himself, "They're all looking to their mother and me; I'll buckle to like a man, and they sha' n't want if I can get."

Is it not something to feel one's self valued; to feel, "Well, however little I may be made of in the world, I know a place where I'm put at a higher figure?" No man should be ticketed up a bargain in his own house; bargains do n't pay anywhere, least of all at home. There was a Mrs. White, a neighbor of mine in former times, and she used often to say, "I like my husband always to come to a rising market—the price of him is always going up. I am always raising it; and the good man's feeling himself more precious to us all every day. 'T is a fine thing, and better than any drink in the world to cheer a man up, to have the testimony of one's conscience as having done one's duty; and when Joseph sees the children all decent and dressed in his earnings, and fat upon them, depend upon it he's happy; if he were n't happy he would n't call me 'mother' in the way he does."

**HUSBAND AND WIFE.**—Let the husband be the true and pure guardian of his family, laboring always to adorn himself with the godlike gems of wisdom, virtue, and honor; let him bear himself in relation to his wife with gracious kindness toward her faults, with grateful recognition of her merits, with steady sympathy for her trials, with hearty aid for her better aspirations, and she must be of a vile stock if she does not reverence him, and minister unto him with all the graces and sweetness of her nature.

Let a wife, in her whole intercourse with her husband, try the efficacy of gentleness, purity, sincerity, scrupulous truth, and meek and patient forbearance, an invariable tone and manner of deference, and if he is not a brute he can not help respecting and treating her kindly; and in nearly all instances he will end by loving her, and living happily with her.

But if he is vulgar and vicious, despotic, reckless, so as to have no devotion for the august prizes and incorruptible pleasures of existence; if she is an appeasable termagant, or a petty worrier, so taken up with trifling annoyances that wherever she looks "the blue rotunda of the universe sinks into a house-wifery room," if the presence of each acts as a morbid irritant on the nerves of the other, to the destruction of comfort, and the lowering of self-respect, and the draining away of peace and strength, their companionship must infallibly be a companionship of wretchedness and loss.

The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with

the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of wrangling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinements of temper, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and general allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The Graces are never so lovely as where they thus dwell together—they make a heavenly home.—*Alger, in Friendships of Women.*

**SKEPTICAL SCIENCE.**—The skeptical effects of the discoveries of science, and the uneasy feeling that they can not co-exist with our old religious convictions, have their origin in the circumstance that the general body who have suddenly become conscious of these physical truths are not so well acquainted as is desirable with the past history of man. Astonished at their unprepared emergence from ignorance to a certain degree of information, their amazed intelligence takes refuge in the theory of what is conveniently called progress, and every step in scientific discovery seems further to remove them from the path of primeval inspiration. But there is no fallacy so flagrant as to suppose that the modern ages have the peculiar privilege of scientific discovery, or that they are distinguished as the epochs of the most illustrious inventions. On the contrary, scientific invention has always gone on simultaneously with the revelation of spiritual truths; and more, the greatest discoveries are not those of modern ages. No one for a moment can pretend that printing is so great a discovery as writing, or algebra as language. What are the most brilliant of our chemical discoveries compared with the invention of fire and the metals? It is a vulgar belief that our astronomical knowledge dates only from the recent century, when it was rescued from the monks who imprisoned Galileo; but Hipparchus, who lived before the Divine Teacher of Galilee, and who, among other sublime achievements, discovered the precession of the equinoxes, ranks with the Newtons and the Keplers; and Copernicus, the modern father of our celestial science, avows himself, in his famous work, as only the champion of Pythagoras, whose system he enforces and illustrates. Even the most modish schemes of the day on the origin of things, which captivate as much by their novelty as their truth, may find their precursors in ancient sages, and, after a careful analysis of the blended elements of imagination and induction which characterize the new theories, they will be found mainly to rest on the atom of Epicurus and the monad of Thales. Scientific, like spiritual, truth has ever from the beginning been descending from Heaven to man. He is a being who organically demands direct relations with his Creator, and he would not have been so organized if his requirements could not be satisfied. We may analyze the sun and penetrate the stars, but man is conscious that he is made in God's own image, and in his perplexity he will ever appeal to him whom we call "Our Father which art in Heaven."

WHERE THE SUN DOES NOT SET.—The following graphic passage is from the description of a scene witnessed by Mr. Campbell and his party, in the north of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea: "The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

A WORD TO STERN FATHERS.—It never can be too strongly impressed upon the mind that nothing releases a parent from his duties toward a child. No waywardness, no disobedience, no rebellion, no profligacy can ever justify a father, in casting a son or daughter adrift. We hear of sons being cut off with a shilling, of daughters being forbidden their father's house, and, without any exception, such cases are proof that, of whatever sins the children may have been guilty, the father is even more guilty. No person can commit against society so great a crime as a father commits who is thus false to the trust which he himself has imposed—who thus thrusts off from himself the soul which he called into being. A father should be governed by no motive but his child's best interests, and a child's best interests can never be served by any thing but his father's constant and loving care. If a child is so bad that his influence is feared on the other children, a separation between them may be effected. If it is feared that money bestowed on him will be for his injury, provision may be made against that as in the case I have mentioned. But when a father, in a fit of anger, or as a reward for ill doing, disinherits or refuses to see his child, he commits a crime which the laws indeed do not recognize, but whose guilt it would take many a legal crime to outweigh. There should be absolutely no limit to parental forgiveness and forbearance. Seven times and seventy times seven should the father receive the prodigal son who seeks his face; and if he never seeks it, if he goes, stubborn and rebellious, not one atom of fatherly care and interest should he relax; for the child is his child, his offspring, born of his will, and no vice or violence can release the man from his solemn obligation to guard and guide, so far as possible, the life which he dared to give.

SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.—To be moderate in success, not to press heavily on the vanquished,

not to kick a man when he is down, are among those commonplaces of morality which, if they are not used in copy-books, very well might be, and of which we are just now likely to hear too much. Any treatment of the fallen which leads to no practical advantage to the winner is, of course, to be condemned without exception. But some would ask of the actors in this struggle that the party which has gained an advantage should forbear from making the most of it simply because he has gained it. No one would seriously argue that the French Emperor is any the less guilty because his last criminal attempt has been unsuccessful. But people talk as if it were so; we are called to sympathize, to act gently, not because either the man or the nation is in the right, but simply because they are unlucky. Few things are more loathsome than the worship of mere success; but the worship of ill success, to which this feeling practically comes, though certainly not so loathsome, is even more unreasonable. To argue that France and the Emperor, who were in the wrong at the beginning of the war, deserve sympathy simply because of misfortune in carrying out their wicked designs, is to argue that a criminal becomes less a criminal because he has the ill luck to be tried and executed.

FLOWERS.—Botanists term a bright, blue-eyed flower "Forget-me-not," but every heart has its own "Forget-me-not." To the cold, weary-hearted statesman, who has climbed fame's dizzy height, the simple white rose recalls the bush that grew by his father's door, and his heart feels the old thrill as he remembers the bud that he culled and fastened in Jessie's curls. Some of the greatest minds of earth have felt the influence of these memory keys. Napoleon often spoke tenderly of his father's garden in Corsica. The Median Queen of Nebuchadnezzar pined so sadly for the hills and flowers of her childhood's home, that the hanging gardens of Babylon were reared to comfort her. A geranium always bloomed in the library of the great statesman Fox; it had been his mother's favorite flower. Pope, when almost crazed by the keen shafts of Lady Mary and Lord Harvey, would retire to his seat near a violet bed. When a loved and loving child, one corner in his tiny garden was appropriated to violets.—*Old Guard.*

LIVING EPISTLES.—Christians are epistles to be read. The world reads them every day. How important that this living Gospel, which walks, and trades, and stirs about in public places, should be correctly printed! Yet how many of these living epistles have been printed from battered type, from mixed fonts, on spotted paper, and in dim ink! But, after all, orthodoxy is safer in the consecrated heart than in the theological library. Evangelism is an upright, open-eyed, warm-handed, advancing thing, not the flat flimsiness of a mere programme, to be written and put away on the shelf for safe-keeping; it is always alive, alert, and growing; it is not dead Latin, but vital mother-tongue in this country; it is not steeped in church, cadenced in ritual, or robed at the altar, so much as hearted in living people and radiated in work-day duties.

## Contemporary Literature.

LAY SERMONS, ADDRESSES, AND REVIEWS. *By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL. D., F. R. S. Author of "Man's Place in Nature," "Origin of Species," etc. 12mo. Pp. 378. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.*

This is in one sense the latest and most popular of the works of this bold English thinker and experimenter. Though some of the essays were written long ago, others are of recent origin, and seem to show the progress of investigation and the changes of the author's views. We are struck with the fact, a very significant one, that this great scientist, one of the most boastful of that modern school of naturalists that arrogate almost unbounded claims for science, and perpetually thrust upon our attention the absolute certainties of scientific *dicta*, has not the least hesitation, in his later lectures, in setting aside as incorrect, statements and theories put forth as "science" in the earlier essays. We see evident indications in the volume that Professor Huxley is receding from some of the bold materialistic positions of his earlier life, and asserts in his later addresses with less positiveness the doctrines of science, and is more willing to draw the line distinctly between scientific *facts* and scientific *theories*. The besetting sin of science is hasty generalization, a powerful temptation to draw broad and sweeping conclusions from a limited range of facts, and even to draw sweeping conclusions from what are not facts at all, but mere hypotheses. We invariably notice that as scientists grow older they gain power against this besetting sin, and as the enthusiasm of young blood cools off, the temptation we have indicated loses its strength. It is so with Professor Huxley; we notice it in the more recent productions of his esteemed friend Professor Tyndall, who has been his life-time congener in daring thinking and bold investigation. We have no quarrel with science or scientific men, simply because we have no fear of truth in whatever department it may be found. The God of nature and the God of the Bible is one God, and we are perfectly sure that when investigators of nature shall reach facts, and the interpreters of God's revelation shall reach its real meaning, they will be found in harmony, and will utter the same truth. "Let every man have full swing, and say out, unhindered, all that he has got to say, for that is the dispensation of the present time. It is a phase of history through which the human race must pass in its onward march—and let it pass. If God is not disturbed about it, we need not be. It is all in the right way—in the way which has been ordained of God himself"

The volume before us will be found to be intensely interesting reading. The author's style is remarkably clear and polished. He is undoubtedly the representative scientific man of the age. He is

not a mere scientist; in the domain of reason and experimental philosophy he is as much at home as among the rugged facts of material things; he is also a broad and clear thinker on important social questions.

OUTLINE OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY: *A Text-Book for Students. By Rev. J. Clark Murray, Professor in Queen's University, Canada. With an Introduction by Rev. James M'Cosk, D. D., LL. D. 12mo. Pp. 260. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.*

Dr. M'Cosk, himself at the head of living mental philosophers, pronounces a generous and just encomium on Sir William Hamilton when he calls him the greatest metaphysician of the age. But none, except those whose lives are devoted to these higher and profounder studies, have time to wade through the multitudinous lectures and erudite volumes of the great metaphysician. His doctrines are here culled from the mass of matter, and in a concise form offered to the student and general reader. The compiler has rendered a very important service to the student of philosophy by the preparation of this admirable summary, and no one hereafter needs be ignorant of that system of philosophy which is destined to make its impress on the thinking mind of the world for generations to come.

THE SERMONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER, *in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, from Verbatim Reports by T. J. Ellenwood. Third Series. 8vo. Pp. 432. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.*

The volume contains twenty-six sermons on a wide range of topics; those expounding the Divine nature and unfolding the higher forms of Christian experience predominate. The nature of Christ, the agency of the Holy Spirit, the doctrine of the Trinity, have special prominence. But there are others here full of instruction, and breathing the spirit of consolation suited to cases of special need. We need say nothing of Mr. Beecher or of his style of sermonizing. He has great faults as well as great excellences; the sun has spots, but still it is a great and useful sun. God's providence has placed Mr. Beecher in a high place, and in circumstances giving him broad and powerful influence, the vast preponderance of which is on the side of genuine Christian truth and experience.

COMMONPLACE, *A Tale of To-day; and Other Stories. By Christina G. Rossetti. 12mo. Pp. 329. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.*

MARGARET. *A Tale of the Real and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom. By Sylvester Judd. 16mo. Pp. 401. Same Publishers.*

MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE. *By George Sand. Translated by Francis George Shaw. 16mo. Pp. 327. Same Publishers.*

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE. *By Arthur Helps. 12mo. Pp. 276. Same Publishers.*

TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN; or, *The Possible Reformation. By Colonel Fred. Ingham (Rev. E. E. Hale). 16mo. Same Publishers.*

PUCK'S NIGHTLY PRANKS. *Illustrated in Silhouette by Paul Konewka. From the German of Ludwig Bunsen. By Charles T. Brooks. Small Quarto, cloth, 50 cents. Same Publishers.*

We have grouped together these volumes, all issued in the excellent style of Roberts Brothers, and all excellent books of their kind, stories for the lovers of fiction, solid thought for the thoughtful from the pen of Arthur Helps, instruction, entertainment, and encouragement for the young by "Colonel Ingham," and amusement and taste in the "Pranks of Little Puck." In the first volume we have eight stories, "Commonplace" being by far the most lengthy, written at various times by Miss Rossetti, the well-known poetess. She seems quite as much at home in prose as with the muses. Her style is remarkably smooth, her spirit pure and simple in these stories as in her verses. "Sylvester, the Hermit," is one of the best and safest of "George Sand's" works; it is full of wise suggestions and of the philosophy of human life. "Companions of my Solitude" is a charming book. Arthur Helps is not yet sufficiently known in this country; he will be known better after a while. This is a book rich in thought on all manner of subjects, of opinions and sentiments such as a scholar and thinker would hold on every-day topics, and expressed in a style almost inimitably simple and clear. The first paragraph will convey an idea of the book: "When in the country I live much alone; and as I wander over downs and commons, and through lanes with lofty hedges, many thoughts come into my mind. I find, too, that the same ones come again and again, and are spiritual companions. At times they insist upon being with me, and are resolutely intrusive. I think I will describe them, that so I may have more mastery over them. Instead of suffering them to haunt me as vague faces and half-fashioned resemblances, I will make them into distinct pictures, which I can give away, or hang up in my room, turning them if I please, with their faces to the wall; and, in short, be free to do what I like with them." This is what the author has done in this volume—described these "thoughts." Excellent thoughts they are, and equally excellent is their setting. "Margaret," by Sylvester Judd, was first published twenty years ago; the fact of its recall to delight a new generation is the best evidence of its popularity and merit. But few stories live so long or come up again in a welcome resurrection. It is eminently an American book; it bears the impress of New England, where its scene is laid, on all its pages, and of New England more than fifty years ago. Its materials are drawn from the most familiar elements of every-day life. "Margaret" is a charming char-

acter, one of those gentle, ingenuous creatures who love every body and whom every body loves, seeing beauty and joy in every thing. The book is full of good common sense, of deep thought, and is pervaded with a Christian spirit, with profound sympathy for men and an abiding hope in their destiny. "Ten Times One is Ten" is from the racy pen of Rev. Edward E. Hale; it is an autobiographical story, and will be a delight to young people. It tells how the excellent example that one boy left behind him made thousands and tens of thousands imitate him.

WITH FATE AGAINST HIM. *By Amanda M. Douglas, Author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," etc. 12mo. Pp. 370. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

THE CASTAWAYS; *A Story of Adventure in the Wilds of Borneo. By Captain Mayne Reid. Same Publishers.*

Amanda Douglas is a writer of pure fiction; her stand-point is that of a genuine evangelical Christianity, and her books contain at least no poison. But in addition to this she is a writer of power, never failing to gain and hold the interest of her readers till she is done with her story. "With Fate Against Him" is her last and best story; it is interesting from the very first paragraph. She draws her characters with life-like distinctness, and her plot, though simple and natural, is sufficiently complicated to make the reader often anxious for the result. "The Castaways" is a story of daring adventure, full of hair-breadth escapes; it is an exciting book for boys, as the author's name will assure them.

GEOFFREY, THE LOLLARD. *By Frances Eastwood. 16mo. Pp. 342. \$1.50.*

THE JUNO STORIES. *By Jacob Abbott. Vol. III, Jutho on a Journey; Vol. IV, Hubert. 16mo. Pp. 300, 308. \$1.25.*

THE ROLLO AND LUCY BOOKS OF POETRY. *By Jacob Abbott. Three Volumes. 16mo. Pp. 192.*

NELLY'S DARK DAYS. *By Hesba Stretton. 16mo. Pp. 144.*

LABOR STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET. *By Henry Zschokke. Translated by John Yeats, LL. D. Square 12mo. Pp. 162. Gilt Edges. New York: Dodd & Mead. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

We have here a gathering of volumes from the press of Dodd & Mead, successors to M. W. Dodd. They are all excellent books, and issued in most beautiful binding. "The Juno Stories" are the third and fourth volumes of a very attractive series for the young folks by Jacob Abbott, who is well known as one of the most successful writers of juvenile books in the country. These volumes are written with the Sunday-school especially in view, and they are in the author's best vein, and will, we believe, do their part toward meeting the urgent demand for a higher class of Sunday-school literature. They are beautifully illustrated and bound in fancy cloth. "Geoffrey, the Lollard," is a story illustrating the persecutions en-



dured by the so-called Lollards in Europe at the dawn of the Reformation. There is fiction mingling with the narrative, but the facts are authentic. Though books of its class are now multiplying rapidly, yet they furnish reading of the best kind for our youth, showing through what a baptism of blood our religious liberty has been obtained for us. The book is written in a lively and attractive style. "The Rollo and Lucy Poetry" is a happy thought of Mr. Abbott; there are three volumes got up in beautiful style, and consisting of selections of children's poetry; that is, of poetry adapted to children. Each volume is complete in itself; the first being intended for children who have not yet learned to read and must be read to them by others; the second for children who are able to read for themselves, and the third for those still more advanced, and its selections are of a correspondingly higher order. They will be a very welcome and appropriate holiday present. The author of "Nelly's Dark Days" is a popular English writer of juvenile books, and one who perfectly understands what will interest children, and how to adapt her style and language to their taste and wants. It is a charming little book, a story from real life. "Labor Stands on Golden Feet" is a holiday story from the inimitable Zschokke. It exhibits the development of these principles which the author believed to be at the basis of all true civilization. The influence of home-training is powerfully portrayed in the history of a family through three generations; individual and social happiness are admirably illustrated; the purpose and scope of national instruction are clearly shown; manual labor is seen at issue with machinery. Interspersed through its pages are maxims of prudence and precepts of piety. It is published in very attractive form.

"WHAT SHE COULD." By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." 16mo. Pp. 339.

DOWN THE STEPS. By the Author of "Squire Downing's Heirs," etc. 16mo. Pp. 409.

BUSY BEES; or, Winter Evenings in Margaret Ruppell's School. By the same Author. 16mo. Pp. 391.

ROSE MARBURY. By S. J. Pritchard. 16mo. Pp. 304.

LITTLE PRIMROSE; or, the Bells of Old Effingham. By Emma Marshall. 18mo. Pp. 146.

HYACINTHE AND HER BROTHERS. By Joanna H. Matthews. 18mo. Pp. 203.

KATIE'S WORK. By Emma Marshall. 18mo. Pp. 168. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

Here are fresh offerings to the Sabbath-school from "the Carters," whose Sunday-school books are always safe and good. These are peculiarly so, coming as they do from well-known and highly appreciated authors. Among the list we are glad to welcome a new volume from the pen of Miss Warner, author of the "Wide, Wide World." Her present story is admirably told. "Down the Steps" illustrates with striking effect the downward course of the

young man who has not the anchor of Christian principle to keep him in safety. "Little Primrose" is an affecting story. Little folks will like it, and it will do them good. "Rose Marbury" is interesting and instructive. The many excellent books already written by the author of "Busy Bees" are sufficient guarantees for the excellence of this one. "Hyacinthe and her Brothers" is the fifth in the stories on the Commandments by Miss Matthews, author of the "Bessie Books."

SCHOOL BOOKS. *Willson's Intermediate Fifth Reader.* By Marcius Willson. New York: Harper & Bros. *A School History of the United States, from the Discovery of America to the Year 1870.* By David B. Scott. New York: Harper & Bros. *Mental Arithmetic.* By John H. French, LL. D. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co. *Cornell's Physical Geography, with Nineteen Pages of Maps.* By S. S. Cornell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co. *Philip Phillips's Day-School Singer.* Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

Marcus Willson knows how to make "Readers" for our schools. This is an admirable one. Cornell's Physical Geography, although primarily intended for a school text-book, is full enough in its details, and so handsomely illustrated as to meet the wants of a large class of adult readers.

#### PAPER.

*Coningsby; or, The New Generation.* By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. 8vo. Pp. 157. 60 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

*The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* By Charles Dickens. 8vo. Pp. 104. 25 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

*A Dangerous Guest.* By the Author of "Gilbert Ruggie," etc. 8vo. Pp. 116. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

*John: A Love Story.* By Mrs. Oliphant. 8vo. Pp. 110. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

*In Duty Bound.* By the Author of "Mark Warren," etc. 8vo. Pp. 121. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

*The Warden and Barchester Towers.* By Anthony Trollope. 8vo. Pp. 244. 75 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

*Which is the Heroine?* New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Pp. 148. 50 cents.

*The Virian Romance.* By Mortimer Collins. 8vo. Pp. 144. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

*Appleton's Illustrated Almanac for 1871.* It is very attractive from its illuminated cover and copious illustrations. Its tables and statistics are also valuable for reference.

## Editor's Table.

OUR CORPS EDITORIAL.—We open our present volume with a unique picture—a family group—a board of editorial *confreres*. We confess that we were somewhat afraid to venture on such a picture; we knew the difficulty of combining together on a single plate a large number of portraits, and at the same time making a pleasing picture and achieving any thing like a success in the portraits; editors, too, are, like other mortals, a little vain of their personal appearance, and are anxious to appear well before the public; then, too, we knew that they held in their hands a rod with which to beat us if we failed to satisfy them. Notwithstanding all these things we determined to take the risk, and give to our readers a *coup d'œil* of our official editors. And we are going to be bold enough to claim for it a grand success; it is an exceedingly rare thing for any artist to combine so many different individuals in a single plate, and reduce the portraits to so small a size, and yet succeed so well as our artist has done. In most of the instances the likenesses are admirable; in the others they are good, and only in a couple of instances are we willing to concede any thing like a "failure." The grouping is artistic, the background is one of the finest we ever saw on a picture, and the ornamentation is in fine taste. We can assure our readers that the plate furnishes them an excellent sight of the men who furnish to them the "Advocates," the "Quarterlies," and so forth.

It is not our design to sketch these men; their work is not yet done; most of them are still in their prime; the Church and the world have reason to expect from many of them years of efficient service still, in whatever places Providence may appoint for them; it will be time enough to write up their history when they shall have finished it. It is necessary, however, that we should more distinctly indicate the official place and work of each.

We have assigned the center to our esteemed friend Dr. Whedon, feeling that he is entitled to it by seniority, as well as by the place held by the venerable "Quarterly" among our Church periodicals. Dr. Whedon is editor of the Quarterly Review, a position which he has now held for fourteen years. Under his hand the Quarterly has grown in power and influence, and now takes a high rank among the religious quarterlies of the world. It is now entering upon the fifty-third year of its history, the January number appearing as a large octavo of a hundred and sixty-four pages. Dr. Whedon is one of the first scholars of the Church; he is a capital editor, judicious and broad in his selection of articles, thoroughly up to the times in his acquaintance with literature, clear, just, incisive in his criticisms of books and men; he sometimes shaves us with a razor, and his keen blade not seldom draws blood. The Doctor

is also editor of general books for the New York Concern, and in this department his selections have been of the choicest kind, and he has given to the Church some of the best books the Methodist press has ever issued. His own works—"On the Will," and the "Commentaries"—give him a high place among the profoundest thinkers of the age.

To Dr. Curry we have assigned the head of the picture. An excellent portrait of him has our artist made. Dr. Curry was elected editor of the "Christian Advocate," of New York, the mother of the entire Advocate family, at the General Conference of 1864, and re-elected in 1868. He is a voluminous writer, spending his time and strength on the editorials of his paper. The Advocate lives and grows under his management; it is a live paper, loyal, strong, careful, judicious; its editor in relation to the question of slavery has always been a radical of the deepest dye; in almost every other respect he is a conservative; he is logical, far-seeing, desiring in most matters pertaining to the Church to make haste slowly; he is a lover of Methodism, and is jealous of changes that may affect her integrity or efficiency.

On the right is Dr. Merrill, of the Western Advocate, the second born of the Advocate family. To this place he was elected in 1868, and for two years has been throwing into this paper the strength of a full-grown man. He is well read up in the theological, ecclesiastical, and social questions of the day. He is constitutionally a conservative, yet yields with grace and moderation to the advancing march of progress. His mind is logical, and he can not bear to leap in the dark; he carefully looks at consequences, and is slow to act until he can see the results. He thinks keenly, and expresses his thoughts sharply. He is a hard man to contend with, having a peculiarly terse way of putting things that is uncomfortable to an antagonist.

On the left we have Dr. Reid, of the North-Western Advocate. To this place he was elected in 1868, having previously served four years in the editorial chair of the "Western." The Doctor has filled several important positions in the Church, and is a live man, just in the prime of life, and giving promise of years of usefulness in the future. He belongs to the progressive school; in the antislavery contest, and in the struggle for lay representation, he was an earnest leader. He inclines readily to the favorable side of all questions of progress. We would expect this, for he is a go-ahead man; he believes in the Church and the world moving; he is in full sympathy with the earnest American life of the day; he, therefore, makes an earnest paper, one that seems sometimes, to more conservative minds, a little too much in a hurry, but to earnest, progressive minds a live sheet, with thought and movement in it.

Just beneath him is the "father of German Methodism," Dr. Nast, editor of the *Christian Apologist*, and of German publications. Our readers of the volume of 1864 will find in the October number a larger portrait and an excellent sketch of Dr. Nast. Born and educated in Germany, but converted through the instrumentality of American Methodism, he has brought to the service of his adopted mother Church a warm German heart and a scholarly German head. For thirty-five years he has been devoting himself to German Methodism, which, during this time, has grown into a body of nearly four hundred preachers and thirty-eight thousand members. In 1838 the "*Christian Apologist*" was authorized, and Dr. Nast appointed its editor. He has held the position ever since. In addition to this labor, he has issued the "*Sunday-School Bell*," a paper for the German Sabbath-schools, and has edited a whole system of religious and Sunday-school literature for the use of the German work. Since 1852 he has also been laboring on a commentary on the New Testament, one volume of which appeared in 1864.

To the left of Dr. Nast we have Dr. Nesbit, of the *Pittsburg Advocate*, a cool, thoughtful, judicious editor, who has held his position since the General Conference of 1860, his paper steadily growing in power and extent of circulation. The name of Dr. Wise has stood for nearly fifteen years in connection with our Sunday-School Union and literature. Up to the last General Conference he held the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Union, and was editor of the *Sunday-School Advocate* and of Sunday-school books. At that time a division of the work was made, and Dr. Vincent, of whom our artist has given us an excellent likeness, was made Corresponding Secretary of the Union, and editor of "apparatus" for the practical working of the schools. In this department Dr. Vincent edits the "*Teachers' Journal*," the various series of Sunday-School Lessons, and other books and issues for use in the schools. Dr. Wise took the position of Secretary of the Tract Society, and editor of tract publications; he also retained the *Sunday-School Advocate* and the editorship of books for the library. With these two earnest men at the head of our Sunday-school work, this department has grown to a magnitude and efficiency not surpassed, if indeed it is equaled, anywhere else in the world. Dr. Wise is a prolific writer himself, and a most judicious selector of reading for the young. Dr. Vincent is a whole Sunday-School Union in himself, and, we sometimes think, carries it about with him in his warm heart.

Dr. Crary, to the right of Dr. Wise, is editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, elected in 1864 and re-elected in 1868. The *Central* is on belligerent ground, and has had to fight for its existence; Dr. Crary has carried it well for six years, and makes a growing and living paper. He belongs to the progressive school. Underneath him we have a *confere* from what used to be the Far West, but now seems nigh at hand—Dr. Benson, of the *California Christian Advocate*. Dr. Benson is a pioneer of the work on the Pacific Coast. For several years he edited the

*Pacific Advocate*, published in Oregon. In 1868 he was elected to his present position. He is a man abundant in labors, zealous for God and the Church, and sends to our table, week after week, a paper that needs not blush in the presence of the older sisters. Dr. Dillon, his successor in the chair of the *Pacific Advocate*, is a man like-minded with his predecessor, and is doing a noble work in Oregon.

Looming up on the left of our picture is our long-time friend, Dr. Lore, of the *Northern Advocate*. It is an admirable picture of him, and shows well the noble, fearless, honest man that he is. Dr. Lore is one of the true sons of the Church, and is ever on the alert for her defense. He is of the Conservative school, his conservatism being born of his profound love of Methodism and his sensitive anxiety that no harm should come to the Church. He yields gracefully, however, and with his usual pleasant smile, when the wheels roll on.

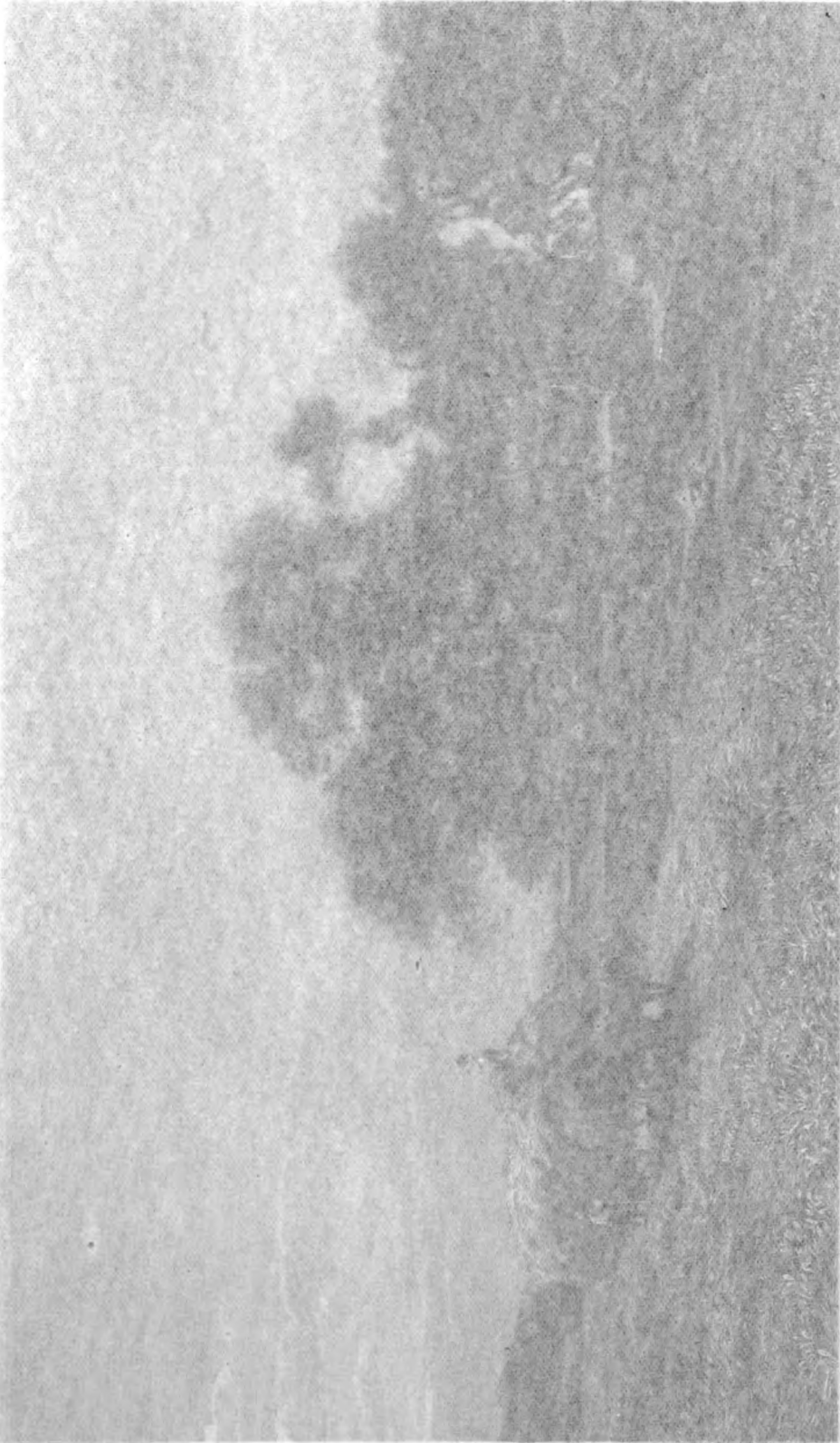
Next we have the hero of many battles for human rights—Gilbert Haven, of *Zion's Herald*. Brother Haven does not like to be called doctor, and we confess he would lose something by its substitution for the familiar Gilbert. In the family of weeklies he is a half-brother, *Zion's Herald* being only semi-official, and its editor not chosen by the General Conference. But it is so nearly related, and is doing such able service for the Church, that we felt that both the paper and the editor belong to us. It is needless to say Gilbert Haven is progressive; he is at the forefront of progress; he keeps full ahead, so that even progressives get out of breath in trying to keep up. He is the uncompromising antagonist of every form of vice and wrong, and the unflinching advocate of every thing that even seems to promise amelioration to men and women. Dr. Fuller is editor of the *Methodist Advocate* published at Atlanta, Georgia. This is the youngest born of the family, being authorized by the last General Conference, and Dr. Fuller chosen by the Bishops and Book Agents to inaugurate it. It grows in strength and circulation, and though now passing through its age of struggle, it is in able hands. The course of the editor, in the delicate position he holds, is pacific and judicious, his paper breathing the spirit of conciliation and Christian charity.

We can not close these necessarily brief notices of the men who are furnishing the current literature of our Church without expressing our feeling of thankfulness that the good providence of God has secured to the Church so abundant and varied a supply of periodical literature, and has given to us through many years, and in several lines of succession, good, honest, pious, capable men to guard this great interest of the Church. Eleven weeklies with a circulation not far short of two hundred thousand, a Sunday-school paper for the children with a circulation of nearly four hundred thousand, a Quarterly of fifty years of experience, two monthly magazines with a circulation of about forty thousand, a monthly tract of seventy thousand circulation—this is the steady stream of light, and truth, and thought poured into the families of our Church by *our corps editorial*.















# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1871.

February.

## THE BEGINNING OF MIRACLES.

**W**HY was it wrought at a wedding? Why not at a funeral, by some sick-bed, or at some religious festival? Why was it *this* miracle? Why was the miracle-working power of Jesus first manifested in the production of wine, a substance of such doubtful utility, and so liable to abuse? If I mistake not there have sometimes been indulged feelings almost of regret that this miracle should have been wrought at all, and especially that it should occupy a place so conspicuous. Faith has been puzzled, and unbelief has not failed to suggest that here was a mistake—that the unerring One had fallen into an error here. Perhaps another mysterious fact was lost sight of; that the same unerring One has placed us right in the midst of things hurtful and poisonous, leaving us free to choose between the evil and the good.

But Jesus made no mistake, did nothing that he has since regretted, or that any of his disciples should regret. And whatever may be the seeming of things, faith is bound to exclaim, triumphantly, "He hath done all things well." Yet it may appear that in this instance we are not left to walk solely by faith. It may appear that, for the purposes intended, and at this stage of Christ's personal ministry, there was a beautiful appropriateness in this whole transaction—that no other occasion would have been so fitting, no other miracle so full of meaning.

What were the purposes intended? The answer is shown in the declared result. "*This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.*"

### HE MANIFESTED FORTH HIS GLORY.

Up to this time he had made no revelation of his own divinity, or if any it was only in par-

tial and transient glimpses that had attracted but little attention. In his Nazareth home he had no doubt been known as a pious and exemplary young Jew, of somewhat remarkable endowments, it may be, yet modest and unpretending. At Jordan, however, a voice from heaven had proclaimed him God's well-beloved Son. In the wilderness, he had fasted as only Moses and Elijah had fasted before him, and had successfully resisted Satan with his most subtle and powerful temptations. John had borne witness concerning him, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world! This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for he was before me." And his own conversation had so impressed those who heard him that by a few, and as yet only a few, he had come to be regarded hopefully, somewhat confidently, as the long-expected Messiah. But as yet he had wrought no miracle; and miracles, being predicted of the Messiah, were necessary to establish his claim. There was still a little uncertainty even in the minds of his disciples. And besides, they shared the current Jewish notions concerning the Messiah, expecting in him a powerful and conquering prince—a great temporal deliverer. They had evidently very little idea of the spirituality of his kingdom, or the Divine glories of the King. And it was his superhuman, his *Divine glory*, that Jesus began to show forth in "this beginning of miracles." This was the first of a series of transactions which should demonstrate his claims, and complete the manifestation of his divinity.

### HIS DISCIPLES BELIEVED ON HIM.

This was the immediate end for which he "manifested forth his glory." They had believed on him before, but with a defective faith. Their faith did not amount to unquestioning

certainty, and it was based upon low and worldly views concerning the character and mission of the Messiah. Now Jesus would *strengthen* their faith by exhibiting the evidences predicted of the Messiah, and *elevate* their faith by a manifestation of his Divine glory. And though it was not until after his resurrection and ascension into heaven—not, indeed, until the veil was taken away from their hearts by the illumination of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost—that they were able to behold with open face the full glory of his divinity, yet here, at Cana of Galilee, they began to get such glimpses of that glory as elevated him in their estimation far above the plane of the most exalted humanity. Their faith now began to apprehend him not only as the Christ, but as the Divine Christ.

"This beginning of miracles" would have most important bearings. It was introductory, and would give significance to all that should come after. It would strike the key-note of the whole subsequent history of Jesus—would furnish a clew to all his mysterious acts and sufferings. In its symbolical import it was a summary of the whole Gospel—of "the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." It was not accidental in its character or circumstances, but, in the counsels of infinite wisdom, was carefully planned with reference to its position and design. And it is in view of its position and design that we must study it if we would see its fitness.

#### THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE SUITED TO THE DESIGN.

In opening his ministry among men, the Author of our being takes his stand here at the very origin of human society. The first human relation ever formed, in which all other human relations originate, and from which, as their source, all social influences flow, is the relation of husband and wife—the conjugal relation. It was here, too, the deadly poison of sin first infected humanity. Here the enemy won his first fatal triumph. Here "sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men." It was into the marriage festivities of Eden itself, and before the first-born of our race was begotten, the serpent effected an entrance. Where, then, should the second Adam place himself at the outset but at the point where humanity takes its rise? Where should the great Healer begin his cure but right there where the poison entered? Where should he, who was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, begin the manifestation of himself but amid the festivities where those works began? In this view of the case a marriage seems not only an appropriate occasion for our Lord's

first miracle, but the only occasion at all appropriate.

The conjugal relation is the divinely chosen type of the relation existing between Christ and his Church. During the preparatory ages, while as yet the Church was only seen in dim and shadowy outline, while God himself was only obscurely revealed to man's feeble and unpracticed vision, this most expressive symbol represented God's loving care of his chosen people; and their unfaithfulness, their inexcusable violations of covenant engagements, were strikingly set forth by the horrible sin of conjugal infidelity. And now, when God is manifest in the flesh, when the Church comes out in her completeness, divinely beautiful, bearing the sacred name of Christ, acknowledging him as her sole and rightful Lord, the only being in the universe entitled to her love and duty, this type becomes more significant than ever, and is applied with a fullness of meaning unknown before. Now, when an inspired apostle speaks of the "great mystery" of conjugal love, the identification, the unification of two human beings in the marriage bond, he tells us he is speaking "of Christ and the Church." So sacred is marriage, so tenderly does Christ cherish his Church.

It is no wonder, then, that Jesus should honor this sacred relation by his presence and a miraculous manifestation of his glory at a wedding. But when he attended this marriage in Cana his own symbolized nuptials had not been celebrated, and even the preliminary espousal was not complete. The Christian Church, as such, was not yet organized, the future bride had not yet reached the age of betrothment. Jesus was then making arrangements for an event—one of the grandest in human history—when, some three and a half years afterward, in an upper room of the temple at Jerusalem, on the day of Pentecost, by the agency of the Holy Spirit, he would formally espouse the Church unto himself, to be known thenceforth as "THE BRIDE, THE LAMB'S WIFE." At this humble marriage in Cana he was making the first open manifestation of his Divinity—the first public declaration of himself as the bridegroom of the Church under the new dispensation.

But this marriage feast had a still higher meaning. For, intimate and tender as are the present relations between Christ and his Church, the union is not yet complete—the most perfect blessedness is not yet attained. Even now Christ's love for his Church is the most perfect model of conjugal love known to the teachings of inspiration itself. "Husbands, love your wives," said the inspired Paul, "even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it."

And this gift of himself was, that the Church might be fitted for the joyous occasion that was approaching—for the exalted position it should fill by and by. It was, "that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish." The bride is now making herself ready, and the marriage feast is in course of preparation. All the events in this world's history—all that is grand or wonderful—all that is tender or tragical—all are preparatory to this transcendently glorious event—"the marriage of the Lamb."

This is the marriage feast to which the wise virgins shall be admitted, and from which the foolish shall be shut out. This is the marriage feast, exclusion from which, into the outside darkness, shall cause "wailing and gnashing of teeth." This is the marriage feast of which John says, "I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia; for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her it was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. And he saith unto me write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Blessed indeed! for this grand festival is to celebrate the consummated union of Christ and his Church—the final triumph of the Redeemer and the completed salvation of the redeemed. Its festive joys are the joys of heaven, and shall be lasting as eternity. Of this feast, which God is preparing for his people, the humble marriage in Cana was a faint but expressive type. And here, most fittingly, the royal Bridegroom began a manifestation of those divine glories which are to be the everlasting admiration and joy of his beloved. The occasion was appropriate. The miracle was not less appropriate. Let us understand just what was done—the precise nature of the miracle. Water was changed into wine. It did not merely assume the appearance and properties of wine, but became such in reality. It was as truly and properly wine as if it had been expressed from the fruit of the vine. It was identical with the substance produced every year in every ripening grape. And it was produced by the same power, though without the intervention of the usual agencies. Herein is its miraculous character, and herein Jesus reveals his divinity.

He reveals himself as the author of the laws of nature—as the efficient cause of the effects resulting from those laws. Of course, wine can not be produced by a simple act of any finite will, and without the intervention of second causes. But neither can it be produced by artificial means. It may be imitated, but the blood of the grape can no more be manufactured than the grape itself—no more than animal blood or flesh. It can not be destroyed and reproduced. It may be analyzed with ever so much care, and recombined with ever so much skill, it is wine no longer. To analyze is to destroy it forever. Genuine wine is produced only in nature's laboratory, unless, as in this case, the Author of nature himself produce it by a miraculous exercise of Divine power. When, therefore, Jesus dispenses with nature's laws, and changes water into wine, instantly, and with no intervening agency, he does God's work; and does by hand, so to speak, what is commonly done by machinery—the machinery of nature. He does it by a divine hand, invisible to human eyes, imperceptible by human senses. He thus reveals himself as nature's God.

He also reveals himself as the author of life. As the blood of the grape can not be produced by human art, so neither does nature produce it, except in the living organism. Nature has her furnaces, her electrical apparatus, her chemical laboratories, in which are formed many things strange and beautiful, many healthful or poisonous compounds, but nowhere is wine produced but in the living, ripening fruit. Indeed, in its freshness and perfection it is itself a living substance, as really so as the life-blood that courses through our own veins. True, its life is only vegetable life, but is as completely beyond the range of human skill or power as the higher forms of life. When, from unorganized matter, chemistry can produce a living vine, clothe it with living foliage, ornament it with living flowers, and burden it with luscious, living fruit, then, and not till then, can wine be produced without a living origin. But until then its production, by any means or agency whatever, can be rightfully attributed only to Him who is the sole author of life—to him who "hath life in himself." Thus, Jesus in performing this miracle manifested forth divine glory in originating life; producing, as he did, and by a simple act of his own creative energy, a living substance. In any view we may take of the condition and properties of this wine, it was a substance which had a living origin, and the act producing it was as truly and properly an act of Omnipotence as when "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." But it was not merely as Divine, in

the general and most comprehensive sense, that he revealed himself, but specifically as the origin of life—the living God.

He revealed himself, also, and especially, as the author and source of eternal life to man. The substance here created is God's chosen emblem of that sacrificial blood by which we were redeemed, so that life is made possible to dead sinners. Why the juice of the *grape* was chosen as the symbol of Christ's blood is not very apparent, nor is it necessary for us to inquire. So far as we can see, the juice of some other fruit might just as well have been employed to convey the same meaning; yet there was undoubtedly a reason for this preference. It is enough for our present purposes, however, to know that such was God's choice—to know that, by his appointment, the blood of the grape—the product of a living organism—itsself a living organism—is made the symbol of Christ's blood—of Christ's life—of Christ's life poured out of himself into us. It is thus made the symbol of life in its highest as well as its lowest forms—of spiritual, eternal life. And the vine which bears this fruit is honored as the symbol of Christ himself.

When Christ "poured out his soul unto death," it was that he might pour his life into dead humanity. A wife was once fainting and dying from loss of blood. The husband, who loved her as his own life, had one of his own veins opened, and the life-current flowing thence was injected into the exhausted veins of the dying wife. The husband's *life* went thrilling through her whole frame and she revived. Now she could say, "I live; yet not I, but my husband liveth in me: his life animates my frame." So the life-current is drawn from the bleeding victim of Calvary and transfused all through our dying souls, imparting to them life and immortality. And now we can say with Paul, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." The life thus transfused is symbolized by the blood of the grape, which being received sacramentally, the symbolical transfer of his life to us is complete. And thus the "cup of blessing," the sacramental cup, becomes the "communion of the blood of Christ." As one common life animates the vine and its branches, so one common life animates the Master and the disciple who partakes worthily of the sacramental cup. It is a life flowing into us from Him "who is our life," and with whom our life is hid in God.

Here, then, we find the true and full significance of this miracle. In human redemption,

God has no doubt made the complete and, consequently, final revelation of himself to his creatures. All preceding revelations were preparatory to this, as this was complementary of all preceding it. God had revealed himself to man in various ways, and through long periods of time; but not until "God was manifest in the flesh" was the revelation at all complete. He had revealed himself to angels in other spheres, and through still longer periods of duration; but it was not until, by the incarnation, he brought himself down within the range of their vision that he was "seen of angels." It is this revelation that "the angels desire to look into;" bending down to the study with eager interest, and with all the energies of their mighty intellects. And this, in its infinitely varied aspects and bearings, will form a subject of study absolutely inexhaustible. It is the summing up of all revelations—itsself the *all-comprehending revelation*. And it was precisely this revelation that was symbolized in this first miracle. Christ's death, the shedding of his blood, is the great central fact of redemption, and the wine is the symbol of that blood. But Christ's death finds its explanation only in the impartation of life to believers. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, *but have everlasting life*." It is not his death only, therefore, that is symbolized by the wine, but our life also, eternal life. And here, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, Jesus manifested forth his glory in a transaction which was only partially understood at the time, but which, to our minds, clearly reveals him as "the Prince of life—the Lord of glory." It is the *appropriate symbol of the all-comprehending revelation*.

Now, bearing in mind this meaning of the miracle, we may inquire understandingly concerning the condition of the wine into which the water was changed. Was it or was it not intoxicating?

It is well known that wine, when first expressed from the grape, has no intoxicating properties whatever. In this condition it is said to be extensively used in some countries as a common drink, or as an article of diet—used as we would use coffee, or tea, or milk. And in order to preserve it in this condition it is boiled down, some three gallons into two, and diluted when wanted for use. Or it may be put away like canned fruit, in a vessel hermetically sealed, and thus be kept any desired length of time without fermenting. And, from frequent Scripture allusions, it would seem that in this unfermented state wine was frequently

used in ancient times, and was held in high esteem. And in this state it might have been used at the marriage in Cana, or anywhere else, and in any possible quantities, without producing intoxication. This is wine in its first stage. But after a time, if no measures are taken to prevent it, fermentation takes place, alcohol is formed, and wine becomes intoxicating. This is its second stage. Yet if still left to itself, it will soon pass on into its third stage. The alcohol will be decomposed by agencies which nature has constantly employed, and all intoxicating properties will disappear with it. The wine now becomes vinegar. But if still left to nature's agencies, it will pass on into a state of disgusting putridity, and will finally disappear.

It is used only in one of the first three stages; and only in the second stage is it any more intoxicating than the water with which the six water-pots were filled up to the brim. Now into which of these three stages of wine did all this water pass?

It was not the third stage, of course, as vinegar, whatever may be thought of it for other purposes, would be a very unfit beverage for such a feast. Was it the second, the alcoholic stage? This is most commonly assumed; but upon what authority? Have we ever thought to inquire for the authority? For moral considerations, the authority ought to be very satisfactory, the proof very conclusive, to justify such an assumption. Let us pause and reflect a little. Scarcely any crime is more bitterly denounced in the Word of God than drunkenness, and for good reason. It is the fruitful source and the efficient promoter of all manner of crime. Now, according to the assumption, these guests had already consumed an amount of intoxicating wine, supposed by him providing it to be sufficient for the purposes of the feast. To exhaust the supply at this period of the feast, even making allowance for Jesus and his five disciples as unexpected guests, they must have quaffed quite freely; as much so at least as would be deemed consistent with the strict rules of temperance. And now, it is assumed, Jesus exerts his miracle-working power to furnish these half-intoxicated guests an additional supply—a supply amounting to some two or three barrels of most delicious wine, and of the same intoxicating quality as that already used.

If, indeed, this were clearly affirmed in the sacred records, we certainly should not question its propriety. We should then conclude that, however inscrutable the transaction, there must be wise and good reasons for it. But if it is only assumption, without proof, or with insuf-

ficient proof, we are bound to reject it. Such are the moral aspects of the case as to raise a strong presumption against it, and logically compel its rejection, unless it is established by proof that is conclusive.

Now it may astonish us, if we have not considered the subject in this light, to find how utterly groundless the assumption is. Certainly it is not affirmed that Jesus supplied intoxicating wine, and there is nothing in the conduct of the guests to indicate it. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the whole history of the transaction to prove that such was the case. And in this utter absence of proof, we may safely deny that such was the case. Nay, in view of the strong presumption against it, we are bound to deny it. And here the whole question might safely rest, while we affirm with the fullest assurance, that the wine produced by Jesus was in its first and most perfect stage, and, consequently, free from all intoxicating properties whatever. But for the purposes of the present discussion, I prefer to leave the moral aspects of the question in the background, and consider it from an entirely different stand-point—the stand-point of its *symbolical significance*. And I think it will become apparent that only in its first stage is wine at all appropriate to the purposes of the miracle, and that, in this stage, it is most appropriate.

Let us go back, then, and consider the significance and aim of the miracle. It is sufficiently manifest, I think, that Jesus intended to reveal his divinity—to reveal himself as the *author of life*; thereby identifying himself with the Creator—Jehovah—the living God of the Old Testament. Of course he did not expect his disciples fully to comprehend the revelation at once; but he did expect them to get such views of him then as would confirm and elevate their faith, and at length to take in the full meaning of the manifestation. Even to this day we are slow to understand it; but this is not for want of clearness in the revelation itself. In this act Christ declared, what he afterward uttered in words, "I am the resurrection and the life." This is its meaning. Now let us examine the question in the light of this meaning.

In the living organism, animal and vegetable, there is a circulating fluid, the blood, which shares vitality with the more solid portions of the structure. In the animal structure "the life of the flesh is in the blood;" and so also in the vegetable, the life of the solid parts is in the circulating fluid. In either case, let this vital fluid be separated from the vital solids, and vitality is destroyed. Solids and fluids alike

soon part with the life that animated them, putrefaction sets in, and sooner or later both are resolved into their original elements. Now the juice of the newly ripened grape, that is, wine unfermented and in its purest state, is as truly a living substance as when it circulated through the living vine in the season of its active growth—as truly as the living blood that flows through the living animal organism. But pressed out of the grape, like animal blood, it dies and becomes putrid. But, as already intimated, while passing through the various stages of putrefaction, some curious phenomena are exhibited; phenomena, however, which are by no means peculiar to the juice of the grape.

After the wine is separated from the covering which nature had provided for it, and is exposed to the action of the atmosphere, a violent commotion takes place among its parts, called fermentation. During this process, old chemical ties are severed, and new affinities are formed. Gases are developed, as in the decomposition of dead animal matter; color changes, odor changes, taste changes, and the liquid becomes something different from what it was before. In the new combinations taking place alcohol is formed, and that which had been a perfectly harmless beverage, acquires the terrible power of producing intoxication. At a later period alcohol disappears, acetic acid takes its place, and the liquid becomes vinegar. And still further on this also is destroyed; and thus the work of death goes on until the dissolution is complete, and not one trace of the old organism remains. When the living blood of the grape is poured out it dies, and putrefies, and perishes. This is nature's process where nature is not interfered with. By suitable precautions this work of destruction may be prevented for a time, at least, or it may be arrested at almost any stage. But not more properly is the putrefaction of once living flesh the work of death, than is that fermentation of wine which produces alcohol. So far as known, alcohol exists normally in no living thing that God has made, and normally and permanently nowhere in God's universe. It is only the dead and partly putrid wine that can intoxicate, while the pure, undecayed blood of the grape is as harmless as the milk that nourishes the infant.

Now let us again call up the thought that the wine which Jesus produced in this his first miracle was the symbol of life, and revealed him as the Author of life. And, leaving all moral considerations out of the question, is it a supposable case that, passing by all living substances, Jesus should have selected for this purpose a substance dead and half putrid? that,

in revealing himself as the Life-giver, he should do it by creating a dead and decaying, rather than a living substance? Even if we were to suppose that vitality, properly speaking, had ceased, we certainly must not suppose that corruption had begun.

In view of the truth declared in the Old Testament, that "the life of the flesh is in the blood thereof," we can not wonder that blood, animal or vegetable, should be chosen by God as the symbol of life. And as we look upon Calvary and contemplate the wonderful tragedy enacted there, we can not wonder that blood *shed*—the life-current poured out unto death, should be chosen as the all-comprehending symbol of life, by Him who gave his own life a ransom for many. And if the wine created in this miracle was the pure, unfermented juice of the grape, nothing could be more appropriate to the revealed purpose of the miracle; but if fermented, scarcely any thing more inappropriate.

Then, without taking into account the moral aspects of the case, we are safe in the conclusion that the wine produced in "this beginning of miracles" was not intoxicating; but that it was pure, living grape blood, just such as is found in the mature, healthful, living grape, before nature's covering has been removed. It was a most delicious wine, emphatically "the good wine" of that marriage feast. In the ordinary modes of production it is not possible to obtain a wine perfectly free from all impurities—hardly possible, when it is pressed from the choicest cluster directly into the cup, as in the dream of Pharaoh's butler. But the wine which Jesus furnished, as we have reason to believe, was the most delicious kind and quality of grape blood, and free from every thing that could impair the delicacy of its flavor—that this wine was a most delicious beverage, conducive to health, enjoyment, and moral elevation.

This miracle, with its attendant circumstances and in its deep meaning, seems a most fitting commencement of a ministry which, passing through such scenes of humiliation and exaltation, of suffering and triumph, should terminate in the unutterable and everlasting bliss and glory of heaven. In part we understand its meaning now. But at the marriage of the Lamb, when his wife hath made herself ready—when the glorious company of approved guests shall have assembled, arrayed in garments pure and white—when the voice of the great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunderings, shall be heard, saying, Alleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; then, and not till then, shall we understand its full significance.

## AN ITALIAN OLLA-PODRIDA.

(CONCLUDED.)

WITH all its orange blossoms, congratulations, and benedictions, to my mind there are few things that are sadder than a wedding. It is not pleasant to think of the possibilities of this life partnership, for elements most excellent in themselves may effervesce on combination. Notwithstanding, I naturally had a desire to witness a wedding ceremony in Italy. It came at last, and it came well. Eduardo, an *attaché* of the American consulate, was pleased to get married at my suggestion, if not for my benefit, which afforded me ample opportunity for studying the whole complicated process. Previous to the ceremony the consul gave him a little nook adjoining the consulate for himself and his lady-love, and it was amusing to observe with what diligence they constructed their cozy little snuggery of a nest, every day bringing an occasional straw, until it was completed at last. There was the wardrobe of the bride expectant, even to the *trousseau*. Eduardo had presented the diamonds, and four several engagement and marriage rings—which I understand is the minimum number provided in such cases—and had received the usual presents from his intended. These ordinarily consist, to the best of my knowledge, of several pocket handkerchiefs, a breastpin, sleeve-buttons, two pairs of hose, one of silk, the other of cotton; one embroidered and one plain shirt, and several neck-ties made from the material of the bride's wedding-dress. In any event there must be the *dote*, for Venus in Italy without a dowry must have inevitably been a spinster.

Then there followed the law's delay. Six several times must the bans be published, three in the city hall, and three in the church. Divers certificates with numerous signatures must be procured—a certificate of birth, certificate of identity, certificate of parents' consent, one certifying that he had not another wife already, and one that he was exempt from military duty. Meanwhile Advent was approaching and finally came. Then the *promessi sposi* were compelled to postpone their nuptials until the Christmas holidays, since the Church will not consecrate the rites of matrimony during the continuance of this religious festival. As Eduardo seemed communicative, notwithstanding his disappointment, I could not quite repress my curiosity to know something of his *modus operandi* in "popping the question." Knowing that he hailed originally from Lombardy, I naturally supposed that it might be after the Lombard fashion, where, for the benefit of bashful swains be it

said, a lover significantly nudges his intended in the ribs with his elbow, who, if she accepts, simply shrugs her shoulders in a coquettish manner, and that is the end of the matter. But it was far otherwise. I was surprised, if not a little vexed, to learn that he had never spoken to his *galante*, as he called her, before asking her guardian for her hand in marriage.

"But how could you know that you loved each other?" I very innocently inquired.

"The language of the eye, you know, is more expressive than that of the tongue."

"Very true! Ma—"

It was useless to add any thing more. I should only betray my ignorance of the sensible and business-like way in which such things are managed here, where the high contracting parties are rarely those most deeply interested, but elderly, experienced persons, who, having lost all their sentimentality, are eminently fitted for conducting so delicate a negotiation, stipulating with regard to the dowry, drawing up the marriage contract; in a word, for taking a practical view of so important a transaction.

At length the auspicious day arrived. We accompanied Eduardo to the mayor's office, where we found the bride and her mother awaiting us. On announcing our mission a dapper, young clerk took down a file of papers from a pigeon-hole, and read aloud a list of candidates for matrimony with a business-like air, as if there were no hearts involved in the matter. At last he came to the names of Eduardo and his *amante*, which he announced very much as if it had been John Doe vs. Richard Roe. He then rang a bell, and a servant appeared, who ushered us into another room, rich in crimson and gold. Soon after the mayor's deputy, distinguished by his tricolored sash, and accompanied by a secretary, made his appearance, took his seat behind his desk, and summoned the parties before the dreaded tribunal. Eduardo whispered courage to his trembling *amante* with a quaver of trepidation that belied the word, when they took their places with the witnesses in front of the officiating deputy, while a secretary hurried through the marriage contract with an intonation that would have been creditable to a clerk of one of our Western legislatures vociferating "an act entitled an act." The parties pledged their fidelity, each to the other, upon the Gospels, signed the contract, then followed the signatures of the witnesses, and it was over. They were married, and they were not married. They had the sanction of the civil authority, but not the benediction of the ecclesiastical. There must be another ceremony on the morrow. So they



proceeded home as they came, to pass another day in suspense and single blessedness. They had a perfect right, as heretofore, to walk together in the public gardens with the bride's mother, to whom the *quasi* husband was still expected to address all his attentions, between them, while the bride looked on demurely, or smiled approvingly, nothing more.

The next morning we rose early to witness the ceremony at the church. It was already filled with devout, though humble worshipers. Peasant women with children in their arms, market women with baskets upon their heads, servant girls with their morning purchases in their pocket handkerchiefs, trembling old men and women, who appeared to have nothing more to do in this world, only to prepare for another, some standing, others sitting, most kneeling reverently upon the cold marble pavement, and all, with faces upturned and radiant, chanting the morning service with a simple child-like faith, as if they felt that heaven was just above them. They filled the immense area of transept and nave, they clung to the friendly railing of the side chapels, invaded the demure confessionals, and overflowed into the sacred precincts of the high altar. I had often witnessed the services of the *della Vigne*, one of the most fashionable and aristocratic of our city churches, but never had I been so deeply impressed with the splendor of its noonday pageantry as I was, at this early morning hour, with the simple devotions of its more humble worshipers. The burning candles, the rising incense, the sepulchral monuments and sculptured marbles, with the worshipping multitude beneath the solemn arches, now half concealed in heavy masses of shadow, or clearly revealed in tremulous bars of light, impressed me as never before, and so transfigured the hitherto meaningless function at the high altar as to render it significant as well as grand and imposing. Protestant as I am, I could not find it in my heart to weaken the faith of these devout and humble poor in the genuineness of their worship, unless I was quite sure I could give them something in exchange that would be better for them. The mission of Protestantism in Italy, I apprehend, is to reform, not supersede the Catholic faith. We go into the sacristy. It is like going behind the scenes or into a greenroom. Priests are coming and going, robing and disrobing, laughing and joking, as though they were not about to engage in the sacred function of transforming bread and wine into the real flesh and blood of the God-man. Attendants are hurrying to and fro, lighting the candles and kindling the censers. Here a ghostly confessor is adjusting

his chasuble. As he does so a pronounced Ethiopian, dark as ebony, and with a decided *bouquet d'Afrique*, passes within range. The reverend father, who is a fat, jolly priest, nevertheless, chuckles him under the chin, and exclaims, familiarly, "*Bella faccia!*"—beautiful face!—which Sambo acknowledges with a somewhat doubtful compliment, in still more doubtful Italian.

Meanwhile the candles are being lit, the *prie-dieu* is arranged, draped and cushioned, the officiating priest is robing; while the wedding-party, either because the mirth of the sacristy is so contagious, or, it may be, because the dread of the marriage ceremony, like certain diseases, assumes a milder form on a second attack, grew not merely talkative, but really jocose. Every thing is ready at last. The bridal pair take their positions; the ceremony, in which the consecration and bestowal of the marriage ring plays a conspicuous part, begins and ends. Then follows mass, during which the officiating priest thrusts out energetically, first toward one and then the other, a silver sprinkler charged with holy water, when an attendant presents to the lips of the bride and bridegroom a silver crucifix, which they severally kiss. The *sposa* is immersed in her prayer-book, but Eduardo, who has served under Garibaldi, and has a dash of Young America withal, is not particularly devout. At length comes the "*pax vobiscum*," and it is finished.

We exchange congratulations in true American style, not quite certain whether they are in order or not; the priest and his attendants disrobe; the candles are extinguished; the marriage fee is given and received—one thing only remains. The clergy, from the Pope down, take snuff with an unction that would lead you to infer that snuff-taking was one of the cardinal points of the creed. So the reverend father, tapping his snuff-box gently with his forefinger to properly adjust the fragrant narcotic, takes a pinch himself, and then courteously offers it to the *sposo*, who does likewise. Eduardo, being somewhat of a novice in snuff, suddenly explodes, sneezes an adieu to the ghostly father, sneezes along the street on his way home, and, for aught I know to the contrary, is sneezing still.

I remember to have read somewhere of the *matrimonio del Signor Pelacani con Signora Pelavicini*, which sounds well enough, unless you choose to translate it into the "marriage of Mr. Skin-the-Dogs to Madame Skin-the-Neighbors." In truth, many of these Italian proper names, beautiful and euphonious as they are in their native dress, will hardly bear translating

into plain Anglo-Saxon. Let us take them as they come. There is Signor Bellagamba—Beautiful leg—and Signora Schiafino—Little-slap—Antonio Malatesta becomes Anthony Headache, Madame Casabianca plain Mrs. Whitehouse, while your next neighbor is Giuseppe, Coda or Joseph Tail—names, any of them, that might have been derived from the Choctaw rather than the beautiful Italian.

While we are reading the signs over the shop-doors, we may as well add that you go to a tobacconist for your salt and postage stamps, and to a cheese-monger for gold-fish and leeches. We buy our tea, soap, mustard, and pickles of a saddler, and I have been seriously advised to send my watch for repairs to the blacksmith. As for fossils, antiques, and ancient coins, you may buy them almost anywhere made to order, and warranted genuine. This we say, in an aside, for the benefit of inexperienced tourists with antiquarian proclivities. And as if all this were not mixing up matters sufficiently, when you wish an Italian to come to you, you mention to him in English to go away.

A rocking-chair in Italy is a *rara avis*. There is one at the American Consulate—the only one I remember to have seen—a sort of consular heirloom, the only relic, I believe, that has survived the wreck of several short-lived administrations. It has a cozy, comfortable, old-fashioned air, in most striking contrast to the gay frescoes and smart upholstery which it gently rebukes, and is quite musical withal, discoursing that creaky, crotchety, unromantic kind of music so peculiar to superannuated rocking-chairs that have become hopelessly rheumatic. It takes very kindly to all Americans, who invariably greet it with a friendly greeting, and leave it with a benediction. But for the Italians it appears to entertain an unaccountable dislike, whether for the same reason that Bucephalus would permit no one but Alexander to mount him, or because a rocking-chair requires the same kind of skill to maintain your equilibrium as a velocipede, I am unable to say. At any rate, with the Italians it has a peculiar fashion of upsetting, giving them an inverted position, which, on the whole, is more amusing than becoming. For this reason it has acquired a rather unamiable reputation among the natives, who are disposed to look upon it as a sort of Yankee man-trap, so that after the first overthrow they ever afterward regard it with something of the horror which Falstaff entertained for the buck-basket of foul linen, and seldom repeat the experiment. A few, however, of the more resolute finally overcame this singular perversity by seizing hold of its back with both

hands, and mounting it *en cavalier*, as if it were a smoking chair or a hobby-horse.

It is now getting into its dotage. I think it must have been in its teens when imported to this country. It would be difficult to say how many consular scions it has rocked, how many nervous invalids it has soothed, how many unfortunate Italians it has overset. It would doubtless be condemned as an altogether worthless piece of furniture, and consigned to the lumber-room, were it not for something to remind us Americans of home. And yet amid all the changes and vicissitudes through which it has passed, it is wonderful with what tenacity it still clings to its personal identity. It has been reseatd several times, and had at least one pair of new rockers, and now, to veil its many and growing infirmities, it has, in charity, been completely covered over with bran new Ligurian calico; so that, like the venerable spinster's stockings that she footed annually and topped triennially, it bids fair to live on forever.

On the whole, it is certainly a very remarkable chair. Ever hovering on the confines of dream-land, you no sooner lose yourself in its kindly embrace than you are transported to the visionary realm of that dualistic life we live in dreams, so fantastically solemn and mysterious. One moment you are involved in the revolutionary mazes of the celebrated *Carmagnole*, and the next, mounted upon the back of Al Borak in company with the false prophet, you are careering through the heavens with the velocity of light. Now you are shooting bats upon the wing in the deepening twilight, and now you are investing in the bonds and insecurities of some South Sea bubble. The next moment you are present at some grand and imposing pageant, where the *Chassepot* is being enrolled on the calendar of the saints, and presto! you are surrounded and overwhelmed by a host of professional office-seekers—those barnacles upon the ship of state—who are clamoring vociferously for a little official pap, as they keep up a gallant scramble for the temporary possession of your superannuated shoes, and then you find yourself compelled to ride for dear life with Tam O'Shanter in his breakneck race with Cutty Sark or Short Smock, and finally end by losing your horse's tail, if not your own official head. Then there comes a gentler vein. You hear friendly voices from beyond the sea, calling you at the mysterious hour of midnight, and thrilling along your tremulous heart-strings with all the plaintiveness of an Æolian harp. You see the sweet face and saintly form of one, whose name from earliest childhood you have

only associated with that of God, bending over you with her old maternal tenderness—then there is a little white hand visible in the darkness beckoning you upward—and you awake, only to realize your homelessness and utter loneliness, and to find, as the years wear wearily on, how life settles down into a stern, grim conflict. And yet to him who regards every act of duty as an act of piety, who lives not for himself, but for God and his fellow-man, there come moments of exaltation and beatitude, when we rise above the sphere of our earthliness into a region of pure aspiration, when, from below the dark horizon of death, there looms up, as in a mirage, the goodly prospect of the city of God, and we, for the moment transfigured and glorified by the ineffable brightness of the heavenly vision, fondly imagine that we shall be superior to temptation henceforth and forever; but alas! how soon we are gravitating downward, to be again immersed in earthly sin and folly, while the wings of our faith are dragged in the mire!

The Italians say we are cold. Because we control our passions they infer that we have none. *A non sequitur*, certainly. They little dream that beneath the external crust of that cold Anglo-Saxon exterior there is Vesuvius. With them self-control is by no means regarded as a cardinal virtue. A lady friend will relate circumstantially, with the approving smile of her husband, how, in a fit of passion or jealousy, she shattered a beautiful vase, or stamped upon a valuable watch, or dashed upon the marble pavement a jeweled bracelet. Your music or French teacher fails to meet her appointment, and excuses herself on the ground of a paroxysm of anger, that has so prostrated her nerves as to confine her to her bed for the last twenty-four hours. Passing along the street you will see gentlemen gesticulating over the merest bagatelle, with an energy that would indicate that we were on the eve of a general election, if not of a revolution. A brace of broad-chested, bull-necked *facchini*, with hair short-cropped like a prize-fighter's, and kilted like a Scotch Highlander or Roman soldier, will take fire like punk-wood on the least spark of provocation, and, as they bend beneath their heavy burdens like huge Atlantes beneath an entablature, reminding you of those who expiate the sin of pride in Purgatory, will vociferate as fiercely and frantically as if possessed of all the furies of Orestes; and, when weary of waging this wordy battle of personal abuse at close quarters, will each go cursing on his way, wheeling dramatically at stated intervals and bandying profane and vulgar epithets as long as they are within

range of each other's artillery. Notwithstanding, I have yet to see two of these fellows come to blows, even in the very whirlwind of their passion. They will march and countermarch, they will gesticulate and roll the *r*, and beat the air, but, like two belligerent cocks that strut, and crow, and peck the ground, and flap their wings, without the least intention of using their spurs, it is all sound and fury signifying nothing. Aside from the fiery blood and volcanic brain of these favorite children of the sun, their exuberance of gesticulation is attributable in good part, I imagine, to an infirmity of their language. Though language may be an efflorescence of climatic influences—the outgrowth of national characteristics or idiosyncrasies, it is something more. It may, sometimes, I fancy, compliment the one and supplement the other. The frozen Northman sensibly approximates the perspiration point as he marshals his consonants in heavy battalions, while the sunny Southerner maneuvers his light artillery of liquids and vowels with an ease and grace that, with its musical murmur, goes far to mitigate the ardor of his climate. And since consonants are the bone and sinew of a language, it follows that the former has more strength, the latter greater beauty. Hence, there is less necessity for emphasizing the English by gesticulation, than the French, Spanish, or Italian, on account of its greater strength and energy.

What Montesquieu says of the French, that "they always perform light actions seriously, and serious actions lightly," is true, I think, to a greater or less extent, of the Italians; with much greater vivacity than ourselves in a light, playful, rambling conversation, they engage in their games and sports with a gravity and earnestness, that, from an American stand-point, is really amusing. A lady, whose demeanor at mass is not extra devotional, will execute a waltz or quadrille with becoming solemnity. A player of *boccie* will bowl as earnestly and anxiously as if he were casting the dice of destiny, while the energy of *morra* is something terrific. I think, however, the most solemn of Italians is an Italian auctioneer. You would imagine that he was administering upon his father's estate. There is nothing of the fervor and unction of his American *confrere*. No high-flown panegyric upon patent mediocrity, or inveterate worthlessness—no vociferation, no enthusiasm, no side-splitting jokes—not even a little pleasantry. An American auctioneer is the Merry Andrew or Jack Pudding of salesmen; an Italian, the undertaker. The one, as he draws out the bids in a slow, formal, monotonous manner, impresses you with the gravity of the

court-room—the other with his jokes, and pleasantries, and exuberant vivacity excites in you the merriment of the opera buffo. It would be difficult, on reflection, to decide which is the more rational. "Sold out at auction" is frequently no laughing matter. It is suggestive of the *debris* of ruined fortunes, of damaged merchandise, of disrupted households, sheriff's sales, executions, insolvency, and bankruptcy, with an unpleasant flavor of pinchbeck, Peter Funk, and paste jewelry. It has its pathetic side after all, and I am not quite sure but that the Italian is right, and that our merriment, in the premises, is of the Mark Tapley type, whose jollity was at the highest when his affairs were at the worst.

Much has been said with regard to the passion for gaming and the lottery in Italy, and much remains to be said, though this, perhaps, is not the time nor place for saying it.

The *Banco del Lotto* No. — in attractive capitals, with the royal arms over the entrance, and running somewhere up into hundreds' place—the presiding genius, in embroidered skull-cap with pendant tassels, sitting, sphinx-like, upon his tripod behind the counter, and distributing tickets with as much gravity and solemnity as if he were Rhadamanthus dispensing justice to departed spirits—the elegantly dressed *signora* investing the proceeds of her last jewel secretly pawned at the *Monte di Pietà*—the miserable old crone fumbling nervously with her bony fingers in some bottomless pocket for her last *soldo*—the heterogeneous crowd outside—porters, maid-servants, peasant women, newsboys, octogenarian rag-pickers, mothers with children in their arms, and whatever else you please, gazing intently upon the bulletin posted up with the successful numbers at the last drawing—some, whose knowledge of the enumeration table has never taken a wider range than the numbers upon a lottery ticket, carefully noting them down upon their finger nails, or little bits of paper, as if there were any probability, during their natural life-time, that they would ever be successful again—these are the features patent to every one—the surface aspect as viewed by the most casual observer.

This passion pervades all classes, from the obstreperous ragamuffin, who gambles upon the sidewalk with English walnuts at a *centesimo* a game, up to the wealthy *marchese*, who plays boldly for the most splendid prizes in the national lottery, or, having lost every thing at the gaming-table, receives a slender annuity from his wife's dowry, or, with his patent of nobility in his pocket, hawks newspapers along the street, and cries "*Salfanelli!*"—matches—upon

the public square. The priests preach against and practice it. Respectable, intelligent people see its demoralizing tendencies and condemn it, while they patronize it. Political economists pronounce their verdict against it, and yet do not see how they can forego the sixty millions a year it brings into the public treasury.

Benedetta, the cook of our neighbor the countess, with this universal passion for the lottery, is a great dreamer withal. She is the fortunate possessor of a wonderful little book, entitled "*Il Vero Libro dei Sogni*," which professes to be a faithful interpreter of dreams as they relate to the successful numbers in the lottery. Through the courtesy of the countess we have been permitted to see this Sibylline production, from which we are surprised to learn that to dream about a death's-head indicates that number six will be the successful one in the next drawing. An hour-glass indicates a preference for number thirteen, a finger-ring twenty-one, a wood-saw fifty-seven, a broom sixty-three, a peacock seventy-four, an owl seventy-six, a goose eighty-three, and so on through the catalogue. Then follow certain proverbs which seem peculiarly appropriate, though some of them read like a sarcasm: "Give him a finger and he will take the whole hand," or, "The devil's flour goes all to bran."

Eduardo, with a countenance radiant with smiles, has just informed me that he has taken three tickets in the next drawing, adding, with child-like simplicity,

"If it please the Lord to give me the victory, I shall gain five thousand francs."

"I am sorry."

"Perche?"

"Perche! I can not but think it a very demoralizing if not immoral practice."

"Are there no lotteries in America?"

"Why, no! not according to law."

This was said with a slight conscientious twinge, as I thought of our "gift enterprises," or as I tried not to think of raffling, grab-bags, post-offices, fish-ponds, and other little pious devices of religious gambling at our fairs and Church festivals, which, though tolerated by a good many Christian people, on the ground, no doubt, that "the end justifies the means," are at bottom, if the truth must be told, but little better than the lottery, or *rouge-et-noir*.

There is something not unlike it here. You visit one of the churches on its *festa*, or saint's day. Along the crowded thoroughfare, at every available point, bright-eyed little boys, dressed, occasionally, in their first communion suits of black, will erect an unpretending shrine, consisting, it may be, of a vase of flowers, or a

picture of the Virgin, with wooden candlestick and unlighted candles, and then with a deal-box, hat, or plate will solicit a few *centesimi* from the passers-by for the benefit of the patron saint. It is Saint Peter's day. As we are passing one of these numerous shrines, the owner of a pair of black eyes and hands solicits a little something for the Saint in unmusical Genoese, "*Scia mè dagge quar cosa pè San Pè?*"

I give a *palanca*. Then turning an angle of the wall a moment after, I hear the unmistakable "*Grifo!*" "*Croce!*"—heads or tails. They were gambling with the *palanca* I had given to Saint Peter. On my return I charged them with it. One of the rogues, his rich olive complexion slightly tinged with crimson, denied it and tried to prove an *alibi*, but afterward acknowledged that they were only "tossing up" to see who should have the honor of presenting it to Saint Peter.

I have just returned from the *Monte di Pietà*. It is a Mount of Pity that will blind your eyes as you pass through it, and is really worthy of something more than mere mention.

We learn, through the courtesy of the Director, that this institution, which has for its scope the relief of needy persons by means of small loans, secured by pawns, was incorporated by imperial decree in 1809. Its administration is intrusted to a special commission. This is composed of the mayor of the city, who is *ex officio* president, and of twelve members, who serve gratuitously, one-half of whom are elected by the administration, and one-half by the city council. There is a board of directors, comptroller, treasurer, appraisers, office for pawning, office for redemption, auction-room, etc., besides the store-rooms. The funds are provided by the accumulated capital of the *Monte*, by voluntary contributions, and by the Saving's-Bank—*Cassa di Risparmio*—which is associated with it, where you may deposit one franc and receive interest on five francs, and whose total of deposits for 1868 was over three and a half millions of francs. The loans effected on pawns, which are only received after valuation by the appraiser, are from one franc and a half upward—the maximum amount to be determined by the commission according to circumstances. Loans are effected upon gold and silver plate at four-fifths of its estimated value by weight, upon promissory notes, stocks, and bonds at two-thirds of their commercial value—on all other articles at two-thirds of their appraised value. All sums less than twenty francs bear an annual interest of five per cent.; those above this amount, six per cent., besides a tax of two-fifths

of one per cent. for appraisement. The interest is calculated and paid bimonthly, which, since the wages of the lower class are frequently paid in the same way, is not only more convenient for the borrower, but more profitable for the bank. When the time for which the loan has been effected expires, it may either be renewed, or the pawns redeemed, or else the goods are sold at the auction, which takes place three times a week. Any balance over and above the amount of the loan and expenses of sale is refunded to the debtor at any time within the space of five years. Afterward it reverts to the *Monte*. The number of articles pawned for 1868 was over fifty thousand, valued at nearly two millions of francs. I am informed that there is a very visible increase in the number during the Carnival, since an Italian must have a few francs to improve this festive season, at whatever cost or sacrifice. Some years it exceeds a hundred thousand. There lies upon my desk the gold watch of a ballet dancer, just redeemed from the *Monte*, where she had pawned it, some time since, in order to procure funds to go to New York. Having succeeded in securing an engagement, the necessary funds are transmitted with the request to redeem, and forward to the owner's address.

In passing through the several wards your eye will grow filmy in spite of your philosophy, and you will see it all but dimly. Here are family heir-looms, little trinkets of the dear departed, little bundles of rags, labeled, and numbered, and piled up to the very ceiling, as well as jewels and plate of untold value, which have been pawned as a last resort to avoid bankruptcy, beggary, and starvation. Penniless authors, needy artists, briefless lawyers, seedy noblemen, ruined merchants, artisans out of work, unfortunate females whose beauty no longer finds a market, with whatever else there may be of penury and want, are here all represented. A "Mount of Pity" whose base is rags, and whose summit diamonds—is not this Dante's Mount of Purification? With what terrible pother these little bundles, so carefully labeled and arranged upon their appropriate shelves, look up to you from the pavement, or down upon you from the ceiling! What revelations of sorrow and heart-break! How they prattle during the long, weary hours of the night, of blasted hopes, shipwrecked fortunes, and ruined reputations! How they gossip of intrigue and scandal, extravagance and dissipation! There is a bundle which is the only thing that stands between its possessor and starvation. There is another tied up as carefully as if the hopes of a life-time were bound

up with it. If that is struck off under the auctioneer's hammer, there is nothing left to the fair depositor but to sell herself, soul and body, to the devil. There is something inexpressibly touching in all this. It gives you an insight, at a glance, into the misery, beggary, and want of a hundred thousand households. You get a glimpse of the hand-to-hand struggle so fiercely waged by multitudes for breathing-room and bread, and see the bubbling breath of thousands, who finally go down, and are struggling in the depths below.

#### THE ANCIENT L'ISLE DE LA CITE, OR PARIS.

**N**OW that the eyes of a civilized world are intently fixed upon France—now that a victorious army is battering at the walls of its capital, that its magnificent Versailles is possessed by the enemy—it may not be amiss to present a synopsis of the past history of Paris in connection with its present and probable future.

A little more than a hundred miles from the mouth of the River Seine lies a small island, whose cluster of mud huts and Gallic inhabitants attracted the attention, nearly eighteen hundred years ago, of the mighty conqueror, Julius Cæsar, after he had subdued nearly the whole known world. A fierce struggle ensued between the Roman legions and the wild, brave savages, who were hard to bring under the yoke of a foreign power, and whose dogged resistance, subsequently, to well-constituted authority, was typical of its future career. The Romans, becoming its master, gave it the name of Lutetia, to its people Parisii, and made it a fortified town, the Emperor Julian afterward constituting it a city under the name Parisis.

The first palace built in this newly acquired dominion was by this monarch, on the south side of the Seine, where the present Hotel de Cluny now stands, while a fleet of Roman galleys kept guard on the river, with their headquarters at this point. Here was the favorite residence of Julian, who, from 355 to 361, occupied the old palace of Thermes, the ruins of which may still be seen in the gardens of the Hotel de Cluny. For several centuries Paris was a contested arena for belligerent and barbarous forces. In turn sacked and plundered by the ferocious Attila, the demoniac Childeric, the more generous Clovis, who had embraced Christianity under the preaching of St. Denis in these early centuries, Norman and Gaul assailed its rich provinces, until the year 885. After a well-resisted siege of eight months, the

Count of Paris came to the aid of the city, and was made king by the grateful Franks. In 987 the Count's descendant, Hugh Capet, established the brilliant monarchy which was only dissolved by the murder of Louis XVI. Of these earlier dynasties perhaps the reign of Philip Augustus was in every respect the most effective and grand, whether we consider it in relation to the material improvement of the city of Paris, or the moral results of his government. He it was who founded the renowned Cathedral, Notre Dame, who surrounded the city with so gigantic a wall that its erection was considered a miracle in architecture. The Knights Templars also erected strong fortresses on the site of Temple Market, and thus the Isle de la Cite became what was then the most splendid in Europe, however squalid and wretched it may appear in the distance to us of a more refined age. In the thirteenth century it had already become a focus of intellectual light. Abelard and Peter Lombard were centers of scientific culture, while Philip Augustus, St. Louis, and Etienne Marcel—the latter governor during the imprisonment of John II by the English—encouraged literature, enlarged and restored fortifications, and held in check this lawless people, whose brawls for many successive reigns made it unsafe for honest citizens to be abroad after night-fall. During the reign of Charles V the English were driven out of France, and although a gay, frivolous régime, it was also one of improvement. Four-wheeled equipages were first introduced, and a royal residence built, the Hotel de Pol, which, at a later period, was converted into a Bastille.

For many decades of years, however, Paris was the most unhealthy city in the world. We learn many historic facts from the romances of Victor Hugo, that the streets were dark, narrow, and filthy, being rarely over six feet wide; the houses were often five or six stories high, the upper stories projecting over the street, so that persons at opposite windows could converse in whispers; the pavement was of cobble-stone, a gutter, usually choked with filth, being sunk in the middle. The sunlight never shone in the street, and the gloom and the dirt were horrible. The houses were dark, unventilated, damp, and slovenly. The inhabitants were often wretchedly poor, fit occupants for the sinister, filthy quarters. No wonder that 14,000 persons died in 1433, nor that wolves prowled through the streets, while a wise but cruel king, Louis XI, invited malefactors and vagabonds from all parts of the globe to fill up the gap which the scourge had made.

The accession of Francis I to the throne

inaugurated a new era in magnificent, one might also add, in wicked advance. The grim old castle of the Louvre was pulled down, and the present palace commenced. The Hotel de Ville and free colleges were also begun, and new streets opened, while his successor, Henry II, built the Tuileries and founded the splendid imperial library.

The religious wars and cruel massacre of St. Bartholomew, in the reign of Charles IX, 1572, threw a gloom over Paris, and for a period checked its progress, but under the dominion of Henry IV it again became the great center of Europe, his genius having worked miracles for it. He enlarged the Tuileries, established the Place Royale, and built Pont Neuf. Richelieu, under Louis XIII, made the city magnificent, establishing the world renowned French Academy, Jardin des Plantes, and Palais Royal, and Palace of Luxemburg, while the Faubourg of St. Germain was filled with splendid private hotels. Still greater were the advances under Louis XIV. The Hotel des Invalides, the eastern colonnade of Louvre, the Ports St. Martin and St. Denis were built, the Boulevards laid out as promenades, the Champs Elysees were planted, the gardens of Tuileries enlarged, while the Place Vendome, the Opera, the Gobelin tapestry works, were all the conception of the grand monarch's genius. The streets were permanently lighted in this reign, by lanterns hung from posts, omnibuses of a rude pattern were introduced, and the first cafe opened, the last of which has perhaps rendered Paris a more unique city than any other special development in it. In the reign of Louis XV Paris had become the capital of art, science, literature, and politics for all Europe, and the chief resort for persons in pursuit of knowledge or pleasure from all parts of the globe. It was also a center of dissipation, which may have been considered to reach its culmination in the wicked orgies of the Regent Duke of Orleans.

We pause with a sensation of profound compassion at the last fetter in this long, unbroken line of Capet rule—that era of Louis XVI which ought to have opened a new life to his dominions. One can not look back through the centuries to this serious, thoughtful, good monarch, and his lofty, high-spirited, beautiful Austrian bride, without a regret that they were ushered too soon into this world of confusion and woe. France was not prepared for a reign that united the formal, unbending régime of courtly etiquette—a stately covering to a most licentious inner life—with the innocent, joyous, untrammelled domestic rule such as was brought from an almost free Germany by the ill-fated Marié

Antoinette, daughter of its splendid ruler, Maria Theresa.

Jealousy of a foreign power, and the haughty, thoughtless fascination of a self-willed girl, were deemed cause enough to rouse into fury a tempest which must have been brewing for centuries before. It burst forth in that foul, wretched quarter of the metropolis which was shadowed by the very Louvre itself, and never was storm more fierce and relentless. The whole social edifice of France and its destiny was essentially changed. Many of the ancient landmarks were swept away, as well as the ancient customs of the city, and in their place was substituted almost a new Paris with a reign of new ideas. It was very cruel and remorseless in its onward progress, but the effect was perhaps to remove much that was impure and poisonous in the body-politic.

The new era which was established on the ruins of the old was at least of a higher and nobler status, and when Napoleon Bonaparte was chosen first consul the French people did a wiser, more far-seeing act of policy than would have been supposed possible from its former history. The work of municipal change and public ornamentation which was commenced by Napoleon I must always remain monuments of his æsthetic genius and symmetry of execution, whatever may have been his reckless disregard of any natural impediments that checked his personal ambition. The embellishments and improvements so lavishly commenced by Napoleon were further prosecuted by his successor, Louis Philippe, who completed the time-worn Hotel de Ville, the Arc de Triomphe de L'Etoile, the Louvre, Notre Dame, and the Palais de Justice. It required a calm defiance of peril in Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to assume the imperial purple, after the fatal revolution of 1848, that fierce mob with its crimson-stained banner of Liberte, Egalite, and Fraternite, and the still sadder memory of St. Helena.

A Parisian by birth, royally reared amid the splendors of the Tuileries, exiled therefrom with his mother Hortense, once also a reigning queen, and for years, in turn, a captive, a fugitive, a wanderer, with the detested name of Bonaparte, that was equivalent to the mark of Cain throughout the nations of Europe, none could realize more perfectly than himself how unstable is the seat of kings on thrones.

On the 2d of December, 1852, Louis Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor by the universal suffrage of the people. His reign of twenty years must be considered one of the most brilliant eras in French history. It has no doubt included much that was vain and frivolous—

much that savored, like that of his uncle, of mere personal ambition—a strange medley of religious fervor and worldly vanity on the side of the Empress, and a cool, phlegmatic, systematic policy on the other. Yet all must admit that Napoleon III has made Paris a magnificent city—the most superb, indeed, of any capital in Europe.

Its models of architectural grace and beauty, as the union of the Louvre with the Tuileries, the conversion of crooked, dark, dingy streets, buildings damp and unwholesome, into light, beautiful promenades, are the result of his persevering energy. "Broad, finely built avenues have been cut through the densest, foulest part of the old city, letting in air and sunlight, and the dingy rookeries of old Paris have given way to long lines of modern buildings. In the old city proper—the city of Philip Augustus—these changes have been especially marked. Numerous gardens, squares, fountains, and public buildings, besides innumerable edifices erected by private capital, have taken the place of former haunts of vice, suffering, and disease." New bridges and quays constructed and old ones repaired, with new and beautiful avenues, are among the most important works of the now exiled Emperor. It is said by those who gather statistics, that the sanitary condition of Paris, from the year 1846 to 1863, has been almost miraculous, so that light, cleanliness, and fresh air may be considered priceless gifts, which Louis Napoleon has bestowed on his birthplace. St. Antoine has been stripped of its terror, as the new streets are too broad for barricades, and the old cobble-stones have given way to pavements of asphaltum and macadamized roads. The people no doubt have grumbled largely and been sorely taxed for this gigantic result; but the policy has certainly been as wise as it has been liberal, and, unless mutilated by the present fearful conflict, the beauty and utility of these adornments must be lasting remembrancers of Napoleon's reign. The places of historic interest, throughout the city of Paris and its environs, are almost without compute, but to these we can make no reference in this article. What may be the reveries of the Emperor in his stately home of Wilhelms-höhe no human being may know, nor what the sentiments that now fill the heart of the Empress in the comparative obscurity of her present life. Having reached the goal which her ambitious and fastidious taste so ardently coveted—that exalted rank which made her the cynosure of an admiring world for nearly two decades—does Eugenie recall with a sad regret or quiet pleasure the stately saloons, the splen-

did pictures, the magnificent palaces, of which she was once mistress? Does she still pine after the imperial domain of St. Cloud—which was her especial favorite—with its vast woods, and the sweet, green lawns that interspersed them, where are united so much repose and grandeur? Will she ever again exult in a stately regency for her son, or wander as queen through the gloomy pile of the Tuileries, or dream away life amid the picturesque beauty of Malmaison and the Trianons? These are questions which none can answer—least of all the one most interested. It is poor consolation that she can still adorn herself with the sparkling baubles which remain to her as wrecks of a once brilliant, noble destiny; but methinks her bright, happy, joyous reign as Empress, albeit over forever, has much to enlighten its retrospect.

Like her predecessor, Josephine, she was rarely endowed with that nobility which Heaven alone can bestow, and they will both be recalled, even by gay, witty, volatile Paris, as the most lovely sovereigns of France. Possessed of great beauty of person and exquisite grace of manner, they were both kind, generous, and pure, and must be considered the most renowned jewels in the diadem of France.

It is not the dread of governmental change, nor the destruction of a venerable monarchy, that excites so painful an interest in the mind of a civilized world, as the lightning flashes of telegraph tell of the probable bombardment of Paris; not only because it is the shrine of wealth, culture, and fashion, but because the French horizon is filled with intellectual stars, and with the most solemn relics of antiquity. We are perhaps more indebted to Paris than to any other city on the globe for the interpretation and vitalization of science by those illustrious savants who have glorified the French capital. Who, then, can contemplate without emotion the misery and devastation which a bombardment would bring upon a peaceful, happy land—a city with its population of a million and a half, with so immense number of libraries, rich repositories of art and science, the fruits of centuries of culture? May the strange paralysis that seems for months to have laid its withering touch on the French nation be speedily removed, and give place to a rational, effective marshaling of the latent forces within it to save the capital, lest it be indeed a doomed city!

ORDER is the co-ordination of means to the end, of parts to the whole, of work to the model, of reward to merit.



## SILENT CITIES.

EARTHLY glories quickly vanish, like a shadow speed away;  
 Noblest works of man erected bear the impress of decay;  
 "Ichabod" is written on them—change they one and all have known;  
 Time, the all-destroying angel, hath their power overthrown.

Where is now that Queen of nations, mighty Babylon the Great,  
 In the valley of the willows, sitting thronged in royal state?  
 Lo! the diadem no longer rests upon her haughty brow;  
 Torn her robes of kingly purple, broken is her scepter now!

Nineveh, that goodly city, now is desolate and lone—  
 As the prophet saw in vision, none is left her to bemoan;  
 Like to Admah and Zeboim, every trace is swept away  
 Of the gorgeous council chambers where Assyria's kings held sway.

And in Tyre, the "mart of nations," now is heard the bitter's cry;  
 Broken are her stately columns; in the dust her towers lie;  
 In her banquet-halls deserted reigns the silence of the dead;  
 On her walls and pillars broken, lo! the fisher's net is spread!

Lo! on Thebes, proud Egypt's glory, Time has laid his ruthless hand,  
 Temples, columns, sculptured marble, strew the desert's hoary sand,  
 Through her "hundred gates" no longer do her battle-chariots pour;  
 Gone her glory, pomp, and splendor, to return again no more!

Idumæa's far-famed city, hewn from out the solid rock,  
 Bade defiance to the tempest, and the earthquake's mighty shock,  
 But its streets are now deserted, gloomy silence reigneth there,  
 Where the sullen owlet broodeth, and the wild beasts make their lair.

"Flocks are feeding in the Forum;" towns lie buried in the deep:  
 'Neath Italia's sunny vineyards, cities long forgotten sleep;  
 Touched by Time's "effacing fingers," lo! their glory passed away—  
 All that mortal hands have builded bear the impress of decay.

Earth has no "continuing city," no abiding-place secure,  
 But a "mansion" is prepared us, whose foundation standeth sure;  
 In the land beyond Death's river rise its walls as crystal clear—  
 They alone are ever-during; of decay they know no fear!

## "UNTO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH."

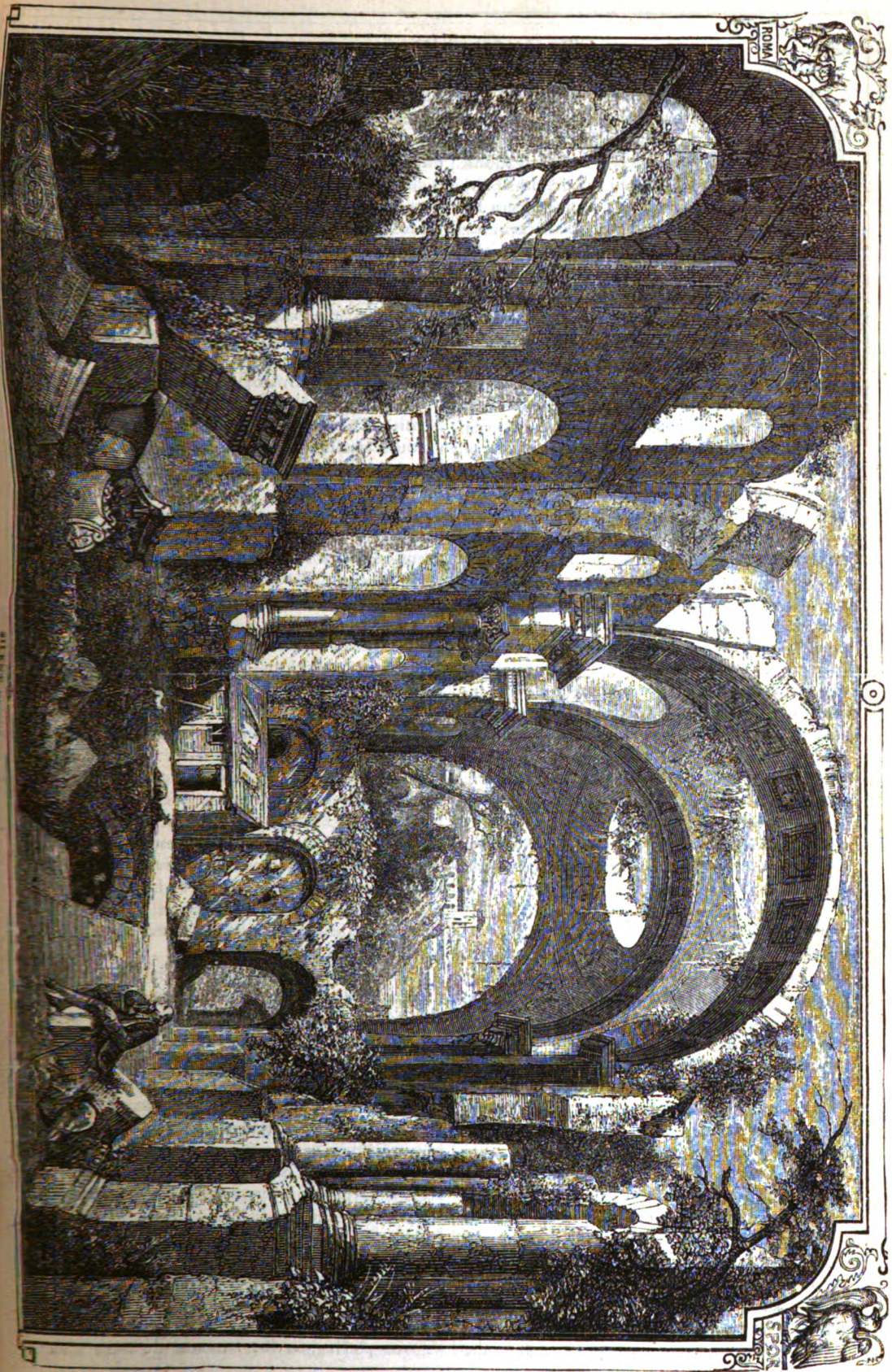
"UNTO him that overcometh," what a radiant flash is cast  
 Athwart the field of conflict by this thought of rest at last!  
 Yes, when battle-work is ended, there's a glorious rest in store  
 Where Christ's weary, waiting people shall be tired and faint no more.

And the followers of Jesus, keeping now the end in sight,  
 Looking forward to its triumphs, stand up bravely in the fight,  
 For they know their King is with them, that above his banner waves,  
 That "he knoweth them that trust in him," and whom he knows he saves.

How consoling is his presence! yes, for sometimes though they fall,  
 Still their Royal Leader pities, still he pardons, counsels all;  
 Then the world may smile derision, or may thoughtlessly disdain,  
 Yet his people still press onward, the unending rest to gain.

That thought of rest, how precious, only weary ones know well;  
 How great the love that gives it, human tongue would fail to tell;  
 It is Christ who longs to have them more than conquerors o'er sin,  
 So he helps them in the conflict till the crown of life they win.

Others may perchance reach heaven, for the door of love stands wide,  
 And celestial portals open unto all, since Jesus died,  
 But for "him that overcometh," there are rich rewards reserved,  
 So bright, so pure, so glorious, yes! so free, so undeserved!



W. H. STUBBS DEL.

## THE WOMEN OF THE SAHARA.

THOSE adventurous scientific explorers who, undismayed by dangers and privations, have penetrated far into the depths of the African wilds, bring us many strange tales of the fabled cities of the Soodan, the different native tribes and their perpetual feuds, of elephants and antelopes, of the Sultan of Waday and the King of Dahomey; but they are singularly silent about the domestic life of the people in the interior of this mysterious region of the world, and he who reads such works as the six or seven volumes of Dr. Barth, must inevitably arrive at the conclusion that all their women are homely, black as night, and occupy a position somewhat analogous to that of our domestic animals. Barth indites voluminous reports of discoveries, with circumstantial details, in which he gives the degrees of Fahrenheit, and the geographical latitude and longitude, but the learned traveler has very little, almost nothing, to say in reference to the social relations of the races with whom he comes into such close and familiar contact. Andersson, the Swede, talks forever of his encounters with lions and elephants; and even Dr. Livingstone, the heroic missionary, rarely alludes to this interesting topic, and only chronicles some unimportant and vague generalities. And yet woman's life in the Great Desert, among the most chivalrous of all warlike tribes, should be one of the most grateful and attractive themes which can engage the attention of the sojourner in the Sahara, where his time is divided between the noise and tumult of the caravan and the peaceful solitude of the oasis.

The first glimpse of an oasis in the Desert of Sahara resembles a page in the Bible, and those who are only superficially acquainted with the Good Book will have additional reason to regret their ignorance when they make such a journey. The Scriptures paint the customs and manners of the East just as they were centuries ago, and as they still are at the present day. There Rachel still meets us at the well. There this or that hero of the people bodily appears before our eyes. There, when lounging under the palm-trees, while the camels ruminates in the shade of the tamarind, and the Bedouins with their long, white haiks pass gravely by, or the women in their snowy robes recline on the banks of the rose-shaded rivulet—there it will seem to the traveler that he is still a boy, studying at his mother's knee the Bible verses which he had been ordered to commit to memory, but which never took root in his rebellious head.

Our women no doubt imagine that life in the

Sahara—that immense sea of sand—must be extremely monotonous, for we generally misconceive the women of the East and their domestic relations. What, indeed, will they ask, is an existence without operas, balls, theaters, concerts, equipages, promenades, shopping, and those other social diversions with which they employ part of their time? Of these pleasures the women of the East certainly know nothing, but they have others which compensate them amply for the loss. The nomadic tribes differ essentially from the settled or agricultural, and there is no analogy between the life of the roving Arab of the Berber and Tuerek tribes and that of the Arabs who dwell in the North. The home of the nomad is in the oasis, or the watering-places, scattered over the endless desert at greater or less distances from one another. In a palm grove, where a clear, cool spring gushes through the sand, a detachment of some of the Great Desert tribes sets up its tents, either for a long or a short time. There the men sow and reap, stay or move away, as the humor takes them, to some other oasis. The tents constitute a village, which is usually located under the shade of the date-tree, or the cactus palm, and closely adjoins the spring. As with us, where the poor dwell in huts and the rich in mansions, so there also marked distinctions prevail between the different habitations. The tent of the noble, or sheik, is made of buffalo or elephant skins, and proclaims even on its outside the owner's superior wealth and station. Its interior is furnished with costly cushions of silk; richly ornamented arms are suspended from the walls; the sheik walks on the softest carpets and is waited on by his slaves, while the poor squat on miserable mats, quite satisfied if their tents will only afford them protection against wind and weather.

The tent of the noble is his palace. In accordance with the uniform practice of all Mohammedan tribes, it is divided into two equal parts—a male and a female copartment. The entrance invariably faces the east. On the one side, in the male copartment, the Bedouin, surrounded by his friends and servants, reposes after his hunt and warlike pastimes, or on his return from some foraging or freebooting expeditions. Gigantic swords, shields, lances, etc., are displayed on every side—the insignia at once of his occupation and rank. A trained falcon usually perches on a bar inside of the entrance, which is guarded by a leash of noble grayhounds of majestic size and fierce aspect. In the adjoining copartment, the female, his wives and daughters recline on soft pillows, a negress playing on the bandere at their feet.

On the costly carpet in the center stands a silver dish filled with coal, whence uprises a faint column of smoke which scents the air with a delicious fragrance; a tame, pet antelope, or a milk-white hound, amuses the women with its graceful leaps and caresses, and sometimes one of the domesticated young ostriches is added to the family circle. The wrists and ankles of the women are clasped with those heavy gold bracelets of which the Bible makes such frequent mention, and their raven hair is either rolled up in massive braids, interwoven with pearls, or suffered to fall unimpeded on the shoulders. Large swimming, dark eyes flash forth from their almond-shaped cavities, two rows of dazzling white teeth gleam between the rosy lips, and the lovely faces are turned attentively toward the black slave, who relates some mystic tale of the land of her birth, which lies far beyond the great mountain range in the country of the Moors.

From the twentieth to the twenty-fifth year of their age, the women of the Sahara are almost without exception beautiful, often surpassingly lovely; after that they rapidly fade, for their early ripened charms can not resist the influences of the climate; and the age of discretion is, therefore, with them also the age of homeliness. To a certain extent fashion disfigures them likewise, although this fashion happens to be over a thousand years old. It consists in painting the eyelids with the black cohob, and in coloring the gums with luek, the root of the nut-tree. Another fashion, which strikes the stranger who has the rare privilege of seeing one of these beauties accorded to him, is the suspension of a bunch of ornaments, resembling bell-ropes, from the crown of the head, whence they dangle down in front so as to obstruct in a measure a view of the face. A European tourist of distinction, having, upon a certain occasion, been presented to the daughter of a chief, was very much amused to find that the pendants which obscured the lovely countenance before him were, for the greater part, composed of spices, cloves, etc. He could, indeed, hardly refrain from laughing out loud at this singular *épicerie*, which disfigured features really charming. Her equally youthful female attendant, a negro slave of ebony hue, with regular features and handsome profile, had two deep scars on each side of her face. These unfortunate blacks, so happy and independent in the interior, where they stamp the maize in idle contentment, are never safe from the incursions of the neighboring Suldans. Whenever a caravan arrives at their capitals for the purpose of exchanging *bürnooses* or salt for slaves, they

immediately improvise hunts against the adjoining negro States, and catch all they can lay hands on, separating children from parents, husbands from wives. The females, when they fall to the share of kind mistresses, strive to imitate their style of dress in every particular, and one sees, therefore, the faces of these black beauties adorned with all sorts of brass rings and pendants, reminding us strongly of muzzled dogs.

It often happens that the women accompany the men in their expeditions, especially when a "Diffa," or feast, is in question, or when a neighboring tribe is to be ceremoniously visited. Some of the most docile and reliable camels are then saddled with a kind of sedan-chair, constructed out of the pepper reed or bamboo cane, and covered with light white stuff, which both shelters and conceals the women during the journey. In these "Attatisches" they traverse long distances, themselves invisible, but able to see every thing, and, if so disposed, to flirt with the escorting horsemen, in whom caprice or love may prompt them to take an interest at the time.

To believe, therefore, that the women of the Sahara lead a sad, monotonous life in the lonely oases which dot the great sand sea, is a mistake. Vanity, love of finery, pleasure, and a craving for amusement, are as well known to them as to their Western sisters. The active life of the men, who pass most of their time in hunting and warlike pursuits, leaves the other sex at full liberty to spend their own in a way most congenial to their tastes and inclinations.

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## FROM ALSACE TO THE HARTZ.

### IV.

#### THE HARTZ.

**L**EAVING the railway at Thale, we enter at once a singular tract of elevated ground, rising suddenly out of the great plains of Northern Europe, and attaining at one point a height of nearly 4,000 feet, occupying in all an area of more than 1,000 square miles. This range—rather hill than mountain in point of elevation, but geographically and geologically mountainous—is the Hartz. It extends for sixty miles from west south-west to east south-east, with a breadth of twenty miles; and, though not rising above the snow-line in that part of Europe, is rarely without snow in sheltered places near the summit. It is crossed in several directions by roads, and is easily accessible, being approached by rail on two sides. It is important as being one of the great mining

centers of Germany, and the seat of a mining school; but the mining is carried on rather with steadiness than vigor. Few parts of Northern Europe are more interesting in their way, but the tourist must not expect the scenery of the Alps or Pyrenees. The most picturesque scenery is on the eastern side, but the chief mineral wealth is in the western part.

Entering the Hartz from the east, the first object of interest is the celebrated Teufels Maur. This name must not surprise or alarm the traveler, for the whole district is sacred to the ideal, and abounds with references to early German history, both real and mythical. Spirits of the air and earth, witches, and heroes are strangely mixed up in all the names and legends. Thus the Teufels Maur, or "Devil's Wall," when looked at by the eye of modern realism, is nothing more than a natural rib of hard sandstone, outside the central mass of granite rock that forms the nucleus of the district. We soon reach the granite, however, from Thale, as a walk of an hour brings us to the Ross-trappe—a magnificent entrance to the characteristic scenery of the mountain range. The spot bearing the name is on one side of a defile, very gloomy and romantic, through which the River Bode flows, between cliffs of broken granite, round the southern side of the central elevation.

The story connected with the place is, that a certain princess, mounted on a horse of more than mortal strength, was pursued by one of the giants of the early German mythology, while riding on the opposite cliff, and leaping across the gorge to avoid persecution, was safely and miraculously landed on a platform of rock some five feet square. The spot where the horse's foot first touched the rock was naturally enough marked with a deep dint that still remains, and can, by a vigorous imagination, be likened to a horse's hoof. This mark is the Ross-trappe. The mass of granite that forms the cliff is precipitous and isolated on three sides, and projects over the valley. The depth to the water below is more than 500 feet; and as there are some noble trees in the sheltered parts of the ravine, and numerous isolated granite needles about, the general effect is exceedingly fine.

The mass opposite the Ross-trappe is called the Witches' Ball-room—Hexen-Tanzplatz—and is nearly 1,600 feet above the sea. The whole aspect of this part of the Hartz is not only highly picturesque, but very instructive to the student of Nature, inasmuch as it forms the abrupt commencement of the mountain mass which, further to the west, swells out into the much more lofty but rounded and less picturesque mountain of the Brocken.

The course of the Bode is continued for some distance between lofty granite walls, and there is a path along one side. At a point a little higher up the river forms a pot-hole or whirlpool, called the Bode-kessel, and here the action of the water has worn and smoothed the rock in a singular way.

The village of Rübeland may be reached without difficulty from Thale, and near it are some curious bone-caverns in the limestone cliffs that there inclose the Bode. One of these—Baumannshöhle—is very celebrated for its contents, having yielded almost perfect skeletons of the great cavern bear—an animal as large and fierce as the grizzly bear of North America—that once inhabited this part of Europe. There are other caverns more interesting to the general traveler, as being rich in stalactites, assuming all the grotesque forms that are so often seen in limestone caverns. Although interesting, there is nothing in any of these caverns that will particularly strike the general tourist already familiar with caverns. There is a little inn at Rübeland, which is a cheerful village near a large oak forest. It is better, however, to push on to Wernigerode, a distance of fourteen miles, through an elevated and wild district with a number of detached rocks, which, in almost any other country, would be altogether unnoticed, but which, in this part of Germany, are all named with reference to local superstitions of a very startling kind. Many of them are alluded to in Goethe's "Faust," as it was along this road that Mephistopheles is represented to have conducted his victim to the top of the Brocken by night.

Wernigerode is a charming old town, full of picturesque houses, timber-built, and exhibiting all kinds of strange angles and quaint gables. The town-hall is among the most curious of the buildings. From this place there is a carriageable road to the top of the Brocken, where there is a hotel—the Brocken-haus—with comfortable accommodation, at rates fixed by a government tariff, open all the year round. The road lies through forest, as the whole of the district is wooded, but near the top the trees are poor and stunted. The rock throughout is granite, and the scenery is wild, and not wanting in some features of grandeur; but the air is seldom clear, and the view from the top, though fine, is so rarely visible through the mist as to render the chance of seeing it exceedingly small to those who go to the top with that purpose.

● The Brocken is a rounded hill with little picturesque effect, and though there are detached and fragmentary masses of granite lying near the summit, they are not such as to affect the



THE BROCKEN.

general appearance from a distance. It is, to all Germans, however, a place of extraordinary interest; for not only is it crowded with historical reminiscences, but poets and writers have from time immemorial clothed it with terrors and horrors of a supernatural kind; and

these the names of the fragments of rock serve to perpetuate. The "Witches' Altar," the "Devil's Pulpit," and such like, are the simplest; many are untranslatable—many ridiculous. On the last night of April—dedicated in Germany to a saint called Walpurgis, who is supposed to

have converted the ancestral Saxons to Christianity—the witches here hold high holiday. On this bleak summit are supposed to be collected, on the evening in question, all the wizards and witches throughout the world, to pay homage to the infernal majesty of Satan, who feasts them royally on such spiritual and temporal food as they are presumed to delight in and digest. Spirits of the earth, who haunt the mines; spirits of the water, who drown incautious swimmers; spirits dwelling in heedless huntsmen; and other spirits of whatever kind—unpleasant to look on, and in all respects undesirable acquaintances—may on that occasion be recognized and even talked to by the bold mortal who will venture himself in such company. It is not, however, recorded that these spirits have as yet disturbed the domestic arrangements of mine host of the Brocken-haus, so that it may be presumed that the presence of civilization on the mountain has frightened away these strange visitors, and either transferred this annual gathering to some place less haunted by man, or prevented it altogether. One might suppose that the witches had left the world in disgust, were it not that they turn up occasionally with their mischievous propensities, if not their power to do positive harm, in some of our great cities.

It is well known that visitors to the Brocken have occasionally been rewarded with a vision of their own shadows cast in gigantic proportions on the rolling mists ascending from the deep valleys on the western side of the mountain. These shadows long assisted in keeping up the mystery that surrounded every thing connected with the Brocken; but like the rest of the spirits, the Spirit of the Brocken has been rudely dislodged from his throne. The spirit is a shadow magnified by being thrown at a distance on a wall of vapor, on the side opposite the sun at its rising, when the mountain-top has been clear. The size alters with the distance of the clouds, increasing as they recede.

The region of the Hartz is subject at times to electric storms of extreme violence. The traveler, if not in actual danger, which may easily be the case, will not fail to appreciate the extraordinary grandeur of such storms in a district where there is so little of human work, and where Nature reigns paramount. On the Brocken itself a great storm could hardly fail to call up all that may exist of imagination and fancy in the least excitable and least demonstrative person, and suggest to his memory all he has read of these dread haunts of evil spirits. Few would be unmoved at such a moment.

On descending from the Brocken the traveler

should walk through the forest, following the course of the Ilse to the little village of Ilsenburg, nearly 900 feet above the sea, and 2,800 feet below the summit. The scenery is very wild, and the distance only about six miles. Near the village is a projecting precipice of bare rock, whose summit is easily reached by good paths, and from which there is a very fine prospect over wild and grand scenery.

Beyond Ilsenburg we enter the western region of the Hartz, and approach the mining district. The distance to Goslar is about fourteen miles, the road running past Hartzburg, where there is a brine-spring, and past the mouth of the valley of the Oker, one of the prettiest in the Hartz. Hartzburg is a small place, but Goslar was one of the Free Cities of Germany, and the seat of the Imperial Diet in the tenth century. The houses and public buildings, especially the town-hall, retain an air of quiet mediæval quaintness that is exceedingly interesting. The museum also—the porch of the ancient cathedral of the twelfth century—is an interesting object, and contains some curiosities. The great hall of the imperial residence, long used as a granary, and two of the churches, are singularly valuable specimens of Romanesque architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Another church, the Neuwerk, a century later, shows a transition to the Pointed style.

Immediately outside the town are the mines of the Rammelsberge, which have yielded a singular variety of minerals. Not only does the district yield ores of silver, lead, copper, zinc, arsenic, iron, and manganese, but porphyry, slate, marble, and alabaster are obtained in some abundance. These mines and works are easily visited, and may be explored without the necessity of mounting and descending ladders. They have been in exploration for some eight centuries, and the mountain is tunneled in every direction. Even gold has been obtained from them in some quantity. In these mines the ore is extracted by a very unusual process. Instead of using gunpowder for blasting, the face of the lode, or part of the rock containing the ores, is covered with piles of wood, which are set on fire and allowed to burn for about forty-eight hours, during which time the mine is closed. The result is that the rock is so much split and fractured by the heat as to render it possible to remove large quantities of ore to the depth of several feet with the pick, and at a very small cost.

The slate quarries near Goslar are on a very large scale, and the rock has been very deeply excavated. The other stony minerals are obtained in a smaller quantity.

From Goslar, through the very romantic Valley of the Oker, there is a road to Clausthal, the mining metropolis of the district. The post-road is about sixty-three miles, and is far less interesting. Clausthal is situated on the top and slopes of a bleak hill, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, and, with the adjoining town of Zellerfeld, has a population consisting almost entirely of miners and others connected with the large mining and smelting works carried on in the neighborhood. The houses in both towns are chiefly built of wood, and have often been destroyed by fire. There are few places more interesting to those whose pursuits or tastes lead them to study mines and minerals; but to others, it must be confessed, there is not much to invite a long stay. The whole aspect and language of the place refers to mining, and the population, of some 13,000 persons, seem to be totally detached from all other industries and pursuits. The public buildings are the School of Mines and the Mint, both Government establishments. The former contains a tolerably good series of models, illustrative of the methods of working and the machinery and processes of smelting, besides a very good collection of minerals from the neighborhood. In the Mint the precious metals obtained in the district are coined and put in circulation, the dollars being paid to the miners as wages.

Visitors are generally expected to visit the mines, and for this purpose they may obtain permission without difficulty from the *Berg-hauptmann*. The mines generally visited are about half an hour's walk from the town, and, as they are both deep and dirty, it is desirable that the stranger should be provided with a proper dress for the occasion. This is, however, provided at the entrance of the mine; and having put on an extra jacket and trousers, with a stiff hat and a leather apron, which is worn behind and not in front, and without which the German miner would think himself quite unfit to undertake his work underground, the visitor is sufficiently transformed to undertake a visit. The entrance is by ladders, descending in some cases to very great depths. The work of descent is not very difficult, nor dangerous, but somewhat fatiguing to those unaccustomed to this kind of exercise. With a lamp, to be held in the hand, and preceded by a guide, the victim is taken down into the bowels of the earth, where he sees at intervals a few miners working with pick and gad, and a certain quantity of heavy, clumsy-looking, noisy machinery. After a due interval he is brought again to the surface, and is supposed to have obtained an insight into the nature of mining.

Few of those who are not professionally engaged can obtain even the shadow of an idea by a visit of this kind. Mining is a process that can least of any be understood by an isolated visit, and the traveler who goes down with an impression that he will see the precious metals and beautiful crystals lying before him in a tempting manner, ready to be removed by a touch of the hammer, can hardly be made to believe that the dirty, close, miserable hole, in which he can with difficulty stand—the narrow tunnels, through which he can hardly squeeze—the dangerous holes, through which he scarcely dares thrust himself, but in none of which does he see any thing but dirty rock, without an appearance of metal—is really a true example of the interior of a valuable mine, on which thousands of pounds have been spent, and from which tens of thousands have been realized. Such, however, is the case. The great and costly works, the miles of tunneling through rock hard as adamant, to enable water to escape at a level a few fathoms lower than the surface of the ground—the vast depths of vertical sinking to reach the mineral—the enormous pumping apparatus to lift the water to the canals by which it runs off—the extensive system of timbering, to keep asunder the walls of rock from which the vein has been extracted—all these can not be seen, and are difficult to understand. Few things are less satisfactory or less instructive, and few more disagreeable to all parties, than the visits of amateurs to mines.

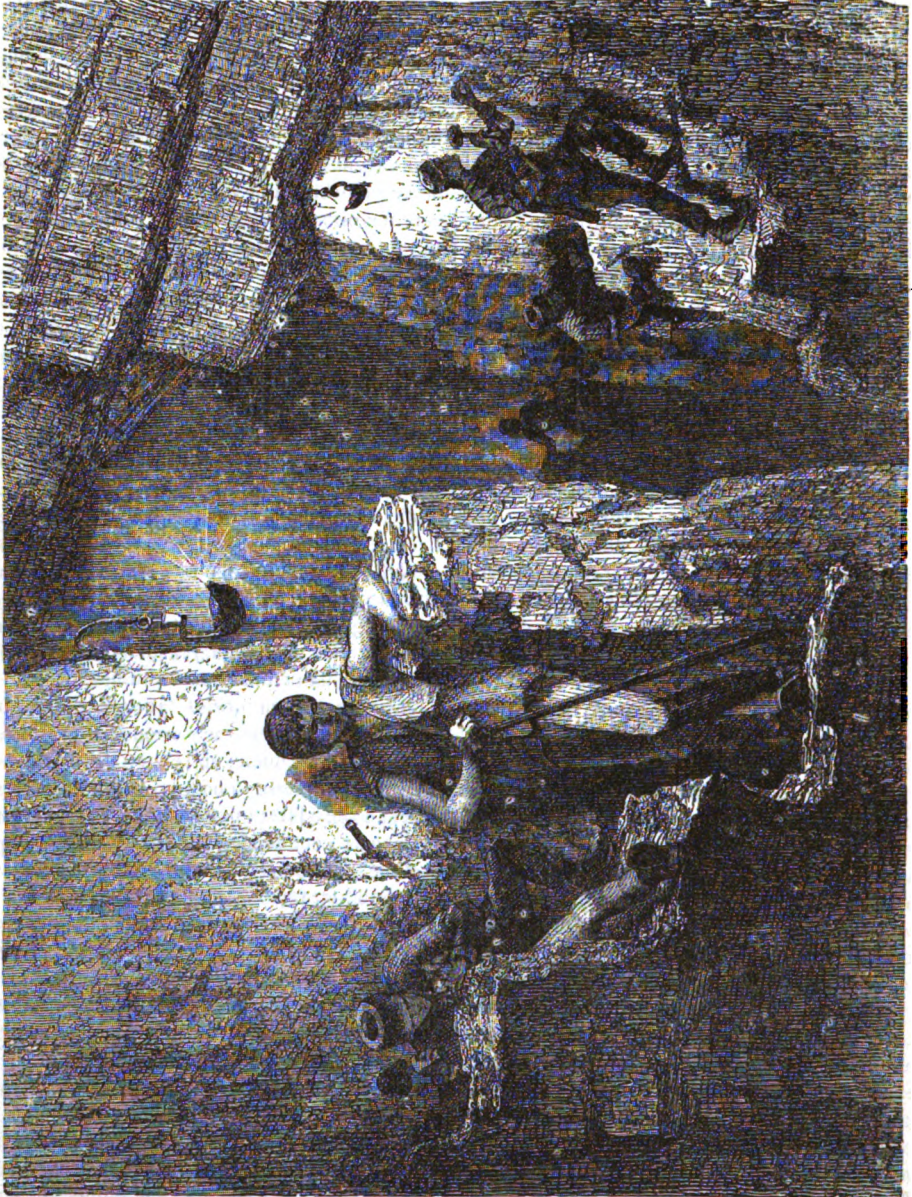
A very large quantity of the machinery, both for pumping and for the various operations on the surface, by which the rough ore is rendered fit for the smelting-house, is worked by water-power in the Hartz mines; and the utmost care is taken to economize the natural water supply for the purpose of obtaining this power. All the small streams of the neighborhood are impounded, and the water conducted in leats or conduits, kept in a state of perfect repair. There are said to be nearly two hundred water-wheels in the vicinity of Clausthal, and upward of one hundred and twenty miles of artificial channel to convey the water to them.

Visitors to Clausthal are generally taken to the silver smelting establishment, about two miles west of the town. To those who have not visited Swansea, or some other great smelting district, the desolation immediately round this spot, caused by the sulphurous fumes of lead and arsenic, will appear very striking. No vegetation of any kind can exist within a considerable distance. The establishment is well mounted, and of some interest to the metallurgist.



From Clausthal there is a cross-road through the southern part of the Hartz to Andreasberg, the other principal mining center, situated some distance south of the Brocken. Here also there are extensive and important mines, that have long been in work, and produce a considerable

supply of several metals. The traveler who is neither miner nor geologist will gain little information by a personal inspection of any of these mines, but a general glance at the exterior and the results will convince him of their value as a means of employing a large class, both of miners



MINES OF THE HARTZ.

and superior officers of all kinds. This seems to be the chief object of the paternal Government, under whose regulation the work is carried on.

The visit to the Hartz ends with Andreasberg. From this place there is a way over hilly

roads, clothed with wood, and not unpicturesque, to the town of Osterode, where a totally different industry prevails; and the distance is not very great to the station of Nordheim, near which are extensive deposits of gypsum, much worked. From Nordheim there is a distance

of about twelve miles northward by rail to the main line, connecting Berlin with Cologne, and the same southward to Göttingen, whence there is ready communication with Cassel and Frankfurt. A railway is in construction which will render Andreasberg more accessible than it is at present, and will open out the resources of the Hartz.

## FLORAL ASSOCIATIONS.

### II.

I AM confident that the readers of the Repository will not refuse to accompany me a little further in my walks through garden and greenhouse, nor to listen a little longer to my talk about the varied and interesting facts associated with flowers. I know that most ladies love flowers, and that their hearts respond to the sentiment of the poet who said to them,

"Ye are the Scriptures of the earth,  
Sweet flowers, fair and frail;  
A sermon speaks in every bud  
That woos the Summer gale.  
Ye lift your heads at early morn  
To greet the sunny ray,  
And cast your fragrance forth to praise  
The Lord of night and day."

### THE HYACINTH.

Standing below my fuchsias are a few hyacinths—shade-loving hyacinths, as Elliott calls them. Their pyramids of white, blue, and red bells, pouring their rich odors into the fragrant air, delight the senses, while they bring before the mind one of the legends of the Greek poets. Hyacinthus, as the ancient myth informs us, was a young man of rare beauty, greatly beloved by Apollo and Zephyrus. Hyacinthus reciprocated the love of Apollo. Zephyrus was jealous, and one day as Apollo was playing at quoits with his young friend the vindictive Zephyrus drove the flying quoit of his brother deity against the skull of Hyacinthus. The youth fell dead, and Apollo transformed the last drops of his blood into this flower, that he might "bathe in morning dews and live in the pure air of heaven." The legend adds that its leaves were marked with the Greek letter Upsilon, but, if so, time must have obliterated it, for it is not found upon them now. Some botanists think that the hyacinth of the Greek legend was the *marjagon*, or Turk's-cap lily, which bears a mark upon its petals not unlike the letter Upsilon.

Again, the hyacinth reminds us of the Orient, because the East is the land of its birth. It abounds in the neighborhood of the city of the Caliphs—Bagdad—and of Aleppo. It is

very abundant in Palestine, especially in that part of the valley of the Jordan lying between the Dead Sea and the Lake of Gennesaret.

This graceful princess of the garden is also closely associated with Holland, where it has been much cultivated for the last three hundred years. During the *florimania* which obtained in Holland in the beginning of the seventeenth century the Haarlem florists boasted of having over two thousand varieties of this lovely flower in their gardens; and, incredible as it seems, the sum of one thousand dollars was paid for a single bulb, a folly never equaled, perhaps, except when one of the same people offered the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, and another actually exchanged a brewery valued at six thousand dollars, for a single *tulip* bulb!

The hyacinth reminds us, too, of the city of the Sultan—Constantinople—where, a few years ago, the luxurious monarch of the Turk had an apartment in his palace called the Chamber of the Garden of Hyacinths. Dr. E. D. Clarke obtained admission into this singular garden. It was small, and arranged in oblong beds, which were filled with these beautiful plants, waving their thousand bells. But the effect was monotonous and dreary. The delicious odors borne upon the wings of the soft, warm air were overpowering, while the eye, wearied with the spectacle of so much beauty, vainly sought relief in objects wearing other forms and different combinations of colors.

### THE ANEMONE.

Turning from the "hyacinth with sapphire bell," we pause a moment before

"The coy anemone, that ne'er uncloses  
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind."

This lovely little flower also reminds us of the imaginative Greeks, who tell us that it was originally a nymph beloved by Zephyrus, and transformed into its present form by the jealous Flora. May not this legend owe its existence to the fact that the anemone, coming early in the Spring, is vainly wooed by the rude north wind? Finding his attentions unwelcome to the frail beauty, which is already betrothed to Spring, the love of Boreas, soured by jealousy, turns to hatred, and with fierce blasts of anger he spoils it where it lies blooming,

"Under the shade of the melancholy boughs."

This coy little flower also reminds us of Oriental lands, where it had its birth. The fields of the Levant are gay with the scarlet, purple, and lilac tints of the anemone in early Spring, and it is found widely distributed over the plains of Syria and Asia Minor. The Persians

esteem it highly. D'Herbelot mentions a collection of essays, by a Persian writer, called "The Garden of Anemones."

It is also associated with the superstitions of our English forefathers. They believed that it possessed magical properties, and recommended every person to gather in Spring the earliest anemone he saw, and keep it as a charm against pestilence. For this purpose it was carefully wrapped in scarlet silk, and carried as an amulet or charm about the person. Happily for us, we live in an age too enlightened to be bound in the chains of such a puerile superstition.

#### TRADESCANTIA.

Yonder plant, drooping frequently from a hanging basket, is the *Tradescantia Zebrina*, vulgarly known as *spiderwort*. It owes its latter name to the fact that the juice of one species is viscid, and spins into thread resembling that of the spider. Its botanical name, however, is associated with a celebrated florist, John Tradescant, gardener to that ill-judging and unfortunate monarch, Charles the First. Tradescant was a Dutchman, and was called Tradeskin by his contemporaries. He established a botanic garden in Lambeth as early as 1629, which was then a rare thing. He also collected a botanical museum, of which Flatman, the painter-poet, said:

"Thus John Tradeskin starves our wondering eyes  
By buying up his new-born rarities."

This museum Tradescant bequeathed to his friend Elias Ashmole, a fact that so disturbed the peace of his wife that she contested the will. Failing in her suit, the poor lady, unable to resign herself to the loss of the museum, foolishly threw away her life by drowning herself. Ashmole, uneasy, perhaps, in the possession of treasures associated with such a tragedy, presented the museum to the University of Oxford in 1677.

The *Tradescantia Virginica* is a native of Virginia. Other species have been brought into our greenhouses and gardens from the East Indies and the island of Ceylon. Its tiny blue, purple, and rose-colored flowers are very delicate and short-lived. Hence the plant is often, not inaptly, named the "life of man," because, "like that, though beautiful, it is brief."

#### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

On the banks of some shady rill we are often greeted, in early Summer, with the yellow eye and blue petal of the *Myosotis Palustris*, or "forget-me-not." This has been called a sentimental flower because of its legendary associations, albeit its botanical name is any thing but

sentimental. It comes from two Greek words, *mus*, a mouse, and *otos*, an ear, and was so named because its leaves are formed somewhat after the shape of a mouse's ear.

This flower was well known to the ancient Egyptians, who, as Pliny informs us, "believed that if any one would anoint himself with its juice on the 27th day of Thiatis—answering nearly to our August—before he spoke in the morning, he would be free from weakness of the eyes all that year!"

But how did this plant, so unromantically named by the Greeks, and so superstitiously regarded by the Egyptians, obtain its sentimental English name? One legend says that, as a young couple about to be married were walking on the banks of the Danube, they saw a myosotis floating on the stream. The lady expressed her admiration of its beauty, and the lover, eager to afford her pleasure, leaned over the flowing waters to seize it. Just as his hand grasped, the flower he fell over and began to sink. Finding that he could not reach the shore, he gathered his remaining energy, and, throwing the flower upon the bank, exclaimed, "Forget me not," and sunk.

Miss Strickland, in her lives of the Queens of England, gives another legend, scarcely less poetical, as the cause of its sentimental name. She says it was first used as a symbol of remembrance by Henry of Lancaster, who exchanged it with his hostess, the Duchess of Bretagne, on taking his departure from her husband's castle on that expedition which ended in his being crowned King of England. He had the flower embroidered on his knightly collar, with the initial letter S of his watchword, *Souveigne vous de moy*, thus making it a historical flower, like the lily of the house of Bourbon, and the roses of York and Lancaster.

Mrs. Opie has embalmed the symbolic character of this modest little plant in the following lines:

"Fond memory's flower of azure dye,  
Permit thy bard one boon to crave:  
When in death's narrow bed I lie,  
O bloom around my lowly grave.  
And, if some tender, faithful friend  
Should, led by love, approach the spot  
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,  
Then say for me, 'Forget me not.'"

The buds of the "forget-me-not," being nearly circular before their expansion into flowers, are suggestive of the figure of the scorpion. Our English ancestors, guided by their habit of tracing analogies between the different kingdoms of nature, inferred from this resemblance that the plant was a remedy against the bites of scorpions, snakes, adders, and kindred reptiles.

Hence they named all the species of *myosotis* scorpion-grass. If this symbolic flower had the power of preventing the birth of that worst of scorpions, ingratitude, in those who exchange it as the symbol of friendship, it would assuredly deserve this name, and merit the love even of those who care not for the brightness of its azure blossoms.

## THE LILY.

No garden worthy of its name is without this stately plant, which a poet not inaptly calls the

"Queen of the field, in milk-white mantle drest."

This graceful flower reminds me of Persia and Palestine. The former country is supposed to be its birthplace, from the fact that Shushan, its chief city, is the Hebrew name of the lily, and signifies "light" or "splendor." In Palestine lilies of great loveliness abound, not only in cultivated gardens, but also in fields and by the wayside. Travelers are delighted with the beauty which they add to the landscape, and the sweet odors with which they fill the air. One gentleman named Salt describes a new species, which bore from ten to twelve blossoms on its stem. Its color was white, with a band of bright purple running down the middle. The scent was very sweet. He and his party stood in rapt admiration before the masses of those lovely flowers, and one of them, reminded by the scene of his Master's words, exclaimed, with great impressiveness of manner: "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Palestine has sometimes been called *Phaselida* because it so abounded in lilies. Solomon, who was a great lover of flowers, selected the lily as the model for the capitals of the pillars of his unrivaled temple, and for the ornamentation of the brim of his "molten sea." When Jesus drew his memorable lesson on human trust in Divine Providence, expressed in the words already quoted—"consider the lilies," etc.—he stood on Mount Tabor, which, at that season, was covered with flowers, and overlooked broad plains and lovely valleys abounding with lilies at every step. But whether the lily of Palestine was our white lily, or the scarlet mar-tagon lily, or the narcissus, is unknown. The learned in botanical science do not agree on this point, though the probabilities are in favor of the scarlet lily formerly known as the *Byzantium lily*, and now called *Lilium Chalcedonicum* by English botanists.

In "Russel's Aleppo" it is stated that in early Spring the Arab women, near Aleppo, carry one

species of lily called Modaf—probably the *Narcissus jonquil*—in baskets for sale, and make the streets vocal with their cry of, "How delightful its season! Its Maker is bountiful."

The lily reminds us of France, which, from time immemorial, has borne its image on its banners. The "lilies of France" is a phrase as familiar in heraldry and history as the "lion of England." It is a pity that the purity of the *fleur-de-lis*, or white lily, is no longer a befitting symbol of a people corrupted and soiled by long contact with a false religion and with heartless infidelity.

This magnificent flower is also suggestive of Japan, from which fertile land we have, of late years, received those splendid varieties known as *lilium auratum*, *lancifolium*, *Japonicum*, *speciosum*, etc. These gorgeous lilies are marvels of graceful beauty. I rarely look upon them without mentally exclaiming, "How infinite must be that love of the beautiful in the mind of God which first conceived the ideals of these wonderful creations!"

Mrs. Hemans has apostrophized this flower in the following admirable lines:

"Lilies! when the Savior's calm, benignant eye  
Fell on your gentle beauty: when from you  
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,  
Eternal, universal as the sky;  
Then in the bosom of your purity  
A voice he set, as in a temple shrine,  
That life's quiet traveler ne'er might pass you by  
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine;  
And though too oft its low, celestial sound  
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,  
And the loud steps of vain unlistening haste,  
Yet the great lesson hath no tone of power  
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour,  
Than young, meek lilies, chosen thus and graced."

## PETUNIA.

Here is a curiously grown petunia. Instead of being permitted to creep over a roomy bed in the garden it was planted in a flower-pot, and trained over a trellis a foot or more in height. The effect is most striking and pleasing. Its striped petals smile out from their bed of green leaves most charmingly, and you wonder that so much could be made by a little training out of so modest a flower.

The petunia reminds us of Brazil and Panama, from which places it was introduced into the gardens of England in 1823. The first one introduced was the white variety—*Petunia nyc-taginiflora*. Seven years later the purple one—*Petunia Violacea*—was obtained from Buenos Ayres. Subsequently Panama contributed the shrubby, dwarf variety. The improvement of this flower by high cultivation and the mixture of species is truly wonderful, as any one may see who compares the original white and purple

varieties with the blotched, and striped, and edged varieties which now adorn our pastures and gardens. The botanist denounces the latter as monstrosities, I know, but the lover of the beautiful rejoices in the skill which has made these attractive hybrids out of such modest originals.

One can scarcely pardon the Brazilian florists for associating this pretty flower with that filthy weed, tobacco, as they have done in its name. *Petunia* is the Latin form of *Petun*, the name given to this flower in Brazil because of its alleged resemblance to the tobacco plant, which is also known there by the same word. But though the odor of its name be bad my lady readers will love it still, for among all our bedding plants there are few which yield more pleasure through the Summer season than the humble *petunia*.

In another paper I will give the associations of the rose, tulip, iris, violet, etc., provided my lady readers do not grow weary of this theme.

## THE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

### II.

#### SEA-URCHINS.

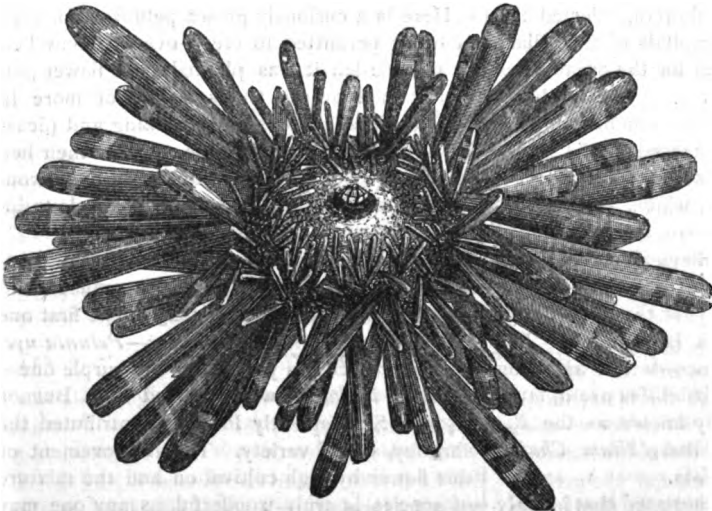
THE sea-urchins are inclosed in a calcareous kind of shell, which is generally globular or egg-shaped, but sometimes flattened. The shell, or carapace, is really built up of polygonal plates, which adhere by their edges to each other. The plates are so arranged that the shell is divided into vertical zones—hence its resemblance to the melon. These zones are of two kinds, one being very much larger than

the other; the plates of the larger zones are covered with sharp spines, which are movable, and serve at once for protection and locomotion. The plates of the smaller zones are pierced with pores, from which issue filaments, by which the animal breathes and walks.

In the edible sea-urchin—*Sphærechinus esculentus*—the shell is composed of 10,000 distinct pieces, so admirably and firmly united that the whole appears but one piece. The prickly spines are often very numerous; they cover and protect the shell. From these bristles the animal has been named the *sea-hedgehog*. Its scientific name is derived from *ἐχίνος*, which was given to the creature by Aristotle, from the evident resemblance the shell of the echinus, denuded of its spines, bears to a *vase*.

In one species as many as 2,000 bristles have been counted; in the edible sea-urchin there must be at least 3,000. These appendages entirely cover and hide the calcareous tunic which envelops the animal, like the numberless pearls which covered the famous habit of St. Simon—the material was of silk, but it could not be seen. The bristles of the sea-urchin present, at their base, a small hollow head, which has a compression on its lower surface, thus forming a cavity which fits a tubercle on the carapace. Each of the prickles, notwithstanding its extreme minuteness, is put in action by a separate muscular apparatus. They are porous, and are often grooved longitudinally—being formed of thin plates, which radiate from their centers. These are penetrated with countless holes, and are affixed to each other by prominences; so that, looking at the spine, we only see the edges of the plates which compose it. A membrane covers the whole, which is furnished with vibratory cells.

The shape and dimensions of these spines are very variable. In certain of the echinoderms they are three or four times longer than the diameter of the shell; while in others they are only three-fourths or four-fifths of that diameter; while in others again they are reduced to mere protuberances from the carapace. These appendages are ordinarily awl-shaped and pointed, occasionally they are cylindrical and obtuse; and in some spe-



• ECHINUS MAMILLATUS.

cies they are flattened, and even have their edges truncated.

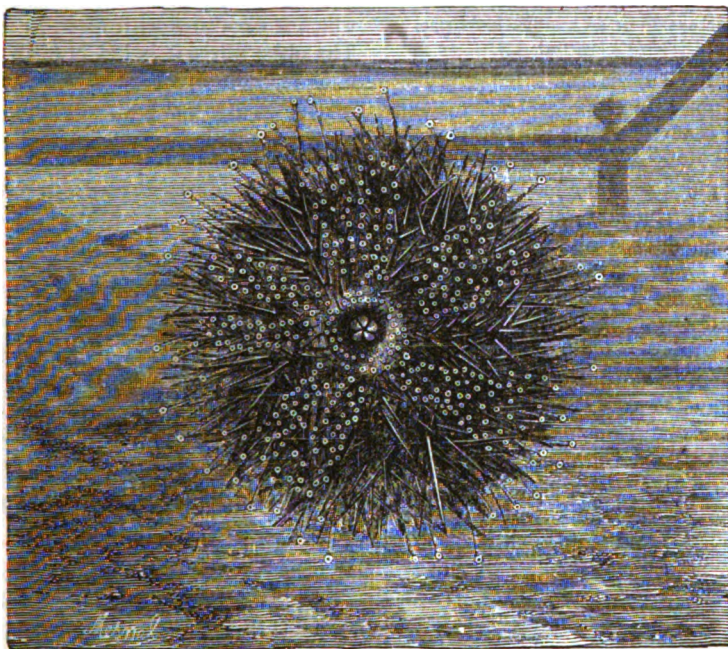
In one species which inhabits New Holland, M. Hupé found a mollusk *Gasteropod*, belonging to the genus *Stylifera*, inclosed in one of the spines, which was hollowed and greatly changed, both in form and structure, by the presence of this little parasite.

Among all the sights which Nature presents to us, there is scarcely one more interesting than that of creatures giving to each other shelter, and food, and protection, whether voluntarily or involuntarily. Is not the instinct of the stylifer marvelous? Nature has bestowed upon one creature an armor of bristling bayonets, when another animal, much smaller, seems to

approve of the admirable defense, and takes up its abode in the midst—nay, actually in the spines, which, henceforth, protect itself as well as the urchin.

When the bristles fall off, the echini are found on our shores, very much like round fruit, ornamented on the sides with tubercles, symmetrically arranged. Their round form, and, perhaps, especially the limy nature of their shells, has obtained for them the name of *sea eggs*. The flattened species, denuded of their spines, are more like cakes than eggs.

The tentaculæ of the sea-urchins are hollow, very elastic, and are terminated by a sucker. The animals can inflate them by injecting into them liquid through their prickles, and by this

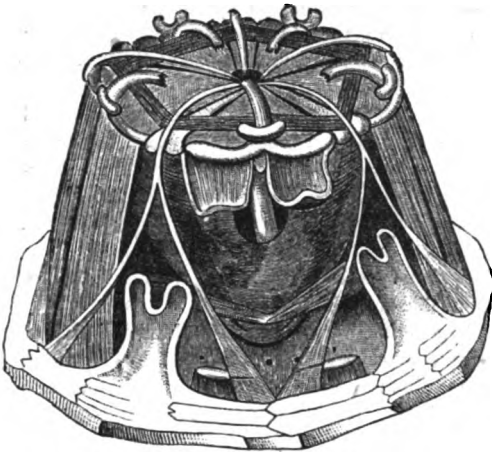


AN ECHINUS CLIMBING UP THE SIDE OF AN AQUARIUM.

means they can fix themselves to any foreign body. These organs are very numerous; in the ordinary urchin there are at least 1,400, and in the *melon* echinus, about 4,300. They can move by means of their tentaculæ and their spines. Professor Edward Forbes once saw one crawl up the sides of a very slippery vase.

To understand better how they use their organs of locomotion, imagine one at rest. All the spines are motionless, all the filaments are contracted within the shell; when the creature wishes to move, some of these involuntarily begin to come out; they extend themselves, and feel the ground all round them; then others follow. The animal fixes some of its tentacles

to the vase in the direction in which it wishes to advance, these then contract, while the hinder ones loosen their hold, and thus the shell is drawn forward. The sea-urchin can thus advance with ease and even rapidity. During the progression, the suckers are only slightly aided by the spines; indeed, the latter only serve as points, upon which the creature rolls as if it were on stilts. It can travel as well on its back as on its stomach. Whatever may be its posture, it has always a certain number of spines which are ready to carry it, and suckers which can fix it. In certain circumstances, the animal walks by turning itself round on its spines, like a wheel in motion.



THE BUCCAL APPARATUS OF AN ECHINUS, MAGNIFIED.  
(*Aristotle's lantern.*)

The mouth of the echinus is situated underneath, and is generally at the center. Around this orifice are fleshy tentacles, projecting from the surface, and more or less retractile. These are the organs which seize the food.

The digestive system presents a very complicated osseous apparatus, for a long time known as "*Aristotle's lantern.*" It consists of five pieces—the *teeth*, the *plumula*, the *pyramids*, the *compass*, and the *scythes*.

The teeth are five in number. They are all fixed on the same base, which is the *plumula*, and these are situated upon the edge formed by the assemblage of the pyramids, which are ten in number, and are joined in pairs. The lower part is made firm by the five scythes and the five compasses. In fine, the dental apparatus consists of no less than thirty pieces. The teeth are long, sharp, curved, and very hard. They can cut the hardest substances. However, in spite of their adamantine character, they would soon be worn down by work; but Nature has wisely provided for their renewal. They grow from the base as they are worn down at the points, like the incisors of beavers, hares, or rats; so that they are always sharp, and always in good working order.

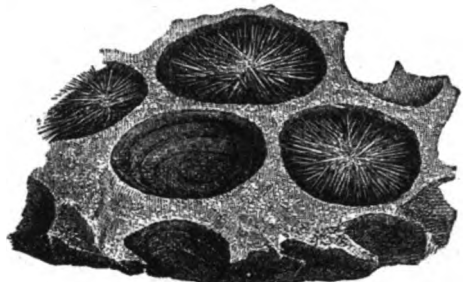
The urchins live upon sea-weeds, worms, mollusks, and even fishes. Professor Rymer Jones saw one of these creatures seize a live crab, which appeared perfectly paralyzed, and attempted no resistance. At another time an urchin caught a *Galatea* by its buccal appendages; but the galatea, happily for itself, opened its pincers, cut off the part held by the urchin, and so escaped.

Many of these urchins, though defended by a calcareous shell, and by sharp, pointed spines, do not consider themselves sufficiently secure;

for they hollow out holes in the hardest rocks in which they ensconce themselves. To effect this really difficult task they fix themselves by their tentacles to the surface of the rock; they then make an incision by means of their powerful teeth, and remove the *debris* as it is formed by their spines. MM. Caillaud, Robert, and Lory have published some most interesting information upon this boring power of the echinus. It seems that even the young urchins, almost as soon as they are developed, commence the work, and form for themselves a hole fitted to their size. Poor little quarrymen, who pass a great part of their lives in working granite with their teeth!

When an urchin is cast up upon the shore, and left by the water, it buries itself in the sand, which it excavates with its spiny appendages. The place where it is hid is easily recognized by the hole which it has left in its entombment. The fishermen pretend to foretell storms according to the depth to which the sea-hedgehogs bury themselves.

In many countries the sea-urchins are eaten raw; their flesh is yellow, and of a very agree-



URCHINS IN A ROCK.

able taste. Those which are esteemed in Provence are the *edible*, the *granulous*, and the *livid*. A member of this last species is also in request at Naples, where the *melon urchin* is served at table as a regular dish.

TELL us, ye men who are so jealous of right and of honor, who take sudden fire at every insult, and suffer the slightest imagination of another's contempt, or another's unfairness, to chase from your bosom every feeling of complacency; ye men, whom every fancied affront puts in such a turbulence of emotion, and in whom every fancied infringement stirs up the quick, and the resentful appetite for justice, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test by which the forgiven of God are ascertained, even that the spirit of forgiveness is in them, and by which it will be pronounced, whether you are, indeed, the children of the Highest?

## SURPRISES OF DYING.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;  
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay!"  
They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;  
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;  
Over her eyes, which gazed too much,  
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;  
With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;  
About her brows and beautiful face  
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,  
And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;  
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!  
And over her bosom they crossed her hands—  
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"  
And there was silence, and nothing there  
But silence, and scents of eglantere,  
And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;  
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."  
And they held their breath as they left the room  
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.  
But he who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, and the beautiful dead,  
He lit his lamp and took the key  
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.  
He and she; but she would not speak,  
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.  
He and she; yet she would not smile,  
Though he called the name she loved erewhile.  
He and she; still she did not move  
To any one passionate whisper of love.  
Then he said, "Cold lips, and breast without breath!  
Is there no voice, no language of death?  
Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,  
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense!  
See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;  
What was the secret of dying, dear?  
Was it the infinite wonder of all  
That you ever could let life's flower fall?  
Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?  
Was the miracle greater to find how deep  
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?  
Did life roll back its record, dear,  
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?  
And was it the innermost heart of the bliss  
To find out so what a wisdom love is?  
O, perfect dead! O, dead most dear,  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!  
I listen, as deep as to horrible hell,  
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell!  
There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet!  
I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,  
And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed.

I would say, though the angel of death had laid  
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,  
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise;

The very strangest and suddenest thing  
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead!  
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe what he heard her say,  
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

And am your angel, who was your bride,  
And know, though dead, I have never died."

## THE GOLDEN STREET.

O, BURNISHED street of glittering gold  
A-quiver in the moon's bright beams,  
Like to the brilliant robes we fold  
About us in our sunset dreams;  
If we could tread the shining way  
Now spread before us o'er the sea,  
Who would not leave his house of clay  
And lose himself, dear God! in Thee?

Where yonder phosphorescent line  
Tells where the sky and waters meet,  
We seem to scan Thy grand design  
And sink all self beneath our feet—  
We seem to tread the shining road  
That leads us through the heavenly gate,  
Where we shall leave our earthly load,  
And where our dear ones for us wait.

The vessel cuts, with splash and surge,  
Her path amid the boundless deep,  
And on the horizon's shimmering verge  
The skies, but not the waters, sleep;  
They vex us with their constant moan,  
Their hungry cry of "more, more, more!"  
That tells us how, alone—unknown,  
An hour might sink us 'neath their roar.

But earth and sea, so beautiful—  
We can not, can not leave you yet!  
And to this moonlight's silvery lull  
Our thoughts, like gentle sounds, we set.  
While yonder ship with milk-white sails,  
Now passing in the shining track  
With its twin shadow, silent trails  
A pathway to our home-land back.

O bear to them, our loving ones,  
Dear messages across the sea!  
Tell them that while Potomac runs  
And Ocean rolls so full and free—  
In that sweet hour when calls the dove,  
And sky and water softly meet,  
Our hearts shall travel full of love  
To meet them o'er this Golden Street.



### THE FEMALE ORPHANAGE AT BAREILLY, INDIA.

THE wood-cut of the Mission-House and Orphanage at Bareilly represents the first spot in India where the denominational standard of the Methodist Episcopal Church was planted in 1857, and from which the founder of the mission, with his wife and children, had to fly for their lives in May of that year. On the very ground now occupied by the house to the left stood the home of "Maria," the first native of India who joined our Church in Bareilly, and who became one of the martyrs of Jesus at noon on the 31st of May. She was flying from her own home to ours on hearing the firing, when a Sepoy trooper who knew she was a Christian caught sight of her, and, wheeling his horse, with a single blow of his sword, as he swept by her, he laid her head upon her breast, and she sunk dead at his feet. She lay there all day, and, under the cover of night, a poor woman who used to work for us scratched a shallow grave for her under the rose hedge of our garden, and there she sleeps, awaiting the resurrection of the dead.

She dearly loved our means of grace, and particularly the class-meeting, where, with artless simplicity, she would tell how the Lord led her to hate sin and love holiness, and how sweetly her soul rested in Christ as her perfect Savior. Her father was a Eurasian, and she spoke the English language well. She had an unbounded zeal to do good, and an ardent hope for the elevation of her sex in India, though she knew their deep degradation far better than we did. But it was then a dark day in Bareilly. No opening appeared, even to her, by which we could reach and enlighten the daughters of India. Every door seemed shut, and we could not obtain a single female scholar to instruct or save. But Maria believed that the morning light would break soon, and a better day would dawn upon her country, and that it was near at hand. We would sit and converse with her, and then, with our hearts full of mingled hope and anxiety, would kneel down and implore God Almighty to come to our aid and open a door of faith to these millions of souls so closely shut up. Prayer would give us renewed confidence, and help us to hang on the naked promise of our God, while we struggled hard to answer the anxiety of our hearts as they would exclaim, "Watchman, what of the night?"

This precious girl, who, of all her race and sex in Bareilly, alone loved us for the Gospel's sake, seemed raised up to encourage and aid us

in our new mission. She was likely to become as faithful a helper to my wife as "Joel" was to me. But the fearful rebellion broke over the land, and Sepoy bigotry aimed to extinguish every vestige of Gospel light in India. Maria became a martyr for Christianity. Her blood baptized the soil of Bareilly and made it sacred forever for our mission and for Christ. But on the spot where she fell there has sprung up a harvest of good for the daughters of India of the realization of which we then had but feeble hope.

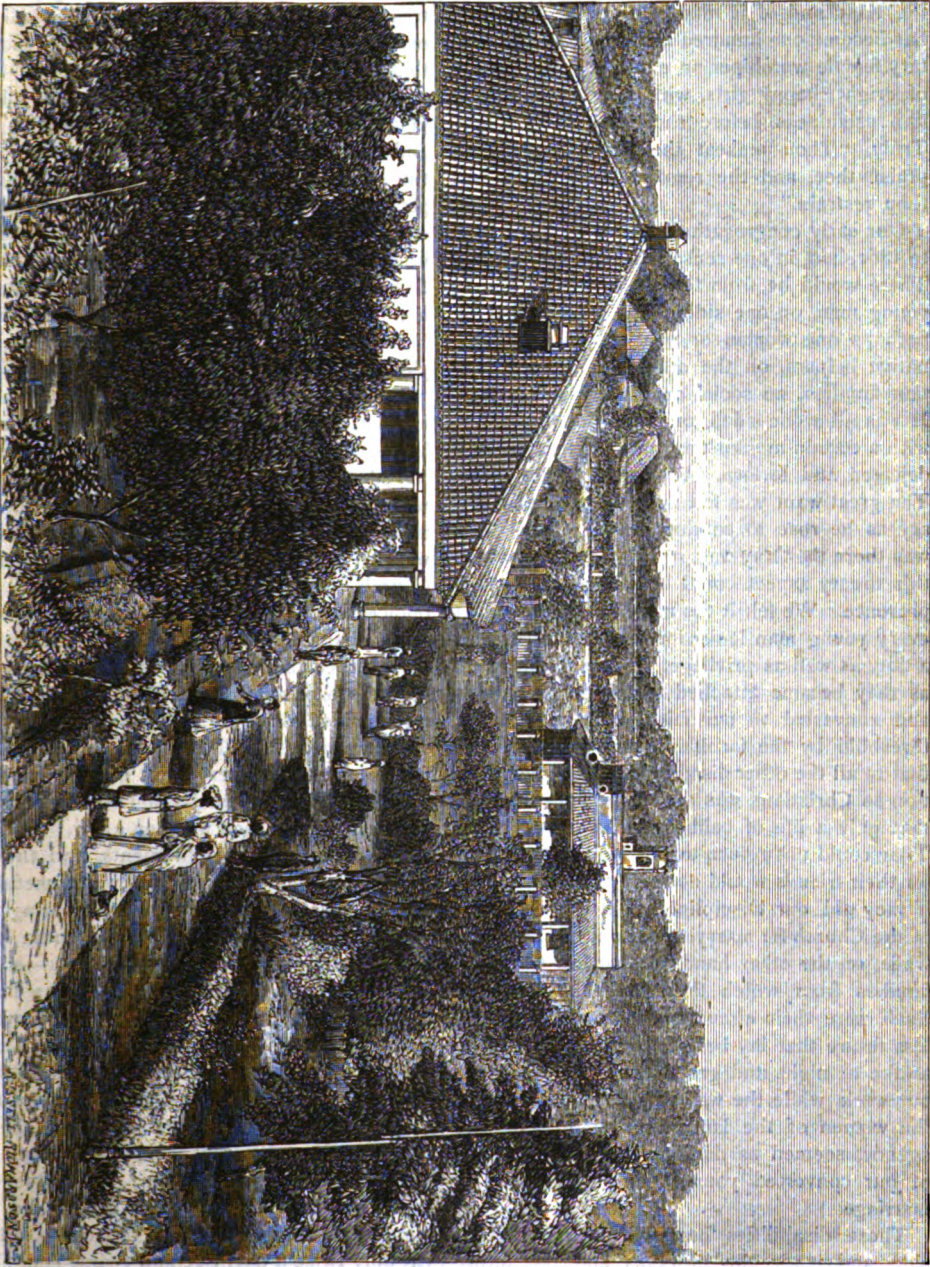
The site of our mission is on the edge of the city of Bareilly, a city of 112,000 souls, hid in the trees of the picture. The Mission-House, where brother and sister Thomas and Miss Swain reside, is the tiled building to the left. Just over it is seen the top of the Orphanage, which is a square inclosure; in the foreground is the school-house, with its bell-tower, and in front of the school-house is the public road into the city.

In the story I have here to tell of how wonderfully God opened our way, despite Hindoo law, and bitter prejudice, and the difficulties of all kinds which then confronted us, I shall, no doubt, have the gentle, loving sympathy and deep interest of the hundreds of ladies who read the Repository. Yet I feel assured, with this reminiscence before my mind, that, were Maria alive to-day to read this account of what God has wrought for her sex in Bareilly since the 31st of May, 1857, and that, too, on the very ground occupied by her own homestead, her simple, gentle heart would thrill with a joy and gratitude for the priceless victories won for woman and Christianity in Rohilcund more intense and appreciative than can be bestowed upon these pages even by those who in this land may read them with the deepest interest. The reason is manifest. She knew the difficulties to be overcome and the darkness to be illuminated as none of these can ever know it, and as even our missionaries to-day in India, who have "entered into our labors," can not adequately realize amid their more hopeful opportunities and wider doors of usefulness. We were then in the valley of vision; around us were the moral skeletons, "very many and very dry"—no life nor sign of life—and, as in our sadness and struggling hope in "Him that raises the dead and calls the things that are not as though they were," the Divine Master was challenging our faith in his power—"Son of man, can these dry bones live?" All that we could answer was, "O, Lord God, thou knowest!"

But a change has come, and by means which

we then little anticipated. In that valley of the Ramgunga Maria died for Jesus, and the raging heathen, as they exulted over her lifeless body, concluded that they had killed the last woman of their race who would ever become a Chris-

tian—that with her life would expire the only hope of reaching and ameliorating the lot of her sex in Rohilkund. How little they knew that Jesus is Jehovah! All glory to his name! Nor did they imagine how soon he would dash



THE MISSION-HOUSE AND ORPHANAGE AT BAREILLY.

to pieces like a potter's vessel the despotism which they built up that day upon the ruins of his cause. How much less did they anticipate that on the very spot where they murdered his faithful handmaid he would found an institution

to be a Christian home for their own daughters, taken from their side when famine had laid them low in death, and that thus he would answer, in judgment to them and in mercy to their innocent offspring, their rage against him, and their

diabolical efforts to overthrow his holy cause and to bind permanently the fetters of darkness upon the women of India! "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints!"

There stands that Orphanage to-day, one of the brightest hopes that shines for woman in the East, and of it may be said the little one has become one hundred and fifty, and the solitary female worshiper an exultant congregation of bright, happy girls, with a future of Christian usefulness before each and all of them. Truly, "Thou makest the wrath of man to praise thee, and the remainder of wrath wilt thou restrain."

Our early congregations in India, from 1857 to 1861, had, in one sense, a melancholy aspect. There would be from ten to forty men, chiefly young men, on one side of the room, offset by perhaps one woman or two, the wives of our native helpers, on the other side. No Christian families, no social aspect in our services. It was all a one-sided, unnatural-looking affair, with a certain monkish appearance that seemed dejected and forlorn. Woman was not there. The great want was felt deeply by the missionary as he rose to conduct the services. Nor was there then any way, or hope even, by which this dreary aspect could be relieved by female presence. We felt it the more because in India every young man looks forward to marriage as a duty as well as privilege. These young men, as they became attached to our congregations and converted to our faith, were met at the threshold by the forbidding and manifest fact that to all the other disadvantages of their position as Christians was added the consideration that only a life of celibacy remained to them. They could not return to heathenism for wives, for their friends would not give them, and, even if they did, our Discipline might put them out of the Church for marrying unconverted women, while, on the other hand, we had no Christian families from which they could be supplied. Such were their circumstances and the cheerless future that lay before them. I used to lie awake at night and groan over this aspect of our work, while the way to reach the minds of the women of the land, for want of a female agency, seemed as dark as did the prospects of our converted young men in reference to marriage.

These disabilities hemmed us in on every side, and made the progress and the future of our mission uncertain and doubtful. It was very discouraging. A Christianity without homes, or female schools, or daughters, without wives for our native teachers or preachers, without female worshipers in our

congregations, wanted the first elements of perpetuity and completeness.

Every effort was made by our missionary ladies to obtain even day scholars from among the people, but such was then their bitter prejudice against educating girls that they generally treated the proposal with scorn. The ladies of our Bareilly mission made a vigorous effort in that city to obtain even a few scholars. They went from house to house, hired a suitable place in which to hold a school, bought mats and necessary equipments, offered even to pay the girls some compensation for the time expended if they would only attend, but at the end of three months they had only succeeded in inducing two children to come, and one of these was unreliable. At length, tired out, they had to abandon the effort as hopeless until some change would come over the minds of the people in favor of female education.

I well remember what joy there was in November, 1858, when Providence put into our hands the first female orphan we ever received. She was a poor, weak little creature, was blind of an eye, and plain-featured—certainly no beauty; but she was a *girl*, and she was all our own to rear for Jesus and his Church—one of India's own daughters. We rejoiced over her, and felt that she was a precious charge for India's sake. Dear, sainted Mrs. Pierce cherished her with a mother's love. She was baptized Almira Blake. After a while we obtained three or four more, but we were still pained to think how inadequate were these few to meet the great want of our extending mission. The opportunity of Divine mercy was, however, nearer than we then knew. God was about to meet our requirements, and thus lay the foundations of greater and wider usefulness for our mission than we were anticipating.

The wages of a laboring man in India is *two annas* per day—the *anna* is three cents—so that millions of men in that land toil all day for six cents, and are grateful if they can only, even at that rate, obtain regular employment. This is their whole compensation, for they find themselves—as they would not, on account of their caste prejudices, touch our food—so the six cents has to pay rent, and clothe and feed themselves and their families! Of course, they could not live at all if their habits were not simple and the means of life very cheap. They eat only twice a day, rice and coarse flour alternated being their food, with a seasoning of curry, and they drink only water. Rice was, when the writer went to India, but a cent and a half a pound, and other articles proportionably cheap. They are much dearer now, and

money does not go so far as it did in those days.

The result is that these millions of toiling men are always on the very verge of want, living "from hand to mouth." Occasionally, two or three times in a score of years, there will occur a deficient rain-fall. This involves a scanty harvest and a pressure on the labor market, under which thousands are thrown out of employment for a period more or less protracted. They can not be "forehanded" by savings from six cents a day to meet these dreadful emergencies, and the result is, if relief does not soon come, hundreds of them are liable to starve to death.

This fearful condition of things is a bitter fruit and penalty of their civilization; for, notwithstanding that three hundred years the balance of trade has been in their favor, so that they have been exporting probably nine times as much as they have been importing, and receiving the difference of exchange in hundreds of millions of dollars, all this vast, increasing wealth is monopolized and hoarded by the aristocracy of India, the rajahs and nabobs reveling in every luxury, while the sons of toil, the immense proportion of the nation, dwell all the time where a few days of enforced idleness places them within the circle of starvation.

One of these fearful experiences occurred in Rohilcund during the year 1860. So decided and quick was the calamity that, before the English Government ascertained its extent and could originate public works to arrest its severity, large numbers of the people had died of want. The poor children were the last to succumb, for nature would lead the dying father or mother, heathen though they were, to give the final morsel to the child or children, in hope of saving them. The Government hurried on the measures of relief, and also sent round its police to give immediate succor to the living and to bury the dead.

From wretched homes, where a father or a mother, or both, lay dead, the surviving children were carried out and collected together. No destitution ever witnessed in this land could for a moment compare with the sights of emaciation and wretchedness which we witnessed during that year of sorrow. The orphan boys were collected together in one town, and the girls in another. There were hundreds of each. The Government could extend only temporary relief, and what was to be the fate of the rescued children became a painful consideration. The pressure was too great for friends of the dead to come forward and receive the bereaved and destitute, and the poor children thus lay

between hope and despair. No Mohammedan or Hindoo hand was extended to save them. There was, however, one class of persons who were ready to receive a number of the elder and most likely girls, but they knew well that their proposal would be met with indignation by the English magistrates, and that they durst not make it. They had to deal with men who understood that there was something worse to a girl than even starvation and death. So they waited, day after day, in hope that relief for these orphans would arise from some quarter.

Amid this fearful state of things, where Christian philanthropy was so much called for, the idea came to my heart that this emergency might be turned to good account by our mission seizing on the opportunity then presented, not only to save those ready to perish, but also to do a great work for the women of India and for Christianity, by taking up a number of these destitute children, particularly the girls, and training them for Christ and for usefulness.

I took the case to God, and laid it all before him. The more I prayed and thought over it, the more intense my zeal in the project became, till at length I could think of nothing else but those wretched children, and the way to save them, and what we might make of them in a few years by good care, and education, and Christianizing—and how much they would be to us in return as Christian women, Christian wives and mothers, meeting fully all this special want of our new mission, and opening up in the future just such an agency as we required to reach the women of India.

The importance also of having a number of boys of our own, whom we could train up for God as Christian lads, free from the contamination of Hindoo homes, also commended itself to my best judgment and feelings as every way desirable. Yet still the girls seemed beyond all measure the more important proposition. But as the subject was considered and prayed over it seemed essential that we should have both, and both in good numbers. So "a score" of each was given up, as far below the opportunity and the needs of our work, and at length my heart set its hopes upon the proposal of taking as many as would raise our number to one hundred boys and one hundred and fifty girls. It was a bold adventure to propose. We had no means in hand to provide for them; no shelter or support. But my feelings and judgment clung to the conviction that it was right and necessary to do this thing; that the good of our mission and the glory of God would be promoted by it; and that somehow or other the Lord and his Church would find the means

to do it, and would sustain our effort, while the good results would justify it in the years to come.

Accordingly the project was broached to my associates, male and female. As was to be expected, the proposal, especially in its extent, awakened fear that it could not be done—that it would bankrupt the mission to attempt it. To the inquiry, "Brother Butler, how are you going to sustain them? how will you feed, or clothe, or shelter, or educate them?" I could only answer in faith, "I can not tell, but I believe that the Lord will provide." The ladies soon heartily sympathized with the proposition, and encouraged me to go on and trust God, and ere long we were all united in the great and good enterprise.

I wrote to the Government; they were only too glad to consent and have the children taken off their hands. We might have as many of each sex as we desired. English magistrates, in whose hands they were, were communicated with to make them over to us.

We went to work to provide some accommodations to receive them, and also wrote letters to individuals and Sunday-schools in the United States, asking their sympathy and aid in our great effort. I then went over to Moradabad to arrange with the magistrate about receiving the girls which were collected there, when, to my astonishment, I found this gentleman utterly opposed to my being permitted to have them at all. Unlike the gentlemen of his class, who so generously and liberally appreciate our labors, this man had set himself to hinder our purposes, and supposed that we would be intimidated, as he was magistrate and had local power. Though he has now left India, it may not be appropriate to give his name. But he acted in this matter in a way unworthy not merely of an English Churchman, but even an infidel might well hesitate to take the course which he pursued. Forsooth, because these children had been of Hindoo or Mohammedan parentage, he "did not deem it fitting that they should be brought up in the Christian faith;" and yet when I inquired why did not such persons come forward and rescue them, or he himself do something for their relief, he was silent. He was one of those men—and, thank God, they are now but few—who, from long residence in India, and being probably destitute of true religion, have become "Hindooized;" and, being wanting in reverence for God and his holy Word, have patronized, for popularity's sake, the Hindoos and Mohammedans around them, to the prejudice of Christianity and its efforts. He belonged to the "neutrality" men, who can

forget the awful words of Christ, "He that is not with me is against me!"

Expostulation with this man was in vain; but we had quietly resolved to obtain and save these children, and were not going to turn back now; so we proceeded with our preparations to receive them, and when ready went for them. But on inquiry for our children, we ascertained that the girls were not to be found. They had been removed, and no one could tell us where they now were. He had carried out his intention to prevent our having them, though we cling to the hope that he is not responsible for the disposition made of the children by those into whose hands he delivered them. He gratified the Mohammedan officials of his court by his resistance to our wishes, and it is understood that he placed the children in their hands to be disposed of in some way that would keep them beyond our reach, thinking, likely, that that would be the end of the affair.

But we followed up the case with such earnestness that the clew to their whereabouts was discovered, and it was ascertained that the Mohammedan wretches, at whose disposal they had been placed, had actually distributed many of them in the houses of infamy in the city, to be brought up to a life of sin and shame! With an earnestness befitting the occasion, I placed the facts at once before the Governor, who acted with noble promptness, and the children were ordered to be immediately recovered and forwarded to us. The enemies of their souls and bodies were defeated, and we had the satisfaction of rescuing them from hands whose "tender mercies were cruel," and fulfilling in their cases the letter and spirit of the divine Word, "Of some have compassion making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted with the flesh." Poor girls, what a different fate did Christianity confer upon them, instead of the "deep damnation" of soul and body to which that vile and cruel Mohammedism would have surely consigned them for time and eternity! They and their children, and children's children, will surely remember with adoring gratitude to God and his people the great salvation which was wrought out for them. I bless God, and always shall do so, for the part which I took in their rescue.

They were sent on to us to Bareilly in native hackeries, fifteen or twenty of them to the load, drawn by four bullocks each, and were laid down at our door. I have four large photographs of these children as they now appear—every face of the one hundred and thirty-nine girls is there; and after nine years' care

and training what a contrast do they present! If I only had photographs of them as they were when laid down before us in 1860, in all their weakness and forlorn condition, so naked, filthy, and ignorant, what an eloquent sermon those pictures would silently preach as they so wonderfully exhibited what Christian mercy and Christian education and grace could do, even for the poor wretched female orphans of an India famine! Can it be that these fine, healthy, hearty, educated girls in these graduating classes, year by year, so bright with intelligence and sanctified by the grace of God, were, only ten years ago, just like the rest of the sad group in squalor and helplessness? Yes, it is so, and to the holy Trinity be the glory of the blessed change that has thus transformed them!

They were sent to us of all ages, from twelve or thirteen years down to the babe of three months, for whom we had to provide a nurse and special nourishment. Most of them were weak and emaciated, and a few of them dying, whom no care could save, so that we lost out of the one hundred and fifty about fifteen, who were too much reduced to be saved.

The kind ladies of our mission took this wretched group of girls in hand, and they were washed and clothed, and cared for and fed. Educational advantages were soon provided. Responses came pouring in from schools and individuals in America, pledging support for one or two, and sending a favorite name to be put upon their *protégé* at their baptism. Individuals in India also, and the Government itself, came to our help, and soon a comfortable orphanage and a school-house—shown in the picture to the right with its tower and bell—and all necessary conveniences were erected. To these have been added library, apparatus, pleasant grounds, and other requisites, until the establishment is acknowledged by all who see it, and by Sir Wm. Muir, the Governor, who lately visited it, to be one of the best-arranged institutions in India, and an honor to the American Methodist Church. It is also a credit to the interest and diligence of brother and sister Thomas, who, in their long and devoted connection with it, have, under God's blessing, made it what it is to-day. The Lord has graciously laid its claims and rising wants upon the hearts of his people. It is now under the special charge of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a part of their work for women in India.

In the first volume of his "Oriental Missions," (pp. 98, 9,) Bishop Thomson describes the Girls' Orphanage in their arrangements for

eating, employment, etc. His sketch is necessarily a hasty one, and was made six years ago. Bishop Kingsley, who visited the Orphanage in the early part of last year, gives the following testimony concerning it: "The Female Orphanage at Bareilly is under the care of brother and sister Thomas, and is in a flourishing condition. The girls are intelligent, cheerful, and successful in acquiring an education, and contrast astonishingly with those who, though much above them as to birth, have not enjoyed the Christian privileges which, in the providence of God, have fallen to their lot. The children are taught some trade or branch of industry by which they can support themselves. I examined them in their studies, as well as looked after their Christian character, and was greatly delighted with them. They deserve the prayers and sympathies of the Church at home." (Vol. II, p. 303.)

It is a beautiful sight to see them on the Sabbath of God in his house, so neat, and attentive, and devotional, and to hear them sing the praises of him to whose mercy they owe so much, and then all bow down to worship in the true Biblical and Oriental form. Their prayer-meetings and class-meetings are times of real interest, and in listening to them you realize that many of them are truly taught of God.

The number of female orphans is now nearly one hundred and fifty—about twenty having been added during the past year. The good fruits of the institution have so won the confidence of all who are acquainted with it, that it has conquered prejudice and conciliated the interest and good-will of many of the native nobility and the English magistrates, from whom the institution every year receives additional destitute orphans, to be adopted into this Christian home and family, and trained freely upon our own principles.

From six to nine girls finish their studies and graduate each year. I here present, from a photograph, the last class that graduated, and from which the reader will have a correct idea of their persons, style of dress, etc.

The girl on the left hand, standing up, is Julia Pybah, the middle one Mary Cocker, and the right hand one is Elizabeth Husk. The first one sitting, left hand side, is Clementina Butler; the next, Rebecca Pettis; the next to her is Josephine, and the fourth is Grace Anable.

During a revival of religion, with which God was pleased recently to visit the Orphanage, quite a number of these girls were soundly converted. Brother Thomas thus describes the result:

"A good revival of religion is a good thing in any place, but it is a glorious thing in India.



GRADUATING CLASS.

It is impossible for us to express the encouragement and joy we feel in witnessing the conversion of precious souls in this land, and more especially among our dear orphan girls, for whose welfare and salvation we have been laboring and praying so long.

"We have been holding extra meetings about two weeks, and already about thirty of our largest girls profess to have obtained the evidence that God has forgiven all their sins, and several others are still seeking to be made 'new creatures in Christ.' Thirty-two have just joined the Church on probation.

"For a long time some of our orphans had been members and probationers in the Church, but only a very few had ever given us satisfactory evidence that they had been really born of the Spirit. A few weeks since we felt it our duty to try more decidedly to do something to induce them to arise from their sleep and formality, and to earnestly seek the full witness of their acceptance. In class-meeting we asked

them some pointed and searching questions, and frankly told them, that having merely broken their caste by coming among Christians, living and eating with them, and learning the doctrines of their holy religion, did not constitute them true Christians, but that they must be born again.

"On asking them if they had in their hearts the witness that God had forgiven their sins, not one could say positively that she had. We talked to them faithfully, and the good Lord sent conviction to their hearts. From that evening the most of the members of our classes were in great distress of mind for several days, until Friday evening, September 7th, when, during an extra prayer-meeting, convened expressly for them, the Holy Ghost suddenly and powerfully descended upon us, and filled all the house, and such simultaneous sobbing, weeping, and crying to God I have never seen surpassed in any of the many good revivals that I have ever enjoyed in America, and I had not expected

to live to see it on this wise in India. But the blessed Savior has thus early given us the unexpected joy; glory be to his name!

"From that evening we continued extra meetings, and soon many who had never professed religion began to seek the Lord. In our next class-meeting nearly every member professed to have obtained the witness of her adoption.

"I requested them all to write out all the reasons they had for thinking that God had forgiven them, and to bring them to me at our following class-meeting. They did so; and every one wrote what to us seemed a clear and genuine experience. The following is a translation of two of them:

"The state of my heart is this: *once* I loved the ways of sin and Satan, but now I love God with all my heart. When our kind Sahib asked us the question, "Were we forgiven?" I prayed for forgiveness, and after this all we sisters, with one accord, cried to God. Since then I have in my heart a clear witness that Jesus forgives me, and I am very happy. All my trust is in Jesus, and when I am going to do any thing I try to think before I do it, Will God be pleased with this or not? I have given myself to him, and I love every body, and my heart clings to his Word, and Jesus receives me; day and night I seek him.—*Matilda.*"

"Concerning the forgiveness of my sins I write this testimony: One evening we were all present in class-meeting, and Padre Thomas Sahib asked us all this question, "You whose sins are all forgiven, rise up;" and no one among us was able to rise, because of sin in our hearts. That night, when meeting was dismissed, and I came to my home, I wept and prayed before God because of my many sins, and besought him to forgive me. When I rose from prayer my heart seemed lighter. After this we were all at prayer-meeting one evening. I did not wish to pray, but prayer came of *itself* from my heart, and I prayed earnestly; and from that time I know that the Lord has forgiven and received me.—*Piyari.*"

"There is still a deep religious anxiety pervading the minds of our girls, and several are earnestly seeking the Savior. May the Lord increase this blessed influence!"

"*Piyari,*" whose experience is here given, is the girl represented in the wood-cut sitting first on the left-hand side, a very amiable, intelligent girl, and called after Mrs. Butler.

The good work among them still continues. When brother Brown last preached to them, his subject was the "City of Refuge," which he earnestly urged all who had not entered to fly to at once. Next morning at breakfast Mrs.

Thomas received a note from one of the girls which ran thus: "Mem Sahib, I have hitherto thought I was a Christian and loved God, but when I heard Brown Sahib preach last evening I found out that I was not a Christian. During the night I kept praying and cried, 'O, Jesus, thou city of refuge, take me in!' and this morning I do feel that he has done so, and I am happy now."

Thus God has justified our confidence when we first took these girls to train them up for him; all our hopes have been fulfilled. They have done well intellectually and religiously. More than twenty-five of them have already been married to our native preachers, teachers, and converts, and are now happy wives and mothers in their own homes, exhibiting before their heathen sisters what a Christian wife and mother is. Some of them have become efficient teachers and helpers in the work of visiting and instructing their countrywomen, as the columns of the "Heathen Woman's Friend" show. Probably the highest work which God had in view for these girls, is that now in progress under the training of Miss Swain, M. D., who has a large class of the elder girls under instruction in the theory and practice of medicine, to fit them to go into the houses of the suffering ones around them as medical Bible women, healing the sick while they preach the Gospel. "I thank the Lord most heartily for this additional use to which a good and merciful God has destined our Girls' Orphanage in Bareilly. No words can be too ardent to express the importance of such an agency, and as to the view which will be taken of its value by the people of the land, it is enough to mention the fact that the Nawab of Rampore, a Mohammedan sovereign in the vicinity, who lately visited the Orphanage, was so pleased with Miss Swain's medical class and its object, that his Highness expressed himself as highly gratified, and asked their acceptance of a donation of a thousand rupees to aid their invaluable work.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of our Church has done well in taking this institution under its charge. It has elements of power, as thus directed, the value of which can not be over-estimated. They will generously support it and develop its ability for good, and I doubt not it will justify all their confidence and expectations in its future history and success. From it must continually go forth influences which will mitigate the prejudices of the women of India; for they can understand the disinterested benevolence that thus seeks their own relief and welfare, and gratitude must surely incline them to examine into the truth and virtue of that religion



whose mercy and good fruits will be so manifest in the benighted and suffering homes to which the graduates of the Bareilly Orphanage and their devoted instructress will bring help and healing in the days to come.

Earnest may be the prayers and strong the confidence of the ladies of Methodism in the Christ-like agency which they have thus made their own, and which, under their fostering care, will develop into a permanent power of Christian womanly goodness for long-neglected heathen women, the value of which they can never fully know till they find it in eternity, when they stand in the glorious presence of Him who, before his Father and the holy angels, will remember it all, and acknowledge that each of them "hath done what she could"—to the body as to the soul, after his own blessed example—will tell it then "as a memorial of her."

In that glorious hour I too hope to be there, a joyful spectator of the rich results; and to be permitted to cherish the grateful remembrance of my own humble part in those efforts which originated the Female Orphanage of Bareilly.

#### DAILY TRIALS, AND HOW TO BEAR THEM.

IN a retired and rural village, pleasantly situated on the banks of one of our noblest rivers, there lived Ann Jeffries, a poor and worse than widowed woman, for her husband, shortly after their marriage, had lost his reason, and become a pauper lunatic for life. Having no relatives who could help her, she had been thrown upon her own resources, and, as her health was delicate, and she had sometimes been laid up for days together with severe suffering, she had found it no easy matter to earn her daily bread. She was now old, entirely disabled, dependent on the bounty of others, and especially on the kindness of a Christian gentleman whose tenant she had been for many years, but who now allowed her to occupy her cottage rent free. Yet, though so poor, it would have been difficult to meet with a more contented and cheerful Christian. The language of murmuring and complaint never escaped her lips. No words could better express her daily and hourly feelings than those of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

She had received, when young, a fair education, and was possessed of much natural shrewdness and good sense, but was remarkable especially for her deep Christian experience and her strong, unwavering trust in God. This

led many persons to visit her, and I often found it good for myself to sit in her pleasant cottage and listen to her account of the way by which the Lord had led her.

On expressing to her, on one occasion, my surprise that, in circumstances like hers, she should be so habitually cheerful, "You see," said she, "I just trust in the Lord, and he is as good as his word; his promise never fails. I've often been sorely pressed, but I've long been able to cast my burden on the Lord, and he has sustained me."

"But were you always able to trust him as you do now?" I asked.

"Far from that," she replied. "It was only very slowly, and after many lessons, that I learned. But, if you are willing to listen to an old woman like me, I'll tell you how it was."

Being anxious to hear her own account of her early history, I encouraged her at once to begin.

"Well, then," said she, "I had good and pious parents, who sought to train me in the fear of God, and taught me when a child to read his holy Word, and I believe that when very young I felt some stirrings of the divine life in my soul. We were not well off as regards worldly things, but my mother was a woman of strong faith; so she bore up wonderfully, and was carried safely through all her trials. At last she died, rejoicing in Christ her Savior. I saw in her case how faithful God is, and how able so to keep those who trust in him that they shall not want any good thing.

"But in my young days I was often in bad health. I used to suffer a good deal, and was apt to be fretful and ill to please. I think now that my mother was too kind to me at those times, and did too much for me; but it was just her loving way, though it rather spoiled me. I used often to worry myself about trifles, and would make much of little troubles, and, when there was nothing whatever that should have vexed me, I would go even out of my way seeking something to complain of.

"I suppose my mother thought that this arose from my being so delicate. She bore it very patiently, but she would sometimes try to show me how unreasonable and foolish it was, and how ungrateful I was to God for his goodness. 'Now, Ann,' she would say, when I was complaining of some trifle, 'this is really very wrong of you. You are making a mountain of a mole-hill, and allowing all comfort to be crushed out of you by just nothing at all. If it was a real trial I would try to lead you with it to Him who has promised to make his grace sufficient for us, and to give us strength for whatever he

lays upon us. But such a little thing! You should really be ashamed to allow it to put you out for a moment. If you fret in this way about trifles you will have a miserable life of it. How will you bear real trials when they come? If you "have run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?" Jer. xii, 5. She would then endeavor to show me that little daily trials were just little crosses which Christ was bidding me take up, and which I should bear patiently for his sake.

"At this time I was a professing Christian. The Lord had shown me my sins, and I had found Jesus to be a Savior, but my faith in him was weak, and my heart cold and worldly. After a time I began to see how wrong I was, and what dishonor I was bringing on my Redeemer. I felt deeply humbled before him for having so yielded to my unhappy, perverse disposition. For all this, the tendency to complain and fret had become such a habit with me that it cost me many a long and hard struggle to overcome it. But I prayed against it, and I found great help in some rules I laid down to guide me.

"I resolved when I had no real trouble that I would never go in search of an imaginary one, and also that I would avoid as much as I could any thing that might tend to trouble, taking great care of my health—for it was when ill I was most tempted to be fretful—and never interfering in the affairs of my neighbors, nor meddling with the strifes of others. When a trouble did come I resolved not to make it worse by losing heart and temper, or by fighting impatiently against it. I tried to remember Him who sent it, and sent it in love; how much less it was than my sins deserved, and how rich and abundant were the blessings still left to me. I sought, also, when I could, to remove the cause of the trouble. Sometimes this was possible, and sometimes not. And, along with this, I tried to cast every burden on the Lord, believing that he would sustain me. I tried, too, not to be anxious about the future, for I felt sure that if I was living in love to my Savior, and truly seeking God's glory, he would care for me, and all would work for my good.

"I found great peace and comfort in living in this way. But it was not long before trial came in earnest, deep and heavy trial, such trial as in former days would quite have crushed me. My dear, kind father died suddenly, and we were left to struggle with the world almost unprovided for.

"About this time, being asked by James Jef-

fries, a young man of excellent character, who was very fond of me, to become his wife, we were married. You know how matters turned out. Had it pleased the Lord to give him health and strength we might have lived very happily together. But after a time his manner became strange; his love to me seemed all to turn to hatred. I could not understand it, till one day he became so violent that I had to run from the house. It was then found that his mind was gone, and he had to be taken away.

"To add to the trouble, my mother's last illness came on just at that time. I had to go, from my own desolate home to nurse her. But I asked that my strength might be as my day, and it was not for long. 'O, Ann,' said she to me, 'this is what I used to tell you about years ago. Real trouble has come on you at last, trouble in floods; you've got into the swellings of Jordan now. But do n't be afraid. Trust in Him, and all will be well. When you pass through the waters, he'll be with you; and through the rivers, they'll not overflow you. I hope you'll be able to glorify God in the fires by being patient and submitting to his will. He has been a faithful God to me. He has helped me through all my trials, and now he is taking me into his heavenly and everlasting home.'

"When my husband and my mother were thus both taken from me, you might suppose that I would be quite overwhelmed. But, strange to say, I felt wonderfully resigned and peaceful. My mother had prayed much for me in her last days. I was led, too, to pray much for myself, and it seemed as if the strong faith of my mother took possession of me. I felt confident that the Lord would help me, and that, if I but trusted in him, I should want for nothing. Well, so it has proved. I sold the bits of furniture I did not need, and took this cottage, where I have lived now nearly forty years, and I can say that not one good thing has failed of all that God has promised in his Word. For a long time I was able to maintain myself by my work, and even to give some little help to the cause of the Savior. When I've been in difficulty friends have always been raised up for me. I've long now been in the way of carrying every trouble that comes on me, be it a little or great one, to God, and he either helps me to bear it or takes it entirely away. And so it will be to the end. I'm not afraid.

"Dear friend," added this aged saint, "take my way with trials, and you'll find it a good one. Do n't make trials for yourself, and do n't seek them. Do n't make those that come heavier and worse than they really are. Take them

as sent from God, and sent for your good, and ask from him wisdom to deal with them and strength to bear them. Try, if possible, and remove the cause of them. If you can't, trust in the Lord and keep his way, and he'll help you through them, and make them do you a world of good."

Some years have elapsed since the clay walls of Ann Jeffries' earthly house were taken down, and she passed away, peaceful and happy, to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. But may not the account she gave of herself teach us some important lessons?

### ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI has much concerning which she may cherish pride. Her charitable and reformatory institutions have been praised by the people of both this country and Europe. Her stately business-houses are second to the architecture of no city in this country. Her palatial residences and tasteful cottages, that adorn the surrounding highlands, might well be pointed to as architectural jewels.

But none of these gives Cincinnati more of her good name, nor promises more for a future of greatness, than her houses of public worship. Her Cathedral, with its wondrous spire, has been to persons from many countries an object of admiration. Her Jewish temples wealth has grandly adorned, and from them withheld nothing. Her towers, and spires, and modest chapels every-where bear testimony to the fact that we are at least a church-building city.

To this number another edifice has been added, which is to take its place side by side with the best we possess, and which, indeed, has hardly its superior in America. It is a grand edifice, which has cost, with the lot on which it stands, more than \$200,000. In the splendor of its proportions, in its cross-surmounted spire of dizzy height, in its interior adornments and elaborate details, it contrasts strongly enough with the severe simplicity which marked the history of early Methodism. But this is one of the signs of the times. It means progress in the Church, prosperity in the denomination, increasing intelligence, and rational views.

This new edifice is St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, the rightful successor to old Morris Chapel, which was for a generation a religious landmark on Central Avenue, or Western Row as it was once called. Well-nigh fifty years ago this congregation erected a house on

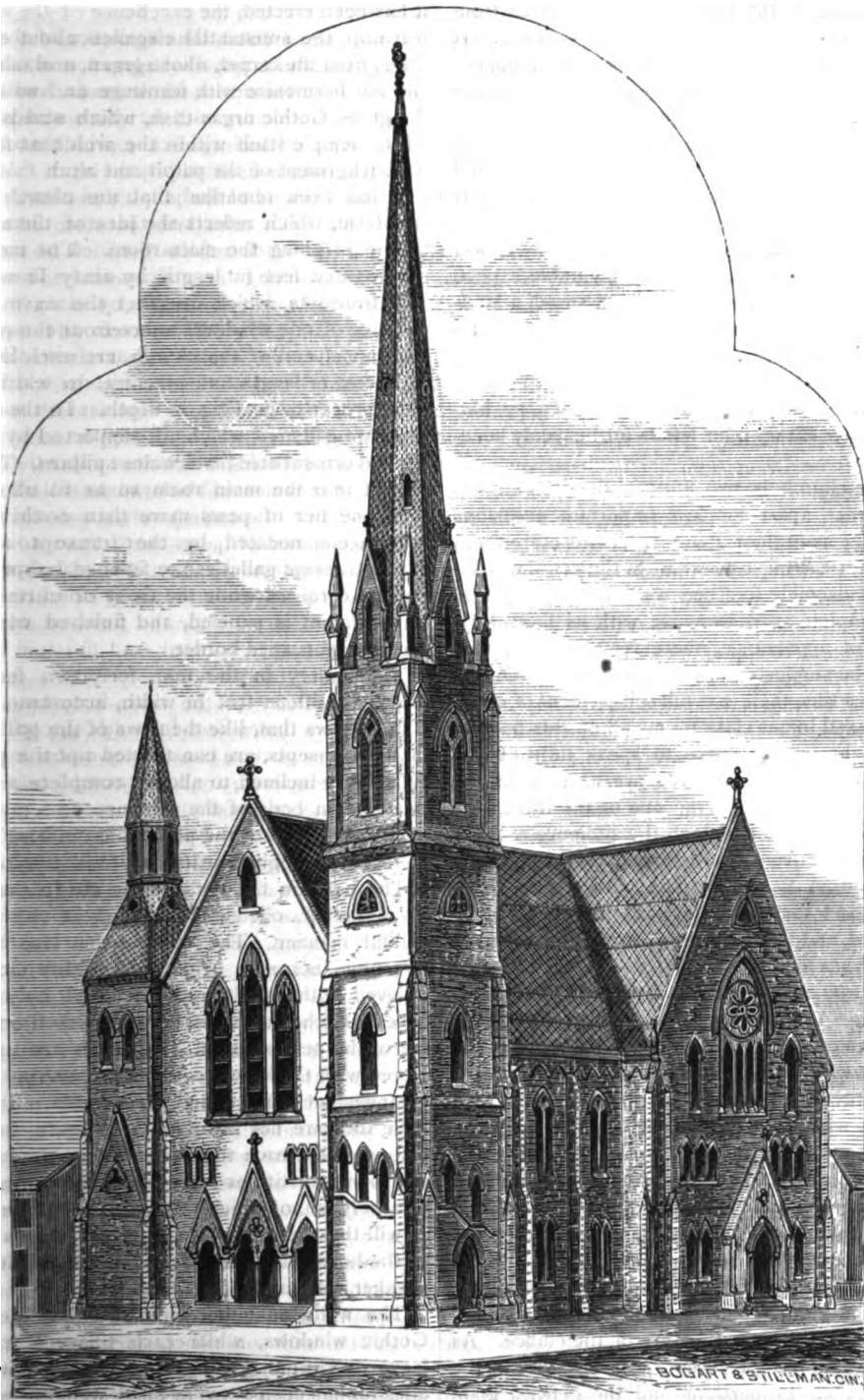
the corner of Fourth and Plum. On account of the faithful manner in which they then declared the whole law, and preached to men of judgment to come, it became known as "Brimstone Corner," an appellation which the denomination did not receive then, nor would now, as by any means disparaging.

In the year 1844 they erected Morris Chapel, where they remained more than a score of years, sending out, in the mean time, two colonies that now worship respectively in Christie and Park-Street Chapels. About four years ago the congregation determined to leave the old place, subsequently selling Morris Chapel and purchasing the present lot. On the 3d day of November, 1868, ground was broken. Two years have since passed, and the church is finished and the congregation have erected a noble monument to their liberality and good taste.

The style of the edifice is the early English transition, which prevailed in the thirteenth century. The church is cruciform in shape, with a total length of one hundred and thirty feet, and width from out to out of eighty-five feet. It is constructed of blue limestone, quarried from the adjacent hills. It is mixed, hammer-dressed, rubble work, with freestone quoins, angles, and other trimmings. Indeed, the latter appears to have been used just enough to produce the best effect. The main entrance is on Smith-street. In this gable is an immense triple window, the central figure of the east front of the edifice.

The second front is on Seventh-street, composed largely of the gable produced by the north transept. This has a quadruple window, surmounted by a wheel window, of a diameter corresponding to the width of the window below. The walls are relieved and supported by buttresses, trimmed with freestone. On Seventh-street is a tasteful stone porch, through which persons may pass who seek admission to the chapel or lower floor of the church.

From the north-east angle rises the tower, twenty-two feet square at the base. The tower proper is about one hundred feet in height. The first story is buttressed, and the second is diminished and buttressed as the ascent is made. Small staircase windows pierce the tower and mark the course of the stair-way within. The spire proper of the church, constructed of wood and slate, rises gracefully one hundred additional feet, making the entire height from the pavement two hundred feet. Throughout the entire building there is nothing in the shape of galvanized iron or any thing that appears to be what it is not. Every thing about the body of



ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

the church is stone, as it should be. That the spire was not also constructed of stone, as the Cathedral was, is a matter of regret. Few churches in these days are so constructed, but

it would have been well for St. Paul to set a precedent. From the south-east corner rises a small tower, covered with slate, as is the roof. This serves also the purposes of ventilation.

Looking at the exterior of the church from any point, it seems to be a perfect building. It is so symmetrical that you are scarcely prepared to suggest a change in any particular. It impresses the mind with solidity. It stands before the spectator a building dignified without being cold, harmonious without being tame, beautiful without in the least endangering the solid character of the structure. Look at the church from any point, and it seems faultless. It will never grow old. It has no unfavorable aspect. There it stands, and there it will stand, a landmark to Cincinnati, an ornament to the city, a good word perpetually spoken for the congregation—its tower and spire pointing men to eternal habitations, and as it reaches up bidding them lift up their hands for heavenly benedictions.

The church is two stories, the lower room being set apart for less important occasions than the main floor above it. The lecture-room is one of the most beautiful in the country, with its handsomely frescoed walls and ceiling and its complete appointments; with its light, airy, cheerful appearance, there remains little that could be suggested in the way of improvement. Besides this, there is a full complement of class, Bible, and infant class rooms all on this floor.

We have only space to speak fully of the main audience-room. We are already in the vestibule, having entered one of the three spacious door-ways by which the audience-room is approached from Smith-street, or through the tower from Seventh. The vestibule is capacious and tasteful. Its walls are handsomely painted, and the floors are covered with matting. Staircases are seen on either side. Each has a very large newel post, made from black walnut, serving a useful purpose in its place, and by its mechanical perfection at once impressing the visitor with the excellence of the work throughout. Broad stair-ways lead up to the upper vestibule, which communicates with the main audience-room. This room is very tasteful. The walls, at either end, are supported by mammoth freestone pillars. The ceiling is of varnished white wood, artistically used, and the floors are also covered with a superior matting.

Four sets of black walnut double doors open into the main room. Of course the audience-room is the principal feature of the edifice. As soon as the visitor enters he is struck with the harmonious proportions and the general good effect. The eye is not dazzled with gold-leaf and tinsel decorations, nor the soul shocked by gairish display. The whole man is rather pleased with the splendor of its proportions, its admirable adaptation to the purposes for which

it has been erected, the excellence of the workmanship, the substantial elegance about every thing, from the carpet, whose green, and salmon, and red harmonize with furniture and walls, to the grand Gothic organ-case, which stands like a little temple itself within the arch that forms the background of the pulpit and altar.

It has been remarked that the church was cruciform, which reflects the idea of the architect in planning the main room. The nave is ninety-three feet in length by sixty in width. The transepts, which intersect the nave at a distance of one window's space from the pulpit or chancel end of the church, are each thirty-eight feet in length and nine feet in width, or, more properly speaking, in depth. In the transepts are galleries, which are supported by slender and ornamented black walnut pillars. These project into the main room so as to allow in each one tier of pews more than could have been accommodated by the transept alone. These transept galleries are finished below with tasteful cornices, while the front or curtain of white walnut is paneled, and finished with an ornamental cusped border.

The gallery in the rear, forty-two feet in length by fifteen feet in width, accommodates sixteen pews that, like the pews of the galleries in the transepts, are constructed upon a plane sufficiently inclined to allow a complete survey of the main body of the audience, and to command a full view of the pulpit and choir. They are really as eligible seats as are in the house.

The pews in the body of the church are of black walnut, oiled and polished in the most skillful manner. The ends, which are three feet nine inches in height, are highly Gothic, relieved with panels and supported by broad bases. Each bears a silver plate, with the number of the pew in black. The pews are upholstered with the best green English terry. The arrangement is novel and comfortable. In the nave they are not arranged in a circle, but so disposed that each tier of seats running across the room constitutes a section of the perimeter of a polygon, of which the pulpit is the center. It will thus be seen that all persons in this part of the house can look directly at the pulpit and speaker without turning the head.

The walls on either side have four double Gothic windows, while each transept has a large quadruple ornamental window, to which allusion has been made in the description of the exterior. In the rear of the galleries, above the main entrance on Smith-street, is a triple window with open tracery heads. Smaller windows in the transepts still increase the facilities for light, which, during the day, will always be

sufficient to make the room cheerful. The windows generally are of soberly stained glass, with narrow borders of gay colors, while the heads and wheel windows are made up largely of bright hues.

The whole room is wainscoted to the windowsills with highly polished black walnut, arranged in Gothic panels. Above this the walls are painted a mellow russet, relieved by a neat tracery about the windows and along the borders.

The roof is open framed. The ceiling is supported by six open trusses resting upon arches supported by stone corbels. These are parallel with the main front of the edifice. Two other trusses, thrown diagonally across from either side of the transepts, intersect each other in the middle of the ceiling which it supports. Simple trusses, without brackets, spring from corbels on each side of the transepts, the roof of which they aid in sustaining.

The ceiling is handsomely frescoed in panels of modest colors, relieved by central ornamental figures, and by appropriate symbols and devices, and the trusses are all painted in oak.

But no one of these features is the most important architecturally. Toward the pulpit, and organ, and choir gallery all eyes are turned, from the very arrangement of the pews. This part of the room is the finest in all respects. With reference to it all else has been constructed. Every seat in the galleries, or transept, or nave commands a good view of this.

The altar is semicircular, surrounded by a low communion railing composed of large and small arches alternating, the large arches supported by columns that terminate in carved capitals; the whole constructed of the finest black walnut, oiled and polished to the highest degree. Immediately around it are the low cushioned seats for communicants, upholstered with crimson terry. In the rear of this are the table stands for the baptismal service, chairs, etc.

Within the railing is a platform sixteen feet by nine, elevated three feet nine inches above the base, and approached by five steps. This supports the pulpit or reading desk, which is in itself a beautiful piece of workmanship. The latter, in general appearance, approaches the half of a Gothic capital. It is wrought from white walnut, and is one of the chief beauties of the furniture of the house. On it rests a plain crimson velvet cushion for the Bible. On the platform are three Gothic chairs of exquisite workmanship.

Immediately in the rear of the pulpit is a broad semicircular screen, constructed of black walnut, that extends about six feet above the platform. This is paneled, and has been pol-

ished until it is as beautiful as the finest furniture. Above this, and spanning all, is a grand Gothic arch. Surrounding it, in illuminated letters, are the words:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

On the left are the first four Commandments, on the right the remaining six. This arch opens into a five-sided recess, in which the organ is placed. The upper part of the recess is painted an azure ground, against which golden stars can be seen through the open work of the organ-case.

The organ is of medium size, beautiful in tone, and handsomely embellished. The case containing it is really a work of art. It is made of white walnut, and its proportions and details appear to have been made with reference to this place and church. In front of the organ are seats for the choir.

Such, in brief, is a description of this part of this magnificent church, which will be more admired as it receives closer attention. It has defects, but they are few, and hardly worthy of mention in view of its many commendable features. Every thing about it is good. There is nothing cheap. The carpet, of which there are about a thousand yards, is of the best quality. The materials are generally of the best. The wood-work is the natural wood, oiled and polished. There is little paint about the whole edifice save what has been placed on the walls. The room is heated from below, and all the walls are furred so as to avoid dampness and unhealthfulness. A chamber is left between the ceiling and the roof to guard against heat. Nothing that will contribute to comfort appears to have been left undone. Immediately in the rear they have fitted up for the pastor a tasteful study with every convenience.

There are two hundred and twenty-two pews. These will seat twelve hundred persons. Chairs can be carried into the aisles so as considerably to increase its capacity. Of these pews every fifth one is to be reserved sacred for the public and strangers, who are not to receive less attention because the congregation have built themselves a temple such as they consider a worthy offering to the Lord.

The room is lighted at night principally by chandeliers, which embrace one hundred and fifteen burners. These are in groups of four or five burners, and are, in the main, suspended from the pendants of the trusses that support the ceiling.

The entire cost of the church as it stands is about \$210,000. Of this amount \$50,000 are in the lot, so that the church and furniture have

cost about \$160,000. Included in this are the cost of the organ, in round numbers, \$6,000; upholstery, altar furniture, etc., \$4,000; carpet, \$3,000, and about \$2,000 for the furnishing of the lower room, which was raised by the ladies of the congregation. A hundred years hence this noble edifice will remain, we hope, to tell other generations how their ancestors gave of their substance to build a temple worthy of Methodism, and to erect a public building which must long remain one of the architectural gems of the Queen City.

## THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

### II.

#### THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

THE creation of man and woman under the beautiful and impressive circumstances recorded in the Word of God, and reviewed in the previous article, is itself the Divine institution and the Divine definition of marriage. "He that made them in the beginning made them male and female," and said, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." "Wherefore," says the Savior, "they are no more twain, but one flesh." These, it is to be remembered, are the words of God himself, as they are declared to be by Christ, and not, as they have often been supposed to be, the words of Adam. God made man male and female for this end, and in these words delivered his own ordinance to mankind, at once creating a more imperative union than that of parent and child, and permitting and directing a dissolution of the filial relation, that the parties might henceforth leave father and mother and cleave to each other. Not that parental affection should cease or perish, or the filial relation be abrogated, but that it is safer for society, and better for the race, that the union of man and wife should be more indissoluble than the relation of parent and child. Nor could this have been an ordinance for Adam alone. Adam had neither father nor mother, and he was married by God himself, so that he neither needed, nor was this sacred ordinance adapted to him. It contemplated his posterity, and was the ordinance of marriage instituted in the beginning and applicable in all times and for the whole race. The law of intercourse between man and woman is marriage, and marriage only—a union, too, designed from the very beginning to be the union of one man and one woman.

Thus introduced by God it is perpetuated and regulated through all the subsequent relations

of his Word. In the New Testament, Christian marriage and the Christian family are recognized and blessed both by the Savior and his apostles. Our Lord himself recognizes and sanctions this holy estate, yields reverence and obedience to the parental relation, and adorns the marriage of Cana with his presence and first miracle. Indeed, he not only recognizes it, but his purity and wisdom, his gentleness and lovingness seemed necessary to a perception of its mysterious import and high significance. He it is who is capable of lifting it out of the corruptions and abuses of ages, and of exalting it to its true import and sanctity by his heavenly lessons with regard to it. Rising above the abuses of scribes and Pharisees, and even above the accommodations of Moses, he restores the significance and authority of the original institution. He rescues the wife from the degradation of a vassal or even an inferior, by wresting from the husband the power of capricious divorce, and by placing about this holy estate greater safeguards, by his more carefully defined and more stringent rules with regard to a dissolution of this union.

He himself and his apostles make use of marriage as a beautiful and expressive figure of the mystical union between Christ and his Church. "*Thy Maker is thy husband,*" is one of the most endearing allusions and most pathetic appeals of God to his people. "I will marry thee, yea, I will marry thy land," is one of the most tender and significant promises of the Bible. The highest revelations of the Divine character in its relations to men are taken from the family. "*The Father*" is the highest conception that even Christ can give us of the blessed God whom he makes known to men, and **THE CHILDREN OF GOD** is the highest prerogative he can confer on them that love and fear him. To express the tenderness of his love for his people Christ presents his Church as a bride adorned for her husband, and under the figure of his marriage with this bride presents the glorious consummation of his mediatorial reign. It is, indeed, the New Testament and the lessons of Christ, the latest and completest revelations from God, which have given true dignity, sanctity, and felicity to this holy estate, and determined the true relations of man and woman, husband and wife. In the light of these revelations let us study it more fully.

1. *Marriage is a sacred institution.* The Scriptures are clear on this subject. It is of Divine origin and appointment. We receive it from God, and it is subject to *his laws alone*, and not to *laws of men*. It is older than human

governments, and is among those things for which men are accountable to God, and for the use or abuse of which they must finally answer to him. Christian governments may and should recognize it, regulate and guard it, as they recognize and regulate the holy Sabbath. But it is not originated by them, nor is it their province to change its significance or modify its obligations. God made it, and his laws alone control it. The conditions of entering into it and of separation from it, are fixed in advance by him, and human legislation can neither legalize it nor grant divorces from it, except in accordance with its significance and God's appointment.

Marriage is not, then, as we too often hear, a civil compact, but a Divine ordinance, and "what God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

"God never made his work for man to mend."

We have many would-be reformers in the present day in almost all departments of social and moral life, and among them domestic reformers, socialists from abroad and sensualists at home, who are only able to conceive of liberty in the light of licentiousness, and who have grown weary of the just and wholesome restraints necessary for the very existence of society; men and women who would be wise above what is written, and who, looking upon the word and institutions of the Creator as antiquated and inapplicable to the times, would turn our domestic institutions and relations upside down. And, forsaking the wise institutions of God, what would they substitute? Spiritual lovism, mesmeric attractions, unions of affinity, promiscuous marriage, popular divorces, parentless children, husbandless wives, motherless homes, and social anarchy!

2. Marriage is an honorable institution. "What God has made pure let no man call common or unclean." God has pronounced it honorable in all, and when mistaken sanctity has set it aside, history has demonstrated that the consequences are but little less fatal than when licentiousness has ignored it. It was in the world before sin was, and is the only pure thing that has come down to us from before the Fall. God himself performed the first marriage ceremony amid the purity and sanctity of Eden, and the grandeur and beauty of the sinless Paradise, while the "God with us" made his first public appearance, and introduced his ministry on earth by his first miracle at the marriage in Cana of Galilee. We have always felt the fitness and beauty of the opening of this divine ministry in the family; that Christ's

first work should be in the home. Here he touches, recognizes, and sanctifies the very roots of society. All begins with the family; here is infantile humanity, the germ that is to grow and become the man, the nation, the Church; out of this first sanctuary are ever going forth the forces of society; in this charmed circle Religion is ever to find her first and most genial home. The anointed Messiah therefore begins his sacred ministry for the world at the very foundations of human life—he sanctions and blesses first of all a true marriage!

3. It is a *universal institution*. It is not simply a relic of Jewish antiquity. It began before Abraham, the father of the Jews, was born. It began before the Flood. It dates its origin at the beginning of the race. It was God's first institution for the benefit and welfare of mankind, appearing, probably, within the first holy week, when the new world and the new race were just rising into life. It is radical, lying at the foundation of human things. It is not simply a law or institution of Christianity, it is the law of the race.

4. In itself considered, it is a *solemn compact or covenant* made between two parties, made in the fear of God, not in the light of a civil compact, but of obedience to a divine ordinance—an agreement of which God himself is a witness and on which is invoked his blessing. It is a compact made in view of the responsibilities of time and eternity, made solemnly and perpetually as the basis of a life union, founded on the purest affection and most upright designs of the parties.

5. It is not only a compact or covenant in which two persons agree to live together, but it is a *profound union of two hearts*, a union so intimate that it amounts to a mysterious identity. "They twain shall be one flesh." "This is a great mystery," says the apostle. They are no longer two, but one, one in all duties, interests, hopes, and pursuits. Their lives are blended into one life. Those who enter into it should understand that ever after there is but one end to seek, one rule to acknowledge, one hope to animate, one cup of weal or woe to share. There can be no separate interests; the first appearance of this is the entering wedge which separates their hearts, is the rising cloud which is to darken their future lives. The smile of Heaven must bless, or a frowning Providence depress, both alike. Hand in hand they must tread the same pathway, be it through darkness or in the clear sunlight, over flowers or on thorns. This mysterious and profound oneness is the emphatic significance which the Creator gave to the marriage relation, and is the founda-



tion on which Christ rested his stringent law of divorce.

6. *The only true basis of marriage is affection.* Following in the light of the Great Book which utters the words of Eternal Life, we are not ashamed to say the first and essential bond of marriage, and the charm which casts the brightest radiance over it, is LOVE. Who has not felt its power, and who has not seen its beauty? Beautiful every-where; in the gay and happy world of life about us; beautiful when it paints rainbows in the face of the babe, whose sparkling eyes beam it out like rising sunshine on the parent; beautiful in childhood, to whose joyous laugh it gives the sweetest ring; beautiful in the family circle, as it sparkles in the eyes of the loving sister, and throbs in the heart of the manly brother, drawing them together, the one to lean upon a brother's arm, and feel the safety of the love that is there, the other proud of the purity and innocence of the affection that throbs in a sister's heart; beautiful in the wife, as she lays her head on the husband's breast, and there consecrates to him and to God her heart and life; beautiful in the husband, as in the pride of a manly devotion he throws his protecting arm around the dependent wife; beautiful in the mother, as it looks out through her gentle eyes, beams in her loving face, trembles in her household song, mellows in her maternal voice; beautiful in the father, as it nerves him for his toil and makes his heart strong as he goes forth to work for those he loves; beautiful in the evening, when returning weary, and worn, and tired of the busy world, he takes off the incasings of his heart, and cools and blesses it in the atmosphere of home.

We repeat, the only true basis of marriage is affection. Upon no other condition does God sanction or bless it. Entered into upon any other consideration it ceases to be marriage, and is degraded into the insignificance of a mere civil compact. Not for the sake of alliances of interest or distinction, not for the sake of fortune or rank, not for ambition, avarice, convenience, or sensuality is this holy estate to be invaded. Love, and exclusive love, which sees in its object the being whom of all others it would draw to itself, is the golden chain which is to bind these hearts, is the sacred principle which is to sanctify this union. It is the pillar of cloud which is to throw its shade over their dwelling by day, and the pillar of fire which is to illuminate their sanctuary by night. And this affection must never be suffered to cool; it must ever burn and glow like the star that keeps watch in the midnight sky; or like the swan, whose whiteness gathers new luster with age,

and which utters its sweetest note in death. This duty does not often fail on the part of the wife; the danger is in the busy, money-loving and money-getting husband. We do not like the man that does not love his wife and home. Such a man "is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils; let no such man be trusted." Unprincipled, or thoughtless, or sadly deceived must be the man who can forget that she has left all to follow him; that she has turned the tide of her affections, hopes, duties, and destiny away from all others to concentrate them all upon him, whom her confiding faith has believed to be worthy of her trust and affection. In that confiding faith she has come to place her heart, her life, in his hands. Such faith demands the ever-answering love of her husband.

"There is no one thing," said Leigh Hunt, "more lovely in this life, more full of the divine courage, than when a young maiden from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares; when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, looks out into the dark and unilluminated future, away from all that, and yet, unterrified, undaunted, places all that future in the hands of a stranger she has seen and loved." Surely every true man will tenderly cherish such an offering of affection, and will bear long, and suffer much, before he will forget or trample upon such confiding love. In marriage woman risks most, nay, she risks all. She gives up all for one. If that one be true, manly, faithful, she feels a recompense for her loss; but if he be false, cowardly, and treacherous, she can only pine in secret, and lament the hour when first she listened to the heartless words with which he deceived her young and trusting heart.

What are styled among us marriages of convenience or of interest are but civilized forms of actual barbarism. The Zulus of Africa trade off a young ox for a wife; in China the parties never see each other till the contracts have been signed; the Hindoos betroth their children at an early age, and without the least reference to the inclinations of the parties. No wonder, we say, that among these people matrimony is in general at first only a farce, and often afterward a tragedy. But how much better than these customs of barbarism is the annual auction of females at our prominent watering-places?

No nearer to the true significance of marriage are what may be called "marriages of despair," when disappointed parties hurry off to cover their chagrin or to inflict a fancied vengeance by a hasty marriage. When the heart has loved, and has been defrauded of its love, it is but a fatal remedy to cast it away in a living sacrifice upon some other object. The wreath may be around the head, but the fire burns into the soul, and eats without consuming. Unless, then, the choice of mutual love precedes the holy vow, marriage is but a mockery, or but a vulgar provision for a settlement, or a reckless venture, and no wonder that in such cases the consequences are almost always fatal.

### A HEART-SONG.

ROSE-PETALS are paling,  
The leafage is falling,  
For Death draws anear  
The beautiful year ;  
Gray glooms are falling,  
Chill winds are calling—  
Would life lone and drear  
Could fade with the year,

For heart-roses perish ere Nature's are fled,  
And Spring hath no voices to waken the dead.

Earth groweth awear,  
With days bleak and dreary,  
And weary the soul,  
When dim shadows roll,  
Their black waves o'erflowing  
The sun's gladsome glowing ;  
Grim tyrant is Fate  
To the longing who wait,  
The heart tires of beating and hands tire of strife,  
And brain tires of weaving its mystical life.

Pale Autumn, when dying,  
'Mid Winter's wild sighing,  
Wilt thou breathe no balm,  
No soul-healing calm,  
To hush all our weeping,  
And leave us soft sleeping  
'Neath snow-covered sod,  
At rest in our God,

Till Spring-time eternal shall burst into bloom,  
And banish the darkness of earth's Winter gloom ?

Trust, heart, so despairing,  
That raves, little caring  
To be and to beat ;  
Though dead at thy feet  
Fall leaflets and roses,  
When brief Autumn closes,  
Yet budding and song,  
Though lingering long,

Shall touch thee to music, when sweetly and low,  
Thy God calls the blossoms from under the snow.

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O, sad leaves that quiver,  
Adown yonder river,  
Your glory is done ;  
Ye 've drunk of the sun—  
Soft rain-drops have blessed ye,  
Light zephyrs caressed ye,  
But darkly the stream  
Ingulfed your bright dream—  
On stream silent flowing, yet broad as the sea,  
Are joys that have drifted their beauty from me.

Cease, heart, from thy sorrow,  
A radiant morrow  
Shines over the tide—  
The fair, further side  
Doth hold in completeness,  
Thy joy's tender sweetness ;  
They 've floated away,  
To regions of day ;  
Thou 'lt cross o'er the river that 's wide as the sea,  
To bliss that the angels have cherished for thee.

### THE GOLDEN HILLS.

BEAUTIFUL stand the golden hills,  
Whose feet are washed by the river Death,  
We think of them with rapturous thrills,  
With glowing hearts and fainting breath ;  
Those glorious hills of God, that lie  
Beneath his love's unclouded sky.

Between us and their wondrous glow,  
The cold, dark river swiftly glides,  
And o'er its bosom, hanging low,  
A veil of mist the glory hides ;  
No eye of love, with vision keen,  
May pierce beyond that darksome screen.

Yet this we know, the bliss serene  
There thrilling heart may not conceive,  
No ear hath heard, no eye hath seen,  
The waiting raptures God will give,  
When, past the tides of earthly ills,  
His loved ones gain the golden hills.

And when a pure and loving soul,  
With rapturous eyes upraised in prayer,  
Is borne to those bright tides that roll  
Beyond the misty barrier,  
A gleam of glory bursts its way  
Across the waters cold and gray.

And they who wait upon the strand ,  
To watch the loved, receding face,  
And see the pale and shadowy hand  
Toward them wave a last embrace,  
When on the stream that light appears,  
Are comforted amid their tears.

And rising from that hallowed place,  
They take their way through life again,  
Bereft, but with the power to trace  
Henceforth, in darkest hours of pain,  
The heavenly gleam that softly plays  
Above God's most mysterious ways.

## MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

I NEVER knew the sweetest of natural ties, my father dying before my birth, and my almost heart-broken mother surviving him less than a year. My father had possessed what in this quiet town was really a competence. But all was lost, not long before his death, through the failure of his only brother, my Uncle James, then a business man in a distant city. The particulars I never fully knew, but only that the failure was irretrievable. Uncle James, as the friends have told me, came on to attend my mother's funeral, and soon after went abroad.

My dear mother committed me, with her dying lips, to the care of her brother, Horace Grey, and, all unconscious of the misfortunes which clustered around my infant head, I was conveyed to my new home. My advent in the household of my uncle must have increased not a little Aunt Huldah's many cares, with her little baby, not far from my own age, and the superintendence of farm-work, which she chose to assume, though her husband's means were ample. She had, I doubt not, a feeling of pity for the motherless little one thus thrust upon her care. Yet I was no kin of hers, and a troublesome child from the beginning. That she did not love me much was not so very strange, and when, some months afterward, another babe was born, my presence in the family must have seemed all the more a burden.

The bitterness that, as I grew out of babyhood, became thus a part—the part most vividly remembered—of my child-life, Aunt Huldah could not guess. I was, I knew, a sad blunderer, breaking the dishes when, under some unusual stress of domestic occupation, I was pressed into the service; dropping burning lamps upon the carpet, or upon the nicely washed floor; forgetting invariably to close doors in the Winter, and as persistently closing them in Summer; tearing my dresses, and wearing out my shoes and stockings, entirely oblivious of trouble or expense. I see now how utterly disheartening a career so full of annoyance and of so little promise must have appeared to my Aunt Huldah, herself the very embodiment of order and neatness—one of the happy few who realize in practice their own highest ideal. But I was not altogether stupid, as I seemed, and certainly not willful. My cousin Mattie was my opposite in character and bearing, a graceful, sprightly, efficient little maiden, walking dutifully in her mother's foot-steps, and furnishing a standard of daily reference when it became necessary to impress me with

the extent of my own delinquencies. These comparisons were not good for either child, and I have since wondered that she assumed no more in virtue of a superiority which she was never allowed to forget, and which I had no disposition to dispute. Harry, two years younger, both Mattie and myself loved and admired, yielding almost without questioning to his imperious will; and, indeed, every body loved Harry, with all his peremptory ways.

Nine years passed under my uncle's roof—a season not without its pleasures, for joy is the natural element of children. Then, in many respects, my lot was a favored one. In dress no difference was made between Mattie and myself, and our social and school opportunities were the same.

Yet all the while I yearned for the privilege of loving some one to whom my love should be a boon. Vaguely at first the conception arose, and every day it became more painfully, because more hopelessly, distinct. My uncle seemed far removed from me, and the further because I knew he was daily apprised of my various mishaps and misdemeanors. Toward my aunt I had a feeling akin to love, and such a longing that I might sometimes share the caresses she lavished upon her children.

In my twelfth year a daughter was added to the family. Her coming proved an era in my child-history, and I felt a new life warming my long-benumbed heart and filling all the void. Doubtless, in these circumstances, my character assumed a different aspect to others—for love is a beautifier not only of the loved, but also of the loving one—and thus my relations to Aunt Huldah changed surprisingly. Our hearts were drawn together as they were drawn toward Alice. Then, as a result of that quickened sense with which I seemed now endued, and of my own somewhat maturing wisdom, it happened that occasions of dissatisfaction with me became less and less frequent.

Not long after this to me so great event, another happened, destined to affect very seriously my whole life. A new school was opened in the town, offering unusual advantages. I had ever loved study, and, furnished thus with all needful aids, the paths of knowledge opened most invitingly before me. One of the teachers, Nellie Austen—one to whom, as scholars, we owed most—became a member of my uncle's family; and now, though many little rills of domestic unhappiness still found their way into my life's current, the sympathy, the friendship which Miss Austen manifested toward me, with the affection of my Alice, made this the happiest period I had ever known.

Our little pet was now nearly two years old, and when out of school I was her almost constant attendant. I had one day taken her some distance. Returning, we had nearly reached home, when suddenly a horse which had broken loose came tearing toward us. I rushed for the gate, but not in season to prevent the destruction of her little carriage, from which the child was violently thrown. One moment she lay, her golden curls sweeping the dust, silent, motionless; the next she was in my arms, and, with a strength born of love and terror, I carried her up through the long drive-way, which seemed, as I toiled on, to have no end.

It was a momentary relief to see Aunt Huldah descending the steps. Catching a glimpse of my precious burden, she flew toward me, her shrieks for help mingling with censures for my carelessness. Neighbors came rushing in. They bore Alice into the house, I following in mute despair. A few hurried words from me explained the circumstances; but, in Aunt Huldah's wild excitement, she scarce heeded or even heard, and spurned me from her. Meanwhile the doctor had come, and hours which seemed ages passed before tokens of life appeared. But at length the eyes opened, the lips unclosed, there was a faint moan, and then the tears streamed down Aunt Huldah's face. Almost as by miracle our darling had escaped unharmed.

Not at once did my aunt learn to dissociate me from the accident so nearly fatal. It was only as she saw my daily devotion to her child, now more tender, more vigilant than ever, that her manner regained somewhat of kindliness. Childhood passed into youth, and youth, by insensible stages, into womanhood. My position in the family had become more assured. Miss Austen's friendship bore most precious fruit in the culture of my own mind and heart. Mattie, too, under the same benign influence, developed into a noble, earnest-hearted woman. Harry, now a collegian, gave promise of a brilliant career. Those were sunny days when he came home on vacations, bringing some friend, perhaps, and the house and the woods alternately would ring with our merry laughter.

But I must hasten to a period in my life of marked interest. Frank Bertram came into town and commenced the practice of law. While to all courteous and acceptable in his deportment, his attentions to myself became very soon so marked that Aunt Huldah spoke to me on the propriety of giving him more decided encouragement. And, indeed, I was not uninterested in his demonstrations of regard. It was the first time I had been thus

approached, and I am sensitive to kindness. As his wife I should know pecuniary independence. On this Aunt Huldah dwelt eloquently. But I did not feel quite satisfied with Mr. Bertram's character, nor with the nature of the feeling he had awakened in my heart, and to marry merely for a home would be, I thought, to take a position of pitiful dependence.

Dear Aunt Huldah was indignant when I expressed to her something of what I felt, and thought me proud and foolish. Matters were becoming almost painfully exciting, when our thoughts as a family were forced into another channel. I have said little of my Uncle Horace; and, indeed, while a man of unblemished character, he had none of those marked traits which compel a measure of interest. He was reticent, both constitutionally and from circumstances, Aunt Huldah's ready speech making it less necessary that others in the household should talk freely. As I grew older, and better understood my uncle, our relations came to be of a very affectionate character. He felt, I think, that my early days in his family were not happy ones, and, more and more, he was drawn to me for my mother's sake.

In the course of years we began to notice in him at times a sadness approaching to melancholy. It grieved us all, but I, more than any other, was successful in relieving it. This was but the prelude to a double sorrow in the heavy pecuniary losses and subsequent sudden death of this dear friend. For years he had been engaged in speculations which promised large returns, but, with many others, he met disappointment.

It was surprising that in these circumstances Aunt Huldah bore up so nobly. We knew the impetuous strength of her affections, and then her naturally proud spirit could not but recoil from the prospect of an old age of limitations and dependence. We could not doubt that it was because of God's sufficient grace that she fainted not in this time of her adversity.

At once Mattie and myself were planning a union of effort as teachers, with the view of making aunt's life as free and happy as possible. But there was Alice, just entered on a four years' course of study, and Harry not yet through college, with his professional studies to follow, and the expected two years in Europe, which it would cost us girls quite as much as it could himself to be obliged to give up. But he was brave, thinking only of his mother and sisters, and, as with these he tenderly included myself, I found something of sweetness even in that trying hour.

It was a few nights after my uncle's funeral

that we were sitting, Mattie, Harry, and myself, in the side parlor talking over our plans. Aunt Huldah had gone to bed. It was touching to observe how, ever since her husband's death, her love had gone out to her youngest born. And, with every night's return, Alice must be close folded to her heart.

It was a stormy night, a heavy rain dashing against the windows, now and then lashed by the dripping branches of our elms, whose tardy unfolding I had watched so many successive Summers. Another Spring and we should all perhaps be far away from the old homestead pursuing paths which might never again bring us together as now. Some such thought doubtless came to us all, but we said only cheering words. Suddenly we distinguished the sound of wheels coming up the drive-way, and Harry hastened to offer a welcome to either friend or stranger who should solicit hospitality on that tempestuous night. I heard my name pronounced in a strange and yet somewhat familiar voice, "Marianna Lee," and soon, wondering and troubled, I knew not why, I was ushered into the library to meet a stout, bearded man of middle age. He saluted me most cordially, saying, "Do n't you know me? Do n't you know your Uncle James? Sure enough, sure enough, I should never have recognized my baby niece in this stately young lady." I can not express what I felt at meeting thus, for the first time, a near representative of my father's family. I was too happy in forgetting all that was painful in his relations to my father and myself. He was not long in telling me of the special object of his visit. After a series of business disappointments Providence, he said, had smiled on him—I noticed with pleasure the form of expression—he was now wealthy, and was ready to make me full restitution for all that my father had lost through his agency. I was bewildered by the proposal—almost feeling that the amount he named could not rightfully be mine. It seemed a thing so out of course. My hesitancy seemed to amuse Uncle James. But when he assured me that this disposition of affairs would leave him still in affluence, there seemed nothing more to be said. It flashed on me, too, what I might thus do for Aunt Huldah and my cousins. The privilege seemed too dear—too blessed.

I slept little that night. My eyes overflowed with grateful tears, and my heart with prayer, that God would direct my decisions.

I found that to purchase my uncle's house would absorb one-third of my little property. This I decided to do, and in addition to buy the family horse and carriage for Aunt Huldah. The farm she would not wish to retain, and the

house furniture, with something besides, would probably be assigned to her. Mattie would teach, as she had proposed. She would insist, I was sure, in meeting a part of Alice's expenses—those for her clothing, perhaps—and I would pay her school and miscellaneous bills. No one must object, I thought; though, as it proved, the dear child herself, Aunt Huldah, and all were disposed to do so.

I proposed to Harry to advance all the funds he would need for his Senior year. To this he ultimately consented, but only on condition of repayment at a future day. He felt sure that he might find an opportunity to go abroad as tutor, as Frank Lewis had done. By private pupils at home, too, he could meet the expenses of his professional study. Happily Mattie had just received an advantageous appointment in our own academy, and so would be at home; I also would pay a modest board to Aunt Huldah. This I should insist on.

All was arranged with Harry and Mattie before I announced my intentions to Aunt Huldah. She was sitting alone at evening in her own room, pale and thoughtful. I took my seat on a stool beside her and unfolded my design, I hardly knew how. I paused, and she spoke—words never to be repeated—words of confession and of sorrow at her own ill-judged course with me. It was more than I could bear, and I entreated her to be silent. She proceeded at length to characterize my proposition in terms far beyond any merit of mine. For, indeed, as I assured her, I was doing myself the greatest possible pleasure. She objected that she could not allow me to make so great a sacrifice on her account. I rejoined: "You are the only mother I have ever known. I owe you more than I can ever pay. Your children are dear as brother and sisters to me. I ask only to fill the place of a sister to them, of a daughter to you." Aunt Huldah yielded, drawing me toward her and affectionately embracing me.

I have little more to say. Uncle James spent some weeks with us, and was invaluable in his services to my aunt. Through his influence the creditors have been induced to grant her an allowance of several thousands. She is indeed a mother to me now. Her large, warm heart has given me room. When she loves, it is without stint.

But this sketch would be incomplete did I not speak again of Frank Lewis. I knew him at first through Nellie Austen, who esteemed him most highly. I could not describe him very well. His looks are not remarkable, and of his "ways," perhaps in the circumstances it is enough that I like them. He is wonderful

in his love of children, and for a gentleness which regards especially the aged, and all uncared for by others. This first attracted me. Lately I have come to know more of his inner nature, and find him at once so modest and so lofty, with a most genuine warmth of soul, and yet having ever a certain measure in speech and act. That may seem to imply a lack of spontaneity, while he is truly simple. But I will not go on. Enough, that on a very brief acquaintance we have been drawn toward each other so strongly, that the nature of the tie which binds and must ever bind us, is no longer doubtful. Aunt Huldah thinks he has not enough of worldly wisdom, and says, smiling, that I have so little it is not safe for us to come together. Perhaps so; but I will risk all that, and so will Frank.

My twenty-first birthday came; and with due forms Uncle James transferred to me my little fortune—for such it appeared to me. Beside's our own dear home circle, Uncle James, Frank Lewis, and Nellie Austen were with us. It was a pleasant, a memorable day.

I have but to add that if Uncle James should one day become the husband of our Nellie, and should make a home for his bride in our little town, those events would not greatly surprise me, and certainly they would leave me nothing earthly to desire.

## TALKS ABOUT THE WOMAN QUESTION.

### I.

**N**OT many months since, a plain countryman called on a good deacon, and, with a face a yard long, inquired, "What do you think of that air Beecher? They say that he's goin' to set the niggers, and the Ingins, and the women a voting." The comforting suggestion that if the women voted all would be sure to come right, only called forth from our disconsolate friend the most dolorous, "O, dear me, suz!"

At the very mention of female suffrage there spring up troops of tramping bloomers, leaving cradles unrocked, stockings undarned, babies bawling, and bread burning, to rally at the caucuses or wrangle at the polls.

"Be sure and not exalt the women that figure at female conventions," writes a good friend and reverend divine. "I do hope you will entirely oppose woman's jumping into the slough of politics, and give a clear and sound testimony against the so-called right, showing that it will be no privilege, no gain, no good. By assuming

it she will have less protection than she now has, and her influence to change any unfavorable legislation will be less. I don't think women would thank men for extending to them the right of suffrage. Their instinctive sense, and love of purity and charity, would lead them to shrink from any such right, if right it be. Only the voice of earnest protest should be heard on this subject. Not that woman would vote wrong, but her influence is mightier and better as it is. If she enters that arena she must run, wrestle, box, and fight, as men do."

"Women are trying to *aborder* questions," says the lamented Robertson, "which men had looked upon as settled; and this might have been expected from their being less able to understand or recognize the authority of statute law and conventional moralities than men, and less disposed to acknowledge their eternal obligation. . . . That great question, how far conventional law is to stifle the workings of inclination, and how far inclination . . . is justified in bidding it defiance, . . . is a perilous one, and opens the door for boundless evil as well as good."

I admit the full force of all these remarks, and I admit also that the question of female suffrage is not only one of the most knotty and perplexing, but also one of the gravest and most important, of any now agitating the public mind. But what can we women do? There is neither reason nor justice in asserting, without examination, that the affirmative view is absurd, or in holding it up as worthy of unmingled derision. That the arguments sometimes presented are puerile and repulsive, and that some of its advocates are held in disrepute, does not alter the fact that there are highly intelligent men and women committed to it. Besides, "who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

A letter lies before me from an eminent D. D., which says, "I go with you that it is not good for man to be alone; that the head of the woman is the man, but the heart and best life of the man is the woman; and if the woman has the right—from different candidates—to choose her own husband who is to govern the household, I do not see why she should not have an equal right to choose the men who are to govern her husband. In both cases she is more likely to vote and act for the well-being of society, than he would be if he were the lord of society without her choice."

Now, though on this subject I was brought up "after the most straitest sect," having all my life long been saturated with discourse against woman's appearance in the pulpit, on the platform, at the polls, or even as an exhorter at

the Church conference, yet I am tempted to look forth from my conservative loop-hole over the bloodless battle-field. Disclaiming all partisan purpose, and even any absolute convictions on a subject fraught with so many difficulties, yet there are some points on which my impressions are clear and strong, and these I am disposed to present. Besides, I can not but feel that an impartial survey of both sides of a question is necessary in order to form opinions entitled to any weight.

It is urged that it would be unseemly for women to be wading in the dirty waters of politics, and dragging and wrangling round the ballot-box. But who are the wranglers, and who have made these waters dirty? Why is any collection of men, from college boys upward, inclined to rowdyism? What a sight in our legislative halls—our venerated law-makers sitting in solemn conclave with feet often higher than their heads, chewing, spitting, and sometimes in a condition still more unbecoming the representatives of a great people! And at the polls these scenes of semi-barbarism are repeated in a yet more repulsive form, so that we can hardly wonder that fastidious men are sometimes driven from them in sheer disgust.

But open the ballot-box to woman, and in spite of all the prophets the magician's *presto change* will ensue. For she appears there in her promenade attire, and whether in her modest simplicity, her stately dignity, or with winning airs and graces, a hush falls on the riotous elements. Work-day clothes, rowdy hats, grimaces, vulgarisms, and profanity give place to clean linen, shining Sunday suits, gentlemanly bows, and general courtesies. Now why should it be any more unbecoming womanhood, under these circumstances, to drop a vote into the ballot-box than a letter into the mail-box? But the same objection is rung over and over with as many variations as there are notes in the gamut.

"If Dr. Harriet wishes one corduroy privilege she must take the others. She must not only get posted up in politics, but in brandy-smashes and blackguardism, for a timely drink or a smutty repartee has as much influence at the polls as facts, eloquence, and excitement. There are expressions that would fall unobserved and harmless in a company of men, which are intolerable in the hearing of women."

Were there, then, two sets of commandments delivered on Mt. Sinai? Are there two standards of propriety and moral purity? What a picture is here presented! And remember that it is not a piece of gratuitous railing gotten up at some female convention. It was a man

familiar with these scenes who sketched the graphic likeness. What a proof has he furnished of the need of some clarifying and elevating influence in political life!

It is argued that female suffrage would take woman out of her sphere. But this is the very point at issue. What is her sphere? To ascertain this is one of the special tasks undertaken by the conventionists, as is seen from the following resolution adopted at one of their public meetings:

"Resolved, That it is the duty of the women of our day to study enough of that abstruse science of surveying to define, if possible, the boundaries of 'their own sphere,' that man be no longer compelled to inform them of its limits."

In order to a fair adjustment of this matter, the convention claims for woman that freedom of action which, disregarding mere prescriptive enactments, shall allow full play to her whole nature. A constitutional difference in the sexes is admitted—a difference which will stand in spite of agitation, and which no amount of "surveying" can obliterate. Even should we take the prevailing public sentiment as correctly defining these "boundaries," there is no more need to *legislate* woman out of the pulpit, the court-room, and the army, than man out of the nursery, the kitchen, and the millinery establishment. But what is the precise point of inconsistency between excelling in the domestic department, and feeling an interest in questions affecting the nation? And where, in all the length and breadth of the land, can you find a woman who has not given many a thought to the late unparalleled crisis in the history of our country, and who has not formed an opinion on the subject? Now, is it the possession, or the expression, of such opinions that unsexes her?

The preference of a great majority of women is, doubtless, for what is *par excellence* their peculiar province—a quiet home-life. To be queen of this realm, what sweeter dominion, what higher glory, can woman crave? And should she, for any reason, be banished from it, what a lack of the amenities and the beatitudes, what disorder and disaster would ensue! But the State is no other than a large family. Must it not, then, suffer the same loss and detriment when woman is permitted to take no part in its counsels? and none the less really, because, from lack of experiment, it has no consciousness of what it loses? Would not her presence in our legislative halls prove an *open sesame* to the treasuries of the State in behalf of our struggling female colleges and seminaries? And were the thousands of broken-hearted wives and daughters allowed a voice in our law-

making, what an incalculable influence would be brought to bear on good morals!

The fear that to give woman political rights would utterly destroy man's chivalrous respect for her, would, if well founded, prove a serious, if not fatal, objection. For her to forfeit this knightly reverence would be to turn the beautiful poetry of nature into the dullest, working-day prose. Yet let there be no misunderstanding here. To be placed on a pedestal for admiration or for homage, is what no sensible woman desires. Instead of sighing for the effete chivalry of mediæval darkness, she asks for those deeper sentiments of respect and that high-toned courtesy which are founded on a distinct recognition of her true, complete individuality. And we always find that where there is the nearest approach to civil equality, there womanhood is the most truly revered.

My readers may marvel if I go to benighted Africa for illustrations on this point; but the recent researches of Dr. Livingstone in that *terra incognita* have made known to us some exceedingly interesting facts. In singular contrast with the usual down-trodden condition of woman in barbarous nations, we learn that among certain African tribes female suffrage is taken for granted. And it is among these very tribes that a chivalrous respect is paid to woman which is not often equaled in the most enlightened countries.

"If you demand any thing of a man," remarks Dr. Livingstone, "he replies, 'I will talk with my wife about it.' If the woman consents, your demand is granted. If she refuse, you will receive a negative reply."

And if Queen Victoria, as a wife, was cherished with no less tender sentiment and affection on account of her governing the British Empire, why should any wife be, simply because she casts a ballot at her husband's side? You may argue, indeed, that Victoria reigns only in name, being herself governed by her ministers. But that does not affect the question. She has the same rights and the same authority that a king would have on the same throne, and this is all that is contended for—civil equality. Of course many wives would vote with their husbands, and, it is to be hoped, without constraint. But is it an infrequent thing for the votes of *men* to be influenced by others, and even sold to the highest bidder? And the fact of woman's possessing the right of suffrage, so far from depreciating her in man's esteem, would greatly improve the rôle of many family despots, so that she would be a decided gainer, instead of loser, by the change.

Besides, there is a natural tendency in gov-

ernment to propitiate voters by bestowing on them the public charities, the lucrative positions, and the educational advantages, at its disposal. All this has operated, very partially, in favor of man; and it is evident that only through extending the political franchise to woman, can both sexes have equality of right and power before the law.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny." This was the battle-cry of the Revolution. Yet, through the inconsistency of our Government, many women who are large tax-payers are subject to just this tyranny. I am well aware that it was representation for *men* exclusive of women that was claimed and fought for at Lexington and Bunker Hill. But does that make the inconsistency any the less? Whatever may be said about those women who have husbands to represent them, there is a class who are taxed without any voice in the matter. And why are they not as really liable to tyranny in such taxation as were the Colonies? Do men say to them, "You must have *confidence* in us?" So said old mother England to her daughter Colonies. But she abused her power, notwithstanding this exhortation. And have American laws concerning women been so remarkably just as to free them from all solicitude?

Is it a strange thing that a woman, who, by her single-handed energy and hard toil, has earned a little money, should object to its being appropriated to public uses, without so much as "by your leave, madam?" or that the woman of intelligence and culture who inherits a handsome fortune, and who voluntarily expends thousands for the public benefit, should feel slightly aggrieved at being heavily taxed without liberty to utter a word, while the wooden-headed Patrick who drives her coach or digs her potatoes exults in his privilege of voting on the disposal of her property? Thus the very principle on which the American Republic was founded, and for which so much precious blood was shed, is essentially and continually violated.

But this inconsistency is not peculiar to our country. In a spirited article which appeared in an English monthly some years since, the writer says: "Woman is perfectly competent to pronounce on the skill of a physician who may save or sacrifice life on a large scale in the county hospital. She helps to elect the sovereigns of India, who hold their sittings in Leadenhall-street. All this is reasonable and constitutional, but—vote for a member of Parliament—preposterous! What makes this matter still more odd is that a man does not vote because he is a man, still less because he is an honest man or a wise man, but because he



is a ten-pounder or upward. There, and there alone, is his qualification. But, though the woman be a fifty-pounder and upward, and both honest and wise into the bargain, yet it availeth not. Truly, it is very mysterious."

But women are not *qualified* to vote. And, pray, why not? Is the disability physical or intellectual? The want of physical ability is urged with a certain show of reason against their entering some of the laboring vocations. But, though they may lack strength to carry a hod, they surely have sufficient to carry a ballot. And, if not *intellectually* fit to cast a vote, how are they fit to manage a family, to train children, and to be companions for a husband? Says an English writer: "While women contribute to the support of government, and are not exempted by the weakness of their sex from paying taxes, it seems to us a plain case that they should have a voice in the management of the revenue."

The main objections to female suffrage have been well summed up as follows:\*

"1. Its incompatibility with household care and the duties of maternity.

"2. Its hardening effect on the character, politics not being fit for woman.

"3. The inexpediency of increasing competition in the already crowded fields of labor and office."

But to this it is answered,

"1. There are a great many women who will never be mothers and housekeepers, and, if there were not, suffrage is not more incompatible with maternity and housekeeping than it is with mercantile life and the club-room.

"2. If it hardens women it will harden men, and the politics which are not fit for her are not fit for him, nor will they become so till her presence gives man a motive to purify them.

"3. At the worst, competition could only go so far that a man and a woman could earn as little together as the man now does alone. This would be better than the present condition of things, for they would then be equal partners, and no longer master and slave. Both would work, and neither need pine."

You object to female suffrage that it would be a revolutionary innovation. But have you forgotten that, on seeing a steam-boat plowing the Thames, the Greenwich pensioners protested stoutly against it as *contrary to nature*, and that in the reign of Charles II, when London had half a million of inhabitants, there

was a resolute opposition to street lamps, while more than a century later, on the proposition to light London with gas, Sir Walter Scott remarked, "It can't be done; it's only the dream of a fanatic," while Sir Humphrey Davy argued, "It's all nonsense; you might as well talk of lighting the city with a slice of the moon."

It is further objected that female suffrage is incompatible with woman's character, and would be destructive to her delicacy. This apprehension, apparently so well founded, appeals instinctively to our better sentiments. But, on looking at it in the light of history, we find a similar objection formerly urged against her going unveiled in the streets; and, not more than two centuries ago, women were not allowed to testify in court, lest it should "learn them confidence, and make them subject to too much familiarity with men and strangers."

It is urged again that it would be damaging in the last degree to the interests of society. Here, also, history teaches how great changes have been accomplished without the disastrous results which were anticipated. At the proposition of Sir Samuel Romilly to abolish the death penalty for stealing a handkerchief, the law-officers of the Crown strongly opposed it, on the ground of its endangering the whole criminal code of England; and, when the bill for abolishing the slave-trade passed the House of Lords, Lord St. Vincent indignantly stalked out, declaring that he washed his hands of the ruin of the British Empire.

Now, it is not my design to load these historical facts with an unwarrantable burden. But, while they do not prove that objections to an innovation are never well founded, they certainly *do* prove that the mere fact of the strongest and the most persistent opposition to any measure on the part of very good and very wise men does not necessarily demonstrate that said measure is ridiculous, or unwise, or impracticable.

But, although the reasons for refusing the ballot to woman should not hold good, and although her right to it should be clearly established, the question comes up, Will it, after all, prove the wonderful talisman that has been predicted? Will it give bread to the starving married woman, or a husband to the well-fed single one? Will it make the feeble strong, or educate the ignorant, or raise the degraded, or enlarge the narrow-minded, or give a high position or a lucrative vocation to the inefficient or the indolent? And, while it would increase the votes numerically, would it change their political result? Indirectly, by assisting to educate

\* "The College, the Market, and the Court." To this book, and to "Woman's Wrongs," I am much indebted in the preparation of this article.

woman more thoroughly, by imposing on her the necessity of looking after her own interests, and by giving her something better than gossip to feed on, it might help in all these directions. But it has no inherent virtue, as some fondly imagine, to make her a good teacher or physician, a successful clerk, or artist, or artisan, or in any sense a wiser or a better woman.

The ballot does not so much give character to the voter, whether male or female, as receive it. It is a power for good or evil, according to the quality of the holder. But it might help to convince woman of her right to work, and of the true dignity of labor, and thus arouse her ambition to make a place for herself, and to become an influence in society.

It is said that women will gain whatever they have energy to resolve on, and that, by indomitable purpose, such women have won for themselves the highest position and the most ample recompense. What need, then, have they of the ballot? But, because they have shown such skill in securing, have they any the less need of power in protecting these interests? Besides, the ballot would furnish a stand-point from which they could help to remove those disabilities, great or small, that prove hinderances to the advance of ordinary women. It is not so much for the exceptional cases, which always take care of themselves, as for the masses, that this right is urged.

But it is pleaded that the great improvement which has already taken place, in the repeal of old laws and the enactment of new ones, through the influence of a few women shows what can be done *without* the ballot. Who, then, can predict what might be accomplished were it placed in the hands of these very women, and how great might be their influence in securing a right use of it by their weaker and less enlightened sisters?

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#### COUSIN MARGARET.

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**P**ERHAPS you have seen my Cousin Margaret. If so you will say with me, that she is one of the most quiet, gentle, unselfish persons you ever saw. During my long Summer vacation I usually spent a few weeks in the pleasant old farm-house that had been her home from childhood, and was always so glad when she could be at home for a few days. She is the village dress-maker, and for miles around there are calls for Margaret Harris, whenever any additions are made to the wardrobe of the feminine portion of the community.

She still adheres to the old custom of itinerating from house to house, and is thus an occasional visitor in many homes, and always a welcome one I think. Her face is plain, and can never have been handsome; threads of silver are visible in her dark hair; but there is a charm in her manner and appearance that many really pretty people never have. She has such a faculty of taking every thing by "the smooth handle;" that no matter how irritable are those around her, or how disagreeable the weather, she is always pleasant and cheerful. I have often wondered why some man has not been discerning enough to see her many good qualities and secure such a treasure.

One sultry August afternoon we were in the large, cool sitting-room, where the east window is almost hidden by the luxuriant creeper, I industriously doing nothing, and Margaret sewing on a wedding-dress for a young girl who lived near. We were speaking of the dress, and at last I ventured to say, "Margaret, why have you never married?" She laughed quietly as usual and said, "What makes you ask such a question, Carrie?" "Because I have often wondered if you never had any romantic episodes in your life." Then as I saw a sad look on her face I added, "Pardon me, dear Margaret, I was thoughtless to ask such a question; but if you can trust me I wish you would answer it. You do not know how much good your experience might do me."

She was silent a few moments and then said, "It is not worth hearing, Carrie; but if you would really like to know about it I'll tell you. You know that this is my birthplace, and I spent my childhood as children usually do, except that I had more care than many, as mother never enjoyed good health. I was the eldest, and at fourteen left school to learn the dress-maker's trade with an old friend of mother's at Melton. I was obliged to come home before my time had expired, to take care of mother, who was very sick with the lung fever. She was quite poorly all Summer, and I could not leave her, so I commenced taking in work at home. I went in society very little, and when I did John Fields usually went with me. We were old school-mates and near neighbors, so it was nothing strange. He was fine-looking, and had an easy, pleasing way, that made him a general favorite; and I often wondered why he did not take some pretty girl instead of poor plain me. Two years passed pleasantly, and I promised to be his wife. I need not tell you that my life was very joyous then, and the future looked bright and full of happiness.

"One Summer evening I sat at my window

watching the moon coming up behind the trees, and thinking that I was one of the happiest people living, when my ear caught these words, 'Well, father, I suppose that Margaret will have a home of her own soon.' 'Yes,' said my father with a sigh, 'John will take her away from us before long, but I do n't see how in the world you are to get along without her. Her earnings are a great help to us, and you are too feeble to do the work with what little help Kate can give you. You know that over-work and a cold brought on your fever Summer before last.' 'I know it, but I'll try to get along some way. Kate is twelve years old, and ought to be a great deal of help. I'm afraid that she'll have to leave school though, when Margaret goes, and I can't bear to have her do that.'

"I could listen no longer, but threw myself on the bed and cried until I was tired out. After this outburst of grief I was calmer, and could look at the matter reasonably. I knew that every word I heard was true, and no wonder that father was afraid to have mother try to do the work. I was strong and had been very careful of her, hardly letting her do any thing for fear that it was too hard for her, and had served till eleven and twelve o'clock many a night, to keep my customers and do the house-work. Kate was so smart and quick to learn, and Mr. Alcott said that in two years more she would be fitted for a teacher.

"Must she give up this darling wish that I might be happy? Then the thought of giving up John seemed to crush all the joy and brightness out of my life. I wrestled long with these contending feelings, and finally knelt down and prayed as I never did before. Gradually a quiet peace stole into my troubled heart, and a determination to do my duty at home. After midnight, while the rest of the family were quietly sleeping, I wrote a letter to John, telling him that I had not deceived him, but could never be his wife, and asking him henceforth to regard me only as a friend. I dared not give him my reason, for I knew that he would go right to mother, and she, with her usual self-denial, would say that she could get along well enough without me, and between the two I should be persuaded to change my mind. He came to me very angry, and asked an explanation, which, of course, I did not give. His last words were, 'Very well, Miss Harris, I shall never trouble you again.'

Tears filled her eyes and mine; but soon recovering her usual self-possession she proceeded, "O, Carrie, work was never such a blessing to me as for a few months after this. People wondered what had gone wrong between

us, but I never gave them any satisfaction, and you are the first person I ever told about it, except my intimate friend, Fannie Allen, who died two or three years after. Mother missed him, and one day she asked me why John did not come around lately. I said, as steadily as I could, 'John and I will never be more than friends.' She only said, 'O, Margaret, I am so glad that you are to stay with me.' 'I will never leave you, mother,' I said, and that promise has been kept. I took care of her through her long sickness, and just before she died she said, 'I wish every mother had such a daughter as you have been to me, Margaret.' That was a rich reward for all that I had done.

"Kate taught three years, and then married Henry Walton. You know how happy she is, and every time I go to her elegant home I feel thankful that I was not selfish enough to have taken her from school, and thus have changed her life so materially. Fred learned the carpenter's trade, as he had long wanted to do, and, as you know, married Jane, and settled down here at home. I have had two or three offers of marriage from good reliable men, but never had any inclination to accept them, as I am—a happy old maid," she added with a smile.

"And John?" I asked timidly.

"John went West a year after that, and we heard that he was in business and doing well. He soon married a rich girl, and three years afterward brought her on here. She was a pretty, doll-like creature, and I was introduced to her as indifferently as if I had never been more than a casual acquaintance. Eight years passed, and the sad news came to his fond parents that their only son had forged his father-in-law's name for ten thousand dollars, and the officers were in pursuit of him. In two or three weeks he was caught, brought to trial, and in spite of the desperate efforts made to clear him he was convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Then I thanked God fervently that he had saved me from the terrible fate of that beautiful girl-wife, who had lived to see the man she loved, and the father of her boy, a criminal."

She sat very quietly, with folded hands, and a sad face, so I whispered, "Thank you, dear Margaret," and stole up to my room, thinking that these words of Jesus could be fitly applied to her: "She hath done what she could."

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We can go no farther back than the elements of matter. Here the atheist himself pauses in dismay. They proclaim a God, and reason submits to this limitation of its powers.

## KINDRED SPIRITS.

IN the enchanting portrait-gallery of the notable women of past times—an *embarras de richesse* of female loveliness, whose originals have lain for centuries in the dust—two faces arise from the golden background of high scientific culture, different in contour, yet wearing a mark of relationship upon their noble brows—Christine of Sweden, the royal bird of passage, and the learned Anna Maria von Schurmann.

Queen Christine, of Sweden, the famous daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, that woman whom the renowned Borchard compared to the Queen of Sheba, had formally abdicated the government on the 16th of January, 1654. In male attire, and without female attendance, she betook herself to Brussels, where, to the amazement of her Protestant realm, she proposed to enter the Catholic communion.

The royal guest was received with intense enthusiasm in the Netherlands. The fame of her daring spirit, her extensive learning, and her ardent devotion to the fine arts, had already preceded her, inspiring a welcome in all hearts. It was well known that Cartesius, summoned by her to the court at Stockholm, had labored daily with her in the royal library; that Blasius Pascal had sent her models of his newly invented machines, accompanied by expressions of the most profound admiration; that Salmasius, of Leyden, the great critic and philologist, had spent a year with her in the capacity of a preferred friend, and that, although surrounded by a full court of the most distinguished scholars, she still maintained a vigorous correspondence with all the foreign celebrities of science and art. It was even reported that the Queen was in communication with King Basilides, of Abyssinia, widely known as a Christian and sage. She guarded with unwearied care the educational institutions of her country, annually bestowing munificent gifts upon the University of Upsala, founding a second high-school at Abo, and an academy of Belles-Lettres in Stockholm, and constantly expending large sums in the purchase of books and works of art of every kind.

The daughter of the Protestant champion of the faith now found herself, to her inexpressible joy and satisfaction, on the direct road to that goal of her most ardent desires—the Eternal City. It was "*Roma nobilis*" where she had planned to locate herself for an indefinite time, and, free from all governmental responsibilities, to indulge her literary and artistic tendencies.

She was awaited in the city of cities with cordial enthusiasm. A great throng of scientific

men and artists, among them Lucas Holstenius and Bernini, had arranged a brilliant banquet to be given in honor of the reception of their noble guest, and Cardinal Colonna was commissioned by the Pope to go to meet the Queen at Genoa.

One day, while in Brussels, Christine inquired of one of the clergymen in her company for the residence of that Calvinistic lady noted throughout all Germany as a marvel of linguistic learning, and honored in the Netherlands as the tenth Muse, the Alpha of maidens, a feminine Doctor of Poesy and Grace. The Queen wished to become personally acquainted with Anna Maria von Schurmann. Extended as was her correspondence throughout all countries, it was strange that she had never addressed a word to this famous lady of Cologne, who had resided since her sixteenth year in the Netherlands. The strong-minded Queen was not quite free from the weakness of her sex. She might learn to bow gracefully before a masculine intellect, but the thought of recognizing a woman as a rival of equal rank upon the field of scholarship, seemed to her an impossibility. The more she heard of Anna Maria von Schurmann, the more stubbornly she refused to honor this brilliant intellect in its feminine guise. Veiling her jealous emotion beneath a skeptical smile, she had listened to Anna Maria's verbal and written praises from Salmasius, Batholinus, Vossius, Gassendi, and Heinsius, and sportively congratulated the poet Cart that he had sued in vain for a hand which might do very well to note down philosophical theories and astronomical calculations, but could never lead about a child. Yet, quite against her will, her thoughts reverted again and again to the illustrious lady whom Heaven was said to have endowed not only with a manly intellect, but also with all the talents and graces of a woman.

Christine busied herself, during her stay in Brussels, with the formation of some plan for surprising Anna Maria unannounced. She would see with her own eyes, hear with her own ears, if this woman deserved the incense which the most distinguished men of the time dared, even in the presence of a Christine, of Sweden, to offer at her shrine.

As soon as the Queen ascertained that her rival had returned, after the death of her parents, to Utrecht, she selected from her spiritual advisers of the Jesuit college at Leyden, who constantly attended her, the most erudite men, the clearest thinkers and most celebrated dialecticians, and with this small suite disappeared one morning from Brussels, without informing any one of the object of her journey.

Old Utrecht, Trajectum Rhenum, the archiepiscopal seat, lay in the twilight of a Spring evening. It was already dark in the narrow streets, but the church-tower and the lofty pinnacle of the dome still swam in rosy light. The promenaders, who had been wandering up and down, until this hour, in the famous avenue of young linden trees, planted eight deep, on the eastern side of the city, the leaves of which were scarcely yet unfolded, now streamed in a motley throng to their doors. Solid burghers, with their wives and rosy daughters, traveling scholars and students, soldiers, aldermen with broad frills and gold chains, high dignitaries of the Church with their train of monks, and a few Sisters of Charity, timid doves from the Beguinage at Bruges, vanished gradually in the deep shadows of the diverging streets. In single dwellings, here and there, the round window-panes were bright, and illuminated balconies projected into the growing darkness, while ever ghostlier rose the marvelous gables, spires, and towers against the sky. At last the house-doors were shut, and the melodious chimes of the cathedral began to play a pious vesper hymn.

At that moment Queen Christine, of Sweden, attended by a single servant, stepped past the town-house, and paused before the door of a humble dwelling. She looked meditatively up at the lighted balcony, where flower-pots were standing upon the shelves, and the shadow of a slender female form flitted along the window-panes. Here, then, lived Anna Maria von Schurmann. In a few minutes more the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus would stand face to face with her illustrious rival. Smiling at the strange palpitation of her heart, she signed to her attendant to knock, and bade him wait for her without. An old maid-servant opened, and, accustomed to the frequent visits of clergymen and traveling scholars, she said simply, "The mistress is above." As the Queen, dressed, as usual, in male costume, entered the wood passage-way, she stopped suddenly, as if spell-bound, and laid her finger upon her lips. The sound of a lute, touched by some skillful hand, struck on her ear, accompanied by a sweet female voice.

"Who is that singing like a nightingale?" asked Christine, of Sweden, hastily.

"The mistress!"

The noble lady stood motionless awhile to listen. When song and play were ended she mounted the stairs with quick steps, and softly opened the door. A large, plain living-room, with wainscoting of dark wood, lay before her. High shelves, filled with books, occupied one

wall, and an easel had its place near the balcony window.

Beside a large table, in the light of a low-hanging Venetian lamp, sat an old lady, half buried in the cushions of an easy chair. Her peculiar motions showed her to be blind and nearly crippled. She was just now being fed with careful tenderness by another lady, whose figure remained in shadow, and whose voice, as she spoke to the invalid with affectionate cheerfulness, was the same which had just sung. The lute was leaning against a foot-stool; on the table lay some beautiful half-finished embroidery of flowers wrought with gold thread; near by were a cup of Spring flowers, drawings, and a writing-desk, with written leaves neatly piled upon it.

"Maria, pull my cap closer," said the blind woman, pushing away the spoon.

The plate was set down; two white hands emerged from the gloom, and gently pulled the border of the black velvet cap over the wrinkled forehead.

"How soft and thick your hair is, aunt," said the lovely voice.

"Maria, give me a higher stool for my feet."

In a moment the poor lame feet were resting more comfortably.

"Maria, the cushions are so hard! Who will give me softer ones?"

"Who but I? Could you not let me do more for you? Do I not suit you?" The tone of the question seemed half sad, half playful.

"You do every thing in the very best way; it is all right now. But I must be wrapped up—it is so cold in the world."

When the fallen covering was again folded over the invalid's knees, the shadow of a smile flitted over her worn features.

"You are so good, but you let me starve. Give me something more to eat."

"*You* are good, aunt, that you do not scold me. I fear your supper is cold; let me carry it into the kitchen."

"No, stay with me—close by me! Only when you go away I am blind; you know that. I will not eat any more. Move closer to me, and we will read; but not in your learned books, you know—I want to hear nothing but wonderful stories. Read to me again of the burning of that wicked witch whom you read about yesterday; I have forgotten it already. My head is so tired!"

The slender white hand was again outstretched for a folio volume—an old book of legends and marvelous tales—and suddenly the head and figure of the lady appeared in the full

light, as she bent over the pages of the book. It was Anna Maria von Schurmann.

The celebrated lady had already reached her forty-fifth year, but the youthful charm of eighteen still lingered on that brow shadowed by rich golden-brown hair, and in the tone of the voice which read. From her face, renowned in the blossom-time of her life for its radiant beauty, shone the light of that loveliness which neither age nor sickness can destroy—the expression of genius, goodness, and lofty purity. A wonderful charm hovered about the tender oval of her face, the noble profile, the fine dark brow, and long lashes casting their shadow on the faintly colored cheeks. The lips seemed still bud-like, untouched by the kiss of passion, and the tall figure pleased by its maidenly slenderness and the modest grace of all its motions.

No one who watched Anna Maria von Schurmann as from morning till evening she tended, with an angel's patience, a child's cheerfulness, and a daughter's tenderness, the poor sister of her dead father, leading and lifting the blind woman, quick for all small services, herself preparing the favorite dishes of the invalid, would have discovered in this guise that far-famed celebrity of the scientific world to whom even a Richelieu could not deny his homage.

When her aunt slept she turned to her books and studies, preferring the earliest morning hours for her work and her extended correspondence. Her most distinguished visitors not seldom found her in the little kitchen or playing with the invalid like a child, and visitors came almost daily, for no man of position and importance, no lady of rank, stopped at Utrecht without crossing Anna Maria's threshold.

This evening, while she read the wonders to her charge, slowly the silvered head sank upon Maria's warm shoulder. Softly she encircled with her arm the weary form, thus better to support it, and sat motionless while her aunt slumbered. How long she remained in this attitude Queen Christine, the traveling scholar at the door, knew not, for she did not await the waking of the sleeper—she had lost courage to enter and disturb that peaceful stillness. Her heart thrilled with warm emotion; softly she closed the door and hastened down the stairs.

"Tell your mistress," she whispered to the maid in passing, "that to-morrow she shall receive some company who will be very glad to see her."

And on the next afternoon the two kindred-hearted women looked full and steadily into each other's eyes. With her retinue of learned

Jesuits of Leyden, Christine of Sweden entered the homely room of her rival, determined not to be outdone, and yet already secretly subdued by that noble womanliness which the previous evening had revealed. There was a striking contrast between the two. Anna Maria von Schurmann appeared in a gray dress, the heavy folds falling to her small feet. A bunch of violets was fastened in her girdle, and her robe was looped on the left side by a silver chain, from which depended a handsome velvet pocket. A broad frill encircled her slender neck, and from its white folds her flower-like head arose, with its crown of golden hair.

The daughter of Gustavus Adolphus was short of stature, with high shoulders concealed by the Spanish mantle of her male attire. The oval face of Christine, whose age then scarcely numbered twenty-eight years, was fair and rosy; she had the aquiline nose of her father, his full lips and fine teeth, and her short-cropped hair was blonde. Her movements were like those of a vivacious boy, and it not seldom happened that in the heat of conversation she flung her feet upon the arm of a chair standing near.

An animated discussion now arose on all sides, upon the most diverse scholastic themes. They touched upon all questions within the domain of science, and conversed exhaustively of philosophy, astronomy, poetry, and geography, Church history, and religion. Now they spoke in Latin, now in Greek, now in German, Dutch, or French, and in all departments, and in every language, Anna Maria von Schurmann proved herself more brilliant than all. With all the modesty peculiar to her character, she still showed herself in the most varied disputations so experienced and far-seeing a combatant, that the learned gentlemen could not suppress their astonishment and admiration.

In her soft voice she easily solved the most intricate problems, and explained difficult points of controversy, while her delicate fingers were embossing in wax a speaking likeness of the Queen. She rose from time to time, with a gentle apology, to look after the invalid aunt, who sat in the adjoining room, with the door half open, under the care of the old servant. Carefully, too, she moved the flowers into the sunlight.

At last she blushingly acknowledged to the Queen, that she had made fourteen languages her own, writing and speaking them like her mother-tongue—among the number Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, and Turkish.

Then the Queen sprang up, exclaiming, "Come, gentlemen, we will go home and

*learn*, in order perhaps to earn some-day the right to argue with this lady!"

Throwing her arms about the neck of her rival, she kissed her on the cheek, saying,

"You are not, like me, a woman in the costume of a man, but a man in feminine guise! Let me sometimes write to you, and call myself your pupil! And if you wish to make me happy, go with me to Rome as my friend and counselor. They tell me that you have never yet seen the splendors of the world outside. I will show you all! Only stay with me! Say yes, I beseech you!"

A sad smile parted Maria's lips. She gently shook her head, and pointing to the door of the next room, she said, "How could I ever forsake my poor aunt? Not for all the treasures of earth would I leave the side of the one being to whose life my presence is a necessity. There is nothing sweeter than the consciousness that some one needs us! I would not miss it! In spirit I go with you to the City of cities, but, in reality, I remain here."

At this moment a weak voice called, "Maria, move the cushions for me! Where are you, Maria? It is so dark!"

Queen Christine journeyed alone to Rome, but, after her visit to Utrecht, none more ardently than she admired the most learned and womanly of women.

A full year longer it was appointed to Anna Maria von Schurmann to act the part of a nurse; then beams of the eternal brightness streamed upon the eyes of the blind woman, and she departed, with a fervent blessing on her lips for her earthly guardian angel. Anna Maria now left Utrecht. She could no longer endure the familiar rooms.

"I have nothing more to do," she sighed, and so returned to her paternal city, sacred old Cologne. She lived in deep seclusion, communicating only by letter with her distant friends and admirers, and buried herself more and more in her studies. During these quiet days she wrote a book in which she strove, with great ingenuity of argument, to show how peculiarly woman was fitted, and therefore called, to scientific labors. It was, in some manner, the first attempt at the intellectual emancipation of the female sex—an expression which provoked an exciting pen and word contest.

Wounded by this unexpected result of her work, wearied by repeated attacks, she withdrew still more into herself, and turned with mind and soul toward the realm of the spiritual. Her woman's heart longed for a more genial atmosphere. In this fateful time of secret, ardent aspiration, when her groping soul was

stretching forth its hands for something to which it might yield itself without reserve, a character stepped into the life of this wonderful woman, who, with sudden and irresistible force, attracted her entire being to himself—Jean de Labadie crossed the path of the solitary.

Out of the group of Mystics and Separatists of past ages, our glance involuntarily seeks the ghost-like form and pale, intellectual face of "the wonderful visionary." The former pupil of the Jesuits who, in his fortieth year, went over to the Reformed Church with glowing dreams of a pure creed common to all human beings—who wandered, preaching, from place to place, poor and persecuted—was well fitted, by his passionate aspirations and restless inquiries, to draw the attention of a woman who, like him, remarked the need of a reform in the condition of the Church. She received him, when he sought her out in Cologne, with profound emotion—she saw in him a God-sent apostle.

How many a time these two sat opposite each other, until far into the night, bending in feverish excitement over the pages of the holy books—questioning, seeking, doubting, hoping! Now and then the glance of the restless man, like darkly smoldering flame, met the questioning blue eyes of the still beautiful woman; or her child-like hand, as if groping for protection, touched his hot, trembling fingers. Well she knew that his way was not the one in which her soul longed to walk, but ever weaker grew her opposition to his burning annunciation of a new and pure doctrine—ever stronger the power of his words and his eyes. And so, at last, to the sorrow and dismay of all her friends, Anna Maria von Schurmann allowed herself to be admitted to the community of the "Illuminated," as a "regenerate," by the mystic act of baptism.

She seemed thenceforth as if delivered to an evil demon who fettered her as his slave. Who could discover the guiding threads out of that gloomy labyrinth, or name the secret forces which constrained the star of this bright existence to follow that false light, which, after long, restless wandering, went out on the second of February, 1674, in Altona? From the time of her association with Jean de Labadie, dates the commencement of Maria's famous book, "*Ecclesia seu melioris partis electis.*"

She survived but four years the man whose steps she had followed through all, sharing with him want and wretchedness, and supporting him by the manifold labors of her artistic hands. Lonely and weary of life, eagerly longing for eternal peace, she lay down in a quiet corner

of earth at Vinmarden, of West Friesland. Stranger hands placed in her coffin those flowers of Spring, the yellow violet and rosemary, which she had loved so dearly.

Her noble friend, Queen Christine, of Sweden, followed her with cheerful submission, some ten years later, at Rome. Upon her grave are inscribed only the words: *Vicit Christina Anno LXIII.*

### CATCHING SUNSHINE.

WEET baby Maud was sitting on her throne of pillows in the clear light of a radiant Summer morning. The blessed sunshine was gushing over the world a baptism rich and radiant, and in through the eastern window there shone a warm golden beam that lay across the carpet like a bright and beauteous life. Then our baby queen opened wide her dark eyes, looked wonderingly at the sunlight, and, reaching out her soft dimpled hands, clutched at it eagerly, as if to bring it near, cooing softly all the while.

Our precious baby set us a beautiful example that morning, and, if we only would, we might learn from it a lesson of rare excellence. Our earth-paths often lie in the shadow, for the earth-lights that sometimes blaze so brightly flicker and go out when tempest-clouds are in the sky, and we are left to grope our way in the darkness. Shivering in the cold blasts, we stumble along over the cruel thorns and sharp stones that pierce our tired feet, wailing by the graves of our buried joys, fainting for the warmth and light of our lost sunshine.

Heavy and bitter is the gloom of nights like these—so heavy and so bitter it is no wonder our human strength gives way, no wonder our human hearts grow sick and faint, that we tremble in the piercing winds, and are lost in the fearful darkness. Well it is for us, then, if we remember that the sun of God's love is always shining, that the light of his benediction, pure and warm, is still over us all; well it is for us if we have not forgotten how to lift up toward heaven our tear-dimmed eyes, how to cry unto Him whose favor is light, and life, and joy unutterable. Looking upward to this glorious light, our pathway can no longer seem rough and thorny, our earth-night can no longer be only dark and cold, for the heavenly sunlight brightens and beautifies all the way, scattering the dire phantoms that made the night-time hideous, bringing new strength and cheer to our fainting souls. O, thanks be unto our merciful Father for this holy sunlight of the soul!

But it is not alone when the shadows of bitter griefs and disappointments are falling heavily that the night is dark; it is not alone the clouds that are thickest and blackest that obscure the light; not these alone, for lesser clouds are always fitting across the sky, blinding our weak eyes and chilling our human hearts. When the days are gliding smoothly on, and the sky is bright above us, even then the sun is often shining with an unsteady light, and is sometimes altogether hidden; winds are blowing in fitful gusts, and the air grows damp and heavy.


Earth-bound and sin-blinded, we journey on through the shadows, shutting our weak eyes hopelessly, wondering—and complaining, perhaps—that the night grows so dark and chill. We forget the sunshine behind the clouds, forget to lift our heads and open our eyes, and so we go on, looking only at that which lies under our feet, seeing only the rough and thorny places in our life-march, hearing only the discordant sounds of earth. And this is how we magnify every trouble and multiply our trials and vexations a thousand-fold, so that they thicken about us and change our day-time into night; this is how our shoulders are always aching under their crushing loads of care and disappointment, how we grow befogged and bewildered, and sometimes can hardly catch our breath in the stiffening atmosphere.

O, it is in times like these, even every day of our lives, that we need our baby's precious example. If, like her, we would only open wide our eyes, stretching our hands outward and upward into the sunlight, we should feel the sweet influence of its blessed warmth, should see its golden beams, and rejoice in its clear, pure radiance. Blind and weak, yet we have only to ask for the healing and strength that we may step securely, may lift our heavy eyelids and behold the light that is streaming through the clouds; and, opening our hands to grasp it, this is the sunshine that will make our pathways beautiful, that will purify the air of the cold earth-mists, lifting the shadows of these anxious cares, these manifold grievances and nameless trials which weigh down our souls and darken our days.

Yes, it is the lesson that even a little child may teach us which we need to learn, that we may seek out the bright places in our lives and look steadfastly into the sunshine, reaching out toward it and taking it into our souls, where it will glow, an unshining light, warming our whole beings, and gushing out over our lives in a golden flood that will make all the world radiant and beautiful.



MARGUERITE LEBRUN;  
OR, GRACE WITHOUT CONDITIONS.

 N one of the gala days at the court of Queen Elizabeth, soon after the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, the general gaiety was arrested by the sudden seizure of a courtly stranger by the guard. His singular appearance had created suspicion, and being watched, he was found to be armed, and bent on mischief. The Queen, having ordered the guard to bring the prisoner before her, asked him—

"Who are you?"

"Marguerite Lebrun," was the reply.

"Marguerite! Marguerite!" cried her Majesty in wonder.

"Madam, I wear a beard, [tearing it from her face,] and also a man's apparel; but I am a woman."

"Loose your hands," said Elizabeth to the guard.

"Nay, Madam," replied the prisoner, "I mind not a rough hand; what is the pinching of an arm to one who carries a broken heart?"

"Who hath broken your heart?"

"Elizabeth, of England. Madam, you have reft all that my heart did love—how could it help breaking? My mistress—my Queen—my chief beloved, Mary, of Scotland—my husband too—my all. Yes, lady—beggared and broken-hearted, you bid me speak—you bid me tell my errand. I obey. For years my husband and myself had been honored in her service; we were with her when—madam, the horror of that scene was a dagger to my husband. I tried, I prayed, that the wound might stanch; but—but, lady, I am a widow. I lost a loving husband at Fotheringay. I felt my heart-strings yield; but I vowed over both their coffins that I would live to revenge both, and I came here to fulfill my vow. A few steps more, and I had succeeded. I have struggled hard against my purpose, but in vain."

It cost the Queen a stern effort to retain her composure under such a speech; but she calmly asked—

"What, think you, is my duty upon the hearing of such a case?"

"Do you put the question to me as a queen or as a judge?"

"As a queen."

"Then you should grant me a pardon."

"But what assurance can you give me that you will not abuse my mercy and attempt my life again? Should I pardon, it should be based upon conditions to be safe from your murderous revenge in future."

*"Grace fettered by precautions—grace that hath conditions—is no grace!"*

"By my faith, my lords," said the Queen, "thirty years have I now reigned, and never before have I found a person to read me so noble a lesson. My good lords, shall I not bid her go?"

Some of her most trusted courtiers remonstrated against the act, but the Queen listened impatiently. Turning to the prisoner she said—

"Are you not a French woman?"

"I am."

"Whither would you go, should I set you free?"

"To my country and my kindred."

"Marguerite Lebrun, I will pardon thee; and I do it without conditions. You shall have safe and honorable conveyance to your own country. My loyal guards, see that she is cared for."

The pardoned woman looked with wonder, and gratitude, and admiration. For the first time during the interview she made an obeisance; and carried to her grave a reverence for the Queen that could freely forgive a great crime.

So far as the writer knows, the foregoing is historically true; but, at the same time, it is a parable, and teaches unconditional salvation.

There is a sense in which the salvation of the Gospel is conditional. Man is a sinner—sinful in action and depraved in life, because he is sinful and depraved in heart; as such he can not enter heaven. God, being holy in character, and righteous as the upholder of law, is bound, because of his holiness, to put away sin from him; and because of his justice or righteousness, to punish sin.

The question, then, comes to be, How can I, a sinner, be brought nigh and justified, and the holiness and righteousness of God be glorified? We find the wondrous answer in the cross of the Crucified. Does the holiness of Jehovah demand that sin be put away? Behold, Jesus comes "to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." Yea, he himself was put away because he was made sin.

Does the righteousness of God demand that sin be punished? Lo, Jesus, when bearing our sin and guilt on the tree, makes his soul an offering for sin. Thus all the conditions are met and fulfilled; all that needed to be done or suffered, ere grace could reign through righteousness unto eternal life, has been done and suffered. In token of this, the third morning, he who was delivered for our offenses, is raised again for our justification; and now, through Christ, and on the grounds of what he has done and suffered, God, in holiness and righteousness, proclaims an unconditional Gospel to sinners.

## The Children's Repository.

### THE FIVE MINUTES SAVINGS-BANK.

"DID N'T have time," was Rose Abbot's constant complaint when neglected duties were brought to her mind. It was true she had twenty-four hours in every day, but for some reason she did not manage to get half as much out of them as many other girls did who were fourteen years old.

"You have often heard, Rosy, of six-penny savings-banks, have n't you?" said Aunt Lydia one day. "Well, now, I have thought that you might gain a great deal by opening a five minutes savings-bank. I think one reason why your time slips away to so little purpose is because you waste so many little portions of it. I will give you a little book in which to enter all your gains every day, if you like to begin such a system. I am sure you would find it very pleasant and profitable, too, in more ways than one."

Rosy was pleased with the idea, and the more she thought it over the more she liked it. She was glad to hear any further suggestions her aunt had to make on the subject of saving time.

"How and when shall I begin, auntie?" she added.

"We probably have some fifteen minutes yet before breakfast. Now what could you do to advantage in that time?"

"I might do something on my apron. I have had that apron tossing about in my work-basket until I am tired of it."

"Well, do not waste time in deciding. You might have a good many stitches taken while you are talking over it. These little minutes slip by rapidly when you are undecided what to do, and you have nothing to show for them when they are gone."

Rosy was a sensible girl, and a word was sufficient to give her a hint. She took up her apron and thimble, and had the gathers of her apron neatly stitched and the band half on when the breakfast bell sounded. When that and morning prayers were over, she stopped a little while by the window to watch a pretty flock of snow birds hopping about over the glittering crust of white that covered the flower-beds and shrubbery. Many sweet thoughts came into her heart as she watched them, and it was far from lost time which she spent in

looking out on the beautiful scene. Our Father above sends us just such pleasing lessons to teach us of him and his loving care over all his works.

"But I can sew and see my pretty birds too," thought Rosy, and immediately the apron was taken up, and she seated by the window stitching away as fast as her little fingers and bright needle could carry a thread in and out of the pretty sprigged pique.

"That is the way, Rosy," said her aunt approvingly. "Work with a will, and you will find it saves you a great deal of time. Dispatch is one great secret of accomplishing much in the world."

"I do believe I shall have this apron done in time to wear to school. I hope I shall, as it is composition day, and we are sure to have company."

By diligence and perseverance the last button was set on, and Miss Rosa was much pleased with herself, as she smoothed out her apron and surveyed it in the looking-glass. So much clear gain that day to add to her little savings-bank. She was at school in good season, and in a very good humor with herself and all the world. A cheerful spirit doubles any one's working power, so it was not strange that Rosa had very good lessons that day. Out of school she had only her own affairs to attend to, so she began to consider on her way home what duty she would best take up first. She did not wish to waste time in deciding, when she might be working. Her mind turned to the neat little blank-book Aunt Lydia gave her that morning, and she resolved to make out a very good report for it that evening. It was a novel sort of bank-book, but it might be made more valuable to her than many an old miser's bank-book to him. Good habits are far more precious than gold or the crispest new bank-bills. Usually Rosa sat by the fire and toasted her feet, and turned over the day's papers and magazines until tea-time, but this evening she made haste to put away her cloak and overshoes, and took up her work at once.

"What a shame to think of leaving this dress for mother to finish, when I can just as well do it myself! O, I have left the buttons upstairs in my little walnut-box. Jane, when you go upstairs please bring them down, will you?"

I wish I had them now. I want to work the button-holes."

"Rosa, if you wish to save time, you will find it a great help to wait on yourself. I think it is a maxim of poor Richard: If you want a thing done, do it; if not, send by some one else. Now, while you are waiting for Jane to get your buttons, you might have made considerable progress with your work. It would probably take you a minute to go for them yourself."

In less time than it takes to tell it, Rosa had tripped upstairs with a very pink flush on her cheeks, and had brought down the pretty blue buttons, and was all ready to commence her work.

"There, I have forgotten the velvet ribbon," she said, with a half laugh and a little vexation.

"Well, it is easy to rectify such little oversights," said auntie smiling. "We learn a great deal by our mistakes if we look at them rightly."

The trimming was brought down in another minute or two, and now Rosa began her work in earnest. The dress was nearly finished by tea-time, and mother looked much pleased and relieved when she saw what Rosa had been about.

"I was afraid I should not get time to finish it this week, dear, and I knew you needed it. I am very glad you have taken the task off my hands."

It was so delightful to feel that mother could for once praise her industry, and take pleasure in the results of it. By eight o'clock she threw it over a chair, and spread out the soft folds of the beautiful merino, saying,

"There, it is all done at last, ready to wear to grandma's next Saturday, and I am so glad. Thanks to you and my little Savings-Bank, Aunt Lydia. Do n't you think I have made a fair beginning, auntie? This nice apron and now my dress all finished. But for your hints I do n't think I should have touched either to-day."

"A very good beginning indeed, Rosa, and I presume you are tired enough. Do not touch a needle again this evening. Your magazine came to-day."

"O, that is nice! Now I can have a good rest over that." So saying she turned to her mother's table and soon returned to the evening lamp, with her beautiful Golden Hours in her hand, and also her little ivory paper-cutter.

"It is an excellent plan to learn to work by the clock," said auntie. "To sew just so many hours or half hours, then read for a set length of time, and so on with other duties and amusements. Of course we must use judgment and good sense in this as in every thing else; but

the general plan of working by the clock is very valuable."

"I think I will read till a quarter of nine, then," said Rosa, glancing up at the pretty bronze clock on the mantel. "I must save time for my bank-book, you know, auntie. I have a good many little items I might put down. I have thought of the five minutes' savings all day. Would you put down the very little things, auntie?"

"I think I would, Rosa. Nothing is a trifle that helps to form or encourage in us a good habit. You know the miser does not despise the smallest sums to add to his hoards. Now, it is a virtue to be miserly of our time, to save up the smallest fragments of it, and to be sorry for the very least waste. But I see you have the leaves all cut to your magazine, so I will not interrupt you," said auntie, turning to her own magazine again, while mother hastened to toe off a mixed sock designed for Fred, who almost needed a knitting-machine to keep his fingers and toes protected, he wore out their coverings so fast. So, gently and pleasantly, the time flew by, and when the pointer of the clock told the quarter before nine, Rosa laid by her book and took out her writing materials. She was a very pretty writer for one so young, and this exercise was quite a pleasure to her. It could not but be very improving also, as fluency and grace in composition can only be gained by much practice.

Many other good lessons on saving time were learned by Rosa in the course of her good auntie's visit, for which she was grateful to her all her life. Now she was seldom in a hurry with her work, and so it was better done, and the amount accomplished was much greater.

"It is just like packing a trunk, Rosa. You remember when Cousin Annie was going home, how worried and nervous she got because her trunk would not hold half her things; but when your mother came and quietly and coolly set to work, all was neatly and snugly packed away, and there was plenty of room to spare. So when you hurry and worry over your work you can not put half as much into a day."

Aunt Lydia had noticed how Rosa began and never finished things, and one day she mentioned the matter to her as a great source of waste in the matter of time as well as of money.

"If I were in your place I would look over my drawers and boxes and make a list of the partly finished things in them, and then take them up one by one and complete them; that is, all that are worth finishing. If, after due consideration, any of them would take more time than they would be worth, I would at once

set them aside and waste no more time over them. If some of the pieces of work seem tedious and long, still you can accomplish them by working a little at them every day. Say, take a half hour every evening for one until it is completed. You will not miss the time much, but it will help form a good habit, and enable you at length to finish all you have undertaken. It might be a valuable lesson even to persevere on something you are not well pleased with, as it would be likely to make you more thoughtful about commencing work.

"But, dear Rosa, the greatest help one can ever have to make us use time rightly, is daily prayer. Ask your Heavenly Father daily and hourly to help you improve it to the very best purpose, and you will not have to regret at last a wasted life. Even down to such little things as our eating and drinking, we should do all to the glory of God. We may be very diligent for our worldly interests, and yet very slothful about our spiritual concerns. Now he desires us to be 'not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' If you combine the two you will live to a good purpose here, and be ready for the great hereafter."

If all young people would open accounts with Rosa's Savings-Bank, it would be of vast advantage to them. They need not think any savings too small to bring to it.

When an officer apologized to General Mitchell for a little delay, hoping that the few minutes would not be of particular consequence, the great astronomer answered,

"Only a few minutes! I have been in the habit of calculating the value of a thousandth part of a second."

It should not be our aim to use time all for self. We need the spirit of the good John Bradford, who said, "I count that hour lost in which I have done no good by my tongue or pen." What an honor to win such a title as that of Henry Martyn, "The man who never wasted an hour!"

#### GRANDFATHER'S LESSON BOOKS.

SCHOOL was over. The village children rushed into the open air, joyful at their freedom; and, after the first burst of pent-up fun was over, they began to turn to their homes. "Come, Patty, let us go by the green lane and farmer Pike's wheat-field," said Jane Smith to her little sister, "the high road is so hot and dusty. I like to go that way, for we can get woodbine in the hedge, and I shall make a wreath for my hair."

The children went slowly on, for the evening was fine; at length, however, they reached the stile that led to farmer Pike's fields. "Now, Patty, we must not touch the wheat," said Jane to her sister, as she stretched out her hand to pull some; "that would be wrong, you know, for it does not belong to us; if we took this wheat the farmer might be angry."

"Perhaps God would, too," said Patty; "please hold my hand, and I shall not touch it."

The little girls had not walked far before they met the old farmer himself, leaning on the shoulder of his grandson Harry; but there was no hurry in their manner, as would have been the case if they had been doing mischief; so, dropping a courtesy, they both said, "Good-evening, grandfather," for the village children loved the old man so well that they often called him by that fond name. Many a good turn farmer Pike had done for his neighbors, but the oldest man or woman in that place could not recollect that he had ever done a bad one; so he was a general favorite, and his old age was cheered by the attentions of his family, and made bright by the prospect of that heavenly home, which Christ has prepared for all those who believe in him. Seventy Winters had brought gray hairs on the farmer's head, but no cold chill had fallen on his heart.

Harry, a boy of eleven years, was the companion of his grandfather's walks, delighting to listen to the old man's words, and support his feeble steps, or, as he called it, to be "grandfather's walking-stick."

"Well, my little birds, you have escaped from the cage, and are flying home to your nest," said farmer Pike, as Jane and Patty approached. "You have done with lessons for to-day, I suppose. Mine are never done; I was just learning one out here in the fields."

Patty looked up in wonder. Old farmer Pike learning a lesson, and without a book! The farmer guessed the reason of her surprise, and said, "My book has golden letters, and tells me much about the wisdom, power, and goodness of our Father in heaven."

"You mean the corn-field, sir?" said Jane.

"Exactly so; shall I tell you something about it?"

"O! please, sir, do," cried both children; and Harry looked as glad as either of them to listen to a page from his grandfather's lesson book.

"Let me see; where shall I begin? I must tell you something about how wheat grows. You are all fond of bread, I am sure, and of cakes and puddings when you can get them, and so are young people in other parts of the

world. Now, God is so good as to give some kind of bread-making to almost every country of the globe. Here we have our wheat and barley; the colder north has oats and rye, while the sunny lands of the south are not left without rice, maize, and millet. Thus God provides food for his children, giving each climate the kind best suited to it. Asia is the native land of rice, America of maize, or Indian corn; but as my friends here live principally on wheat, I shall read to them from this golden page of my book. Come now, little Patty, pull one of those long stalks, and let us examine it."

The child obeyed, and held the yellow corn in her hand. "Was this field always full of wheat?" asked the farmer.

"O no!" replied Jane, "last Autumn Harry's father plowed the ground, and sowed the seed."

"Just so, Jane; and each seed contained the germ of roots and stalks. After the seed had been hidden under ground a few days, it began to put out tiny roots, which drew support from the earth; and soon after a delicate green shoot appeared above the surface. This feeble shoot consisted of a bundle of leaves folded round the future spike, which, in this beautiful cloak of green, was able to resist all the cold of Winter. In this we have a proof of God's goodness and power."

"And please, grandfather, tell us," said Harry, "does only one stalk of wheat grow from each seed?"

"Sometimes a great many more. I have read of a gentleman who, to make an experiment, divided and redivided the stalks which grew from one seed, until he had five hundred plants, and, at harvest-time, five hundred and seventy-six thousand eight hundred and forty grains of wheat."

"If I am a sailor by and by, grandfather, and happen to be cast on a desolate island, like Robinson Crusoe, I shall try to save a few grains of seed-corn, and then I may be able to have plenty of bread in a year or two."

"Very well, my boy; but I hope you never will have to try a home on a desolate island. Do you remember the change that took place in this field last Spring?"

"Yes, grandfather; the stems grew very long, and the green leaves which had covered them during Winter faded away; I suppose the warm sun made the corn throw off its cloak, then the ear came, at first covered with little flowers, and it is now filled with seeds. But, grandfather, why are the stalks of straw hollow?"

"Well, here is another proof of the wisdom of God. It was needful to have the stalk narrow, that they might not take up much room; tall,

that the ear might be raised above the damp of the ground, and enjoy the bright sunbeams; strong and flexible, so as to bend to and fro with the wind, and be able to bear the weight of the ripe grain without breaking. Now, a hollow tube is the only shape that would answer all these purposes. And these knots add to its strength, besides enabling it to regain its upright position after it has bowed before the breeze. Besides, the hollow tubes admit the ascent of the sap. When the grain is fully grown the knots become hard, so that the sap ceases to flow, the straw and ear become golden-colored, and bend down, ready for the reaper's scythe. But my other lesson book, my best book, tells me that God has done it all; for it says, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." Now, children, this is your sowing-time; every truth that gets into your heart is a grain of good seed, every untruth a weed. Take care what seed you sow, for reaping-time will come, and weeds injure the plants they grow near. Remember, too, that my field would never be filled with plenty, but for the blessing of God and the industry of man. You must also be busy both with head and hands, and never fancy, as some foolish people do, that it is no matter how idle or how wicked they are while young; for my two books tell me whatever we sow we shall also reap—the same in quality, but greatly increased in quantity."

The sun was sinking in the west; the shadows grew longer and longer every moment; so the old farmer bade the little girls run home, telling them he would be very glad to see them in a few days at the gleaning; and, watching them till they were out of sight, returned slowly to his humble but happy cottage.

A CONVERTED Hindoo, on being assailed with a torrent of profane words from his idolatrous neighbors, went up to them and asked,

"Which is worse, the bad words that you are using, or the mud and dirt that you see lying on yon dung-hill?"

"The bad words," was the reply.

"And would you ever take into your mouths that mud and dirt?"

"Never."

"Then, why fill your mouths with bad words, which you say are the worse of the two?"

Confounded with this rebuke, they retired, saying that the rebuke was a just one.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**WASTED WONDER.**—How often is the word “wonderful” heard as an exclamation! Who has not used it while looking at the works of man? When you go into a large factory, and look at the mighty engine which sets every thing moving, examine the machinery and handle the product, you can scarcely help saying, “How wonderful!” But just think of an angel, who has taken a long flight through boundless space, beholding, as he went, thousands of worlds revolving in perfect order and harmony, and then ask him what he thinks of all man’s noisy machinery, which wears out so soon, breaks down so often, and not unfrequently crushes some who tend it. But there is one subject which “angels desire to look into,” and call marvelous indeed. There is one Person on whom God gazes with delight, and says, “His name shall be called Wonderful.” Yet this one subject expressly provided for man, this person, the one great Friend of man, is despised and rejected by many. Those only are wise who seek that true wisdom which consists in sympathy with God and his holy angels. Wonder here is well laid out, and will go on increasing forever.

There are others who have little taste for any of man’s inventions, because they are so much occupied amid the sublimities and beauties of God’s creation. But wonder here is often wonder wasted, and not unfrequently degenerates into idolatry. It was so with the ancient Greeks, who deified whatever they admired in God’s works, and worshiped as well as wondered. Man wants heart sympathy; he can not find it in things whether of man’s invention, or of God’s creation; but he may imagine it in the latter, people nature with powers produced by his own fancy, think he has communion with them, and so cheat himself. How commonly do the world’s poets do this! Man needs a sympathizing *spirit*, with whom his soul may really commune, and on whose love he may constantly rest. Among his fellow-men he finds no one that fully and permanently satisfies his heart’s yearnings; he must have to do with one who is infinite as regards fullness and condescension; one who can remove his guilt, heal his soul’s sore disease, fill all his desires, and be a friend and companion ever near and ever kind. When he has found such a one, and such a one waits to be sought and found by whosoever will, he may then wonder on forever, and his wonder will not be wasted, but will be continually replenished.

**THE TENDERNESS OF CHRIST.**—Our Lord’s actions are truths, and his words are realities. See how he takes notice of their least graces. I love that instance placed before us in the first book of Kings—the fourteenth chapter—in the case of Abijah; it unfolds the tenderness of him that carries his lambs in his bosom: “And all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him; for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel.” There is his cherishing his “lamb.” I love to see him taking notice of that which is gracious, while he seems to take no notice of that which is faulty. And yet I do not mean to imply that he takes no notice of that which is faulty, for he doth; and he hath his secret rod, where he hath not his outward expression. But I love to see that instance in the case of Lot; mark it. No one can doubt that in the case of Lot there was much that was blameworthy; what was it that determined Lot’s choice of Sodom? It was because “the plain was well watered every-where.” And yet if you turn to the second chapter of the second of Peter, you find not one single word of censure of Lot; but his gracious character is noticed, acknowledged, commended: “He delivered just Lot, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked; for that righteous man, dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds.” Look at the twenty-fifth of Matthew; all the acts of love to disciples and of tender allegiance to their Master are spoken of, as if there were no faults; the “cups of cold water” are mentioned. “I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat.” No notice is taken of their blemishes, but all acknowledgment of their little acts of service. O, is not this carrying the lambs in his bosom?—*Evans.*

**THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.**—What is so beautiful? It is the heart cleansed of defiling desires, the heart filled with divine sweetness; lifted into the atmosphere of God; breathing his breath, wearing his expression, speaking his language, dwelling in his arms. Such a soul “abhors the thing unclean,” with an instinctive and powerful detestation that knows no restraint nor limitation. Its whole being shrinks appalled from the very sight or thought of sin. No child fears or flies a wild beast so swiftly; no woman hides from deadly pursuers so closely. What a drop

of vitriol is to the rose-tint, what a grain of prussic acid is to the sensitive tissues of the stomach, what a murderous blow is to him before whose awakening eyes the knife in the robber's hand is seen descending—this and more is sin to a holy soul. For these only produce material ruin, that burns to the lowest hell. These destroy all they can, so does that. These kill the body, that the soul; these ruin the temporal and transient being, that an eternal.

"SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING."—Commend us to the girl of whom it is sneeringly said, "She works for a living." In her we are always sure to find the elements of a true woman—a real lady. True, we are not prepared to see a mincing step, a haughty lip, a fashionable dress, or hear a splendid string of nonsense about balls and young men, or the new and the next party—no, no; but we are prepared to hear the sound words of good sense, language becoming a woman; a neat dress, a mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

You who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, haughty girls, and select one of those who work for a living, and never—our word for it—will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend, and not a help to eat—a counselor, and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a piano into your house, but you can buy a sewing-machine or a set of knitting-needles. If you can not purchase every new novel, you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you can not buy a ticket for the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor.

Be careful, then, when you look for a companion and whom you choose. We know many a foolish man who, instead of selecting an industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable stock, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame for it?

The time was when the ladies went a visiting and took their work with them. This is the reason why we had such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle darning her father's stocking! Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a woman would be a prize to somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses for a wife one from the despised girls who "work for a living."—*Excelsior*.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.—Every Christian who is not laboring to be conformed to the image of Christ, is depriving mankind of some good which can be communicated by his agency alone. On the other hand, he who lives in habitual communion with God is surrounded by divine influence, silent and impalpable it is true, yet not the less real. Like the High-Priest, he comes from the holiest place, with the odor of incense fresh about him. His life is the most eloquent of sermons, and the amount of good which he does, merely by living in the world as a Christian ought to live, is beyond the power of human calculation. To the Church, pious example, though of very high importance, is not essential to an appre-

ciation of the truth and sanctity of your faith; but the exclusively worldly man gathers most, if not the whole, of his ideas of true religion, not from the standard testimony of the Bible, nor from the representations of faithful ministers, but from the example of those who are said to be under its influence. It is the volume of man's life which he reads; and as its page is fair or blurred, so does he decide upon the nature and the value of the faith whose characters, it is alleged, are written there.—*The Christian*.

DECLINING CHRISTIANS.—Declining Christians have great reason to suspect themselves; and, if they quickly repent not, and do their first work with their first zeal and alacrity, they may sadly suspect that their graces are not true; for growth in grace is the best evidence of truth of grace. Indeed, in young converts there may be a great deal of heat and fervor, which afterward, when they are more established Christians, may abate; and they may think this a decay in their graces, when indeed it is not. For we must distinguish between a passionate love of God, and a sedate, serene love of God. Our passions do, in our first conversion, mingle more with our graces than afterward; and then we are like a torrent very swift and rapid, but neither so deep nor so strong. And as little brooks and torrents, though they run very fiercely, yet stop and purl and murmur at every small pebble that lies in their way; but great rivers, which seem to move with a slow and grave pace, yet bear down all moles and dams, and whatsoever is in their way to oppose their passage; so it is here—grave and unsettled Christians may seem to move more slowly, without any noise or tumult, but they have a great depth and strength in them, and are able to bear down before them those temptations and oppositions at which young novices, who are more fierce and noisy, are forced to stop, complain, and murmur.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.—Trust not uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency of life. Learn to work, and be not dependent on servants to make your bread, sweep your floors, and darn your stockings. Above all do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you receive into your company those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul and get funds to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject in the light we do, and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer an honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, "such a young lady has married a fortune," we tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purse of your lovers and examining the cut of their coats, look to their habits and their hearts. Mark if they have trades, and can depend upon themselves—

see that they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the soft, delicate hand, and the splendid form and the fine appearance, of the young gentlemen. Let not these foolish considerations engross your attention.

**CHILDREN.**—Children are often snubbed for asking questions. They are told that "little children should be seen, and not heard," and it is made a matter of reproach to them that "little pitchers have long ears." All that fresh activity of mind which makes childhood the time for learning is put down as tiresome to the elders to deal with, sometimes more embarrassing than they like to own; and it is treated as a fault in the child, and snuffed out occasionally as far as possible. But granting that it is both tiresome and embarrassing, what would youth be without this curiosity, this desire to know, this habit of asking questions? A mere half-vitalized clod, with no mind to feed, no soul to teach. The thing to do with an inquisitive child is to give it plenty of wholesome knowledge, and never to repress its desire to know, though it may be necessary to change the direction of that desire. For this, as so much else, is a virtue if well employed, though a vice with evil handling; and both parents and teachers can, if they will, turn to good account the faculty which makes men devote their lives to science, and by which the child is advanced from barbarism to civilization, and through which man is lifted up from the condition of brutes to that of an intelligence trying to find out God. "I want to know," is the universal cry of the human heart. Woe be to those who deny the want, or try to feed the hungry soul with poor and insufficient food!

**PRAYERLESS FAMILIES.**—Prayerless families are accounted of the Lord as heathen. The prayer of Jeremiah shows us this. In homes that have no family altar, it is not usual to ask God's blessing at the family board. Parents and children sit down to breakfast, dinner, and supper, day after day, without acknowledging the Hand divine that opens so unflinchingly and so kindly to satisfy the desire of every living thing. Are they not often like the swine that feed upon the acorns under the oaks, never looking above, from whence their meat comes down? What is there to distinguish such a household from the heathen, even though they bear the Christian name?—*Rev. J. F. Holcomb.*

**TRUE POLITENESS.**—The terms lady and gentleman are often in our mouths, but the true meaning of them is but little understood.

In this privileged land, where we acknowledge no distinctions but what are founded on character or manners, she is a lady who, in inbred modesty and refinement, adds a scrupulous attention to the rights and feelings of others. Let her worldly possessions be great or small, let her occupations be what they may, such a one is a lady and a gentlewoman; while on the other hand, the person who is bold, coarse, vociferous, and inattentive to the rights and feelings

of others, let her possessions be ever so great, and her style of living and dress be ever so fashionable, will always be looked upon as a vulgar woman. Thus we may see a lady sewing for her livelihood, and a vulgar woman presiding over a most expensive establishment.

The charm which true politeness sheds over a person, though not easily described, is felt by all hearts, and responded to by the best feelings of our nature. It is a talisman of great power to smooth our way along the rugged paths of life, and to turn toward us the best side of all we meet.

**A CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT UNDER AFFLICTIONS.**—How truly may a Christian say in the midst of all desertions, afflictions, and tribulations: Fear nothing, O my soul, thou carriest Jesus Christ! What though the windows of heaven be opened for a storm, or the fountains of the deep broken up for a flood, desertions from above, afflictions from below, yet God that sits in heaven will not cast away a son, Christ that lives in me will not let me sink; the swelling waves are but to set me nearer heaven, and the swelling deeps are but to make me awake my Master. While I sail with Christ, I am sure to land with Christ.

**"DIVINE LOVE."**—Godly sorrow, like weeping Mary, seeks Christ; saving faith, like wrestling Jacob, finds and holds Christ; heavenly love, like the affectionate spouse, dwells with Christ; here it brings him unto the chambers of the Queen, and hereafter brings the living soul into the chamber of the King; so that it is an eternal grave, always lodging in the bosom of Christ.—*Divine Breathings.*

**A VERY COMMON MISTAKE.**—Many Christians imagine that, now since they have believed, they must draw their comfort from some other source, or in a different way from what they did at first; they turn their whole attention to themselves, their experiences, and their graces. Forgetting that the true way of nourishing these is by keeping their eye upon the cross, they turn it inward and try to nourish them by some process of their own devising.

**WHERE IS HEAVEN?**—Plato points to the snowy summits of cold Olympus, and says, *It is there.* Swedenborg beholds spiritual presences in all space, and says, *It's every-where.* Wordsworth lives again through his youth, and replies, "Heaven lies above us in our infancy." Sage, theologian, and poet, I turn from you all and ask the little blind girl, and she replies, *Heaven is where God is.*

**A SURE RECORD.**—There was no way for men to discern their names written in the Book of Life but by reading the work of sanctification in their own hearts. I desire no miraculous voice from heaven, no extraordinary signs, or unscriptural notices and information, in this matter. Lord, let me but find my heart obeying thy calls, my will obediently submitting to thy commands, sin my burden, and Christ my desire; I never crave a fairer or surer evidence of thy electing love to my soul.



## Contemporary Literature.

**A HISTORY OF GOD'S CHURCH FROM ITS ORIGIN TO THE PRESENT TIME.** By *Enoch Pond, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me.* 8vo. Pp. 1066. Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Ziegler & M'Curdy.

The title of this book indicates its character, and the name of the eminent author is sufficient testimony to its excellence and adaptedness to the purpose intended in its production. That purpose is to provide for the people a brief, comprehensive, accurate history of the Church of God from the creation of man to the present time. It is greatly to the credit of the enterprising publishers who are now issuing books for the million, to be circulated among the people by agents, and to be sold on subscription, that they go to the highest sources for their works. None can question the thorough competency of the venerable Dr. Pond to make just such a book of Church history as the people need. He could not be employed in producing a mere catch-penny volume for the trade; he could not write such a one if he should try. He is thoroughly at home in this department, having been for more than a third of a century Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and is thoroughly known as one of the most learned, eloquent, and vigorous writers of the land. The book has but one fault, and that was unavoidable, considering the design; it is too brief; there is not enough of it; and yet it is perhaps as much as the mass of readers care to read. Less than this no one who desires to know any thing about the Church of God can read, and more than this is only wanted by scholars and students and those who take a deep interest in the wonderful history of God's religion in the world. These must read large works and more of them. But for the general reader this is complete. The outlines are full, and no man could crowd more into those outlines in the given space than Dr. Pond has done. His style is clear and concise; he is fair and impartial in his statements, and his facts are well weighed and accurate. We have only to wish that the same pen would give to us a history of the Christian Church in greater detail. A portrait of the author and numerous illustrations ornament the volume.

**A COMMENTARY, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY, ON THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.** By *Rev. Robert Jamieson, D. D., Rev. A. R. Fausset, A. M., and Rev. David Brown, D. D.* Two Volumes in One. Royal Octavo. Pp. 1347. Cincinnati, Memphis, and Chicago: National Publishing Company.

One can not but be favorably impressed by the very first sight of this royal volume. The copy that lies before us, issued in most excellent style, is on good paper, is clearly printed, is substantially bound in half Turkey morocco, bevel boards, sprinkled

edges, and gold lined, and its price is ten dollars. When we come to examine the book itself, we find it literally packed full of good things. There would have been no difficulty at all in spreading the contents of this one volume over four large royal octavo volumes. And yet, though the printing is compact and full, the type are very clear-faced, and the reading is easy. Then it is just the kind of matter that the people desire and need. It is learned and critical, its facts are the most recent, the research which has been able to produce such a commentary has been immense, and yet it is popular in style and treatment, every body can read it and thoroughly understand it. The authors are peculiarly happy in the use of a clear, terse, concise diction; they are masters of their work, and, therefore, express themselves with readiness and plainness. The work is thoroughly evangelical. The authors have happily divided the work between them, and yet their styles and modes of treatment are so much alike, that the unity of the volume is not in the least disturbed. Genesis to Esther in the Old Testament is treated by Dr. Jamieson, of Glasgow, Scotland; Job to Malachi, in the Old Testament, and Corinthians to Revelation, in the New, is treated by Rev. A. R. Fausset, of St. Cuthberts, York, England; and the historical books of the New Testament and the Epistle to the Romans, by Dr. Brown, Professor of Theology, Aberdeen, Scotland. Of course it is a reprint from the English edition, which has won great popularity in England, Scotland, and Ireland. We owe a debt of thanks to the publishers for reproducing it in so cheap and compact a form in this country. They deserve in return the reward of a wide circulation. We have no hesitancy in heartily commending it to pastors, Sunday-school teachers, and families. We should also add that the volume is handsomely and appropriately illustrated.

**GREAT FORTUNES, AND HOW THEY WERE MADE; or, the Struggles and Triumphs of Our Self-made Men.** By *James D. M'Cabe, Jr., Author of "Planting the Wilderness," etc.* Illustrated with Numerous Designs by *G. F. and E. B. Bensell.* 8vo. Pp. 633. \$3.50. Cincinnati and Chicago: E. Hannaford & Co.

It is the glory of America that here industry and intelligence are allowed free and untrammelled development, genius finds its promptest recognition, and true merit obtains its surest reward. It is only natural, therefore, that even the fragmentary records hitherto published of the struggles and triumphs of the men who have hewn their own way to fame and fortune in this favored land, should have been sought after with avidity, and read and pondered, by all classes of intelligent readers. All feel that these

men are *representative characters*, and that what they have accomplished is entirely possible to others who will put forth the same exertions. This volume has been prepared to meet the great and universal desire now existing for a series of authentic, well-written biographies of the most distinguished self-made men of America. It is not only a unique and valuable contribution to our national literature, but is, besides, a volume of surpassing interest, proving that truth is indeed stranger than fiction, and that our own age, material and matter of fact as it is, is as full of romance and adventure as were ever the palmiest days of the knight-errantry of old. It is a book that appeals to all classes. It treats of successful merchants, capitalists, railroad and steam-boat managers, telegraph projectors, inventors, publishers, editors, lawyers, artists, preachers, authors, actors, physicians, etc. It is as interesting as a novel, while possessing the dignity and value of a truthful history. It abounds in history, anecdote, sketches of life in various parts of the country, reminiscences of distinguished and eccentric men, accounts of curious, startling inventions, and narrations of intense and determined struggles crowned by the most brilliant triumphs. It is thoroughly fresh and original, and opens to the great mass of the public a new field of interest. It is also a work of the highest practical value, as a means of instruction and self-help to all its readers. It not only tells of the highest degrees of success in nearly every department of business and professional life, but, more than this, it points out *how* all this was accomplished.

It is a deeply interesting book and full of instruction; to young men especially it should be a welcome volume; they will be cheered and encouraged by being told how others have fought and won in the battle of life before them, and by studying the path which other men have trod to success, they may find a sure road for their own feet. Parents will also find it a volume to delight and instruct their children, and which will set before them inspiring models of industry and success.

THE accumulation of new books on our table, characteristic of the holiday season, makes it necessary for us to group them again under the names of the publishers. We notice that the books for the present year, designed even for holiday purposes, are of a more substantial character than usual; while they are issued as usual in elegant style, the works themselves are really valuable, and their beauty is more in real elegance than mere fancy ornamentation. We begin with our own publishing house.

I. CARLTON AND LANAHAN, NEW YORK. HITCHCOCK AND WALDEN, CINCINNATI.

*The Proverbs of Solomon Illustrated by Historical Parallels from Drawings by John Gilbert, and Prefaced by Introductory Remarks.* 8vo. Pp. 148.

*Witch Hill: A History of Salem Witchcraft. Including Illustrative Sketches of Persons and Places.* By Rev. Z. A. Mudge, Author of "Views from Plymouth Rock," etc. 16mo. Pp. 322. Illustrated.

*Memoir of Washington Irving. With Selections from his Works and Criticisms.* By Charles Adams, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 299.

*Stories and Pictures from Church History. For Young People.* Illustrated. 16mo. Pp. 322.

*Ethel Linton; or, The Feversham Temper.* By E. A. M., Author of "The Home of the Davenports," etc. 16mo. Pp. 317.

*Our Library of Books About Wonderful and Curious Things. Four Volumes in a Box.* 18mo. Pp. 222, 217, 125, 123. Illustrated.

These are all excellent books, and most of them are issued in neat holiday dress. "The Proverbs of Solomon" is especially beautiful. Of the Proverbs we need say nothing; the Preface is a good introduction to the Book of Proverbs; the illustrations are taken from Biblical and Christian history, and they are most beautifully designed, engraved, and printed; the book is printed on tinted paper, and is bound in heavy beveled boards, and richly gilt. "Witch Hill" tells the story of a dark and dreadful history in the early times of the settlement of New England. Dr. Adams writes in a very interesting style, and sufficiently full for most readers, the life of Washington Irving. "Stories and Pictures from Church History" is a beautiful book and intensely interesting; it will be a rich treat to every young person who will read it. "Ethel Linton" is a charming story, told in most pleasing style; it belongs to a class of wholesome and interesting books which the publishers are producing for the use of our young people. The little books about "Wonderful and Curious Things" ought to have many readers among the little folks.

II. HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. ROBERT CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI.

*Morning and Evening Exercises. Selected from the Published and Unpublished Writings of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* Edited by Lyman Abbott, Author of "Jesus of Nazareth," etc. 8vo. Pp. 560.

*Adventures of a Young Naturalist.* By Lucien Biart. Edited and Adapted by Parker Gillmore, Author of "All Round the World," etc. One Hundred and Seventeen Illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 491.

*My Apingi Kingdom: With Life in the Great Sahara and Sketches of the Chase of the Ostrich, Hyena, etc.* By Paul du Chaillu. Numerous Engravings. 12mo. Pp. 254.

*Puss-Cat Mew, and Other Stories for my Children.* By E. H. Knatchbull-Fluggepen, M. P. With Many Illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 317.

The admirers of Henry Ward Beecher will be glad to get this selection of devotional thoughts designed to be used in connection with the morning and evening services in the family. They are short, a selection being made for the morning and evening of each day in the year. They seem to be judiciously made. They, or any thing like them, however, would be a sorry substitute for the reverential reading of the Word of God. "Adventures of a Young Naturalist" is an intensely interesting book. We are sure no

boy or girl will stop the reading of it when once begun till he has seen the end. The adventures are in Mexico, with the wild scenes, animals, and almost as wild people who are found in parts of that country. Our young readers do not need an introduction to Paul du Chaillu. He gives you here another charming book of adventures in the deserts of Africa. "Puss-Cat Mew" is peculiar, and you must read it for yourself to know how charming a book it is. All these, except the first, are in holiday dress.

III. D. APPLETON & Co., NEW YORK. ROBERT CLARKE & Co., CINCINNATI.

*The Song of the Sower.* By William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated with Forty-Two Engravings on Wood. Quarto.

*Other Worlds than Ours; The Plurality of Worlds Studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches.* By Richard A. Proctor, B. A., F. R. A. S. 12mo. Pp. 334.

Beautiful, from its common use, would be rather a tame word to apply to "The Song of the Sower." It is a superb volume; the engravings are exquisite; every thing about the book is in the highest order of art. Any thing more elegant for a present can not be found in the line of books. "Other Worlds than Ours" is from the pen of one of the most able and interesting writers on astronomical subjects now living. His articles are most valuable, being written in a captivating style, and yet in their facts and hypotheses strictly in accordance with the latest discoveries of the science.

IV. SHELDON & Co., NEW YORK. R. W. CARROLL & Co., CINCINNATI.

*Our Poetical Favorites. A Selection from the Best Minor Poems of the English Language.* By Asahel C. Kendrick, Professor in the University of Rochester. 12mo. Pp. 450.

*The Destroyer of the Second Republic; Being Napoleon the Little.* By Victor Hugo. 12mo. Pp. 308.

*The Shadow of Moloch Mountain.* By June G. Austin, Author of "Cypher," etc. Illustrated. 8vo. Pp. 142. \$1.50.

"Our Poetical Favorites" accomplishes a design that will meet with the approbation of many. To have our old favorites of English song gathered into a single volume is a real treat. And here they are by the score; as we turn over the leaves they every here and there look right up into our face, with even a deeper interest than they used to have in our younger years. Not that all of them are old poems, but that many of them are the familiar household songs of the language, and the more recently born are such as belong to the same family, and will live forever. Victor Hugo in "Napoleon the Little" fires tremendous volleys of small and large shot into the purposes and fame of Napoleon III. The book was originally published in 1852, and has gone through many editions in France. It is a complete history, glowing with indignation and sarcasm, of the destruction of the "Second Republic," the *Coup*

*d'état*, and the murderous and unjust measures which the ambitious President found necessary to make his revolution complete. It will be read with fresh interest to-day, when many of its withering denunciations and scathing prophecies are meeting with remarkable fulfillment. "The Shadow of Moloch Mountain" is one of Miss Austin's best stories.

V. FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., BOSTON. ROBERT CLARKE & Co., CINCINNATI.

*Miriam and Other Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. 16mo. Pp. 106. Illustrated.

*We Girls; A Home Story.* By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Author of "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwait's Life," etc. 12mo. Pp. 215. Illustrated.

*The English Governess at the Siamese Court.* By Anna H. Leonowens. 12mo. Pp. 275.

"Miriam" is a sweet poem, breathing the spirit of Christ and of universal charity and forgiveness. Its lines flow as smoothly as crystal streams through grassy meadows, and its beautiful lesson of tolerance and charity flows into the heart as easily as the poetry glides through its measured grace. Some of the minor poems have been published before. There are thirteen of them. The readers of "Our Young Folks" will recognize the title of "We Girls," and they and others will be glad to have it in this form. The narrative of "The English Governess at the Siamese Court" abounds in curious details of court life, and describes the manners, customs, climate, and productions of the Siamese. The author was engaged as instructress to the children of the Siamese monarch. Her book is extremely entertaining.

VI. ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON. R. W. CARROLL & Co., CINCINNATI.

*The Monitions of the Unseen, and Other Poems.* By Jean Ingelow. 16mo. Pp. 171. Illustrated.

*Songs of Seven.* By the Same. 16mo. Paper.

*Aspendale.* By Harriet W. Preston. 16mo. Pp. 219.

*Poesies for Children. A Book of Verse Selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell.*

"The Monitions of the Unseen," and the thirty other new poems from the pen of Jean Ingelow, will find a wide welcome in this country. The first poem, which gives its name to the volume, will touch a responsive chord in many hearts. We can join in the wish of a contemporary, that "every body loved Jean Ingelow's writings, or, rather, that every body would read them, for their admiration would follow. "Aspendale" can scarcely be said to have a plot, and yet it deals with characters. Two women, bearing the names of Christine and Zoe, settle down in a quiet New England town, and with a few friends around their fireside, pass their Winter evenings in criticising prominent authors and theories. Hawthorne, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, and many others come in for their delicate dissection, but nobody is hurt much, while the reading is entertaining, and the spirit of the book genial. "Poesies for Children" is a little gem for very little people.

## Editor's Table.

**THE REPOSITORY—HOW IT IS RECEIVED.**—The press in all parts of the country has been justly appreciative of the good qualities of the Repository, and has spoken cordially of its excellences. Our January number calls forth new commendations. Says one in the extreme East: "The January number of this deservedly popular magazine has been received. We hardly know how to express our appreciation of the value of this, the best publication of its class in America. Any one having the moral and spiritual welfare of the masses at heart, will promptly say that this class of literature rates first. Either one of the engravings is worth the entire year's subscription. The entire book is *perfect*. What a difference there is in the engravings and 'cuts' found in it, and those in our so-called popular periodicals! Why, there is a volume in a single one of these cuts that if studied would contain as much of nature and practical life, as would make all contented with their Maker, their neighbor, and themselves for a fortnight. The editorials, clippings, and contributions are well adapted to the day in which they are written, and the style is, as usual, of the most entertaining character."

This comes from the old, substantial "Middle State," Pennsylvania: "The Ladies' Repository is the best magazine of its class published in the United States; if, indeed, it can be said to belong to a class, since it is so superior to the numerous publications which come under the head of 'ladies' magazines.' The literary contents are of the purest and most elevating character, which, instead of enervating and corrupting the mind like most of the magazines of the class we have referred to, refresh, strengthen, and elevate it, while each number is embellished with a number of fine illustrations. Every number contains two original steel engravings, in the highest style of the art. The Ladies' Repository has long been noted for its beautiful steel engravings, and we doubt if there is a magazine published which can at all compare with it in this particular feature of excellence. The engravings in the January number are of the usual high order, and must commend themselves to every lover of art."

And this from the far West: "This beautiful and ever-welcome magazine is again at hand. The January number is replete with interest and instruction. No magazine published is so well worthy a place in the family circle as this. Pure in sentiment, chaste in style, simple in the utterance of grand and important truths, full of life and vivacity, what better could be sought to store the mind in the field of literature? The engravings are superb."

And even from Canada we receive the following good words: "We have just read the January number of the Ladies' Repository, and pronounce it a

first-rate periodical. It is printed on good type and on excellent white paper, and contains eighty large double-column pages of reading matter of the most interesting and instructive character. It opens with two splendid steel engravings, and is interspersed with numerous wood-cuts, at once suggestive and illustrative of the matter in hand. In the religious department, there is none of that austere and selfish sectarianism which too often crops out in religious journals, but a broad, generous spirit of true Christianity pervades every line. Its general literature is replete with lessons of the purest morality, and every class of readers would be benefited by carefully studying its pages. The wonder is how so valuable a magazine can be furnished at so small a price.

**DECAY OF THE PAPACY.**—With the prostration of France, there is not to-day a great Catholic power left among the nations of the globe. But yesterday Catholic Austria stood as such; but Protestant Prussia pushed her from her pedestal, and occupies her place. The taint of decay rests on Catholic nations. They are falling to the rear in the march of humanity. Protestant nations are taking their place. In point of numbers, also, Protestantism is distinguished by relative growth—Catholicism by relative decay. Twenty years ago the Protestants of the world were given at 64,000,000, and the Catholics at 167,000,000; not quite two Protestants to five Catholics. The most reliable statistics now give the Protestants of the world at 95,000,000, and the Catholics at 185,000,000; not two Catholics to one Protestant. At the same rates of relative growth Protestants will outnumber Catholics before the close of the present century, as they now excel them in all the elements of science, literature, philosophy, and progressive life.

**FINDING FAULT WITH MINISTERS.**—There are many persons whose religion consists in finding fault with ministers. Nor are they all of the world. Some Church members think this one of the privileges of their profession. And as Satan desired to sift as wheat Simon, so they sift the character and life of their minister. Every word he speaks, and every act he performs, in private and in public, at home and abroad, must be weighed in their balance—and if he is found wanting, they must post up the Church and the world in reference to his defects and infirmities. This part of religion must be attended to by some one. "All members have not the same office." And as they have a peculiar taste, if not talent, for finding fault, and no relish for any thing more spiritual, they are faithful in pointing out his real and imaginary defects. And thus they save him from that woe which Christ said rested on ministers, when all men spoke well of them.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN 1870.—The "General Minutes," a fine, large octavo volume, contains a vast amount of statistics exhibiting the general prosperity of the Church during the year just closed. This volume ought to find its way into many more hands than it ordinarily does. We present our readers some interesting summaries :

I. MEMBERSHIP.—The total number is 1,367,134. The deaths reported for the year were 14,244. Notwithstanding these losses, and the many others arising from removals, etc., there is a net increase over the membership reported in 1869 of 68,196. The following table will show the totals by Conferences, and increase returned in each :

Conferences.	Members.	Probationers.	Total.	Increase.
Alabama.....	11,862	1,791	13,653	1,363
Baltimore.....	25,604	5,040	30,734	1,357
Black River.....	9,128	1,738	10,866	593
California.....	5,815	951	6,766	784
Central German.....	9,093	1,108	10,201	8
Central Illinois.....	22,032	2,281	24,313	1,617
Central New York.....	23,139	4,107	27,246	692
Central Ohio.....	18,964	2,182	21,146	1,909
Central Pennsylvania.....	23,360	6,194	29,554	1,314
Cincinnati.....	20,369	3,381	33,741	2,265
Colorado.....	599	181	770	125
Delaware.....	10,048	919	10,967	698
Des Moines.....	15,213	1,967	17,180	1,382
Detroit.....	19,475	3,039	22,514	1,143
East Genesee.....	22,658	3,370	26,028	780
East German.....	2,514	629	3,143	282
East Maine.....	8,535	2,329	10,864	167
Erie.....	32,373	3,059	35,432	2,317
Genesee.....	9,336	1,151	10,492	160
Georgia.....	14,310	3,839	18,149	d 2,984
Germany and Switzerland.....	5,812	1,447	7,259	303
Holston.....	20,219	2,938	23,157	d 1,430
Illinois.....	33,062	3,334	36,396	2,011
India Mission.....	468	303	771	106
Indiana.....	25,062	3,363	28,425	1,718
Iowa.....	19,357	1,750	21,107	225
Kansas.....	10,290	2,393	12,683	1,594
Kentucky.....	13,413	3,773	17,186	d 2,322
Lexington.....	4,813	620	5,433	5,433
Liberia Mission.....	1,768	440	2,208	432
Louisiana.....	8,737	2,129	10,866	d 1,766
Maine.....	10,652	2,132	12,784	d 622
Michigan.....	21,627	4,330	25,957	1,421
Minnesota.....	9,663	1,949	11,612	1,460
Mississippi.....	15,211	3,169	18,380	7,429
Missouri.....	11,634	2,382	14,016	1,009
Nebraska.....	2,670	786	3,456	483
Nevada.....	294	99	393	23
Newark.....	26,196	4,023	30,219	1,575
New England.....	22,144	3,475	25,619	1,953
New Hampshire.....	11,307	1,918	13,225	529
New Jersey.....	26,567	5,429	31,996	836
New York.....	35,964	6,145	42,109	1,367
New York East.....	34,380	4,162	38,542	200
North Carolina.....	3,330	876	4,206	875
North Indiana.....	23,944	8,049	31,993	2,274
North Ohio.....	18,346	1,332	19,678	554
North-West German.....	6,489	1,753	8,242	511
North-West Indiana.....	19,732	1,790	21,522	1,991
Ohio.....	33,772	3,594	37,366	3,079
Oregon.....	3,899	1,042	4,941	296
Philadelphia.....	33,254	5,082	38,336	1,052
Pittsburg.....	43,518	8,513	52,031	1,305
Providence.....	16,248	1,949	18,197	388
Rock River.....	20,535	2,003	22,538	1,210
South Carolina.....	18,737	5,330	24,067	1,488
South-Eastern Indiana.....	21,118	2,235	23,353	938
Southern Illinois.....	22,506	3,877	26,383	1,950
South-West German.....	7,775	994	8,769	391
St. Louis.....	13,217	3,479	16,714	d 374
Tennessee.....	8,821	1,074	9,895	636
Texas.....	5,846	714	6,560	2,390
Troy.....	27,559	1,970	29,529	1,599
Upper Iowa.....	17,602	2,179	19,781	1,826
Vermont.....	9,886	1,657	11,543	d 70
Virginia.....	3,884	1,179	5,063	681
Washington.....	21,450	3,190	24,640	1,222
West Virginia.....	21,659	6,198	27,857	1,757
West Wisconsin.....	11,065	1,658	12,723	517
Wilmingon.....	19,779	4,415	24,194	1,152
Wisconsin.....	12,590	1,660	14,250	874
Wyoming.....	20,731	4,340	25,071	501

II. GENERAL SUMMARY.

	1870.	Increase over 1869.
Bishops.....	98	.....
Annual Conferences.....	72	.....
Traveling Preachers.....	9,193	363
Local Preachers.....	11,404	1,064
Total Preachers.....	21,234	2,064
Members in full connection.....	1,173,009	58,387
Members on probation.....	194,035	9,869
Total Lay Members.....	1,367,134	68,196
Adult Baptisms.....	66,481	5,334
Infant Baptisms.....	50,453	2,944
Total Baptisms.....	116,934	8,278
Number of Churches.....	13,373	1,325
Number of Parsonages.....	4,197	211
Value of Church Edifices.....	\$52,614,591	\$5,361,524
Value of Parsonages.....	\$7,293,513	431,283
Number of Sunday-schools.....	16,912	518
Sunday-school Teachers.....	180,412	4,816
Sunday-school Scholars.....	1,221,308	41,409
Benevolent Collections.....	\$67,862	\$9,927

\* Including Bishop Roberts, Missionary Bishop for Africa.

III. THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCES.—The following figures give the present membership of these Conferences, and show the increase or decrease.

	Total.	Inc.	Dec.
Alabama.....	13,653	3,897	.....
Georgia.....	18,149	.....	2,984
Holston.....	23,157	.....	1,430
Kentucky and Lexington.....	22,619	3,111	.....
Louisiana.....	10,866	.....	1,766
Mississippi.....	18,380	7,429	.....
North Carolina.....	4,206	875	.....
South Carolina.....	24,067	1,488	.....
Tennessee.....	9,895	.....	626
Texas.....	6,560	2,390	.....
Virginia.....	5,063	681	.....
Total.....	156,615	19,871	9,128

Net increase is 10,743. The number of traveling preachers, 679, an increase of 80. The present number of local preachers, 2,090, an increase of 860.

IV. GERMAN CONFERENCES.—A collation of the figures giving the lay and ministerial force of these Conferences presents the following :

	Members.	Inc.	Trav. Pr.	L. F.
Central German.....	10,201	8	105	85
East German.....	3,143	282	36	26
Germany and Switzerland.....	7,259	303	50	37
N. W. German.....	8,247	521	99	73
S. W. German.....	8,769	391	99	137
Total.....	37,619	1,505	389	358

The increase of traveling preachers is 22, local preachers 19; total increase of ministerial force, 41. The returns of the German District, Texas, are not included in these summaries, but are embraced in those of the Texas Conference.

V. COLORED CONFERENCES.—Only four of the Conferences are composed exclusively of colored people. Several of the others include a considerable colored membership, both of ministers and laymen. The four Conferences give the following summaries :

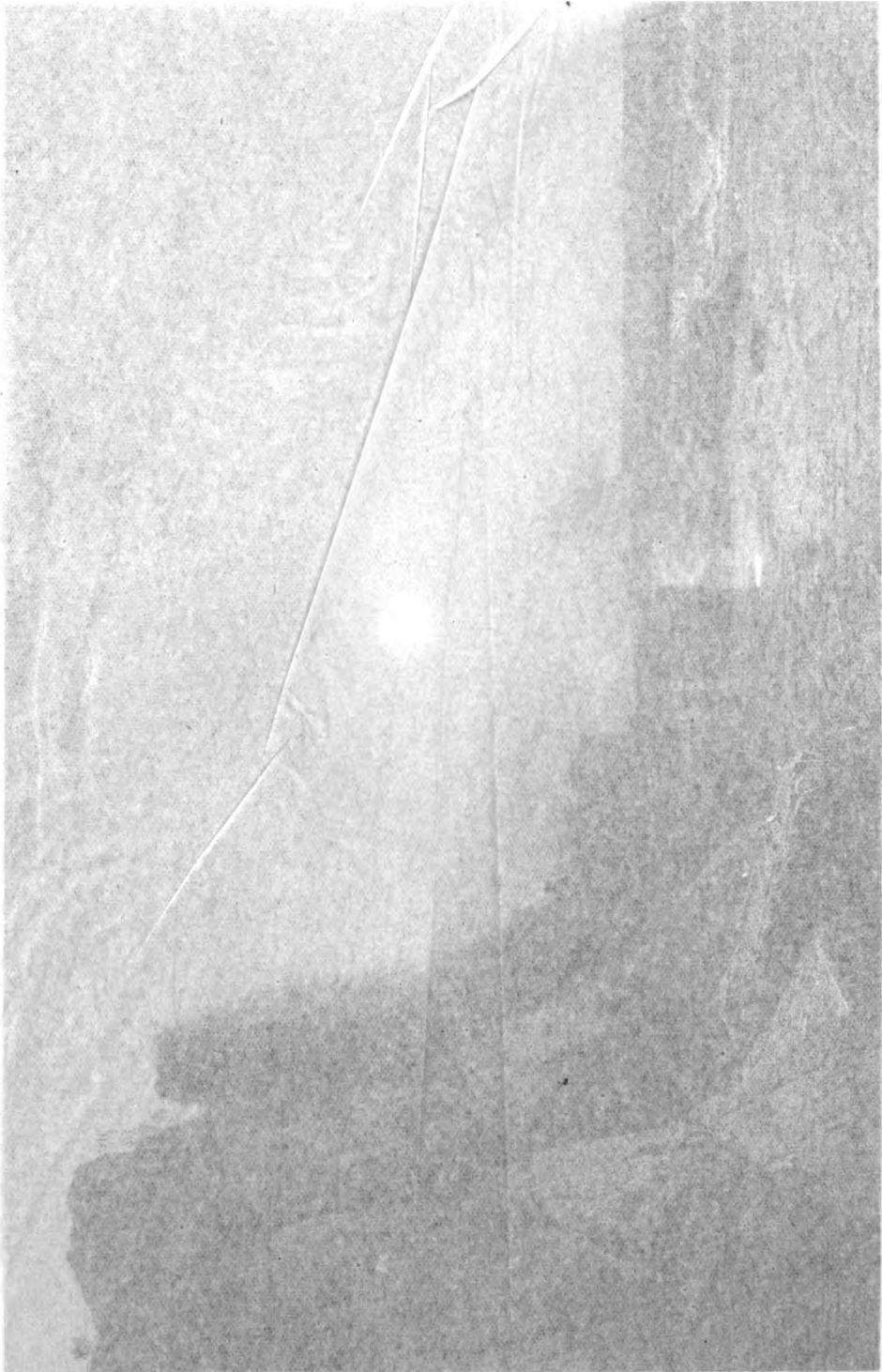
	Members.	Increase.	Traveling Preachers	Local Preachers.
Delaware.....	10,967	698	48	154
Lexington.....	5,433	5,433	17	107
Liberia Mission.....	2,208	432	13	41
Washington.....	24,640	1,222	97	147
Total.....	43,248	7,785	180	449













1840年



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1871.

March

## THE MAN AND THE ARTIST.

**A**RT is born, and the artist exists, in order to glorify God and to magnify humanity.

The second of these aims is certainly subordinate to the first, but this glorious vocation of the artist, the elevation of humanity, issues out of the very exigencies of art itself. The nature of art, the genius of art, the power of art conspire to proclaim this providential use of the artist in the midst of humanity. Hence comes the truly grand and efficacious part which it is called to take in the great work of human progress; hence the responsibility, both to God and man, which this power gives it.

Let us strive to penetrate into the life and practical use of the artist. What are the conditions and qualifications that the man of art must possess in order most successfully to fulfill the calling of the artist? The artist is a human being who devotes his powers to the creation of the beautiful, and the value of the artist is necessarily measured by the value of the man. A separation between the artist and the man is impossible; the one necessarily influences the other. What is this influence? What are, on the side of the man, the conditions necessary to great artistic works?

Evidently two things are necessary to the creation of masterpieces—labor and genius. These two conditions apply to the artist considered as such; but it would be a great error to believe that these two are sufficient of themselves to elevate him to, and, above all, to maintain him in, the height of his mission. In the artist, and underneath the artist, is the man—the man, with his convictions, his loves, and his free determinations; the man with his personal physiognomy. Now, the man, far more than one might think, reacts upon the artist,

and, according as he believes, as he loves, as he acts; according as he is religious or irreligious, believer or skeptic, generous or selfish, voluptuous or chaste, his genius takes different directions in all his creations. Art is a manifestation of the life, and one must have lost his mind to think that the artist puts nothing in his creations except his labor and his genius. The truth is, he puts himself there. Art is a speech, art is a style, and this style, as all others, sets forth a personality. Now let us consider what the man should put of himself in the works of the artist.

And first, that which the man should bring to the support of the artist, in order to magnify and elevate his works, is religion. The genius of art, in order to make a wide path, and in order to ascend high, should be, in an eminent degree, religious.

That which enlarges the aspirations, and deepens the penetrating view of artistic genius, is the measureless perspectives of the infinite and the wide horizons of the invisible; and that which gives him inspiration is the breath that seizes him and bears him away and upward toward the heights. Now the breath that bears the human being upward is the breath of religion, the real breathing of the spirit descending from God to waft man toward heaven; and that which opens up wide and radiantly before the eye and aspirations of the artist the horizons of the infinite and the perspectives of the invisible, is religion and religion alone. Shut off for a moment, to the man of art, all communion with God, and that moment some barrier of darkness closes before him and above him all openings toward the skies. An impenetrable wall shuts him off from the great light of the immortal and of the infinite; the ideal disappears as a sun setting behind a cloud; then behold

him, shut in within the shadowy limits of nature and of time, as a prisoner in a dungeon.

Whether we are conscious of it or not, there is ever an attraction between humanity and the infinite. So, a writer has remarked, "The attractive power which binds worlds to worlds, even to the extreme limits of space, is only a manifestation of the general law that draws every thing toward the infinite." Man feels this attraction. By it, when he is not under the power of disturbing influences, his thoughts rise, his desires rise, his affections rise, all his powers rise, toward their eternal source. Genius, above all, aspires to plunge into that ocean of the good, the true, and the beautiful; it would there satiate its longings, that all the realities here below leave unsatisfied and deceived. And when this want of the infinite takes up its abode in the flesh, it diffuses itself in harmonies, it is breathed out in accents, it glows upon the canvas, or it speaks in the marble, in a light which attests a celestial origin.

The religious artist covers his works with a luminousness which comes not from nature alone, and which I may name the transfiguring light of the supernatural. The supernatural opens up before the artist perspectives which remain ever hidden from the genius confined in pure naturalism, however exalted may be the type. For the great artist the supernatural is a second, more distant firmament, within the depths of which he discovers, here and there, stars of purer light, and systems of more exceeding beauty. This distant firmament reveals itself to his illuminated vision as one of those boreal auroras which inundate the poles with such a mysterious brilliancy. And this ever-changing mingling of splendor and of shadow, of vision and of mystery, becomes a fascination; it exalts the imagination, it purifies the sentiments, it seduces, by an indefinable charm, all the creative powers, and makes them dream out beautiful creations of surprising excellence.

All great artists appear to me, in a degree, religious. I do not yet place myself at the point of view strictly Christian. I look upon artists who have grasped the sublime idea of God. They pass before me covered with a glory only surpassed by the reverence which holds them bowed before God. I see Michael Angelo and Raphael inundated in light, marching before men, with the eye fixed on the Infinite; I hear the immortal Haydn beginning his marvelous compositions with these sublime words—*In nomine Domini*, and terminating them in that still sublimer cry—*Laus Deo*; to God be glory and praise! I hear Mozart and Palestrina making the earth resound with those

melodies that one might well believe borrowed from those of the other world, and communicating to souls that charm of the divine, that consciousness of the infinite, which they felt within them, and I can but affirm that the genius of art is truly religious.

But, secondly, it is not enough that the artist be, in a merely vague sense, religious. There is a kind of vaporous, superficial religiousness which does not suffice to give inspiration to the artist—true wings to his genius. The artist must be a real believer; he must be a man of faith; he must, at least, have the faith which the subject he treats demands. Faith, at least a relative faith, is the fundamental condition of all great achievements in art. Artistic creations resemble, in this respect, that great masterpiece of God, the Church—they rest upon faith. And how could it be otherwise? Where could the lilies and the roses, which embellish the marvelous garden of art, blossom if not upon the living branch of sincere convictions which sink their roots down into the most profound mystery of our life? Never forget that art is an affirmation. In a painting, in a piece of sculpture, in a composition of music, in an edifice, in a poem, art affirms something—a fact, a mystery, an idea; and this fact, this mystery, this idea, it affirms in the light with which it, itself, surrounds it. But to affirm something the first condition is to believe something. Art is a speech for human thought, spoken through genius, and the artist, whether he be painter, sculptor, musician, or poet, is a man who speaks. But is not every one who speaks under obligation to say something? And is not he who says something to intelligences under obligations to believe what he says? If you do not believe that which you say, what right have you to talk to any one? If you do not believe in your soul, as a man, that which you speak through your work as an artist, pray be silent. Nihilism of faith has no right save to inihilism of speech; that is, to silence. If your art is not a manifestation of an idea to me, it is no longer art; and if your art pretends to affirm something, and you have not faith in that which it affirms, then your art is only an insincere speech, a hypocritical sound, a lying affirmation, and in that work which should be a living translation of your living being, you have put nothing of yourself; nothing, if it be not that miserable unbelief which belongs to you, and which, in spite of yourself, will pierce through and disfigure your piece of art. What! you do not believe in the divinity of the Christ whom I worship; you see in him only a man idealized, a human type of virile beauty, and you dare to

touch with your pencil that grand character, and then flatter yourself that I shall recognize, in your work, that which I love, that which I admire, that which I adore in his person! You see, in the mystery of Bethlehem, only a poetic and *naïve* legend, and for you that child is only a child, and you are astonished that I find nothing more than this in your work of art. You represent him astonishing the doctors by the prodigy of his wisdom, and yet for you this divine child is only the common son of a common workman. You represent him performing miracles, and for you the divine worker of miracles is only a skillful man working on public credulity. You try to show him dying in inexpressible agonies; you attempt to render, in its solemn beauty, the ineffable *consummation est*; and for you this expiring One is only a punished one, who has received from human passions a legal chastisement. You attempt to show him rising from the tomb in the splendor of his transfigured body, bidding a glorious defiance to death; and for you this one, come to life, was never dead, and his resurrection is only the dream of an enthusiastic woman, and of a few disciples under a hallucination. Ah, why be astonished that, in spite of all your genius and labor, I see only a Christ uncrowned by your rationalistic thought?

And that which we say here of pictures and portraits, may we not also say of the temples which unbelief builds, and the harmonies which it sings? O, architects, and you, princes of harmony, the soul will be absent from your sonorous but unmeaning works; your skepticism will be the betrayer of your genius.

But, thirdly, when faith has entered into the work, yet is not this sufficient; by the side of faith the artist must place love, for, as a choice writer says, "Art means love, and artist one who loves." This word, too much and too often profaned, adds itself here to my subject. I beg of you permission to use it, perhaps many times, but in a sense the most severely chaste, and, if I may dare say it, the most divinely pure.

In whatever field you may choose, there is no masterpiece of art that is not the flower or fruit of love. A profane writer of the present has said, "Love, whatever it may be, is the first element of art; it is its vital breath." The "whatever it may be" is here too much. That might be a love which displaces the pole, and extinguishes the light of art, in displacing the pole and extinguishing the light of life. No, that which is the first element of art and its vital breath, is not love whatever it may be, but it is truly love—love in the true, love in order,

love the strongest and the best ordered. This is the true artistic power.

Look at the world, or, if you wish, at all worlds, at the harmony and beauty of the universe; every-where, and in all, that which is beautiful in any degree whatever proceeds from a creation of love. Love, that is to say, the movement of life which diffuses itself outside of and beyond itself, is the creative principle of all beauty. The whole creation is the love of God diffusing itself beyond him, according to the inclination of his divine goodness. The creation of the world, this work, so admirably harmonious, of the divine Artist, is the act of uncreated love manifesting itself in a creation. And this act of love, not necessitated, as some say, but generous and free, causes to shine forth the general order which is the beauty of the universe, and the particular order which constitutes individual beauty. And so there is not a single being bearing a ray of beauty which can not, and ought not to say of itself, I am a child of love. Now, that which God has done for the world, every created being does, according to the measure of his own will and energy. Absolute egotism or selfishness is absolute sterility, because it is life exclusively shut up within itself. Love, in the works of an artist, accomplishes something analogous to that which it accomplishes in the face of the person that loves; it makes beauty blossom. Hate renders ugly, selfishness disfigures; love embellishes and transfigures. Whatever may be the reason, it is a fact, that every face blossoming with a pure love is marked with a beauty which resembles no other. Thus it is with the work of the artist, one sees there, one feels there, the harmonious blooming out of a heart that loves.

There is a wonderful relation between the beauty that produces love, and the love which reproduces beauty. The artist will not only embellish the object of his love, he will idealize it, he will deify it. If he loves to adoration, his ambition will mount as high, and if his heart has not yet found out God, he will put his art to the service of his idolatry. Happy the artist who has so learned to love the celestial and the divine, that his love of beauty may become a devotion without becoming an idolatry. Does it not become the artist, then, to love all beauty in the love of the sovereign beauty—to love God more than all, and above all? And so instead of making statues that humanity may worship them, he will make masterpieces that humanity may admire, and by its admiration rise to the love of the divine beauty.

But, fourthly, in order that this love obtain in art all its power, all its fruitfulness, it must

become a love working outside of itself, a love borne away from itself by that sublime thing which we call self-abnegation. In all things, and in nothing more than in art, that which makes masterpieces is self-forgetfulness. Egotism in any thing is a thing so monstrous that no marked success can be expected where it exists.

Now, in art, the first condition to arriving at a clear, luminous vision of the beautiful is not an eye led back upon self, but an eye led away from and outside of self. The true object of beauty to contemplate is not within man, but outside of man. The human soul has beauty surely, and sometimes is of ravishing beauty; it is the sanctuary where moral beauty resides. But this beauty, even when it exists, is only the reflection in man of a beauty superior to man; and he who stops to contemplate in himself this beauty, come from a ray from on high, without following it up to its Divine source, little by little loses the meaning of true beauty; he turns his back to the sun in order to absorb himself in a reflection of it. The genius that has not yet learned self-forgetfulness is wholly devoted to that vulgar divinity called popularity—a barbarous, capricious, devouring divinity, that prostrates before it its vain worshipers, and in exchange for one of its smiles, too often demands of the humiliated genius the immolation of its most precious prerogatives. How many, in order to court the favor of this goddess, Renown, have preferred the success of a day to the glory of immortality! This exclusive preoccupation with self shuts him off from all the great sources of inspiration. Instead of listening in the silence of conception, with an absolute self-forgetting, to the eternal harmonies of truth and order, egotism lends the ear to the bewildering noises of human praise and of popular ovation. Instead of seeking the infinite, it seeks the finite; instead of looking up, it looks below; instead of inspiring itself with heaven, it inspires itself with earth; instead of seeking that which elevates, it seeks that which flatters; instead of aspiring to create works truly beautiful, it aspires to make works to be applauded—it seeks a reputation or a fortune, but not a character.

But the great things of art, as the great things of virtue, are daughters of sacrifice. If the artist is not a sacrificer he will not be a creator. So we find again here the great and fruitful law of self-abnegation and sacrifice ruling over the artistic world, as over the moral, social, and industrial. Who does not see that this sublime and generous immolation of self, in tearing the man away from himself, puts him

on the great highway of art, and scattering before him all obstacles, gives him wings to bear him away to the most sublime and brilliant vistas? His soul is full of visions and his hand is full of power.

Now I comprehend why rationalism and atheism kill the beautiful in humanity, as they kill the true and the good; it is in severing man from God, and casting him back in himself and upon himself—they cut off all chance of inspiration. I comprehend why religion, and, above all, the Christian religion, is the great inspirer of art; it is that it realizes the true inspiration of the heroism of self-abnegation.

I might close here; but there is yet one thing to signalize as belonging to the man who would be the true artist. It is a thing so necessary, that this purity of love nor this self-abnegation can, neither one, long subsist without it. It is the powerful auxiliary and sacred guardian of the true genius of art—it is *chastity*, true purity of soul. It will not be difficult to make pure souls understand upon what foundation rests this admirable alliance between art and chastity. We have said that above all the artist must have a lucid vision to discover beauty, and a kind of infallible instinct to recognize it. And this is what chastity gives to the genius of the artist. It gives him something of that tranquil lucidity which characterizes angelic natures. The full meaning of beauty penetrates nowhere so easily as into the depths of a pure soul. The mild silveriness of moonlight reflecting itself upon the surface of a lake, a ray of sunlight passing through a pure crystal, or sparkling in the morning in a drop of dew, no image or form, however graceful or expressive, can paint this marvelous spectacle of the moral world, a *beauty* engraving its image upon the tablet of a pure soul. Chaste souls, outside of clearness of vision, have also an infallible instinct which apprises them of the presence of the beautiful, as it does of the presence of the good.

But chastity does more than give the power to detect beauty; it creates a love for it. It is in natural sympathy with every thing that is truly beautiful. The more light and purity a soul has, the more it loves all true beauty. And just as chastity discovers beauty and loves it with a love as pure as itself, so it experiences, in the presence of ugliness and deformity, an instinctive repulsion. The more a soul is pure and illuminated, the more terrible is the antipathy it feels in the presence of that which is ugly.

Purity attracts toward the beautiful, and the beautiful conspires to render us more pure.

The love of beauty predisposes to virtue, and however the mystery is to be explained, one ever feels that he is purer after having admired. And it can not be denied that pure souls have aspirations that impure souls know nothing of. Impurity casts upon the transparency of the spirit the shadows of the flesh, and veils from the artist, as with a thick curtain, the splendors of his ideal. So we see that all these cling together with an admirable unity; the true allies itself with the beautiful, the beautiful allies itself with the good, the good allies itself with the pure, and the pure allies itself with the perfect, in the sphere of art, as well as in every other sphere. And it is clear to all, that between the beautiful and the impure there can be no alliance.

Such are the intimate relations which exist between the man and the artist, between the value of human life and the value of artistic work. Labor and genius being granted, the artist must still be a man of religion, a man of faith, a man of heart, a man of self-abnegation, and withal a man of chastity.

O God, listen to the prayer which my heart sends up to thine for these my brother artists! Let them know thee, love thee, seek thee, the living center of all beauty. Make to bloom, in the center of their hearts, the celestial rose of chastity; let that rose in blossoming embalm with one perfume both their life and their works, and may humanity, in passing before their masterpieces, exclaim with an admiration full of love and gratitude, O, how beautiful is the generation of the chaste, and what splendor surrounds it! Its works are embalmed in their own perfumes; they are beautiful with an intrinsic beauty; and I, humanity, prepare for them, in the perpetuity of my memory, an immortal glory: *Immortalis est enim memoria illius.*

#### THE MINISTER'S STORY.

"I THINK he has a story," said Miss Ginevra, thoughtfully.

"Most people have," replied her aunt, sententiously.

They were extremely intimate, this aunt and niece, and enjoyed the intimacy and each other vastly; chiefly, it was whispered by the more acute persons of their acquaintance, because there was a tacit understanding that they were at liberty to contradict and snub each other, and "no offense meant." Perhaps if they had lived together this would not have worked quite so well; one can not be at high-water mark all the time; but living two miles apart, and each

having affairs of her own, they sometimes did not meet for several days, and so were usually ready for a tilt when they did.

The only real trouble which Miss Ginevra had ever known was her name. It was an affliction undoubtedly, and being, as I said, her only one, of course she made the most of it. Her mother had been a romantic young woman, and the name had unfortunately taken her fancy shortly before the christening of her first baby; hence the cause of the said baby's anguish, when she arrived at years of discretion, which was soon. A well-meaning but imperceptive friend had once suggested the endearing abbreviation of "Ginny;" Miss Ginevra's scorn upon the occasion was a sight to behold. She was tall and statuesque, with a painfully straight nose, widely opened blue eyes, and hair which, arrange it as she would, always had the effect of being blown back from her forehead. Not a bad-looking young woman at all, but still not handsome enough to be vain about it, and clearly unfit to be called "Ginny." The eldest of seven children, or perhaps I should say eight, for her mother looked up to her in a manner which was a beautiful example to the other seven; she had head and hands full, and heart too, she thought, and had consequently reached the mature age of twenty-three with "no nonsense about her," that she knew of. She had never even had "an offer," poor thing! To be sure, she went her ways among men with a "half-unconscious air" which was not encouraging, if any one had been rash enough to think of it, and what few opinions she had upon that all-important subject were still less encouraging when known—and she was not reticent. Nothing but a conquering hero for her! She was not going to think of falling in love until some man of valor came and demanded her heart, as highwaymen used to demand people's purses in the good old times.

"For the world must know and fear him  
Whom I gift with heart and hand,"

would this high-minded young woman declaim to her aunt occasionally, when the talk happened to fall upon matrimony.

All of which is a digression; so to return to the conversation herein begun, or, rather, continued, for of course several things had been said before. "Most people have," said Miss Ginevra's aunt, sententiously.

"No," replied her niece, "I know of several people who have no more story than a sponge, and I think you will not say, even for the sake of contradicting me, Aunt Martha, that a sponge has a story."

Miss Martha, quite disdaining the latter part



of the sentence, said calmly, "You are extremely young, Ginevra, but still I should have thought you had been long enough in the world to see a little more below the surface of things than you do, and to know that there is scarcely a person existing whose whole story, if it could only be read, would not be much more entertaining than any of our latter-day novels."

Now this was a triple blow; Miss Ginevra disliked excessively to be called young, she prided herself upon her penetration, and she had an amiable weakness for modern novels—not all sorts of trash, you understand, but good novels; she enjoyed Dickens; she had a warm feeling of personal friendship for the Baroness with the unpronounceable name who wrote "Quits," and she liked Miss Muloch, until she wrote the "Woman's Kingdom;" Miss Muloch numbered her kingdom and finished it, so far as Miss Ginevra was concerned, when she wrote that.

Not being able, on the spur of the moment, to think of any adequate reply, the niece ignored the whole remark, and said meditatively, and as if it had but just occurred to her, "Yes, I think that man has a story, and I should very much like to hear it."

"If you really wish to hear it," said her aunt, "why do n't you cultivate him until he confides in you?"

"I do n't consider that that would be honorable," said Miss Ginevra, elevating her head and tasting the proverbial sweetness of revenge. She had the last word that time, for just then four torn and muddy little boys rushed in to tell "sister" that mamma said they should "not come to the tea-table looking so," and sister, with her composure in no wise disturbed, took the horde to the nursery and superintended its toilet, while mamma essayed to entertain Miss Martha, who did not stay to tea, though urged to do so by her sister-in-law, who, gentle soul, would have shared her tea nightly with all the neighbors, if they had only dropped in and consented to "take off your things and stay to tea, do now!"

How Miss Ginevra came to hear the story which she so desired to hear, and what came of it, it is my purpose to tell, if any one will listen.

The person of whom she spoke was the new minister. After balancing against each other the merits of many candidates, the people of Veriton had at last vouchsafed a "call" to the least seeking of them all. Upon what grounds will ever remain a mystery, for Mr. Ashurst had few of the qualifications which, in the beginning of the campaign, had been cited as absolutely indispensable. He was unmarried, had but just

been ordained, and was shy and embarrassed in his manner, every-where but in the pulpit; there he spoke with dignity and ease, and his sermons, which evidently came straight from his heart, and were as earnest as possible, were in scholarly and polished language. The guesses as to his age, which no one in the parish knew, ranged from twenty-eight to fifty; it was really impossible to tell, for, while his hair was quite gray, and there were lines in his face not commonly seen in a young face, his bright, earnest eyes and erect and manly carriage contradicted the evidence of the gray hair and wrinkles. So speculation feasted upon him. The painful effort which it evidently cost him to meet with strangers at first rendered him unpopular, but as he gradually became accustomed to the names and faces of his parishioners the tide turned.

There was an earnest affectionateness about him, a deep desire to do them good, which soon won the hearts of the kindly people, and the Church grew steadily in numbers and in zeal. He was a frequent visitor among his people, and, of course, Miss Ginevra's family came in for its share. Her mother was soon charmed with him; the children, without an exception, hailed him as the particular friend of each one, and her father, busy all day in a dingy office, delighted in an evening spent in literary discussions with "the parson." Miss Ginevra alone held aloof. After the lofty declaration which she had somewhat hastily made to her aunt, she disdained any thing which bore the least appearance of cultivation. It required no little self-sacrifice to enable her to adhere to this resolution, for hers was a thirsty soul. She devoured "facts" with the avidity of a Gradgrind; her appetite for fancies was equally great, and here was a man whose mind seemed full of both. He, poor fellow, could not tell what to think about her. The very fact that she was the only one among his parishioners who was not on most friendly terms with him, drew his attention to her, and the occasional opportunities which he had of hearing her converse with others, gave him a strong desire to become better acquainted with her. So, without either being aware of the feelings of the other, their interest in each other was steadily upon the increase.

Among the many mental notes which were taken by Miss Ginevra at this time anent the minister, was one which puzzled her extremely, and this was upon the nature of his shyness. She had seen him, in a room full of people, perfectly self-possessed and at his ease, talking pleasantly and gracefully, first to one and then

to another, and she had seen all this ease and grace change to the awkwardness of a school-boy upon the entrance and introduction of one stranger. She had heard him one evening talking pleasantly to "a lot of silly girls," as she was pleased to call them; she had not been able to catch the conversation connectedly, for a very worthy young man was endeavoring to engage her attention; but in one of the rather frequent pauses which occurred between her replies and the next remark of which he could think, she happened to look across at the group, and to hear one of the silly girls say, with a light laugh, "O, you can't have any real sympathy with us, Mr. Ashurst, for I do n't suppose you ever did or said any thing in your life which you'd mind letting all the world know." She saw that the minister turned very pale, and replied only with a low bow, and that for the rest of the evening, so far as she was able to observe him, his usual cheerful kindness was displaced by a constrained and awkward shyness. Many little incidents of this nature, detected by the watchful blue eyes of Miss Ginevra, rooted more firmly than ever her conviction that he had a story, and her wish to hear it. "But of course," she said to herself resignedly, "it would never do to cultivate him after what I said to Aunt Martha."

Fortunately she had several occupations besides that of speculating upon the minister. Little boys make such frightful holes in their stockings, such unheard-of rents in their trowsers, consume so much plain gingerbread, and require so much washing, that the time which Miss Ginevra had for maiden meditation was not much. For instance, she would seat herself by the open window, in the sweet June weather, with her stocking-basket before her, and the full intention of meditating; her hand would be incased in a stocking, and her thoughts beginning to arrange themselves around the minister, when a smash and heart-rending cries would bring her back to earth again; the next to the smallest boy had upset the large wash-pitcher, just filled, over the smallest girl, while nurse was having a little innocent gossip with cook. The small boy must be put into the corner, the small girl into dry garments, nurse must be scolded, mamma must be calmed, the flood from the broken pitcher stayed with towels, and then—who could meditate upon any thing but total depravity after all that?

So things went on for two or three months. Mr. Ashurst gained steadily in the regard of his people. His sermons were so earnest, so sympathetic, that a marked interest was awakened in the Church, and his manner outside the pul-

pit fully sustained the influence which he gained when in it. The only trouble seemed to be that no one had yet been able to discover his age, and although many skillful attempts had been made to induce him to mention it, they had not been crowned with success as yet. Neither had he ever been heard to make any allusion to his existence previous to his arrival in Veriton. Still, these facts were but spots on the sun, and were not sufficient to shake the foundations of his popularity.

There is no telling how long he and Miss Ginevra might have continued to meet as distant acquaintances but for a lucky accident. She had never seen him save at church, or in the presence of at least one other "party," so that he had found no opportunity of attacking her upon the subject of her cool way of treating him. But one afternoon he took it into his head to make a call at Mr. Mountford's then instead of in the evening. I think he had a sneaking hope that he should find Miss Ginevra alone; her father would of course be away; her mother was evidently a lady who took naps of afternoons, while she as evidently was not. He reached the gate just as the young woman was seeing off from the piazza the nurse and a covey of children for their afternoon walk. She met him politely, invited him into the Summer darkness of the parlor, and went immediately to call her mother. Returning presently, she begged Mr. Ashurst to excuse that worthy lady, who, she said, was suffering from headache, and unable to come down stairs just then.

"I am very glad—I mean I am very sorry to hear it," said the minister hastily. Miss Ginevra looked somewhat astonished, as well she might.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mountford," said the parson, smiling in spite of himself, "but when I said that, I was so selfish that I was only thinking that I should at last have the opportunity, for which I have long wished, of a little conversation with you. Either I have been very unfortunate, or you have really avoided me. Will you tell me which it is, and, if it is the latter, as I begin to fear, in what way I have incurred your displeasure?"

Considering how much preparation had been bestowed upon this speech, there were rather too many *thats* in it, but I think the poor man did not notice it, and certainly Miss Ginevra did not. She blushed, and tried vainly to think of some civil, and yet truthful reply, but none seemed to come.

"I see that it is the latter," said Mr. Ashurst in a constrained manner, and a voice which betrayed how much pain the belief gave him.

"No, O no!" said Miss Ginevra hastily, "you

have never offended me. How could you, when I have scarcely talked five minutes at a time with you since you came here?"

His face cleared a little, but he still seemed uneasy.

"May I ask, then," he said, "why you avoid me as you certainly do?"

Now, what was the poor young woman to say? Like the Father of his Country, she could not tell a lie, but how could she tell the truth? She took a rapid review of the position, and came to the conclusion that telling the whole story, foolish as it was, was better than allowing him to believe that she had any reason for disliking him; so, being a resolute person when her mind was made up, she plunged into it at once.

"You will think me very silly," she said, "but I would rather you should think so than believe that I dislike you; but when you first came I was talking with my aunt about you, and I said I thought you had a story."

Was it her fancy, or did the minister really start and turn pale? The light was dim, and she could not be certain, so she went on.

"She—my aunt—said—O, this is really too foolish!" exclaimed the poor young woman, hastily interrupting herself. "No, that was not what she said; she said, half in joke, I suppose, 'Why do n't you cultivate him until he confides in you?' or something of the sort, and then I said I did not think that would be honorable, and ever since, partly because I really felt so, and partly because I was afraid she would twit me with it, if she saw that we were friends, I—well, I have avoided you, I suppose. The whole thing was just as foolish as it could be, and it must look even worse to you than it does to me, for you do not know how aunt and I spar with each other, nor how fond I am of fancying stories about people who look as if they had them. But that was really all there was about it."

She looked bravely in his face as she said this, and when she had finished speaking she held out her hand, half laughing, but very much ashamed.

"Are you willing to shake hands and begin our acquaintance over again?" she said timidly.

He took her hand eagerly as he replied, "I do not think you so 'silly' as you think yourself, Miss Mountford, and I am so glad to find that it is nothing real which has caused your coolness to me, that I should not care if you were." So they shook hands very cordially, and he added, "We will 'be friends' now, as the children say, will we not?"

Whenever I have heard "the children" say

it something else went first, but perhaps he had forgotten that; at any rate he did not say it.

"Yes," said Miss Ginevra, smiling and blushing, and looking a great deal prettier than she had ever dreamed that she could look, "I have wanted to be friends with you for a long time, but I did not think you would care to be after hearing what a goose I had been."

There is no telling what Mr. Ashurst would have said to convince her that he did not consider her "a goose," if those blessed children had not come in just then; but come they did, and of course "sister" had one on her lap, and two or three more on the sofa, contending for her neck directly; and after a few ineffectual attempts to continue the conversation, the minister wisely took his leave.

He left this particular member of his congregation with more subject-matter for meditation than ever, and one of the first conclusions at which she arrived was, that she must report the present state of affairs to her aunt before that astute lady had had time to make any remarks upon her friendly behavior to Mr. Ashurst. So the next afternoon she "set off for the town," and, finding Miss Martha at home, proceeded to lay the state of affairs before her.

"Do you remember, Aunt Martha," she said, after the usual compliments relative to the well-being of the family had been exchanged, "a little talk we had when the new minister first came, and I said that I was sure he had a story?"

"Quite well," said that lady, nodding several times. "I suppose you have taken my advice, then, and cultivated him, and now you are come to tell me the story?"

"You do not suppose any thing of the kind," said this dutiful niece calmly. "You know what I said then—that it would not be honorable, and so, after your hateful suggestion, I felt obliged to treat him much more coolly than I should otherwise have done, and the result was that he asked me yesterday what was the matter, and I told him the whole story."

For once Miss Ginevra had the pleasure of seeing her aunt somewhat taken aback, with the knowledge that she was the cause—not innocent, however—but the pleasure was fleeting. Her aunt rallied her forces immediately, and merely remarked, "You have been rather slow in following up my suggestion, my dear, but you have done it at last. That was really a very good move, and was followed, I suppose, by a mutual vow of eternal friendship? Of course you will not be long in attaining your object after such a good beginning."

Now this was exasperating, certainly, but for

once Miss Martha had some little excuse; it was not pleasant to reflect upon the "bony light" in which the minister must regard her, after the very frank statement made by her niece, and it was no wonder that she laid about her with the first weapon which presented itself. The sediment of truth in her remark was what made it so unpleasant, but her niece had no idea of letting her see this, if she could help it, so she merely said, thoughtfully, and apparently quite irrelevantly, "What a mercy it is that you never married any body, Aunt Martha!"

"Why?" said Miss Martha, startled into asking the question which her niece meant her to ask.

"Because," she replied, pensively, "he 'd have taken to drinking, no matter what his principles were. Being a man, he could not have thought of adequate answers to your remarks, and he would have become desperate very shortly."

"Full many a shot at random sent  
Finds mark the archer never meant."

Miss Ginevra did not know why her aunt made no retort upon her, nor why she was so quiet and gentle during the rest of the visit; she could not see the retrospective vision which her words called up, of a brief and happy time when this cynical old aunt of hers had had a lover whom she loved; of the patience with which he had taken many a quick reply and sarcastic speech, until, presuming on that patience, she had gone too far, and he had answered angrily at last; of the bitter quarrel which had grown between them, until words were spoken which could neither be recalled nor forgotten, and they had parted with mutual scorn, never to meet again; of the news that reached her, from time to time, of reckless dissipation that brought him to a drunkard's grave two years after that parting. No, that was a story which Miss Martha never told, even to those whom she loved best; but her niece could not, by the most artfully devised speech, have better defended herself from the sarcastic attacks which her friendship with the clergyman was, she felt, so likely to call forth, after what had been said about him in that first discussion. As time went on, and the friendship increased, she marveled at her aunt's forbearance without guessing, in the most remote degree, its cause.

Poor Miss Martha! She felt that she had spoiled her own fortunes with her tongue, and for once in her life she made up her mind to be forbearing, and neither meddle nor make in those of her niece. She saw how things were going—eyes less sharp than hers might have done that. Those long walks in the October-tinted woods, those long evenings over books—

for he took to teaching her something before the Winter had fairly set in—Hebrew or Italian, I do not know which now, and it makes no difference. Miss Ginevra grew prettier and prettier, and, as she saw that her aunt's forbearance seemed likely to wash and wear well, she began unconsciously to confide in her. Discussions held with the parson were hashed up for Miss Martha's benefit, who always sided against him whichever side he took, and so entrapped her niece into defending him warmly; and then she had a way of stopping suddenly and looking at the poor child which was very embarrassing, but she never said any thing like her looks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### ON THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

I AM not speaking of babies. Sidney Smith somewhere says that no house is perfect that does not contain a baby and a kitten. With this I rather agree. There *is* a wonderful fund of cheeriness in a house that counts these among its treasures; and, underlying each, there is much that is hidden. A baby implies much expectation, mingled hopes and fears, anxious guesses, joyous castle-building, diligent preparation. Then there is the joy when it arrives, the thankfulness that all is well, the new arrangements to be made in the household, the queer mistakes—if it be the *first*—the ups and downs in the frail, early life of the little creature. On this follows the strange linking-in of that helpless being into all the life of the parents. How wondrously does it expand the heart, and purify and raise the affections, and add new motives of action to the life! And as the babe grows out of babyhood, still how the babyhood time is kept in memory, and its little nameless incidents cherished in the family traditions! There seems still to be a baby, where the living fact no longer is found.

And a grand story lingers round the kitten in the family. Perhaps it is found some day in the garden by the children, a poor, stray wail in the world. Perhaps it is born on the premises, and one day appears, to the perfect wonderment of the family circle. Then, how many pleasures quickly surround it, and of what future hopes does it soon become the center, in the nursery! But around this anxieties cluster. Kittens do not come singly. Most parents object to the whole brood being kept. Then arises the difficulty: what is to be done with those not wanted? It is a moment the father looks forward to with dread, but one which he has to face. It requires

a good share of moral courage. At length he proposes that three out of four should be drowned. He knows how this proposal will be met. He shrinks from the reproachful looks, from the muttered surprise, from the low esteem in which his character for kindness *must* sink for the time. He can realize the hesitation of the child as she pointed at last to the twins in the cradle, and picked out the one she would like to be kept. But at last it is over, and the *one* kitten spared so absorbs the attention and love of the children that all the sad past is forgotten, and the father rises to his usual place in their eyes. The graceful gambols, the winning ways, the pretty tricks of the kitten, these make gladness by the happy fireside. Yes, baby and kitten are grand institutions in a house.

But I am not now going to speak of these. I refer to those little incidents of life, to those small occurrences, to those trivial changes and chances, that weave themselves into the lives of us all. These little things become the gravel or the grease, that cause our lives to jar, or to flow smoothly and easily along. I suppose we all meet with these little things in some form or other. To some they come as gravel to the teeth, to others as oil that makes life's wheels run noiselessly. And I can not but fancy that these little things get much of their character from the persons upon whom they light. The whitest snow loses its purity when it falls upon the black mud; and the foulest water sparkles with brilliancy when it has passed through the cleansing filter. And we all know how the same event becomes a very chameleon, according to the varying condition of bodily health. A joke calls forth the laugh or the snub, as it falls on the healthy or the bilious subject. The scene we witness engages the interest, or provokes the sneer, as the nap of our temper is ruffled or smooth. The joyous temper of our companion is kept up or depressed in proportion as it finds in us a like condition. A slap on the back from an old friend brings out the hearty grasp of hand, as we turn in pleased astonishment; or it twists the features into a nasty expression if we forget in the morn'g the right side of our bed.

And yet how wonderfully forgetful people are of the fact, that the little things of life have so powerful an effect upon us. It seems strange that they *should* have such an effect. And yet, when we remember how each day is made up of small, unnoticeable events, perhaps the wonder vanishes. Few of us come upon great occasions of joy or sorrow; we all meet with many things that raise or depress, we hardly know how. A look, with its mute expressiveness, how full of power it is upon the sensitive spirit!

A word, carelessly, lightly, wantonly thrown forth, what a development comes from its tiny life! A sneer, a meaning laugh, how it is photographed upon the memory with an unfading distinctness! A shrug, how it telegraphs its meaning with lightning rapidity; a kindly smile, how it sends a warmth and cheering influence through our whole soul! A shake of the hand, or gentle pressure at the right moment, how it sends the blood bounding, and quickens the fainting heart! Little things, all these, but we know that the life that is in them is strong, and that it is a life that passes not away without leaving its abiding mark upon us.

I often grieve over the lessening power of little pleasures upon an increasing number of people. We live in a fast age. Every thing appears to grow to maturity more rapidly than it used to do. Too many children are victims to ennui ere they are out of their teens. Life palls upon them. They have exhausted the excitements of life, all that wealth can set before them, and they have acquired a tone of mind that is torpid from exhaustion; every thing is insipid, dull, slow, that does not keep the blood at boiling point, or is not provocative of intense self-forgetfulness. O, how pitiable are such! You see them every-where, specially where pleasure is the one thing sought after. What hungry faces you are ever meeting! What keen, restless eyes! What strange attempts to attract attention! So many one meets who never knew what it means to be young! Their young life is passing away under the direction of a scheming mother, or with companions who are devoted to the capture of a husband. The dress, the manners, the sly ways, the little peculiarities, the companion dog, the varied tricks; and all to get married! How sickening it is to watch and mark it all! What a treat to see a fresh, young, simple-minded girl! to mark the unaffected self-forgetfulness that guides her movements and her life! What a contrast to the unreality around her; what a relief from the maneuvering self-assertion that irritates!

And yet I can not see why it should be so; it is all unnatural. This is not the untaught heart of youth; it is the education, the false tone of life around them, the low aims that are inculcated, that are to blame. To such life is never a real time for work, for energy, for high aspirations, for generous self-devotion. There are too few elevating influences brought to bear upon our youth, specially upon our gentle, lovable girls. They grow up under a system that is bad, and their life takes its bent from the system. Every thing is forced. Progress—progress, that is the word of the period. Little

thought there is as to the direction in which the progress is made, and so that a person keeps moving on, it seems to matter little as to the course pursued.

Sad would be the day to me when the pest should appear in those now growing up around my quiet hearth. It is one of my great pleasures to see the downright hearty joy that little pleasures bring into our circle. There is no mistake in that flush of happiness as we sally forth, for instance, for a long ramble along the cliffs of our favorite seaside holiday-place. And then the incidents of the walk; the chat with the rough but kindly farmer; the surprise at the process of milking that lovely Alderney cow; the keen enjoyment of the warm, unwatered milk; the treasures of flowers and ferns; the little surprises from all sorts of sights and sounds peculiar to a Summer's eve; the renewal of it all when home is reached, as the whole is poured rapidly forth to mamma; the simple supper, the loving good-night, and hearty thanks for the pleasures of the evening—these are ingredients of a happiness that is utterly unknown to multitudes. Flat, stale, and unprofitable they would be to that young flirty, self-conscious maiden, whose head is full of schemes, and whose heart is losing all its freshness.

It is the unreal, forced mode of life in these days that puts all such little things in the shade. And yet, in a family, how sweet and how potent the influence of them falls! Life with its excitements and several pleasures divides a family. Each member grows sadly independent of the rest. Each has his own life, and that generally leads him away from those nearest to him. But the little pleasures of life tell just the other way. These unite and harmonize, because naturally endued with power to do so, and because they must be enjoyed together. Each feels their spell. The small pleasure seems to expand and develop itself, as it is enjoyed by each after his own individuality. It is turned round, as it were, and it is examined on every side. Not a point escapes notice, as each in turn exhibits the bearing of it on his own experience. And we may judge well of that group that, out of such small material, has constructed a stronghold of quiet happiness for itself. As years go by, and as each member grows up and takes part in active life, it is no small rest to the spirit to go back to those long-past years, and to enjoy in something of their freshness the happy days once more. Pure they were in the reality, they *must* be restful in the remembrance. Many changes have been since then, and the young spirits have grown old, and many a one

has dropped out of this changeful life, but the memory gathers them together again, and the thoughts are pervaded by hope of a meeting once more.

But there are the little ills of life. Yes, sad things are these, but powerful, and with much to do, which they are always doing. These are those nasty gravel stones, that put the machine of daily life so much out of order; and yet we can hardly find them, after the most diligent search. The result is plain, sadly clear and distinct, but the cause is secret. I don't say that people do not *fancy* that they discover the cause; they find a good deal of it in the habits, the thoughtlessness, the tempers of *others*. Still this does not seem to explain it quite fully. If the supposed offender depart, and the course seems clear, something else starts up, and all is as wrong as ever. We do not look at home. True, others may have been a kind of flint and steel, but where was the tinder? or *we* may have been the flint and steel, and yet cried out when the spark we struck fell where we tried to throw it. Little mistakes, little wrong looks, little jars, little replies, little sarcasms, little jokes at the wrong time; O! do not these things throw many a family into continual hot water?—so small, so ridiculous, and yet like the seed of mustard do they grow, and shelter many ugly birds beneath the branches.

Many little ills of life we can not cure or remove. We can not stop that plaguing throb of the tooth, that is not bad, but enough to spoil our peace; we can not cut that bore that will haunt our steps; we can not make our servants replace our books right end uppermost, nor place our boxes with the lock side available; we can not avoid the annual Spring cleaning, when the spiders are driven from their quiet homes beneath the furniture, to seek for resting-places in our coats and hats; we can not stop the strange accumulation of business that our yearly holiday seems to create—all such things are inevitable, and we try to bow to them with as good a grace as may be. In our moments of gladness, and when the bilious fit is off, we may even make laughter arise out of some of these, though it may have a tinge of grimness in it.

But there are plenty of little ills that are removable. We need not ask a man to a dinner we know he hates; we need not look sour when all try to coax us; we need not snap when we dare not bite, nor growl when we dare not snap; we need not make a proposal that we know beforehand is disagreeable; we need not stroke man, woman, or child the wrong way of the hair; we need not always try to be disagreeable,

in some little point, to any body or to every body; we need not think a thing is white only because our friend thinks it is black; we need not bring out our favorite hobby, and air it up and down for the special annoyance of another; we need not always carry about a wet blanket wherewith to smother every little joy. It is beyond count the harm that is done by little, removable ills—by words and deeds that hardly seem equal to work so large an amount of mischief; yet we all know that mischief is done by them, and often worse than more threatening artillery would scatter. These things—*little things*, compared with the great occurrences of life—just give the daily tone to many a family circle, and to many a neighborhood.

There are the little gentlenesses of life. Yes; but these are easier to admire, or to regret, than they are to practice. Some persons affect to despise them as trivial, or beneath the notice of important people like themselves. I do not believe that any persons really despise them, at least when their own days are made happy by their influence. That human nature that indulges in such strange vagaries is pretty much the same thing at bottom. Underneath all the varied masks, in each different rank of life, there is the same thing to work upon, more or less. And so I hold that no one is proof against the little gentlenesses of life. On this principle we should always do a kind thing in a kind way. Sadly this is neglected. Favors conferred, each one labeled as a favor, and bestowed with the tongs, as it were, have a bitterness in them that takes away all their pleasantness. I even like to consider the feelings of a beggar, when induced to feel that he is one to relieve. I hate to throw the pence at him through the window. I should not like it myself. It seems to me that they will be sweeter to him from the hand of one of my little girls, and in the cheery smile with which he takes them from her I read that they are so. Perhaps it brings a blessing upon her head likewise.

How much power we all have, be our station high or low, to gladden many a life by gentle words and tender actions! The slaves of fashion, the fastidious, the selfish, the proud, know well the soothing force there is in these little things, though they take no part in shedding it around them. Where the pressure of care, or sorrow, or poverty is found, there we more commonly find these flowers of life flourishing. And among the poor we are ever meeting with these gentle acts, one to another; amid much to repel, in the envy, the jealousy, the spiteful tales, the want of truth, we find much of sympathy, of active help, of self-denial for a neigh-

bor. And how alive the poor are to these things! See the gentle, thoughtful lady in her visits of charity; no rude entry, as if the knocking at the door was not to be thought of; no visit at meals, as if to spy out the nakedness, or to learn the plenty, of the land; no gift bestowed with the manner that chills, and with words that sting and fret. No! the kindly look; the interested inquiries; the finding out the best side of things, as a starting-point for loving advice or loving rebuke; the ways of showing that the visit is no act of condescension, but that real desire to benefit, the fruit of unselfish love, brought her steps there—these things lift up weary spirits and brighten sad lives. How much might be done, each to each, in common daily life, to bring out the blue sky and the bright sun, with all the cheering influences they spread around! Never withhold a little gentle act, never keep from speaking the little gentle word, because it is *so* little, so, to all appearance, trivial. You know not to what such things may grow. Cast such bread upon all waters.

Closely linked with these are the little surprises in life. What a genial glow these diffuse over many a heart! How surprised we often are to find so much good in persons of whom we had but a poor opinion! Some occasion brought it out, some want to be relieved, some activity to be set in motion, some plan to be carried out, difficulties to be met; these opportunities came in the way, and we are surprised to see people rising to the occasion. We come upon many of these surprises in a family. How different are the characters of children! How strangely we oftentimes judge them! How mistaken we are, and how wrong when we are not very careful observers of character, from a somewhat enlarged experience! It is oftentimes a complaint with parents that their children are so different. It is well that it is so. The various tempers and dispositions act and react one upon another. By and by we are surprised to find how so different and so opposite tempers and tastes have wrought upon each other, and for the good of the whole.

One instance I remember, in Washington Irving's works, of a surprise very gladdening and full of happiness. A man's affairs went wrong, and he found himself one morning a beggar. How could he tell his wife, that dear, tender creature, who knew not of the rough places of life? He dreaded it intensely. At last all was told, and they removed into a cottage. The harp his wife so loved, and which had been associated with old memories, was kept as a link with the happy past. But how

he feared as he approached that humble cottage, for the first time, at the end of the day! He dreaded the effect of the change upon her spirits. To his surprise he heard the sound of music. "It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond." Soon her happy face glanced out at the window, and she came out saying, "My dear George, I am so glad you are come. I have been watching and watching for you, and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage, and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them, and we have most excellent cream, and every thing is so sweet and still here. O," said she, putting her arm within his, and looking brightly in his face, "O, we shall be so happy!"

It is a most inimitable piece of nature! Wonderful was that surprise to him. I think we can all prepare some similar ones, each in his station, and as opportunity offers, by means of which light shall cross the path of many a weary wayfarer. Not only is the love and thoughtfulness a soothing influence; the grand thing is to find these things where we looked not for them, even where we looked for every thing the reverse. Let us try and spread these little surprises on every side of us.

Of course the list might be extended to any length. Many instances of the power of little things will readily suggest themselves. I think that in every rank of life some leisure would be well bestowed in attending to their influence. Amid the din and roar of politics, controversies, fashionable assemblies, and such like, there would be a strange softening down of tempers, and marvelous happy changes to be seen—the result of "Little Things."

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#### RELIGIOUS SWEETMEATS.

**M**ANY Christians who have correct theories of spiritual life are very childish in practice. They are forever teasing for the sweetmeats of religious experience. The Methodist Discipline, with its usual stubborn good sense, exhorts such to "trample under foot that enthusiastic doctrine, that they are not to do good unless their hearts be free to it." There is sound philosophy in this. Set them at work, and they will have an appetite for something substantial. Strong food will make their piety robust. If we meet one of these weaklings, and inquire after his religious state, possibly he will respond with a shout; he feels as if he were on

the straight road to the kingdom of glory. Or he may moan out, most lugubriously, he does n't feel as he ought. "But, my friend," we say, "do you believe as you ought? Do you trust Christ to pardon your sins—cleanse your heart?" "O, I do n't know. I do n't feel as I think I should."

"But the word is n't, 'Feel so and so, and you shall be saved,' but 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"I know; but I think I ought to feel differently from what I do."

"O dear," we groan as we go away, thinking of Bickersteth's "babe in heaven," "will he be a babe forever?—always in arms—no power for work?"

"But is n't the 'joy of the Lord our strength?' and ought we not to seek it?"

We never find joy by making it an object of search. The old story of the boy who crushed the butterfly in catching it is in point. If we do God's will, and believe his promise, joy will come as certainly as sunshine comes into your room when you draw the curtains and open the blinds.

"But what am I to believe to get the joy?" You must put away that babyish notion. Believe to get Christ, and not joy. Determine to let Christ save you from your sins. Look steadily into his face. You will find the conditions of salvation simple and reasonable. Purpose to meet them at all costs the best you know. Christ must show you if you lack in any point. Remember, you are not coming to an enemy who will hold you off till he is driven to yield to your importunities. You come to a faithful Father, a tender elder brother. His measureless love crowds him to give you every possible help. When you believe that, your heart is glad, even in the very tug and strain of dragging yourself to his terms; you give up the last willfulness; you surrender the last rebellious position; you believe "he is faithful and just to forgive your sins, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness;" you are glad. The witness of the Spirit is given, and your joy is full.

With Christ we get happiness. Seeking happiness we fail of both. Prof. Upham compares the Christian who depends upon feeling to a sail-ship—often in a dead calm, often driven out of its course and beaten backward; while the man who lives "by the faith of the Son of God" is like a steam-ship—the force within him bears him over all difficulties, and keeps him steadily headed toward the harbor.

Many Christians are hindered by a childish choice of work—a desire that it be as easy and



pleasant as possible. I once heard a minister pray God to keep us from crying for the sweetmeats of religion—to make us love the hard work and poor fare.

Some are forever in a ferment for fear they will not be paid for their religious work in currency and *eclat*. Their favorite texts are, "Muzzle not the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn," and, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." They seek their pay perpetually, and they get it—"Only that, and nothing more."

If a new work is proposed, its dollars and cents side has prime attention. They want to do good, of course, but then they must provide for their own households. So, what are the salary and perquisites, and how do they compare with what this, that, or the other offers? O, what glorious opportunities do such people forfeit! The highest work demands most self-sacrifice and trust. These demonstrate that they are not fit for special confidence or extra service. Puny little children, jingling pennies and eating candies! They can never stand beside the Master on the mount for a wide outlook over the harvest fields. He can never whisper to them the grand thoughts with which he stirs the souls of his choice workers.

There are children that can not be comfortable five minutes of waking time, without somebody to amuse them. There must be a constant crowing or chirping, singing or story-telling, for their delectation. Some of Christ's children must be forever followed by the bravos of the crowd, or they are wretched. Grown people whimpering for candies! What weakness! God can not put heavy work into such nerveless hands. He always tests his workers before he trusts great interests to them; not to find out their strength—he knows all about that—he wants them to know their own powers. They must have faith in themselves, as well as in him. Then the effort of resisting the pressure of untoward circumstances develops strength.

After a watch is put together in the factory, they stand it on its head, then on one side, then on the other; they lay it on its face, then on its back; they pack it in ice, then bake it in an oven. To see how much it can stand? O no! to find its defects, before they trust it to time a railway train, when two minutes' variation might send a hundred people into eternity. If you would rummage the heart-history of those who stand in high place, carrying heavy responsibilities for Christ, I think you would find they had been tested by pressure on this side and on that. They have learned, like Paul, to be abased and to abound—to stand before Cæsar, or to cling to a wreck, with the salt waves dashing

over them. Their anchors have dragged before the gale, till at last they have caught in the eternal Rock. They hold—"and none of these things move them."

When we get the mastery of the world, so that we can plod on patiently, letting the people laugh or frown, unmoved either by their flatteries or censures, we are just ready to be used of God for their good.

Strength comes from exercise. Agassiz defines genius "a capacity for an infinity of work." "I know nothing about genius," said Haydon, the great painter, "unless it be hard work."

Some one else has said, "Genius is the capability of looking into the eye of a needle an hour without winking."

Columbus was held under drill eighteen years before he had the nerve to go out over the unknown sea, in the face of storms and superstitions, fears and mutinies, to bring the New World to light. Pressure and heat change bits of charcoal into diamonds. Bunyan's fiery thoughts had to be held in the darkness, and under the pressure of jail life twelve years, before they crystallized into the Pilgrim's Progress.

"O, if I could do such work as some of God's giants do! If I could only take hold upon hundreds of thousands of souls and help them Christward!" The Master turns his tender eyes upon you: "Can you drink of the cup, and be baptized with the baptism?" A German poet has written,

"Pain's furnace blast within me quivers,  
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,  
And all my heart in anguish shivers,  
And trembles, in the fiery glow.  
And yet I whisper, 'As God will,'  
And in his hottest fire hold still.  
He comes, and lays my heart all heated  
On his hard anvil, minded so  
Into his own fair shape to beat it,  
With his great hammer, blow on blow.  
And yet I whisper, 'As God will,'  
And under heaviest blows hold still."

Some of God's children ask him for strong work. Then, when he begins to answer their prayers by fitting them for it, they draw back, "Not so, Lord." The crown of thorns and the spikes scare them from the crucifixion; and so they live on, in helplessness and weakness—never equal to any thing more than a little quiet work in some small corner, while the great wicked world rushes to ruin. O, that the Lord Christ would breathe upon the men and women who bear his name such a spirit of self-sacrifice and earnest daring—such a desire for noble achievement, that they may stand like an anvil, while he fits them for the best work possible for each!

## CULTURE OF OUR EMOTIVE NATURE.

**W**E are creatures of emotion as well as of intelligence; that is, we were made to feel as well as to know. This department of our nature is quite as worthy of culture as the intellectual department. In a wise educational course, it should receive an equal degree of attention. But it does not. The intellectual powers are subjected to a long and severe course of discipline. The emotive powers are, in a great measure, neglected.

Teachers are selected in view of their intellectual attainments, and their capacity for training the intellectual powers. It seems to be taken for granted that the sole work of the teacher is to develop and strengthen the intellect. The heart, the emotive nature, out of which are the issues of life, is scarcely taken into the account.

This is a great error, if the object of education is to make a man thoroughly furnished unto every good work—a man fitted to do what he was made to do. The emotive capacities are a part of the man as much as are the intellectual capacities. They often have quite as much to do with his efficiency, and more with his happiness. Hence, their development and direction should not be left to the influences by which they may happen to be surrounded. These may be favorable, or they may be adverse. We insist that our emotive nature should receive the most careful attention and culture.

The object of emotive culture is analogous to that of intellectual culture. The object of the latter is to develop and direct the intellectual powers—the object of the former is to develop and direct the emotive powers. In intellectual culture, we proceed with definite aims. We put the mind through a course of exercise in order to give it the power of fixing the attention at will. We put it through another course in order to give it the power of remembering past events with accuracy and permanence. We should proceed in the same manner in our culture of the emotive capacities.

Our efforts should first be directed toward forming habits of self-control, or perhaps I should say of self-possession. It is well known that calmness and composure of mind is necessary to the free and successful exercise of the intellectual powers. No one can see an object at the bottom of the crystal stream if the surface is agitated by the wind, and no person can come to a sound conclusion on any subject when his mind is agitated by passion. Hence, to be able to restrain the emotive nature so that it shall

not interfere with the proper workings of the intellectual nature is of the first importance.

Some men have a natural calmness and self-possession which others attain by long-continued effort. What is to be done to attain to this self-possession? How is it to be gained?

We gain power over our emotion just as we gain power over our attention, by trying to gain it. He who perseveringly tries to fix his attention will acquire power to fix it. He who perseveringly tries to feel self-possessed will acquire self-possession.

Of course the effort must be put forth in circumstances where self-possession is needed. It can not be put forth in private. A young man was so easily embarrassed that he could not second a motion in his Literary Society without great perturbation. When he attempted to speak on a question, his embarrassment completely paralyzed his mental powers. He resolved to acquire self-possession. He spoke in public, or attempted to speak as often as propriety would allow. By degrees he acquired self-possession, and he acquired it in a very high degree, so that he was not conscious of the slightest embarrassment when rising to address the largest audiences. He could think "on his legs" in the presence of thousands as well as in his study. He who never gives way to embarrassment will soon be free from it.

Next to self-possession, power to control our feelings is important. Some men, when addressing an audience, are carried away by their feelings; instead of controlling their excitement and causing it to minister to the intellect, their excitement takes control of the intellect. Strong passion in a speaker ministers to his strength as a speaker, only when it is perfectly under control. He is a weak man whose passions control him.

A well-disciplined intellect is important—a well-disciplined temper is equally important. No passion interferes so much with accurate perception and wise action as the passion of anger. The angry man can not see things as they are. The most absurd resolutions seem to him perfectly reasonable. He acts under the prompting of anger—he is sure to do that for which he should be sorry.

No power should be more earnestly sought than the power of governing one's temper. How is it to be acquired? By prayer and painstaking. Men are differently constituted as to susceptibility to anger. Those who are naturally slow to wrath have much to be thankful for. Those who are not so by nature can become so by grace. But grace will do nothing without effort on the part of the subject.

One can not, by an act of will, prevent the feeling of anger from rising in the mind; he can, by an act of will, refuse to give, by word or deed, expression to that feeling. If we persevere in this course, the feeling will cease to arise.

The man with a hasty temper must not say, "I was born with a hasty temper, I can not help it." He may as well say he was born with an undisciplined intellect, and refuse to pursue the course of action necessary in order to discipline it, or, that he was born with a feeble limb, and refuse to use any means for strengthening it. The most wayward sane intellect can be disciplined, and the most violent temper can be subdued. Power to rule one's spirit is the noblest power. He who possesses it, has one of the conditions of power over his fellow-men.

We were made to love our fellow-men, and to do them good. To be qualified for this work is a part of education as truly as to be qualified to distinguish truth from error is a part of education. How shall we love our fellow-men? Love does not follow the bidding of the will. We can not love one by willing to love him. How can it be awakened? The emotion or feeling of love can be awakened just as other emotions are awakened, by setting before the mind an object adapted to awaken it. If you wish to awaken the emotion of beauty, you must place a beautiful object before the mind. If you wish to awake the emotion of love, you must place a lovely object before the mind.

It may be said, with a good deal of truth, that men are not lovely objects, that there is very little in them adapted to occasion love. How is it possible to love them? There is such a thing as loving bad men, even our enemies, for Christ's sake, but we are considering the subject in another aspect. In the first place, we should form the habit of seeing all the good qualities our fellow-men possess. We are naturally prone to dwell on those of an opposite character. In the next place, we should have regard to the law of mind by which feeling follows its appropriate expression. For example, you are convinced that you ought to have toward your neighbor feelings that would prompt to efforts to do him good. You do not possess those feelings. Well, enter at once on the course of action toward your neighbor which you would enter upon if you had those feelings; in other words, try to do him good. This would not be hypocrisy. To pretend to feel an interest which you do not feel, would be hypocrisy, but to enter, from a sense of duty, upon a course of action adapted to produce proper feelings is not hypocrisy.

The art of loving is a very important art. No one ought to write himself "M. A." unless he has acquired that art.

#### THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

ALL true Christians are united by common principles of love and allegiance to God, into a new and glorious society, in which the will of God is the one brief, simple, yet all-comprehensive law. The apostle seems to have had this thought in mind, when, to encourage the Christian Hebrews, he portrayed the fellowship into which they had entered: "Ye are come to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

This is a fair view of the kingdom of God in its *external* aspect. He who unites himself to Christ joins such blessed society, consisting of all those who are fit to associate with God and Jesus. It is a citizenship in the heavenly Jerusalem. It is fellowship with all the holy and the pure. Angels, who have never cast off the will of God, and men justified on earth, and whose spirits are made perfect in heaven—these constitute the kingdom of God. And to seek the kingdom of God is to seek such fellowship as this.

Such is the kingdom as it exists, spanning as it does the chasm between the worlds; yet, on the earthly side, it is in general far too ideal, and not actual. Yet, as we have already said, it has been actual in all its fullness in the person and life of Jesus. The whole kingdom was concentrated in him, and only extends in the world as it radiates from him. For Christians have come to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel—crying not for vengeance, but for mercy. Most beautifully does the apostle bring in this last as the final and consummating thought, the sole cause or means of the possession of the citizenship in the heavenly Jerusalem, and the fellowship with angels, saints, and perfected spirits, and God.

But since righteousness has made such small conquests yet on earth, since God reigns in so few hearts, we are also accustomed to look at the kingdom of God as future, when the principles of righteousness shall wholly prevail.



## SINAI.

O, SINAI! O thou region of the test;  
 O great and terrible wilderness, wherethrough  
 Jehovah's ransomed people took their way;  
 Behold, thou art a symbol of the world!  
 Lo! Christ's regenerate Church, she, too, hath passed  
 Through the baptismal waters; born in sin,  
 In bondage worse than Egypt's, by the touch  
 Of that Atoning Blood upon the door,  
 Of him, the Paschal Offering of the Cross,  
 Saved from the evil world and born to God,  
 She, too, hath trial of the wilderness.

O God of this our Israel! grant us grace,  
 Lest we, too, fall. Thou givest us to eat  
 Of better Manna—yea, the very bread  
 That came from Heaven, food for the dying world;  
 To drink of better streams—our Rock is Christ,  
 Not in a figure—to Thy Holiest

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A new and living way—our Great High-Priest  
 Hath offered once for all his sacrifice—  
 And we are come, not to the dreadful Mount,  
 But to the Holy Hill where Jesus stands—  
 The length and breadth, and depth and height of  
 love;

With blood of sprinkling for the life of souls!

Yet O! that we refuse not, give us grace  
 To heed and hear, to watch, and work, and pray,  
 That so, through Him, we may attain the end—  
 The Paradise of Promise! that sweet land  
 Where all the mountain heights are beautiful  
 With Thine eternal Presence, as they gird  
 That city with foundations built by Thee—  
 Jerusalem the Golden—where the light  
 Is Thy clear glory, cloudless evermore,  
 And the most radiant presence of the Lamb!

## LITTLE JANE.

A CRADLE in a corner placed,  
 A little wicker chair ;  
 A drawer where tiny garments white  
 Are laid away with care.  
 A pair of blue morocco shoes,  
 No feet will wear again ;  
 A little white embroidered frock,  
 Marked with the name of "Jane."

A picture of a childish face  
 Gazed on when none are near ;  
 Whose polished surface bears the trace  
 Of many a bitter tear.  
 A picture hidden from the light,  
 Whose sight brings sighs of pain ;  
 And which but faint resemblance bears  
 To laughing "little Jane."

A tiny curl of silken hair,  
 Within a locket set ;  
 A locket, on whose gold is graved  
 "Our darling liveth yet ;"  
 A curl which on a baby brow  
 Had once in beauty lain,  
 So soft and fair—is all that now  
 Is left of "little Jane."

A corner in a mother's heart,  
 How sad and sacred kept !  
 Ah ! yes ; when from the world apart,  
 None knew how she hath wept.  
 An aching void, which nothing comes  
 To satisfy or fill ;  
 A voice which for her darling cries,  
 And which no power can still.

A shadow on a gentle brow,  
 Which never moves away ;  
 A shrinking from the scenes where once  
 She shone among the gay.  
 For nothing in the world can bring  
 Her treasure back again—  
 These are the traces thou hast left  
 Behind thee—"little Jane !"

The raising of a contrite heart  
 To God in humble prayer ;  
 Beseeching him to move the load  
 Which grows too hard to bear,  
 Or strength and patience to bestow,  
 Till she the end will gain ;  
 These are the lessons which thy death  
 Has taught her, "little Jane !"

A vision of a land of rest,  
 Where, purged from guilt and sin,  
 Poor weary sufferers like herself  
 An entrance find within ;  
 And where, 'mid countless forms, all freed  
 From sickness and from pain,  
 Enrobed in angel whiteness dwells  
 Her darling "little Jane !"

Father of love ! look down on her  
 Who weaves that dream of light,

Amid the broken prayers which rise  
 In silence of the night.  
 O, God ! bind up her broken heart,  
 Her sinking soul sustain ;  
 And grant that in a better world  
 She 'll meet her "little Jane !"

## THE CHRISTENING.

UNDER the Summer trees,  
 Stirred by a gentle breeze,  
 Through which the sunset flame  
 From golden censer came,  
 We gave her a name.

Fair she as lily bell,  
 Sweeter than tongue can tell,  
 Pure as the stainless snow,  
 Drifted from heaven, we know,  
 To dark earth below.

Softly the holy chrim,  
 Our beautiful baptism,  
 Fell on the brow of white  
 Upturned in golden light—  
 O, fair was the sight !

Murmur of parent vows,  
 Under the waving boughs  
 The solemn voice of prayer,  
 In the hushed sweetness there,  
 Memory so fair.

Can parent hearts forget,  
 In life's unceasing fret,  
 Solemn vows there given  
 To train the babe for heaven,  
 That still Sabbath even ?

O, God, to whom we gave,  
 Wilt thou not henceforth save ?  
 If bright or dark the way,  
 Her precious feet must stray,  
 Bring her to thee.

O ! angel forms of love,  
 Who unseen bent above,  
 Bearing the fervent prayer  
 Up where the white-robed are,  
 Hold in your care ;

Keep the sweet spirit gem  
 Bright for his diadem,  
 Who when on earth did press,  
 With many a sweet caress,  
 These to his breast.

Gone is that sunset hour,  
 With its sweet thrilling power,  
 Babe in its robes of white,  
 Soft eye of azure light,  
 Picture so bright.

On thro' the maze of life,  
 On thro' its heat and strife,  
 Yet will the baby's smile,  
 As a sweet angel wile,  
 Haunt us the while.

## A TYROLESE MOUNTAIN GUIDE.

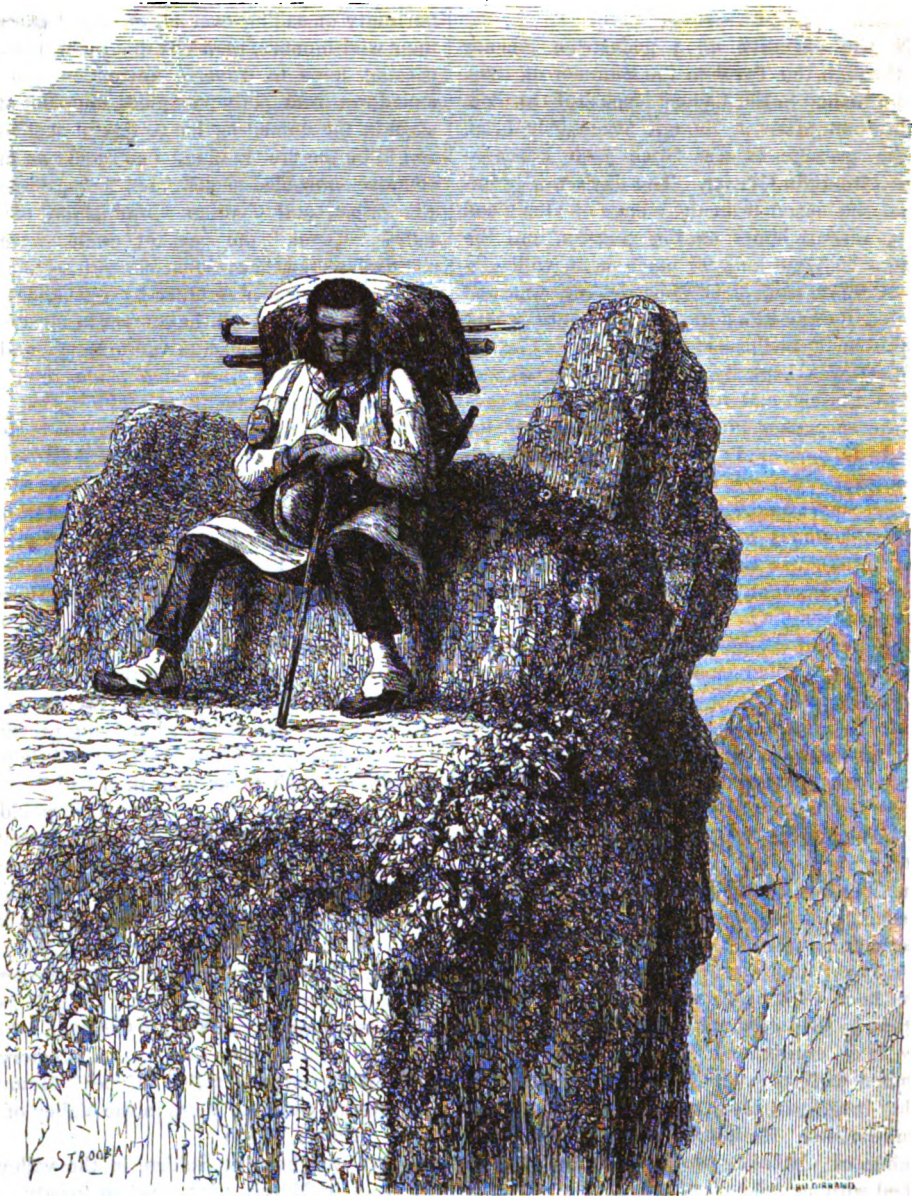
IN the narrative of a pedestrian journey through the Tyrol in the Summer of 1867, published in the Ladies' Repository in 1868, I gave an account, though necessarily brief, of the passage of the Hoch Joch Ferner—High Mountain Glacier. The day's work comprised the ascent from the village of Our Good Lady, several hours on the glaciers, and the descent to Vent, and, for excitement, wild glacier scenery, and sometimes danger, was not equaled by any other during the month spent on foot in that wild mountain region. The inn at Vent was kept by Franz Senn, a Roman Catholic priest, and if any member of his profession surpasses him in the frigidity of his parish, he is certainly deserving of hearty commiseration, for a good part of Mr. Senn's consists of such dangerous glaciers as have either defied all efforts to scale and cross them, or have engulfed, in their unknown depths, many rash intruders upon their slippery and deceptive surface.

The squalid village of Vent, where a number of mountain paths converge, has but one cheerful-looking house in it, and that is the inn kept by Mr. Senn. Here many travelers, coming in from all quarters, stop and spend the night. The proprietor has collected a valuable little library relating to the Tyrolese Mountains, and has been one of the best explorers, and even cartographers of that intensely interesting section. He has spent his spare days and weeks in scaling hitherto untrodden peaks, making observations, and discovering new paths through the valleys; and his services to Alpine surveys have been duly recognized by many of the writers in this department. All travelers who have been entertained under his roof will remember with pleasure his pleasant manners, highly intelligent face, and more than ordinary acquirements. He is one of the not very large number of Catholic priests on whom I have looked with astonishment at the possibility that a man, otherwise so admirable, could adopt and endeavor to promote the absurd faith to which he is a devotee.

What Mr. Senn has been in a friendly and scientific way to travelers in the Tyrol, Cyprian Granbichler has been, in a practical way, as a bold and adventurous guide. He was endowed by nature with an ardent love of his native mountains, and he soon rose head and shoulders above the craft of guides, by the daring character of his undertakings. No boy born on the sea-shore was ever more fearless of the waves constantly within his hearing, and

whose mind more ardently longed for the opportunity of sailing over all seas and enjoy all their wild humors, than did this plain Tyrolese peasant hope to traverse untrodden glaciers, look down from giddy precipices, chop out stairways in the unmelting ice to fearful acclivities, and to be the first to plant the crucifix on many of those snow-clad peaks. Mr. Senn, the Catholic priest, and Cyprian Granbichler, usually called "Cyper," the peasant guide, were fit companions for hazardous enterprises, and no wonder that, drawn together by a peculiar sympathy, their names will be forever associated in the story of Tyrolese adventure, ay, and of tragedy too. But they have made their last wearisome tramp together. The priest still reads his breviary and counts his beads as he walks up and down the greensward before his quiet inn at Vent, while poor Cyper, who, though young in years, had achieved the reputation of being one of the most successful of all the guides in the Tyrolese Alps, sleeps amid the towering glaciers that he never wearied in traversing with staff, and pick, and rope. As soon as the account of their last adventure was published in the papers, I was on the point of communicating some of the main events to the readers of the Repository; but being prevented from doing so, there has appeared a little work containing much fuller data than had formerly been presented to the public, and it would be difficult to find a better source of information concerning the dangers attending the passage, in the colder half of the year, of those higher Tyrolese Alps than is furnished in this little book, the title of which is: *Aus dem Leben eines Gletscherführers*. Blaetter der Erinnerung an Cyprian Granbichler, genannt "Cyper," Berg- und Gletscherführer zu Vent in Oetzthal. (From the Life of a Glacier Guide. In Memory of Cyprian Granbichler, called "Cyper," Mountain and Glacier Guide of Vent, in the Valley of the Oetz: Munich, 1869.)

Cyper was born at Solden, in the valley of the Oetz, in March, 1835. When twenty years of age he was required to present himself for military service in the Austrian army, but was declared by the surgeons unfit for duty because of *flat feet!* He was very glad to be released, of course, and thereupon learned the carpenter's trade, a work which he ever afterward engaged in when not employed in traversing the mountains. He first commenced guiding travelers over the mountains in the year 1861, and, after four years of minor undertakings, he began to scale hitherto unascended peaks, and to attract attention by the daring character of his journeys. Mr. Senn, the Catholic priest, found in



A TYROLESE GUIDE.

him a congenial spirit, and chose him for his companion on his most hazardous undertakings. The last dangerous tour which Cyper made before the fatal one to be recounted presently, was with the Grand Duke Ferdinand Rainer, of Austria, over the Cross and Wild Peaks and the many intervening glaciers. The travelers' registers found in the inns throughout the Tyrol abound in praises of Cyper, and the celebrated mountain-climber, Johann Stuedl, of Prague, says of him, in the last volume of the Annals

of the Austrian Alpine Union, the following: "In all his excursions, particularly the dangerous ones, he preserved the greatest composure and foresight, and revealed a remarkable endurance, knowledge, and acuteness of vision."

**MR. SENN'S ACCOUNT OF CROSSING THE HIGH PEAK GLACIER.**

The account of Mr. Senn's and Cyper's final adventure together, which led to the death of the latter, must be given, to do justice to the truth, in the language of the former.

"I was in Meran with Cyper from the 26th of October, 1868, to the 5th of November, my object being to restore my broken health, and the object of us both to recuperate from the extraordinary labors which we had passed through during the Summer. We had a most delightful time during our stay in Meran. On Friday, the 6th of November, it was high time for us to leave Meran, in order to reach Our Good Lady, in the Valley of Schuals, on the same day. On Sunday I had official duties at home, and, the 7th of November being Saturday, there was only one day left to cross the High Peak. The previous beautiful weather gave us no ground for apprehension of danger; besides, a man who had just come from Vent, Gregory Klotz, assured us that the Glacier was quite free from new snow. We were, therefore, very hopeful when, on Saturday morning, after a walk of two hours, we had reached Kurzras, the last stopping-place in the valley of the Schuals, and had only found fresh snow two inches deep. We thought that this snow, as experience often teaches, did not reach as far up as the Glacier. Leaving Kurzras at about half-past eleven, we proceeded confidently on our way to the High Peak. About half-past one o'clock, P. M., we reached the hill near the south-west end of the High Peak Glacier, without having met with any special difficulties; we observed, however, that, as we ascended, the snow gradually became deeper, and we at last found it about half a foot deep. Still this fact, together with the additional one that it still continued snowing, and that the whole atmosphere was filled with very fine snow-flakes, gave us no real ground for alarm; we comforted ourselves, on the other hand, with the thought that we would make good way over the Glacier, and then proceed comfortably on our journey to Vent. We were both thoroughly acquainted with the way, and, if it had been Summer, we could have gone the whole distance blindfold. But, unfortunately, we were soon to experience a bitter disappointment.

"After stopping a quarter of an hour at the so-called Boedele, the usual stopping-place of tourists, we both partook of our fat pork, meat, bread, and wine, and about a quarter before two o'clock stepped on the Glacier, whose length we hoped to traverse in the course of two hours. Just as soon as our feet touched the Glacier, we sank up to our knees in freshly fallen snow. Still we did not despair, but hoped it would be better. We went on in this way, sinking all the time in deep snow, about an hour and a half, and had not yet reached the so-called Latschbuechel; therefore had not passed a third of

the Glacier. Cyper then said to me, 'I think we should return!' I answered him, 'It is Saturday, and consequently my duty to be in Vent; and since the west wind is blowing, every trace of our way back to Kurzras has probably disappeared; besides, we have passed over one-half of our way from Our Good Lady, and will soon find less snow.' Cyper, without making any reply, immediately went on, merely complaining occasionally that he found his light Summer clothing altogether too cold for him. As I remarked that 'I wished we had taken a man with us from the Valley of the Schuals,' he replied, 'Nobody would have gone with us.' We did not reach the Latschbuechel until twilight, both of us being quite tired, the high wind increasing in violence, and the snow growing deeper all the time. 'O, I wish we had returned,' said I, 'but it is now too late—therefore, ever onward!' Yes, 'Onward' was easy enough to say, but very hard to carry out. The wind grew to a perfect hurricane, and the snow came down in heavy masses, and soon the dark night was upon us. I said, 'O, I do wish we were on the other side of the Glacier!' But this was not to take place very soon. Sinking at every step to our thighs in the snow, the darkness of the night overtook us but a short distance beyond the Latschbuechel, therefore about in the middle of the Glacier; and as we wished to take the direction of the path used by travelers in the Summer, we wished to go to the right. Scarcely had ten minutes passed by before I said, 'Cyper, it seems to me that we are on the way back to the Valley of the Schuals, for the wind is now dead ahead of us!' He also was convinced that this was the case, and advised our turning round. We now resolved to bear constantly to the left, to the so-called Upper Mountain, and by this means to reach the Stony Staircase. This way, it is true, is somewhat further, but it is the one usually traveled, and, by taking it, we were sure of guarding against the danger of getting very far out of the way, for we had the Glacier at our right and the Upper Mountain at our left. We plodded constantly forward, no change taking place in the weather or in the depth of the snow, and finally reached the Stony Staircase about ten o'clock at night.

"We had long been anticipating the joy of reaching this point, hoping there to find pleasanter weather and less snow. But what a delusion! Instead of there finding the west wind, which had previously prevailed, we were confronted by a violent hurricane from the north, and the great snow-flakes shut out the little light which we should otherwise have had, and



made every step one of the greatest danger. It was almost impossible for us to cross the Glacier diagonally to the Kreuzberg and the New Way, because of the total darkness and the chasms in the Glacier, as we had no rope to tie around us, and we were therefore compelled to make the dangerous and difficult passage downward to the Erzboedele. We now had to clamber with hands and feet—for neither of us had any longer a stick with us—an effort which first wheeled us to the right and then to the left, so that I now wonder how, under such circumstances, we could ever have reached the neighborhood of the Erzboedele. Scarcely had we gotten a good footing, and gained a few steps, before we were overtaken by a new and almost greater difficulty. Cyper regarded it impossible to find the Hintereis or Rofenberg Shepherd's cottage, and I doubted whether it would be possible to reach the left side of the Hintereis Glacier, and, by going along the Rofenberg, and then over the Bernagt Glacier, to reach the New Footway. We therefore resolved to go straight across into the Rofenthal, knowing that there are no chasms in the glacier there, and that the New Way was just on the other side of the Kreuzberg.

"We found that the steep smooth ice was covered deep with fresh snow, and it was therefore impossible to obtain a good footing. As we, however, found the Kreuzberg near before us, we did not observe, until too late, an almost perpendicular wall of ice to our right, which was almost perfectly free from snow. Cyper stepped upon it, glided down and, in a moment, was lost from my sight. 'How are you?' I exclaimed. 'Too good,' was his response from below. 'Are you injured?' 'No.' 'Then can I slide down to where you are too?' 'For God's sake no, for here is an awful mountain chasm, and I have been thrown across it! Go higher up!' So I did as he said, sounding the snow at every step I took. Sometimes I crept along on my knees and hands, and, finally, after considerable circuitous creeping, came down to where Cyper was. My first exclamation was, 'God be praised, now we have the Glacier behind us!' Away down in the depth where we were there was no wind, and I could therefore light a match. I did so, and found it was half-past twelve o'clock at night.

"The Glacier was therefore behind us, and it had taken us eleven hours to cross it, though in Summer it is a work easily accomplished in two hours. We had long ago given up almost all hope of reaching the end of it alive. I therefore said, as we had thus far been suc-

my God!' was Cyper's response in a trembling voice. 'Is any thing the matter with you?' 'I have been too much frightened by my fall,' said he. I then noticed, as I came close up to him, that his whole body was in a fearful tremor—and this never left him afterward. Even a few swallows of wine, which he here took, did not help him in the least. I had already repeatedly told him to take a swallow of wine occasionally, but he would not do it. He always said, 'The wine is too cold for me.' We did not rest here but a few moments, saying, 'We dare not stand here; we must keep in motion,' for we well knew that, after we had rested awhile, we should fall asleep, and should never wake up.

"The howling of the night wind was awful, and immense masses of snow kept falling all the time. Still, we kept moving forward, sometimes turning to the right, and sometimes to the left. We now found out that we were too high upon the mountain side, and must therefore find some way lower down. Now there seemed to be no ground of hope, and our endeavors to progress through the deep snow were utterly fruitless. Still, we often said, 'We must do our best to save our life—therefore, let us go slowly and keep in motion.' Our last drop of wine was exhausted between three and four o'clock in the morning, and we were too weak to chew the frozen fat meat and bread which we had in our pockets. We were expecting death at any moment, and, as soon as the day began to dawn, we found that we were still too high, and that it was almost an indescribably dangerous task to get lower down. Still, our courage was somewhat increased by the daylight, and I said, 'Now come on, we can easily go to Vent!'

"It was about six o'clock in the morning, and, therefore, only a distance, in Summer weather, of half an hour's walk to Rofenberg. 'About ten o'clock,' I said, 'we can be in Vent.' What a mistake! Scarcely had we gone a few steps before we were overwhelmed by an avalanche of freshly fallen snow. I was behind Cyper, and drew back a moment, and was hid from him by the avalanche. He had prostrated himself in a moment, and, after the avalanche had passed over us, rose uninjured. Immediately there came other avalanches, without any interruption. Five different ones swept over us, though without carrying us away with them, for we cast ourselves in the freshly fallen snow, and fixed our hands and feet as deeply in it as we could, to prevent being hurled down the abyss to the left by them. Not a single moment

be continually looking to the side of the mountain to watch their approach.

"About nine we reached the small, old shepherd's cottage, and, as our strength was now almost totally exhausted, we entered it to rest for a while, in order to gain strength for the remainder of our journey. We there found some wood, with which we made a fire. This hovel was more fit for a beast than for a man, and we found that if we would reach home we must hurry up as soon as possible. Cyper did not become warm by the fire, but trembled the whole time we were by it. At last he said, 'It is more prudent to go. It will help us nothing to stay here. But,' he added, 'I shall never get to Vent.' About two o'clock in the afternoon, when we were not far from Rosenbergl, Cyper stood still, and, supporting himself by the snow, said, 'I can go no further.' It was only about a hundred and fifty steps to the so-called Red Brook, after crossing which I had good ground for hoping the way would be better. I went on ahead of Cyper now, and tried every way to get him to follow me. He did the best he could, but could not go further. 'Arouse!' I exclaimed. 'Help me, O my God, and give me strength to save his life!'

"He could not move a foot, and I determined to go on to Rosen as soon as possible, and, if I could find any body there, to send him after Cyper. It was almost impossible for me to advance a single step in the snow. With my feet, hands, knees, and arms thoroughly buried in the snow, I had to roll and twist myself in order to make any sort of a track by which to get my body along. After I had gone a little way Cyper called after me, 'Must I die here alone?' I answered, 'I will go quickly to Rosen, and send people to your help.' I now believed firmly that we should both be saved, for my way very soon led into the forest, where there could not be so much snow as we had been encountering. 'Forward,' said I to myself, 'this is the only way to save myself and him!'

"Things now turned out as I had hoped. With the exception of a space of about five steps, I could go on my way without hindrance. In the middle of the forest I noticed a man in the neighborhood of the bridge. I cried to him with all my might. But he did not see or hear me, and therefore I had to go nearer to him and repeat my cry. He now heard me, and I found that it was that good man Ferdinand Klotz, who was astonished beyond measure to see me under such circumstances. I said to him, 'Cyper is within the Red Brook, and can come no further! Go quickly for him, help him, and let him have no rest, or else he will

fall asleep. I will go to Rosen and call more help.' Thus we separated, and Cyper was therefore not more than half an hour's distance from me.

"I can not tell how happy I now was. I said to myself, 'I shall now reach Rosen easily, and Cyper, too, will be saved.' When I reached Rosen I found it was impossible to go further. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The only man to be found was Nicodemus Klotz, whom I immediately sent to Cyprian. After I had taken some warm milk, and given full directions for the treatment of Cyprian, I continued on my way to Vent, which I reached at about four o'clock in the afternoon, after a walk, attended with indescribable dangers, that had lasted thirty hours continuously. My hands and feet were frozen, and I had a peasant man immediately subject them to treatment, for he had a secret remedy for my difficulty. I sent on some more men for Cyper, so that if alive he could not be without abundance of aid. Poor Cyper, however, stayed where I had left him, hoping all the time for help. As soon as he saw the first man coming to him he said, 'Ferdinand, have you no brandy?' After the man had reached him, and given him a little of the contents of his flask, Cyper said, 'I have now drunk too much.' Ferdinand Klotz admonished him to come along, and encouraged him by saying that the way was now short. But Cyper now fell into a delirium, and could not stir a foot. He gave two sighs, and there died in the snow. The next day my hands and feet were partially restored by the treatment to which they had been subjected. Cyper's dead body was borne by the peasants to my house. Heart-rending, indeed, was to me the sight of the stiff, pale form of him who had been so faithful to me, who had risked his life for me, and whose spirit was now in another world. May he rest in peace, but may every mountain-climber be blessed with a guide like him!"

QUEEN ZENOBIA.

"A VAST extent has been passed over since we left the banks of the Euphrates, and as yet not a single palm-tree relieves the monotonous and herbless desert! O, it is a weary journeying over heavy sands, or among stones which the heat has vitrified, where not a sound is heard except the hollow boomings of hot winds, or the wild, melancholy cry of the untamable jackal."

Thus spoke a traveler to his guide, but the guide did not answer; he merely pointed with

his wand to a speck in the far distance, and urged on his camels to their utmost speed. The traveler strained his sight in the direction noted by the guide, yet he saw nothing; for heretofore accustomed only to cities and cultivated fields, his visual organs did not possess that quick discernment of distant objects which pertains to the children of the desert. By degrees, however, a spot became perceptible to him on the horizon; and as the camels went on with increasing speed, as if they snuffed the scent of waters, and already felt the refreshing shade of palms flinging their broad shadows on the turf, that spot increased in magnitude, till the unrivaled glories of Palmyra burst on his astonished view.

O, the wondrous magnificence of that proud city! what pen can worthily describe it? A fertile space of some miles surrounded the ample suburbs, rising like an island out of a vast plain of sand, and in the center were temples, porticoes, and aqueducts, colleges, and baths, which in magnificence and splendor, and some of them in elegance, were not unworthy of Athens or of Rome in their most prosperous state. That oasis of surpassing verdure had been resorted to by travelers journeying through the desert from the earliest periods of authentic history; and Solomon, when he turned his attention toward the extension of commerce among his subjects, built a fenced city there. The Syrian name of Tadmor in the Wilderness, and its Greek one of Palmyra, are both descriptive of its situation in a spot adorned with palm-trees, and plentifully supplied with water in the midst of barren sands, and an inhospitable desert.

The day on which Demetrius reached Palmyra was one of no ordinary festivity. Forth from her palace gates proceeded Queen Zenobia, riding in an open chariot, drawn by four white horses of the purest blood; a beautiful boy, Vaballathus, sat by his mother, and right and left rode Timolaus and Herennius, mounted on Arab steeds, sons of the Queen, and equally distinguished for hereditary talents and manly beauty. Nobles and their ladies followed, and attended the sumptuous car; and surely Palmyra gave up her citizens that day, for crowding from all parts came groups of people with joyous children, carrying wreaths and garlands, and bouquets and flowers; while lutes, and harps, and mingled voices, told of a nation's gladness.

Zenobia was making the circuit of the city, for such was the custom of Palmyra's Queen on the anniversary of her natal day. And when all public buildings had been duly visited, she proceeded along the spacious road, which led

beside fountains of clear water, and beneath the shade of palms, and oranges, and citrons, of spices and aromatic trees, while flowers of all hues and scents, such as Europe owns not, mingled their beauty and their fragrance along the banks. As a mother did that Queen dwell among her people; and when the melody of cornets, flutes, and harps, of psaltery and dulcimer, announced her approach, from many a wayside cottage, surrounded with rose-trees in full bloom, rushed forth rejoicing children, their young hands filled with flowers, and their soft voices uttering praises of the Queen; nor were the fathers and their mothers backward to do her homage, for each was conscious of the blessings conferred on them through her mild yet firm and judicious sway.

At that same time the son of a peasant of Pannonia, a stern country bounded on the north by the dark-flowing Danube, and who had enlisted as a common soldier in the Roman army, having gradually risen to the important office of commander of the cavalry, was being called by Flavius Claudius to the imperial dignity.

Rejoice, ye people of Palmyra, and laud your Queen while yet you may! The future is in mercy concealed from man.

Zenobia claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, and historians relate concerning her, that her beauty was only to be equaled by her understanding; her virtue by her valor; that she possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages, and had compared the merits of Homer and of Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus. This distinguished woman had been left a widow in early life; her second husband, Odenathus, was chieftain of the desert tribes around Palmyra, and possessed extraordinary valor and boundless ambition. We read of him that he was a great hunter as well as warrior, and that in all his military and hunting expeditions he was accompanied by his wife Zenobia, with whom he reigned conjointly, and to whose enlarged understanding and enlightened views his successes are partly attributed.

Odenathus became an ally of the Romans in their wars against the King of Persia, over whom he gained several splendid victories, and obtained, as his reward, the high-sounding title of Augustus, and General of the East; but, in the midst of his success, he was assassinated at Emessa, by his nephew, Mæonius, during a hunting expedition, and with him his only son by a former marriage. No sooner, however, had Mæonius assumed the title of Augustus than he was justly sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband.

The authority granted to Odenathus by the senate expired with his life; a Roman army was even dispatched against his widow; but the dauntless woman compelled the general to retreat, and shortly afterward obtained a mastery over her enemies in Egypt, which she subdued and annexed to her territories, together with a portion of Armenia and Asia Minor. Then it was that she became indeed a queen, and guarded well the regions over which she presided with consummate wisdom and prudence—regions which extended from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, vast and fertile countries once governed by Ptolemy and Seleucus. Among cities renowned in history were included Jerusalem, Antioch, and Damascus; but Zenobia preferred to fix her residence at Palmyra, and when peace was permanently established, the adornment of that noble city became one of her greatest pleasures. Many a stupendous fabric was erected, others were restored or embellished, fountains threw up at her command their jets of sparkling waters, and baths, built at her expense, conduced to the well-being of her people.

Such were the popular acts of Zenobia, and not less deserving of admiration was her conduct in domestic life. You might have thought that the Queen was solely engrossed with the education of her sons, so great was her assiduity in this respect. But it was not so; she conducted all public business with admirable policy and prudence, and with the strictest justice toward even the humblest of her subjects; and, as one of her historians has well observed, while she excelled her countrywomen in the qualities for which they were remarkable, in courage, fortitude, and prudence, in patient endurance of fatigue, and mental and personal activity, her understanding was more enlarged, and her habits more intellectual.

Hence it was that she drew up an epitome of history for her own use and that of her sons, and that the history, philosophy, and poetry of Greece were familiar to her mind. Longinus, one of the most elegant writers of antiquity, was invited to her court, and became her secretary and prime minister. His famous *Treatise on the Sublime* was composed for his royal mistress—a treatise not only admirable for its surpassing excellence, but invaluable for having transmitted to posterity beautiful fragments of ancient poets, especially those of Sappho, the poetess of Lesbos, who flourished six hundred years before the Christian era.

A stern man was seen one day seated on a couch in an apartment of his palace, which he preferred to all others, because of its privacy and seclusion. His eye was fixed, as if gazing on

vacancy, and his thoughts recurred at one time to his once pleasant lot, at another to the conquests he had achieved over the Goths and Germans. His mind was in that state which renders a man peculiarly susceptible to evil, which merges in the love of conquest all compunctious feelings, all pity for his kind; and one there was who looked on, and rejoiced in the certainty of coming woe. Aurelian saw him not, but he might have acknowledged his baneful presence, for battle scenes flitted tumultuously before him, with desolated provinces, and the sad spectacle of families driven forth to perish from homes, round which were pleasant fields, where sheep and cattle had grazed in peace. The evil one drew near, a dark and restless spirit, whose aim it was to desolate and to destroy. He had looked scowlingly on Palmyra, and hated her queen and people; and he caused to pass before the mental view of Aurelian the wondrous glory of that great city, and the just renown of Zenobia, while he whispered to his mind, "What matters the conquests you have won? what glory is there in having subjected the hordes of Germany and Sarmatia? in having restored to the arms of Rome her ancient superiority over barbarians armed with bows and arrows, so long as a proud woman defies your prowess?"

Aurelian listened, and his inmost soul drank in the deadly spirit of the tempter. Rome opened her gates for the egress of armed hosts, and Zenobia prepared to resist the aggressions of the invader. She waited not for his approach, but having levied troops, and put herself at their head, she advanced within sight of Antioch. A fierce conflict immediately ensued, and though her men fought bravely, as those who battle for life and liberty, for families and homes, they were constrained to give way. Yet, nothing daunted, Zenobia retired upon Emessa, and waited the coming up of her remorseless enemy, inspiring her soldiers by her presence, and encouraging them to persevere. Antioch and Emessa heard that day the deafening shout which announced the onset of the Palmyrene troops, when, more like lions than like men, they rushed on the foe. But what could their valor avail against overwhelming numbers? Again were they defeated.

The high-spirited Queen retired within the walls of her capital; she prepared for a vigorous defense, and declared that the last moment of her reign should be that of her life. Aurelian pressed after her; but conscious of the difficulties that would attend the march of troops through burning deserts infested by clouds of Arabs, "who appeared and disappeared with

the rapidity of whirlwinds," he offered advantageous terms of capitulation to the Queen: a splendid retreat, though far from her beloved city; the citizens were to have their ancient privileges. Zenobia nobly refused; she scorned to desert her people, to deprive her eldest son of the empire which his father committed to her guardianship as a sacred pledge, her younger of the inheritances which of right belonged to them.

The Queen naturally relied on her resources; she foresaw the difficulties that would attend the siege of a great city, well garrisoned, and amply stored with provisions, defended, too, by immense deserts, and mounted Arabs, who would continually harass the enemy. She expected, also, succors from the East, and trusted that famine would compel the Emperor to recross the desert. But Aurelian had taken his measures, though perfectly conscious of the dangers that might beset his march, and the determined energy of the Palmyrene Queen, in reference to which he thus wrote in one of his letters: "Those who speak contemptuously of the war I am waging against a woman, know nothing of the character and power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations, of stones and arrows, and of every species of missile weapon and military engine."

Thus thinking, the Emperor again offered terms of peace; but Zenobia, aware that famine raged in the Roman camp, and daily expecting aid from the Persian monarch, rejected them. Her rejection was conveyed in a Greek epistle, written with equal elegance and defiance, and ended with again declaring that she preferred death to submission to the arms of Rome. The stern countenance of Aurelian grew darker, and he commanded his soldiers to proceed. Every military resource was put in requisition, means were found to subsist the troops, and convoys, headed by the victorious Probus, cut off the succors of the Persian monarch.

Palmyra was pressed on all sides, and the heroic Queen took the road to the Euphrates, mounted on a swift dromedary, and attended by a small escort. She hoped to bring relief to her capital; but a company of Roman light infantry pursued her with incredible celerity, and, being taken prisoner, she was brought into the presence of Aurelian. The Emperor looked sternly at his captive.

"How dared you," he exclaimed, "set at defiance the arms of imperial Rome?"

"Because," replied the Queen, "I disdained to acknowledge such men as Aurelius and Gallienus. To Aurelian I submit as my conqueror and my sovereign."

Aurelian's dark countenance relaxed; but presently loud cries resounded on all sides, and an infuriated soldiery, pressing even to the royal tent, demanded vengeance on Zenobia. The Queen was saved, but she saw her counselors and her friends fall around her, and with them Longinus, sacrificed by the ferocious and insolent soldiery. A historian, inimical to Zenobia, relates that, in a moment of exceeding terror, she exclaimed that Longinus and her counselors had excited her to resist the Roman powers; but the accusation has never been substantiated, and is opposed to the whole tenor of her blameless and heroic life. Certain it is that Longinus met his fate as became a great and good man, and that his last moments were spent in trying to console Zenobia.

Aurelian celebrated his triumph with nearly unprecedented pomp. A vast number of elephants and tigers, and hitherto unknown animals from conquered countries, were exhibited to the people; sixteen hundred gladiators also, innumerable captives, and a gorgeous display of gold and silver vessels, of Oriental luxuries and varieties, the rich plunder of Palmyra, with garments of surpassing beauty, all of which had pertained to the courtiers and friends of Zenobia. The greedy populace gazed upon them; but presently every eye was turned to the Syrian queen, still beautiful and majestic, who walked in front of her own sumptuous chariot, wearing her diadem and robes of State, blazing with jewels; her eyes were fixed on the ground, while she bent beneath the weight of golden fetters, although upheld by two slaves on either side. Demetrius, the traveler of whom we spoke, wept when he looked on Zenobia; he spoke in after years with execration of the shouts with which the Roman populace, at that time equally brutal and degraded, exulted at her fall.

But the Palmyrenes, who could not brook their subjugation, revolted against the Roman governor, and terrible was the vengeance of Aurelian; men, women, and children were indiscriminately massacred, the magnificent edifices were set on fire, and the walls razed to the ground. A few months passed and Aurelian, bitterly repentant, sought to repair the desolation; but he could not call back the dead to life, "nor raise from its ruins the stupendous city of the sun." Palmyra was deserted, her existence was even forgotten, till her remains attracted, after the lapse of centuries, the attention of an English traveler.

It is now a desolate place, inhabited by a few Arabs. The numerous ruins make a striking appearance as they are seen from the desert,

but few of the remains possess great architectural merit, having been defaced by time and violence.

## THE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

### III. ANNELIDA.

THE *Annelida* are a group of animals which were for a long time confounded with worms, on account of their long, slender bodies. One would think that they could offer but little interest; and yet, as Aristotle says, there is nothing in Nature either low or despicable, every thing is beautiful and worthy of admiration. The annelids, among all the marine animals, possess perhaps the most graceful forms, the most elegant appendages, and the most brilliant colors. Cuvier was one of the first who studied them with attention; he called them red-blooded worms, because he found that in most of them the blood was tinted, in which particular they approach terrestrial animals. But since the time of the illustrious zoölogist, certain groups have been found whose blood varies in color—violet, blue, green, and yellow; and there are some, also, in whom the vital fluid is colorless. Lamarck gave them the name which they now possess, from the ring-formation of their bodies. Their rings number twenty, thirty, sixty, or eighty, and sometimes more. In the *Eunice sanguinea* there are three hundred; in the *Phyllococe laminosa*—an animal scarcely a yard long—there are at least nine hundred rings. These rings are ridges—thick or thin, flat or rising up—and separated from one another by indentations. All the rings are alike except those at the head and tail, which are slightly modified.

The creatures are either naked or are well protected by a firm, solid coating. Those that are naked bear a strong resemblance to worms or grubs. Some of them hollow out for themselves straight galleries in the earth; others congregate by hundreds and thousands in sand-hills; and others construct for themselves habitations which resemble honey-combs. The species which possess a solid envelope inhabit a straight, calcareous tube—some being rigid, others flexible. The creature can entirely ensconce itself in this tube, like a mollusk in its shell. Cuvier remarked that the naked annelids had respiratory organs upon the center of their bodies; those with a solid covering possess the same organs upon their heads or tails. The first class he termed *Dorsibranchiata*, the other *Tubicola*. The bodies of these animals are more or less cylindrical, and often flattened;

toward both extremities they decrease; like earth-worms, they can contract and extend at will. They are remarkable for the number of their eyes, some having as many as sixty. Ehrenberg describes a curious species provided with two eyes upon its head, and two upon its tail. Another, a veritable little Argus, has several upon its head, two upon every ring, and its tail furnished with four. Many annelids have two or more rows of tufts of bristles, running the whole length of their body; others are surrounded by thousands of small filaments, which serve for hands, or feet, or fins, according to the creature's necessity.

The *Cirratulidæ* have long, capillary appendages covering their bodies, which stretch out on every side; they are at once arms and branchial organs; and the blood, which fills and leaves them alternately, tints them a beautiful red, leaving them an amber yellow. They elongate their pointed heads, with eyes like the lamps of a locomotive, as they recoil from the light which bursts upon them. Now they form a knot far more inextricable than the Gordian knot which Alexander cut. But this is a living cable; the folds glide one under the other, ceaselessly tying and untying themselves, throwing from every point bright reflections from their sparkling bodies. The annelids are timid animals, afraid of any thing; yet still, strange to say, they live by rapine; they lie in ambuscade, and patiently wait till some imprudent creature passes near them; immediately they surround it with their arms, or seize it with their horns. Others perforate the hardest shells, and devour the most secure mollusks.

It is not to be expected that an animal which is an Ishmaelite of the sea should not have many enemies. Against their frequent attacks Providence has amply furnished the annelids with defensive weapons. In the armory of the race there is a far larger assortment of murderous implements than even the cruel genius of man has invented. Here are curved blades, some sharpened on the outer edge, like the yataghan of the Arab; others, like the cimeter of the Turk, have the concave edge in cutting order; they have their short swords and long swords; their dirks and their bayonets; and, more wonderful and more deadly still, they have harpoons, and fish-hooks, and fine sharp lancets, slightly affixed to the end of slender shafts. These the creature leaves in the body of its enemy, to his great and lasting discomfort. If, however, the brave assailant receiving, but not heeding, the wounds thus inflicted upon him, comes to close quarters with the annelid, he finds a new set of weapons ready to impale

him. Out of every foot comes a sharp spear, to which is attached a distinctive muscle; and, with an astonishing vigor, these the marine worm thrusts into the body of its adventurous enemy.

Foremost among the dorsibranchiata are the *Nereida*, or the sea centipedes. They are found upon our coast, hiding themselves in the crevices of the rocks. The larger members of the group are inhabitants of warmer latitudes. Their tentacles are arranged in pairs on each side of the head. Their tubercles and tufts of bristles are impelled by a simultaneous motion; and as the animal thus glides through the water, the ease and grace of its motion can hardly be conceived—a long, beautiful boat sweeping along, with a hundred perfect oarsmen. The dorsibranchial nereids are frequently brilliantly colored.

A kindred species—the *Eunice gigantea*—may be considered the king of the nereids. This princely annelid is an inhabitant of the waters around the Antilles. It is a yard and a half long, and its body is composed of 450 rings. The bright tropical light plays upon it with iridescent splendor. The head is richly painted, and out of it rises a rose-colored horn, which bears on its extremity a pair of prehensile forceps. The respiratory organs are situated on its sides, and, when distended with blood, appear as vermilion patches. It has 1,700 organs of locomotion; they all move simultaneously, and with great rapidity; indeed, so rapidly that frequently the eye is not able to distinguish them. As this splendid annelid contracts and elongates itself, glides through the water, turning quickly hither and thither with the quickness of thought, it looks like a beam of colored light shooting through the submarine world, and disporting itself among the rocks.

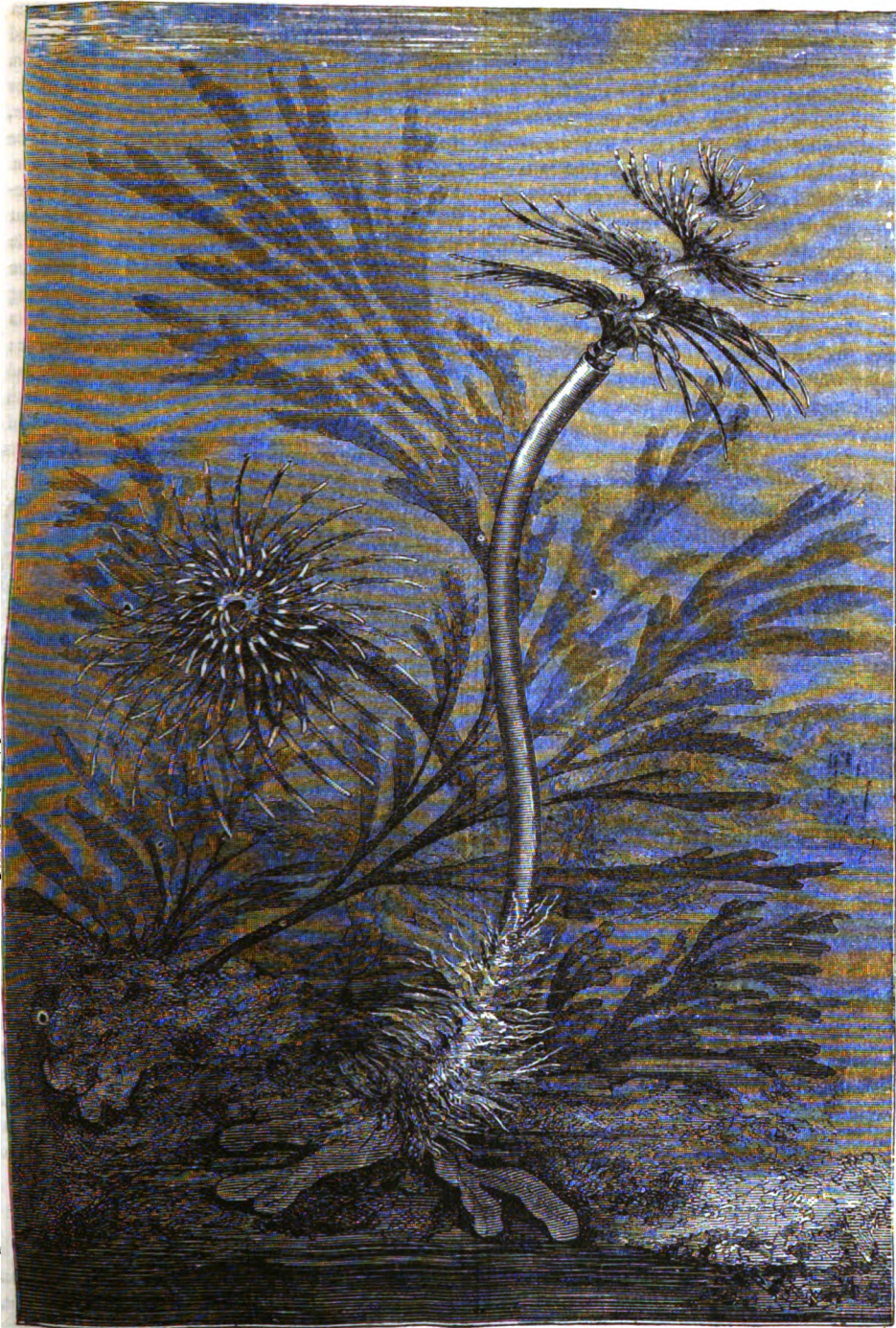
The complication of construction in these creatures is something incalculable. Conceive an animal with 280 stomachs, 300 ganglions or nerval centers, and 3,000 muscles! The *Eunice sanguinea* rejoices in this multiplication of apparatus.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the annelids is the *Aphrodita aculeata*—the sea-mouse. Its shape is ovoid, pointed at the extremities, and a little flattened; its back is somewhat convex, the ventral region being flat. The upper part of its body is covered with large membranous scales, which are sometimes distended; they have been called, though without much reason, *clytra*—winged sheaths. These scales are covered with a thick, brown fur, which has the appearance of fine tow. Through this peculiar

covering there rise strong spines—the defensive weapons of the annelid. Its bristly tufts, which are its chief organs of locomotion, are usually of a rich golden tint, yet they can change with every color of the rainbow; the tints being flung back as if by metallic reflectors. Not even can the humming-bird boast of such vivid colors, nor are they inferior to the sparkles of a gem. These tufts are as remarkable for their construction as for their lights; each thread may be compared to a harpoon whose point is doubly barbed. Few of the ocean depredators are brave enough to attack this little porcupine; and, lest that these formidable weapons should wound the annelid itself, a sheath is provided for each bundle, so that when they are not in use the creature draws them back, and they are safely kept for the next time of danger.

The aphrodita is very timid. It is difficult to rouse during the day; it lies ensconced under a stone or shell, drawing in and ejecting a current of water so strong that it creates quite a little whirlpool. When night comes it leaves its hiding-place in search of prey. The annelids are, as we have said, very voracious, not even sparing their own species. Mr. Rymer Jones speaks of two annelids, not equal in size, probably being of different ages, which were put into an aquarium. For two or three days they lived in harmony, and then the greater of the two attempted to eat his companion. He managed to get part of his body into his great esophagus trunk; his victim made desperate efforts to disengage himself, and after a time succeeded; but, unhappily for him, during the combat he had had some of his scales torn off, and his rings damaged. The next day there only remained half, for during the night the conquest had been completed, the rest had been devoured, and the conquerer was darting hither and thither, his hungry proboscis erect, ready to seize the remainder of the little creature, which had shrunk into a corner of the aquarium.

The dorsibranchiata are wanderers; the tubicola are fixed. These latter are noted for the elegance of their respiratory organs, which are ranged sometimes in plumes, sometimes in crowns, or in fans. The entrance to their habitation is ordinarily small; it is, however, the only opening through which these recluses can have any communication with the world around them. Foremost among these annelids we must mention the *hermeles*. They live in the waters of the Mediterranean, lodged in a tube of sand some three inches long. Out of the end of the pipe from time to time there issues a bifurcated head; from the summit of each branch a number of strong, sharp tongues, of a golden yellow



ANNELIDA TUBICOLA.

rise; these close over the entrance of the holes whenever the creature is disturbed and retreats into its mansion of sand. The least motion which makes a ripple upon the surface of the

water is sufficient to cause the timid animal to shut itself up in its fortification. From the sides of this cephalous defense, fifty or sixty delicate, violet filaments issue, which are in



continual motion. Like so many little serpents, they alternately lengthen and shorten themselves, seizing their prey as it passes, and drawing it into the mouth.

To their activity and energy the annelid owes its dwelling-house; they gather the grains of sand, and build up its incasing tube; the solid grains are held together by a kind of mucus, which, in fact, plays the part of a hydraulic mortar. Upon the sides of the body may be noticed mammillary risings, out of the summit of which issue sharp, cutting lances; these are, in fact, the feet of the creature.

The *Terebella* is a tubicole annelid. It is peculiar for the number of yellow filiform appendages which spring from about the mouth; these the animal can stretch to a great length. From their neighborhood, also, branch out the respiratory organs. They are not, as is general in the annelids, in the form of fans, but arborescent, spreading out like fine branches. The tentacles appear at the first glance to be round threads; but upon a closer examination they are really found to be flat tubes, along whose surface run longitudinal grooves, sometimes so deep as to permit their sides to fold over, by this means enabling them to hold tightly to any thing which they touch. In one species the division between the channels is furnished with seriated teeth. The branchial apparatus is exceedingly beautiful, affording a great number of angles, and curves, and points; its colors are varied and brilliant. The protective tube of the terebella is formed as most of the others—of sand and fragments of shells; but the walls of its extremity are somewhat extended, to form a sheath for the tentacles and respiratory organs. If a terebella be placed in an aquarium devoid of its tube, it will extend its tentacles on every side, and actively commence to construct a new one. When a little of it has been made the creature will creep into it, and lie perfectly still during the daylight. At evening it puts out its tentacles, and during the hours of the night works incessantly. How can an eyeless creature recognize the difference between day and night?

In some of the species, the tentacles appear to divide the work; one confines itself to gathering material together, another transports it, a third places it in position and fixes it with mucus, while others gather up the *débris* which falls from the work. The building continues for many hours uninterruptedly; the progress, if watched, appears but slow; however, next day much has been done; for, during the night, the tower of the edifice has been lengthened—particles of sand have been regularly laid in

order and solidly united. With the dawn of the morning the builder ceases and rests from his labor, again to commence with renewed vigor when the night hides curious eyes from watching his proceedings. The interior of the tube is lined with a fine coating of silky matter, which binds together the masonry, and at the same time decorates the walls of the mansion. This material is produced from a humor secreted by the skin of the annelid—an excellent and economical liquid, which serves the double purpose of glue and gilt. If a terebella be pulled out of its tube, its resistance is so strong that generally it is much hurt; some of its tentacles are pulled off and its rings staved in; but it seems little affected by the injuries, and at once sets to work to rebuild its house, with untiring energy, and exhibits no appearance of disappointment. The *Terebella textrix* adopts



TERESELLA CONCHILEGA.

a different plan. Instead of gathering about it foreign materials, and of these constructing its tube, it incloses itself in a fabric which it weaves like linen. This covering is very thin, and somewhat irregular; the threads which compose it are so fine and transparent that they are almost invisible. It is a most complicated manufacture, for there are at least fifty threads as long as the little weaver himself.

As long as there are cold and nakedness in the land there can be no question at all that splendor of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but, as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds, and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at.

## HORTENSE.

**E**IGHTY-FOUR years have passed since a Corsican lawyer, who, in his early life, had fought by the side of Paoli in the war of Corsican independence, died while yet in his prime at Montpellier while on a journey from Paris to Ajaccio, his place of residence in his native island. Although at first one of the most ardent in the cause of his country, he afterward\* submitted to the fortune that had attached him, together with about 150,000 persons, his fellow-islanders, all of Italian origin, as subjects to the crown of France. He left a widow, still a young and beautiful woman, and eight children, of whom the eldest was but seventeen years, and the youngest but three months old. Left in straitened circumstances, the chief reliance of the family was in a rich old uncle, Cardinal Fesch, who took great interest in them. Two of the children had in a manner been indeed already provided for. The eldest, Joseph, had begun the study of the law; the second, Napoleon, a youth of sixteen, had completed his education at the military academies of Brienne and Paris, and had just received, or was on the point of receiving, a sub-lieutenancy in the French king's army, and it was on this young soldier, rather than on his elder brother, that the hopes of the family rested. Even the poor father, when, on his death-bed, it is said, raved about "his absent boy Napoleon and a great sword" that he would bequeath to him.

Two generations and part of a third have come and passed away since then, like leaves of the forest, but how wonderful are the changes those years have made in the fortunes of the Corsican family! Issuing at first from their native island like some band of the old Heracleidæ, and pushing their military brother at their head into the midst of a revolution that was then convulsing Europe, these half Italian orphans, whose dialect was strange to those with whom they were about to mingle, cut their way to the center of the tumult, found and seized the scepter which had been wrested from the representative of a long line of kings, assumed royalty, and at length became distributed as kings and princes among the western nations. At a second epoch we find them, "shattered and thrown down as by a stroke of apocalyptic vengeance," dispersed as wanderers over the civilized world, increasing their numbers and spreading their influence every-where.

\* Corsica, the Cynrus of the Greeks, was seized by the French one hundred years ago.

And now, again, at the beginning of a third era, there seems to be a gathering of them toward the old center, as if for a new function in regard to the future. However interesting it might be to pursue a narrative of a most extraordinary family history, not yet ended, we will confine ourselves to one branch, and only glance, as far as serves our purpose, at the rest.

The outbreak of the Revolution in 1789 found the Bonapartes all living together at Ajaccio. Joseph was entering into practice; Napoleon twenty-one years, a lieutenant of artillery; Lucien, an impulsive youth five years younger than Louis, a boy of twelve or thirteen, with three sisters and a brother Jerome, still almost infants. With most of the Corsicans, they were admirers of the Revolution; but Lucien, considered the juvenile prodigy of the family, and who, while still scarcely past his boyhood, had delivered many speeches before the Corsican public, was the most fervid of all. Joseph, too, older and steadier, took his part in the general bustle, and the lieutenant amused his idleness by long and solitary walks about the island, and by writing various essays and sketches, among which was the "History of the Revolution in Corsica." The second great epoch of the Revolution in 1792 found them all at Ajaccio, where Napoleon, having just returned from Paris, met with Paoli, the old friend of their father, and to whom the Bonapartes gave a most cordial welcome. The Corsicans were in a fever of excitement, and with their idolized veteran at their head, they planned a revolt, and in 1793 again unfurled their flag of independence. The peasantry and most others of the under sort joined readily in the movement, but educated young men like the Bonapartes, accustomed to see the future of Corsica only in that of France, were not to be drawn into what they saw was a hopeless scheme. Paoli called on the mother of the family, and exhausted his powers of persuasion in endeavoring to induce the family to unite with him in the treasonable surrender of the island to the English. They refused, and the once cherished friend of the household became a most implacable enemy. A decree was immediately passed banishing the family from the island. One morning Napoleon hastened to inform his mother that several thousand peasants armed with all the implements of revolutionary fury, were on the march to attack the house. Gathering a few articles of such property as they could seize at the moment, the family fled, and for several days wandered houseless and destitute on the sea-shore, until Napoleon could make arrangements for their embarkation. The house was sacked by the mob, and the

furniture which they had left behind was entirely destroyed.

It was midnight when an open boat, manned by four strong rowers, with muffled oars, approached the shore near which stood the pillaged and battered dwelling of the heroic Madame Letitia. A dim lantern was held by an attendant as the whole Bonaparte family, in silence and in sorrow, with the world, its poverty and all its perils, wide before them, entered the boat. A few trunks and band-boxes constituted all their possessions. The oarsmen pulled out into the dark and lonely sea. Earthly boat never before held such a band of emigrants. Little did these poor, friendless fugitives then imagine that all the thrones of Europe were one day to tremble before them, and that their celebrity was to fill the world, and quite as little could any one imagine what a waif was cast ashore on the coast of France in that Corsican lady and her eight children.

Napoleon took his stand at the bows of the boat, for, although the second son, he was already the commanding spirit of the family. Exchanging the open boat for a small vessel which was waiting for them in the offing, with her sails fluttering in the breeze, the morning sun, as it arose over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, found them approaching the harbor of Nice, where they remained for a short time, when they removed to Marseilles, where the family resided in great pecuniary embarrassment until relieved by the rising fortunes of Napoleon. Here, having espoused republican principles, they remained quietly during the reign of Terror; Marseilles was a seething caldron of politics and devoted to the Bourbons. The family then consisted of Madame Letitia, her five sons and three daughters. Joseph, the eldest, who had received a commissary's office and married a rich wife; Napoleon—afterward the disposer of thrones—raised to the rank of a general of brigade for his services at Toulon, and always grumbling at his poverty and inactivity; and Lucien, a young firebrand, known as "Brutus Bonaparte," extremely popular as a Republican orator, greatly to the displeasure of Napoleon, married the sister of an inn-keeper of Marseilles, and lastly the five younger members of the family, living under the same roof with their mother and with their uncle, the Abbe Fesch, and were conjointly supported by Napoleon and Joseph.

The fall of Robespierre and his party in 1794, was a temporary blow to the fortunes of the Bonapartes, connected, as they were, with that side of the Revolution, and Napoleon thought of quitting France in order to seek employment

in the Turkish service. All were for a time disgraced, and it was not until after the famous 13th Vendemaire—4th October, 1795—that the star of Napoleon began really to rise. The conflict at the taking of Toulon is said to have been too full of horrors for any pen to describe. It was in the middle watches of the night when the signal for commencing the assault which ended in a direful and lengthened tragedy. A cold and drenching rain swept the streets, and the wind howled its midnight dirges in harmony with the awful scene of carnage, woe, and destruction about to ensue. The genius of Napoleon inspired the desperate enterprise and arranged every thing, and as he raised the tricolor flag over the crumbling walls of the rampart, he bade his superior officer, a broken-down war-worn veteran, "to go to sleep, we have taken Toulon." "It was," says Scott, "upon this night of terror, tears, conflagration, and blood, that the star of Napoleon first ascended the horizon, and though it gleamed over many a scene of horror ere it set, it may be doubted whether its light was ever blended with one more dreadful."

It was not, however, as we have just above remarked, until October 4, 1795, when Napoleon blew the mob to pieces with grape-shot, and thus established the government of the Directory, that the fortunes of the Bonapartes were decided. His splendid successes in Italy and in Egypt won for his family the highest positions in the public regard. Appointed in consequence to the supreme command of the army of Italy, Napoleon was instantly able to provide for three of his brothers. Joseph and Lucien received important civil appointments in connection with the army, and young Louis, after a short training at the artillery school at Chalons, was to go to serve under his brother in Italy. To these members of his family General Bonaparte, before his departure for Italy in March, 1796, was able to introduce in the character of relatives three other persons, whose names were thenceforth to be conspicuous in history—his bride, Josephine de Beauharnais, then in her thirty-third year, and six years his senior, and her two children by her former marriage—a boy, Eugene, aged sixteen, and a girl, Hortense, aged thirteen.

By his splendid successes in Italy and in Egypt a still higher position was earned for his family, in the public regard, while he himself rose from step to step until he attained to the highest honors. Regarding each ascent as a matter of course, never shrinking in the least degree from any weight of responsibility, and without any exhibition of vanity, he was never

abashed in the slightest degree by the presence of others, of whatever rank or attainments. He seemed even then to be animated by an assurance that he was destined for some great achievements, and never, in all his whole career, manifested the least surprise in view of his elevation. His capacious mind was ever restless, ever excited, not exactly with the desire of personal aggrandizement, but with projects of mighty enterprise or magnificent achievement; and Josephine, with her boundless popularity and pride in his rising renown, the luster of which, while aristocracy circled round her in delighted homage, she was most ambitious to increase, often trembled in view of what might await these limitless aspirations, although she had no conception of the greatness he desired and was destined to attain.

Unalloyed happiness is never allotted to mortals, and ere long the dangers of greatness began to hover around the path of Napoleon; and Josephine, while in seeming enjoyment of show and splendor, lived in a constant state of alarm and disquiet, not only on account of the rumors of plots against her husband's life, but on her own account. Aware of his boundless ambition, which aimed at wearing the iron crown of Lombardy, once the imperial possession of Charlemagne,\* which for a thousand years had pressed no brow, she used every remonstrance and argument against his assuming the regal power he so eagerly coveted, and predicted with almost prophetic accuracy the consequences which would and did ensue. She clearly foresaw the peril of their position, and trembled in view of an approaching downfall. Enjoying, as she did, a magnificent existence, the more she saw him loaded with the gifts of fortune, and the nearer he approached the summit of earthly greatness, the more increased were her apprehensions for him, and the more dim were the gleams of happiness for herself. Great was the uneasiness she endured, caused by the brothers and sisters-in-law of Napoleon, who, jealous of the influence she exerted over the stern warrior, so solitary, so silent and unapproachable in his gloomy grandeur, whom she humanized and softened by her gentle loveliness, were anxious to subserve their own interests by undermining her power. Joseph and Lucien were her greatest enemies, and were foremost among those who were untiring in their efforts to infuse distrust and suspicion into his mind, and at times were only too successful, for she was often

made to suffer severely from his caprice and fits of moody displeasure.

The accession of Napoleon to the imperial dignity gave him further opportunity of aggrandizing his family and extending his influence. Civil titles and decorations had been restored; the relatives of the Emperor shared largely in the new honors, and formed the nucleus of the new aristocracy that was created in France, but now, when a succession of victories and conquests made Napoleon master of continental Europe, from the Atlantic on one side to and beyond the Danube on the other, those friends and relatives distributed over a larger space, were to fulfill his designs as vassal kings and princes among foreign populations.

The stubborn Lucien was the only one of the Emperor's family who did not wear a crown. He had indeed been offered his choice of several thrones if he would divorce his wife and contract a new alliance agreeable to his imperious brother. This offer, however, he had steadily refused, and, returning to the Roman dominions, where the Pope enrolled him among the Roman nobility as Prince of Canino, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of literary leisure, and employing himself in the composition of his bulky epic of Charlemagne, which he dedicated to the Pope. The variance between him and the Emperor continued until the latter was exiled to Elba, during which he corresponded with him in such a manner that a reconciliation was effected.

Offended with three of his brothers on account of their marriages with plebeian wives, Napoleon resolved that one marriage at least should be of his own selection. It appears that Bonaparte projected early a matrimonial alliance between his third brother, Louis, and Josephine's daughter Hortense; but although he had spoken to Louis on the subject, it was not until after his return from Portugal that he mentioned his plan to Josephine. Napoleon was particularly attached to both parties, and when he thus sought to unite them it was that they might participate of the brilliant future which he already in his mind destined for them. Josephine entered readily into the scheme, and used all her influence to promote it. Well aware of the hostility of her husband's family, and dreading its consequences to herself, she had for a long time desired a counterpoise to their influence, and in this way she was certain it would be obtained.

Hortense Eugenie Beauharnais, the mother of the last Emperor of the French, and the daughter of Josephine by a former husband, is invariably described as an unusually fascinating

\* The iron crown—so called because there was entwined amid its priceless gems and exquisite gold work some iron wire, said to be made from one of the spikes used at the crucifixion of our Savior.

woman, possessing great vivacity of mind, and was remarkable for the brilliancy of her conversational powers. She was very fair, of a beautiful complexion, and inherited much of that graceful demeanor which so signally characterized her mother. The expression of her countenance was that of mildness and benevolence, but her bearing was dignified. Her talents as an artist and musician were very remarkable, and her melodies, composed at various epochs of her life, have obtained an European fame. The romance of "Le Beau Dunois," which opens with the strophe "Partant pour la Syrie," was very popular in France, and all her romances and melodies met with greater or less success. As an artist she excelled, and devoted much time in cultivating her talent for drawing, and, in short, was richly endowed with all those accomplishments which enable one to excel in the art of pleasing.

The marriage of Josephine with the Viscount Beauharnais was not a happy one, and, separating herself from one who could not appreciate her worth, she had retired with her two children, Eugene and Hortense, to the society of her own family at La Martinique. Driven back to her own country, she there learned that her husband, who had severed family and monarchical ties for the revolution, was, by a caprice not a little characteristic of such movements, about to be sent to the scaffold by the very party for whom he had made such a costly sacrifice as involved all he possessed. Josephine, forgetting her wrongs, made every exertion to save her husband, but without success. She was herself imprisoned; Eugene, the future Viceroy of Italy, was apprenticed to a carpenter, and the future Queen of Holland to a milliner, but the events of the ninth Thermidor, signalized by the fall of Robespierre, liberated all parties, and Eugene joined the army under the protection of General Hoche.

At the time of Josephine's marriage with Bonaparte—a marriage from which came so much greatness, so much misery, and so many vicissitudes to the Beauharnais family—Hortense was at a boarding-school kept by Madame Campan at Saint Germain, but when Napoleon, on his return from Italy, became First Consul, the whole family were united in the Tuileries. Eugene, as aid-de-camp to the General, had won his spurs in Italy and in Egypt, and stood high in the favor of his imperious step-father. Hortense, a merry and thoughtless girl between sixteen and seventeen years of age, was, it seems, more amused than dazzled with the self-will and impetuosity of Bonaparte. "My father-in-law," she used to write to Madame Campan,

"is a comet of which we are but the tail; we must follow him without inquiring whither he is going. But tell me, is it for our happiness or for our misfortune?" This, however, was but the morning twilight of that imperial splendor which afterward dazzled the most powerful potentates of Europe, and Hortense, with a kind of prescience, seemed to forebode the evils that were yet in store for her, for few persons have ever journeyed along the path of life under a darker cloud than that which ever overshadowed the footsteps of the beautiful and universally admired Hortense. One day, at Malmaison, Hortense had not come down to dinner. Josephine went up herself to her room for her, and found her busy at her drawings. Angry at this indifference to the habits of the First Consul, who could not bear to be kept waiting, she asked her "if she expected to get her bread as an artist?" "In the times in which we live," gravely responded the young damsel, "it is quite possible that I shall be obliged to do so, mamma."

When the General became First Consul he installed himself in the Luxemburg, but the palace of the Medicis was only his political residence, and desirous of having a country home to which he could retreat when weary of the parade, and trappings, and tinsel of his public life, he had written to Josephine, before embarking for Egypt, to secure a country residence for his return. Ten miles from Paris, and about five from Versailles, there was a beautiful chateau, most charmingly situated, called Malmaison. It had received this name, "Mala Domus," from having once been the home of Norman adventurers who, on account of their cruelties, had been cursed by the people. But since that time it had been exorcised, and sanctified as a monastery, and finally had been turned into a country house. Josephine purchased this estate, and here Napoleon's leisure hours were spent. The circle assembled around them at this beautiful place was a happy one. The dignified silence and severe etiquette which became afterward the law at the imperial palaces of St. Cloud and the Tuileries were there unknown. It was at that time not an uncommon thing to play at "prisoner's base," a game well known to school children, and in this game of the mimicry of war Napoleon greatly delighted to take part; and kings, queens, and princes of the blood royal, as well as the most distinguished gentlemen and ladies of France, often mirthfully and actively engaged in this sport in entire abandonment to the frolic of the hour. The game would be followed by a collation, and in the evening they had family theatricals, in

which, being a favorite amusement of Hortense, she took an active part in the performances, and was among the most successful.

The first proposal of a marriage with Hortense by Napoleon to Louis—which if it did not originate, as some say, with Josephine, was at least warmly advocated by her—was in July, 1800, shortly after the return of the First Consul from the campaign, one of the conflicts of which was the battle of Marengo. He then gave it a decided negative. Not long after it was renewed, with no better success, and to escape from their importunity, Louis made a tour of several months in Germany. Josephine, however, had set her heart on accomplishing this alliance, for she hoped by it to make certain of her own position as Empress.

In October, 1801, not at all discouraged by the two previous refusals to comply with her proposals, she made a fresh assault on Louis. One evening, during a ball at Malmaison, where the family were all assembled, Josephine took him aside; Napoleon joined the conference, and, after a long conversation, to use the language of Louis himself, "they made him give his consent;" and on the 4th of January, 1802, the contract, the civil marriage, and the religious ceremony, took place at the private residence of the First Consul in Paris. Louis was then a handsome young man of twenty-four. Hortense, a blooming girl of eighteen, had just then left the celebrated boarding-school of Madame Compan, and was quite as averse to the marriage as was Louis himself. Rumor said that a mutual attachment subsisted between Hortense and the handsome Duroc, who served on Napoleon's staff, and was a great favorite with his imperious master. Louis, too, had suffered himself to be captivated by a young lady he had met with at his sister's school. When only in his nineteenth year, and while his ambitious brother was achieving those brilliant victories which paved his way to the throne of France, he had been sent from Italy with dispatches to the Directory at Paris. It was then (1796) he met with Stephanie de Beauharnais, a niece of Josephine's, to whom, at the time of the proposal to wed Hortense, he was greatly attached, and rumor said formally betrothed.

Napoleon, informed of this circumstance by an old friend, who feared that a marriage with a Royalist house might prove injurious to the interests of the Republican General, determined that it should not be. Louis was, therefore, hastily removed from Paris on a pretended commission to Lyons, and Napoleon, with his strong arm and inflexible will, broke off the connection. Neither this absence, nor the subsequent cam-

paign in Egypt, could remove the impression made on the young man's heart; and the young lady, who it seems could easily transfer her affections, having been shortly after his departure married to the Duke of Baden, his frustrated passion resulted, in a character naturally pensive and affectionate, in a settled melancholy, from which he never emerged. The entire subsequent conduct of Louis to his brother was a silent reproach for that one act of fraternal cruelty; and Napoleon, conscious of the wound he had inflicted, and the wrong he had done, tried to atone for it by the peculiar kindness with which he ever afterward treated his gentle and sensitive brother. There was, therefore, as much kindness and affection as there was of state policy in endeavoring to bring about this marriage. Bonaparte was particularly attached to both parties, and when he sought to unite them it was that they might participate together in the brilliant future which he already in his mind destined for them.

Hortense, whom Napoleon loved with a truly paternal affection, was at this time eighteen years of age, and, according to Madame Junot, in the full perfection of beauty—fresh as a rose and fair as a lily, with a profusion of light hair, which played in silken locks around her soft blue eyes, and the delicate roundness of her sylph-like figure was set off by the elegant carriage of her head. But that which formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners, which charmed every one. But merry and thoughtless, in her reckless gaiety she often perpetrated practical jokes, never once considering what mischief is often done by them: although represented as gentle and amiable, it was certainly a defect in her character that she could find pleasure in this mischievous and dangerous kind of torment. One has said that "it is not improbable that this trait of character, which appears so excusable in a mirthful, sport-loving girl of fifteen, was the cause of that incessant train of sorrows which subsequently imbibited her whole life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON the day of his ordination, Whitefield wrote: "I hope the good of souls will be my only principle of action. I call heaven and earth to witness that when the bishop laid his hands upon me I gave myself up like a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me." What a sublime, yet simple sentence! His entire future life was summed up in that single sentence.

## "HOAR-FROST LILIES."

THE white lace curtains are looped aside  
 In many a graceful fold,  
 From bright plate windows, that scarce are dimmed,  
 Tho' the night wind bloweth cold ;  
 A few fern leaves in white tracing faint  
 Are etched upon the pane,  
 As if frost fairies had worked awhile,  
 Then left to return again,

When fire that glowed on the ample hearth  
 Burned low. For the artists fair  
 Could never finish the full-blown flowers,  
 Nor work in the fire's red glare.  
 In Summer heat of the lighted room  
 No lilies will bloom to-night ;  
 But just anear, on a frosted pane,  
 They're opening so full and white.

So still that room you can hear the sound  
 As the hoar-frost lilies grow ;  
 The calyx is rended that binds the flower  
 Of Summer with sound as low.  
 The hoar-frost snaps in the window pane,  
 The fairies can work I ween,  
 No Summer glow of a Christmas fire  
 On the widow's hearth is seen.

She does not linger to watch the pane,  
 "Consid'ring" the lilies fair ;  
 Almost forgotten that once loved text  
 That telleth of God's sweet care,  
 To clothe "the lilies of Summer-time ;  
 And yet might the sad eyes trace  
 The love of the Father in these faint lines,  
 As well as in light and grace.

Of Summer blooms I have thought all day,  
 And turned with a yearning heart  
 Toward the toiler there in her lonely room ;  
 She's sitting so far apart  
 From all sweet sounds of the Christmas eve ;  
 O, children, you give and take !  
 Your palms are full of small gifts to-night,  
 All given for Christ's dear sake !

I'm glad to-night at the children's gifts,  
 From knowing they read aright,  
 The meaning hid in the smallest one ;  
 We have sought in them to type  
 The Father's gift of the Well Beloved.  
 O, Savior, we fain would hear,  
 Thro' sound of gladness and music sweet,  
 The fall of thy footsteps near !

Above all voices we love so well,  
 We list for thy low, sweet tone,  
 That calleth us out from warmth and light,  
 "To minister" to thine own.  
 The children are busy, they dream no more,  
 They never before had thought,  
 While watching the etching upon the pane,  
 How clearly such flowers are wrought.

On many a window on Christmas night  
 I follow the hands with prayers ;

I note how gladly each little one  
 The best of its treasure bears ;  
 I think it right that each tiny heart  
 Should learn of itself to know  
 The joy of giving. They do not shrink,  
 These feet that are taught to go

Thus early out at the Savior's call,  
 And I am alone to pray,  
 That "line upon line" o'er the young hearts  
 May be written day by day.

That the master-chord in the birthnight hymn  
 May run thro' their song of life ;  
 "Good-will" to men from the silver chords  
 Sound clear o'er earth's din and strife.

## QUEENS.

THE world hath queens ; some decked in gems,  
 Whose fair brows, crowned with diadems,  
 Rise over empire with a sway  
 Like Luna's mild and gentle ray.

The halls of fashion and of mirth  
 Have queens of wealth, and queens of birth ;  
 The saloons where the cultured sit  
 Have queens of intellect and wit,  
 And many a high or lowly place  
 Boasts queens of beauty and of grace.

All these my homage passeth by,  
 Lightly, though oft admiringly ;  
 And hurries on with eager feet,  
 To bow it at a shrine more meet ;  
 It passeth graces, beauties, wits,  
 To where the meek *home mother* sits,  
 And offers, as the growth of years,  
 The flower of love bedewed with tears !

Her head is crowned with many a care,  
 That turns to gray her shining hair ;  
 Her hands know well what labor is ;  
 Versed in all gentle ministries.  
 Good works have hung their jewels there,  
 Such as the holy angels wear.

Her heart hath known both joy and grief,  
 Sunshine and shadow, pain, relief ;  
 And ever at its inner gate  
 Two angel wardens smile and wait ;  
 Sweet Love and meek-eyed Patience aye  
 The gentle mother's heart obey !

O, mother, hastening from our sight  
 To the more kindred world of light !  
 Thine eyes grown dim, O, mother, sweet,  
 In patient watch of wayward feet,  
 Thy hands grown weak with laboring long,  
 While love than death grows still more strong,

At thought of thee, what tears arise  
 To manhood's and to woman's eyes !  
 Thy children's hearts shall own thy sway,  
 Unto their life's remotest day,  
 Sweet counselor by many a heart,  
 O, mother, queen of all the earth !

## CHRIST AT NAZARETH.

**H**OWEVER early the remarkable instance of public fickleness at Nazareth occurred, our Lord had already become famous. In the synagogues of Galilee he was glorified of all. The fame of him was throughout all the region. He told the Nazarenes that even their hostility would take the form of indignation because he did not in his own country such deeds as they had heard of from Capernaum. We may, to a great extent, regard this narrative as an example of the treatment often received still by a popular and successful messenger of God.

Christ's first words won the hearers' deep attention and gratified their religious sensibilities. If we may suppose that Luke records all our Savior's text, there is a certain significance in the words at which he paused—"To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord . . . and the day of vengeance of our God." He stops in middle of the verse; by and by his mission would be to threaten as well as to invite; but not yet, for until they show the hardness of their hearts, he will show nothing but the tenderness of his.

The words he takes are from the heart of Isaiah's Messianic prophecy, and his assertion that "they are this day fulfilled," is an implied claim to be regarded as the Christ. That claim is admitted, or at least not rejected. His reference to the relief of poverty, sorrow, and blindness falls not upon unfeeling hearts; they bear him witness, and wonder at his gracious words.

And so the great difficulty in our own day is not in finding the way to men's sensibilities; the wonder is rather that such coarse and blundering appeals as we often hear meet with so ready a response. The heart of a crowd is always touched more easily than that of a single hearer; and if one is content to dwell upon the sweetness of Christ's character, the grace of Christ's work, the love which receives the worst and vilest, there will be a certain melting of men's affections, a certain moistness in women's eyes, nearly as genuine, very nearly as lasting and valuable, as that which the last novel managed to produce.

Especially if one has already a great name, crowds will gather, the eyes of all will be fixed upon him, men will almost seem consciously to offer him their emotions as instruments upon which to make the best music he can; and if the result answer to their hopes, they will too gladly depart with the notion that he has done a deep and practical work, and that they have enjoyed much of the pleasure of true religion.

Such hearers have always a dash of the critical mingled in their admiration. Instead of setting themselves to do the things he teaches, instead of being hushed and awed by any practical application of his words, they praise him; "bear him witness," when they should obey; and "wonder at the gracious words," which were intended for some other use than to provoke astonishment. This idle admiration is one of the greediest fowls which take away good seed out of the heart. It seems very harmless, even very laudable, to talk loudly about the last new glimpse of divine truth and love; but in fact the clamor is too often as the blowing away of steam, which, had it been compressed and saved, would have impelled ponderous machinery. The more whistling and vapor, the less work.

To patronize a teacher of righteousness, and confer our approbation as a condescending act of goodness, is surely ruinous to his real influence. Yet there seems a tendency toward this impertinence in the Nazarene admirers of our Lord. They said, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" not, perhaps, as a difficulty which barred his claim, but as a remarkable fact. There are people still who go about from one lay preacher to another, and the chief impression made upon them seems to be summed up in the remark, "And then, you must remember, he has scarcely had any advantages."

Jesus Christ was not likely to content himself with any such slight and superficial impression upon his hearers' minds. He meets the difficulty as it ought to be met still, by pressing home other truths, less luxurious, more searching and unpleasant. He begins to tell them of a special danger that beset them, of a disappointment they were to suffer, of privileges in which they claimed a monopoly, but which were in truth to be shared by men whom they despised.

The danger was that of familiarity. "No prophet is accepted in his own country." This is not a law of Providence, or Christ would not have sought to break it by preaching there; it is a matter of general experience. One has not full weight among people whose respect has been blunted by years of familiar intercourse. The brethren of Jesus knew him far too well to suspect him of imposture, and yet for a good while they did not believe in his claim, and could frame no theory for his conduct except that he was mad.

This is one reason of what has pained and scandalized some—the frequency with which children of faithful parents, and especially of ministers, have broken away from the restraints



of religion. If there be any tinge of asceticism, of morbidness, of sternness or weakness in their father's piety, to prevent it from attracting or from controlling their hearts, their familiarity begins to breed contempt, and what people think to be their advantages, become very serious

stumbling-blocks instead. The same remark holds good of all who have long sat under a searching ministry and resisted its influence. The well-known person of the teacher, his habits, his individualities, seem to bring him down to the common level; and his truth suffers with



CHRIST AT NAZARETH.

himself. Nothing but real faith and genuine love can resist this subtle influence stealing slowly and silently upon the soul, and yet lulling it into so deep a slumber.

The disappointment was to their curiosity. They were looking for miracles; whatever was

done at Capernaum should be done there also. Now the end which miracles work toward was already accomplished when they "bare him witness;" and therefore they had no such claim upon him as the strangers had, and the wonders which they regarded more as strange phenom-

ena to enjoy, than as signs to profit by, were justly and properly withheld.

Does it never happen in what are called revival times, when the breath of the Spirit is heard going far and wide over the nations, when the arrows of the Lord are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies, and the profane and ungodly are turning to their Savior in multitudes, that the well-instructed professor begins to look for some convulsion in *his* heart, or at least in his vicinity, also; and if it does not come, thinks himself robbed of a privilege, and treated with less than justice? But what could the wind, the earthquake, and the fire do for such a one, which the still small voice has not already done? The sinful may be stopped—*he* has been arrested long ago. The doubter may be impressed—*he* is not a skeptic, nor yet heedless. All that emotion ever effects is to lead one up to the point where his own free spirit may accept or reject God—a point to which our regular worshipers have long since, for good or evil, been more softly and easily conducted. The wind blows over them, and stirs not the level surface of their lives; even as the miracles, for which Nazareth sighed, were not given to the town which had known our Lord from childhood, seen his grace of life, and been penetrated by his gracious words.

He also declared against their claim of a Jewish monopoly of grace, reminding them, even from Old Testament sources, of the Syrian and the Sidonian who were relieved, while Hebrew lepers and widows languished on in disease and want. That was too heavy a strain upon the patience so severely taxed before, and a common impulse urged them to murder him upon whose words they lately hung entranced. So did their compatriots give audience unto Paul, until he spoke of being sent to the Gentiles; then they cried out, "Away with such a fellow from the earth." And it is still the common impulse of every creed and party to deny salvation to all who will not speak their dialect and adopt their customs, as well as believe in their Christ. We know the intolerance of Rome; but we sometimes forget that Hooker was persecuted for hoping that some Romanists might be saved. The most rigorous sectarians often call each other very ugly names; and few of us bear fully in mind the difference between holding to a party and holding the Head. When shall we come back to the large-hearted catholicity of Him who said, "Grace be with all those who love our Lord Jesus in incorruptibility" (sincerity)? Not until the honor of our Savior is dearer to us than the honor of his instruments below; not until we learn to

think more of what is done for him than of the means; not until we yearn for his glory so ardently and purely as to rejoice in every beam of his splendor, although it should light up the face of one whom we had not learned to call our brother.

It is wrong to despise organizations and systems; but it is an equal mistake to put them in the place of what they exist for. The Jews had much advantage, and circumcision had much profit every way; and yet they had no exclusive claim to the blessings which Messiah brought. One who neglects the evidence of humility, faith, self-denial, and zeal, because they do not exist in the same communion with himself, ought to maintain that vines in the open air are no vines, because a hot-house is their most fitting place. You can very consistently admit their reality, without ceasing to value the heat which develops them most fully.

But the whole narrative suggests another warning. The Nazarenes revolted against the teaching of Christ, not because his new quotations were less true than his old one, but because they were less pleasant.

Nothing can make one safe against such revolt but a sincere desire to understand all the mind of the Lord; to submit prejudice, selfish exclusiveness, old predilections, to that one inevitably righteous test, and accept his will with a child's unquestioning trust. We want more obedience to truth as truth, or rather as the decision of infinite wisdom, tenderness, and power. Their opposition did not snatch away the Gentiles' share of privilege, but it did forfeit their own.

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THE FIRST NATIVE MINISTER  
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN  
INDIA

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HOW often is the weakness and cowardice of worldly policy exposed by emergency—when men without the fear of God stand face to face with danger or with death! They are at their wits' end, having only worldly wisdom to guide and worldly power to protect them; and these failing them, they stand exposed to the terrors of the situation "without hope and without God in the world." How different is it with those who trust in God—they may be feeble and even ignorant, as compared to many of the other class, perhaps without friends or connections to sustain them—and yet in the same emergencies which confuse and dismay the men of this world, they rise superior to them, and have a confidence and a moral courage to which they thus are strangers, thus

developing the divinity of their religion and its power to sustain and inspire them in any responsibilities through which Providence leads their way.

The great Rebellion of 1857-8 in India illustrated this truth, and showed the value of our holy faith in many a bright and beautiful instance, while it gave equal opportunity to expose the hollowness and heartlessness of nominal Christians from whom better things had been expected.

For instance, in the first panic caused by the news which reached England in July, 1857, informing all classes of the terrible events which had taken place on the 31st of May, and that British supremacy seemed to hang in the balance, an editor in London well acquainted with the East, and from whose military character, if nothing more, utterances of another sort would have been consistent—this man, the editor of "*The United Service Magazine*," writing for the naval and military forces of England, in his leading article for his August number, was so carried away by his fears, and by false and godless theories, that he deliberately proposed to sacrifice the claims of his faith and the moral hopes of India, and surrender all to heathenism at the first blow, and without a struggle, in language which his descendants can never peruse without a blush for the cowardly "Christian" who wrote it. Speaking of the measures to be henceforth employed in India for the pacification of the country and the retention of British supremacy, he says: "*Missionaries must be sent away about their business, and the practice of attempting conversions be put immediate stop to.* If a black individual express a sincere desire to become a Christian, by all means let his wishes be instantly attended to by the ministers of the Gospel [the Episcopal chaplains of the troops and civilians]. By the substitution of this arrangement we are certain that there would be no material diminution of the number of real converts per annum, for at present the interior of a Cremorne omnibus would afford them ample accommodation." (No. for August, 1857, p. 480.)

In that "omnibus" I would have claimed at least three seats—one each for Joel and Emma, and one for Peggy, Emma's mother, and would have felt satisfied, as I handed them in, that the youngest and weakest of their number had a courage and constancy for Jesus and his cause which might well put to shame—as it will yet in the presence of "the worthy Judge eternal"—the cowardice and sarcasm of this burly Briton, who thus dares to offset the policy and claims of The East India Company against the present

and final salvation of two hundred millions of benighted men.

I am thankful that this unworthy and wicked utterance expressed the feelings of a very small fraction of English society—smaller to-day than ever, and "growing beautifully less"—while the "Company," whose policy and ancient practices it pronounced, within twelve months of the day when these words were printed, was forever extinguished, as a governing body, by the Parliament of England, which resolved to sustain British Christianity, while they vindicated British supremacy, in India. The clique who could thus insult God and his ministers, and wish to hinder the conversion of India's millions, were regarded as henceforth unworthy to administer the political affairs of that great empire; and this very utterance was the knell of their doom, as well as of the Sepoy power to which they so basely truckled, and on which they so vainly and madly leaned for support.

In the presence of this unworthy concession to heathenism and the devil, how honorable and courageous was the quiet fidelity to Christ and his Church evinced by the faithful minister whose picture illustrates this article, as well as by the members of his family, in a day, too, that tried men's souls, and when the bare profession of the Christian name exposed them to outrage and to death!

"Joel" was the gift to me of our American Presbyterian brethren at Allahabad. When passing through that city on my way to Oude and Rohilcund in the beginning of 1857, I felt the necessity of obtaining the assistance of some native young man who understood a little English, and by whose aid I might do something while awaiting the arrival of my brethren from America.

Joel had been taken when an orphan boy by the missionaries, and by them was educated and trained. He was then about twenty-two years of age, married to Emma, a lovely, gentle girl, four years younger than her husband. They had one little babe, and lived with Emma's widowed mother, a good Christian woman called "Peggy," who doted upon her daughter, all the more, I suppose, because she was so fair and delicate. I remember them distinctly, because they were the first Christianized Hindoo household beneath whose roof I had yet sat down, and they seemed such a happy family. Joel had then gained so much of the English language that, by speaking slowly and using simple words, I could make him understand me with tolerable clearness. He seemed just the kind of native assistant I needed if I could but obtain him. But I was going more than three hundred miles

farther into an unexplored region, in the heart of the country, and where all was new and untried. The proposition to take him away from the friends of his youth, and from Christian services, among utter strangers and heathens, did seem rather trying, particularly in view of the general native timidity to go far from home—for that distance, and into another kingdom, seems to them almost equal to changing their nationality.

The case was laid before God, and his direction sought. It was then intimated to Joel himself, and, to my encouragement, he said he would be willing, but that he did not know how Emma would feel about it, or—which seemed to him a greater difficulty—what Emma's mother would say to the proposal. I feared that the mother's objection would be insuperable. However, I sent Joel to consult Emma first, and the faithful, brave little wife at once consented to go where he would go. Then came the test on which all depended for success. I resolved to accompany Joel to Peggy's residence to be present when the proposal was made through brother Owen, interpreting for me.

When we entered her humble home and sat down she greeted us with her sweet smile, and there was a pause. Joel looked at me and I at him, but for a few minutes I could not begin. The lonely widow would be so much more lonely when the dutiful and affectionate daughter, who sat there, would be far away—this with the possibility that she should see her no more, and that the sacrifice was almost too much to ask, seeming as it did, in some humble sense, to rank with the class of self-sacrifices which required him of old to take his son, "thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest," to give them up to duty and to God—the hesitation to speak was embarrassing, but it had to be done; so, with an anxious heart and some serious doubts, I began and told her, through brother Owen, where I was going; that I had no aid of any kind with which to begin God's work in the great valley of the Ganges, and what a treasure and help some suitable young man would be to me, enabling me to speak to the people at once about Christ, and aiding me to gain the language, and assisting in every way. Then, her attention and interest being fixed, I ventured to make the proposal which was to lacerate her feelings and to try her faith; and I said to her, "Joel is my choice; I have met no one who can help me as he can; he is



JOEL.

willing to go with me, and so is Emma, if you can only give your consent."

Woman has made many and great sacrifices for the Lord Jesus, and largely by such sacrifices has the cause of truth and purity been advanced among men. Since holy Simeon said to the mother of the Lord's Christ, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul, also," how many mothers, especially in resigning their children for the service of God at home or in distant lands, or those again in parting with their little ones that they might go there or stay there—how many such in these Christian sacrifices have felt this anguish pierce their maternal sympathies when, as true followers of the Divine Father, "who spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all," they have surrendered their loved ones to

the Lord's work, enduring their pungent sorrow, and trying to say, "My Savior, I do this for thee!"

Compared with such offerings, how poor and small, and easily parted with, were the sacrifices of Jewish saints! They had only to surrender their corn, or wine, or oil, the best of their barn-yard or their flocks, or a money equivalent for their first-born. None of these—save in such a case as Hannah's—went deeper than the purse. They were only property; they left the heart unscathed; they cost no tears, and inflicted no anguish. But it is different with Christian saints, who follow a self-denying Savior, and who for his dear sake are willing to bear this peculiar cross. They know that "if they suffer with Him they shall also reign with him," and would dread the doom of those of whom it is said, "If we deny him," by withholding what he requires, "he also will deny us." How amply compensated will such mothers feel when in the presence of Him for whom they made these sacrifices, they shall see the sons or daughters whom they resigned to the work of God, after having turned many to righteousness, "shining as the stars forever and ever!"

A spark of this Christ-like grace in the soul of a humble woman, once a heathen, can produce the same blessed spirit of self-sacrifice as that which animates the breasts of the most cultured ladies of Christendom, while her prompt and noble reply puts to the blush the selfishness of some mothers in this land who have dared to stand between their children and convictions of duty to God and a dying world.

When the painful question was presented to "Peggy," after a momentary natural struggle, showing how conscious she was of the sacrifice required of her, she answered me with tears—and I would write the poor widow's words in letters of gold if I could: "SAHIB, THE SAVIOR CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN TO GIVE HIMSELF FOR ME, AND WHY SHOULD NOT I GIVE MY DAUGHTER TO HIS WORK?"

It is a pleasure to introduce here the likeness, also from a photograph, of the devoted woman whose words I have quoted, and whose conduct so encouraged my heart that day.

Joel and Emma and their babe accompanied me to Rohilcund. As we were starting, the good missionaries by whom he had been educated, and who appreciated the gift they were conferring, playfully intimated that Joel had been trained a Presbyterian, knew the Westminster Catechism, and was sound on the Five Points of Calvinism, and that they would naturally expect him to continue in the faith, even though he was going with a Methodist mission-

ary! In reply, I told them that I was more concerned for his religious welfare than for his special theological opinions—a clear conversion was of more moment to me than a creed; but that his views I would not, under the circumstances, interfere with in any way. Nor did I ever do so. I felt assured these things would regulate themselves thereafter.

On our arrival at Bareilly I commenced a little class-meeting, but soon found that Joel did not seem quite at home, and had but little to say in the exercise. So I drew him into private conversation, explained what we meant by the witness of the Holy Spirit, and put into his hands the "*Memoir of William Carvosso*," telling him that it was composed in very easy English, and was regarded by us as one of the best books ever written to illustrate the faith that saves, advising him to read it through twice, and then tell me what he thought of it. He did so; but before he finished the second reading told me there was something described there which he had not experienced. He had feared God from his youth, respected the Christian religion, attended the means of grace, was moral and upright, and would stand up for Christ and advocate his cause, but to say that he knew God as his reconciled Father was what he had never been able to profess. He now saw its necessity, and began to seek it with all earnestness. Before long he found it, and was enabled to testify that the "Spirit witnessed with his spirit that he was a child of God." Of course the class-meeting was now appreciated, and from that hour to the present firm and faithful has been the character which he has borne among his brethren. Called by God to preach his Gospel, he has done so in its own spirit. I have often seen him antagonized by bitter-minded Brahmans and Moonshes, using harsh and vexatious language toward him and his cause, but never ruffled or thrown off his guard. "The meekness and gentleness of Christ" has been his protection on these occasions, while with his Bible in his hand—just as represented in the picture—he is ready for all comers; and in the battles of the Lord with the enemies of the truth he has never turned his back or sounded a retreat—"a good soldier of Jesus Christ" truly.

As to his Calvinism, Joel had read Watson on General Redemption, and sustained his Conference examination upon the theme, and when Bishop Thomson laid his hand upon his head he ordained a true preacher of the Gospel, who believed as cordially as did the Bishop himself that the Lord Jesus, in the same sense and with the same intention, died for every human being.

His fidelity and his progress must be an occasion of gratitude to those who gave him his early training, and toward whom he will ever entertain the gratitude that is justly due.

Three months after our arrival in Bareilly symptoms of the revolt, which soon after became so general and bloody, began to be developed. How little we then imagined its extent or character! Mutinies of a temporary nature, and easily suppressed, had occurred with the Sepoy troops in different places during the preceding fifty years. Whether the troubles we anticipated were going to be like those, or graver, no one could imagine when the alarms commenced. Some hoped, others feared the worst. Under these circumstances, as will be elsewhere shown, we were requested by the military authorities to leave Bareilly for a time, as they deemed it necessary, under instructions from Government, to remove out of the way of immediate danger the ladies, and children, and residents of the station, and to have none there to face the troubles, when they came, save the gentlemen of the civil service and military officers of the Sepoy regiments.

Mrs. B. and myself were very unwilling to yield obedience to this requirement, and it was not until the (English) commanding officer sent his adjutant, and, on our declining to leave, came himself and urged our going, if only for a short time, till he saw whether matters were to quiet down or not, that we consented to leave our work. I told Joel, and asked his advice what had better be done. He thought it safest that we should go, say for three or four weeks, to Nynce Tal, and if all remained quiet we could then return. Meanwhile he promised to sustain our humble services and keep every thing in order. How little he or I then imagined that he himself, or any native Christian, would be in peril, or that before we again stood together on that spot events would transpire around him that would fill the civilized world with horror!

Quietly, and under cover of the night, we left Bareilly, leaving the keys of our house and all



“PEGGY.”

things in Joel's charge, and after a wonderful experience reached Nynce Tal. For more than ten days all moved on as usual; the mails came and went; Joel wrote and kept me informed how matters progressed, till, seeing no further sign of danger, some of our party became impatient, asking ourselves why did we leave at all, and even proposing to return to Bareilly. It was, however, only the lull before the storm. Joel sustained the services. He preached—for he had already begun to take a text—the very morning of the mutiny, May 31st, from the words, “Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom,” when, in the midst of his closing prayer, the guns opened fire, and the slaughter of the Europeans commenced! When they were dispatched—those of them who could not escape—

the Sepoys remembered there were a few native Christians, and they eagerly sought them out, resolved not to leave a single representative of the religion of Jesus in Bareilly when the sun of that day should set. Their full purpose thus became apparent, and God alone could prevent them from fully consummating it.

We had in all six Christians, of whom two or three were then regarded as converted, the rest were seekers; but all were equally exposed to the dreadful rage which that noon burst so unexpectedly upon them. In the cloud of darkness and terror which settled over them, they were at once hidden from my view. Where they were, or whether alive or dead, I could not find out. Those Europeans who escaped and joined us could tell me nothing at all about them, though I anxiously questioned all who might by any possibility know. I also succeeded in bribing two natives who remained faithful to us, and came up with the ladies, to venture down and seek for Joel and the rest, promising a large reward for any intelligence of him or them; but the messengers did not return to us, and we were left to suppose that they—our Christians—were nowhere to be found in or around Bareilly. Of the death of any of them we received no information, so we kept on hoping that heathen rage had confined itself to the Europeans, and that the others, though scattered, were uninjured. How little we knew what they had suffered!

As soon as any communication was established between Calcutta and the Upper Provinces, on the south side of the Ganges—for all north of that river was still held by the Sepoys—I sent off letters to every place to which I thought it likely Joel could have escaped. He also was trying to reach me by letters, but could not. One of my communications at last found him, as I hoped, in Allahabad, and, in response to my request, he gave me a narrative of what befell him and the rest on that dreadful day. All his statements we afterward confirmed together on the spot in every particular.

Instead of giving the facts myself, I prefer to present his deeply interesting letter, assured that the reader will kindly excuse its occasional imperfect English and Hindoostanee idioms. I will render some words in a few places when it is necessary to give his meaning. I had told him that we had heard of the arrival at Calcutta of the first party of our missionaries, and that if he were outside the circle of danger and at Allahabad, and could communicate with Calcutta, to try and have them come where he was, as the seat of the North-West Government had been fixed at Allahabad, and all was safe there;

also, that I felt assured, as the armies were rapidly breaking up the Sepoy forces, we at Nynce Tal, who were still preserved, though besieged, would soon be relieved, and our mission be once more established at Bareilly. I tried to cheer him, and sustain his faith in God. My letter took twelve days to reach him, having to go out through the mountains behind us, and then along their crest till it could reach the Ganges, and get beyond the range of the rebels in Rohilcund. In reply he writes:

“ALLAHABAD, February 4, 1858.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Your long-expected letter dated the 18th January reached me on the 1st inst. Though the interval is very long, still it was a source of very great consolation to me. It has given fresh vigor and courage. I became happy, exceedingly happy, from its perusal. And nothing could exceed my joy then to hear of the safety and welfare of self and Mrs. Butler, and the little bachchas [children]; increased more by the joyous news that another precious little darling [our daughter Julia, born after our flight] has been added to the number of the family, for which I must congratulate you. You ask in your letter why I did not write to you? True, I knew you were in Nynce Tal. But I could see no way of safety for months and months. I could not know whether communication with Nynce Tal was open or not. The whole country was in such a dreadful disorder I was conscious that it would never reach you; but the moment that I was assured communication was open, and my letter would fall in your hands, I immediately addressed you two letters in succession, but I am sorry to see it did not reach you. According to your request, I sit down with the greatest pleasure to give you an account of how I escaped. It was on the memorable 31st of May, on Sunday, that the mutiny of the Bareilly troops took place. I was busy with prayers with the other Christians, after a sermon on ‘Fear not, little flock,’ etc., and, about the middle of the closing prayer, I was informed of the outbreak. I instantly closed, and began to look out for the safety of my wife and child. The Chowkadar [watchman] aided me in getting the Christian women concealed. I then returned to the Bungalow [my residence]. By this time it was partly looted and in flames. Seeing it on fire I threw down the keys, thinking no use to keep keys now [a very innocent and just conclusion of poor Joel’s]. Palwausing and Isaac [two of the native Christians] disguised themselves as gardeners. I went to see if the women were safe, and returned, when I saw Tuggu and another man attacking Isaac

with a tulwar to rob him. Palwausing signaled me not to come near, as Tuggu had just said they were searching for me to kill me. They went off, and I came forward, and then I saw Maria coming, running through the trees, but before any of us could reach her a Sowar [mounted Sepoy] caught sight of her and turned, and with his tulwar he struck her head off.

"Seeing all was over, Isaac fled toward Budoon. I heard he was killed on the road. How providential that Emma was a brand plucked out from burning, for in the house where she was going afterward to hide herself a good many Europeans were concealed, and not long after the house was burned by the Sowars, when, with a few exceptions—who were afterward killed—all perished. Emma escaped; your Dhobin [washerwoman] caught her hand as she was entering, and said, 'You must not go in there.' Again, as Emma was sitting with these women, disguised as one of them, she was remarked by a Sepoy to be a Christian woman, [her bright intelligent face might well betray her,] and here again the Dhobin's intercession saved her. [This faithful creature also buried Maria's body under the rose hedge. I had the gratification afterward of meeting her on the spot, and rewarding her for the humanity she showed our Christian people.] As soon as it was dark I went to the store-room, where I had, on the first alarm, hidden my Bible, and money, and clothes under the charcoal, but they were all gone. So we started on foot, and, not knowing where to go, directed our steps toward Allahabad. The Chowkadar came with us. We did not arrive here till after various wanderings and troubles, tasting the bitterness of death as it were at every step—night and day walking—with my wife, who before could not rough it for half a mile, [she was delicate and weak,] doing some twenty-four or twenty-six miles a day, suffering the pangs of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and pressed with dangers and difficulties, in perils often; Budmashes [thieves and ruffians] scattered every place. I carried the child, but after the first twelve miles Emma gave out, said she could go no further, so we had to stop and rest her, resuming our walk at three o'clock in the morning, and going on till nine. Fearing the Budmashes, we left the road and took side paths, which brought us to a village. We had nothing to eat since Sunday morning, but could get nothing there except parched gram [pulse used for horses]. Eat a little and pushed on again.

"By this time Emma's poor feet gave out with soreness, so we bound them up with soft rags to make it easier to walk. We reached

Mohumdee, which was infested, and were soon surrounded, but the Hindoo Jamedar [police officer] rescued us out of their hands, and asked who we were. I told him, 'give food and shelter, for we are strangers, and I will tell you who we are and where going.' He did, and then asked, 'Are you Hindoos or Mohammedans?' I said, 'Neither, we are Christians.' He advised us not to stop there, but to push on at once. We did, and on nearing Shajehanpore I saw a Hindoo that I knew—took him aside and asked him if any Europeans in S. The man said, 'Not one; all killed.' So we turned off and made for Seetapore. Seeing a man watering fields I asked him if any Sahib logs [white gentlemen] at Seetapore. He said he 'had heard that they were all killed or gone.' We entered and passed through, and rested under a tamarind-tree beyond. Two Hindoos came by, and told of their own accord how the Sahibs were killed there, and added, 'We are hunting for a native Christian.' I asked why they should search for him. They replied, 'He has defiled himself by eating with Christians.' I said, 'Nothing that a man eats can defile him.' Then they asked, 'Who are you?' The Chowkadar was afraid, and tried to put off the question. But I replied, 'I am a Christian.' They were not pleased, but went on. Soon meeting with two other men they pointed back to our party. For fear of mischief we rose and went on our way, and escaped them. My crying toward God was, 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the people of the Almighty!' At length we reached Lucknow, which had not yet fallen, and there saw Sir Henry Lawrence and other Englishmen. One of them asked me all about Bareilly. After resting we went on toward Allahabad. In two days reached Cawnpore; stopped on the east bank of the Ganges to find out what was the state of C. Found it surrounded on all sides by the rebels under Nana Sahib, and the bridge guarded by two cannon. So we kept on the east bank two days' journey more, till we saw a boat, and the man took us over for a rupee.

"Nearing Futtehpoore we met crowds of people hurrying away, and asked, 'What is the matter?' They said, 'O, the English are coming and sweeping all before them!' They were in great terror, but we rejoiced now, though we did not tell them so. Not fearing the English, we went on through the flying crowd to meet them. Just then came to the Ten Commandments and Mr. Tucker's house at F. [Mr. T. was a noble Christian—a magistrate—who had had the Com-



mandments cut on two large stone slabs in the native language, and set up by the road side near his gate, that all persons passing by might read them. They were very large and prominent.] I stood and read them to our party, then went into Mr. T.'s fine house and took possession, for all was empty. Mr. T. was killed the day of the mutiny. Found good mangoes in the garden and eat them. Started next morning. The villages were deserted. In the evening we lay down in a serai all alone, and slept comfortably, knowing the English must be near. Next morning we were overjoyed to see a white man's face—a man with a party repairing the telegraph. We told him all, and he told us about Allahabad, and that Mr. Owen and all were in the fort there.

"We soon met the army; they did us no harm; my health and spirits revived; we slept near them that night. It was either Neil or Havelock, [it was probably General Neil, with the vanguard of Havelock's force.] Reached Allahabad next day, so happy to find my friends again. God had heard and saved us, though we had been robbed of every thing except a single covering for our bodies; yet here we are at last, joined to our people once more. Thanked and praised be God's holy name who not only supported and gave us strength, but enabled us to endure all the changes of nature, and safely brought us thus far; and now additional joy has been afforded us by the receipt of your letter, to find you all in health and comfort. How I long to see you, and wish I was with you!

"The fatigue and trouble so overtook Emma, that even up to this time she is in very delicate health. [No wonder. It makes me now shudder to imagine what such a gentle and tender creature must have endured in that dreadful walk of three hundred and forty miles, in the raging heat of an India June, without nourishment and exposed to insult, and even death, all the time.] The Allahabad mission is a heap of ruins. Mr. Owen's bungalow was burnt to ashes, and all the furniture and books of the mission and the college destroyed; the church sadly mutilated, though, thank God, no serious damage done to it that can not be restored with a little outlay; the press, too, and every thing connected with it, all ruined. Mr. Munniss and Mr. Owen had both to escape to Calcutta. But Mr. Owen has now returned. You must have heard of the deaths of the Futyghur missionaries. They were murdered either at Bithoor or at Cawnpore. [And it occurred about the very time that Joel passed in the vicinity of these places on his way down. How little he

imagined that those he knew and loved so well were there, within probably a mile of where he passed, enduring the agonies of Christian martyrdom!] All the houses of the native Christians here were burnt and destroyed.

"You write wishing Messrs. Pierce and Humphry, with their wives, to join me. But I think it impossible. The ladies at any rate can not go up with them, at least for some months hence, and it is not the orders of the Commander-in-Chief that ladies may go to the upper provinces. I have written to Messrs. Pierce and Humphry to come here and learn something of the language till the time when Bareilly is retaken.

"I am really very much obliged to you for your kind care of me during these troublesome times; but as I am at present working on the railway here, and earn something to support myself and family, I do not see any necessity of your taking any further trouble about me in regard to money, until such time as I shall be with you again. But whenever, if I will require, I will tell you; and over and above, I think you can hardly spare any thing, yourself being in trouble.

"I am not at all discouraged with this trouble; on the contrary, I hope it has been sanctified to my good. God forbid that I may be discouraged, but may he grant me that grace which may make my hope strong and my faith firm; and would to God that new vigor should be afforded me in the path of duty! My wife joins me in sending her remembrance and regards to Mrs. Butler, Mr. Gowan, [whom he supposed to be with our party,] and to all others acquainted with me, and in prayers for our speedy restoration in the field of our labor. Where is Ramzau? [a native Christian.] Please let me know. My mother-in-law and Jonas and wife offered their best regards to you both. Emma says, 'Give my salaam [the prayer for peace and blessing] to my mother;' that is to say, to Mrs. Butler.

"Believe me your most obedient servant,  
"JOEL T. JANVIER."

I communicated again with him, sending money, and requested him to stand ready to release himself from his situation, and join me as soon as I should call him for his higher work. I knew his heart and could rely upon him. General Havelock's progress was necessarily slow, the fall of Delhi was delayed, but the hour of relief, on the south-west of our position, came at length, and I was enabled to reach the plains on the Dera Doon side. Directing Joel to join us, I effected a junction with Messrs. Pierce and Humphry at Agra. Notwithstand-

ing the distance and danger, all was correctly timed and safely accomplished. The day after I received the missionaries at the Taj Mahal, I joyfully clasped Joel's hand once more on the road to Meirut. It was to both of us like life from the dead. His devoted wife remained under the care of her mother till Rohilcund and Oude were cleared of the rebels, when she rejoined us at Lucknow, from which place I afterward moved them to Bareilly, where we were again together on the scene of our former sufferings.

The success of our Female Orphanage at Bareilly required a native Christian matron, whose motherly heart would aid us in molding these one hundred and thirty precious girls for their future, so important to us and to the cause of Christ in India. We could think of no one so suitable as Peggy would be for the position. She accepted the offer, and was stationed under the direction of Mrs. Thomas, and during the years that she has been as a mother to these girls, she has been honored of God in helping to make that institution what it is for our mission to-day. Her interest and joy in her work often seemed to me to be a reward from God for that devotion which she exhibited when called to give up her own child, to aid in laying the foundations of our mission; and her constancy was exhibited when her faith had, six months after, to endure the severe test of receiving her back an exhausted fugitive from the very jaws of death; and then again in consenting to restore her to the very scenes where those terrors were felt. But such a woman was worthy to come there herself, and let the light of her own Christian example shine before the many daughters whom the Lord thus gave her to train up for him in our Orphanage, the bereaved children of the very people at whose hands she and ourselves had suffered so much.

Her spirit and religious condition are suitably expressed in a few lines written for me in my album when I was leaving India. The translation is:

"I give thanks to my God, whom I did not know before—but now I know him—that he is my Savior; my faith rests in him. He is the vine, I am the branch; whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

"PEGGY PYBAH."

Joel wrote, with equal simplicity, on the same occasion, a brief epitome of his life and experiences:

"I have been educated in Allahabad mission under Rev. J. Owen, A. M., my kind master, and when Dr. W. Butler came to the upper-mentioned station, he requested the gift of the

Moonshee, and Sahib recommended me to Dr. Butler. We came to Bareilly, the first field of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, in January, 1857. First my heart was against class-meeting, but, thank God, that enmity has gone away entirely, and now I love it very much. I can say with David, 'Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul;' my firm confidence is upon Jesus Christ, my living Redeemer; my soul is in peace, and I feel his presence within, day by day. Woe to me if I preach not the Gospel."

And the gentle Emma wrote as follows, in her own language:

"Main apne Najat dehinde men, khush hun mera bhurosa usi par hai, jite murte waha mera hai, ai radit Khudawund men khushi karo.

"EMMA JANVIER.

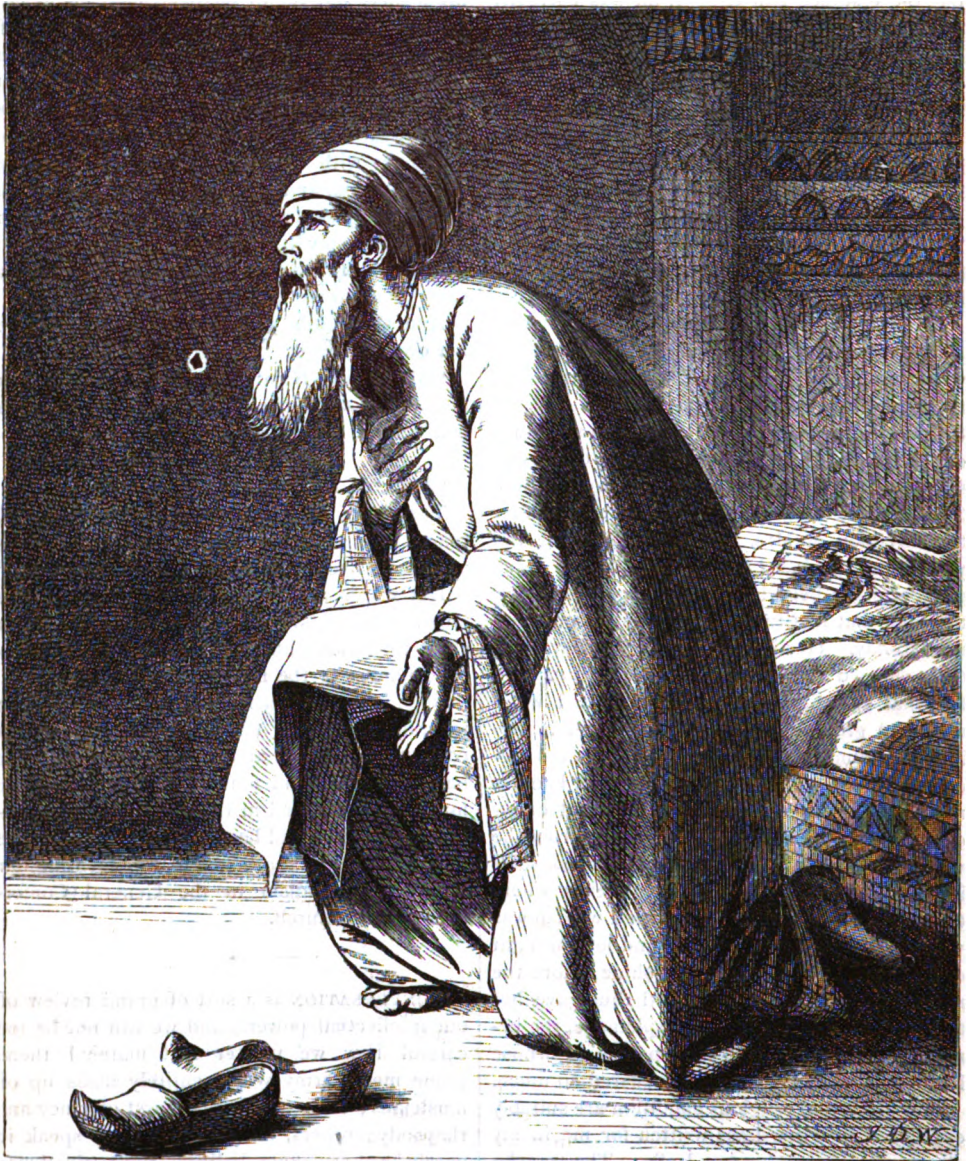
"Bareilly, Nov. 27, 1864."

The sense of which, in our tongue, is, "I rejoice in my Savior; my hope rests on him—whether I live or die I am happy in the Lord."

Her words are beautifully illustrated in the language which she used when she was dying, a short time since, and which is quoted in a recent number of the Ladies' Repository.

Such is the first native minister of our Church in India, and such his family—a man with a confessor's courage and a martyr's spirit. He has been tried and found faithful. I hope he may be remembered in the prayers of my readers, and, if it should be the will of God, that he may live to have the honor of representing our Oriental Methodism in the General Conference of our Church.

CONVERSATION is a sort of grand review of our intellectual powers, and we can not be too careful how we muster and marshal them. Some men's army seems entirely made up of musicians; their talk is one burst of fancy and rhapsody; others, all artillery; they speak in words hard as cannon-balls, however trivial may be the subject of discourse. He is judicious who sets out his army in such a way that the forces—heavy horse or light foot—come up as they are wanted, and retire gracefully when they are no longer required. With the first cry of pain the pleasant little band of pipers that good-humor has always in control, should be set to work, and the wounded should be borne from the field without the slightest word of exultation from the victors. In beginning the contest, we should follow the example of the French soldiers at Fontenbras, who, with a beautiful politeness, called upon their enemies to fire first.



## RESURGAM.

GETHSEMANE in moonlight stood arrayed,  
 When, 'neath the groves of olive and of palm,  
 The holy Hillel and young Safi strayed,  
 And in hushed tone, alternate, spoke a psalm.

"Behold," said Safi, "yonder where the rays  
 Fall in the open door, there kneeleth one,"  
 And Hillel answered, "Zadoc 't is who prays  
 And weeps beside the bed of his dead son."

"Men call him wise and just," young Safi cried ;  
 "Wherefore not moderate the bitter rain

Of his sad tears?" And Hillel calm replied,  
 "Worthless the wisdom that can feel no pain."

To him the youth—"O, master, tell me then,  
 Wherefore the use of wisdom, when the sage  
 Weeps like the foolish one?—if sons of men  
 Advantage naught by wisdom nor by age?"

And Hillel answered, "Safi, see the tear  
 Falls from his eye beneath the chastening rod,  
 Near by the body of his offspring dear ;  
 But, mark you, that his face is raised to God!"

## EGYPT'S TESTIMONY TO THE BIBLE.

ANCIENT Egypt occupies a very prominent and important place in secular and sacred history. Its history and antiquities are now receiving a large share of attention, and the more they become understood, the more important their relation to the Bible appears.

The common Scriptural name of Egypt is Mizraim. Its common Arabic name to this day is Mizer, which is an exact equivalent for Ham, meaning dark-colored. In Egyptian hieroglyphic writing Egypt is Kem, Chem, or Hkem; and Calmet says the native Egyptians called it Chem, that is, the land of Cham or Ham; the same that is sometimes called in the Bible Chem or Hkem, in Egyptian likewise means the same as Ham in Hebrew, and is the same name.

The children of the third son of Ham, if not that son himself, the Scriptures call Mizraim, or the children of Mizer. Egyptology gives no older names than Mizer, Mizraim, Kem, or Cham, for the land of Egypt; and all these names harmonize in signification and in sound with the names of Noah's second and his grandson—the third son of Ham, and so with all reliable history in regard to the original population of Egypt.

Haskell, in his Chronology, identifies Menes, the first King of Egypt, and the head of all Egypt's dynasties, with Mizer, as the father of Mizraim, the third son of Ham.

These facts constitute a powerful argument, proving that the whole of the original history of Egypt was Hamitic, post-diluvian, and just what the Bible declares.

There is no history of ancient Egypt extant. The history that is generally referred to as the chief authority is that of Manetho. It is often declared with great assurance that this writer's history proves that Egypt existed as a nation thousands of years before the Deluge, and therefore the Scriptural account of the Deluge can not be true. But who was Manetho? He was an Egyptian priest that lived nearly three hundred years before Christ. What is known about his history? That work, which consisted originally of three parts or volumes, is not in existence, and, so far as we can judge, was far from being truthful. The author himself acknowledged, in dedicating it to the King of Egypt, that he derived a great part of his material from sources that were fabulous, and therefore not trustworthy. Josephus, in his book against Apion, alludes to Manetho as having "recourse to fabulous stories, without any cer-

tain author," or as having "forged them himself."

That part of Manetho's history, and the only part which can, with any show of evidence, be claimed to be in existence, is his list of Egyptian dynasties. But the correctness of that list is exceedingly questionable, either on account of an original defect, or on account of alterations made since. Infidels try to make capital out of this to prove that Egypt existed ages farther back than is generally believed. This fact should be borne in mind, that two or more dynasties existed *contemporaneously* in certain periods, and therefore no very certain chronological conclusion can be arrived at from the list of Manetho, however correct it may be in its way.

The history of Herodotus, the great Greek historian, has much in it pertaining to ancient Egypt, where he traveled extensively. He puts his readers on their guard more than once against receiving implicitly his statements, based as they were mainly on what the priests of that country told him, who did not hesitate to lie when it served their purpose. Josephus says that the following Greek historians regarded Herodotus as a fabulous author, and that Manetho, the most authentic writer on Egyptian history, complains of his many mistakes.

Manetho and Herodotus being the two chief literary authorities pertaining to ancient Egypt, we readily see that no important conclusion can be safely based on their statements. The infidel is, therefore, driven to monumental history to try to make out his case. But here, as can be readily shown, he signally fails, and the weapons from the armory that he endeavors to turn against the Bible turn out to be so many testimonies in its favor.

Egypt abounds with monuments which have a high degree of historical significance. The difficulty is properly to interpret them. It was predicted years ago that these would completely overthrow the Bible; but in proportion as they become properly understood they most clearly confirm and illustrate the truth of that blessed book.

The scientific expedition under the first Napoleon met with certain monuments, which were claimed by some to prove an antiquity long anterior to any records of history, either sacred or profane. The principal of these were the Zodiacs of Esneh and Denderah, which were supposed to represent the state of the heavens at the time when the temples were built in which they were found, and to prove a very remote antiquity. The discovery made a

sensation, and it was triumphantly asserted that the statements of Moses were erroneous. One eminent French antiquary proved to his own satisfaction that these Zodiacs were three thousand years, and another that they were, at the very least, four thousand years older than the Christian era, while another would not abate a week of seventeen thousand years. Their discrepancies of course weakened considerably the force of the general argument, but the opposers of the Bible were not willing to acknowledge the defeat, and would not give up the conclusion that the Zodiacs proved an antiquity of at least six thousand years. The seeming triumph of skepticism against Revelation soon changed into signal defeat.

In 1799, while certain excavations were going on near Rosetta, in Egypt, a French artillery officer discovered a large stone marked with various singular characters and hieroglyphics. These were found to contain inscriptions in different languages, one in Greek, another in hieroglyphic or sacred, and a third in ancient Coptic. This was called the Rosetta stone, which is now in the British Museum. By a comparison of the characters found in different inscriptions a key was discovered by which to decipher, to a great extent, the hieroglyphics that covered the obelisks, temples, and tombs of Egypt. By the application of this it was discovered that the celebrated Zodiacs extended no farther back than the early Roman emperors. On the walls of the great temple at Denderah, in the ceiling of which the Zodiac had been placed, Champollion read the titles, names, etc., of the emperors Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, and others; and on the portico of Esneh, the Zodiac of which was regarded as older than that of Denderah, he read the names of Claudius and Antonius Pius. Thus it was proved that the monuments for which an extreme antiquity had been claimed by Volney and other infidels, were found to belong to that period in which Egypt was under the government of the Romans, and could not be dated farther back than the first or second century of the Christian era. Thus the Rosetta stone, in the course of Providence, dashed to atoms what had been regarded by skeptics as a gigantic and impregnable argument against the Scriptures.

There is one of the monuments of Egypt that has been attracting special attention within the last few years—the Great Pyramid. This was one of the seven wonders of the world, six of which have passed away; and this last of them stands in its own solitary grandeur. It is situated near Cairo, and covers nearly thirteen acres of ground, and is nearly five hundred

feet high. Herodotus visited it in his travels, and describes it as the Pyramid of Cheops. He says that it required ten years to prepare for its erection, and one hundred thousand men twenty years to build it. The huge stones were brought five hundred miles. This is the most wonderful of all Egypt's monuments.

When was it erected? Written history does not decide this question. The two greatest authorities in Egyptian archæology are Bunsen and Lepsius. They most expressly state that there is no evidence of any monument being older than this. This being, as there is evidence to believe, the oldest monumental record, a knowledge of its age must have a very important bearing. This is proved to have been erected 2170 years before Christ. I have only space to indicate the process or steps by which this result has been reached.

There are certain passages in this Pyramid that point to a great astronomical event that occurred at the time of its erection, which event was the conjunction of the then Polar star *α Draconis* and the Pleiades. More than thirty years ago the astronomer Herschel first suggested that the age of the structure might be ascertained astronomically. There is a sidereal movement of the heavens, called by astronomers "the great processional cycle," by which the different systems in the universe revolve around a great center. In this movement it can be easily ascertained what the relative positions of certain bodies, or systems are, or what they were ten years or thousands of years since. The conjunction of *α Draconis* and the Pleiades occurred 2170 years before Christ, and will not take place again till over 25,000 years after that event. This result has not been arrived at hastily, but by patient and most laborious investigation.

The late John Taylor, of London, taking up the suggestion of Herschel, went to Egypt and dwelt for months in a cave near the Pyramid, and investigated and explored for himself, and the result was a book in which he gives the facts and the grand conclusion. He regards the Pyramid as having been erected by the direction of Divine inspiration, with a great end in view, and that Noah might have been the original constructor. He shows its testimony to the Bible to be of incalculable value. Piarri Smith, the astronomer royal of Scotland, visited the Pyramid after Taylor, and arrived at the same result, embodied in three large volumes published a short time since.

This being the oldest of the monuments, and its age being determined, all other monumental evidence produced to show the extreme an-

tiquity of Egypt as a nation must be regarded as groundless, no records of the kind extending beyond this. There is one striking feature about this structure, which is its entire freedom from every vestige of idolatry, which can not be said of the other monuments around it and throughout Egypt.

Here is the oldest, the largest, and most perfect structure ever erected by man on earth, free from any recognition of idolatry—a standing and impregnable monument bearing its testimony, when specially needed, in favor of the truth of the Bible. A passage is found in the 19th chapter of Isaiah that seems to refer to this: "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt."

There stands that pillar to-day that was erected centuries before Moses, and while other monuments are crumbling around it, it stands regardless of the tooth of time. Whether or not this is referred to by Isaiah, as a matter of fact, it stands as an immovable pillar, and serves as a sign and witness to the Lord of hosts.

Many of the circumstances connected with the history of the Israelites find confirmation and illustration in the monuments. They were forced to perform different kinds of service, especially that of making brick. This is graphically illustrated in a chapel near Thebes. There the laborers are represented as transporting clay in vessels, and working it up without straw, and in the performance of other various services connected with the manufacture of brick. The physiognomy of the Jews is plainly depicted with their prominent features and long beards, in marked contrast with the beardless and bronze-colored faces of their cruel taskmasters standing or seated among them with their terrible whips.

An eminent living writer on the antiquities of Egypt very forcibly presents facts which support this view in the following passage:

"The great works of Egypt in that age were chiefly of a monumental character, and on these would the Israelites be employed. The quarries whence the stones were obtained were in the Sinaitic wilderness. Thither would the Israelites be marched in gangs, and the blocks of granite which were hewn in these quarries they afterward would have to transport across the desert. Others of the oppressed race were employed, doubtless, in making bricks of the Nile mud, so extensively used in the walls of huge quadrangular precincts of the temples, and the cloisters, and the cells attached to them. And,

as at that epoch the mechanical arts were extremely simple, the amount of human force which the sovereign of Egypt would bring to bear in the construction of his works must have been very great. If, then, there be truth in the Bible narrative, and if Rameses was the 'king who knew not Joseph,' we should expect to find that the monuments erected during his reign surpassed those of any other of the Pharaohs, seeing none of them had such an amount of forced labor at their command. Now we do not shrink from the test. There is a Pharaoh who is distinguished from all his predecessors, and from all who came after him, by the enormous number of the monumental memorials of his reign. There is a Pharaoh whose name is stamped on every crumbling mound in Egypt and Nubia, and on almost every Coptic monument in the museums of Europe. There is a Pharaoh whose existing monuments actually surpass those of all the other sovereigns of Egypt put together. That Pharaoh is Rameses. Every crumbling heap that dots the valley of the Nile—every ruined temple, almost every statue or sphinx in that land of wonders, proclaims that there was an epoch of fearful bondage in Egypt—an epoch when millions of slaves were urged by the lash to their daily tasks—and that there was a king in that land who reduced the full half of his subjects into slavery, and set them to work in the construction of cities, and strongholds, and gigantic monuments which, after four thousand years, excite the spectator's astonishment. Over and over the soil is written, in the ineradicable characters, the great fact of the oppression. The whole land cries aloud that once it was a 'house of bondage.' What a convincing and overwhelming proof of the truth of the Bible!"

The illustrations of the truth of the Bible in Egyptian monuments are so numerous that they would fill a good-sized volume. Not only the heavens above us, and the geological leaves of the great stone-book beneath our feet are rendering their testimony to the truth of the Scriptures, but even the lifeless and decaying remains of ancient Egypt are giving their evidence to the truth of the Book of books.

There is another phase of this subject worthy of special attention. The Bible represents Egypt as the chief seat and fountain of learning among the ancient nations. The wisdom or learning of the Egyptians was that in which Moses was versed. It is said in 1 Kings iv, 30, "And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East country, and all the wisdom of Egypt." Before Solomon Egypt was not equaled in respect to learning.

In Acts vii, 22, we read, "And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds." The clearly ascertained facts correspond with what the Bible says on this subject.

The chief university of learning was at Heliopolis, which was the On of the Scriptures, at which Moses, in all probability, was educated. To Egypt the philosophers, mathematicians, astronomers, physicians, and historians of Greece and other countries resorted, and spent years under teachers in that country. Plato spent thirteen years at Heliopolis, and the house where he and the mathematician Eudoxus had resided during that time was shown to Strabo. Thales was instructed there, and it is expressly stated by high authority that his only teachers were Egyptians. There he became acquainted with the divisions of the years into seasons and into three hundred and sixty-five days. Archimedes invented his celebrated screw in Egypt, and applied it to the irrigation of the land. Pythagoras spent a long time in this country. His doctrine of the immortality of the soul is very specially referred by Herodotus to Egypt. The fact is well established by monumental evidence that the Egyptians possessed from very early times distinct ideas of the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls and of judgment after death. The names applied by Plutarch to the teachers of Solon, Plato, and other eminent Greeks, are clearly of Egyptian origin.

There was evidently an extensive literature in that country—works in which began to be eagerly translated into Greek after the time of the Ptolemies. One proof of this is the testimony of Strabo, who says:

"These priests were versed in astronomy, but, mysterious and far from communicative, it was only after the lapse of time and by polite attentions that they allowed themselves to be induced to communicate some of their doctrines; but still the most part was kept concealed by these barbarians. For instance, to complete the perfect year they added that portion of the day and night which goes beyond the three hundred and sixty-five days; nevertheless, the perfect year remained unknown to the Greeks, as well as many other things, until the latest astronomers learned it from the treatises of the priests, which were translated into Greek; and they still refer to the writings of the Egyptians, as well as those of the Chaldeans."

So extensive was this literature that it was possible to fill the library of Alexandria in a few years with 400,000 volumes or manuscripts. These were collected mostly from the stores

treasured up in archives and libraries already existing.

Dr. Lepsius, that most eminent German Egyptologist, says:

"The fame of Egyptian wisdom, which was universally diffused throughout the ancient world, was grounded upon an abundant literature, and the stock of knowledge deposited therein, which increased from year to year like a well-invested capital. This fame was never disputed even by the Greeks themselves; possessing so much higher natural endowments than others, they were more just in this point than many of our modern writers, who would rather consider the genius of the Greeks as auto-didactic—grown up in a barbarous wilderness. Herodotus calls the Egyptians 'by far the best-instructed people with whom he has become acquainted, since they, of all men, *store up most for recollection.*' When the Eleians wished to establish the Olympian games they sent an embassy to the Egyptians, they being the wisest people of the earth, to obtain their judgment and their good advice upon this great project."

It is evident that new facts will be coming to light in relation to this interesting subject, which, no doubt, will be in harmony with those already known. All efforts made by the enemies of the Bible to show that Egyptian history and antiquarian remains are in conflict with the statements of the inspired writers, are most evidently futile. The more we become acquainted with the facts, the more evident it is there is no conflict, and the clearer and more positive becomes the testimony of Egypt in favor of the Holy Scriptures.

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## TALKS ABOUT THE WOMAN QUESTION.

### II.

I HAVE no disposition to deny that the unjust laws concerning woman may be as correct an index of her low estimate of herself as they are of man's estimate of her. Were the public sentiment among women to be corrected, it would be a long step in the way of progress. It must be admitted that woman herself is the chief obstacle to her own advancement, not only by her frivolity, extravagance, and narrowness, but also by her apathy to the cause of her suffering sisters, as well as to the development of her own higher nature. There are many silly, if not senseless women, mere parlor ornaments; women whose capacities have not been cultivated; who have no foundation for an effective life; who consider

labor a badge of disgrace, and are willing to be a mere beneficiary of man; women who have no definite purpose, who contribute nothing to the mental or moral good of the race and leave no precious memories behind them.

Yet, as has been well said, "When we consider what sort of public opinion has educated woman, what estimate has been at the bottom of all the laws passed concerning her, it does not seem strange that, after living for ages in a false position, she should somewhat approximate to this estimate, so that we say with pain of the mass of women, that they themselves need a change quite as much as their circumstances."

But however depressed she may have been, no one doubts that woman has an important influence in molding the opinions of society, political as well as moral. Now it has been wisely or unwisely remarked, that where there is hidden power, there should be open responsibility. In confirmation of this sentiment, may be adduced the misrule of France under the concealed influence of the royal mistresses, in contrast with the prosperity of England and Austria under the reign of their respective queens, Elizabeth and Maria Theresa. And it might further be asked if Victoria has been unsexed by this mingling in public affairs—by holding in her hand a determining ballot at the head of a political system, including a hundred millions of subjects?

But what say some of the wise ones? One of the editors of Blackstone asserted many years since, that there is no reason why civil rights should not be granted to single women; while Talleyrand frankly admitted the inconsistency of debarring women from their exercise. Thomas Hare, one of the most acute of modern political thinkers, declares that in all cases where woman fulfills the qualification which is imposed upon a man, there is no sound reason for excluding her from the Parliamentary franchise.

"There ought to be no pariahs in a full-grown and civilized nation," says John Stuart Mill\*—"no persons disqualified, except through their own default." And again he writes: "The almost despotic power of husbands over wives needs not to be enlarged upon here, because nothing more is needed for the complete removal of the evil than that wives should have the same rights, and should receive the protection of the law in the same manner, as all other persons; and because, on this subject, the defenders of established injustice do not avail

themselves of the plea of liberty, but stand forth openly as the champions of power."

I might quote from honorable women not a few, but possibly the court would rule out such testimony. But it may be further urged that questions of morality are now taking hold of politics. Against this, it is asserted that "politics and pandemonium are about equally interested in moral questions, and very much in the same line; and that the devil has it pretty much his own way, and will, for all even women can do." Still the fact remains that questions are pending which affect the welfare of multitudes of wretched and degraded beings. And why should not woman's instinctive sense of right and her nice tact be of service in the adjudication of these questions? By Divine appointment she is the "love-magistrate" of her home, and thus, having had long experience in regulating the complicated affairs of that miniature body-politic—the family—she is well-prepared to give her influence on the great moral questions now agitating our country, and becoming more and more matters of legislation. Says one of our most eloquent writers:

"As society ripens, it has to ripen in its three departments in the following order: First, in the animal; second, in the social; and third, in the spiritual and moral. We are entering the last period, in which the questions of politics are to be more and more moral questions. And I invoke those whom God made to be peculiarly conservators of things moral and spiritual, to come forward and help us in that work in which we shall falter and fail without woman. I therefore charge my country-women with this *duty* of taking part in public affairs in the era in which justice, and humanity, and education, and taste, and virtue are to be more and more a part of public procedure.

"It is said that it will destroy woman's delicacy if she goes into politics. But I do not propose that she should change her sex. I would a great deal rather have a man that is born a man than a woman who has become a man. Unsexing is a poor business. I have seen men that tried to be women and women that tried to be men; and commend me to women that are women by nature, and men that are men by nature, and no mixture. If you come into public life with the same ratiocinative force that men do, you will be no better there than men; but if you do not divest yourself of those intuitions of the moral sense, and that foresight, that tact, which you employ in other spheres, then your presence will be fruitful of good. It is to bring these things into the coarser instrumentations of politics that I want

\* "Essay on Liberty."



you to be a woman more than ever. If there be sweetness on the tongue, let it ring like a silver bell. If there be melody of the heart, let it charm away that which is bad in public affairs. It is *as a woman* that you are summoned to take part in those affairs. If you lay aside the woman, then you are not needed. It is to get another sort of influence into public affairs that we plead for woman's entrance there."

In these arguments there are some things which commend themselves to every candid mind. If it be true that woman can become a citizen without marring her womanhood, and if there be a providential call for her action on these great moral questions which are now pressing into politics, it is surely well to have it known.

But have we any precedents to assist us in deciding whether female suffrage can be exercised without the dreadful results which have been predicted?

In speaking of the respect universally accorded to women among the tribes of the Upper Zambesi, Dr. Livingstone says that many of them are governed by female chiefs, and that women vote in all their public assemblies. And from the contrast he makes between these highly intelligent tribes and other degraded ones, you certainly get no unfavorable idea of the results. As another instance of regard for women, among the less civilized, it is related that with the Garrows, an independent clan in the north-east of India, all property and authority descend in the female line.

Mrs. Dall informs us that Miss Bremer was drawn to our country by her sympathy with the woman movement, and that it was to her she owes her own convictions on the subject of suffrage. In Sweden, Miss Bremer began with pleading for the social independence of married women. It was through her efforts that the musical academy was opened to women, and also that in 1858 a bill was proposed by the Swedish monarch, Oscar, entitling them at the age of twenty-five to hold property; on the passage of which the assembled representatives rent the air with their acclamations. The following Spring the city of Upsala granted the right of suffrage to fifty women owning real estate, and to thirty-one doing business on their own account. Over this glad tidings the good Frederika shed tears of joy.

Other cases might be adduced showing that the right of female suffrage has long been conceded, even in monarchical countries—such as the summoning the abbesses to Parliament in right of the abbey lands, and the female stockholders in the West India Company. In Nova

Scotia a woman has voted for the space of forty years without hinderance and without harm. In the island of Celebes, where the government is republican, the president and four out of the six counselors are not unfrequently women. In England the law allows such women as own a certain amount of property to vote on parish questions and for parish officers.

In 1822 the office of Grand Chamberlain was filled by two women in succession. A woman has been Clerk of the Crown in the Court of the Queen's Bench, and in a parish of Norfolk where, among six hundred souls, there was not a man who could read or write, a woman was appointed parish clerk. Women have been invested with the office of overseers of the poor and surveyors of the highways, besides being eligible for that of sexton and constable. It has also been decided that an unmarried woman having a freehold may vote for members of Parliament, and an instance is given of a Lady Packington's returning two members. In France the dames of the market usually enjoy the franchise privilege. And in 1850 a distinct electoral right was conferred on women in Canada, who have voted for ten years, while in Pitcairn's Island women over sixteen are entitled to vote.

Thus we find abundance of testimony to the effect that, in countries where suffrage depends on property, it is not a new thing for women to cast their votes, and that the world has not been turned upside down by their so doing. But in this great American Republic where, by the very Constitution, all, without distinction of sex, are pronounced equal, the right of female suffrage is not only matter of bitter opposition, but of downright denial. Yet even here we are not altogether without precedents.

In New Jersey women were formerly allowed to vote, and in the Presidential contest of 1800 public thanks were rendered to them in one of the journals of the day for their unanimous support of Adams instead of Jefferson. We look in vain for indications of mischief at their hearth-stone or in the social circle as the result of their unwomanly doing.

But worse still!—it is on record that in 1802 a member of the State Legislature was elected by the ballots of some colored women—a double-dyed sin.

The little State, however, has thoroughly repented of the sin, and a recent application for the extension of suffrage to women was treated by her Legislature with a levity wholly unbecoming a deliberative body.

"As a woman," says Gail Hamilton, "I would never ask the ballot, and as a man I would

never refuse it." But there are women who do ask for it, and there are men who would not refuse it to them. Now what is to be done? This question is, perhaps, the greatest of modern times, and it seems destined to a thorough discussion. Then let it come. If met with intelligence and candor the final result can hardly fail, in the end, to be correct. The subject is occupying more and more attention in our own country, and in other parts of the world, and some of the results are already apparent.

In 1856 the London Times published a petition to both Houses of Parliament in favor of the amendment of English property laws, signed by many well-known women, such as Anna Jameson and Elizabeth Browning, and supported by Lord Brougham and Sir Erskine Perry.

The people of Victoria, in Australia, coming together early in 1865 to elect a member of Parliament, were astonished to find the whole female population voting. In commenting on this the London Times remarks that, "in a country like Australia," it can easily believe that such an extension of the franchise will be "a marked improvement," and gives its opinion that the precedent will stand. How far these female voters entered into the "brandy-smashes and blackguardism" we are not informed.

These views are spreading on the continent, and in Italy two volumes have been issued at Milan by Signora Mozzoni, who takes ground as radical as our women's rights party. And in our own country, Bishop Simpson expresses the belief that the great vices of our large cities will never be conquered until the ballot is put into the hands of woman. This discussion has been carried on with great vigor on our broad western prairies, and in Arkansas female suffrage has been adopted in the new Constitution. The question has been brought before the Legislature of old Massachusetts, and a public hearing has been granted to the female champions of the cause. For more than an hour and a half our dignified legislators listened with all gravity to the pleading of a woman, and without the slightest appearance of weariness. And, as the result, there was a vote of seventy-four in favor, against a hundred and nineteen—not an inauspicious commencement for its advocates.

Not long since, at an election of officers for the Philadelphia Mercantile Library, female stockholders were admitted to the ballot, and are reported as walking up and depositing their votes with the utmost quietness and decorum. And why should they not? Surely these are no slight indications of some impending change.

A year or two since Mr. Mill, that sagacious

thinker from whom I have quoted, and whose lead no one need be ashamed to follow, presented to Parliament the following moderate and reasonable petition of fifteen hundred English women for political equality:

"The humble petition of the undersigned sheweth: That, it having been expressly laid down by high authorities that the possession of property in this country carries with it the right to vote in the election of representatives in Parliament, it is an evident anomaly that some holders of property are allowed to use this right, while others, forming no less a constituent part of the nation, and equally qualified by law to hold property, are not able to exercise this privilege; that the participation of women in the government is consistent with the principles of the British Constitution, inasmuch as women in these islands have always been held capable of sovereignty, and are eligible for various public offices.

"Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray your honorable House to consider the expediency of providing for the representation of all households, without distinction of sex, who possess such property or rental qualifications as your honorable House may determine.

"And your petitioners will ever pray."

The 11th of April, 1867, will always be memorable in the annals of history, for on that day the subject of female suffrage was discussed for the first time in the House of Commons without sneers or laughter. A powerful influence sustained the petition, including such names as James Martineau, Herbert Spencer, Professor Huxley, and Goldwin Smith. Mr. Mill urged it as "reasonable, conservative, necessary, and inevitable." And in the same House where, formerly, only forty could be rallied by Fox against the conservative policy of Pitt, it secured seventy-three votes. It has been followed by several other petitions with the signatures of most honorable names, including officers, physicians, barristers, clergymen, doctors of law, and university professors. A society recently formed in London for the promotion of this object has already secured seven thousand signatures to a petition for female suffrage, which is to be presented during the present session of Parliament.

There are many who look upon this discussion with profound alarm, if not with horror—as if the stars were about to fall from heaven; who predict that female suffrage would make women vastly disagreeable to refined and respectable gentlemen; that it would introduce a prolific element of discord into the family circle—which means, I suppose, that a wife must:

not express her opinion, lest it should differ from her husband's—an objection a little savory of the old-time barbarism; who confidently assert that it would lead women to regard the training of their children and their proper household cares as a drudgery to be shirked; that it would forever dissipate that atmosphere of refined and delicate sentiment that now encircles woman, and break down at one blow the idea of wife, daughter, mother—the central ideas of womanhood and woman's sphere.

These alarmists seem controlled by the idea that no sooner will the bolts and bars be removed, and the gates flung open, than women will straightway be transformed into vixens and termagants, and breaking from their heaven-ordained orbit, will madly rush into every sort of tangent.

To all this I might reply that the burden of proof rests on those who utter these dire predictions. If such rocks do indeed lie in these waters, threatening to founder the social ship, with all its precious cargo, we are all equally concerned to know it. If woman rises, man will rise; if she goes down, he will share her destiny. But on what logic do these bewailers build their dreadful sequences? Do not the illustrations which have been cited, and others, which time would fail me to mention; do not the precedents which have been adduced, nay, do not philosophy and common sense point to an opposite result?

Why will not those who profess such an exalted faith in woman's instincts trust a little bit to them? We are not afraid of new discoveries; should we be any more so of new developments? To steer right on this tossing sea does indeed require peculiar skill in navigation. But in avoiding Scylla, let us not be swallowed up by Charybais. And in our protest against the extreme movements of some modern reformers, let us keep clear of those prejudices, which, however time-honored, have no foundation in nature or in reason. Changes, and great ones, there will be. In the shock of this fierce battle, certain conventional ideas, which have come down from time immemorial, may be overturned; but whatsoever God has wrought into woman's being, no agitations can work out of it. In the struggle "Nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong; the thing which is *deepest rooted* in nature, what we call *truest*, that thing, and not the other, will be found growing at last."

Why not drop this vexed and vexing question of what woman is, and what she is n't, what she will and what she wont, what she may and what she must n't? Read of the old days of

martyrdom, when, for the sake of their faith, the most delicate women endured the rack and public scourging, and death itself, in the most agonizing forms that a refined cruelty could devise, ay, and endured them with a heroism every whit as exalted as that of man, and then prate, if you will, of woman's sphere.

And during the late war of the Rebellion, the echo of whose pœans has hardly ceased to vibrate, in every hospital through all the length and breadth of the land, wherever suffering went, there were to be found women who had been brought up daintily, wearing rough garments, eating coarse and scanty food, enduring incredible toil, and facing every form of disease and death. See her moving noiselessly among the wounded and dying, sometimes, like a white-robed angel, penetrating to the battlefield, gliding gently among scenes more terrific and heart-rending than pen can describe or imagination depict, yet controlling every gush of emotion, every tremor of weakness, that she might minister to our maimed and suffering heroes. "O blood-red blossoms of war, with your heart of fire, deeper than glow and crimson you unfold the white lilies of Christ!"

Was there any one to arrest her in these deeds of bravery?—any one to remand her from those bloody spectacles so revolting to her nature, so shocking to her sensibilities?—any one to taunt her with being out of her proper sphere?

"The history of woman's work in the civil war," says one, "proved that in largeness of conception, in power of grasping details, in ability to overcome the temptations of the senses and the pleadings of the nerves, in patient toil day after day, in organizing immense subordinate departments, in capacity to master the driest business formulas, in ingenuity, in economy of forces, and adaptation of means to ends, women are not inferior to men."

It was the opinion of the profound Coleridge that the sympathies of our moral nature clear, rather than obscure, the mental eye. This sentiment accords with that philosophy which places the heart above the head—the moral nature above the intellectual. It can not be denied that that love which is worthy the name sharpens the vision. Who so quick to discover the faults of her children, even while veiling them, as a loving mother? What critic notes the smallest defect in a man's public performances so soon as his wife?

In his "Lecture on English Literature," Professor Reed remarks: "It is a beautiful example of the companionship of the manly and womanly mind, that this great critic (Coleridge) pro-

claimed by both principle and practice that the sophistications which are apt to gather round the intellects of men, clouding their vision, are best cleared away by that spiritual condition more congenial to the soul of woman, the interpenetrating the reasoning powers with the affections."

There is deep philosophy in that declaration of our Savior: "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." A loving, child-like spirit is more likely to reach the truth than the acutest metaphysical mind, which goes to its task as a mere logician—just as it is the loving, trusting disciple to whom the deepest spiritual truths are unfolded. While, therefore, woman is receiving solidity and strength from man, she softens his asperities, and tones down his tendency to extreme logical processes, becoming thus not only his most efficient helper, but his truest counterpart and complement.

Educate woman thoroughly. Give her a generous and a wise culture. Let her be fitted not merely for wifehood, but for a broad sisterhood, or a world-wide motherhood. Let her become a noble woman, with grand aims in life, and with good common sense to guide her, and she will be prepared for the ballot-box or any thing else to which the providence of God shall call her.

Grant her this, and the problem of her rights and her sphere will find in time its natural solution. Grant her this, and she will have no just reason for complaint, certainly not in these days of free thought and free speech, and in our great country, henceforth to be the asylum of liberty.

In the discussion of this subject mistakes may be made, but the harm will not be lasting. In the final issue, whatever that may be, woman will be found true to herself, and unmoved from the sphere for which Nature and Providence designed her.

In this matter there ought to be no feeling of antagonism between man and woman, for their life is inseparably intertwined. A genuine woman has quite as little desire to be a man as man to be a woman :

"For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference.  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow:  
The man be more of woman, she of man:  
He gain in sweetness, and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
Nor lose the child-like in the larger mind:  
Till at the last she set herself to men,  
Like perfect music unto nobler words:

And so these twain upon the skirts of Time,  
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other even as those who love;  
Then comes the staterlier Eden back to man."

JESSE LEE'S FIRST VISIT TO BOSTON,  
1790.\*

SEVENTEEN NINETY, and Summer's prime;  
The setting sun marked day's decline;  
Dusty and hot the flying hours  
While Sol rode high in regal powers,  
Now westward rolls his brow to lave  
In far Pacific's cooling wave.  
On Boston park the quivering leaves  
Responsive sigh to the evening breeze;  
Softly murmur the tinkling bells  
As come the kine from grassy dells,<sup>1</sup>  
With udders filled with lacteal store,  
Go slowly down to each cottage door,  
Where Boston maidens, brown and hale,  
With bared arms fill the shining pail.

Our stalwart sires, true lords of toil,  
Who swing the sledge, or till the soil,  
Employing hands, or heart, or head,  
To meet the call for daily bread,  
Hail the sweet rest at day's calm close,  
Rest which the toiler only knows;  
And now the evening meal is done,  
They wander forth at setting sun,  
Shunning the glare of the city's heat,  
To find in the park a cool retreat.

As mirror bright, the Bay there lies,  
Reflecting the hues of the crimson skies;  
No sounds but the splash of dipping oar  
Of shallop passing from shore to shore;  
No steamers madly churned the wave;  
No gongs their startling signals gave;  
No found'ries spread their lurid glare,  
No poisonous gases load the air,  
But when the day's last task was found,  
Silence and darkness reigned around.  
But on this day at evening tide  
Were gliding forms on every side.  
Up "Cornhill alley," through "Bromfield lane,"  
Sires, and matrons, and children came;  
From "Faneuil Hall," and old "Fort Hill,"  
From "North-square," round to "Back-Bay Mill,"  
All trooping in the twilight gray  
To Boston's pride as it spread away  
From Tremont road to broad Back-Bay.  
"Boston Common!" you'll travel far,  
See Champs d' Elysees, or Champs de Mars;  
Or Windsor Park, or Hyde, or James,  
Skirting the banks of the turbid Thames;

\* Read on the opening of Wesleyan Hall in the elegant granite structure, erected by the Wesleyan Association in Bromfield-street, Boston.

Or Madrid's plaza, or gardens gay  
Which Venice or Rome with pride display;  
Yet fairer scene, by man or woman,  
Is nowhere found than Boston Common!  
'T were safe to say, to bar surprise,  
It best is seen through *Boston eyes!*

Yet, sooth 't was lovely as it lay  
In mellow light of closing day;  
Its grassy mounds, unchanged, rose high;  
On its calm lake weird shadows lie;  
Its princely elms were branching wide,  
Fresh then in all their youthful pride;  
Its echoes soft of tinkling bells;  
Its sweet bird-notes in shady dells;  
Its winding paths—its foliage wild,  
Untamed by art, fair nature's child;  
And Boston's sons disowned shall be,  
Whose traveled hearts turn not to thee!

The sun's last rays were lingering there,  
While to this center crowds repair;  
For rumor said "a strange new light"  
Would on the Common burn to-night;"  
Forth far and wide the tidings flew,  
Like Athens, Boston craved the *new*,  
And none had seen, since that sad day,  
When witches burned, an *auto da fé*;  
Excitement now was running high,  
Each ear attent, and fixed each eye;  
And oft was heard above the hum  
Of murmuring tongues, "Is the hangman come?"

But see, far out on Boston neck,  
A dim, uncertain, misty speck,  
Which every moment seemed to grow,  
A fuller, bolder outline show;  
A solitary horseman seen  
Approaching slow the village green;  
Trotter or racker I can not tell,  
I only know he was mounted well;  
A man he was of noble mold,  
And strode his steed like a knight of old;  
His dress or suit of homespun gray;  
His long locks round his shoulders lay;  
With buckled knee and broad-brimmed hat,  
Straight-collared coat and white cravat;  
With ruddy cheek and shaven chin,  
Lip firmly cut, compressed, and thin;  
A noble brow like marble shone,  
Where thought sat on its kingly throne;  
No regal splendors round him spring,  
Yet looked he every inch a king;  
No knightly spur was on his heel;  
Nor grasped his hand the flashing steel;  
No herald rode before to call  
Sentry or warder to the wall.  
No squire came ambling close behind  
His shield to bear, his casque to bind;  
Yet in that clear, gray, piercing eye,  
The power is seen to do or die!  
True knight of "Holy Cross" was he,  
Of apostolic chivalry,  
Bearing emblazoned on his shield  
A cross upon a crimsoned field;  
His motto written there so plain,

"To live is Christ, to die is gain!"  
No worldly honors seeks he there—  
No kingly crown his brow to bear;  
No earthly gains or higher prize—  
In heaven his richer guerdon lies;  
With higher aim than earthly knight,  
He deeper wrongs is bound to right;  
The prison doors to force and bring  
To liberty the slave of sin;  
To spread the Conqueror's wondrous name;  
The year of Jubilee proclaim.  
Alone his Master came, alone  
The servant's courage shall be shown;  
Churches to him no call extend—  
No chimes a ringing welcome send;  
Alone he comes—his good speed's feet  
Awoke the echoes in the street;  
The gate is reached—the idle throng  
Scarce note him as they sweep along;  
He paused, and gazing on the scene,  
The gathering crowd, the lovely green,  
A moment lifts his heart in prayer—  
To pause or pass? the Cross was there!  
To pause or pass—succeed, or fail!  
What interests crowd that trembling scale!  
He bares his brow to the cool breeze  
That whispers through those noble trees;  
Dismounts, and slowly seeks the shade  
Of the "old elm," whose branches made  
A temple, such as mortal hand  
Has never reared in any land;  
A moment mused, then raised a song,  
Whose strange, sweet notes were borne along  
Upon the breeze—the crowd draw near,  
Charmed by the magic tones they hear:  
"Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee"—  
Perhaps 't was this—or it might be,  
"Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For Christ hath bidden all mankind."  
Then kneeling said, "And let us pray!"  
But such a sight, until that day,  
Boston, I wis, had failed to see—  
A man in prayer on bended knee!  
For our grim sires pronounced a ban  
On all who kneeled to God or man!  
Rising from short but earnest prayer  
He opened his commission there;  
"OLD SOUTH," "KING'S CHAPEL," "CHAUNCY  
PLACE,"  
Had often echoed words of grace;  
Chaste, elegant, the terms had rolled,  
Artistic, classic, fine, and cold!  
Learned and logical by the rules  
As taught in homiletic schools;  
But such appeal for scores of years,  
Had hardly tingled Boston ears!  
Unfolded clear the Gospel plan—  
So warmly urged God's love to man:  
His gracious purpose to receive  
All who in Jesus will believe;

Salvation now, full, rich, and free,  
 And "O, my friends, he saved me!"  
 The trembling lip, the falling tear,  
 Show honest heart, and soul sincere;  
 They heard and left—Boston polite,  
 Opened no door, nor gave "good-night!"  
 They leave him in the twilight gray,  
 Like him who had not where to lay  
 His head—they leave him there to lie  
 Under his Father's star-lit sky;  
 Heaving a sigh, he turns away,  
 Remounts again his faithful gray;  
 Then pacing up through Tremont-street  
 He shakes the dust from weary feet;  
 Then on through Charlestown eastward bore.  
 In Lynn he finds an open door;  
 Sadly he sought that night his rest,  
 His heart was sore, his soul distressed;  
 Of Boston thinks with grief and pain,  
 Of labor lost, of toil in vain!  
 False sons of sires who weary trod  
 The frozen sands to worship God;  
 Vain hope, to see in future years  
 Fruit from the seed there sown in tears;  
 Boston rejects him! the last thought,  
 Ere sleep her soothing draught has brought.  
 Sudden his chamber flames with light—  
 An angel form like seraph bright,  
 Who smiling said, "Dismiss thy fears,  
 By faith look through the coming years,  
 For every tear that dims thine eye  
 A thousand songs shall shake the sky;  
 The very dust thy footsteps trace  
 Shall spring to monuments of grace;  
 Rise, o'er thy form this mantle throw,  
 Back o'er thy pathway let us go;  
 Boston rejects you; you shall see  
 What Boston shall in future be.  
 High on the State-house dome they stand;  
 North, West, and South the teeming land  
 Seemed full of busy life—o'er all  
 Rose dome, and spire, and turret tall;  
 The hills with clustering villas crowned,  
 The vales with hum of life resound;  
 On every hand rise tapering spires,  
 On every side glow altar fires;  
 There CHELSEA all the valley fills;  
 Here CHARLESTOWN crowns her famous hills;  
 There classic CAMBRIDGE westward grows,  
 Where CHARLES in quiet beauty flows;  
 While ROXBURY graced with varied charms,  
 Wooded, blushing, sinks in Boston's arms;  
 Yonder, 'mid rattling hammers' stroke,  
 EAST BOSTON glimmers through the smoke.  
 The towns their numerous churches boast,  
 As light-houses that guard the coast,  
 This wondrous work the channel shows  
 Through which the true succession flows!  
 You stood alone—now Boston calls  
 Fifteen true watchmen to her walls.  
 A mighty host has crossed the flood—  
 An army vast is on the road;  
 This glorious harvest which you see

Springs from the seed sown by that tree—  
 Sown there in weakness and in tears,  
 Like Lebanon its fruit appears.  
 When thou art gathered to thy rest  
 Thousands shall rise to call thee blessed.  
 But come to BROMFIELD alley, where  
 Thy monument stands proudly fair."  
 Well might the patriarch feel surprise  
 At what here meets his wondering eyes!  
 A granite structure towers on high  
 Toward the overarching sky;  
 Massive and grand, yet chaste in style,  
 Vying with ancient classic pile—  
 Spanning the façade's ample space  
 "WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION" trace;  
 Up the broad stairs by surging throng  
 Angel and ward were borne along;  
 Over an archway on the wall  
 They scan the words, "WESLEYAN HALL."  
 Within, 'mid jets of flashing light,  
 What beauty bursts upon the sight!  
 Alhambra's Hall of blue and gold,  
 Was scarce more dazzling to behold.  
 Here easy forms relieve the mass,  
 Above light streamed through tinted glass,  
 The lofty walls in drab-maroon,  
 The rainbow's tints on ceiling thrown;  
 While up the hall in ample space  
 A modest dais held its place;  
 Here art, and taste, and wealth unite  
 To bring this beauteous gem to light.  
 And future ages here may see  
 Pattern of true church symmetry;  
 This granite pile shall symbol prove  
 And bond of our fraternal love;  
 While Wesley's children shall be bound,  
 In one firm band, wherever found,  
 No white, no black, no brown, or tan,  
 But hand grasp hand of brother MAN.  
 Shielding in shades his shining wings,  
 His ward the angel forward brings—  
 "The root whence all this greatness grew,  
 Brave JESSE LEE, I present to you.  
 Glad should we be to take by the hand  
 Each of this noble Wesleyan band.  
 But time is at fault; still we will not pass o'er  
 The Herald's department and model bookstore;  
 I beg to present to you now, Mr. Lee,  
 The model Book-Agent, J. P. Magee;  
 With *suaviter in modo*, abundant in tact,  
 Minding his business, prompt, rapid, exact;  
 If wanting advice on church building or heating,  
 Or making a book, or getting up a camp-meeting,  
 Excursion, or picnic, Sunday-school, or a fair,  
 Just give him a hint, and Magee will be there;  
 Mr. Lee, Mr. HAVEN, they call him 'our Gil'—  
 No matter what name, he Haven is still—  
 The chair editorial of the Herald he fills;  
 To read him you'd think he used porcupines' quills;  
 With courage to do what mortal may dare,  
 And to beard the wild demon if duty lies there;  
 To be up with the times he regards as a sin,  
 The question is rather, are the times up with him?

If there be, any question, could possibly rise,  
Which he could n't defend, I know not where it lies!"

Just here paused the angel, looked puzzled and said,  
"Can any one tell what 's that noise overhead?  
I'm strongly reminded by the words which they  
speak,

Of Abram the Hebrew, and Plato the Greek—  
My thought goes to Mamre and Athens of old,  
When met there those sages the sheep of that fold."  
"O, yes," cries the doctor who there bears the rule,  
"Come up to a Methodist Theological School!"  
The angel turned pale, and surprise seemed to  
show,

While Lee shook with fear, saying, "Pray let us go."  
They passed to the pavement, and lo, at the door,  
Stood Jesse Lee's horse, whose saddle-tree bore  
A parchment declaring that Harvard in course,  
A degree had conferred on this Methodist horse!<sup>1</sup>  
"Good luck," quoth our hero, "forsooth, heretofore  
More donkeys than horses passed through that door."

'T is morn; the sun up rose, and Lee  
Seemed to his host so changed that he  
Inquires the cause—who smiling said  
"Such dreams ne'er filled a poet's head;  
Boston with Methodists alive  
I saw as bees in Summer hive,  
While churches, bells, and organs all  
Thick on my wondering fancies fall;  
And what than all the rest most rare,  
A theological school was there!"  
Musing, he bows his reverend head;  
"With God 't is possible," he said;  
Then flashed his eye with heavenly light,  
As on him burst prophetic sight—  
Like Moses' face his shone and glowed;  
Sublime and full his accents flowed;  
"Him I shall see, but O, not now,  
With kingly crown upon his brow;  
His power behold, but O, not nigh,  
His star I see ascending high!  
The scepter of the Conquering One—  
From Jacob springs, great David's son;  
O, goodly tents, O, countless host,  
Against thee no enchantments boast;  
No divination checks thy way  
To purchased universal sway;  
Proud thrones and idol temples fall,  
And David's Son is Lord of all."

<sup>1</sup> Boston Common was originally a cow-pasture for the town.

<sup>2</sup> "For rumor said a strange new light," etc. The first evangelical itinerants were called *new lights*, and about that time some improved lamps to light the streets of Boston were brought from England, and the rumor that a new light was to be burned on the Common drew out the people.

<sup>3</sup> No person invited Lee to go home with him, and he really rode to Lynn that night.

<sup>4</sup> The Theological School is over our new hall, occupying the fourth and fifth stories.

<sup>5</sup> On Lee's second visit to Boston he visited and preached in Cambridge, when the students of Harvard took his horse from the stable and led him through the hall of the college, saying, "The Methodist minister's horse should go through college if his master had not." I have perpetrated an anachronism for the sake of the incident.

## THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

### III.

#### BENEFITS AND OBLIGATIONS OF MARRIAGE.

**M**ARRIAGE is a happy state. This is the condition chosen and designed by God as the one most calculated to secure man's highest welfare and happiness. "It is not good for man to be alone," is a Divine opinion, and in the belief of it he made him a wife. Wedded life is not all sunshine; its paths do not all lead through beds of flowers and avenues of beauty; it is not all happiness; it has its cares, its crosses, its responsibilities, its self-denials, but it is capable of affording the highest happiness to be found in the present life; it is the condition in which are to be found the richest supplies of peace and joy which the world affords; it gathers around man and woman the circumstances capable more than all others of making them happy, and is that position in which, undoubtedly, the greatest amount of happiness and the greatest number of happy people in the world are found. There are unhappy marriages, but the fault is not in the institution, but in the individual.

Marriage is a safe state. Men and women do not only want happiness, they want safety; they long for security. They live in a dangerous, tempting, sinful, changeful world; they need a place of safety and shelter, a quiet retreat from the busy world; in a word, they need a *home*. Man especially needs a place where he can feel that all is safe and trustworthy; where his interests, his welfare, his reputation, his plans, his heart are secure; where there is no enemy, no spy, no hidden tempter; where his soul breathes easy, and his heart beats lightly, and all around him is innocence, truth, and love. The world offers no such place but in the charmed circle of wedded love.

No man has better summed up the benefits of this sacred relation than the famous Jeremy Taylor. "Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity; and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like a fly in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone and is confined and pines in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and

labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God has designed the present constitution of the world."

But these benefits of marriage, inestimable as they are, are such as accrue to the individuals themselves; its broadest relations are, however, to society. Marriage is the groundwork of human society and government, and the chief corner-stone of all religion and virtue. It is the fountain of families; it is the source of all the tender relations, and of all the gentle and useful affections of life. Here in this garden, as beautiful and as fertile as Eden, spring up those tender life-bonds of husband and wife, father, mother, child, brother, sister, and all those ramifications of life-ties which link us together in families and in circles of endearing relations. Here are born and cherished those beautiful affections of conjugal tenderness, parental love, filial piety, and brotherly and sisterly attachments, worth more than all the land and all the gold and silver of the world.

From marriage also spring into life the forces which give birth to education, which ennoble industry, which develop economy, which inspire enterprise, and which prepare for freedom. That we have so much of these in American Christian society is because the first of God's institutions is sacred among us. Sparta never produced any thing great in the arts or literature, because she respected not the ordinance of marriage, while Athens, through her regard for the marriage tie, was the first in both literature and the arts. Ancient Rome held sway while she had such women as Lucretia, but when she became licentious her power passed from her.

Says De Tocqueville, in his work on the United States, "I can only ascribe the inspiring principle of American greatness to the sacredness of their domestic relations, and the superior character of their women." And so it must be. Woman is the appointed preserver of whatever is good, and pure, and true in humanity. She is the first teacher. "The fountain of public order, refinement, intelligence, morality, and religion," said Daniel Webster, "is not primarily the school, but the family. And over this fountain woman, as the wife, mother, sister, is the presiding genius. Let the enchanted wand which she there waves be guided by intelligence and virtue, and the whole mass of society, like Peter's sheet, is lifted by the four corners toward heaven."

Human beings, always ready enough to com-

plain of evils that threaten them, and of sufferings that are actually upon them, are proverbially slow in recognizing their blessings and in tracing them to the sources whence they flow to them. We live in the highest civilization and in the enjoyment of the multitudinous blessings and comforts that flow to us from a state of society characterized by peace, refinement, courtesy, morality, charity, and obedience to the great principles of law and order, and yet are exceedingly apt to forget that it is our superior home-life and culture that lies at the bottom of all these grand characteristics of our civilization; that in this fallen and disordered world the institution of marriage is the most potent instrument by far, among all our laws and institutions, in sustaining and consolidating the fabric of society. And it is marriage, too, in the high significance and state of strictness to which it has attained in modern society, and under the fostering influences of Christianity, which alone is capable of producing these highest and grandest results. Certain modern reformers in their bold and far-reaching complaints of the so-called burdens and restraints of married life forget this fact, and that it is these very restraints entailed on society by the marriage bonds that make it the beneficent institution that it is. Marriage derives its essential and specific character from restraint; restraint from the choice of more than a single wife; restraint from choosing her among near relatives by blood or affinity; restraint from the carnal use of woman in any relation inferior to marriage; restraint from forming any temporary or other than a life-long contract. By the prohibition of polygamy it concentrates the affection which its first tendency is to diffuse; by the prohibition of incest it secures the union of families as well as individuals, and keeps the scenes of dawning life and early intimacy free from the smallest taint of appetite; by the prohibition of concubinage it guards the dignity of woman, and chastens whatever might be dangerous as a temptation in marriage, through the weight of domestic cares and responsibilities; by the prohibition of divorce, above all, it makes the conjugal union not a mere indulgence of taste and provision for enjoyment, but a powerful instrument of discipline and self-subjugation, worthy to take rank in that subtle and wonderful system of appointed means by which the life of man on earth becomes his school for heaven. Thus in the sanctity of the marriage tie between two persons is the symbol of a perfect humanity, and wherever it is broken the bond and symbol of a perfect society are violated. Wherever it is kept pure in a nation, the men and women of



that nation will be strong in action and noble in thought; and history tells us, in many a voice, that an empire never fell till corruption had entered its homes.

It has been Christianity alone which has been able to restore and preserve to mankind this sacred institution in its primitive purity and significance, and even to enlarge its power and meaning. When we reflect for a moment how marriage stands related to the purposes, methods, and successes of Christianity, we do not wonder at God's care for its preservation, or at the Divine Redeemer's concern for its purity and perpetuity. Religion, the religion of God and the Bible, has given to man this beneficent institution, and it has given back its own powerful influence, and presented its own fruitful sphere to religion. Marriage, creating the household and the family, secures the only hopeful conditions for the existence and perpetuation of Christianity. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, does not dwell with the sensualist, will not take up her abode in the midst of polluted and licentious societies; she seeks the quiet fireside; she comes to nestle around the domestic hearth; she seeks shelter amid the gentleness and purity of human homes; she lives and grows only in her full strength and symmetry amid the tender affections and gentle charities that cluster around the altar of marriage.

But marriage is not necessarily in itself either a beneficial or a happy estate; what the domestic life of any married pair shall be depends almost entirely on themselves; they may fill it with harmony and peace, and may dwell in an atmosphere of benedictions, or they may pervert it into a scene of discord, distrust, and misery, from which both parties would be glad to be free. But this perversion and consequent misery is not the fault of marriage, or chargeable against it, any more than are the sufferings of disease chargeable to the delicate nature of good health. The Creator has instituted for us this kind of life; but whether the fire shall burn brightly on the hearth and cast its mellow tints over a household dwelling in peace, and harmony, and happiness, or shall cast its dim light in lurid shadows over scenes of discord and unhappiness, depends upon ourselves. Nor is the result a perplexing problem to solve. Marriage, like all other good things, has its laws and obligations; if these are observed the results will follow as the Creator has ordained. To a few of these laws or vital principles we now turn our attention. The most vital of all we have already noticed as an essential part of marriage itself, namely, mutual love. We do

not prescribe this as one of the duties—it is a part of the thing itself, and wherever it is wanting, whatever else the union of the parties may be, it is not marriage as God has ordained.

After this, the first law of domestic life is *mutual forbearance*. The importance of this to the married pair can not be overestimated. Marriage is a system of compromises and concessions. The parties are not *angels*, and if we sometimes almost think so in the ardor of affection, we soon discover that we have been mistaken. The duties, cares, and intimacies of the married state, soon evolve to us the truth, that both husband and wife are but mortals—poor, feeble, erring creatures, the children of waywardness, selfishness, and sin. We are not long in discovering that our idol, though bright in our eyes as the sun, yet, like the sun, has spots in it. Nor should the discovery of these imperfections, or even of faults, estrange our affections, or create a feeling of disappointment which must lead to coolness and indifference. The true conclusion to draw from this discovery is, that to secure the harmony and peace of *this union at least* we must compromise, and agree to the rule of mutual forbearance and forgiveness. We say *mutual*, for let each remember that if the husband has found faults and blemishes in the wife, she too has found them in him. "The road to home-happiness lies over small stepping-stones." Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks of families. "The prick of a pin," says the proverb, "is enough to make an empire tremble." The tenderer are the feelings, the more painful is the wound. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the gentlest breeze. The misery of a life is often born of a chance observation.

"The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will have occasion to forbear,  
And something every day they live  
To pity and perhaps forgive;  
But if infirmities that fall  
In common to the lot of all—  
A blemish or a sense impaired—  
Are crimes so little to be spared,  
Then farewell all that must create  
The comfort of the wedded state;  
Instead of harmony, 't is jar,  
And tumult, and intestine war."

Such, too, is the nature of true affection:

"'T is gentle, delicate, and kind,  
To faults compassionate or blind,  
And will with sympathy endure  
Those evils it would gladly cure;  
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression  
Shows love to be a mere profession;  
Proves that the heart is none of his,  
Or soon expels him, if it is."

Again, the busy, precise, exacting man is most likely to be at fault. Tenderness, delicacy, and gentleness are the natural qualities of woman. Forgiveness is the most prominent attribute of the sex. Says the quaint Jeremy Taylor, "If man is refined, woman is double refined," and her very delicacy of feeling makes her silent, forbearing, and forgiving with reference to her husband's faults. It is not every man that understands or appreciates the cares, and toils, and anxieties which gather round the faithful wife and mother; and she who bears them patiently, and for my sake meets them faithfully, deserves my patience and forbearance, and, above all, my tender sympathy, which is her greatest reward. The husband gains much, much in every way, who exhibits on all occasions this appreciating sympathy for his wife. He will soon discover how it cheers the heart, lightens the duties, and enwreathes with smiles the countenance of his wife; and who does not know that the very sunshine of the household is these smiles of his wife? If we would have them, depend upon it we must make them. And while we think and say so much of the cheering, approving smile of woman, let us not forget that the approving, affectionate smile of the husband is as the light of the eyes to the patient, loving wife.

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OSMOSE.

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**G**OD is the great object-teacher, and earth is his school-room. During the childhood of our immortality we are kept away from the rest and luxury of our heaven-home lest we should become enervated—put into this stern school discipline that our souls, cultivated and strengthened, may be fit to enjoy the delights of home after school-days are over.

Thickly scattered through our study-room we find physical pictures of spiritual truth, which our Teacher is trying to impress upon our minds. Daily he gives us, through nature, facts about the soul. Sometimes we become so interested in the pretty playthings that we fail to learn the abstract truth of which they were intended to be object-lessons. Perhaps when we have studied the phenomena of nature more accurately, it may yet be found that every law of physics has its correlative in spiritual action. Let me illustrate this idea by comparing the osmose of liquids with the reciprocal influence of human souls.

You know that when liquids of different density are separated by some substance which is at all permeable, they will find each other mingling

their substance till both are alike. I believe that human souls have such a law as well as liquids; compel them to be close together for any length of time, and you will find that the outflowing life of each has been absorbed by the other; they will be more alike than when they met. This law, like all others, may be resisted in its action by the operation of some stronger law, but you can notice its effect in a hundred cases right about you. When souls love each other, this law is a hundred-fold more potent.

You owe Mrs. Brown a visit and take your sewing to sit with her an hour. Something turns the conversation upon an interesting bit of gossip. Why is it that, despite her talk upon a different subject, you find yourself involuntarily thinking about your wardrobe, wondering how you shall fix over your Spring suit, forming a plan for your Summer hat, inventing some novelty in the way of trimming dresses, regretting that you have not richer clothes, a larger house, handsomer furniture, a prettier face? It is because, unconsciously to both of you, her soul has been flowing into yours. You are feeling a very little of what she feels a great deal, for *she* lives for *show*.

Why is it that when Mrs. Smith calls, even though she may happen to talk all the while of receipts for making jelly, you notice yourself forming resolutions in reference to a course of reading? Why do you find yourself regretting that you have wasted so much time in visiting, and embroidery, and fancy dishes, when you might have read so much? It is because part of her nature has soaked into yours, and, above all other wealth, learning is to her of greatest value.

When your heart is all in a flutter with annoyances, anxiety, and suspense, and your eye is so dim that it seems as if this poor life were all, why do you lose your fret and your blindness in Mrs. Bond's companionship? Because the restful quiet and faith of her own pure heart are infused into yours, and you see life with her eyes.

With one you are frivolous; with another, thoughtful; with one, scientific; with another, childish. With one, life seems to you a comedy; with another, a tragedy. With one, you look back to read your past as a tender, poetic romance; with another, as a monotonous, prose narrative of a rough fight with circumstance. With one you are misanthropic, cursing the world; with another, humanitarian, loving it for the good hid underneath. With one you are a short-sighted, dim-visioned worldling; with another, so spiritual that you always feel a sense of the angel's presence.

Of course you do not become exactly like your friend, but your mood, while under his influence, will partake of his character, and if his visits are often repeated this mood will become a habit of feeling, unless resisted by some stronger life inside or out.

All are not equally influenced by their associates. Some few souls are so fixed, immovable, unimpressible, that the facts concerning them might be explained by the laws of solids rather than by the chemistry of fluids. We state a general law, true in different degrees of different characters of soul.

Besides this direct, immediate outflowing of one life into another which is in contact with it, there are many other ways in which, friends infuse into each other their own good or bad character. One we love is always with us—carried in our hearts as a spiritual presence when not sensibly apparent. We are unconsciously adapting ourselves to his taste even in his absence. He is making us over even while he does not think of us. Is he good? Then we are ashamed even to think of what he would disapprove, and so our life grows better. Is he high above us? It is instinctive to try to approach his level, to put ourselves on the same plane of life. So we are raised in sentiment. Is he refined? "What would he think" will be a sure preventive against any coarseness, and our taste grows finer, our sense of propriety more acute, under this training of love.

Alas, that this force which may so strongly draw our souls to heaven should so often be downward in its tendency, blackening in its touch; that the ridicule of miscalled friends should ever weaken the restraints with which God has hedged in the wrong; that the holy gift of human love should ever be so abused as to become an enervating, debasing influence! Sad it is that those we strongly love, those who almost make us what we are, are not always just what we would like to become.

Some souls are better conductors of spiritual electricity than others. The divine life, God-given, may come to us in greater measure through some hearts than through others. Let us drink in our life where it is purest and most abundant.

We must not forget that we influence our friends as they do us. Not only does their spiritual life flow into ours—ours is flowing always into them whether we will or not. It is a fearful thing to be loved by any one, especially by one of an ardent nature; to be to them their limit of good possibilities; to be their standard of human excellence; to be almost their conscience. Do we do wrong? We have marred

their book of ethics, for our sin is to them no longer sin. Is there any evil in our hearts? We will infuse it into theirs.

But it is, too, through this love of our friends for us that we have most power of blessing. Has God any loving message to them? He asks us to be its carrier, and we shall be welcomed for love's sake. Perhaps for love's sake we may make the message welcome, so saving souls to God forever.

But strongest souls have strongest influence; so God's influence is stronger than that of any human soul, if we open our hearts to welcome it. Let him be our most intimate friend, and the divine life shall flow into our souls, making us, sons of God, fit for the home where our Father is, fit for the love of angels, who are waiting for us yonder. Filled with this divine life, we may then more safely go among wicked men to do them good, for the good within us being stronger than the evil in them, we shall not be hurt, and they will be blessed by the virtue going out of us. If we have been with Jesus they will know it by the new aspirations awakened in them through our presence. If we carry with us the atmosphere of heaven, some wanderer breathing it may learn to love his home, and wander from it no longer.

Let God be the fountain of our inflowing life, then we need not be startled by the fact that we are making our friends like ourselves. We will rather be comforted by the thought that their reception of our spiritual effluence must be only the reception of so much of rest, and happiness, and purity—so much of heaven.

#### A PRESENT SAVIOR.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps  
For Him no depths can crown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;  
And faith hath still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine.

## The Children's Repository.

### THE TWO BOYS.

**ONCE** on a time two boys started out to seek their fortunes. They were both orphans, the one named Peter and the other John. They trudged on together for several days, and at last came one afternoon to a little church. It was very hot weather, and they had walked a long way; so they stepped into the church-yard and sat down upon a tombstone, beneath some large, overshadowing elm-trees. Here they fell into a conversation, and Peter said to John:

"What do you intend to do with yourself, now that you have set out upon this journey?"

"I intend to do as much good in the world as I can, and at the same time get an honest living," replied John.

"What do you intend to do?"

"I intend to become a rich man, and have a large house, and servants to wait upon me, like the Duke," answered Peter.

"Well," said John, "I should like to get a plenty of money, because I could then do good with it, but I should not care much to have many servants about me, and I would rather live in a nice little cottage, like the minister's, than in a big mansion like the Duke's."

"I would not, though!" responded Peter. "Why, if you have a grand house and plenty of money, you can have grand parties, and great people to come and see you; and as to doing good, see what Christmas presents you can make of loaves of bread, and meat, and coals! The Duke gives coals to all his tenants every Christmas, but the preacher does not."

"But he does good in other ways; he is too poor himself to give much away," replied John.

"If he had plenty of money, however," said Peter, "see how much more good he could do! There is not much good to be done without money, and therefore I intend to do my best to get it; and then you will see the good I will do."

"But my father told me, on his dying bed, not to make the getting of money the main and only object of my life. He said it ruined a man, it made him selfish and mean, and unable to serve God as he ought to do. He told me to make this the motto of my life: 'To do good

is better than to get wealth;' and I shall try to do so."

"My father told me," said Peter, "'to remember that nothing was done in the world without money, but every thing was possible with it; it was the only magic wand?' And so I intend to make a plenty of money, and then do good with it; and as London is the place where fortunes are made, I shall get there as quickly as possible."

"Well, I do n't care to go to London," answered John. "I believe it is a great wicked place, and there is no telling what temptations one might be led into."

"Pooh! look at the thousands of people there, and good enough people too, I warrant you! I would not stay away for any such reason as that. But now I'm rested, and must go on: if you won't go to London, therefore, I must bid you good-by; for this road to the right goes direct to London, and I expect to be there by to-morrow night."

"Good-by!" said John; "I hope we shall meet again some day, so that we may know how each other prospers."

"I hope so too. Good-by!"

Thus the two boys separated, each taking the way he thought would lead him to happiness.

The next day, toward evening, Peter arrived in the great city, as he had expected. It was still light, for it was Summer time. He threaded the long streets, with their large buildings and glittering shops, with the greatest wonder and astonishment. He had never dreamed of any thing like it. It seemed like fairy-land to him. He wandered about for a long time, looking at the strange and wonderful things; but soon the merchants began to close their warehouses, and the shop-keepers their shops, and then it began to get dark. Peter was weary and tired; for he had walked far that day, and, therefore, sat down upon a step. The stars crept out one by one, and as he looked up at them he felt very, very lonely. They seemed to be so very far away; further away than on those nights when he had slept beneath them in the open country. Presently, however, hunger stirred him to fresh exertion, and after a while he found a tavern where he could have his supper and a bed very cheap. It was long before he could fall into his first sleep in London; but sheer weariness at

length overpowered him, and he fell off into a sound slumber.

But what had become of John in the mean time? When he had gone a few miles on his way, after parting with his companion, he came to a farm-house. The dairy-maids were coming home from milking, with pails of milk on their heads, and the men were returning from the fields to supper. John looked longingly in at the house-door, for he was very hungry; but he was ashamed to beg, so he trudged on toward the next village, where he knew he could buy something to eat with the little money he had got. But it was a long way, and the boy was so tired that he got on but slowly, so that when he arrived there it was already dark, and every thing was quite still. Only a light was to be seen here and there, and the occasional barking of dogs was the only sound that disturbed the silence. John was afraid he was too late to get any thing to eat that night, and therefore hurried down the village street as quickly as he could. He had not gone far, however, before a dog that was sleeping in a door-way, being aroused by his footsteps, rushed at him. John screamed in terror, and the good people of the cottage came in haste to the door to see what was the matter. They immediately called the dog away, and then were surprised to see a little boy there at that time of night. After questioning him and hearing his tale, they took him in and gave him something to eat, and then told him he could stay there for the night.

The people John had fallen upon were honest and worthy. The man was a shoe-maker, and all the day long he sat on his bench, in the room that opened to the street, and worked away as contentedly as a bee. He was never out of temper with any one, and no one ever seemed to be out of humor with him. His wife, too, was nearly always cheerful and happy. Only one thing sometimes seemed to trouble her. Only two years before their only son had run away from home and become a sailor, and when the nights were stormy the anxious mother would sit in her easy chair and rock in a disturbed manner. John soon knew about this, and he consented to stay with the good shoe-maker and learn his business. The shoe-maker was in want of some one to help him, and before many weeks were over he had become like one of the family.

He remained with these kind-hearted people two years, and made great progress, not only in learning the trade of shoe-making, but also in study; for he had become a student. In the cottage of the shoe-maker were several good books, and John soon got to learn these very

well. During these two years, with a little aid from his master, he had made himself well acquainted with grammar and arithmetic. He also had a strong desire to learn the French language, and for this purpose he saved up his pocket money, and when he had got enough he walked to the neighboring town on a market-day, and purchased a second-hand French grammar at a book-stall.

One day, as he was sitting on his bench, working away with his book open by his side, the doctor came in, for the wife of the shoe-maker was ill. As he was taking his departure he perceived the book and said:

"What, are you a student?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"What are you studying?"

"French," he answered.

"Why, now, what does a shoe-maker want with French?"

"It may be of use to me some day," said John.

"True, true," said the doctor. "Are you fond of reading?"

"Yes, sir, very."

"Well, now, if you will come down to my house some evening I think I can find a few books you would like to read; but if I lend you any you must take good care of them."

With that the kind doctor went away, and John went to his house the following evening. The doctor allowed him to choose one or two books to read, and told him that when he had used them carefully he could have more. Thus, by the doctor's kindness, the boy learned much, for which he was very grateful.

One day, as he and his master were sitting on their benches at work, the latter suddenly stopped his hammering, and, turning to John, said:

"How would you like to leave this trade and learn something else?"

John was taken by surprise, and did not know what to answer, and so said he could not say.

Then the shoe-maker told him that the doctor had taken a fancy to him, and had spoken to him about making a doctor of him. He soon perceived, by John's joyful expression, that this idea was agreeable to him. The result was that John went to live with the kind Doctor Upton. After a few years' time he got on so well that he was able to take his diploma, and establish himself in practice in the neighboring town of G. Here he soon became known for his skill in medicine and for his uprightness, and was consequently much sought after to attend on the sick. He, however, did not get

rich. He ever remembered the words of his father, namely, "that it is better to do good than to get good." He was always as ready to attend the poor, from whom he knew he would get no pay, as to attend the rich. But he was blessed with a cheerful, contented mind—a condition which a good conscience alone can give. One of the first things he did after getting a house of his own was to get the shoe-maker and his wife—both of them now quite old—to come and take charge of it for him. They lived with him for many years. She attended to the household duties and he to the garden and the out-buildings.

Thus years passed on, and John Beswick became one of the foremost men in every enterprise of benevolence in G. Every one had confidence in him, and all who wished to have their cause prosper sought to get him to identify himself with it, which he was never backward to do if it were a good one.

About forty years after the day when John first entered upon his service with the shoe-maker—who now, with his wife, had passed away—he was once suddenly called by a matter of business to a distant part of the country. In returning he had to pass very near to his native village, which he had never seen since the day he left it, and he became possessed with a strong desire to look upon it once more. He arrived there one afternoon in Autumn, and, after visiting several places in it, he returned to the inn. He sat by the fire in deep thought, recalling the main incidents of his life since the day when, as a little boy, he started with his companion to seek his fortune. Although there were deeds that he regretted having done, and temptations yielded to that might have been resisted, yet, after all, he was able to say that he had followed the general path God had marked out for him.

His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a carriage, and then the coming of some one into the room. It was evidently some important personage, for the landlady, waiters, and others, were running about, as hens do when a cat has made her appearance among the chickens.

In a little while, however, the two gentlemen were left alone, and, after a few remarks, they sat in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts. Presently supper was brought in, and after this the gentlemen became more communicative. The stranger seemed to be an invalid, for he walked lamely, although he did not eat and drink as a person suffering from ill-health.

"I have come here," said he, in the course of conversation, "for the good of my health.

I have suffered very much the last few years from a complication of diseases, and have been to Germany to take the waters, and to the South of France, and to Cheltenham and Bath; but not one of these places has done me any good; and so, by the advice of my doctors, I have come to try what the air of my native place will do."

"Is this your native place, then?" asked Dr. Beswick.

"Yes," replied the other, "I was born here, and have not seen it, till this evening, since the day I started out, now nearly forty years ago, to seek my fortune."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dr. Beswick, more surprised than the stranger supposed; for he now recognized his former companion.

"Yes," continued the other, "two of us started out together, and traveled for some days in company; but eventually we parted, and I have never heard any thing of him since. Poor John Beswick! I often wonder what has become of him."

"Poor John Beswick" could contain himself no longer, but, jumping up from his arm-chair, held out his hand toward the other, and said:

"Why, Peter Clayton, do you not know me? I am John Beswick!"

Peter's astonishment can be better imagined than described. It was indeed a strange meeting! That those two gray-headed, weather-beaten men, should, after a lapse of so many years, meet there in the inn of their native village, was really a wonderful circumstance. That evening was spent in relating their respective histories. John Beswick told his first, and then the other commenced in this wise:

"When I arrived in London I soon got a situation as errand-boy in a grocery store. I got very little money and a great deal of hard work, and so lived poorly for a long time. But eventually I rose from errand-boy to be a shop-man. I worked during every spare moment to pick up whatever information had any bearing on my business. I became quick at accounts, expert in book-keeping, and experienced as to the values of things. My employers found my services good, and advanced me to the highest position they could give, short of a partnership. At length I was tired of being a servant, and therefore explained to my employers that I must either be a partner in the concern or leave and start an establishment of my own. I knew they could not do without me, and so did they, and, accordingly, after I had served them twelve years, I was taken as partner into the concern. I now threw all my energy into the business, and in three years doubled the profits. Finally,

the two senior partners, who were now old, sold out, and I had the affair entirely in my own hands. Now I began to get the remuneration for my labor. Wealth came to me. All my speculations were successful. Thus I was able to reach the ambition of my life—to have an estate. I purchased an old mansion and the lands surrounding it. The former owner had been a careless man and a spendthrift, and so had ruined himself. Thus I became possessor of an estate in Kent. That's the way of the world, is it not? One man rises on another's ruin. I pulled down the old house and built a new one, and planted and hedged, and so brought the estate into good condition again. With this ambition gained I thought I should be happy; but my eldest son became wild, got into bad ways, and finally brought himself into disgrace, and me to sorrow. I did all I could for him, paid for the best education for him, if he only would have profited by it, and stinted him in nothing. And my payment is to have nothing but trouble with him! What with his misdeeds, and my ill-health, the last ten years of my life have been nothing but trouble and sorrow! And I suppose, sooner or later, I shall go down to my grave broken-hearted by the ingratitude of my children."

Thus did the old man complain. Dr. Beswick was deeply moved to see the companion of his youth thus distressed. Looking upon his wrinkled forehead and furrowed cheeks, he saw marks of care and suffering. Peter Clayton then fell into a deep train of thought; he leaned forward in his chair and gazed into the fire; dejection seemed to be written in every line of his face, and in his eyes almost a look of despair. Suddenly he raised himself up from his stooping posture, looked at his companion with a strange earnestness, and exclaimed:

"What would I not give to be the boy again I was forty years ago! I would lead a different life from what I have! But it is idle to wish any such thing. I chose my own path and pursued it, and I have my reward. Within the last year or so I have often thought of the words you used before we parted: 'It is better to do good than to get wealth.' I see the depth of them now, which I never did before. A few Sundays ago I went to hear a celebrated man preach, and he took for his text: 'He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' These words have been ringing in my ears ever since. I sowed to the flesh; I thought only of myself; I never went out of my way to make any one happy, and I have reaped my reward."

Thus the old man went on, his repentant heart almost breaking with bitterness and anguish. Dr. Beswick tried to comfort him, but it was in vain.

A few days afterward the latter gentleman returned home, leaving Mr. Clayton at his native village. He had promised to return again shortly to prescribe for him, and try to help improve his health. It was a little longer before he got back than he thought it would be. He found the man's health much worse; in fact, he was rapidly sinking, and there was little hope of his lasting many days. A week afterward Dr. Beswick saw him laid in the churchyard of his native village, and then, with a heavy heart, he turned his steps homeward, feeling more fully than ever, that "to do good is much better than to get wealth."

#### FORGIVENESS.

THE son of a minister had by some means displeased his father. His father thought it right to be reserved for an hour or two, and when asked a question about the business of the day he was very short in his answer to his son. An hour or two elapsed. The time had nearly arrived when the youth was to repeat his lesson. He came to his father's study and said:

"Papa, I can not learn my lesson unless you are reconciled. I am sorry I have offended you. I hope you will forgive me. I think I shall never offend you again."

His father replied, "All I wish is to make you sensible of your fault. When you acknowledge it, you know all is easily reconciled with me."

"Then, papa," said he, "give me the token of reconciliation, and seal it with a kiss."

The hand was given, and the seal most heartily exchanged on each side.

"Now," exclaimed the dear boy, "I will learn Latin and Greek with any boy," and fled to his little study.

"Stop, stop!" said his father; "have you not a Heavenly Father? If what you have done be evil, he is displeased, and you must apply to him for forgiveness."

With tears starting to his eyes, he said, "Papa, I went to him first. I knew except he was reconciled I could do nothing." And with tears fast falling he said, "I hope—I hope he has forgiven me; and now I am happy."

His father never had occasion to look at him with a shade of disapprobation from that time to his death.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**THE OLD PATHS.**—One who desires to keep up with the learning of his day must be constantly buying and studying new text-books. Such great discoveries and inventions are being constantly made in every art and science, that the old-fashioned scholars, who will keep to their old books, are far behind the age.

What a blessing it is that there is one study that changes not, and that, too, the one most important to us of all others! A man may get on very well who does not know all the latest chemical discoveries. He may be ignorant of the names of all the latest discovered planets, and may even fancy the sun really rises and sets as it appears to, and yet have the most profound and important knowledge, thoroughly grounded in head and heart. The old beaten paths of the Bible have been known for ages, and though we find in them constantly things new and marvelous to us, thousands of hearts have made the same discoveries long before us. When any one parades before us some entirely new discovery he has made in this mine, some fanciful new interpretation of a text, we may well question the truth of his theory. The Spirit has gone with the Word these thousand years and more, and has often revealed its precious truths even unto babes in Christ.

When the flocks are descending into the valley pastures, they do not choose out a new way around the brow of the fearful precipice or through the black morass. They follow the old beaten paths and tread them with confidence and safety. So should we "ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

**THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.**—The Christmas Heart, how much it means, and how much joy there is in it! There was always much joy in the world, and always birds have sung and children played, and men and women laughed and made merry; but never this great joy till the Incarnation came. Never such mirth that could so love and pity in its glee; never such paths that could smile through its tears and look upon no sin or sorrow without hope. What a change came over the human heart with the faith that rests in the Incarnation! Before, men could make merry over human woes, have slaves murder each other to give spirit after their banquets and see gladiators butchered in their public games. The pathetic emotions were as much perverted as the

mirthful, and pathos was melancholy brooding in the groves of fate, as mirth was madness reveling in scenes of blood and wretchedness. Before, there was more glee for the prodigal among spendthrifts and harlots—afterward, there was music and dancing in the house that had won him back to his father's arms; and throughout Christendom to-day there is much rejoicing over hosts of prodigals thus returning, and with the hymn of the Angels of the Nativity, we can hear a chorus of other angels, who sing, perhaps, in more plaintive strains, the joy of heaven and earth over the repenting sinner, as they answer to the good father's gladness, and say, "For this our brother was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."—*Dr. Osgood.*

**THE BOSOM OF JESUS.**—Ah! my brother, may God give thee grace to-day, to go and lean all thy weakness upon the faithful bosom of Him who died for thee! Trial in this world thou mayest have; weakness thou art the subject of; fickleness thou standest exposed unto, in the creature around thee and in the creature within thee; but this is thy consolation—He that "measures the waters in the hollow of his hand" knows how to carry thee "gently in his bosom." It has a kindly aspect upon the sinner—the thoughtless sinner. Thus it speaks to him: "This is our Jesus; this is the Jesus that you turn your back upon; this is the Jesus that you reject and tamper with; this is that Jesus—he that can put the 'smoking flax' into his bosom, when there is enough of unbelief to lead him to cast it out, and to cast it out utterly." O, there is a sweet aspect in this truth; and thus it speaks, If a poor wretched sinner hears me, brought within these walls to-day, half convinced that he is in the way of destruction, with a secret misgiving lest if he go forward he perish utterly, yet with this device of Satan constantly before him, "If I give up my creed, I give up my happiness"—what! in the "bosom?" Let me ask thee, where—on what bosom—dost thou lean thy head? Is it upon the restless world? It were as well to lay thy head upon the varying billow. Is it upon a creature—dying, fading, perishing? Ah! let the many that are at this present moment thinking upon friends once enjoyed, once walked with, once delighted in, and their place now knowing them no more forever—let them tell us what there is in the perishing creature to lay the head upon. Is it upon



the law thou dost lay thy head? It is a flinty bosom; it curses thee as thou dost. The law can condemn, it can threaten, it can curse; but it can not save. But the salvation of the Gospel is by grace—"by grace are ye saved;" to the vilest of sinners by grace. O, if feeling thy poverty and hasting from thy ruin, touched as with the fire of God in thy spirit, thou art now led to go in thy wretchedness, and place thy head beneath that truth, "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt, but to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness"—this is the "bosom" of Jesus!—*Evans*.

**FOUR IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.**—First, to escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but soon found himself where all his imitators will, in the end, find themselves. Therefore manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

Second, to become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, that is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed luster.

Third, to form an independent character except when thrown upon one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, which is surrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and sickly; put it away from its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field, where it is continually beat upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

Fourth, to be a growing man when you look to your post for influence, instead of bringing influence to your post. Therefore prefer rather to climb up hill with difficulty, than to roll down with inglorious ease.

**THEY SAY.**—A more sneaking, cowardly, fiendish liar than "They say," does not exist. That personage is a universal scape-goat for personal gossip, envy, and malice; without form of flesh and blood, when invoked, and yet stalking boldly in every community. The character is a myth, and yet real; intangible, and yet clutching its victims with remorseless power. It is unseen, and yet from an exhaustless quiver wings its poisoned arrows from day to day. And no mail is proof; no character, position, or sex escapes; no sanctuary is too sacred; no home is bulwarked against its assaults. When one base heart wishes to assail some person's character or motives, "They say" is always invoked. That is the assassin who strikes in the cloud—the Thug who haunts the footsteps of the offender, and tortures from careless word or deed an excuse for the stiletto. Men dare not always reveal their own feelings. With smiles and pretended friendship, they present the envenomed shaft as coming from "They say." Be sure, reader, that when some villainous tale is

told of you, and the relater can not give an author more tangible than "They say" for it, that the slander is the creation of the heart by your side, reeking with the poison of envy and hatred, and earnest with a wish to have the falsehood of "They say" bud into reality, and become current coin in the community.

**THE HEART OF CHRIST.**—Jesus wept over the woes of a *single city*; and do you think he never wept over the woes of a *world*? He wept in public, where he would certainly restrain his feelings as much as possible; and do you think he never wept in secret? Could we lift the sacred veil of his solitary hours; of his seasons of retirement, while an obscure workman of Nazareth; of his forty days' fasting and praying in the wilderness; of his vigils on the mountain tops and in the deserts—what prayers, what intercessions, what tender and heavenly sympathies with the sorrows and woes of humanity, would come to light! His affections were not limited to Judea; he did not love those merely who loved him. He wept at the grave of Lazarus, and over the distress of Martha and Mary, and why not over the great congregation of the dead of more than a hundred and thirty generations past, and over all the broken hearts of widows and starving orphans from the beginning of the world? Why not over the distress of the sick, the delirium of the deranged, the agonies of the dying? Do you now see why he went about with restless assiduity to console, to comfort, to bind up broken hearts, raising the dead, curing, cleansing, and restoring men to the enjoyment of health, sight, hearing, and reason? How could he do otherwise, with a heart like his? He would have done so, though no man had believed in him on that account, or returned to him a grateful word or look.

**THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.**—Thank God! some of us have had an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle; whose white jeweled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love light shone; and brown hair, just threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness; even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness, when her sweet spirit was baptized in the pearly spray of the beautiful river. Blessed is the memory of the old-fashioned mother! It floats to us now like the beautiful perfume from some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing melody of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from heaven's portals will glorify our own. When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine,

streaming through the western window—just where, long years ago, we kneeled by our mother's knee, lisping, "Our Father." How many times, when the tempter lures us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin! Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

**THE INIQUITIES OF THE FATHERS VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.**—A man may drink moderately but steadily all his life with no apparent harm to himself, but his daughters become nervous wrecks, his sons epileptics, libertines, or incurable drunkards, the hereditary tendency to crime having its pathology and unvaried laws precisely as scrofula, consumption, or any other purely physical disease. These are stale truths to medical men, but the majority of parents, even those of average intelligence, are either ignorant or wickedly regardless of them. There will be a chance of ridding our jails and alms-houses of half their tenants when our people are brought to treat drunkenness as a disease of the stomach and blood, as well as of the soul, to meet it with common sense and a physician, as well as with threats of eternal damnation, and to remove gin-shops and gin-sellers for the same reason that they would stagnant ponds or uncleaned sewers. Another fatal mistake is seen in the training of children—the system of cramming, hot-house forcing of their brains, induced partly by the unhealthy, feverish ambition and struggle that mark every phase of our society, and partly by the short time allowed for education. The simplest physical laws that regulate the use and abuse of the brain are utterly disregarded by educated parents. To gratify a mother's silly vanity during a boy's school-days, says a good writer, many a man is made incompetent and useless. If the boy show any sign of unnatural ambition or power, instead of regarding it as a symptom of an unhealthy condition of the blood-vessels or other cerebral disease, and treating it accordingly, it is accepted as an evidence of genius, and the inflamed brain is taxed to the uttermost, until it gives way exhausted.

**SERMONS AND CONVERSATION.**—Would you know one cause of the limited popularity of the Gospel? Do you wish for advice which will cause it to penetrate into the minds of which the society around us is composed? Let us learn to mingle it better with our conversation. Does not conversation form a large part of the words which we utter? We, who preach, well know the imperceptible influence our sermons produce compared with that produced by our conversation. Our sermons are always more or less prepared, or if not, they are supposed to be. Our conversation, on the contrary, is the most natural expression of our habitual state of mind. Now, it is this habitual state of mind that we must needs know to appreciate at its true value the expression of our convictions.

Our sermons fall from too great a height, are too loud and too far between. They are like storms,

when the rain strikes the ground as it falls, and glides over the surface. But to penetrate the parched and arid ground of the hearts of the multitudes around us, we must have those gentle, fine, continuous, irresistible rains, to which the blessed influence of our conversations might be compared, if instead of leaving them to the caprices of the moment, we knew how with fidelity and gentleness, according to the advice of St. Paul, to let them be always with grace, seasoned with salt.

**A GOOD DAUGHTER.**—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his fire-side. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse in his sickness.

**THE CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECTS.**—Rejoice in God. Dry up those tears. Cast away that downcast look. Child of the dust, you are an heir of glory. There is a crown all burnished for you; there is a white robe prepared for you; there is eternal glory for you; angels are to be your servants, and you are to reign with the King of kings forever. But while you wait on earth be witnesses for God; attest the glory of your Master; rise in the greatness of his strength; bind sin captive to your chariot wheels; go onward in your heavenly career.

**WHAT'S THE USE?**—What's the use of minding what "they say?" What's the use lying awake of nights with the unkind remark of some false friend running through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddling busy-body who has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false let it go for what it will fetch, until it dies of inherent weakness.

**RESPONSIBILITY.**—As a general thing there is very little honesty in your soul if you stand on the verge of your responsibilities, and refuse to lift them, because they are so unlike others'; they are too small to suit your pride, or too large to suit your humility. You are not half a man! You need correcting grace, first of all, to change your nature, that you may see nothing is small that God lays across your path for you to shoulder and bear on.

**PRAYER.**—Men plant prayers and endeavors, and go the next day to see if they have borne graces. Now, God does not send graces as he sends light and rain, but they are wrought in us through long days of discipline and growth. Acorns and graces sprout quickly, but grow long before ripening.

## Contemporary Literature.

I. CARLTON AND LANAHAN, NEW YORK. HITCHCOCK AND WALDEN, CINCINNATI.

*Wesley His Own Historian. Illustrations of his Character, Labors, and Achievements, from his own Diaries. By Rev. Edwin L. Janes. 12mo. Pp. 464.*

*Living Words; or, Unwritten Sermons. By the Late John M'Clintock, D. D., LL. D. Reported Phonographically. With a Preface by Bishop Janes. 12mo. Pp. 335.*

*Thomas Chalmers. A Biographical Study. By James Dodds. 16mo. Pp. 388.*

*Hand-Book of Bible Geography: With Descriptive and Historical Notes. By Rev. George H. Whitney, A. M. 12mo. Pp. 401.*

*Arts of Intoxication. The Aim and the Results. By Rev. J. T. Crane, D. D., Author of "Popular Amusements," "The Right Way," etc. 16mo. Pp. 264.*

*Simple Stories with Odd Pictures; or, Evening Amusement for the Little Ones at Home. 18mo. Pp. 150.*

*The Little Folk Library. Six Volumes in a Box. 18mo. Pp. 177, 106, 152, 150, 122, 190.*

*The Daisy Books. Three Volumes in a Box. 18mo. Pp. 95, 110, 79.*

A valuable collection of books from our own publishers is thus found on our Table for this month. "Wesley His Own Historian" is a happy thought, conceived and excellently executed by Mr. Janes, of the New York East Conference. It allows Mr. Wesley to speak for himself. It illustrates his character, labors, and achievements by extracts from his own diaries. The most of them consist of selections from the third and fourth volumes of his works, comprising his journals for a period of more than half a century. The author says: "I have endeavored to make such selections as point directly to some event in Mr. Wesley's life, some trait in his character, some expression of his views, or some achievement in his work. As the reader peruses these pages he will find the extracts as so many index-fingers, pointing to the faith, patience, charity, humility, gentleness, sympathy, sincerity, and devotion of this wonderful man."

The volume might well be styled a portrait of Mr. Wesley drawn by himself, or rather, it exhibits him to us speaking in his own style, preaching in his own manner, working in his own indomitable ways. The reader here hears him telling, in his own simple, artless manner, what he did, and how he did it. We see him preaching at all hours and in all places, traveling in all directions, writing on all manner of subjects, visiting the sick and dying, burying the dead, praying with penitents, visiting the classes, examining and sifting the societies, adjusting difficulties, harmonizing discordant elements, directing his

helpers, escaping from dangers, mastering mobs, defeating plots, and overwhelming his persecutors. We see a marvelous life, characterized by wonderful powers of endurance and distinguished by unparalleled labors. We are amazed at the magic influence this great organizer and leader in the Church of God wielded over his preachers and hearers, and over infuriated mobs, and we are led to admire the courage and wisdom displayed in the use of this power. The volume presents the life of Mr. Wesley with a vividness and impressiveness which no one but Mr. Wesley himself could achieve. His own descriptions of the scenes through which he passed in his travels and labors are inimitable. Why, then, should they be given to the world in any other words than his own? This is the work which Mr. Janes has done; he has gathered these vivid descriptions out of Mr. Wesley's journals, arranged them in chronological order so as to present a consecutive view of Mr. Wesley's life and labors. The whole book is a suggestive hint to the reader that the entire journals of Mr. Wesley are worthy of a thorough and prayerful reading.

Dr. M'Clintock, whose "Living Words" are before us, was what is properly understood by an extemporaneous preacher; not a mere off-hand talker, but one possessing the power of clothing, in appropriate language, while standing in the presence of an audience, thoughts which he had previously matured in the silence of his study. He could think upon his feet; he was master of himself; he had something to say, and he knew how to say it. As a preacher his heart was full of his work, so that his sermons not only bore the impress of a clear and brilliant mind, but also of a warm, loving, and earnest soul. He believed, and therefore he spoke. He was endowed with admirable qualities for a popular and successful preacher; he possessed a capacious, symmetrical, and active mind, a gentle and philanthropic spirit, a social and sympathetic nature, a clear, strong, silvery voice, a commanding presence, an active, earnest manner; and yet he was never a popularity seeker in the pulpit; he only used the great powers with which the Creator had endowed him, to win souls, and to proclaim the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Dr. M'Clintock did not write his sermons, and, therefore, we are indebted to the phonographer's art for these "Living Words" which lie before us. They admirably exhibit to us the language and style of the preacher, but the man of God is not here, clothing them with life and power. The volume contains nineteen sermons, all of them eminently practical, yet most of them treating of the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel and of some of the sublimest truths of Christianity; still the style is so clear and simple that every mind will be edified by

their perusal. They are fine examples of a happy combination of learning and good sense.

The characterization of Dr. Chalmers in the little volume prepared by Mr. Dodds is comprehensive and admirable. In this age of many books, the author who condenses the life of such a man as Chalmers into a small readable volume, confers a great service on the reading public. Long and minute memoirs, even of great men, while they may be valuable to the historian or the critic, can not be available to the general reader, and especially can not enlist the interest of the young. It is these classes the author has had in view in preparing the excellent memoir which lies before us. The American editor, Dr. Wise, says: "We have long desired a condensed delineation of the life and character of Thomas Chalmers for our Young People's Library. True, Chalmers was a Presbyterian minister; nevertheless, he belonged to the whole Church of Christ. His symmetrical character, catholic spirit, extensive learning, rare earnestness, singular eloquence, political wisdom, self-sacrificing devotion to his principles, and pure life, are worthy of the study and emulation of the youth of every creed and nation. Hence we take pleasure in introducing this spirited, racy, and attractive 'biographical study' to the attention of our senior Sunday scholars, our teachers, and, may we add, of our young ministers, believing that these and all other classes of thoughtful readers will be both instructed and benefited by its perusal."

The "Hand-Book of Bible Geography" is a timely and valuable contribution to a present want of pastors and Sunday-school teachers. It compresses into compact and convenient form a mass of information which can only be found in large dictionaries or cyclopedias, or scattered through the books of travelers. It gives the name, pronunciation, and meaning of every place, nation, and tribe mentioned in both the canonical and apocryphal Scriptures, with descriptive and historical notes. So far as practicable, each article is discussed in the following order: 1. The name. 2. The place on the map where it is found. 3. The meaning. 4. The situation. 5. Bible allusions. 6. Bible events. 7. Modern name, condition, etc. It brings the geography of the sacred record down to the latest information; the best authorities have been consulted, and in many cases the facts are taken from the lips of travelers, fresh from the sites described. It is illustrated by nearly one hundred engravings, and forty maps and plans, which will be found invaluable aids to the student. No other book, with which we are acquainted, contains within the same space so much information, with illustrations so complete, concerning the important subjects of which it treats. No pastor or true Sunday-school teacher can afford to do without it.

In "The Arts of Intoxication" we have an eloquent and earnest discussion of one of the great problems of the times. It begins with the beginning, touching Homer and his story of Ulysses, twenty-eight centuries ago, and reaching to the prohibitory laws of the present day. The almost universal prevalence of arts of intoxication pervading every grade

of civilization, as well as all depths of barbarism, is one of the marvelous facts of human nature and human history. Man seems to have a special and powerful tendency to seek a state of artificial exaltation. "In China the opium vice is working death. On the eastern slopes of the Andes the poor remnants of once powerful nations are enslaved by the coca-leaf and the thorn-apple. In Europe and America the nations who claim to be the leaders of human progress are fearfully addicted to narcotic indulgences, which not only impose crushing burdens upon them, wasting the products of their industry, and increasing every element of evil among them, but rendering even their friendship dangerous to the savage tribes whom their commerce reaches. Italy, France, Germany, England, and the United States are laboring beneath a mountain weight of crime, poverty, suffering, and wrong of every description, and no nation on either continent is fully awake to the perils of the hour. Questions of infinitely less moment create political crises, make wars, and overthrow dynasties."

A thoughtful and systematic discussion of the whole subject, in a popular and convenient form, has long been a desideratum. Dr. Crane has exactly met the want. Opium, Tobacco, Coca-Leaf, Thorn-Apple, Bétel-Nut, Indian Hemp, and Alcohol all receive full and careful consideration. The most recent facts, and the latest and clearest verdicts of science, are here given. The Temperance Reform, in its history, its mistakes, its prospects, and its most hopeful methods of success, is here fully treated by a master who has been, from the beginning, closely connected with the movement. The style is admirable; clear, terse, and forceful, and though the subjects in themselves may not be interesting, the author's style and manner of treating them throw a charm into the book which is really fascinating. We hope the little volume will be extensively circulated and read.

"Simple Stories" contains twenty beautifully told home-tales that will charm the little ones, and they are finely illustrated by those peculiar black, but graceful pictures made by Paul Konewka. "The Little Folk Library" contains six very handsome, neatly illustrated volumes that will be read and prized by the children, and the very "wee ones" will be delighted with "The Daisy Books," containing "Daisy's Home," "Daisy's Cousin," and "Daisy's Visit to Henwood."

**HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE.** *By Horatius Bonar, D. D. III Volumes. 18mo. 75 cts. each. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.*

This is a new edition of the Hymns of Dr. Bonar, issued in very neat style, on fine paper, gilt top, and in neat binding. No one in our day has equaled Bonar in the production of sweet and rhythmical hymns. In simple beauty of thought, and expressiveness, and elegance of language, the hymns of these volumes are unrivaled. Former editions have made them great favorites, and given them a wide

circulation. They have been a balm to many a pained heart, have given joy to many sorrowing ones, have strengthened many weak, have urged forward many who were wearied and discouraged by the greatness and difficulties of the way. His themes are drawn from the heart of a vital Christianity; they are the embodiment, in flowing numbers, of the religious experiences of an earnest, spiritual man. Whoever possesses these volumes will possess a wealth of sacred song.

**THE CHRISTIAN RULE OF FAITH: *Being a Series of Six Lectures.*** By G. W. Hughey, of the Southern Illinois Conference. 12mo. Pp. 169. Cincinnati: Elm-Street Printing Company.

The question discussed in this little volume is the crucial question between Protestants and Catholics, and embraces every other question, as it is that on which the whole controversy hinges. What shall be the authoritative law of the Christian's faith and practice? Shall it be the Word of God alone, or shall it be the authoritative utterances of the Church, or, narrower still, shall it be the *ex-cathedra* utterances of a single man, claiming to be the infallible Head of the Church? The entire system of Papal authority rests upon the claim of the Church to be the authoritative teacher of Christian faith and practice. Protestantism repudiates this high claim, recognizes the Bible as a full, and sufficient, and authoritative relation of all that it is necessary to believe, and of all that it is necessary to do, to inherit eternal life, and claims the right of the individual by virtue of his responsible manhood to read and interpret the Divine Words for himself, for the exercise of which right he stands responsible and accountable to God alone. The positions of Protestantism and Catholicism on this vital question are clearly and forcibly stated by the author in this little volume. Cardinal Wiseman has taken the lead in modern times in presenting the Roman Catholic argument, and his lectures are regarded by Catholics as the ablest defense of their doctrines extant in the English language. The volume before us is chiefly a review of these lectures of Wiseman. The Cardinal's arguments are fully and fairly presented, and are fully and fairly answered. We know of no other volume that, in so short a space, gives so complete a view of the controversy, and so thorough a refutation of the Papal claims.

**THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL IDEA: *By John S. Hart, LL. D.*** 16mo. Pp. 414. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.

Dr. Hart is a born educator, confirmed and perfected by long experience. He has studied thoroughly the whole nature of childhood; he believes in educating that whole nature, mind and heart; he is, therefore, a leader in the popular methods of public school instruction, and equally a leader in the great Sunday-school department which looks to the moral and spiritual education of the children. The book before us gives a general survey of the whole subject of Sunday-schools, setting forth the principles which underlie the Sunday-school and its objects,

organization, methods, and capabilities. "I have aimed," says the author, "to give my whole rounded idea of what the Sunday-school is, and of what it is capable. I have aimed, however, to discuss principles rather than methods; and in those instances in which particular methods have been advocated, they have always been given in connection with the principles which underlie them and govern them." The volume will be a most valuable one to every earnest Sunday-school worker.

**MAN AND WOMAN. *Considered in their Relations to Each Other and to the World.*** By Henry C. Pedder. 12mo. Pp. 116. New York: Samuel R. Wells.

We have not had time to examine with any thoroughness this little volume; mechanically it is a very neat one; its subject-matter is in an interesting line of thought; the writer claims to be entirely unknown in the field of literature, and modestly enough introduces himself to the public. The subject is the vexed question of the day, the relation of men and women to each other and to the world, and the author desires to contribute "his mite to the better establishment of social order, domestic happiness, and national prosperity." His themes are, "Adaptability of the Sexes on a Spiritual Plane of Life;" "Connubial Attachment, its Potency and Design;" "Marriage, the True order of Life;" "Equality of the Sexes, the Necessary Result of a Well-Ordered Civilization," etc.

**THE CHILDREN'S WEEK: *Seven Stories for Seven Days.*** By R. W. Raymond. Illustrated by H. L. Stephens and Miss M. A. Hallock. Small 4to. Pp. 142. \$1.25. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

Although this is a "juvenile," if any grown folk, who have a liking for cleverness and spice, will but take the trouble to read one or two of the stories, it will not be time wasted or unenjoyed. The book is bright enough to please any people of culture, and yet so simple that children will welcome it with glee. The illustrations—all new and made for the book—are particularly apt and pleasing, showing forth both the comical element of the book and its pure and beautiful sentiment. The tasteful binding in green or brown cloth, with new cover design in black and gold, is very attractive.

**FERGUS MORTON: *A Story of a Scottish Boy.*** By J. R. Macduff, D. D. 18mo. Pp. 110. 50 cents. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

A charming little book.

**SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. *Edited with Notes.*** By William J. Rolfe, A. M. With Engravings. Small 4to. Pp. 168. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

The author's aim has been to edit this English classic for school and home reading in essentially the same way as Greek and Latin classics are edited for educational purposes.

**LITTLE MARY AND THE FAIRY.** By Harriet B. M'Kever. Square 16mo. Pp. 40. 75 cts. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

A very beautiful little book with nine handsome illustrations. The story is nicely told in poetry. The author is a well-known and popular writer for children.

#### IN PAPER.

*Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the Year 1870.* 8vo. Pp. 313. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. This volume contains a panoramic exhibit of the whole Methodist Episcopal Church, and we constantly wonder why every preacher does not determine to have a copy, and why our Methodist families do not generally secure this great annual chart of the whole Church.

*Our Seven Churches.* By Thomas K. Beecher. 16mo. Pp. 167. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Eight lectures are found in this little volume presenting Mr. Beecher's views of the excellences of the leading denominations, including the Roman Catholics and Liberal Christians. The principles inspiring the lectures are that "every Church that has maintained a separate denominational existence, by the mere fact of living proves that there is something in her that maintains her life. Every Church can teach every other Church something, and every Church can learn. There are diversities of operations, but one Spirit—many Churches, but one religion."

*To the Young Men of the West.* By L. U. Reavis. New York: Samuel R. Wells. A few practical words of advice to those born in poverty and destined to be reared in orphanage. An encouraging book for young men.

## Editor's Table.

**ALBERT BARNES.**—The year 1870 will go down in history as a remarkable one for the multitude of the deaths of eminent men and women, and also for the strange suddenness with which death visited these "shining marks." Just as the year closed it became necessary to add to the list the name of Albert Barnes, who, though a Presbyterian divine, belonged to the whole Church by virtue of his great labors, his evangelical spirit, and his broad catholicity. He steadily declined all literary honors, and we must, therefore, speak of him as simply Albert Barnes. Though he had reached the ripe age of seventy-two, he was still apparently in vigorous health; yet he died suddenly on Christmas eve, while in the house of a friend whom he had gone to comfort in view of a recent bereavement. He was expecting also to preach on the following day. Happy old man, he died while intent on doing his Master's work, in ripe old age, full of honors, and universally beloved.

He was born in Rome, New York, on the first of December, 1798. He spent his boyhood up to seventeen years of age in his father's tannery. At twenty-two he was graduated from Hamilton College, and subsequently studied theology at Princeton. He was licensed to preach in 1824, and was ordained pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Morristown, New Jersey, in 1829. After five years' labor at this place, where he began the series of "Notes on the Scriptures" which have grown with his life, and which have made his name so widely known, he removed to Philadelphia, and assumed the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, which he held for thirty-four years, only retiring in 1868.

As a preacher Mr. Barnes was not popular in the common acceptance of the term; he was never sensational, seldom eloquent, but always clear, forcible,

spiritual, and in earnest; he was eminently a teacher of the Word of God, and fed his people on wholesome, nourishing food, so that he was acceptable to them for more than a third of a century, and they only parted with him when the infirmities of age rendered it impossible for him to give them full and regular service. During all this time his Church was strong, healthful, and growing. There is a lesson in this for both preachers and people, and in this day of restlessness in both the pulpit and the pews, it is a lesson worthy of being pondered. The conclusion we would draw from it is, that God's own word, plainly, earnestly, impressively expounded to the people, never grows stale, and such preaching outlives and outweighs any amount of mere human eloquence or sensational excitement.

But Mr. Barnes's chief work was done with his pen. The best known and most widely read of his voluminous works are his Commentaries, which in a brief compass give the results of very learned and industrious study of the Scriptures. Excellent as these "Notes" are, and valuable as they will prove for many years yet to general readers and students, they singularly illustrate the wonderful progress made in Biblical interpretation during the past few years. So rapid has been this progress that, in some particulars, these commentaries seem to become old and obsolete in the very process of making, as if a series of "Notes" *in cursu* could not keep up with the advancing researches of the times. Since Mr. Barnes began his "Notes," whole departments of Biblical science have grown into existence, and the very idea of historical interpretation was then almost unknown. It is the honor of Mr. Barnes that when scarcely any thing was accessible to the general reader, he conceived the idea of throwing into concise and popular

form, available for the masses, such knowledge as he could gather for them, and in giving the successive volumes of his "Notes" to the people he has done them a great service, and won a crown of honor for himself. These, however, by no means constitute the whole of his printed works. He published at least a dozen other books, and contributed to various periodicals.

The life of Mr. Barnes illustrates in a remarkable degree the subsidence of that theological narrowness and acrimony by which the earlier part of this century was characterized. During a period of great religious interest excited by his preaching, an attack was made upon him on account of alleged defective views of the Atonement. He was tried by the Synod of Philadelphia, and suspended from the exercise of his ministerial functions. For a year he was silent. The decision of the Synod was finally reversed by the General Assembly, and he was restored. These circumstances contributed largely to the separation which so long existed in the Presbyterian Church. After the division he held a high rank in the councils and respect of the New School. We rejoice that he lived long enough to see the separation ended, and the several branches reunited, an event for which he heartily labored, and the accomplishment of which he hailed with great gladness.

**COSTLINESS OF FUNERALS.**—The American New Church Congregational Union, at its recent annual meeting, unanimously and emphatically condemned the present customs of society relative to mourning apparel and expensive displays at funerals. The report of the committee on this subject, which was adopted without dissent, represents in strong language the absurdity and tyranny of the present customs. It argues in effect that the wearing black—a color symbolic of sorrow and gloom—is not expressive of a living faith in "the beauty and brightness or even in the reality of the spiritual world," and signifies a want of resignation to the dispensations of Providence. The report further shows that both the fashion of wearing mourning, and the custom which makes a train of carriages and a display of floral tokens necessary to the proper observance of every burial ceremony, are extremely burdensome to people of small incomes, who yet feel compelled to bear the expense, at whatever sacrifice, rather than incur the imputation of having too little regard for the relative deceased, and are an unnecessary and foolish extravagance in all.

An appeal is made to the Christian ministry and to the public press to raise their voices against this growing evil and call for a reform. We most emphatically and heartily approve of this movement, and hope it may succeed in checking if not in entirely doing away with all extravagant and conspicuous forms of mourning the dead. It is natural that some outward sign should be given that the heart within is depressed by the loss of a near relative or loved friend, and the avoidance, for a time, both of gaudy dress and gay demeanor are to be expected. The object should be to avert attention, not to court it by

elaborate and costly apparel of a peculiar and conspicuous color. As to funeral trains, it is certainly the height of absurdity that the relatives of a deceased person should be expected to hire a score or more carriages, and, for the sake of display, fill them with people who could not otherwise be induced to attend the obsequies. Common sense and common propriety would seem to dictate that a bereaved family should be called upon to provide carriages for its own members only, and that other friends and acquaintances who feel a sufficient interest in the ceremonies should find conveyance at their own expense.

**VINNIE REAM.**—Adjoining the dingy old Court-House in the beautiful little city of Madison, Wisconsin, stands a small frame house, which is quite as dingy and dilapidated as is necessary in a building of historical pretensions. It was in this house that Vinnie Ream, the sculptress, was born, and reared from infancy to girlhood. Her father is mentioned in the Wisconsin Blue Book as having been Chief Clerk of the Assembly in the year 1849, and he occupied various other clerical positions in the State. Her mother was an invalid, but very ambitious, and very proud of her children. Those consisted of a wild brother, and a sister, who is now the wife of Senator Ross. Vinnie, the youngest, is remembered as a graceful little brunette, of large eyes, lithe form, and a beautiful head of fine black hair, that was allowed to curl at its own sweet will. She was the belle of all the juvenile parties, and took good care to preserve her position, by the most precocious coquetry, aided by her few accomplishments in the way of singing and dancing. About the year 1854 her father removed with his family to Kansas.

Those who remembered the bright little beauty, next heard of her as a promising sculptress, and consequently were astounded at learning that Congress had awarded her a contract for a statue of Lincoln. Two or three years ago Vinnie revisited Madison to secure orders for busts of Governors Dodge and Doty, who are to represent Wisconsin in her niches at the National Capitol. The manner in which she carried on her work proved her to be one of the most irresistible little lobbyists that ever flitted around a legislative hall. One stately Senator, who had risen to the dignity of grand paternity, was heard to whisper, after an interview with the *petite* charmer, "What a marvelous way that girl has of squeezing one's hand!" And he voted for Vinnie's bill. Vinnie subsequently "went to Rome;" not in the pleasing sense that she was wont to make that excursion at evening parties in her girlhood, but for the purpose of executing her statue. She has recently completed her work, and on our table lies a pleasant invitation to attend the "unveiling" of the statue, which we are sorry we are unable to accept.

**PARIS HAS FALLEN.**—Just as we close this number the word crosses the Atlantic that the beleaguered city has at last yielded. We hail it as a harbinger of peace, and praise God for the prospect of an end of the effusion of blood.







A. MURPHY. H. HINCHELWOOD.

THE END OF THE WORLD

BY W. W. WATSON, M.A., F.R.S.







ALFRED R. W. BROWN

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# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1871

April.

## ROME AND UNITED ITALY.

THE early Christian emperors established the supremacy of the bishops of Rome. Theodosius the Great ordained that all nations who were subject to his grace should receive the faith which had been delivered by St. Peter to the Romans. Valentinian III forbade the bishops, both in Gaul and in the other provinces, to depart from ancient usages without the approbation of the venerable man, the Pope of the Holy City. Throughout the wars of the barbarians the diocese of Rome was preserved intact, and it escaped, though narrowly, an Arab occupation. In the eighth century the Pope of Rome appears as a kind of rival to the emperor at Constantinople; they took opposite sides in a controversy respecting the use of images, and the emperor often practiced against the Pope's life. The savage Lombards, thirsting for fresh territory, took advantage of these dissensions; they seized some of the provinces belonging to the Eastern Empire and marched against Rome.

Pepin, a usurper, possessed the substance of royal power in France. He desired a higher sanction, which the Pope bestowed; and Pepin in return undertook the defense of the Pope, of the Holy Church, and the Republic of God, against the Lombards. He compelled them to surrender the territory which they had won from the empire. Instead of restoring it to the empire, he bestowed it on the Pope, saying that he had not gone to war for any man, but for the honor of St. Peter alone, and to obtain forgiveness for his sins. He placed the keys of the conquered cities on the altar of St. Peter's, and thus founded the temporal dominion of the Popes.

Charlemagne delivered the Pope entirely from

the Lombards, went himself to Rome, kissed the steps of St. Peter's, ratified the gift of Pepin, and was finally crowned, by the Pope, Emperor of the West.

Centuries passed; the Frankish Empire crumbled to pieces, the German Empire took its place, and the same kind of alliance was established between the emperor and the Pope. Yet the latter remained merely archbishop on a grand scale till the days of Gregory VII, who aspired to make himself independent of the emperor. He passed a decree at one of his councils that in future no ecclesiastical office should be granted by a temporal sovereign. The disorders of the empire favored this project; yet it was not accomplished without a long and bloody struggle. The battle between the spiritual and temporal principles, which had formerly gone hand in hand, divided Christendom. "How often," says Ranke, "have the Popes been forced to retreat from their own capital and to see the apostolic seat ascended by anti-popes!"

Then followed that marvelous age in which the Papacy became the soul of Europe—the Pope the shepherd of the Christian world; kings were his vassals; the priests in every country were his slaves; his legates were compared to the proconsuls of ancient Rome; every mind was prostrated humbly before his name; thousands rushed at his bidding to the Holy Land; a king of England received his kingdom from the Pope as a fief; a king of Aragon transferred his to the Apostle Peter; Naples was given by the Pope to a foreign house. The prophetic words of the Prior Gerolius were almost confirmed: "It will come to pass that the golden pillars of the monarchy will be utterly shattered, and every great empire will be divided into tetrarchies; not till then will

the Church be free and unfettered under the protecting care of the great crowned priest."

But the period of the Crusades and of religious enthusiasm passed away; national languages, struggling against the Latin, rose into life. The French, the Germans, and the English, began to resist the encroachments of the Pope. Long before the Reformation, this movement of resistance had fully succeeded even in Italy itself; in the fifteenth century the secular spirit was every-where triumphant, and the European kings had regained their independence. Already in that same century the great question of our own days had been actively discussed. "Formerly," said an orator in the Council of Basle, "I was of opinion that it would be well to separate the temporal entirely from the spiritual power; but I have learned that virtue without force is ludicrous—that the Pope of Rome, without the hereditary possessions of the Church, is only the servant of kings and princes."

At this time the Popes, having lost so many of their foreign privileges and so much of their spiritual power, began to study their worldly concerns, and threw themselves actively into the politics of Italy. On all sides a struggle for territory was being carried on. Sixtus IV and Alexander VI conquered principalities for their sons and nephews; but it was Julius II who had the nobler, though not less worldly, design of enlarging the States of the Church. This soldier Pope took the command of his troops himself; he won back the coast of the Papal States which had been seized by the Venetians; he conquered new lands, and became a potentate in Europe. "Formerly," says Machiavel, "no baron was so insignificant as not to despise the Papal power; now a king of France stands in awe of it."

The historical period which follows is not for us to describe; it belongs to the spiritual rather than to the temporal dominion of the Pope. We must pass over the Protestant Reformation, the Catholic revival, the Jesuit and Jansenist controversy, the epoch of Voltaire, till we arrive at the French Revolution, and find an army of Red Republicans in Rome. "Pius VI," writes Ranke, "prayed his enemies to let him, an old man of eighty, die there where he had lived. They replied that he could die anywhere. They stripped and plundered his sitting-room before his eyes; they deprived him even of the smallest things needful to his comfort; they pulled the ring from his finger, and at length carried him off to France, where he died in 1799."

But Napoleon determined to revive the policy

of Charlemagne. On the battle-field of Marengo he dispatched a bishop to enter into negotiations with Pius VII concerning the re-establishment of the Catholic Church. The new Pope consented to make vast concessions, to cross the Alps, and crown the new emperor *a la Charlemagne*. He hoped to gain much from Napoleon, who styled himself the eldest son of the Church; but, crushed by that indomitable mind, he became a subject of France, and was not even permitted to reside in Rome.

When Napoleon fell, the old state of things in Italy was restored. There was a reaction; the Roman Catholic religion was revived, and the Papal power gained new strength. The Jesuits, who had been banished from Rome before the French Revolution, soon were invited to return, and the Inquisition was re-established. But this only lasted a certain time—the hand of the clock had been put back, but it returned to the same place, and then moved onward as before.

A united Italy, with Rome for its capital, had been a favorite dream of great mediæval minds; Arnold da Brescia had even attempted to realize it, and had suffered the fate of those who put prophetic ideas into action before their time. The French Revolution had excited the national aspirations of the Italians; and in the latter part of the eighteenth century the poets continually dwelt upon the theme of nationality. From poetry the idea passed into politics; it took form; it was used by the foreign powers who dealt in Italian affairs. The Archduke John of Austria, in 1809, Lord William Bentinck, in 1814, and General Nugent, in 1815, promised independence to the Italians. Even Murat, in his march to Upper Italy, in 1815, declared that the freedom of Italy was the object of his expedition; but at the Congress of Vienna all these fine words were not remembered, and Italy was subjected to a foreign rule. There was, in fact, no Italy; there were only some Italian provinces under foreign princes. Lombardy with Venetia belonged to the Emperor of Austria; Naples and Parma to Spanish and French Bourbons; Modena and Tuscany—which were always gently ruled—to Austrian archdukes; Piedmont and Sardinia to Savoyards united by marriage with Austria. All these petty princes—and the Pope also—were merely vassals of the Austrian court, which directed not only their foreign relations, but their internal laws. Among them all there was a wonderful family likeness; they resembled one another and their common parent. In all these provinces, exports and imports were checked by enormous duties; a rigid passport

system every-where prevailed; frequently persons were not permitted to leave their native towns even for a few days; education was entirely in the hands of the clergy; there were no political journals; there was a rigid censorship over books; private lecturing and teaching were not allowed without a license from the police.

In Rome the Government set itself to work to blot out all traces of the vigorous and enlightened administration of the French. A code was published based upon by-gone institutions, and totally opposed to the requirements of the age. The Spanish military revolution of 1820, which was rewarded with a constitution, infected the Italian peninsula. There were insurrections in Naples and Piedmont, and the Austrians were called in. In the Papal States there was no rising; but it was known that the *Carbonari*—a secret society originally organized to emancipate Italy while under French rule—possessed many members in the States of the Church as in all the other provinces of Italy. Five hundred and eight persons were accused of high treason; of these one hundred and twenty-one, belonging to the upper classes of society, were exiled to Tuscany; but the Government, fearing that they might conspire if left at large, summoned them back. On their return they were seized, imprisoned, and all condemned. Seven were beheaded, forty-five sent to the galleys, and the rest imprisoned in State fortresses.

The Papal Government also adopted an ingenious though not highly moral or eminently Christian method of opposing the *Carbonari* and the disaffected generally. It organized a society of its own—the *Sanfedisti*—who were bound together by the most solemn oath for the defense of the holy Roman apostolic faith and the temporal authority of the Pope. No family tie, no impulse of compassion, neither “the tears of women nor the cries of children” were to stand in the way of its fulfillment. So long as they were faithful to the cause, they enjoyed almost complete immunity for any amount of crime, and were liberally paid. The spy, the informer, and the assassin plied thriving trades. In 1831 the revolutions of France and Belgium set Italy in flames. An insurrection broke out in the Papal States and many other provinces. The revolutionists of 1820 had demanded a constitution; those of 1831 were more advanced; they demanded a republic. The Austrians again marched over Italy, and the insurrections were suppressed. It was at this period that Mazzini made his appearance on the scene, abandoned the *Carbonari*, and established the party of “Young Italy.”

The people of the Romagna, crushed by the Austrian arms, appealed to France. A conference was held at Rome between the representatives of the great powers—France, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. They very quickly discovered the defects of the Roman administration, and addressed a joint memorandum to the Pope, suggesting the secularization of many of the chief offices under Government and in the courts of law; the revision of the code; and other reforms. These suggestions were not carried out. The taxes paid by the people were paid by the Pope to Swiss mercenaries to protect him from the people. Every year or two an insurrection broke out; the highways swarmed with robbers; the prisons with political offenders; bribery and fraud were every-where rampant; religious exercises were enforced by law.

Two foreign revolutions had at two different epochs inflamed the hopes of the Italians; the third time it was not a revolution, but a Pope. It appears strange to us of the younger generation that this Pius IX—who is associated in our minds with so many long and impotent allocutions, benedictions, excommunications, and bulls, with the Papal aggression, the encyclical letter, and the Œcumenical Council; who has been shrieking to us so often and so loudly, *Non muove! non muove!*—the world does not move, or if it does move, it ought not to, and it will surely come to harm—that this same Pius IX was, a little more than twenty years ago, the hope of the Italian patriots, that he was honored with a complimentary letter from Mazzini himself, and that he did actually set light to that fire which has now consumed himself.

In July, 1846, he ascended the throne, and inaugurated his reign with an amnesty to all political offenders. During two years Pius IX persevered in his reforms. He adopted the suggestion of the memorandum of 1831; he dismissed his Swiss Guard; he made the clergy pay taxes; he emancipated the laity—at least to a certain extent; he granted a constitution on the 8th of March, 1848; then he stopped short and fled back into the dark.

The proclamation of the republic at Paris was a misfortune for the Italians; it came a little too soon. They began to sneer at gradual reform, and to abuse their new liberties in every way. But nothing can justify the sudden “change of mind” on the part of the Pope—a change which might have been conscientious, but which is, in any case, contemptible. At this time Italy and Austria were fighting on the plains of Lombardy. This war had been preached in his own dominions, with his full knowledge and consent, as a new crusade; he



had even blessed the volunteers when they marched from Rome. A month after that event he disavowed the same war, and stigmatized it as "unjust" and "hurtful."

The Summer of 1848 was passed in disputes between the Pope and his lay ministers, who desired to carry out the constitution which he had bestowed. The constitutionalists became weaker and weaker; the Mazzinists gained power, and among those wild republicans were a number of Austrian agents, who sought to excite the population to such excesses as would justify Austrian intervention, and deprive the revolutionists of foreign sympathy. "We can all remember," writes Massimo d'Azeglio to the inhabitants of the Legations, "in 1848-49 certain journalists and street orators, who were only too successful in dragging the most ignorant and inflammable of the population into extravagant lengths; and whom afterward, on the return of the Austrian army, we saw impudently walking about arm in arm with the officers, and sneering in the face of those they had led into error." At Milan a certain Urbino, a—supposed—violent partisan of Mazzini, was in reality an Austrian spy, and it is quite evident from the above facts, that all Mazzini's proceedings at this time must have afforded much satisfaction to the Austrian Government, since he was doing that for them *gratis* which others required to be paid for.

The prime minister at this time was Count Rossi, a wise and moderate minister, who had lived for a long time in France, and who was an intimate friend of the celebrated Guizot, who is a Protestant. It was this man alone who protected the Pope from a revolution, and he was murdered at noonday on the steps of the Capitol. The Pope, disguised as a livery servant, fled from Rome, and took refuge at Gaeta in the kingdom of Naples. Thence he continued to protest against the acts of the provisional government of Rome; and as one of his predecessors, exiled by Arnold da Brescia, had placed the city under an interdict, so he threatened to excommunicate all those who took part in the elections, which caused much anger and excitement among the population. A republic was proclaimed; he issued a formal protest; a triumvirate was formed, consisting of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. The Pope invoked the armed aid of the Catholic powers; France engaged to re-instate him in Rome; Austria was to deal with the Legations. The republic had not existed a long time, but it had already contracted an indelible stain from the *Infernal Association* at Ancona, where a reign of terror prevailed undisturbed by Mazzini. The Aus-

trians soon did their part, while six thousand French, under General Oudinot, marched on Rome. Not expecting resistance, they were preparing to enter the city, when they were vigorously attacked by the Romans and driven back with loss.

The French were now in a difficult position; they had come not so much to protect the Pope, as to prevent Rome from being occupied by the Austrians. It was certain that if they did not occupy Rome, the Austrians would do so. It was, therefore, Oudinot's business to get in first. There was an interval of negotiation; but even republicans can not always agree, and Oudinot laid siege to Rome. The firing began on the 13th of June, and on the night of the 21st breaches were made in bastions six and seven, and the curtain which connected them. The French carried the position, and as it was too dark to proceed further, they intrenched themselves by means of a line of gabions.

The next morning the triumvirs assured the Roman populace that an officer had sold the post; and that, in any case, the whole proceeding was contrary to the rules of war. The order of the day is a curiosity in military literature: "No one imagined that France would, like a thief in the night, steal into our city; but it did so, and succeeded to a certain point." A proclamation was also issued, which reminds one of the late effusions of Victor Hugo: "Romans! In the darkness of the night, by means of treason, the enemy has set foot on the breach! Arise, Rome! Arise, ye people, in your might! Destroy him! Fill the breach with his carcass! Blast the enemy—the accursed of God, who dares to touch the sacred walls of Rome."

The deputies had some time before sworn in the most solemn manner that they would die for the republic; however, the republic died first. The French continued the siege in a very scientific and sacrilegious manner, and, having carried all the fortifications by assault, received a message from the triumvirs, who, in somewhat milder language, announced that they "ceased the defense." The Pope was restored, and it should be remembered that the Emperor Napoleon, in afterward protecting Rome, merely followed the policy which had been originated under the republic.

Ten years passed without any great event. But the writings of Gioberti, Balbo, and D'Azeglio were silently working toward the end, and the successor of the unhappy Carlo Alberto, ruined on the field of Novara, was a sovereign in whom the Italians could place their hopes. Victor Emmanuel, before he became celebrated in Europe, was beloved in Italy; during long

years he contended firmly against the intolerance and encroachments of Rome; he threw open his States to all political refugees, constitutionalists or republicans; he maintained the liberty of the press; he allowed himself to be guided by Cavour, the greatest statesman that Italy has produced in modern times.

We shall not enter into a description of the war of 1859 except so far as it concerns the Papal States. It is well known that the Emperor of the French—who in his youth had belonged to the Carbonari, and who, though not entirely disinterested in his views, had enough Italian blood in his veins to sympathize with the cause of Italian nationality—allied himself with the King of Italy; that the Austrians were defeated; that a peace was made by the Emperor before the work was half done; that Garibaldi, by an act of sublime brigandage, annexed Naples to the Italian crown, and Victor Emmanuel—soon afterward King of Italy—wrote to the Pope and offered to administer his temporalities as Viceroy. The Pope replied that he was bound by oath to preserve intact the hereditary possessions of the Church. Victor Emmanuel then invaded the Papal States, but the French army of occupation was re-enforced, and the King, in order to avoid a war with France, was compelled to withdraw. But, although the Emperor would not suffer Rome to be occupied by any troops but his own, he would not march those troops against the Papal provinces which had now revolted. When Pius IX, filled with liberal ideas, had mounted the throne, he had written to the Emperor of Austria, advising him to give up his Italian provinces, and now he received a similar letter from the Emperor of the French, who called his attention to the inexorable logic of facts, and advised him to give up the Romagna; he refused to do so, and the Romagna annexed itself to the new kingdom of Italy against his will.

Such, then, was the position of affairs in 1860. The kingdom of Italy was almost completed; Austria still possessed Venetia, and the Pope still possessed Rome. The statesmen of Italy saw that they must wait till the Emperor should change his policy, or till some accident should free them from his opposition. This accident has just occurred, and that has happened in 1870 which, had it not been for the Emperor, would have happened in 1859. We have not described in detail the efforts of Garibaldi to seize Rome, because these have not been attended with any perceptible result. It was from no feeling of indifference, no tameness of purpose, that Victor Emmanuel held aloof from Rome; it was because he could see—which

Garibaldi was not wise enough to see—that success was impossible until the one grand obstacle had been removed.

The kingdom of Italy is now complete. Rome has again become the capital of the peninsula; an extensive province and its inhabitants have passed from a despotic to a constitutional rule. The prison doors are opened for those that are within, and will soon be closed upon many that are without, who have hitherto earned their living on the Pope's highway; and it is to be hoped that commerce and industry will revive.

## THE MINISTER'S STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

THIS blissful state of affairs went on for three or four months, and you need not think that all the good people of Vinton had nothing to say about it; you could have obtained reliable information from almost any one of them as to how often the minister's horse was "hitched" at Mr. Mountford's fence, how many evenings in the week he spent at the mansion behind the fence, how often they met accidentally in the course of their walks abroad, and many more particulars of equal interest.

It was pretty well settled by the congregation that it was going to be "a match," and the parish, as a whole, was at least resigned, for Miss Ginevra had warm friends.

There was something about Mr. Ashurst which hindered familiarity, generally, and I think that no one had ever said a word to him that might be called "teasing," until this state of things had been going on for several months, then a careless, rather than malicious hand, pulled down Miss Ginevra's little castle, and left her out in the cold for a long while. Some thick-skinned and thicker-headed person made some characteristic remark to the parson about her, which showed him, by a sudden flash, in what light his attentions to her were viewed by his congregation. He had not known, himself, where he was standing before that speech was made, then he saw that he loved her. But he did not see that she loved him. He had less self-conceit than most men have, and somebody has said that being "in love" deprives a man—for the time being only, of course—of whatever self-conceit he may have; be that as it may, he honestly thought she had no warmer feeling than friendship for him, and in that thought he took cold comfort. There was nothing to interrupt his meditation, and it lasted all night.

The result of it was this: he would do nothing which looked like intentionally resigning her

friendship, but he would himself place obstacles in the way of it. He had, or thought he had, bitter reason for this resolve, as you will see. His best defense, he thought, would be to write for his sister. The parsonage was comfortable, his housekeeper reliable, and if his sister— younger by many years than himself—could come, she would serve as a reasonable excuse for him, if he did not go to Mr. Mountford's house so much, or alone, or in the evenings. She would be with him in his walks, too. So the letter was written just as day was breaking, and three days afterward, as Miss Ginevra was studying her Hebrew or Italian, whichever it was, for her recitation that evening, a little note from the minister was brought her, begging her to excuse his attendance that evening, as he was obliged to drive to the station to meet his sister, who was coming by the evening train. Poor man! he might better have sent that trustworthy housekeeper with a message. It was the first note he had ever written her; and how she studied it! He had tried to make it as distantly friendly as the terms upon which they now met would allow; being "only a man," how could he imagine the manner in which it was read? Women's weights and measures certainly differ from those employed by men.

But when that sister had been at the parsonage two weeks, and showed no symptoms of going, Miss Ginevra began to fidget, not obviously, but all to herself. She had always thought brotherly and sisterly devotion a very lovely thing, and wished frequently that she had an elder brother, but when it came to such devotion as this! Why, the poor man could not go anywhere without that sister on his arm! And actually, he had asked Miss Ginevra if she would object to sharing her lessons with his sister. She had said no, of course she would not; and reproached herself bitterly, afterward, for having done so, and still more bitterly for being glad and thankful—down in that little dark corner of her heart, which we all of us keep, and none of us like to look into—that the baby caught measles before the time came for the next lesson, and that that sister had never had the disease. That helped the minister's plan wonderfully, for it went all through the family, of course, and Miss Ginevra had an exceedingly lively time of it for the next month or so. She had half unconsciously been cherishing the hope that, by the time the last olive-branch had returned to its normal condition, the sister would have returned to her home; but health reigned once more in the Mountford mansion, and the sister did not seem to have the remotest idea of taking her departure.

Of course her brother had not felt called upon to tell her the real reason for his sudden and urgent invitation, and she must needs take a violent fancy for Miss Ginevra, who, poor little soul, was thus doubly tormented, for it was rather worse to be kept in daily communication, as it were, with Mr. Ashurst, and yet with all their former ways of pleasantness suspended, than if he had moved to the North Pole, and been done with it.

His manner had gradually changed, too, and she could not describe the change, even to herself; he was polite, he was cordial, he conversed with her, but—well, he was and did all that with her mother and father. Somehow their friendship seemed galvanized. So she took a wise resolve; she would think no more about him. She had done very nicely without him before he came; she could do it again. And for a week or two she really thought that she had succeeded; to be sure, he was often forced upon her notice, but then she only gave him so much attention as politeness required, and changed the subject whenever his sister began to talk about him.

But just as she was congratulating herself upon her success, she came across this little verse in a story which she was reading in an old magazine:

"Pour chasser de sa souvenance  
L'ami secret,  
On se donne tant de souffrance,  
Sans nul effet.  
Toujours a la memoire  
L'image cheri revient;  
En pensant qu'il faut qu'on l'oublie  
On s'en souvient."

So then she plunged deeper than ever into the children; she walked with them, she told them stories, she gave some of the older ones music lessons, and she began to learn German from her father in the evenings. He was a fine linguist, and, by the way, could have taught her that other thing quite as well, as the minister. This plan, she found, worked better. And you need not think that she pined; she was much too healthy and hearty, bodily and mentally, to do that. Her damask cheek did not lose its bloom, excepting for a little while, when the children were in the thick of their measles, and she was up a good deal "o' nights." And she slept like a top, and did not dream any more than she had always been in the habit of doing. But her vanity had been hurt, as well as one or two other and deeper feelings, and in her talks with "Aunt Martha" she was much more disposed to coincide with that lady's views of mankind than she had formerly been. The aunt looked on at this new phase of events in silent

wonder. It was a turn which she had not in the least expected, and it baffled her. She still practiced her virtuous forbearance, however, which was a great comfort to Miss Ginevra.

The minister, poor man, had watched his well-beloved furtively, but ceaselessly, to see how his changed behavior would affect her, and reproached himself with bitterness of spirit because he could not rejoice in the fact that she did not seem to care about it.

So they seemed drifting apart, and the Winter wore slowly away, and Spring came, of course. Every body feels hopeful when Spring comes. It can not be helped. The very fact of planting one's garden, and waiting for the things to come up, gives a sort of expectant feeling, and if one is waiting for one's ship to come in, one has a sort of idea that she has been "spoken."

So somehow, without meaning to, my young woman began to feel as if perhaps "something would turn up" to set matters straight between her and the minister. Surely the sister must go home before long; and if she could but see him alone once more she would ask him how she had offended him, and make him tell her, and clear it all up, and they would "be friends," real friends, once more—for she had deluded herself into believing entirely that it was only friendship she wanted of him.

And, after all, it was that sister who brought about the clearing-up between them; the poor little sister, who had had to take, unknown to herself, fortunately, so many hard thoughts from this generally just young woman.

Mr. Ashurst and his sister called, one languid, sweet afternoon in May, to see if Miss Ginevra would take a walk with them. She had not seen him, save in church, for more than two weeks, and she was struck, as she had been several times of late, with his thin, worn look. Nobody had measles, the children were out, and she had no reasonable excuse for herself, so she went out with them. The air was balmy, but enervating and soothing, and before long they were all three sitting on a log, deep in the woods, with their hands full of wild-flowers. Then little Miss Ashurst, who, as I have said, was ever so much younger than her brother, and not long from boarding-school, asked for a book which she had given him to carry; he lazily produced it from his pocket, and she, turning the leaves until she found the place she wanted, gave it to him with a peremptory request that he would read to them. He remonstrated feebly, but finding resistance more troublesome than compliance, he took the book, and began to read the poem she pointed out to him. He read very well, by the way. The

volume was Jean Ingelow's poems—then newly published—the poem she had chosen was the "Star's Monument." He read on carelessly for a while, but soon, as the sense of it grew upon him, he began to feel that he was losing control of the tones of his voice. At last came the verse:

"I will not speak, I will not speak to thee,  
My star, and soon to be my lost, lost star;  
The sweetest, first, that ever shone on me,  
So far above me, and beyond so far!  
I can forego thee, but not bear to see  
My love, like rising mists, thy luster mar;  
That were a poor return for thy sweet light;  
Shine, though I nevermore shall see that thou art bright.  
Never, 't is certain that no hope is, none;  
For me no hope, and yet for thee no fear;  
The hardest part of my hard task is done,  
Thy calm assures me that I am not dear."

Without knowing why, he raised his eyes suddenly, and looked into Miss Ginevra's face. The big blue eyes, bright with "unshed tears," met his for one moment, and in that moment each knew the other's thought. He closed the book suddenly, and started up, exclaiming, "I'm tired of this, Fanny, you will have to finish it yourself," and walked slowly away into the woods, stooping for one or two real, and several imaginary flowers.

Fanny looked unfeignedly astonished, as she picked up her book, exclaiming, "Why, I thought he would like it so much! I think it is beautiful, do n't you, Miss Mountford?"

"I do n't know," said Miss Mountford, vacantly, and Fanny started up, saying, pettishly, "I believe you 've been asleep!" and walked off with her book in solitary dignity, leaving her companion to think, if she could. But somehow the machinery would not work. The more Miss Ginevra tried to think, the more impossible that exercise seemed to become. She covered her eyes with her hand to shut out the look of those other eyes, and how long she sat in this position she did not know, but the sound of feet in the dry leaves made her look up hastily, to see Mr. Ashurst standing before her. He was very pale, but his face was resolute, and before she could speak he began.

"Miss Mountford," he said, in his most constrained voice—he had called her nothing but "you" for some time past—"I owe you an apology and an explanation, and you shall have both."

She tried to murmur a dissent to these propositions, but he went on as if he had not heard her.

"You said, long ago, that I looked as if I had a story; I have, and you shall hear it, and judge then whether I have acted rightly toward you or not. My apology is for my conduct

during those few happy months when you made me forget every thing; I never dreamed where I was being led, until a chance word from—some one showed me that what I had thought was friendship for you was simply love. Then I stopped myself, and had the cruel satisfaction of believing that it was quite in time, so far as your happiness was concerned. But to-day—O, why did you look at me?" he cried, suddenly and passionately. "Why did you compel me to this?"

She rose indignantly, exclaiming, "I compelled you to nothing—you owe me nothing. Let me go home."

"You must hear me now," he said, regaining his composure with a struggle, "you must hear why it is that, loving you, and knowing that you love me, I am going to leave this place, and never see you again, if I can help it. I will kill your love at one blow. Do you know what I was before I was a minister? I was a forger!"

He said it fiercely, almost exultingly, watching her face to see the effect of his words; but she did not seem to comprehend; she looked at him bewildered.

"Yes," he went on, "I will make you believe it. It is a long story; you had better sit down again."

His voice grew gentle once more, and he took her hand and led her back to where they had been sitting. Then he stood before her, and went on.

"You must listen to a little of what went before. My father died when I was fifteen, and my sister, the only other child, was three years old. My mother was in feeble health; it was found, upon settling the estate, which had been supposed to be ample for all our wants, that debts of which we knew nothing had been contracted, and that, when all were paid, we should have just five hundred dollars left. I was still at school when my father died, but of course I came immediately home, and looked for work of almost any kind. But every thing seemed against me. I had never been strong; I was too young to be trusted with the different schools, and positions in schools, for which I applied, and although we moved into three small rooms, and economized in every possible way, and although I obtained, now and then, a little copying and teaching to do, at the end of the year our money was gone. My health was better; I had grown more than a year older, both in feeling and appearance, and with a very little capital I might then have gone into business. But it seemed insane to talk of capital, with want actually staring us in the face. We were living in a remote Western town, and my father's

one remaining brother lived hundreds of miles away from us, in New England. He knew nothing as to the real state of our affairs, for my mother, in writing to him of my father's death, had not been able to bring herself to mention our poverty, but we knew that he was wealthy, and his letters were kind and friendly. Still I clung to the hope of being able to find work, no matter what. Just as we were almost despairing, a letter came from my uncle—it was near Christmas—inclosing a check for fifty dollars. The letter was to me, and was most kind, begging that we would accept this as a Christmas gift from him, as he was too far away to send us any other token of his regard. I opened and read the letter at the post-office, and, as soon as I looked at the check, the devil whispered to me that the fifty could easily be made five hundred; there was plenty of room for the other figure; that my uncle was wealthy; that some lucky accident might prevent his discovering it soon, and that when he did I should probably be able to repay him. I hurried home, and up into my room; not until I had added the figure which made the fifty five hundred did I think of the written word which must also be altered. But the case was desperate now, and with infinite pains I erased the fifty and wrote five hundred; the space was ample, for it had been hastily written, in large characters. I copied each letter minutely, from those of the signature, and succeeded only too well. I showed the letter and check to my mother, and she looked at the latter without a suspicion of the truth, blessing my uncle for his generosity. I had it cashed that very evening, and went to my room, trying not to think. I pray that I may never pass another such night! It was a night of torment, such as you can not imagine; but by morning my resolve was taken, and a letter written to my uncle, telling him what I had done, and inclosing four hundred and fifty dollars. I cared little whether or not he sent me to prison. I felt that nothing outside could equal what I had suffered that night. Then came the worst. I had to tell mother. I can't go into that," he said, brokenly; "I think it killed her; she forgave me, she tried to comfort me, she was more tender and gentle than ever, if that could be, but one year from that time she died." He stopped, and it was many minutes before he could go on.

"My uncle acted toward me in a manner which no weak words of mine can make you understand. He forgave me so fully, so freely, that never, by word or look, has he caused me to remember that he had any thing to forgive. His only reproach was, that we had kept him in

ignorance of our poverty. He managed matters so that no one at the bank ever suspected the truth. After my mother's death he took my sister and myself into his own home; he had no children of his own, and he more than adopted us. How I came to enter the ministry with this blot upon my conscience is another long story, and one you will not care to hear; but now you know, now you can see, why I did not dare to ask for your pure heart. The shadow of that one base act will be beside me all my life; I do not deserve any woman's love; I could never let any woman ignorantly love me."

His excitement had passed away, and his voice, as he finished, was low and mournful. His eyes were cast down, as if he dared not look her in the face. So both stood silent. He looked up at last, thinking to read the confirmation of his fears in her face. She was not a crying woman, so no tears were "rolling down her cheeks," but her eyes were bright, and her mouth quivering.

"Ah, do not look at me so," he cried, "you break my heart. Say that you despise me, and let me go."

"I can not say that," she answered softly, "and—I can not let you go. I thought I loved you an hour ago; I know it now, and you have no right to trample both our lives out this way. You may leave me or take me," she said, smiling with tremulous lips, "but if you leave me I shall love you all the same, and be miserable all my life for you; yes, more miserable than you will be, for I shall have so much more time to think."

She looked up in his face, and put out both hands beseechingly. He took them reverently in his own, and then both were silent again. They woke from their trance at last, to wonder where Fanny was; twilight was falling, and they were at least a mile from home. They found the little person very soon; a glimmer of scarlet shawl revealed her to them, and there she was, curled up on a stump, leaning against a sturdy old tree, and sound asleep. And a fine cold she caught to pay her for her imprudence.

So Miss Ginevra and the minister found "the key of the kingdom," and, thanks to her truthful heart, opened the door and went in. They have never come out, I think. Each rules the other with an absolute sway; her brave heart is "safely trusted in" by her husband; his love fills every corner of that heart. I do not say that she loves him better for having once so grievously fallen before temptation, but perhaps, were it not for this, his almost faultless life would be too much for her, for she did not change her character when she changed her

name. But that character is growing daily more and more up to its grand possibilities; they are helping each other to climb.

As for Miss Martha, she behaved in the same exemplary manner which had marked her conduct all through the affair; she never said that she had expected it from the time when Miss Ginevra was so sure that the minister had "a story," although she might have said so with perfect truth. And, after hearing the "story," she never snubbed the minister again, no matter what were her opportunities. I am a little afraid, however, that so much virtue caused a slight reaction, and that she "took it out" upon the minister's wife.

#### A STRANGE STORY OF A DIAMOND.

ABOUT five years since we were visited by a friend who exhibited to us a remarkable stone which had just been committed to his care, and in which he had a personal interest. If it should prove to be a diamond, as it had long been reputed, his children would be heirs to at least a million. The method of reckoning the value of diamonds would make the value of this one, should it prove to be a real diamond, not less than fifteen millions of dollars. He hoped the Professor of Natural Science at the college in our town would be able to say definitely what was the quality of the stone—setting aside the enthusiastic doctrine that professors in colleges are not familiar with precious stones. He gave us the following history of it:

Near a hundred years ago his wife's great-grandfather, a resident of Virginia, near the Carolina boundary, was one day walking abroad in contemplation, when a white rabbit ran across his path just in front of him. He did not give it any attention. Shortly it crossed his path again, with like effect upon his reverie. It crossed the third time, when he began to feel that the little animal was soliciting his notice. He selected a stone to pay it his compliments, when, raising it to throw, he discovered it was translucent. His hand was arrested by its beautiful appearance. He thought, "I will take this home for a plaything to the children."

Not long after some visitors at the house were attracted by its beautiful appearance, and offered him six dollars for it. That excited a suspicion that it might have commercial value, and he refused to sell it.

Shortly after a visitor of note was at his house, and the plaything excited his curiosity. Said he to his host, "I will give you fifty dollars

for this little stone." He undoubtedly saw whole quarries in its diminutive outlines. Neither divulged to the other his thoughts; but the possessor said to himself: "I am probably a rich man, and this little stone is promoted to the strong box till we shall see what turns up."

His nights began to be feverish, and diligent search was made to find a suitable agent to go to Europe, learn the value of the stone, and negotiate its sale. With some difficulty a person was procured of sufficient prudence and courage to undertake an enterprise, which, to a discreet man, seemed to partake slightly of the hazardous.

He went first to London, and for many days his search for the wise man was unsatisfactory. At last he entered the shop of a noted Jewish lapidary. With wondering eyes this artificer, this creature of jewels, said to him, "All America could not buy that stone!"

Of course the value of diamonds increases in direct ratio to the increase of the weight or size of the stone. This one is not unlike in size and shape to a common hen's egg, and but a little more rough. At a casual glance its outside color is that of the ordinary stone. I did myself handle it with my own hands, and looked into its depths of light at a little opening where a scale had once been taken off. It weighs several grains more than the celebrated Koh-i-noor.

The agent, unsuccessful in England, went to France. He threaded the streets of Paris in wearying search of a buyer. At length he came upon a man, a jeweler, who seemed at least to appreciate its value. He said to the agent who was exhibiting to him the stone, with an expression of alarm: "I warn you to conceal that stone, and get out of the city soon as possible, or you will be set upon by the mob, robbed and murdered."

He hastened to return to America, more solicitous to preserve his life than find a purchaser of a jewel so dangerous to possess. Henceforth it became rather the care of the owner to conceal than to display it, and, if possible, cause it to be forgotten, until some more courageous agent and more favorable opportunity should offer.

I have noticed that a scale had been taken off it. At one time Fox, the distinguished Premier of England, set on foot negotiations to buy it for a place among the crown jewels. This scale was taken off for a specimen, to be examined by the Government. Whether it reached there, or the parties could not agree, I have failed to learn.

At the close of our late war, and while a

journey south of the Potomac was accomplished with many difficulties, our friend, with his little daughters, went down into Virginia to visit the family of their mother. While there, a maiden lady, his wife's aunt, committed this stone to his care. Though the war was over, marauding bands still molested the country, and she felt that it was not safe. When our friend visited us the critical acumen of professors and scientists had not been able to assure him of the quality of his stone. He is himself a scientific man, and had applied all of the tests known to men of science generally, not one of which had failed. Still he was waiting an opportunity for further proof in New York, and perhaps Europe.

Some two years since he was stationed in a thriving little town, with two institutions of learning under his pastoral care, where I was favored with meeting him almost daily. One evening he electrified a large party of young people by relating what had occurred to him the night before. His family we all knew were absent, with the exception of a little girl, visiting in a distant town. He began by saying: "Last evening, when the Express came in, a visitor was announced, and I descended to the parlor. There stood before me, with his cloak on his arm, a tall, athletic man, with ruddy face, and keen black eyes, that were fixed scrutinizingly upon me as I entered. The cold and self-contained manner of my visiter also helped to produce a depressing effect at first sight. There being no fire in the parlor the stranger was invited to the study. After a few remarks, and inquiries of courtesy, the bell rang for tea. I invited my guest to join me in a lonely supper. He had already announced his name, and that he was from the State of Virginia."

Our friend the Doctor failed during the meal to develop the object of the man's visit. It is impossible to his nature to be otherwise than courteous, but he felt himself constrained and awkward from his ignorance of his relations to his guest. A penitent asking counsel or comfort would soon have spoken out. The appearance of the man was rather, "I am monarch of all I survey, my right there is none to dispute." Momentarily his uneasiness and solicitude increased. Those who do not know the Doctor would not so easily appreciate his dilemma. Of a very delicate figure, and superior gentleness, he belonged by nature to the class of people called Friends.

As the evening wore on he often detected the snaky eye of the stranger riveted upon him. His discomfort increased to apprehension, and his mind was perplexed with contrivings to

relieve himself of his visitor. The stranger drew from his pocket a "daily paper which," said he, "I bought as I came through Washington; you may like to see it." The Doctor gladly seized it as a diversion from his perplexity, though he had already seen it. Looking over the top at the stranger their searching glances met. Thus they had for hours been eyeing and studying each other. How should he get rid of this strange man, whose visit and manner he could not comprehend? He could not venture to ask him to leave the house. His wits were devising how he could secure his own safety and not violate hospitality. He remembered he had a creaky bedstead—he might make that serve him a purpose. The stillness of the streets and barring of doors and windows made him feel more acutely how entirely alone he was with this man, and what a support the conscious presence of persons passing to and fro had been to him. Had he then known that this strange visitor was armed, which was revealed to him before his visit terminated, he would scarcely have felt more entirely at his mercy.

At this crisis the stranger abruptly remarked, "I have a mother living; she is very old. I think she is superstitious. I do n't think I am superstitious; but I think she is. For years she has been asserting that there is a large fortune in the family. She has been told at different times by two different fortune-tellers that there is somewhere in the connection a large fortune in which we are nearly interested. She has lately become so persistent that I went myself to visit a third fortune-teller. He told me the same story, and how I would find the man who could give me information. He described his person and just how he would receive me. You answer precisely to that man, and have received me precisely in the manner he described to me."

The good Doctor jumped to his feet and took from among some rare specimens of mineralogy on a shelf over his head this stone, and laid it on the table before him.

"There," said the stranger, bringing his fist down with violence on the table, "there is that old stone. It has been a hundred years in the family!"

His words assumed a tone of irritation.

"How came this stone in your possession? Why has it not been sold long ago and distribution made to the heirs?"

The possibilities contained in that stone, had they been realized when they should have been, were too much for the equanimity of the Virginian. It was a crime against all the heirs,

and our Doctor did not think it impossible that he might expiate it with his life.

His long habit of godliness came to his aid. "I have had no responsibility nor known of its existence till these last two years. But I would suggest that the providence of God has thus preserved it against this day of need. The war through which we have just passed would have wasted it all had it become many millions; now it is safe."

This calmed the stranger; but he insisted that the Doctor should accompany him immediately to Europe, or at least to New York, and take measures without further delay to have it sold.

With this clearing up of this mysterious visit, the night being advanced, the Doctor offered to show him lodgings. It did not, however, prove a cordial to his nerves. The creaky bedstead was assigned him, which would notify his host if he should make any movement in the night; while he selected for himself a room, the windows of which opened on the street.

Both parties spent a restless night; perhaps, though, as much from the near expectation of grasping wealth as from apprehension.

The next morning as they returned from breakfast the Doctor's little girl came running to him with eyes staring with fright, "Papa, papa, you forgot and left your pistol under your pillow!"

As he had given his own bed to the stranger it was the pistol of the mysterious visitor the little girl had seen. Evidently, then, he was well armed. The Doctor had no arms.

This may have had something to do in persuading him to consent to what followed:

"You have had this diamond some two years," said the stranger, "and have not yet made an attempt to sell it. I shall now take possession of it." "You may not be aware," replied the Doctor, "of the danger you subject yourself to in being the keeper of such a treasure." "I do not regard the danger, sir." "You may have forgotten that three men lost their lives who were employed as agents to sell the Koh-i-noor." "I shall take the stone with me to Virginia, and will go through Charlottesville and have it examined by the scientific men of the University. Be ready to meet me after a few days in New York. I will inform you definitely of the time." And thus he took his leave.

The Doctor said, "I knew he could not sell it without all the world knowing it. Perhaps at Charlottesville they will be able to give it some new test."

The stranger failed to keep the agreement and has never returned. Letters brought no



reply till the strategy of an eminent lawyer was brought to bear upon him, and he has so far failed to secure the stone.

It has been passed into the hands of a person in the West, claiming also to be an heir. That person is sworn not to let it get into the hands of the lady, the first-mentioned depository, nor into the hands of our friend. It has been ascertained that another chip has been taken from it in attempts at negotiation. But whether it has been sent abroad for the scrutiny of some crowned head, or a Rothschild, or is in the hands of some of our own merchant princes, is only matter of conjecture. And thus ends our story with a mystery hanging over it that many are impatient to have solved.

#### THE FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

HERE have been scholars, and perhaps there are some still, who think that such a person as Homer never existed, and that the poems ascribed to him are the productions of various bards. But this opinion, which is quite a modern one, is considered of little importance among learned men. Most scholars believe that the poems, of which all antiquity consider Homer the author, bear within themselves the proof of being the productions of one mind.

The verses of Homer were originally composed for recitation at the public games, and long after his death they were retained in memory of the rhapsodists, who sung on those occasions. About one hundred years before the Christian era, Solon began to collect and arrange the Homeric verses. Forty or fifty years later Peisistratus completed Solon's collection, and employed many grammarians to arrange them in the order they thought best. Thus by the united efforts of Solon and Peisistratus, the Iliad and Odyssey, the most perfect specimens of poetic composition that the world has yet seen, were made the property of the whole world, instead of being in the possession of a few wandering minstrels.

The genius of Homer is as diversified and comprehensive as nature itself. It would almost seem that he "fed on thoughts that voluntary moved harmonious numbers," so smooth is he every-where. In Homer we see all the elements which go to make up a great poet. His style is simple, spirited, rapid, hurrying one straight on to the heart of his subject. In descriptive parts he is elevated; in portions given to narrative plain; in the speeches full

and perspicuous, and in sentences short and grave. The genius of Homer is unlike that of the great epic writer of modern times. Milton is scholastic, Homer is simple; Milton draws largely from his immense store of classical and Biblical lore, Homer has recourse only to the open volume of nature. We can well imagine with what intense pleasure those ancient Greeks listened to

"The blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle,"

as he hurried them on through "the tale of Troy divine." The melody of his numbers must have produced upon their ears the same effect which the words of the angel produced upon the ears of Adam:

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile,  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."

On account of the great variety of style both throughout the Iliad and the Odyssey, a translation of these poems is a task which requires not only great labor, but a certain peculiar ability; and that ability we may term poetic talent. It were vain to look for any translation of Homer which will produce the same effect upon the mind of a person unacquainted with the Greek, which the original produces upon the mind of a Greek. Besides, no translator can preserve the sonorous lines of Homer and only in a slight degree his meter; hence that translation is the best which presents to us in the noblest English the poetical thoughts and images of Homer.

The Elizabethan age, deservedly famous as the bright noonday of English literature, produced, in the person of Charles Chapman, the first English translator of Homer.

Chapman was a poet of considerable worth and genius. He was born in 1557, and received a partial education at Oxford. After pursuing his studies for two years at Trinity College he removed to London. While in college he distinguished himself for classical learning, and became, considering his short time of studying, a fine master of the old, melodious Greek. In London he enjoyed the friendship of Spenser, Shakspeare, Jonson, and Marlowe, and also the patronage of King James. Judging from his associates in London, we conclude that he was a person of marked intellectual powers, else he could not for any length of time have retained the society of the first men of the day. He was quite an extensive writer of plays; but his dramatic writings are so vastly inferior to those of Shakspeare that they scarcely attracted any attention in the world of letters. The position of Chapman toward Shakspeare, and that of

Boswell toward Johnson, are very similar. Each, no doubt, was a person of considerable genius, and each had the very bad luck to move in the presence of a vastly superior genius. Among the plays of Chapman is a comedy entitled *Eastward Ho*, which contains many severe reflections upon Scotchmen. By this piece of satire the author showed himself so ungrateful toward King James, that the King ordered him to be imprisoned. In the year 1598 the first seven books of Chapman's *Iliad* appeared. Two years later followed a publication of five more books, and five years later a publication of the whole poem. The translation is written in the fourteen-syllable English verse, and is of a bold and imaginative character. The verse itself is well suited to all parts of Homer. The selection of the meter, which one is to use in translating Homer, is a matter which requires great care, as it determines, to quite an extent, how many of the varieties of the original he can preserve in his version.

Were we to speak of the age of Chapman, we would say it was a favorable era for the translator of Homer. It was the good, old Elizabethan age, when writers had a bold way of looking into things, and an honesty of phrase truly Homeric. In respect to time we think that he was more favorably situated than either Pope or Cowper.

The translation of Chapman keeps alive the spirit of Homer, and throughout is rapid, vigorous, original. At times, disregarding the simplicity of Homer, he is bombastic, appearing to write without due consideration. Pope says of him, that he "writes as Homer himself may be supposed to have done before he arrived at years of discretion." In a limited degree the opinion of Pope is true, yet Chapman is not always bombastic; he is sometimes as literal as Cowper and as melodious as Pope himself. He certainly has this excellency, that he grapples fearlessly with Homer, and being thoroughly aroused to the task, preserves in his translation much of the spirit of his great original. His earnestness—we might almost say his overzeal—to keep alive the fire of Homer is the chief cause of the bombast which we occasionally find in him.

There is another fault into which Chapman has fallen, which is decidedly un-Homeric. It is his tendency to play upon words, a foible from which the original is entirely free. It seems strange that a translator of the unaffected, life-like Homer should introduce into his translation any Saxe-like wit, yet with Chapman, we regret to say, this is the case. This error of his—which no doubt he intended as an orna-

ment to his Homeric poetry—seems very much like an attempt to beautify a gallery of art by hanging tinsel and tin trinkets upon the sides of the paintings.

The judgments first passed upon a new publication are most always modified by time and reflection. Those who pronounced Chapman as erratic expressed but a sentiment, always common, and so prevalent in our day that art must be exalted above nature, culture above genius, study above impulse. There is no doubt a certain amount of culture necessary to every man of genius, but beyond this there is a "mysterious something" that culture can not give,

"Which comes and goes like dreams,  
And which none can ever trace."

Let us look for a few moments at some of the beauties of Chapman's version, and see how favorably he compares with other translators. The following seems to us a very fine rendering:

"From his bright helm and shield did burn a most unwearied fire,  
Like rich Autumn's golden lamp, whose brightness men admire,  
Past all the other hosts of stars, when, with his cheerful face  
Fresh washed in lofty ocean waves, he doth the sky enchase."

There is throughout a felicity and simplicity of expression which calls forth universal admiration. The translation of the well-known moonlight scene in the eighth book of the *Iliad* is rendered by Chapman:

"This speech all Trojans did applaud, who from their traces  
loosed  
Their sweating horse, which severally with headstalls they  
reposed,  
And fastened by their chariots: when others brought from town  
Fat sheep and oxen instagly, bread, wine; and hewed down  
Huge store of wood; the winds transferred into the friendly sky  
Their supper's savor; to the which they sat delightfully,  
And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shined,  
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,  
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and  
the brows  
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows;  
And even the lowly valleys gay to glitter in the sight,  
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,  
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's  
heart:  
Lo, many fires disclose their beams, made by the Trojan part  
Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets showed  
A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allowed  
Fifty stout men, by whom their horses eat oats and hard white  
corn,  
And all did willfully expect the silver-throned morn."

The melodious verse of Pope runs:

"The troops exulting sat in order round,  
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,  
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;

The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.  
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,  
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays.  
 The long reflections of the distant fires  
 Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.  
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
 And shoot a shady luster o'er the field.  
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
 Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send,  
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heap of corn,  
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn."

Which shows that he follows closely the version of Chapman; and although the rendering is elegant, and is in "keeping with the general tone of Pope's rhymed poem," yet, considered by Wordsworth and Southey, the lines and images are false and contradictory. Cowper, so famous for his conciseness and accuracy, has it—

"As when around the clear, bright moon, the stars  
 Shine in full splendor, and the winds are hushed,  
 The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights  
 Stand all apparent, not a vapor streaks  
 The boundless blue, but ether opens wide;  
 All glitters and the shepherd's heart is cheered,"

which is brief, vivid, distinct.

For beauty and fidelity the translation of Chapman can scarcely be surpassed. Though we give not any considerable selection, yet it shows his beauties and his faults. It is rendered in a bold, spirited manner, bringing the scene directly before our eyes. The bombast is seen in a slight degree in the words,

"The firmament bursts to disclose her light;"

yet his Homeric epithet, "silver-throned moon," displays an imagination at once pure and luxuriant.

With all its faults the translation of Chapman is now more frequently in the hands of scholars and poetical students than the more musical version of Pope. It is throughout animated, elevated, and has the true ring of Homer about it—merits which will cover a multitude of errors.

### THE JOYS OF POVERTY.

AMPBELL sings the "Pleasures of Hope;" Rogers, the "Pleasures of Memory"—I, the pleasures of poverty. Not the blessings—that branch of the subject has been worn somewhat threadbare by constant service in sermons and literature—but the pleasures, the downright joys, peculiar to impecuniosity. Not abject, pinched, desperate poverty, that knows not where to-morrow's bread is coming from; nor shabby-genteel poverty—"nothing, trying to be something"—nor any kind of poverty in cities; but what might be called comfortable poverty in the country—poverty with four hun-

dred a year, and two children to each hundred. To sing the joys of such poverty is my aspiration.

Poor people never live in elegant villa residences with all the modern improvements. Consequently, in the dead of Winter their water pipes never burst. Their plate-glass windows are never broken, their patent burglar-alarms never go off at the wrong time. Their coachmen never get drunk—careless servants never crack their Sevres China. In fact, one of the chief happinesses of poverty is exemption from the affliction of servants. When the daughters of poverty exchange calls, their conversation may dwell on pleasanter themes than the trials they have undergone with the cook, the minutiae of the chamber-maid's slovenliness, the fact that the house-maid is more than mistrusted of "taking things." The enormities generally of what *Punch* has dubbed "servantgalism" disturb not the peace of poverty.

A positive and intense pleasure of poverty is applying sermons to wealthy neighbors. When the minister enlarges on the fact that "virtue and piety are far oftener found in the humble cottage of the poor man earning his daily bread by honest toil, than in the palatial abode of the son of wealth rolling in every luxury," Lazarus looks complacently across the aisle at Dives sitting stately in the family pew. Lazarus, of course, considers himself and this ideal being, the poor man of poetry, one, even if he be not over-virtuous or pious. In Church, at least, he has the better of Dives. When the preacher hurls his thunder-bolts at avarice, pride, vain-glory, Lazarus glances furtively at the gold-spectacled countenance over the way, beaming, so to speak, with bank dividends and respectability, and wonders how Dives feels.

Poverty makes one comrade of half the geniuses and poets of the past. Who would not almost glory in being poor with Dryden, Bunyan, Chatterton, Crabbe, Shenstone, Savage, Cowper, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Lamb—glorious list of the immortal poor—to be able to read "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg" with the agreeable consciousness that it does not hit us—to cry defiantly with Burns—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp:  
 The man's the gowd for a' that?"

Nowadays attics and starvation are not necessarily accompaniments of the poetic fire; but we miss something of that easy, versatile carelessness engendered by the old hap-hazard life—to-day dining with lords, to-morrow in the debtors' prison. Most modern poetry bears evident marks of being written in a comfortable state of after-dinner, beef-and-pudding in-

spiration. When one is reduced to living on his wits, those wits are rendered so uncommonly sharp.

The conscious use and development of our own powers being one of the most satisfactory sensations we are capable of, another pleasure that may be reckoned peculiar to poverty is its throwing one on one's own resources, and bringing to light latent talent and ingenuity one never dreamed one's self to possess. Some second Gray should chant the elegy of Wealth's mute inglorious Miltons, the city Hampdens, who might have been and done *je ne sais quoi* had not cruel fate cast their lot in business. Sylvia feels a triumphant pride unknown to Flora M'Flimsey, when she complacently contemplates the jaunty suit which no one but she will ever recognize as the old, twice-turned black silk, "dear for the sorrows it has borne." She alone knows the turnings upside down and inside out, the spongings, the pressings, the solemn deliberations, the head-racking calculations, which that dress represents. This battle won by her unaided ability raises her in her own esteem—a comfortable feeling she would have lost could she have ordered the dress ready made from Madame A-la-Mode. Sylvia feels all the joy of the woman and the artiste in the love of a bonnet created out of airy nothingness by the nimble white fingers that can turn themselves to any thing, from crocheting elegant immaterialities to those mysterious kitchen rites whereon depend good cooking and the happiness of a family. To hear that Mrs. Grundy "wonders at' Sylvia Smith's extravagance—I saw her out yesterday in a lovely little French hat"—is the only tribute to her genius necessary. When she is invited to a party she suffers from no inward conflicts over the momentous question, "What shall I wear?" It is so easy to decide when one has but one presentable dress. Comforting herself with Ben Jonson—

"Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art:  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart"—

she presents herself before her hostess with the silk, the one lace collar, indeed, but also with a fresh and smiling face, unharassed by the worry and hurry of dress-buying and making, the aggravatingness of dress-makers. Probably young Tom Brown, with the usual unappreciativeness of his sex in the matter of Paris fashions, fully agrees with Ben Jonson. He really does not much care whether the dress is trimmed with lace or folds—even whether it is gored or not—

so long as the look, the face, strike his heart. One advantage of poverty, in fact, is that its victims are in a measure forced to dress in correct taste. A new garment is a solemn experience not to be lightly entered on when so long a time must elapse before another can conscientiously be indulged in. Hence poor people deliberate long ere committing themselves: large plaids, gay stripes, tinsel trimmings, cloaks *outré* in hue or shape, are not for an instant to be considered, however fashionable at the moment. They choose the "golden mean," and fall back on invisible plaids and self-colored cloths, the grays, and blues, and browns. They can not afford to be "loud" if they would.

One pleasure of the poor man is that his mind is unburdened by the cares of property. Banks may break, shares may fall, funds may drop, and he sleeps just as sound o' nights. At the witching hour of midnight do his preternaturally wide-awake ears hear strange noises in the house—a rustling, a creaking, a sound of filing? He knows it is rats. Burglars in his house would be a clear case of

"There was a man and he had naught,  
And robbers came to rob him."

A tragedy common enough perhaps in the chimerical days chronicled in Mother Goose, when people used to sweep cobwebs from the sky, shut up extravagant wives in pumpkin shells, live upon nothing but victuals and drink—when red noses were solely owing to spices and cinnamon, nutmegs and cloves, and twenty pounds sufficed for a marriage portion—but not at all to be apprehended in this enlightened and sternly practical age.

Poor people, being usually so fortunate as to be obliged to work for a living, are never troubled with ennui. They never have time, there is always so much to do. Probably, had they the necessary means and leisure, they too would find existence an insupportable bore, and discover that this world is a sham. The friends of poor people must be sincere. They give no elegant parties, have no patronage to bestow, no property to bequeath; hence no one can make any thing, pecuniarily or socially, by their friendship. If they are near-sighted, and happen to cut an acquaintance in the street, no one takes offense or thinks they are giving themselves airs—it would be so palpably absurd. Poor people retain much of the fresh enthusiasm of childhood in the power of enjoying small things. The year's work lends zest to the Summer's vacation—a slim purse and many wants make the present of such an extravagance as a book or picture an era.

No one but the poor man knows the exquisite

pleasure of amateur benevolence. It is so easy, and involves none of the unpleasant consequences of really signing notes or lending money, to say, "Brown, my boy, you know I'd be only too glad to help you if I could"—so easy to picture how we would give at least half our goods to feed the poor, and what generous, free-hearted, open-handed fellows we would be generally were we only Cræsus. One experiences all the glow at the heart of actual benevolence, and yet it is so inexpensive!

In short, as the "Child's First Reader" would say, *It-is-a-fine-thing-to-be-poor*. The longer I contemplate Poverty, the more charms does she unveil to my entranced gaze. But is it quite right to flaunt our advantages in people's faces, and harrow up their feelings merely because they unfortunately possess money? Doubtless it is not their fault. It was their grandfather's or their own luck to be rich. However, let us keep ourselves to ourselves, we of the Brotherhood of Lean Purses, and only when we meet to munch together the festive crust, and drain the flowing bowl of cold water, sing this, the song of proud and independent poverty:

"My minde to me a kingdom is ;  
Such perfect joy therein I find  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse  
That God or Nature hath assigned ;  
Though much I want, that most would have,  
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;  
I feign not love where most I hate ;  
I break no sleep to win my will ;  
I wayte not at the mightie's gate ;  
I scorne no poor, I feare no rich ;  
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath—  
Extremes are counted worst of all ;  
The golden meane betwixt them both  
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall.  
This is my choyce ; for why? I finde  
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;  
My conscience clere my chiefe defense ;  
I never seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offense.  
Thus do I live, thus will I de ;  
Would all did so, as well as I."

A MAN who is going to do good with his money when he shall get a great deal of it, makes a bargain with the devil; and the devil generally outwits him. Those men are going to use their money so that it will do good when they get through with it, but the Lord is apt to get through with them before they think of being through with their money. If you want to be benevolent by and by, by all means be benevolent now.

## HILLEL AND MAIMON.

THE wise Hillel had a disciple named Maimon, in whose natural gifts he greatly delighted. But soon he perceived that Maimon trusted too much in his own wisdom, and wholly discarded prayer. The youth said in his heart, "Why should we pray? does the Almighty need our words, in order to aid and bless us? Then is he human. Can man's sighs and petitions change the counsels of the Eternal? Will not the All-merciful of himself bestow what is good and needful?" Such were the young man's thoughts.

But Hillel was grieved in his soul that Maimon considered himself wiser than the Divine Word, and he determined to reprove him.

One day, when Maimon went to Hillel, he found him sitting in his garden, leaning his head upon his hand, and he said, "Master, where are thy thoughts?"

Then Hillel raised his head and answered in these words: "I have a friend who lives upon the produce of his lands, which, until now, he has cultivated with care, and has been richly rewarded for his pains. But now he has thrown aside plow and mattock, and no more cultivates his field. Thus he will soon come to poverty, and lack the necessities of life."

"Has a spirit of ill-humor seized him, or has he become a fool?" asked the youth.

"Neither," answered Hillel. "He is well skilled in all human and sacred wisdom. But he says 'the Lord is almighty, so that he can easily supply my wants without my bending my head to labor. He is good, so that he will open his kind hand to bless my table.' And how can it be contradicted?"

"How," said the youth; "is it not tempting the Lord God? Hast thou not told him so, master?"

Then Hillel smiled and said, "I will do so now. Thou, my beloved Maimon, art the friend of whom I spake."

"I?" said the youth in amazement.

"Ay," said the old man; "dost thou not tempt the Lord? Is prayer less than labor? and are spiritual gifts less than the fruits of the field? And is he who commands thee to labor for earthly goods, another than he who bids thee raise thy heart to heaven to implore heavenly blessings? O, my son, be humble, believe and pray!"

So spake Hillel, and Maimon went away to pray, and henceforth his life was a godly one. He became noted for his good deeds and his reverential spirit.



## THE POET'S MISSION.

O, DREAMER by the river,  
 Communing with the wave,  
 O'er whom the aspens quiver,  
 Whose feet the waters lave;  
 From ahady glen and by-way,  
 Where thou hast lingered long,  
 Come up into life's highway  
 Where weary toilers throng.

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For thou hast walked with Duty  
 At morn and evening shade,  
 And "bathed thy feet in beauty"  
 In many a dewy glade.  
 From crowded haunts retreating  
 Thy soul hath dwelt apart,  
 And listened to the beating  
 Of Nature's mother-heart.

By softly plashing fountains  
 Thy sandaled feet have trod;  
 And thou, upon the mountains,  
 Hast heard the voice of God.  
 To thee her wondrous story  
 The silent earth hath told,  
 And heaven revealed its glory  
 Through sunset's gates of gold.

O, Dreamer, by the river,  
 O, poet, wise and strong,  
 Forever and forever  
 The toilers march along.  
 Drowned in the tread of millions.  
 All low, sweet voices die;  
 On rush the grim battalions  
 In swift procession by.

For them in vain the morning  
 With floods of pearly light;  
 In vain the eve's adorning,  
 The starry pomp of night.  
 For them no breeze from heaven,  
 No noontide rest apart;  
 No cooling dews of even  
 Refresh the crowded mart.

Amid the din of labor  
 The human cry is hushed;  
 And man denies his neighbor,  
 By sorrow's burden crushed.  
 Strong hearts unheeded breaking  
 Beneath the smiter's rod,  
 And brows with anguish aching,  
 Make silent moan to God.

O, poet, crowned and gifted  
 With nature's secret lore,  
 To thee all hearts are lifted  
 With longings great and sore;  
 Eyes dim and red with weeping,  
 The day-break slowly see;  
 Yet, patient vigil keeping,  
 The watchers wait for thee.

Grief calls with voice of wailing,  
 And Toil with murmurs long;  
 O, pour the tide of healing,  
 The benison of song.

Thy harp, long silent, smiting,  
 Sweep all its trembling chords;  
 Clear, ringing strains uniting  
 With loving, helpful words.

Bear thou thy brother's burden,  
 Nerve up the fainting heart,  
 And ask this only guerdon,  
 Strength to perform thy part.  
 Unstinted pour thy treasure,  
 From garner's new and old,  
 And thou shalt have God's measure  
 Full-eared a hundred-fold.

How short is human life! the very breath

### SERMONS IN TREES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRÜN.

In the midnight hour, when silence reigns  
 Through the leafy forest deep,  
 Begins a whispering, rustling sound,  
 For then each bush and tree around,  
 Finds tongues when mortals sleep.

The wild rose breathed soft colors round  
 And gayly spoke, though low,  
 "Short is the rose's utmost prime—  
 E'en so!—the shorter is the time  
 And the brighter will I blow!"

The aspen said, "Me gaudy day  
 Allured not with its glare,  
 The sunbeam oft a death-stroke gives—  
 'Tis in the shade that wisdom lives  
 Safe, though I tremble there!"

And next the slender poplar spoke,  
 And pointed to the sky;  
 "Thence streams so sweet, so pure a light  
 Of moonlight beauty, calm and bright,  
 I fain would wave on high!"

The willow glanced to earth and said,  
 In accents fond and mild,  
 "My floating locks o'er thee I bend,  
 Thy fragile flowers be mine to tend,  
 As mothers tend a child!"

And next the laden plum-tree sighed,  
 "Relieve me of my hoard!  
 I bear it not for self alone,  
 My treasures when you make your own  
 My vigor is restored."

Then spake the fir, "What tho' on me  
 Nor flowers nor fruit ye view!  
 From constancy my honors grow—  
 Alike in sunshine, storm, and snow,  
 I never change my hue."

The lofty oak exclaimed, "Alone  
 Heaven's lightnings me can rend;  
 No storm hath power to bend me down—  
 Let my strong stem and leafy crown  
 The weaker tribes defend!"

The ivy heard him offer thus  
 His stanch support to lend;  
 And round him soon her arms were thrown,  
 For they who can not stand alone  
 May lean upon a friend.

And now so many voices rose  
 That memory fades away;  
 Each whispering leaf had found a tongue,  
 Only the mournful cypress hung  
 Mute o'er a mound of clay!

O, that their whispered morals all  
 In human hearts sank deep!  
 But all unheard and all untold  
 The trees their nightly converse hold

THE NEW GOSPEL ;  
OR, SCIENCE AS A CIVILIZER.

FIRST PAPER.

STUDENTS of history tell us that twice, hitherto, has an utter despair settled down upon the whole human race. They should have told us also, what certainly is not less material, that that darkness was never dissipated by any amelioration of temporal conditions, or better educational facilities. If the history of the past proves any thing it certainly proves that only such means as have had the effect of touching and deepening the best aspirations of human nature have really promoted a civilization deserving at all of the name. It has become the fashion somewhat of late, with a certain class, to speak in very complimentary terms of the civilization of India. In many of the characteristics of a merely material and intellectual civilization the Hindoos are, indeed, very far advanced. Their architecture, as exemplified in their temples and other edifices, is unsurpassed in the world. They are fine astronomers, natural philosophers, and chemists, and the upper castes are highly learned in the literature of their country. They have been distinguished for ages for the fineness of their fabrics, having supplied the world for hundreds of years with the finest silks, shawl and dress goods. Especially has this race long been distinguished for its attainments in metaphysical culture. It revels in abstract speculation, in arduous thought, in gorgeous visions, in lofty, cloudy contemplations. The writer once heard Rev. Dr. Scudder, for many years a missionary in India, say that he had had subtler difficulties suggested in connection with the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel by Hindoos than he had ever elsewhere encountered. From its icy, cloud-capped summits to its burning seas, India, for thousands of years, has been trying the experiment of civilization by philosophy, and with what result? As another has well said, "Her philosophy is, perhaps, the most grand and gorgeous in the world. It inspired ancient Greece; it still attracts modern Europe and the United States. You see it cropping out in the lectures of our boasted Athens, as well as in its monthly periodicals. Well, what have been its fruits? Caste, stagnation, depression, the oppression of the masses. Thuggism and Sutteeism are legitimate fruits of the system, and cruelty and greater atrocities than that of the Indian rebellion; outrages such as human language can not describe, such as Christian ear dare not hear, or Christian tongue dare not utter—committed, not by the lower classes, but by the

upper classes, who urged and superintended the insurrection. Sometimes this scheme is carried out very faithfully by individuals. They hang themselves on hooks; they roll themselves half across the continent; they starve themselves to skeletons; they dig a pit and sink themselves into it as in a living tomb."

With all her material prosperity and intellectual pre-eminence, it does not appear that India has made the slightest progress, for cycles upon cycles, in *morals* or *manhood*. Nay, judging from the conduct of her rebels during the late Sepoy rebellion, we must conclude that they are to-day capable of cruelties—of atrocities excelling any thing on record of our North American Indians. Who is not familiar with the record of the infamous Nana Sahib, whose treachery and cruelty were so great, indeed, that it was seriously proposed, if he could be caught, to cage him as a wild beast, and exhibit him to mankind in a menagerie? And yet this man was familiar alike with philosophy, science, and many languages.

A very interesting work has recently been published, entitled "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," by Anna Harriet Leonowens, and the most interesting feature, in my judgment, of the whole book is the convincing light it is calculated to shed upon the very subject now before us. "It is impossible," says an able reviewer of the book, "to unravel the mysterious inconsistencies in Maha Mongkut's character. Before coming to the throne he had spent twenty-seven years in a Buddhist monastery. Here he had studied, had written, and had given away all his private fortune in charities. Here he wrote his notable treatise in defense of the divinity of the revelations of Buddha, in which he essays to prove that it was the single aim of the great reformer to deliver man from all carnal and selfish passions, and in which he uses these words: 'These are the only obstacles in the search for truth. The most solid wisdom is to know this, and to apply one's self to the conquest of one's self.' And this was the man who, a few years later, could throw helpless women into loathsome dungeons, or have them cruelly beaten in his royal presence. His foreign policy was, as the world knows, liberal. He tolerated all religions. He spent large revenues in public improvements. He was industrious and frugal. He had a passion for science, and had pursued his astronomical studies so far that he calculated with respectable accuracy the great solar eclipse of August, 1868. He was also ambitious in his efforts as a linguist; and by no means the least among Mrs. Leonowens's tasks was the superin-



tendence of His Majesty's English composition. And yet this high-priest of Buddhism, this astronomer, this student of affairs and languages, was as sensual, cruel, and treacherous in his relations with immediate subordinates and with women as any South African savage."

Some of the cruelties this woman witnessed, but could not alleviate, are almost incredible, indeed, hardly admit of description; while the whole atmosphere of repression, danger, and brutality seems to belong to another century than this, and still more to another monarch than this so-called, "most enlightened King of Siam." What have we here, then, but another confirmation of the doctrine that a civilization, based on mere knowledge, science, culture, or learning, may prove no blessing whatever to a people, since, however cultivated their intellect, so their hearts remain unimproved, they are none the less barbarians still. Says Horace Mann, "Mere knowledge is like a Swiss mercenary, ready to combat either in the ranks of sin or under the banner of righteousness; to forge cannon-balls or print New Testaments; to navigate a Corsair's vessel or a missionary ship."

China, for thousands of years, has been the theater of this experiment of civilization by means of education alone. Says the late Bishop Edward Thomson:

"No nation in the world has taken more pains to educate its people than this. Its system of competitive examination is well-nigh perfect, and the honors it bestows upon the successful candidate are almost incredible. Not only his own family and friends unite in his praises, but whole provinces sometimes join to celebrate his achievements. Nor is the scheme badly contrived. It embraces arithmetic and mathematics—in the power of which China, perhaps, excels all nations. But it is more my purpose to show that it insists strictly upon the moral and economical sciences, those which we might suppose would be capable, if any could, of making men virtuous. The philosophy Dr. Franklin has developed in his precepts of poor Richard has been exemplified there on its largest scale. The system of Confucius embraces five precepts and three laws. The precepts are: truth, justice, charity, sincerity, and conformity to established institutions. The laws are: the law of the family, the law of the State, and the law of the universe. Its leading principle is this: all moral evil springs out of the antagonisms of superiors and inferiors. The cure of these antagonisms is the radical virtue, and that radical virtue is filial obedience; hence, it merges all feelings and filial piety and alle-

giance to the State in filial obedience. The monarch is the father of his people, and his will the only rule. Now, what are its fruits? In politics just what we might expect—stability without progress. And there stands China today just where she stood two thousand years ago and more. Through all the decades and centuries and millenniums that stretch out between the present and the days of Confucius, she has not made one single step of progress.

"And what have been the fruits within the sphere of morals? I need not say that China is an intemperate State; but intemperance in the use of opium is among the least of its vices. God knows I would not slander any thing; and yet, is it not true that infanticide and concubinage prevail? Is it not true that woman is depressed, and that the masses are oppressed? Is it not true that cruelty prevails? Why, the Governor put to death seventy thousand of his fellow-men. Can that be paralleled anywhere else on the earth? Is it not true that beggary and theft abound? You say there are beggary and theft here. True; but there it is organized, systematized, defiant, crystallized, a part of the institutions of the country. We used to consider China a very moral nation. Recent disclosures have dissipated that delusion; and we may congratulate the nations that Providence so long closed the gates on that great moral pest-house. So much for an ethical education extended through millenniums."

That kind of culture only, evidently, can be serviceable for the real elevation of humanity which leads men at once to respect themselves, respect their neighbors, love their race, revere what is right and true, and devoutly esteem that which is divine. But intellectual culture alone can hardly be said to lead to any such results. Isolating as it does, separating, by impassable barriers, those who possess it from those who possess it not, it certainly can not be regarded as calculated to produce or inspire that esteem or respect for *man as man* that looks toward democratic equality, or that constitutes the very soul of all genuine philanthropy.

"Man is one  
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel  
With a gigantic throb, athwart the sea,  
Each other's rights and wrongs; thus we are men."

There can be no doubt that the human family ought to be considered as just such an organism as this: all whose parts are so connected that no blessing nor calamity, no deed of virtue or of vice, no birth nor death, though it happen on another continent or in a distant isle of the sea, but that brings good or ill to every one of us, and every member of the race; but certain

it is that no such organism, no such grand connection or ideal organic unity as that indicated by the lines of the poet just quoted has ever yet been either created or discovered by unaided human intelligence.

Intellectual culture alone, moreover, is calculated to lead to atheism. Giving, as it does, undue exaltation to human reason, and accordingly feeding the fires of human vanity, it tends directly, on the one hand, to obliterate the spiritual sense in the soul, and, on the other, to substitute for the one living and personal Jehovah the dreams of a pagan pantheism.

But to return to our survey. Suppose we turn to ancient Greece, that fair land where, in some respects, on a more magnificent scale than elsewhere, this same experiment of an exclusively secular culture has been tried, and propound our question: What did an unaided æsthetic or intellectual culture do for that people? how successfully did it answer all the purposes of true civilization? "Go," says another, "to Caffraria, anywhere in this wide world, seek out the rudest monster, the vilest people you can possibly find. Draw me a picture of their vices, crimes, and barbarities; make it just as black as you please; bring it hither and I will parallel it by Greece under Pericles, and Rome under Cicero. Athens, mother of earth, eye of Greece, counted, under the shadow of her Acropolis, her thirty thousand gods in the courts and streets; where the marble almost breathed under the chisel of Pheidias, and the birds picked at the grapes on the canvas of Apelles; where Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Plato cast their grand thoughts in a style of such transcendent beauty—in Athens, proud school-mistress of mankind, were scenes of darkness, lust, and blood, horrible as any nation has ever beheld."

Read, if you please, Paul's description of the moral condition of ancient heathenism in the first epistle to the Romans. Testimony damning enough against these ancient and highly favored people for their iniquitous moral practices might easily enough be derived from their own writers, such as Horace, Juvenal, and Tacitus. But Paul, to say the least, was no less an intelligent and impartial observer than they. And now turn to his letters, as aforesaid, and read his terrible indictment against those imperial, those most highly civilized nations of antiquity, and is it possible, we may well ask, to conceive of, or draw a darker picture? Have n't we here the very cream of iniquity? And this, bear in mind, is not, as you might suppose at first, a picture of the "Five Points" of Athens, but the picture of the "Broadway" of Greece—the very

"Regent-street" of the Eternal City, the very garrison of that army of genius that is marching down the ages, attracting mankind by the majesty of its movement, and charming them by the music of its poetry. Do you say: "Perhaps the apostle drew the picture in too dark colors?" Look at a fact or two before we pass. When Nero's father was congratulated upon Nero's birth, he said: "What is begotten of such a man as I and born of such a woman as my wife, can not but be the ruin of the State." He was right. And when Nero's mother married the Emperor Claudius, her own uncle, who had just condemned his wife to death on a charge of murder, and was drunk when he signed the warrant, she set about murdering him that she might put her own son Nero in his stead. And it was not long ere she accomplished her purposes, and received her reward from the hands of that son whom she had clothed in the imperial purple, being murdered herself by him.

No one certainly will accuse Lecky of being prejudiced specially in favor of modern, and what is called Christian civilization. Read, then, what he says, in his "History of European Morals," in regard to the character of the amusements and pastimes of the Romans, and at a time when they were at the very height of their boasted civilization. Why are such bloody, brutal exhibitions as these herein described impossible to-day? "The single combat became at last insipid, and every variety of atrocity was devised to stimulate the flagging interest. At one time a bear and a bull, chained together, rolled in fierce contest along the sand; at another, criminals, dressed in the skins of wild beasts, were thrown to bulls, which were maddened by red-hot irons or by darts that were tipped with burning pitch. Four hundred bears were killed on a single day under Caligula; three hundred on another day under Claudius. Under Nero, four hundred tigers fought with bulls and elephants; four hundred bears and three hundred lions were slaughtered by his soldiers.

"In a single day, at the dedication of the Coliseum by Titus, five thousand animals perished. Under Trajan, the games continued for one hundred and twenty-three successive days. Lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, giraffes, bulls, stags, even crocodiles and serpents, were employed to give novelty to the spectacle. Nor was any form of human suffering wanting. The first Gordian, when idle, gave twelve spectacles, in each of which from one hundred and fifty to five hundred pairs of gladiators appeared. Eight hundred pairs fought at

the triumph of Aurelian. Ten thousand men fought during the games of Trajan. Nero illumined his gardens during the night by Christians burning in their pitchy shirts. Under Domitian an army of feeble dwarfs were compelled to fight, and more than once female gladiators descended to perish in the arena.

"A criminal personating a fictitious character was nailed to a cross and there torn by a bear. Another, representing Scævola, was compelled to hold his hand in a real flame. A third, as Hercules, was burned alive upon the pile. So intense was the craving for blood that a prince was less unpopular if he neglected the distribution of corn than if he neglected the games, and Nero himself, on account of his munificence in this respect, was probably the sovereign who was most beloved by the Roman multitude. Heliogabalus and Galerius are reported, when dining, to have regaled themselves with the sight of criminals torn by wild beasts. It is said of the latter that he never supped without human blood."

When we sit at the feet of some of those master-minds whose genius has cast such a glamour over these once proud nations, listen to their words of wisdom, or contemplate with glowing admiration their grand, their inimitable works, we can not but thank God that we belong to such a race. But when, on the other hand, we pause over such pictures as the foregoing, nay, when we come to consider that, in whatever land, if unblest by the saving influence of a pure religion, though we rise to the very mountain tops of human society, spheres where the lights of science beam day and night, like the lamps of the ancient temple, we shall find vice, if not always in its grosser forms, yet more concealed, seductive, and refined, none the less abounding and pernicious, well may we tremble with alarm, and cry out with one of old, "Who shall deliver us from this body of death?"

Professor Julius Seelye, of Amherst College, in his "Election Sermon" a year ago, before the Massachusetts Legislature, forcibly and eloquently stated the lesson now under consideration. He says: "Ignorance, dire though it be, is not our gravest peril, and our common school system, beneficial as it is, does not furnish our chief hope. No amount of intelligence ever saved any people, and the most costly educational system is consistent with the most corrupt social condition. New York city spends about three millions of dollars yearly upon her public schools, but men are murdered there, almost at midday, and the murderers walk unharmed. Modern Greece has one of the most

perfect educational systems in the world, but travelers can not go in safety ten miles from Athens without an armed escort. Ancient Greece furnished the most cultivated and polished society of which history, in ancient or modern times, gives us any record, but it neither checked the corruption nor resisted the death of the State. The most polished court of modern Europe was probably that of Louis XIV, but was ever any court so flagrantly corrupt? Ignorance is not our greatest peril. When the people of a great city find themselves ridden over by corrupt judges who can themselves make bargains with criminals, and deride the justice they were set to defend, is ignorance the cause of all this? Where the stockholders of a great corporation find themselves sold out, and every dollar of their property gone that their directors might roll in wealth and 'speculate' for the disturbance of trade and the ruin of thousands, is it for the want of knowledge? When Congressmen buy votes, and advocate repudiation, and recommend unfit men for office, is it because they are ignorant? Is it ignorance which makes legislatures the corrupt tools of corrupt men? No, no—ignorance is bad enough indeed, but this is not our national peril, neither is knowledge our national salvation. No nation, said the great historian, Niebuhr, ever died except by suicide, and the suicidal poison was engendered only in the nation's moral de-ilement."

The writer has been led into this train of comparison, and citation, and reflection, by the great clamor that is being made nowadays in favor of so-called secular and scientific education, and more especially by the utterly unwarranted assumption being put forth by a modern sect of Freethinkers and Scientists, to the effect that all the Gospel mankind need in order to their highest progress, best civilization, complete redemption, is "the light of science." Only let the people have knowledge, let education become universal, let the rising generation be made acquainted with the natural sciences, let the children be "posted up" in physiology, hygiene, phrenology, etc., and they will straightway become virtuous. Education is good, knowledge is good. Teaching, of course, is important. How, indeed, are men to be led to do their duty unless they are first led to know it? Virtue is a blind angel; she needs knowledge for her guide. But no facts of human experience lie more completely open to every clear eye than those indicating that men never have been, never can be, raised from vice to virtue simply by *teaching*. However pure it may have been, no merely scientific or precep-

tive moral training or instruction has ever made much impression upon—has never sunk deep into society, or spread widely among the thoughts and actions of mankind. Does the fact that a child may have learned the ten commandments by heart insure the practice of them on his part? Do men, as a rule, do as well as they know? Nay, is there any virtue or duty upon which men have not turned their backs in defiance of light not only, but also of entreaty and expostulation? And is there any vice or crime in the long catalogue of transgression which men have not chosen and continued in, notwithstanding the knowledge of the wrong that would be done, and the ruin that would thus ensue?

"Only let the truth be exhibited," we are told; "only let virtue be taught—virtue radiant in beauty, and glorious in strength, and we can not believe the human soul will refuse to fall in spontaneous homage at her feet, that rational, spiritual, immortal man, will avert his face from the ineffable vision." Alas! how inexorably does the lamentable fact contradict this theory! The heathen poet was wiser than this when he declared,

"I see the right, and I approve it too;  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

"Man always acts according to his own views of what is for his own interest," we are told. "*Education* in the science of Nature teaches those laws, natural, intellectual, and moral, obedience to which insures happiness; *therefore* education in the science of Nature will bring men to virtue, and through virtue to happiness." Alas! this beautiful argument proceeds upon an utterly false premise. It is not true that men always act with reference to their own interest. Does the thief, that knows that honesty is the best policy? Does the idle youth, that knows that by his profligate course he is squandering his rich inheritance, and making for himself and his friends a sad future? Does the drunkard, who, though he knows better, knows, indeed, that the intoxicating cup is bitter ruin to body and soul, fortune, reputation, and domestic peace, is disaster both for time and eternity, yet takes that cup—takes it, though with trembling hand, and lifting it, as it were, through the very smoke and flame of the bottomless pit, and presses it to his feverish lips—are these persons all acting with a view to their own interest?

A great deal is said, in these days, about Socrates. He has become a very favorite character with our modern Freethinkers, who seem to be desperately eager to find some teacher to set up over against Jesus. Well, Socrates is, indeed, a noble, a commanding figure. I cheer-

fully concur in the following eloquent testimonial in his favor:

"Among all who have sought to render men moral by teaching them morality, no one is greater than he. It was his prime doctrine that virtue is teachable, and day by day for thirty years, with unwearied patience, he went through the streets, and shops, and schools, and public assemblies, teaching and discoursing upon his favorite scheme. His whole practical aim seems to have been to make men moral by giving them clear notions of morality. Does any one doubt that his instructions must have convinced the intellect of those to whom they were given? What matchless clearness, and subtlety, and convincing power do these instructions still possess!"

Yet what evidence is there that these remarkable teachings, illustrated as they were by such a self-denying and beautiful life, ever produced the slightest effect upon the social life of Athens, or the *moral* conduct of a single one of his disciples? This is the crucial test. The intellectual effect of the teachings of Socrates is conceded; it was marked; in fact, it was prodigious. It has reached to our time, and must penetrate all coming ages. But does it appear that one single person has ever been changed *in his moral bent*, so as to become more virtuous and less vicious, so as to have been radically converted as to his most cherished aims, affections, ambitions, and industries, by that teaching? Certainly, in consideration of this one example, so very commanding, of the utter and hopeless impotence of unaided human intelligence as a *moral civilizer*, we must conclude that it is a very narrow reading of history, and a very shallow acquaintance with the human heart indeed, which has failed to teach us that something more than knowledge is necessary in order to virtue—that something other than light, yea, than the light of ever so luminous science—is needful in order to the effectual redemption and final perfection of human society.

At a future time I shall take pleasure in pointing out the fatal defects in this scheme of civilization by means of science and culture alone.

A LIVING faith in moral and religious truth expands the mind, quickens the intellect to grasp all truth that comes within its reach; excites the imagination to admire the beautiful, and finds delight in tracing out the works of God, with all their benevolent arrangements, through which we are led to love and adore our common Heavenly Father. This is true human progress.

SCENES IN ALEXANDRIA IN THE  
OLDEN TIME.

IN the middle of the second century a young man left Athens to travel. He was no pleasure-seeker. A deeper thirst possessed his soul. Dissatisfied with the gayety of the world and the speculations of the wise, he set forth in search of truth. He wandered from city to city; he sat at the feet of various teachers of various lands—Greeks, Syrians, and Jews—till at last he made his way to Alexandria, where he found his last teacher and his best.

Alexandria was a noble city, rich in her extensive commerce and her splendid situation. On the south, her marble baths were supplied by the waters of the Lake Mareotis; and on the north, the tideless waters of the Mediterranean wrangled about the entrance of her capacious harbor. From the shore on the north to the margin of the lake on the south, there ran, dividing the city, a magnificent street, in width equal to the side of the largest square in modern cities; this noble street was crossed by another of the same breadth, and thus there was formed in the center of the city a grand plateau, half a league in circumference. Looking from this square, north and south, might be seen the white sails of the shipping crowding to the emporium of the world. The lines of these fine streets were well marked with noble structures of marble and massive stone. Reaching forth from the north side of the city into the calm waters of the bay, was the wonderful causeway, or pier, which divided the harbor, and united the mainland with the rocky island which lay nearly a mile to the north-west of the city. On this island, firmly founded into its bed of stone, was built the square, substantial tower of the Pharos, or light-house—reckoned among the wonders of the world—from whose summit there blazed into the midnight air flaming torches, lighting the wearied sailor over the angry waters at the bar, while the dextrously placed polished mirror warned the watch of the stealthily approaching pirate.

Such was Alexandria—inferior, indeed, to Rome in being subject to her imperial sway; her equal in the splendor of her baths and temples; inferior to Rome in patrician dignity; her superior in the intellectual aristocracy gathered in her schools.

But it was not in the 4,000 palaces and polished porphyry mansions that Clement found the treasure he had sought. Removed from the gorgeous highways rose the modest roof of the Didascalia, or Catechetical School of the Christians, presided over by the lofty and ardent

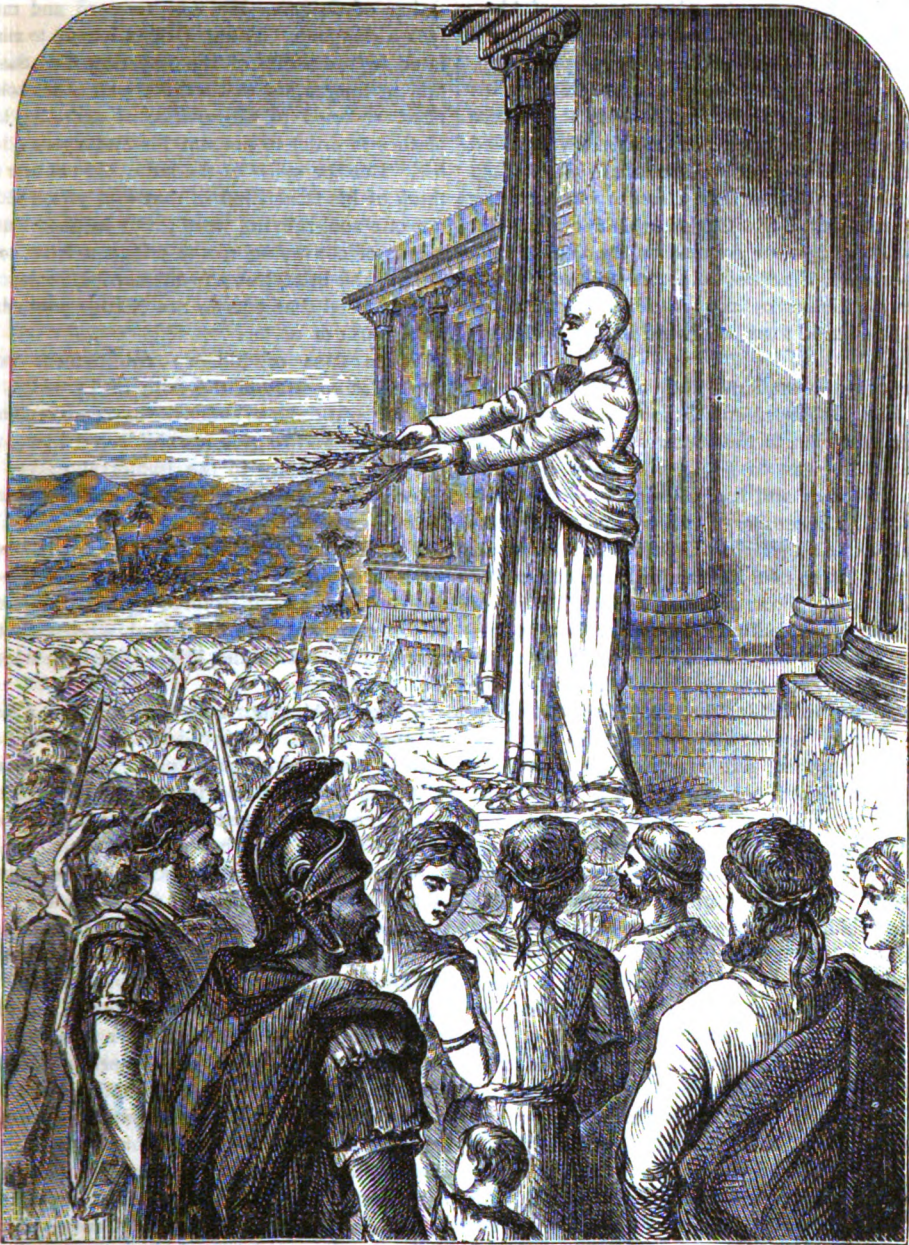
Pantænus, whose splendid genius, profound learning, and earnest piety were already beginning to draw many of the choice intellects of the city within the doors of a Christian seminary. Clement had found his real teacher. Having once crossed the threshold of that school, it was the last he ever attended. Having reached Alexandria, he made it his home; and ever after he is to be known by his now familiar name of Clement of Alexandria.

Pantænus was a philosopher as well as a Christian. He had followed principally the tenets of the Stoics, and had never cast aside the pallium or cloak, which was the distinguishing outward badge of the philosopher. Many think that in this he was wrong, and that Christianity suffered by being confounded, even in appearance, with philosophy; and certainly Christianity is, we believe, strong enough to stand alone.

But Pantænus, though a philosopher as well as a Christian, proved himself more a Christian than a philosopher. To be the instructor of so many choice minds in the most intellectual city in the world, must have been a pleasing task to a man of an elevated and educated understanding. But there was a thirst in the heart of Pantænus stronger and more imperious in its demands than the desire for the philosophic dignity of the post of head of the Catechetical School. There were waste places in the world where Christian doctrines were unknown—vast tracts of moral and spiritual desolation, where the streams of the Gospel had never flowed; and the soul of Pantænus yearned to see these deserts blossom as the rose. How long this strong and restless desire did battle with his love for the disciples at home we can not tell. Perhaps the difficulty of finding a man really suited to take his place hindered his going forth; but now he can go; now he knows one to whom he can safely intrust the Christian school; and with whom can he better leave it than with the earnest, gentle Athenian, who had sought for truth, not as a mere player at problems, but as a man to whom life and death are things too awful to be trifled with?

Clement accordingly took charge of the school, while Pantænus set forth on his missionary enterprise, reminding us of Henry Martyn forsaking the quiet dignity of academic life to preach Christ to the perishing thousands of India.

The commerce of Alexandria was considerable, and by no means the least important commodity of trade was wheat. In carrying on the exportation of wheat a large number of porters were employed to carry the sacks of corn on



ORIGEN ON THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE OF SERAPIS, AT ALEXANDRIA.

board the ships waiting to convey the precious grain to the great sea-ports of the empire.

Among these wheat-sack porters was one of those men of whom the world has given us a few brilliant examples—men who, without the advantages of regular education, have yet stored their minds with vast treasures of knowledge; men of indefatigable perseverance, who, deterred by no difficulties, have been carried forward by their impassioned thirst for knowledge into the

foremost ranks of all time; men who prove to us that genius is no languid, *dolce far niente* sort of thing—no listless glancing upward for seraphic inspiration, no indolent expectation of being driven into the temple of fame, four in hand, and politely assisted to alight; but that genius, as the brilliant Frenchman said, is patience—the quiet, indomitable holding of the will firm through thousand difficulties, calm through myriad perplexities. Such a man was

to be found among the wheat porters of Alexandria. Soon his restless mind had mastered the varying principles of the different philosophical schools; and slowly there dawned upon his mind that in each of these schools there were elements which might be beneficially blended together. He quickly abandoned his calling, and about the time that Clement was teaching with renown at the Christian Didascalia, Ammonius Saccas—or Ammonius the Wheat Porter—opened a school to teach philosophy, not after the tenets of any particular sect, but in that tapestried form afterward known as Eclecticism.

Among the students both at the Didascalia and the Philosophical School, listening with eager attention to the lectures of Clement and Ammonius, was to be seen a mere boy, his thin, pale face and luminous eyes bearing witness to an intensity of mental application unusual in one so young. Let us look at him: we may well do so; for Alexandria can not number among her brilliant offspring a more illustrious son than that lad. If we follow him to his home, we shall see him in early years listening with rapt attention to his father's teaching, and it is from the Bible that he is being taught. His memory is carefully stored with portions of the Scriptures; but with young Origen this is no parrot-like accomplishment; he is no mere prodigy of useless memory; he astonishes his father, Leonidas, with questions the drift of which pierces far below the simple words of the text. These thoughtful inquiries Leonidas checked, bidding the boy content himself for the present with the simpler food of the Word; but he was not blind to the subtle genius of his son, and often at night he would steal into his room, and, drawing down the coverlet, gaze with fond admiration at his sleeping child, and bless God who had given him such a son.

While Origen was yet a lad of scarcely more than seventeen, the sphinx-like and repulsive face of the Emperor Severus was seen moodily meditating among the monuments of Egypt. The mysterious worship of Serapis, with its large admixture of necromancy and astrology, found favor with the gloomy and fantastic temperament of the Emperor. Immediately the Egyptian priesthood became of importance—the worship of Serapis became fashionable—fussy and cowardly officials sought to curry favor with their master by oppressing all other religions save that one on which Severus had bestowed his passionless patronage. Soon petty opposition became open persecution, and on all sides the Christians were assailed. Among the first victims of this furious storm was Leonidas, the

father of Origen. He was arrested and cast into a dungeon. Young Origen longed to minister to the wants of the suffering Christians, and at length his mother, alarmed at his boldness, resorted to the artifice of secreting his clothes in order to prevent his endangering his life. But the spirit of the lad could not bear to think of his father, left in that foul prison without one soul-rallying word; and he soon found means of conveying to the prison a letter containing the brief, but now memorable sentence: "Take heed that you do not change your mind on account of us."

When days of hideous confinement were powerless to subdue the faith of Leonidas, he was brought forth to suffer the extreme sentence of the law, and to give his children a living, ay, a dying testimony to the immortal energy of those principles in which he had instructed them.

The widow of Leonidas was now left in sorely straitened circumstances, for the cruel law of confiscation was put in force against the family of the martyred man; but God, who feeds the ravens and clothes the lilies, raised up friends for the fatherless.

Living at Alexandria at this time was a lady, of ample means, who loved to surround herself with learned and eloquent men. Either moved by the misfortunes or attracted by the abilities of Origen, she opened her house to him and bade him make it his home.

Among the literati who flocked to the saloons of this patroness of letters, was a shrewd, but superficial adventurer, who could discourse glibly of philosophy, and with the facility of shallowness enlarge on the mysteries of religion; but young Origen soon perceived what deadly seeds of error lurked in the flowing periods of the smooth-tongued heretic; and no consideration of self-interest could induce him to associate with one who traduced or misrepresented the truth of God. Nor was it his will alone which led him to renounce his company. His heart's religion was too active in its complexion to linger in luxurious drawing-rooms, while there were haggard faces and fainting hearts needing all the support that God and man could give. While the persecution lasted, the fittest place for him, he felt, was beside the suffering and the dying, and among them, therefore, he was daily to be found.

Origen's religion, moreover, did not partake of that unreal coloring, which is one of the worst blemishes on our modern pietism; his was not a devotion which ignored the most obvious duties of his position in life. His widowed mother, and his orphaned brothers and sisters,

were to be supported; and for this he devoted much of his time to the work of tuition.

The work accomplished by Origen at this time gives us an insight into the energy of his character, and is an example of the Christian diligence which ought to mark our lives. His day was spent in giving instruction and in visiting the persecuted and forsaken, while the late night and early dawn found him perfecting himself in those branches of learning in which he was conscious of any deficiency. Such a character could not long remain unknown; his learning and zeal were too valuable to be lost sight of by the Christian Church, especially as a fitting post was even then vacant for him. The gentle Clement, in obedience to that precept, "When they persecute you in one city, flee into another," had withdrawn from Alexandria, and the Catechetical School was without a teacher, while persecution had scattered and diminished the scholars. To Origen the task of reforming and conducting the school was intrusted, and whether from a temporary lull in the storm, or from the zeal of the new teacher, crowds of pupils began to frequent the school. Ay, and it was heart as well as head teaching in those perilous times. Christian discipleship was no philosophical pastime. The truths learned were truths which many were soon called upon to put in practice; and though we ascribe all glory to God, yet it shows that the teaching of Origen was not simply speculative, when Eusebius mentions by name no less than seven of his pupils who sealed their faith with their blood.

Origen himself did not escape without danger. The mob were so enraged with him for his courageous kindness to the dying, especially to his pupil Plutarch, that they stoned him, and he narrowly escaped with his life. The magistrates, failing to obtain evidence by which they could arrest him, hired assassins to murder him secretly; but Origen took the precaution of constantly changing his abode. On one occasion it is said that they seized him, shaved his head, and compelled him to stand on the steps of the temple of Serapis, and present palm branches to the worshipers; but Origen, as he did so, cried, "Receive these branches, not in honor of your god, but in honor of Jesus Christ."

At length the persecution abated, and Origen had leisure to devote himself to his work at the school, and more especially to the study of the Holy Scriptures; but the peace of the Church brought dissensions within it, and wearied out by an opposition, which he had perhaps partially provoked, Origen retired from Alexandria and took up his abode in Cæsarea. Here he pursued his great work of collating the various

MSS. of the Old Testament, and after a time gave to the world the Hexapla. In it there appeared, in parallel columns, the Hebrew text in its own characters, the Hebrew text in Greek characters, the texts of Aquila, Symmachus, the Septuagint, and Theodotion.

Origen had met with many vicissitudes; he had been consulted by philosophers; he had been listened to with respectful attention by Mammæa, the mother of the Emperor Alexander Severus; he had been stoned by the mob; he had been conspired against by rulers; he had been envied by bishops; he had experienced the mental activity and commercial bustle of Alexandria, and the quiet repose of Cæsarea; he had seen some of his pupils raised to high and well-deserved positions in the Church, and others exalted to nobler rank in the army of martyrs; he was now more than threescore years old, but he must once more bear witness to the faith of Christ, for Decius Trajan is on the throne—a man deeply attached to the superstitions of paganism, and supported by a people jealous of the failing influence of their national creed.

At this time Origen was at Tyre; he was marked out as a victim, seized and thrown into the vilest cell in the prison; the hideous iron collar was clasped about his neck; for many days he was stretched upon the rack to the farthest limit possible without ending his life. By a refinement of cruelty; his savage tormentors were enjoined to torture him in every conceivable way, but so that he should not die. After having suffered all that the ingenuity of his enemies could inflict, he was released; and once more Origen, not now in the impassioned ardor of youth, but in the matured fervor of old age, was to be seen comforting and supporting his suffering and disconsolate fellow-Christians by letter or by word of mouth. But the sufferings he endured accomplished that which his adversaries had sought to avoid—his death—for, though he survived the persecution a few years, he succumbed at last to the effects of the cruel treatment he had received. As real a martyr as though on the rack or at the stake, Origen, like many of the boldest and bravest of Christian heroes—like John at Ephesus, Wicliff at Lutterworth, Luther at Eisleben, and Knox at Edinburgh—died peacefully in his bed.

WHEN fame is regarded as the end, and merit as only the means, men are apt to dispense with the latter, if the former can be had without it.



## IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE washer-woman lingered in the tidy kitchen for a moment, pinning her shawl about her, while her red fingers, wrinkled from the day's contact with soap-suds, grasped closely the money Mrs. Holland had just given her. Then she lifted in her arms the little child that stood beside her, and turned to her employer.

"I am much obliged to ye, ma'am, for lettin' me bring Bobby wid me. Sure, I know it's a bother, an' many ladies would n't be havin' it; but he's too little to lave behind. Ah, thin, it's a hape o' throuble to bring up childer, an' it, ma'am?" she added with a sigh.

"Yes, a mother needs to be very unselfish—willing to do any thing, or give up any thing for the sake of her children," Mrs. Holland answered, a faint smile fitting over the face that, though not old, looked worn and anxious. "Here, tie this scarf around Bobby's neck. Good-by, Bridget."

As the outer door closed after the woman, Mrs. Holland, who had run down, work in hand, to pay her, caught up her sewing again from the table where she had momentarily dropped it, and turned to leave the room. She passed before a small mirror, and paused for an instant to notice the reflection there. A spare figure in dark calico dress, plainest of linen collars—a little out of date in shape, put on a trifle awry, and ornamented by neither ribbon nor pin—brown hair drawn plainly back, and twisted into a careless knot, with a view to disposing of it as expeditiously as possible, and a somewhat faded face—this was the picture the little frame revealed. A sigh and smile met on the gazer's lip as she thought how different a face had looked out from it a few years before—with girlish bloom still on the cheek, and girlish carelessness of attire still. "Ah, well! we mothers lose our good looks fast, and do n't have much time to think about it either," she murmured to herself, with the words she had spoken to Bridget still lingering in her mind. "I lived my own life in those olden days, and now I have none except in the children."

Well satisfied that it was natural, motherly, and right that it should be so, she passed on up the stairs and into a plain but pleasant front parlor, made pretty and home-like by its books, engravings, and skillfully arranged vases of grasses, and wreaths of gayly colored Autumn leaves.

The group within it suited the room. Two fair-faced, bright-eyed girls of eighteen and twenty, tastefully and stylishly, though not ex-

pensively, dressed, were busy at a window—the one over a ribbon of delicate rose-color, the other half buried in a mass of bright ruffling. A boy of some four or five years had taken possession of the center of the apartment, and was building up block forts for the pleasure of demolishing them again with his marbles. The mother's eye brightened as it rested upon them all, and then she hastily seated herself and began once more the work she was doing for the one absentee of her flock.

"There!" said Nellie, having looped up the rosy ribbon to her satisfaction, and holding the completed bow against her white throat, "there, Lou! how does it look?"

"Nicely," answered Lou, surveying the effect at first critically, and then with a little sisterly admiration stealing into her glance. "It just suits you. O dear!" lifting the long strip of trimming she was busy with, "I'm so tired of this plaiting. This is only the second row, and there are two others to do yet; I do n't know when my poor dress will get done."

"I shall be through Letty's apron soon, dear, and then I can help you," said Mrs. Holland, her fingers flying still more rapidly at thought of all the work to be done.

"Will you? Well, that's comforting," responded Lou. "Nell, what are you going to do with that blue dress of yours?"

"I do n't know," answered Nell rather despondently. "I do n't see that I can do any thing with it—at least not any thing that I want to."

"Why, what's the matter with it, Nellie? I did n't see any thing wrong the last time you wore it," questioned her mother.

"O, it's well enough, only it's rather out of style. If I had a black silk over-skirt to wear with it it would be just the thing; but I have n't, 'an' no prospect of gettin' none,' as little Molly Haines said about their money when she came begging," and Nellie laughed.

The mother was silent for a few moments, her thoughts running in the direction of ways and means. At last she said, "I wonder if you could get an over-skirt out of that black silk shawl of mine? The silk looks fresh and nice yet."

"Why, yes, I suppose so—O, yes, easily!" said Nellie, considering the matter. "But, mother, you want that yourself; it's the best shawl you have, if it is old-fashioned."

"I know, dear, but it's no matter about me. I scarcely ever go out, you know, and I'd rather you would have it if you can make it do."

"O, I can make it do, splendidly!" and Nellie ran in search of the article, and was soon busy

in planning and pinning on patterns, her mother and sister aiding her by an occasional suggestion. The little clock on the mantle struck three, and Nellie hastily gathered up her silk.

"Three o'clock! I did n't think it was so late. I'd better put this room in a little better order, for it's a bright afternoon, and there may be callers. Willie, boy, an't you ready to put up those blocks now? They make the room look so badly."

"No, I an't," said Willie perversely. "Folks can't stop a war on 'count of company, I guess."

"Well, you might have a change of battle-fields; you have fought this ground all over inch by inch," argued Nellie, rapidly gathering up the shreds and pieces that were scattered about her mother's chair. "Mother dear, I do n't believe your worst enemy would think of calling you a blue-stocking, but you certainly are a very *litter-ary* character."

The mother laughed.

"My work does make a good many threads and snippings, that's a fact, and I can't help it. I do n't look well enough to see any one that comes in, either, so I guess I'll go and sit in the back room. You come with me, Willie; you can play in there."

"I do n't want to; that room an't half so nice as this one," said the child discontentedly, nevertheless he slowly gathered up his blocks and followed her.

The room was not so pleasant as the other—not quite so warm, not so well lighted—and the mother felt the difference, though scarcely conscious of it. The exchanging of the cheerful street view, with its many passers-by, for a window opening out upon back yards filled with dingy sheds and long lines of wet clothes, and only an occasional maid-of-all-work passing through them with buckets of water, was not particularly enlivening; and wrought a change in her thoughts corresponding with the change of scene. A feeling of weariness not altogether unallied with sadness began to steal over her spirits. Household cares and perplexities crowded up for consideration, and as there was no one to arouse her to cheerfulness or conversation, they held their course undisputed. Meanwhile animated voices, and an occasional merry laugh from the parlor, told that friends had dropped in, and the party were enjoying themselves. The afternoon sunlight faded, and the tall houses threw longer and darker shadows over the back yards. Mr. Holland came in and found his wife still at the window, sewing in hand.

"Seems to me you have a very poor place to work," he remarked. "That window does n't

let in any too much light at the best, and late as it is now you can't half see; you will only hurt your eyes."

"It is n't a very good plan, I suppose," she answered, laying aside the apron with a sigh, "but I was in such a hurry to finish this."

"O, you're making it pretty, ma!" said little Letty, who had come in from school. "I thought you said you could n't ruffle it, 'cause you was in a hurry to make some for you."

"O, well, it does n't matter much about mine; any thing does for me to wear about the house. Making things for myself is n't to be thought of; it's all I can do to keep the rest of you in order."

"We're getting to be old folks and not very particular about ourselves any more, if only the youngsters are satisfied," said Mr. Holland good-naturedly, taking up his evening paper, and moving nearer to the lamp that Letty brought in. "Where are the girls?"

"In the parlor, with some callers, I think."

They came out bright and merry at tea-time, and enlivened the meal with scraps of the afternoon's conversation; and the mother listened and smiled, with the tired lines smoothing out of her forehead.

"O, by the way!" exclaimed Mr. Holland, breaking suddenly in upon a momentary silence with a matter he had almost forgotten, "Gough lectures to-night; do n't you girls want to hear him? It's rather expensive, to be sure, but then it's a chance that does n't come to us often in this out-of-the-way little city."

"First-rate! splendid! We have never heard him, you know," chorused the two voices enthusiastically.

"O yes, you must n't miss it!" said the mother, looking up with unwonted animation. "I heard him nearly twenty years ago, and I never enjoyed any thing so much in my life," she added, her eyes brightening with the recollection.

"Do n't you want to go, mother?" asked Lou—the interested manner suggesting such an unusual idea.

"Yes, wife, why not? Come, get on your fixings," said her husband.

"O no, I can't very well. I hardly ever go out anywhere, you know, and, really, I have n't any thing fit to wear to such a place. No; I'll stay at home with the children, and you and the girls go."

So the girls ran away to make ready, and came back presently, arrayed for the street, fresh, blooming, and pretty.

"Here, stand in the light, and let me see if you really do look respectable enough to go with your escort," said Mr. Holland, mischiev-

ously, yet with a fond, proud light stealing into his eyes as he surveyed them. "As bonnie a pair as the town affords, an't they, mother?" he added suddenly.

"Do n't put any more vanity into their heads," she answered, in playful reproof, while Nellie, laughing, swept him a low courtesy in return for his compliment. Then father and daughters went out together, and the mother seated herself for a busy evening—first with Letty's apron, and, that completed, with the tiresome rows of plaiting Lou had laid aside.

It is wonderful how little sympathy Nature often manifests with our most imperative "musts" and "can not!" In those cool Autumn days, when Mrs. Holland was sure that there was so much that *must* be done, and that she *could not* stop, her strength failed her, and she grew weak and languid. By no plea of necessity could she argue herself well again; her head would ache, her hands tremble, and her tired feet refuse to go.

"Had n't I better stop and ask Uncle Ashley to come and see you?" asked Mr. Holland one morning, as he was about starting down town.

"Perhaps so," was the rather desponding reply. "I'm not very sick, only weak and tired; but I'm not getting any better."

The Doctor obeyed the summons promptly. He was an uncle of Mrs. Holland's—"Uncle Doctor" the family called him—a pleasant, shrewd old gentleman, who contrived to see a great deal more through his gold spectacles than most people do with eye-sight good enough not to need such appendage.

"Now what is the matter with me, uncle?" Mrs. Holland asked, when her symptoms had been fully explained.

"Work, worry, and want of outdoor exercise," was the prompt reply.

"O dear! it is n't any use telling me that!" responded the patient, almost fretfully. "The mother of a family can't find time to rest and go out."

"And can't do altogether without it any more than other mortals," answered the Doctor, composedly.

"Can't you give me something to make me feel better? I thought perhaps my stomach was deranged," suggested Mrs. Holland.

"Your bump of unselfishness is deranged," answered the Doctor; then hastily added, "I have to take quite a long drive out of town this morning, Ellen; suppose you go with me? I'll call for you in half an hour."

"I do n't know," began Mrs. Holland, hesitatingly, as various obstacles suggested themselves.

"I know, then! It's a fine day, and the ride will do you good," interposed the Doctor in his decided way. "I'll be around in half an hour;" and he hurried away without giving time for remonstrance.

That getting ready was a matter of some perplexity. Mrs. Holland looked over her slender wardrobe with clouded face. One dress needed repairing, and another had been partly remade, and laid aside to wait for the convenient time that had not come. There seemed nothing suitable that was in order, and finally she selected one, the waist and sleeves of which were noticeably antique in cut, and donned it with the thought that her shawl would cover defects.

"O, mother!" exclaimed Nellie when she reached the sitting-room, "that shawl looks like the 'last rose of Summer.' It is too light to look well for such a day as this, and it really is too thin besides."

"But it is the best I have, dear."

"I wonder if you could n't wear mine," said Nellie, reflectively, "or that gray one of yours, Lou—that would do nicely, if it was n't for the bright border, and it will look better than this any way."

The shawl was brought, and though the colors were certainly more suitable for the daughter than the mother, it was made to do duty. Then Nellie fastened a veil of her own over the bonnet, to hide it as much as possible, for it was altogether out of keeping with the cool Fall weather—a Summer bonnet, two years old, and far from fresh.

"I hope Uncle Doctor won't notice it; he's a wee bit particular," she said, a little doubtfully, as she completed the arrangement.

"If he does he ought to know that the mother of a family has other things to think about than keeping her own clothes in order," Mrs. Holland answered, with an air of contented self-sacrifice, as the Doctor's rap sounded on the half-open door. He might, or might not have heard the remark—she wondered which it was—and fancied that he glanced a little curiously from her to the girls. He said nothing about it, however; and she was soon by his side in the easy carriage, rolling away from the city streets and into the open country. The air was pure and cool, and awoke her to fresh life and animation.

"Where are you going?" she asked at last.

"To the house of an old friend of yours, Mrs. Monroe; one of the children is sick."

"Why, I did n't know that she had moved into the country!" exclaimed his niece, in surprise.

"Did n't? Your friendship must be a valuable thing to have!" laughed the Doctor; "they left town two years ago."

"O well, I never hear any thing!" she answered, resignedly.

Again that curious expression flitted over the Doctor's face, but he only said: "You will have a chance to renew the acquaintance now."

"O I can't think of going in!" exclaimed Mrs. Holland, in alarm at the thought. "I'm not dressed for making a call."

"Well, you can sit in the carriage if you prefer doing so; I shall not stop long. But it is a pity that you can't improve the opportunity to call on an old acquaintance; you do n't make many?"

"I? No; I've no time to go out."

"Why? The girls are old enough to take care of themselves for a little while at once, I'm sure, and possibly of the house. Letty is at school all day, and Willy is n't exactly a baby. You need to go out more, Ellen."

"O, you gentlemen can't half understand about such things," she replied with a laugh that had some embarrassment in it. "We mothers have so many matters to attend to that it takes the most of our time; and then we can't always have our wardrobes in just the right order for going out either."

"The girls go out a good deal," suggested the Doctor.

"O, yes, they're young, you know, and care about it."

"And I do n't see but that they are always well dressed."

"Certainly," responded the mother with motherly pride, "I would n't have them go any other way. They can not dress expensively, to be sure, but that is n't any reason why they should not look nicely."

"Ellen," broke in the Doctor suddenly, "the worst of this disease of yours is, that although not exactly contagious, it is something very like it—it is injuring the rest of the family."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"Mentally and morally," he continued. "I mean this creed of yours, that the mistress of the house is not the head of the establishment, but its drudge; that the mother of the family is the last one to be considered in any question of comfort or pleasure."

"Why, you do n't mean that you would have me care as much about seeing company and going out as my daughters do?" she asked, recovering her breath.

"I mean that you ought to have your circle of friends and acquaintances as they have theirs. You are human and need human sympathy and

companionship; you have social duties, too, that you can not afford to neglect."

"And you would have me dress as the girls do?"

"Not just as they do, but as well, certainly. Now do n't say any thing about not being able to afford it, and all that sort of thing. The fact is just this, what can be divided into four parts can be divided into five. Make their dresses plainer—a frill and furbelow off here and there won't hurt their looks much, if it is n't a positive improvement—and it will amount to considerable."

"But," said Mrs. Holland slowly, "it is so easy and natural for a mother to give up every thing for the sake of her children."

"But is it right or best? that is the question. Just think of it, Ellen! Your children are affectionate and warm-hearted, I know, but can they feel just the same respect for a mother who has no friends, who never goes out, is not fitly dressed to see any company that calls, is always in the background, and teaches, by precept and example, that she is not to be considered if only others are pleased—can they feel for her quite the same respect that they would for one who held her proper place in the family and social circle? one who could lead them into the society where she would have them go, instead of pushing them in while she remains in the dark herself? 'Honor thy father and thy mother' is a Bible command; and there is another thing in the Bible that must be applicable to somebody or it never would have been put theré: 'Who-soever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven.' And the teaching may be direct or indirect, Ellen."

"Yours is certainly direct enough," she answered, with a slight flush on her thin cheek.

The Doctor laughed good-naturedly. He could afford to do so, having said what he had to say and so accomplished a disagreeable duty; but he was not sorry to stop at his patient's gate, and leave his niece to her own thoughts for a few minutes. She did think—somewhat indignantly at first—of her uncle's plain speaking, but, as she grew calmer, there came slowly the conviction that he was right. Little things, almost unnoticed at the time, or soon forgotten, came to her memory now, and added weight to his words.

"Did you have a pleasant ride?" Lou asked when she reached home.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered rather slowly. "At least I think it has done me good."

"Some companies in the parlor," announced Master Willy.

"Whom did they want to see?" asked his mother.

"Why, girls," he answered, as if astonished at such a question.

"Who else should it be, indeed?" the mother said to herself, somewhat sadly. It was long since any one had asked for her; and her mind wandered back over the pleasant friendships and associations, broken off gradually, one by one, through her own neglect. From the retrospect she gained strength to resolve for the future. It was not altogether easy to effect the change that she felt must be made. Willy's remark, when she first appeared with her hair taken down from its accustomed tight twist and brushed into more becoming fashion, "Ma don't look like ma, she looks like folks," pained while it pleased her. She felt herself shrinking, too, from the wondering eyes of her daughters, when she proposed a retrenchment in some talked-of expenditure of theirs, because she wished to purchase articles of clothing for herself, even though they yielded a ready assent. Nevertheless, she persevered. Her slight illness aided her, for while it rendered her unable to do many things that she had been accustomed to do, it also taught her children to depend more upon themselves, and be more considerate of her.

And so, gradually, the household assumed its proper attitude. The Doctor's prescription was carried into effect, to the acknowledged benefit of the home-circle, and certainly to their increased usefulness and right-standing before the world; for, as Mrs. Holland remarked to a friend not long since, "A martyr may be a very good thing in a family, but a mother is better."

#### THE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

##### IV.

##### MEDUSADÆ.

THE Medusæ comprehend, not only the animals so designated in the days of Cuvier under that name, but also the polyps known as *Tubulariadae* and *Campanulariadae*.

If we walk along the sea-shore, after the reflux of the tide, we may often see, lying immovable upon the sands, disk-like, gelatinous masses of a greenish color and repulsive appearance, from which the eye and the steps instinctively turn aside. These beings, whose blubber-like appearance inspires only feelings of disgust when seen lying gray and dead on the shore, are, however, when seen floating on the bosom of the ocean, one of its most graceful ornaments.

These are Medusæ. When seen suspended like a piece of gauze or an azure bell in the middle of the waves, terminating in delicate silvery garlands, we can not but admire their iridescent colors, or deny that these objects, so forbidding in some of their aspects, rank, in their natural localities, among the most elegant productions of Nature.

We could not better commence our studies of these children of the sea than by quoting a passage from the poet and historian Michelet: "Among the rugged rocks and lagunes, where the retiring sea has left many little animals which were too sluggish or too weak to follow, some shells will be there left to themselves and suffered to become quite dry. In the midst of them, without shell and without shelter, extended at our feet, lies the animal which we call by the very inappropriate name of the *Medusa*. Why was this name, of terrible associations, given to a creature so charming? Often have I had my attention arrested by these castaways which we see so often on the shore. They are small, about the size of my hand, but singularly pretty, of soft light shades, of an opal white; where it lost itself as in a cloud of tentacles—a crown of tender lilies—the wind had overturned it; its crown of lilac hair floated about, and the delicate umbel, that is, its proper body, was beneath; it had touched the rock—dashed against it; it was wounded, torn in its fine locks, which are also its organs of respiration, absorption, and even of love. The delicious creature, with its visible innocence and the iridescence of its soft colors, was left like a gliding, trembling jelly. I paused beside it, nevertheless; I glided my hand under it, raised the motionless body cautiously, and restored it to its natural position for swimming. Putting it into the neighboring water, it sank to the bottom, giving no sign of life. I pursued my walk along the shore, but at the end of ten minutes I returned to my Medusa. It was undulating under the wind; really it had moved itself, and was swimming about with singular grace, its hair flying round it as it swam; gently it retired from the rock, not quickly, but still it went, and I soon saw it a long way off."

Of all the zoöphytes which live in the ocean there is none more numerous in species or more singular in their matter, more odd in their form, or more remarkable in their mode of reproduction, than those to which Linnæus gave the name of Medusa, from the mythical chief of the Gorgons. The seas of every latitude of the globe furnish various tribes of these singular beings. They live in the icy waters which bathe Spitzbergen, Greenland, and Iceland;

they multiply under the fires of the Equator, and the frozen regions of the South nourish numerous species. They are, of all animals, those which present the least solid substance. Their bodies are little else than water, which is scarcely retained by an imperceptible organic network; it is a transparent jelly, almost without consistence. "It is a true sea-water jelly," says Réaumur, writing in 1701, "having little color or consistence. If we take a morsel in our hands, the natural heat is sufficient to dissolve it into water."

Spallanzani could only withdraw five or six grains of the pellicle of a Medusa weighing fifty ounces. From certain specimens weighing from ten to twelve pounds, only six to seven pennyweights could be obtained of solid matter, according to Fré dol. "Mr. Telfair saw an enormous Medusa which had been abandoned on the beach at Bombay; three days after the animal began to putrefy. To satisfy his curiosity, he got the neighboring boatmen to keep an eye upon it, in order to gather the bones and cartilages belonging to the great creature, if by chance it had any; but its decomposition was so rapid and complete that it left no remains, although it required nine months to dissipate it entirely."

"Floating on the bosom of the waters," says Fré dol, "the Medusa resembles a bell, a pair of breeches, an umbrella, or, better still, a floating mushroom, the stool of which has here been separated into lobes more or less divergent, sinuous, twisted, shriveled, fringed, the edges of the cap being delicately cut, and provided with long thread-like appendages, which descend vertically into the water like the drooping branches of the weeping willow."

The gelatinous substance of which the body of the Medusa is formed is sometimes colorless and limpid as crystal; sometimes it is opaline, and occasionally of a bright blue or pale rose-color. In certain species the central parts are of a lively red, blue, or violet color, while the rest of the body is of a diaphanous hue. This diaphanous tissue, often decked in the finest tints, is so fragile that, when abandoned by the wave on the beach, it melts and disappears

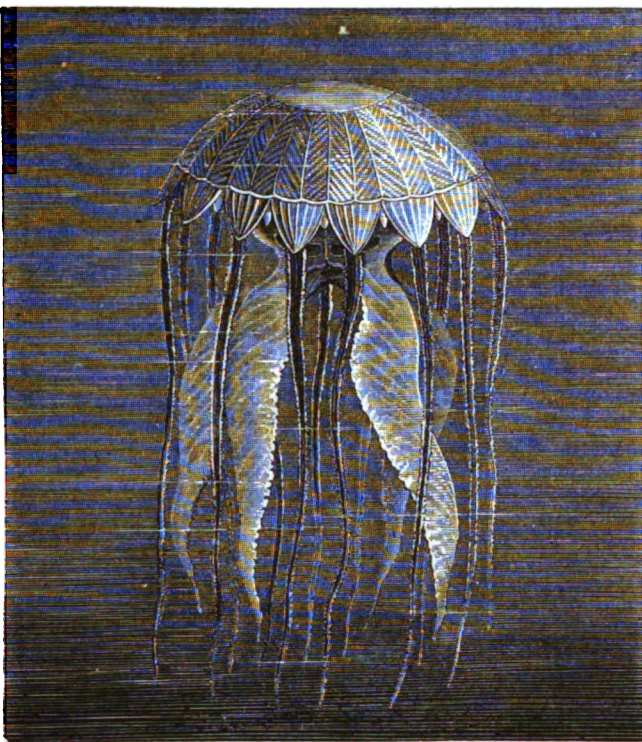


FIG. 1. CHRYSAORA GAUDICHAUDI.

without leaving a trace of its having existed, so to speak.

Nevertheless, these fragile creatures, these living soap-bubbles, make long voyages on the surface of the sea. While the sun's rays suffice to dissipate and even annihilate its vaporous substance on some inhospitable beach, they abandon themselves without fear during their entire life to the agitated waves. The whales which haunt round the Hebrides are chiefly nourished by Medusæ which have been transported by the waves in innumerable swarms from the coast of the Atlantic to the region of whales. "The locomotion of the Medusæ, which is very slow," says De Blainville, "and denotes a very feeble muscular energy, appears, on the other hand, to be unceasing. Since their specific gravity considerably exceeds the water in which they are immersed, these creatures, which are so soft that they probably could not repose on solid ground, require to agitate constantly in order to sustain themselves in the fluid which they inhabit. They require also to maintain a continual state of expansion and contraction, of systole and diastole. Spallanzani, who observed their movements with great care, says that those of translation are executed by the edges of the disk approaching so near to

each other that the diameter is diminished in a very sensible degree; by this movement a certain quantity of water contained in the body is ejected with more or less force, by which the body is projected in the inverse direction. Renovated by the cessation of force in its first state of development, it contracts itself again, and makes another step in advance. If the body is perpendicular to the horizon, these successive movements of contraction and dilatation cause it to ascend; if it is more or less oblique, it advances more or less horizontally. In order to descend, it is only necessary for the animal

oblique to the convex part of their body. If an obstacle arrests them, if an enemy touches them, the umbrella contracts, and is diminished in volume, the tentacles are folded up, and the timid animal descends into the depths of the ocean.

We have said that the Medusæ constitute in the Arctic seas one of the principal supports of the whale. Their innumerable masses sometimes cover many square leagues in extent. They show themselves and disappear by turns in the same region, at determinate epochs—

alternations which depend, no doubt, on the ruling of the winds and currents which carry or lead them. "The barks which navigate Lake Thau meet," says Frédo, "at certain periods of the year with numerous colonies of a species about the size of a small melon, nearly transparent—whitish, like water when it is mixed with a shade of aniseed. One would be tempted to take these animals at first for a collection of floating muslin bonnets."

The Medusæ are furnished with a mouth placed habitually in the middle of the neck. This mouth is rarely unoccupied. Small mollusks, young crustaceans, and worms, form their ordinary food. In spite of their shape, they are most voracious, and snap up their prey all at one mouthful, without dividing it. If their prey resists and disputes with it, the Medusa which has seized it holds fast, and remains motionless, and, without a single movement, waits till fatigue

has exhausted and killed its victim, when it can swallow it in all security.

In respect to size the Medusæ vary immensely. Some are very small, while others attain more than a yard in diameter. Many species are phosphorescent during the night.

Most Medusæ produce an acute pain when they touch the human body. The painful sensation produced by this contact is so general in this group of animals, that it has determined their designation. Until very recently all the animals of the group have been, after Cuvier, designated under the name of *Acalephæ*, or sea-nettles, in order to remind us that the sensation produced is analogous to that occasioned by

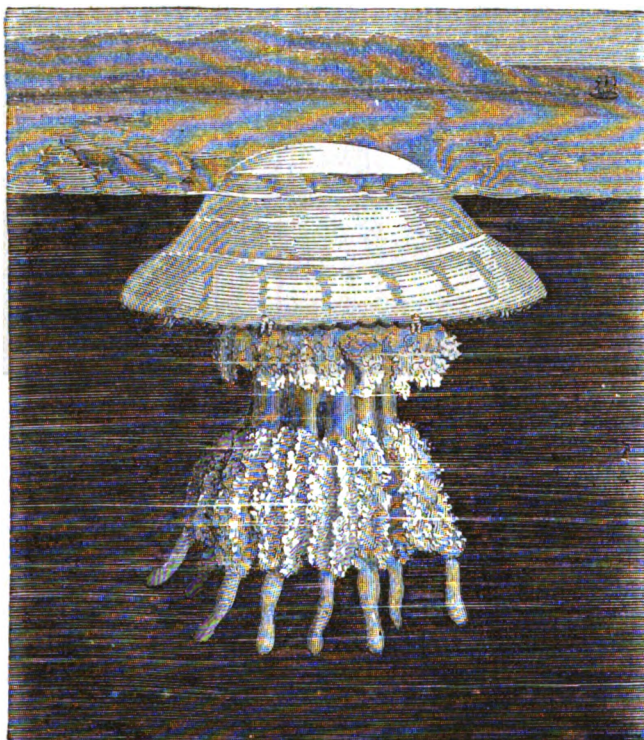


FIG. 11. RHIZOSTOMA CUVIERI.

to cease its movements; its specific gravity secures its descent."

It is, then, by a series of contractions and dilatations of their bodies that the Medusæ make their long voyages on the surface of the waters. This double movement of their light skeleton had already been remarked by the ancients, who compared it to the action of respiration in the human chest. From this notion the ancients called them *Sea Lungs*.

The Medusæ usually inhabit the deep seas. They are rarely solitary, but seem to wander about in considerable battalions in the latitudes to which they belong. During their journey they proceed forward, with a course slightly

contact with the stinging leaves of the nettle. According to Dicuquemare, who made experiments on himself in this matter, the sensation produced is very like that occasioned by a nettle, but it is more violent, and endures for half an hour. "In the last moments," says the abbé, "the sensation is such as would be produced by reiterated, but very weak prickings. A considerable pain pervaded all the parts which had been touched, accompanied by pustules of the same color, with a whitish point." "The sea-bladder," says Father Feuillée, "occasions me, on touching it, a sudden and severe pain, accompanied with convulsions."

"During the first voyage of the *Princess Louise* round the world," to quote FrédoL, "Meyen remarked a magnificent physalia, which passed near the ship. A young sailor leaped naked into the sea to seize the animal. Swimming toward it, he seized it; the creature surrounded the person of its assailant with its numerous thread-like filaments, which were nearly a yard in length; the young man, overwhelmed by a feeling of burning pain, cried out for assistance. He had scarcely strength to reach the vessel and get aboard again before the pain and inflammation were so violent that brain fever declared itself, and great fears were entertained for his life."

The organization is much more complicated than early observers were disposed to think it. During many ages naturalists were inclined to imagine, with Réaumur, that the Medusæ were mere masses of organized jelly, of gelatinized water. But when Courtant Dumeril tried the experiment of injecting milk into their cavities, and saw the liquid penetrating into true vessels, he began to comprehend that these very enigmatical beings were worthy of serious study—the study of subsequent naturalists, such as Cuvier, De Blainville, Ehrenberg, Brandt, Makel-Eschscholtz, Sars, Milne Edwards, Forbes, Gosse, and other modern naturalists, who have demonstrated what richness of structure is concealed under this gelatiniform and simple structure in the Medusæ; at the same time they have revealed to us most mysterious and incredible facts as connected with their metamorphoses.



FIG. III. RHIZOSTOMA ALDROVANDI.

Among the Medusæ proper, the most common are *Aurelia*, *Pelagia*, and *Chrysaora*. In the latter, *C. Gaudichaudi* (Fig. I), the disk is hemispherical, festooned with numerous tentacles, attached to a sac-like stomach, opening by a single orifice in the center of the peduncle, with four long, furbelowed, unfringed arms. *Gaudichaudi's* chrysaora is found round the Falkland Islands. The disk forms a regular half-sphere, very smooth, and perfectly concave, forming a sort of canopy in the shape of a vault. The circle which surrounds it is divided into sections by means of vertical lines, regularly divided, of a reddish-brown color, which forms an edging to the umbrella-like disk. Twelve broad regular festoons form this edging. From the summit of these lobes issue twelve bundles of very long, simple, capillary tentacles, of a bright red. The peduncle is broad and flat, perforated in the middle, to which are attached four broad foliaceous arms.

The Medusæ which bear the name of *Rhizostoma* have the disk hemispherically festooned, depressed, without marginal tentacles, peduncle divided into four pairs of arms, forked, and dentated almost to infinity, each having at its base two toothed auricles. Such is *Rhizostoma Cuvieri* of Péron (Fig. II), the disk of which is



of a bluish-white, like the arms, and of a rich violet over its circumference. This beautiful zoöphyte is found plentifully in the Atlantic, living in flocks, which attain a great size. It is common in the month of June on the shores of the Saint Onge; in August on the English coast; and along the strand of every port in the Channel they are seen in the month of October in thousands, where they lie high and dry upon the shore, on which they have been thrown by the force of the winds.

Such also is *R. Aldrovandi* (Fig. III), which appears all the year round in calm weather. It is an animal much dreaded by bathers. It possesses an urticaceous apparatus, which produces an effect similar to the stinging-nettle when ap-

Having presented to the reader certain characteristic types of *Medusæ*, we proceed to offer some general remark upon the organization and functions of these strange creatures. We have, in short, selected these types because they have been special objects of anatomical and physiological study to some of our best naturalists.

The *Medusæ* have no other means of breathing but through the skin. We remark all over the body of these zoöphytes certain cutaneous elongations, disposed so as to favor the exercise of the breathing function. Certain marginal fringes of extended surface, as well as the tentacle, are the special seats of the apparatus. The organs of digestion also present arrange-

ments peculiar to themselves; the mouth is placed on the lower part of the body, and is pierced at the extremity of a trumpet-like tube, hanging sometimes like the tongue of a bell. The walls of the stomach, again, are furnished with a multitude of appendages, which have their origin in the cavity of the organ, and which are very elastic. The stomach, furnished with these vibratile cells, appears to secrete a juice whose function is to decompose the food and render it digestible.

In some of the *Medusæ* the central mouth is absent alto-

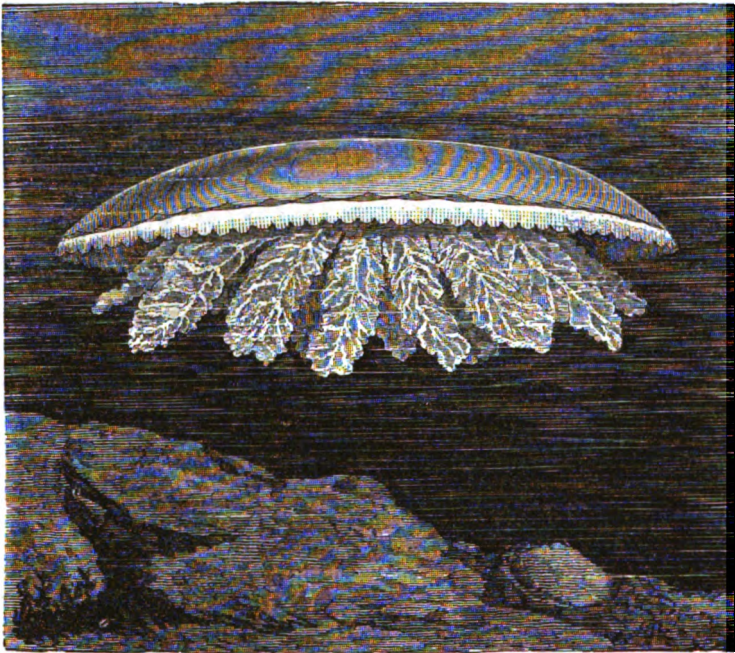


FIG. IV. CASSIOPÆA ANDROMEDA (TILLESIIUS.)

plied to the skin. If the animal touches the fisherman at the moment of being drawn from the water, it is apt to inflame the part and raise it into pustules.

*Cassiopæa* and *Cephea* are two other types belonging to the same group. In *Cassiopæa Andromeda* (Fig. IV), belonging to the first, the disk is hemispherical, but much depressed, without marginal tentacles or peduncle, but with a central disk, with four to eight half-moon-shaped orifices at the side, and throwing off eight to ten branching arms, fringed with retractile sucking disks. *Cephea Cyclophora*, Péron (Fig. V), is another very remarkable form of these strangely constituted organisms.

gether. With the *Rhizostoma*, for instance, the stomachal reservoir has no inferior orifice; it communicates laterally with the canals which descend through the thickness of the arms, and open at their extremities through a multitude of small mouths. These are the root-like openings from which the animals derive their name of *Rhizostoma*, from the Greek words *ρίζα*, root, and *στόμα*, mouth.

The arms of the *Rhizostoma* are usually eight in number, the free extremities of each being slightly enlarged: in these arms many small openings or mouths occur, which are the entrances to so many ascending canals communicating with larger ones, as the veins do in the

higher animals: the common trunk canal is thus formed, which directs itself to the stomach, receiving in its way thither all the lateral branches.

A very distinct circulation exists in the Medusæ. The peripheric part of the stomach suffers the nourishing liquid which has been elaborated in the digestive cavity to pass; this

fluid then circulates through numerous canals, the existence of which has been clearly traced.

It is also a singular fact that organs of sense seem to have been discovered in these Medusæ, which early observers believed to be altogether destitute of organization. "During my sojourn on the banks of the Red Sea," says Ehrenberg, in his work on the *Medusa aurita*, "although I

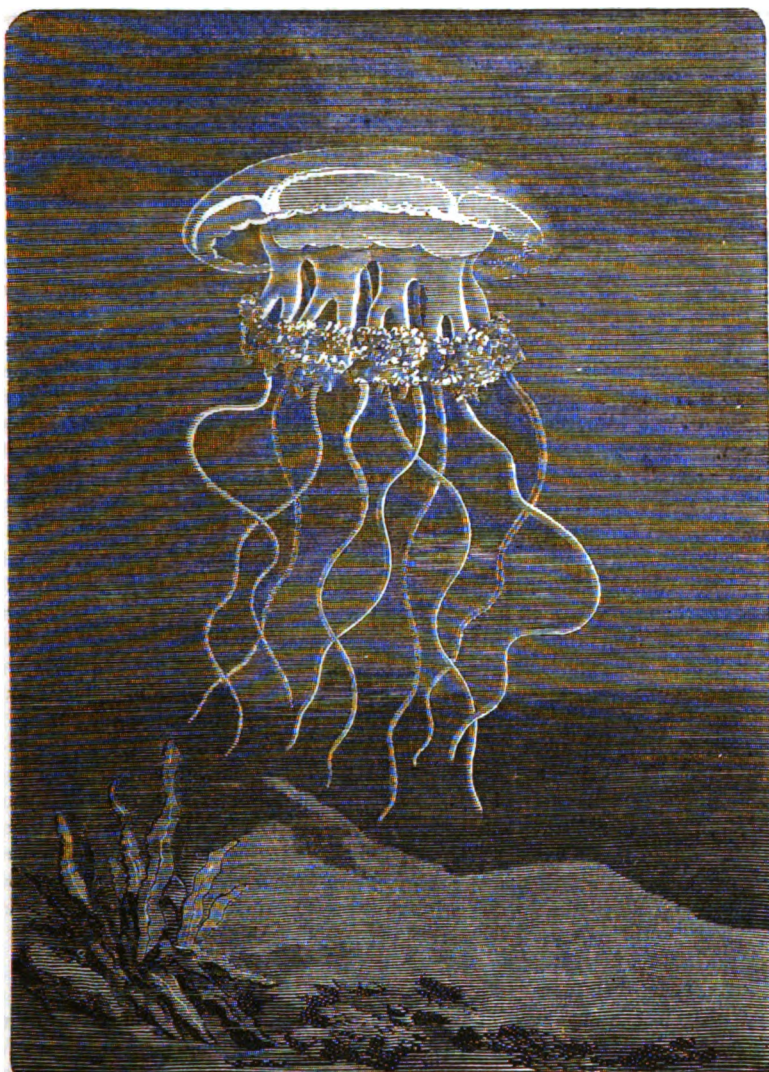


FIG. V. CEPHEA CYCLOPHORA.

had many times examined the brownish bodies upon the edge of the disk of the Medusæ, it is only in the month past that I have recognized their true nature and function. Each of these bodies consists of a little yellow button, oval or cylindrical, fixed upon a thin peduncle. The peduncle is attached to a vesicle, in which the microscope reveals a glandular body, yellow

when the light traverses it, but white when the light is only reflected on it. From this body issue two branches, which proceed toward the peduncle or base of the brown body up to the button or head. I have found that each of these small brown bodies presents a very distinct red point placed on the dorsal face of the yellow head; and when I compare this with my other

observations of similar red points in other animals, I find that they greatly resemble the eyes of the Rotifera and Entomostraca. The bifurcating body placed at the base of the brown spot appears to be a nervous ganglion, and its branches may be regarded as optic nerves. Each pedunculated eye presents upon its lower face a small yellow sac, in which are found, in greater or smaller numbers, small crystalline bodies clear as water." The presence of a red pigment in very fine grains is an argument in favor of the existence of visual organs in these zoöphytes, for the small crystals disseminated in the interior of the organ would no doubt perform the part of refracting light which is produced by crystalline in the eyes of vertebrated animals. Moreover, it is found that there are marginal corpuscles analogous to these brown spots in other species of Medusæ. They are of a palish yellow, or quite colorless, and inclose sometimes a single, sometimes many calcareous corpuscles. When they are colorless some naturalists have rather taken them for ears reduced to their most simple expression.

The Medusæ are not absolutely destitute of nervous system. We have seen that they have ganglions, and probably optic nerves. Ehrenberg also states that they have ganglions at their base, which furnish them with nervous filaments.

Without entering further into the details of their delicate and complicated structure, we shall pause briefly on their mode of reproduction. We shall find here physiological phenomena so remarkable as to appear incredible, had not the researches of modern naturalists placed the facts beyond all doubt. "Which of us," says M. de Quatrefages, "would not proclaim the prodigy, if he saw a reptile issue from an egg laid in his court-yard, which afterward gave birth to an indefinite number of fishes and birds? Well, the generation of the Medusæ is at least as marvelous as the fact which we have imagined." Let us note, for example, what takes place with the Rose Aurelia, a beautiful Medusa, of a pale rose-color, with nearly hemispherical disk, from four to five inches in diameter, whose edge is furnished with short russet-brown tentacles; taking for our guide the eloquent and learned author of the "Metamorphosis in Men and Animals," M. de Quatrefages.

The Medusa, designated under the name of Rose Aurelia, lays eggs which are characterized by the existence of three concentric spheres. These eggs are transformed into oval larvæ, covered with vibratile cells, having a slight depression in front. They swim about for a short

time with great activity, much like the infusoria, which they strikingly resemble in other respects.

At the end of forty-eight hours the movements decrease. Aided by the depression already noted, the larva attaches itself to some solid body, fixing itself to it at this point by the assistance of a thick mucous matter. A change of form soon takes place; it becomes elongated; its pedicel is contracted, and its free extremity swells into a club-like shape. An opening soon presents itself in the center of this extremity, through which an internal cavity appears. Four little mammals have now appeared on the edge, which are elongated in the manner of arms. Others soon follow; these are the tentacles of a polyp; the young infusoria has become a polyp!

The polyp increases by buds and shoots, just like a strawberry plant, which throws out its slender stems in all directions, covering all the neighboring ground.

The young Medusa lives some time under this form. Then one of the polyps becomes enlarged and its form cylindrical. This cylinder is divided into from ten to fourteen superposed rings. These rings, at first smooth, form themselves into festoons, and separate into bifurcated thongs: the intermediate lines become channeled. The animal now resembles a pile of plates, cut round the edges. In a short time each ring is stirred at the free edge of its fringe; this becomes contractile. The rings are individualized. Finally, these annular creatures, obscure in their lives, isolate themselves. When detached, they begin to swim: from that time they have only to perfect and modify their form. From being flat, they become concave on the one side and convex on the other. The digestive cavity—the gastro-vascular canals—become more decided; the mouth opens, the tentacles are elongated, the floating marginal cirri become more and more numerous; and now, after all these metamorphoses, the Medusa appears; it perfectly resembles the mother.

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WHO has not been struck with the few solid thoughts, the few suggestive ideas which survive the perusal of the most brilliant of human books. Few of them can stand three readings, and of the memorabilia which you had marked in your first reading, on reverting to them you find that many of them were not so striking, or weighty, or original as you thought. But the Word of God is solid; it will stand a thousand readings, and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and carefully is the surest of finding new wonders there.

## A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

ONCE I stood face to face with life, and read  
 The uttermost meaning of its desolation,  
 Whereat I grew unutterably sad,  
 And cried to heaven for some sweet revelation  
 Of beauty in this pitiful reach of time,  
 This merest speck, this morsel of existence,  
 Hurl'd out among the hurtling ages with the chime  
 Of God's eternal hours through the dim, vaulted  
 distance,  
 Rung out by heaven's cathedral bells o'erhead.

And it was given me to see and know  
 What'er in all the vast universe of being  
 Has power upon this mournful life to throw  
 A charm that may not vanish in the seeing.  
 With pilgrim staff in hand, and sandal shod,  
 With questioning eyes, and spirit vaguely yearning,  
 I wandered out upon the untried road,  
 From where my fields lay scorched by the Sum-  
 mer's burning.

I stood where the calm ocean lifted up  
 His reverent lips to touch the robe of heaven;  
 I saw the queenly river murmuring drop  
 Her full life into his when his first kiss was given;  
 I saw the sea-shell's lips burn like a flame  
 When the wave chased and caught it with a breath  
 of laughter,  
 And whispered in its ear the ocean name  
 That it sings o'er and o'er forever after.

I watched night's sentinel stars mid bursts of glory  
 Chasing the proud sun down the flaming West,  
 Till he broke his passionate heart and, red and gory,  
 Died royally upon the sweet day's breast.  
 I saw hills rise light crowned and sunny sloped,  
 And mountains lifting up to heaven their calm,  
 gray faces;  
 And vales like Eden's in their wide arms dropped;  
 And forests in whose grave, still aisles yet lingered  
 traces  
 That made each tree a word in creation's story.

I prayed in the vast temple of solitude,  
 And my voice sounded as if a mortal spoke in  
 heaven,

It was so strange, and then I sank, subdued  
 By the infinite hush, and prayed to be forgiven.  
 I wandered mid men's palaces at last,  
 And saw wide gardens, where cool fountains playing  
 Threw jets of spray o'er swan flocks sailing past,  
 And lilies white as swans upon the water swaying,  
 It was so beautiful I felt myself intrude.

I passed, all sandal shod, through gorgeous rooms,  
 And felt myself grow faint with their voluptuous  
 splendor;

I gazed on girls with brows like lotus blooms,  
 And dewy scarlet lips too smiling to be tender;  
 I saw men wear their manhood as kings wear  
 Their crowns, and saw men bow and praise them  
 for the crowning;

I heard them say brave words, as none should dare

Disclaim them, and the nations trembled at their  
 frowning—

I wonder, does God smile when man presumes?

And then I passed, and stood where the large heart  
 Of heaven throbb'd with audible pulsations,  
 And, "God," I cried, "is there no better part,  
 No satisfying rest in all thy wide creations?  
 The great, grand sea cries like a human soul,  
 Lifting his strong, damp hands importunate to  
 heaven;

The rivers write their hunger on the scroll  
 Of the universe and hunger still, and even  
 The sea-shell moans forever as for sins unforgiven.

The distant murmur of the rolling spheres  
 Is but the voiceless cry of their unuttered yearnings;  
 The hills and mountains mutely through the years  
 Lift up their patient brows clothed bright with holy  
 burnings;

The vales cry up to heaven for their lost innocence,  
 Mantling their panting bosoms with the greenest  
 grasses;

The forests from their tabernacle tents  
 Lean grave and still to hear Jehovah as he passes,  
 And the wide solitude is vocal to his ears.

And all the rare, and grand, and wonderful  
 Creations of man's genius, and the smile of beauty,  
 And manhood worn imperiously, and rule  
 Of master-minds, and homage paid as meed of  
 duty,

Are but the breathings of a yearning want,  
 A vague, strange, questioning cry, a wild out-  
 reaching

Toward something better, an impatient pant  
 'Twixt the close walls of the eternities, a fierce  
 beseeching

For something more, something less void and null.

And all these wonderful creations, each  
 A question in itself, have failed to satisfy me.  
 Is there no more in all the boundless reach  
 Of thine immensity? God, do not thou deny me!

Something there must be that can hush the cry  
 Of this uneasy hunger, some rare gift of beauty,  
 Some cup untasted that shall satisfy

At last this mocking thirst with fruits and wine  
 of duty,

And clothe the years with meaning and new speech!"

Then straight my path led down through quiet ways,  
 Where odorous azaleas and ground-ivies met,  
 And bitter-sweet in greener wreaths than praise  
 For bitter struggles ever did on thorn-pricked  
 forehead set

Trailed over all; down where slow waters crept  
 Like aimless lives through bur-reeds and alismas  
 white;

And on where sudden swells of greenness swept  
 In dimpling curves of gladness into the fragrant  
 light;

And then I knew that I had come to better days,  
 And there I learned the story of the life I write.

She was a woman, God made her so,  
 Gave her a woman's strength and weakness :  
 She was a wife, and her lifted brow  
 Wore the crown with a grave, sweet meekness :  
 She was a mother—you have seen trees  
 Blush and bloom in Summer sweetness,  
 And when Autumn tracked brown the leas  
 Reach low their arms full of rare completeness.  
 She was not beautiful, as men say it,  
 And yet the angels would call her so :  
 She claimed nor won homage as men pay it—  
 Pray God keep all our paths green and low !—  
 But O ! when she stood in the pale, gray gloaming,  
 Just upon evening's hither edge,  
 Listening the step that was late in coming,  
 Leaning out under night's slaty ledge,  
 Her eyes, grown wide through gazing on heaven,  
 And broad green reaches of field and wood,  
 Luminous with light that is only given  
 By love's fruition—as thus she stood  
 I used to dream that a saint might lean so  
 From her safe, pure heaven, to welcome to rest  
 The love of her earth-life ; for this woman, seen so,  
 Had caught the look that is worn by the blest.  
 And when beside the low, soft pillow,  
 All shimmered over with golden hair,  
 She knelt, as a sea-weed caught by a billow  
 Heaves and swells with the full life there,  
 Her bosom swelling with mother tenderness,  
 While on her lips prayers and kisses lay warm,  
 With soft fingers stroking the dainty slenderness  
 Of dimpled limb and unconscious form,  
 O then she seemed like some pure and holy  
 Madonna mother ! I thank God so,  
 That she most honored was still most lowly,  
 And still most woman, and mother too.  
 A woman's life is a wonderful thing  
 A yearning, hungering, questioning,  
 Outreaching toward the Infinite !  
 Wearing her womanhood like a crown, yet holding  
 Her pilgrim staff of duty. O proud man,  
 When in your tender clasp that soft hand folding,  
 Have you not cursed the staff that vexed your palm ?  
 So of this woman of whom I write ;  
 Her home was her temple, each homely duty  
 A sacred, and holy, and reverent rite,  
 All glorified by love's tender beauty,  
 My pilgrim staff had seemed hard and brown,  
 Hers budded greenly, and under and over  
 Her hands the starry blossoms trailed down—  
 Mignonnette, rose-geranium, wheat, and clover.  
 But all her life had the rare, fine smell  
 That lingers above the incense smoke,  
 And on her forehead there seemed to dwell  
 The grave, high calmness of those who look  
 With eyes washed pure of earthly mist,  
 Within the temple, and gaze, Christ-shriven,  
 Through blue, and scarlet, and amethyst,  
 Straight to the altar place of heaven.  
 As one who, climbing to Sinai's height,  
 Heard God speak plainly, and straightway knew

That altar, and sacrifice, and rite  
 Were only emblems that hid from view  
 His close, sweet presence revealed above  
 The mercy-seat and cherubim ;  
 So she in these duties to human love  
 Heard him speak, and reverent, worshipped him,  
 And as a lily hid among low valleys  
 Puts up its pale green petals to the sky,  
 Gathering dews and sunshine in its chalice,  
 Feeding its frail life on them hungrily,  
 Until that life grown full, and pure, and rare,  
 Is but the embodied beauty of their essence ;  
 A strange, sweet vision, born of sun and air,  
 Making the fair earth fairer for its presence ;  
 So she, in the green vale of her content,  
 Filled all her life with earth's and heaven's best  
 graces,  
 And grew to be their rare embodiment.  
 As when a sculptor's patient chisel traces  
 A meaning on the pale, fair marble's brow,  
 And leaves it there forever ; so with hand  
 That modeled God's idea still and low,  
 She wrought the meaning of the Master's plan,  
 Until her life stood pure as carved ideal,  
 A woman's life, strong, deep, and large, to embosom  
 The fullest meaning of the grandest real.  
 And life meant much to her, meant home, and love,  
 And children's prattle, and a faithful heart's  
 devotion ;  
 Yet meant more, meant a height as far above  
 These joys as mountain peak above the plain's  
 green ocean ;  
 A height so far and still, so awfully sublime,  
 That walking there touching God's altar horn,  
 She smiled down on this pitiful reach of time,  
 Measured it with that smile from bourn to bourn,  
 And knew how all the horror of its uttermost sweep  
 Of woe, its terriblest abyss of black despair,  
 Its pleasures which, like "poppies of eternal sleep,"  
 Are showered o'er lives that stifle for purer air,  
 Its loves, and joys, and triumphs, paled and fell  
 Like dead, white ashes, on an altar place,  
 While she stood, calm in reverence, within the veil,  
 And gazed on the clear light that hid Jehovah's face.  
 And when my soul could comprehend it, my dull,  
 dumb despair,  
 Seemed like a loud, outspoken blasphemy,  
 That hurt with its fierce breath the quivering air,  
 And made the scared stars shiver in the sky,  
 Till, not to hear it, I caught up my broken life,  
 And went and laid it down before God's furnace-fire,  
 And cried out over it, "Lord, here ends all my strife !  
 Crush me ! and heat thy burning crucible seven  
 times higher ;  
 I shall not murmur ! Only fit me so  
 For the embodying of thy grand ideal,  
 That I may work out in thy furnace glow  
 Of anguish, or upon bare heights, or where still  
 waters flow—  
 Thou knowest where and how, it were not well for  
 me to know—  
 A life as grand, and pure, and holy as this real !"

## HORTENSE.

(CONCLUDED.)

FROM the time of her separation from Duroc, and betrothment to Louis, a measure so repugnant to both, the happiness of Hortense was at an end. Young, inexperienced, and impulsive, she made no effort to conceal the aversion she felt for the husband thus forced upon her, and instead of endeavoring to win the affection of the amiable and high-minded Louis, she unwisely manifested her dislike to him openly. Louis also, who had received his beautiful bride most reluctantly, could not bow his pride to court affections which he believed still belonged to another, or to pursue her with attentions she would not deign to receive. Josephine saw the error she had committed, and mourned over it. Conscious that the first proposal of this ill-assorted union had emanated from herself, she now tried to repair the evil as far as lay in her power, and used every effort to promote friendly relations between her daughter and her husband. But her counsels, prayers, and remonstrances were all in vain; the estrangement between these victims of State policy increased from day to day. "Never," wrote Louis Bonaparte to a friend, "was there a more gloomy ceremony; never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of the bitterness of a reluctant and ill-assorted union." And Madame Campan, who was at a ball given in honor of the event, states "that every countenance beamed with satisfaction save that of the bride, whose profound melancholy formed a sad contrast to the happiness she might have been expected to evince; she seemed to shun her husband's very looks lest he should read in hers the indifference she felt toward him."

There did indeed exist contrasts in the two which never would harmonize. Louis, although a soldier by profession, was not a soldier by nature. Nay, he had an innate antipathy to war, and mourned over the disasters entailed by it. He was not even ambitious. He loved retirement and study. Hortense, on the contrary, was endowed with an ardent temperament, to which ambition was by no means a stranger. Louis reproached her with frivolity and love of display; Hortense, on her side, would have preferred that Louis distinguished himself more with his sword than his pen. "Add to this," says our biographer,\* "the fact of the marriage being imposed upon them, it is not strange that it continued to be obnoxious to both."

On the 10th of October, 1802, a first son was born, to whom was given the name of Charles Napoleon, and Louis is said to have congratulated the mother with infinite grace and sensibility; but it would appear from a letter of Madame Campan's, that Hortense did not reciprocate these demonstrations of affection. Madame Campan indeed blames her with merely want of demonstrative sensibility, but at the same time knew that in reality it arose from dislike to Louis. But although scandal was busy at that time, we are assured that she continued to be affectionate, modest, and natural in character. As a solace to her unhappiness, at this time, she especially cultivated those arts which constitute her imperishable crown. Napoleon was at length proclaimed Emperor of the French; Louis, like his other brethren, was recognized a prince of the imperial blood, and his second son, born on the 11th of October, 1804, received the name of Louis Napoleon. Eugène de Beauharnais was also created a prince, and Hortense became Princess Louis Bonaparte.

While Napoleon was busy placing on his head the old iron crown of Lombardy, Prussia was threatening the low countries and the north of France. Prince Louis Bonaparte received an order to organize an army in the north, which he effected with so much promptitude that in a month's time his head-quarters were established at Nimeguen; Prussia, now met on two sides—Holland and France—hesitated to act. Louis, on this, withdrew his troops, much to the dissatisfaction of the Emperor, who had his designs on that country—designs which this unambitious brother did not share in, nor did he even care for the vain and empty honor of a crown. Indeed, when, shortly afterward, the Batavian Republic was declared to be a hereditary sovereignty by Napoleon, and a deputation came to solicit him to accept the throne, he at once declined it. But when to his arbitrary brother he professed as an excuse that the climate did not agree with him, the latter said roughly, "It is better to die king than live a prince." And he was, like others, obliged to succumb to the indomitable will of the Emperor.

Hortense, called upon to share the sovereign power with her husband, was mainly cheered, we are told, by the thoughts of the additional amount of good it would be in her power to do. But it was not without violent regret that she tore herself away from her country and her mother, from whom she had never yet been separated except at rare and brief intervals.

The new King and his family quitted Saint Leu on the 15th of June, 1806, and arrived at

\* E. Fourmestranx, Auteur d'une étude sur Napoleon III.

the Palace du Bois, near the Hague, on the 18th. Their public entry was made a few days afterward, and their reception was much more enthusiastic than was expected. King Louis was personally known to the Dutch, and was both loved and respected by them for his personal qualities, and the reputation of Hortense for goodness and benevolence having preceded her, her youth and beauty now came to add to the favorable feelings already awakened in her favor.

She made the court at once to assume a brilliant appearance. Almost all who surrounded her were young like herself, and the costumes adopted by the officers of the crown and public functionaries were in a style of magnificence hitherto unknown to the republican simplicity of the Dutch. Balls succeeded to festivals, and Queen Hortense, we are told, astonished all by the "incomparable perfection of her dancing."

Louis had accepted the throne with reluctance, but once at the head of affairs, he frankly associated himself with the interests of Holland. The Emperor had selected his household—one by one he got rid of them and surrounded himself with Dutchmen. He dismissed the French troops at once, and entered his capital with a national escort. M. de Broc, who had married Adèle Anguie, Hortense's bosom friend, was among those thus dismissed, but his wife remained with the Queen. "The comfort of a sincere and devoted friendship became," we are told, "at this epoch more and more essential to Queen Hortense."

It seems that from this time the misunderstandings which imbittered the lives of King Louis and his wife, and which had never before gone beyond mere coolness or indifference, increased. Their disagreements became the subject of public talk. Napoleon was displeased, and rated his brother roundly. "You have the best wife in the world, the most virtuous and good, and yet you make her miserable," said he. "Let her dance as much as she likes, it is pleasant at her time of life. My wife is forty years of age; I write to her from the field of battle to go to a ball. You want a woman of twenty years, surrounded by all the attractions of a court life, to live like a nurse, always washing her child." "Unfortunately," he added afterward, "you have a wife who is too good for you; if you had a coquette she would lead you by the nose."

A further source of discomfort arose from Hortense's continuing to favor the few French who remained, while Louis treated them with manifest coldness. In this respect perhaps Hortense was to blame, since supposing her to have associated herself more intimately with the policy of the sovereign, who constituted the

glory of France, more than his own brother did, gave rise to tales of scandal which required Napoleon himself to silence.

The war with Prussia, in 1807, separated the King and Queen for a brief time, and Hortense was enabled to visit her mother at Mayence. The death of their eldest son, Prince Napoleon Louis, who died after a few hours' illness of croup, in the same year, had a great effect on this ill-matched pair, and for once in their lives they mingled their tears in a common grief. Hortense took the loss so much to heart that her mother, the Empress, came to meet her at Lackernear, Brussels, whither the King conducted her. Nor was the grief of Louis much less, for Mademoiselle Avrillon relates that "the King himself was in a situation to excite pity; overwhelmed with grief, he was likewise suffering in health to such an extent that he could scarcely walk." Distraction and change of scene were recommended as a cure for such poignant grief, and the baths of Cauterets, in the Pyrenees, was the place selected, where she was soon afterward joined by the King. She made long excursions on horseback and on foot, many reminiscences of which yet remain. The house in which she dwelt is known, and the barn in which she was sheltered all night in a storm is still called "Grange de la Reine Hortense." A little pyramid on the bridge over the Gave near Pierrefitte still exists on which is engraved, "La Vallée de Baréges a la Reine Hortense, 1807."

After a month's residence at Cauterets the Queen of Holland returned to St. Cloud. The King had, at the same time, gone back to his States, which it was his wish to govern in the sense of their true interests. These interests, being essentially commercial, were unfortunately opposed to the policy of the Emperor, and hence arose misunderstandings between Louis and Napoleon; and as Hortense sided with the latter, the breach between the King and Queen of Holland widened daily, and Louis Bonaparte was, in every sense of the word, a most miserable man. Their want of harmony was no longer concealed, and after the birth of a third son, which occurred on April 20, 1808—the recent Emperor—their married life ended. The Prince to whom was given the name of Charles Louis Napoleon, was not baptized until the 10th of November, 1810, when the ceremony was performed at Fontainebleau by Cardinal Fesch, and was held over the font by the Emperor and Empress Marie Louise.

Although Napoleon greatly disapproved of Hortense's conduct at this epoch, he did not lose his affection for her nor withdraw his favor,

although even then meditating the severest blow against her peace; namely, the repudiation of Josephine. Scandal, too, was busy with her name; her most innocent actions were misrepresented, and different versions of her conduct were given at this time which, coming to her ears, imbibed her life. A celebrated writer, in his biography of Louis Napoleon, says, "Louis had determined to conciliate the Dutch, but that the Queen lived in a circle of frivolity and folly, and with her French courtiers was constantly ridiculing the Dutch, and endeavoring to reproduce a second Paris among the dykes of Holland." Heart-stricken and weary of the form of courts, and in a state of great physical debility, Hortense quitted Holland, to which after this time she only returned at intervals, in order to seek a better climate, and proceeded to St. Leu, a beautiful estate owned by Louis Bonaparte at some distance from Paris, but soon left it and went to the capital, in order to be with her mother, whom she deemed it her duty to comfort, although evil tongues said "she wished to be near the Emperor."

It was at that time confidently believed that Napoleon looked to Hortense's children as his successors, until the death of her eldest son, when the idea of a divorce from Josephine first presented itself to his mind. It seemed hardly credible, however, that this should be the case when her two younger sons, of whom he manifested great fondness, yet remained. When her youngest son, Louis Napoleon, was born, his advent as a prince of the Empire was welcomed in Paris by the thunders of cannon and by military salutes all along the lines of the Imperial army, from Hamburg to Rome, and from the Pyrenees to the Danube. The family of Joseph having been excluded from the succession to the Imperial throne by the *Senatus Consultum* of 1804, and Lucien, the second brother, not even recognized as an Imperial prince on account of his marriage and his opposition to Napoleon's policy, the two sons of Hortense and Louis Bonaparte were, by a decree of the Senate in 1808-9, declared heirs to the throne of France should Napoleon die without children. This decree of the Senate was submitted to the French people, and was adopted with wonderful unanimity, and they were looked upon as the only hereditary princes until the King of Rome was born. The youngest, however, was the Emperor's favorite, and Charles Louis Napoleon, after the return from Elba, then in his seventh year, stood by his side on the *Champ de Mars*, and was one of the last to embrace him at *Malmaison* when he left Paris forever.

In the year 1809 Napoleon appointed Hor-

tense princess protectress of all the Imperial houses of education. The same year the grand duchy of Berg, vacated by Murat for the throne of Naples, was made over to Napoleon Louis, who had become Prince Royal of Holland by the death of his brother. This done, he summoned a congress of sovereigns to Paris, among whom was the King of Holland. To the latter the Emperor declared his intention of occupying Holland with his troops if he did not uphold the continental blockade. Louis refused; the Emperor, as usual, would not yield, and Louis made up his mind to abdicate in favor of his son, the newly made Duke of Berg.

A still heavier blow than that brought about by a separation from her husband awaited Hortense at this epoch; namely, the divorce of Josephine, that saddest of all tragedies, and which constituted the great wrong and calamity of Napoleon's life. The event had a most important bearing upon the character and destiny of Hortense. With a cruelty unparalleled, and born of his supreme selfishness, he strangely enough selected Hortense and Eugene to convey the sad tidings to their mother, but he knew that he could rely upon their boundless devotion. The same children were also summoned to be present at the nuptials of the Emperor and Marie Louise, and the Queen of Holland was one of four to bear a corner of the mantle of the Empress who had usurped the place of her own mother.

When King Louis came to Paris, he never met the Queen save in public; but when his States were in danger, believing that her presence might be useful in affirming the allegiance of his subjects, he once more entreated her to go to Amsterdam, with which requests she always complied. On her last visit, however, the King treated her with so much indifference that it was then her evasion from St. Leu to *Malmaison* occurred. Napoleon highly disapproved this conduct; he believed that Louis loved her, but she not only did not reciprocate his affection, but could not tolerate his presence. "Had she remained in Holland," said he, "Louis would not have quitted Amsterdam; she would have been spared many trials and afflictions, and I should not have been obliged to unite Holland to the French empire—an act which contributed to my ruin in Europe." The French invaded Holland. For a moment Louis thought of resisting; but making a sacrifice of himself, he abdicated in favor of his son, and withdrew to Gratz, in Styria, under the name of the Count St. Leu.

This great change in her position in no ways shook the courage or resignation of Hortense,



who bore her complicated misfortunes with the steel-like endurance of a Spartan. She had resources in the education of her children, in consoling her mother, in her friendships and devotion to the arts. On the 20th of March, 1811, all France resounded with acclamations at the birth of the young King of Rome. Josephine was then at Navarre, a country-seat near Evreux which had been erected into a duchy for her benefit, and received from the hand of Napoleon himself the news of the birth of the son for whom so much was sacrificed, and from whom so much was expected. How truly has the old saying, "Man proposes but God disposes," been verified in this case! That son, so much desired and so warmly welcomed, is dead, and the descendant of Josephine, the repudiated, became ruler of France.

Hortense, we said, devoted herself to the education of her boys, and was rewarded in their docility and progress. The eldest had a remarkable memory; Charles Louis Napoleon, to whom was given the pet name of *Oui-Oui*—Yes-Yes—was also very quick and intelligent, and was admitted to take after his mother. Louis Bonaparte was fond of residing at his beautiful estate of St. Leu, for there he could indulge in his love of retirement and study. Here, notwithstanding their estrangement, he was occasionally joined by Hortense, and she was there with her children early in May, when Napoleon left Paris for the fatal campaign at Moscow. Louis was at this time a confirmed invalid; nevertheless, when the news reached him that the Empire was in danger, he left his beloved retreat, and went to Paris to look after Marie Louise, who had been intrusted to his care. She was at first removed to Blois, but the unselfish Hortense so far sacrificed herself as even to invite her to St. Leu.

In the latter part of this year, 1812, Napoleon commenced his disastrous retreat from Moscow. It was a time of indescribable anguish and suspense to Josephine and Hortense who were much together. At midnight, on the 18th of December, Napoleon arrived in Paris. From this time days of darkness began to lower around the Empire, and the Emperor, in order to counteract the gloom occasioned by the retreat from Moscow, ordered a succession of balls and festivals, and Hortense was called upon to aid in the movement. The great anxiety she had suffered, and the severe trials through which she had passed, had seriously affected her health, and in the Summer of 1813 she went to Aix, in Savoy, for the benefit of the waters. Her inseparable friend, Madame de Broc, accompanied her, and they made many

excursions together. One day they went to view a magnificent prospect which was to be seen from the summit of a mountain. The path led over a deep ravine through which a foaming mountain torrent, forming the cascade of Caecy, swept. Gloomy, indeed, was the place, surrounded by nature's wildness, and overshadowed with Alpine firs which hung over the torrent that dashed, roaring and foaming, over the rocks that opposed it. A frail bridge spanned the chasm; Hortense stepped fearlessly first upon it and passed over in safety; Madame de Broc followed. A cry of horror and a fearful crash caused Hortense to turn around, and she saw that the bridge had given way, and that her friend was falling into the rushing torrent, whose wild force was rapidly bearing her out of sight. Rescue was impossible. Only for a moment was her floating robe visible; the next the surging flood closed over her, and borne far away she was seen no more. She was only twenty-five years of age when this terrible accident occurred, and Hortense commemorated her sad loss by a monument, as also by founding a hospital for the relief of the indigent and world-weary.

Thus blow after blow fell upon the heart of poor Hortense, and the shock which this frightful occurrence gave to her nerves for a time threatened to dethrone her reason. But she was obliged to forget her own grief, in the great anxiety she felt for the Emperor, who was now in the battle-field. Disaster followed disaster; the allied armies were bearing down upon France with resistless force, and after the battles of Dresden and Leipsic, he was obliged to return to Paris in order to raise re-enforcements. But the surging billows of his foes, pressing him in all directions, could not be rolled back, and though he manfully resisted and often successfully, he was unable to compete with the unequal force arrayed against him.

Paris was captured by the allies; many had fled before this event, but the stout-hearted Hortense was one of the last to leave it. She had such implicit faith in the star of Napoleon that she could not be brought to believe that Paris would fall into the hands of the allies. It was only on the very eve of the capture that she was induced to move with her children to Versailles; but no sooner were they in bed sleeping the sweet sleep of youth, than they were awakened by the roar of cannon, and were obliged to seek refuge in the Petit Trianon, from whence they departed as soon as possible for Rambouillet. Here Hortense received orders from Louis to join the Empress at Blois, but she paid no attention to his instructions, and went to her mother at Navarre, where together

they heard of the capitulation of Paris, the demonstrations of the Royalist party, and the abdication of Fontainebleau.

The last acts of a grand drama, in which they had acted so prominent part, were now nearly played out. Josephine would have gladly shared Napoleon's exile, differing in this from Marie Louise, who thought only of saving herself. The one looked merely to the Emperor, the other to the man. Grief for his misfortunes hastened, indeed, Josephine's end—after the fall of Napoleon she had nothing to live for. How different was Marie Louise, whom Hortense met soon after at Rambouillet! "I expect my father every moment," said she; "your being here may annoy him," and thus dismissed her from her presence as readily as she dismissed from her mind the thoughts of the great man who had associated her with his fortunes. The Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, however, made frequent visits to Josephine and Hortense at Malmaison. Louis Napoleon asked how it was that they, the sovereigns, should caress him when they were his uncle's enemies. "Because," he was told, "the Emperor is a generous enemy who wishes to be useful to you in your misfortunes." The Prince who, even at that early age, spoke little but observed a great deal, took a ring given him by his uncle Eugene, and approaching the Czar on tiptoe, slipped it into his hand and then ran away. When Alexander heard from the blushing boy that it was the only present he had to make to him, he attached the ring to his watch-chain, and said he would never part with it.

After the departure of the Emperor, Hortense went to Rambouillet to join Marie Louise, and endeavor to comfort her in these hours of perplexity and woe. The latter, however, soon set out under an Austrian escort for Vienna, and Hortense returned to her mother, whose safety at Malmaison was insured by the Emperor Alexander, who visited them frequently. In addition to this kindness, the beautiful estate of St. Leu, which Louis Bonaparte had owned and transferred to his wife, was, through his kind offices, erected into a duchy, and the right of inheritance secured to her children.

From this time Josephine declined rapidly. On the 10th of May the Czar dined at Malmaison, and notwithstanding that she was suffering acutely from a severe cold, she exerted herself to the utmost to entertain her guests. The night after she was worse, and at times delirious. Not long after this the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia came to spend the day at Malmaison. Although her health was such that her friends urged her to remain in

bed, she insisted on rising to receive the allied sovereigns. However, she was unequal to the task, and Hortense had to supply her place as hostess. From this hour she grew worse, and on the 29th of May, 1814, she died. Eugene and Hortense were beside her, and the Czar of Russia was also in this death chamber. The funeral took place on the 2d of June. More than twenty thousand persons—monarchs, nobles, statesmen, and peasants—came to Malmaison, anxious to testify their respect for the departed Empress, who had made herself beloved of all. The former queens of France found a last resting-place in the royal cemetery of St. Denis, but Josephine, perhaps the flower of them all, was buried at St. Ruell in the little old church, founded long ago by the lords of Buzenval. A beautiful mausoleum of white marble representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robes bears the simple inscription, "Eugene and Hortense to Josephine." •

Hortense had been too long accustomed to look up to Napoleon not to hail his return from Elba with enthusiasm. Marie Louise, it is well known, decided on remaining in Austria. Hortense and her boys were present at the ceremony of the Champ de Mai, when the eagles were blessed, and a few days afterward Napoleon left to join the army. The battle of Ligny came to excite those momentary hopes and joys which were destined to be forever overthrown by the disaster at Waterloo. Hortense, faithful to Napoleon as she had been affectionate in his prosperity, hastened to meet and dine with him. Anxious to solace him in his sore affliction, she went to Malmaison to prepare for his reception. She had no hesitation in compromising herself nor cared, although she knew that she was by this act making an enemy of Louis XVIII. All she thought of was the welfare of the great man to whom she and her mother had through life been devoted. "Just before his departure he sent for his nephews to take leave of them. The parting was a sad one. The children wept bitterly and clung to him, the younger frantically exclaiming 'that he should go and fire off the cannon.'" Hortense found that the Emperor was departing almost without money. After much persuasion she succeeded in making him accept her beautiful necklace, valued at eight hundred thousand francs. She sewed it up in a ribbon which he concealed in his dress. He did not, however, find himself obliged to part with this jewel until on his death-bed, when he intrusted it to Count Montholon to be restored to Hortense. This devoted man acquitted himself successfully of the commission.

By her reception of Napoleon she had drawn

down the displeasure of Louis XVIII and the Royalist party, and fearing that the army and people would rally round her and her children as representatives of the Bonaparte dynasty, he assumed so threatening an attitude toward her that, fearing for the safety of her boys, she committed them to the care of a friend, a kind-hearted woman, who kept them carefully concealed. The allies, greatly exasperated at the French people for their cordial reception of the Emperor on his return from Elba, now turned all their wrath on Hortense. Even the Emperor Alexander treated her with marked coldness. The remains of her son, Charles Napoleon, who had died in Holland, had been, by the direction of the Emperor, deposited in the vaults of St. Denis, which was the royal cemetery. But now, so great was the jealousy of the Bourbons of the name of Napoleon, that the Government of Louis XVIII ordered the body to be removed immediately. Hortense obeyed without a murmur, and transferred the remains of her child to St. Ruell. Notwithstanding this jealousy, the allied sovereigns could not ignore the Imperial character of Napoleon or forget that the King of Holland had worn a crown recognized by all Europe, and they invariably addressed each of the princes as "Your Royal Highness."

The first volume of Hortense's history, perhaps the saddest one on record, closed with the fall of Napoleon. "Beautiful France" was no longer to be her home, and on the 19th of July she received an order commanding her to leave Paris in two hours. An armed guard was sent with her to secure her departure and to mark her retreat. She had now but one object in life; namely, the education of her boys, and to this she determined to devote her best energies. With every movement watched, friendless and heart-broken, the discrowned and exiled Queen of Holland set out on the 17th of July, 1815, at nine o'clock in the evening, with her two children, to commence her wanderings, not knowing where she should find a permanent home.

#### THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HOGARTH.

**H**ISWICK has some historical memorials independently of Hogarth. Sutton Court, near the railway station, though now a school-house, was formerly the home of Cromwell's daughter Mary, Countess of Fauconberg. The once famous Devonshire villa is associated with the artistic tastes of the Earl of Burlington and the political genius of Canning. The present stillness around the park gate contrasts forcibly with the eager excitement of the three

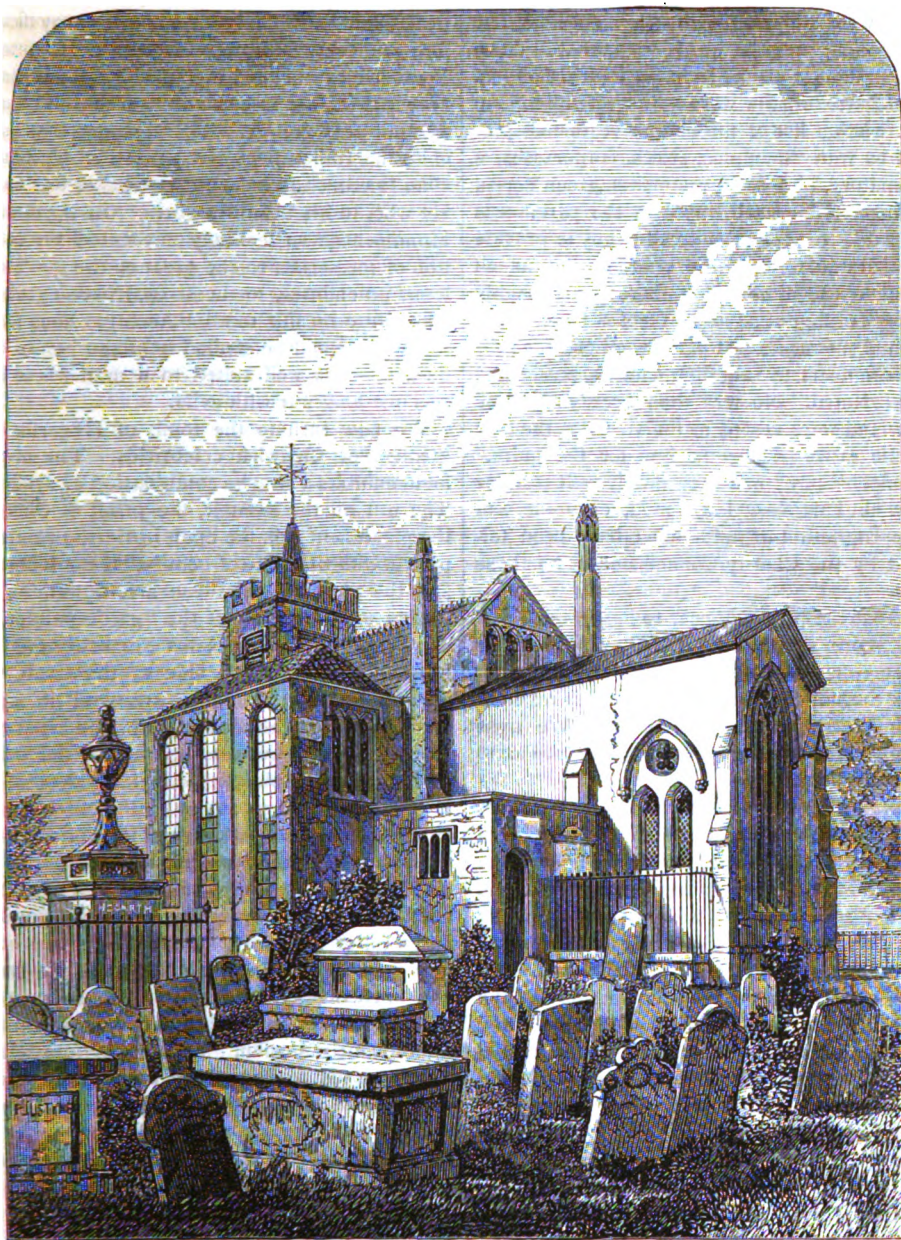
thousand who assembled here on the morning of the 8th of August, 1827, to receive the news of the great statesman's death. Twenty-one years before, the same gate had been thronged by multitudes to hear the words, "Fox is dead."

The horticultural fêtes no longer bring their floral holidays here, and Chiswick's great house, "the Duke's villa," is but a memorial of men and things departed. Probably, then, the only existing inducement which might bring a stranger to Chiswick is, that here the former home of Hogarth is yet standing, and his grave is to be seen in the church-yard. If we may judge from one small incident, it seems to be the impression of the people round about, that the memorials of the painter are the special honors left to this Middlesex parish. We inquired of a man connected with the railway the nearest way to the church. "Ay, where the artist is buried," was the reply. The remark was significant; "the artist," seemed plainly to hint that he was emphatically the painter of the people.

We will now, in company with the reader, find our way to the church. The first glance at the building might reasonably plunge an enthusiastic ecclesiologist to the depths of a melancholy which would have baffled the skill of honest Robert Burton to analyze. Here we have the prim-looking, and warehouse-like brick body, joined to a venerable stone tower, which has clearly never overcome its repugnance to the "unsuitable match."

The date of the first Chiswick Church is not known; some parts of the north wall are said to be of the thirteenth century, but the tower was partly built before the year 1425, by "Mr. William Bordale, principal vicar." Even the appearance of this part of the church is ruined by the miserable spire-like appendage perched on the top. The position of the pile on the banks of the Thames, justified the dedication of the building to St. Nicholas, deemed the patron of sailors and fishermen.

If the exterior of the church be wanting in elegance, beauty, or grandeur, the interior makes no amends for the short-comings of the outside. But, perhaps, the richness of the monuments and the fame of great men buried here fill even this simple building with the power of a true though silent eloquence? We fear that a visitor will not be entranced while pondering over the monument of Sir Thomas Chaloner, though the angel at the top is doing his best to look in a manner "proper to the occasion." The skull on the table seems hardly necessary in a funeral monument, however suitable it might have been amid the gayeties of an Egyptian feast. However, all praise to Sir Thomas Chaloner, who



THE TOMB OF HOGARTH.

did not live in vain, as he was the chief promoter of the alum manufacture in England, and wrote "A Short Discourse of the most Rare and Excellent Virtues of Niter." We confess to liking Sir Thomas better than his monument.

William Kent, the architect, called by some "the father of English gardening," praised by Horace Walpole, patronized by the Earl of Burlington, and satirized by Hogarth, is buried in the chancel. In the church we also find the

grave of Sir John Chardin, the gem-merchant, traveler, and Oriental scholar, whose courtier-like qualities won the prize of knighthood from Charles II.

Neither the fame of the architect, nor the works of the French traveler, will be likely, in these days, to impart much historical interest to Chiswick Church. Nor does any remarkable event give richness of coloring to the annals of the parish. One fact, noted in an old record of

the year 1252, leads us to fear that the "ages of faith" were often ages of negligence. "The font broken," are the words then written down by an indignant visitor from St. Paul's, London. "Ritualistic" affairs were better attended to in 1458, when a list of the church vestments presents us with "maniples, stoles, corporasses, a chrisamatory, blue satin vestments, green copes, and banners." Each house in the parish was then liable to a tax of one half-penny to provide "paschal tapers" for the church; but as all shared in the illumination there was probably little grumbling at so moderate a charge.

While vestments and lights were provided for the worshipers in Chiswick Church, music was not neglected. No less than twenty acres of glebe land were vested in the vicar for the sole purpose of providing "a boy for the quire." Either the "boy" was exceedingly well paid, or Chiswick land very low-rented, or some sad misappropriation of funds must have been tolerated by the Charity Commissioners of those times.

In 1646 the people appear to have valued sermons more than "blue satin" vestments or "green copes," as we then read in the church books the notice, that "Mr. Seamer is an honest and able preaching minister." We trust that Mr. Seamer's merits were not so rare as to call for this special commendation.

Some lovers of "strong characters" will not forget, while standing in this church, that here the stanch old politician, Sir Stephen Fox, the grandfather of Charles James Fox, was pleased, at the discreet age of seventy-six, to marry Miss Christian Hope, who became the mother of the celebrated Henry, Lord Holland. The lady is said to have won the affections of the hale old gentleman by the taste she showed when reading to him "books of devotion and history." Surely a very praiseworthy prelude to matrimony.

Turning from the church to the church-yard, we notice the tombs of some who were not without honor in their generation. Cromwell's daughter Mary, the wife of Lord Fauconberg, here found an English grave, a right denied to the Protector himself. James Ralph, a painstaking historian, but a dull poet, impaled by Pope in the "Dunciad," but honored by royalty with a pension, rests here after a stormy life of political pamphleteering. The tomb of George, Earl of Macartney, buried here in 1806, reminds us of the first ambassador extraordinary sent to the Chinese Court from England. If the fame of an artist is to be estimated from his epitaph, we must rank the painter Louthenburg with Angelo, Raffaele, and Titian. The inscription

declares that "a deathless fame will record his professional excellence." Chiswick may therefore rejoice; should her Hogarth be forgotten, Louthenburg will shed the splendor of his name around her. Approach now yon massive tomb of cold, gray granite. There sleeps Ugo Foscolo, the Italian poet and patriot, who scorned alike to crouch to a despot or truckle to a mob. He who, in his beautiful poem "On Sepulchral Monuments," so feelingly advocated the erection of memorials to the great or the good, has found an enduring memento on English ground. The motto on this tomb, "Accingar zona fortitudinis"—I will be girdled with the belt of endurance—was well suited to a man whose life was one long war with evils.

We now turn to the tomb of Hogarth, the greatest of Chiswick celebrities. The monument exhibits a strange combination of symbols. The urn on the summit, the mask of comedy, the parchment roll, the open book, the painter's palette with the "line of beauty," the oak branch and the garlands, all these are, doubtless, intended to remind us of the "great painter of mankind." These emblems are sculptured in bas-relief on the north side of the tomb, the epitaph by Garrick being arranged in eight verses below. The arms, both of the artist and of his father-in-law, are painted on the tomb. The sun in full splendor is a fitting symbol for Hogarth, nor is the *chevron* on the shield of his father-in-law an unsuitable emblem for the man who so completely restored the prosperity of his family. The tomb was repaired and the escutcheons properly colored in 1856, by Mr. Hogarth, of Aberdeen, but the arms are even now sadly in want of fresh tinting. The grave was opened on the occasion of these repairs, when the plate was found to have been wrenched from the artist's coffin. This sacrilegious felony was supposed to have been perpetrated about twenty years previously.

The life of an artist like Hogarth must be studied in his works, but a short account of the man is, nevertheless, necessary to enable us duly to appreciate his pictures. This painter of his age was born in Ship Court, Old Bailey, in the year 1697, and baptized in the ancient church of St. Bartholomew the Great on the 28th of November in that year. The father, Richard, had tried various occupations—corrector of the press, school-master, and author—but found poverty his constant companion in each. The boy William did not, of course, receive much education under these circumstances, but a taste for drawing, and the kindly aid of a homely painter in the neighborhood, did wonders for a clever boy, who found he must be his own

teacher. Being apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, a silversmith, at the "Golden Angel," Cranbourne-street, young William drilled his hand and trained his eye by such humble artistic work as engraving salvers, mugs, spoons, and even trade tickets.

When out of his apprenticeship he went busily to work, and with the profits obtained from engraving coats of arms, masquerade tickets, and illustrations to an edition of "Hudibras," he managed to become a student in the academy of Sir James Thornhill. Hogarth did more than this; he fell in love with Jane, the daughter of his teacher, who was mightily incensed at the student's presumption, and sternly forbade any such feelings. We grieve to say that Jane proved obstinate, and the result was an elopement, with the usual declaration by the irritated father that he would "never forgive." Time, however, and especially Hogarth's increasing success as a painter, joined to the clever management of the young wife and her mother, effected a reconciliation.

The influence of Sir James Thornhill, but especially the untiring industry and original genius of Hogarth, soon gave the satiric painter a notable place among artists. The people saw vice whipped and folly ridiculed in his pictures. The truth of such delineations was clear, though the ideality of "high art" might be absent. Hogarth did not at first see his own vocation, and actually tried to excel in the "grand style," but soon returned to domestic and familiar scenes. If a tolerably filled purse and the keeping of a carriage be deemed proofs of an artist's success, then must the son-in-law of Sir James Thornhill be placed among the victors on the battlefield of art. The more envious critics will, however, remind us that such a result was obtained by Hogarth through the sale of his prints, and not by the fame of his pictures. The judicious painter soon perceived that his subjects rather increased than lost in power by being engraved. The sarcastic touches, the pathetic expression, the hideous degradation of vice, and the brutalizing influence of ignorance, could all be told in the simple black and white of an engraving. Thus Hogarth's genius became known to thousands who had never seen one of his pictures. So eager and general was the desire to procure prints of his most characteristic works, that certain publishers of the time began to pirate these popular engravings. These gentlemen soon found that Hogarth was not exactly a pigeon to be plucked at their pleasure. The irritated artist used his influence so effectually as to procure the passing of an act, in 1735, which gave protection for fourteen

years after publication to the owners of engravings.

Hogarth was not free from great faults. Vanity, rudeness, passion, and a narrow contempt for liberal studies, were mixed with energy, originality, and independence of mind. But it must be remembered that his true place in the Temple of Art is to stand at the head of a new and important school of painters. From this position he can not be displaced. The criticisms of a century have added to his fame, and coming times will probably uphold the judgments of the past. When Leslie declares that in his paintings vice is always "detestable;" when Charles Lamb reminds us that Hogarth had "the cordial laughter of a man," not "the petrifying sneer of a demon;" when Sir Joshua Reynolds describes him as the inventor of "a new species of dramatic painting;" and the German art-critic, Dr. Waagen, was surprised at "the delicate shades of humor" and "the consummate skill and freedom" displayed in the "Marriage a la Mode," we may rest assured that such verdicts are not likely to be set aside.

His former home at Chiswick is still standing in the lane leading from the village to the Horticultural Gardens, the words "Hogarth's House," on each side of the entrance, indicating the artist's rural abode to all strangers. A hundred years ago the place was doubtless well suited to a man who loved a quiet retreat from the turmoil and excitement of the metropolis. Few artists or literary men would willingly select it for a home now. The local memorials of Hogarth are not numerous. Most of the ancient trees, under which the painter must have often walked, have vanished, but we are shown the corner where he played at nine-pins, the filbert walk, the epitaphs on a dog Pompey, and on "poor Dick," a canary bird. Dick died four years before his artistic master, "aged eleven," but Pompey's monument bears date 1791, two years after the death of Mrs. Hogarth. Poor Crab, Hogarth's own favorite dog, whose stern physiognomy his master painted on the same canvas with his own, seems to have been left without a monument. The "studio" is a room over a stable or coach-house at the end of the garden. Poor indeed must be the artist who would now be willing to work in such a place; probably Hogarth himself only used this room for odds and ends of work, as his chief studio must have been in London. Within the house we are shown the apartment from which, *it is said*, Jane Thornhill eloped with the daring artist. As the place seems to have been the residence of her father, Sir James, the statement is at least probable. To many this house

will, therefore, appear far more important than Hogarth's London residence. Here he and Jane plighted "troth." Hence they eloped. Here a large portion of their married life was passed. Within these rooms the painter mused when the last hours of life were approaching, and in one of the old rooms the widowed Jane died, twenty-five years after her husband. When we also add that the well-known translator of Dante, the Rev. H. F. Cary, lived in this house from the year 1814 to 1832, it will be admitted that the old place is not without rich and suggestive associations. Hogarth's London home, in the days of his fame, was the "Golden Head," in Leicester Square, now a part of the Sabloniere Hotel. Here the short, robust, and active form of the painter might often be seen hurrying off to a consultation with some of his assistants in engraving, or stepping into his carriage for Chiswick. At the "Golden Head" he was seized with his last sudden illness; in one of its rooms he died, and there his widow continued for some years to sell the engravings of his more popular works.

If we are not justified in pointing to the tomb of Hogarth as that of a grand historical painter, ranking with the brightest names in art, we can, at the least, boldly claim for him the place of a great creative artist and unrivaled pictorial satirist. Chiswick may reasonably rejoice that her church-yard holds the remains of a truly national painter, whose enduring fame will long associate the name of this parish with the history of modern art.

#### "HELPMEEETS" REVIEWED.\*

**I**F my gentle readers will as good-naturedly pardon me for being the heroine of my own story as they did the author of "Helpmeets," I shall be very thankful, and proceed to the rather difficult task of review.

The writer is very truthful and just in the first two or three paragraphs, but unhappy in some of her expressions throughout the entire article, there being an evident desire to appear strong and mannish. This style in a lady writer is as offensive to a refined taste, as for a gentleman to put on the effeminate and exquisite.

"How can we help our husbands?" "We can take cheerfully the cross of the itinerancy." With this answer I most cordially agree; but, at the risk of not having "refinement of soul to feel, and not being fit to bear it," I must entirely

dissent from the assertion that the itinerancy is a "heavy cross." An anecdote, related by Rev. J. H. Vincent, seems quite apropos at this point. "A deacon's daughter of mature years decided to marry. Her father, wishing to impress her mind with the importance of such a step, said to her, 'My daughter, it is a very solemn thing to get married.' 'I know, father,' she replied, 'but it is a great deal solemn not to.'" It is a cross to be an itinerant's wife, but a great deal crosser not to.

Nearly twenty-eight years ago, when I married a Methodist minister, abundance of commiseration was lavished upon me by my friends, but it was all lost. I could not appreciate it, and can not to this day. A few years since, while packing up to move, a gentleman called to see my husband on business, in the course of which he remarked, "Well, Mrs. B., this itinerancy is pretty hard business, is it not—moving so often?" "No, indeed," I replied; "it is first-rate, if only well followed," and I felt what I said. I had not forgotten the greatest trial of my life—the five long years my husband was on the superannuated list, and how earnestly I prayed for his recovery, and told the Lord that the most obscure charge in the Conference was plenty good enough, only give him a place again in his vineyard. The minister's wife who itinerates under "protest," can not be aware of the remorse she is garnering for herself in thus dragging her husband down in his noble work.

The wives of itinerants are not the only class of females that "plan beautiful home-lives for themselves" and get disappointed—not the only ones whose hearts become entwined around loving friends and sacred spots, when by a turn, not of the wheel of the itinerancy for Christ's sake, but by the "crank" of circumstances, those ties are severed. The wives of itinerants are not the only women who have to rear children with very few of those "sweet, gentle, refining influences," so desirable; but if I were looking for these I should not go exclusively to the "permanent homes" of the wealthy. I would as soon risk the present and future of children reared in a *plain*, inconvenient parsonage, as those brought up in the ease and luxury, glare, fashion, and heartlessness that so almost surely attend the permanent homes of the rich.

The families of itinerant ministers are not the only ones that have their May-day moving. True, we scatter our dead, but is this peculiar to the itinerant? No. With the sweet hope of the resurrection inspiring us, can we not trustfully sing,

"These ashes, too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,

\* "Helpmeets" was published in the January number. We cheerfully give place to the "Review," as we did to the article.—  
EDITOR.

Till the last angel rise and break  
The long and dreary sleep."

One of our best preachers, in conversation at our last Conference, alluded tenderly to his own family. Said he, "During my wife's life-time we had eight homes in the itinerancy, and every one of them was made sacred by the birth of a child." There are many of his co-laborers who can cheerfully testify to her well-regulated household, and the pleasant welcome that always greeted them whenever the quarterly appointment or business brought them to her pleasant home, making them forget for the time their weariness and care. Is not the memory of such a wife and mother precious? "Yea, it is as ointment poured forth."

Our itinerancy is as nearly perfect as it is possible for a human organization to be, or was before the third year was added; yet, as it is only human, it is not so very strange that the mist of favoritism should sometimes obscure the mental vision of the cabinet, and that they should make this iron wheel in its revolutions do some queer things. Some of us who are worthy of good appointments do not get quite so good, while others get better than they deserve; still we know that another revolution will bring us up to our merited position.

While defending our itinerancy, I do not say I have always enjoyed the meddlesome dictation and criticism we sometimes meet, yet they are only the necessary shades thrown in to give finer effect to our life-picture, lest too intense a glare of sunshine should dazzle us, and we fail to see ourselves in our true light. My heart is wedded to the itinerancy, and will be, so long as it beats in unison with any thing noble and good. If I had ten sons I should ask no greater emolument for them than that they be true, faithful ministers of the Gospel. Unfortunately I have but one-fifth that number, and whether they will honor their father by choosing his profession remains to be seen in the distance of years. If they do not, it will not be because they have heard their mother weakly complain of the crosses of the itinerancy.

Hitherto I have been speaking of the Methodist itinerancy. There is another that bears quite a different aspect. I mean the itinerancy of other Churches. With a settled ministry, so claimed, statistics show that their ministers itinerate much oftener than we do with a regular system. The very smallest number remain many years, or, perhaps, a life-time, while a large number are without appointments, waiting for a "call," or going here and there preaching trial sermons; and if haply they receive a call, they have no assurance that it will last more

than a year, when they may find themselves adrift for the next six months, and at their own expense. Such an itinerancy as this would be a *heavy cross* for me, and I doubt if I could help my husband bear it cheerfully. The fact is *ours* is a settled ministry. When the minister is duly received into the Conference he remains there, sure of an appointment during good behavior or physical ability to work.

There is another thought that has been quite prominent in my mind for some years. Are we *sure* the cross of the itinerancy is all on our side? Perhaps there are societies as anxiously inquiring in reference to their pastors as we for our charges. I am sorry to say that this inquiry, natural and right enough in itself, is somewhat changed from what it used to be. Instead of asking about his "gifts and graces," the first eager question is, "How many children has he?" And, instead of, "Can I be useful there?" the questions are, "How much do they pay?" and, "Are they popular?" I have heard some of our ministers complain of being crucified by their appointments, and I wanted to say, shame on you, my brother! There is not a single appointment in our Conference but that is good enough for the very best preacher in it; but this only shows that some ministers will "think more highly of themselves than they ought to think."

"Ours must be model Christian homes." To make them so is a difficult task, for various reasons. It may be for want of convenience, or a limited support, or want of judgment, or perhaps all combined. In all my journeyings I never saw a minister's wife who reminded me, in the least, of a "Camanche squaw," and I have shared the hospitality of many; but if I had, I do not think I should publish the fact through the Ladies' Repository, for I should expect her eye would light upon it, and she would think I meant her, for, undoubtedly, she is just as conscious of her deficiency in this department as some others are of their superiority in most things; but I have found some who had the mistaken notion that they were called to the pastoral work, as well as their husbands, and, accordingly, accompany them, taking the children, full of life and fun, as children ought to be, to the great discomfort and dread of their parishioners, or leave them at home to quarrel with the "help," and go wild, until the mother returns. There are diversities of gifts. Some have poetry at their tongue's end, and others at their fingers' ends; they can make plain, scanty furnishings look cozy and inviting, while others make up for this in conversational powers and executive ability. It is right for us



to have homes, husbands, and children, or it is not. If right, we should not feel it a "sacrifice of all our opportunities, and strength, and happiness;" it should be our "happiness" to make our homes pleasant for our husbands and children.

There can be no "stronger work," nor any claims superior to those devolving upon us by these sacred relations. Women who *know* the exhaustive effect of maternity on our physical and mental powers, and who realize their obligations to their families, may have their *own opinions* as to the correctness of "small patterns," etc. Concerning the minister of "exquisite fiber," I wonder if he knows how it thrills every nerve of his tired wife to find that he has gone for a pleasant stroll, and left her to tend a crying baby, and get her wood and water the best way she can.

"There should be well-trained children at the parsonage." The necessary qualifications, firmness and forbearance, patience and perseverance, who has them? If mothers "lack wisdom, let them ask of God, who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not."

The "tricking out in cheap finery, the petty pinchings, and hypocrisies, the cheats and lies, and meannesses, to keep up appearances," this is a sad picture of a minister's family. We hope there are *very* few such to be found.

I should like to inquire a little into the financial habits of those ministers thus "hounded into locating," and see if they have always been just as economical in their own personal expenditures as they might have been; whether they have not indulged in the luxury of fine boots, kid gloves, etc., or in the purchase of books, such, perhaps, as they really needed, but could not afford to buy.

"Susannah Wesley is our model minister's wife." Not because she held the *nineteen* children that God gave her to nourish with her own sweet life under such rigid discipline, but because she ruled in love, and had the patience to repeat that one letter to her stupid boy "twenty times, if nineteen were not enough." We have another model woman in the person and life of Mrs. Mary Fletcher. Is it not singular that a lady in her circumstances, unmarried, and able to live without cares, should have rested with such entire confidence on the words: "If she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work." Is it not singular, I repeat, that she should have taken upon her the training of so many children, and the following out these Scripture suggestions,

meeting as she did the direct and almost violent opposition of her friends? Why not have made herself conspicuous at some Woman's Rights Convention, or have brought herself before the public as a lecturer on this subject or that, as too many of our women do?

Why not? Ah, having had "respect unto the recompense of the reward," she was content to bring up children, lodge strangers, wash the saints' feet, etc., knowing that in due time she should hear the Master's "Well done." Would God there were more such women as she in our day! There is many a motherless waif that would gladly nestle on the bosom of our childless wives, giving, in return for the toil and care of their training, a wealth of love to which they are strangers, and perhaps a pleasant home to shelter them, when they have entered upon the "sere and yellow leaf?"

"Freshets of gossip overflow the parsonage." In self-defense I must say that it is not necessarily so. I have always found silence to be a sufficient rebuke for those who deal in this commodity, and I think if this course is strictly adhered to, we shall find very few occasions to act as "peace-maker" among our people.

"We must share our husband's studies. How can we get time for study with all these cares, this company, these children?" "Make time." This reminds me of the old bachelor who was fond of reading essays to his married friends on the best method of training children, when, poor soul, he knew nothing about it. We should put aside "ruffling and tatting, tucking and crocheting, and all hurtful superfluities," but somebody must do the washing and scrubbing, ironing and mending, sweeping and dusting, pickling, preserving, and canning, for the comfort of our own families and the "ninety-nine good common people, and one angel unawares," besides the making of garments, and numberless other items that go to make up the housekeeping routine; and then there are the little cut fingers to tie up, the kite strings to fix, dollies to dress, and heart-aches to soothe; and when the "good-night" is given, we must tuck the little ones in, and hear them say their "Now I lay me," so that with one thing or another, the most of the evening is gone before the tired mother finds a moment to rest. Interspersed are the sleepless nights and wearisome days incident to all the diseases that childhood is heir to.

Says a literary friend, those are nice times for study. Not so. The eyes made weak by watching refuse to read, and the mother feels that she *must* work her way through her mending-basket, or, with busy fingers, she shapes the

stocking for the little sick one, praying the while that those dear little feet may wear them *all out*, and in after years never stray from the "narrow path." I suspect that the minister's wife who taught herself German with her book spread on her ironing-board, only had changes for two, but multiply this number by three or four, and the work is marvelously increased; and as to "studying Greek while riding from house to house, making pastoral calls," I think if there had been two or three, even good, quiet children along, the nouns and verbs would have gotten strangely mixed, so that it would have been difficult to tell whether the one were *singular*, *dual*, or *plural*, or the other *pure*, *tau*, *pi*, or *kappa*, and, if a mute, whether a *pi-mute* or a *kappa-mute*. However, there is one study we can scarcely avoid, even cumbered as we are with cares—human nature—and if we have not too much of it ourselves, may profit largely by it.

But what can we do to help our husbands in "the warfare of right with sin?" I shall be pardoned if I refer the reader to "Night-Fall," a beautiful poem published in the January number of the Ladies' Repository for 1871. "I believe nine out of every ten of those ministers who fall into gross sin might have been saved if their wives had stood by them in social, intellectual, and spiritual life." This is wholesale charity for those unfortunate men, and wholesale censure for their unhappy wives. So far as my own observation goes, I believe that if ministers yield to the temptations of "Satan" they will go to perdition in spite of good wives and the Lord together; and so, *vice versa*.

In reference to the said district in the Rock River Conference, Ladies' Association, etc., I speak partly from observation and partly from reliable representation from those present. "They read essays and share criticisms with their husbands." This is the objectionable feature of the "Association," and I think it a very serious one. Some good brother, in a meteoric flash of gallantry, moved that the ladies be invited to come in and read their essays alternately with the gentlemen, and the ladies very graciously accepted the invitation. Now, any one can see at a glance that, with the limited time allotted to the District Conference, the Sabbath-School Institute being held in connection with it, this arrangement must seriously encroach upon the time that of right belongs to the ministers for their own mutual benefit. Subjects for essays are given them, supposed to be of interest and importance to them and the Church, and they devote much time and study to their preparation, yet the very fewest number get an oppor-

tunity to present them. At our last District Conference it was suggested to begin at the other end of the list next time, in order that others might get a chance to read. At one District Conference, when it was found that all the ladies could not read alternately, it was moved that the ladies have the balance of the time, thus crowding out gentlemen who had "equal rights."

I think the ladies' association a fine thing if kept within its own precinct; many of their productions are original and entertaining, while others are evidently borrowed lights.

"Organizations are the order of the times," I had almost said the bane of the times. If we were to engage in every organization of the day we should find many a screw loose in our domestic economy. If there is one object that makes it right for married women to leave their homes so frequently and so constantly, I think it is the recent "Woman's Foreign Missionary" movement. And yet I have some doubt of its propriety, when I recall an incident that came under my own observation last Summer. A lady in a missionary meeting, speaking of the way she had been called and induced to enter upon this work, said, "That on account of poor health she hardly dared to undertake it, but the Lord had given her strength to do just so much more." After the meeting her little boy said, "Ma says the Lord helps her do so much more, but pa and I have to do the work;" and so it must be in every instance—"pa and I" must do the work or depend on the perplexing uncertainties of "help," which, in either case, can not be very "pleasant."

No doubt it is very delightful for us to attend our Annual Conferences, especially so, for those of us who are burdened and worn with home cares; yet it becomes us to look at this matter in another than the light of pleasure. Our Conference numbers two hundred and eight; add a hundred and seventy or more lay delegates, and our ministers' wives *en masse*, with a "right smart" sprinkling of children, or a sprinkling of "right smart" children, and we certainly must make the Conference of such unwieldy proportions as to be burdensome at almost any charge within its bounds, notwithstanding the ingenious reply of a good brother—"Whom God hath joined together, we of A. will not put asunder"—to the question, "May we bring our wives?"

"Above all, we can most help our husbands by faith and prayer." How true this is! I believe the ejaculatory prayer of the mother who can not get away from her little ones long enough for the closet hour, is just as near the

ear and heart of the All-Father as the studied form of the most perfect system.

Finally, the itinerant's wife lies down to die. She looks back over the years of her wanderings, and recounts the deliverances God has wrought for her; how he has enabled her to do a little in his service, and how she has been helped through difficulties and sustained under trials, and, like the lamented sister Baume who did her life-work in India in a few short years, and then came home to die in the bosom of the Church that first welcomed her a bride, exclaim, "It is all of grace."

### THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

#### IV.

##### BENEFITS AND OBLIGATIONS OF MARRIAGE.

THE second great law of the *household* is *social intercourse and confidence*. One of the strongest bonds existing around the fireside is that which arises from endearing social intercourse and the most unqualified confidence. We know of nothing more important to the permanent happiness of the married pair, nothing more capable of binding them together in a lasting union of interest and affection. Nor, on the other hand, do we know of anything more powerful and rapid in leading to estrangement, coldness, and indifference, than the want of this social intercourse, mutual confidence, and unity of purpose.

Husband and wife are henceforth separated in an important sense from all the world, and from all other relations. This one has usurped the place of all the others, and henceforth they are to make their own world, and secure their own happiness. Such a state creates its own interests and its own privacies, which should be known to the parties themselves alone. Suffer me here to exercise the privilege of the preacher and indulge in exhortation. "We would say, then, preserve the privacies of your own fireside, your marriage state, and your hearts, from father, mother, sister, brother, and all the world. Between you let no third person come, to share the secret joy or grief that belongs to yourselves alone. Build your own quiet world, not allowing the dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed and forgotten in after moments and years of faithful, devoted love; but never let the wall of another's confidence be built up between you and your wife's or husband's heart. Unbosom freely your joys and sorrows, your hopes and disappointments, your griefs and

fears to each other, but to no one else. Let each be to the other the sole confidant in the wide world. Nothing will more cement your hearts together." Above all things, let the man who would have a happy home be found often at the fireside. Let not business, journeyings, associations, social gatherings, club-rooms, selfish amusements, nor any thing else deprive your family of your society, your attention, and your care.

In the hurry of business of the present day, home is apt to be forgotten, though the one is for time, and the other is for eternity. A few hundred dollars richer at a man's death will not compensate for the loss his family has sustained from the absence of his own society and attention; nor will the thought that he has a few thousands more to leave behind compensate him for the loss of social and domestic peace and happiness which has been the price of his gain. We blame not that wife who murmurs and feels aggrieved, and grows cold and indifferent toward that thoughtless or unfeeling man who night after night leaves her to sit in solitude and dreariness, while he is off to the club-house, the theater, the billiard saloon, the bowling alley, or the convivial gathering, from which he too often comes home flushed with intoxication, or fresh from the gambling-table. He receives even less than his deserts if he is met with sullen silence, with hidden tears, and finds a cheerless fireside and a heartless table, and a cold and unloving home on his waking in the morning.

Side by side with this social intercourse should be the most unlimited confidence. The more of it the better. The more the husband gives of it to his wife, the more he will find she deserves it. The man who withholds this confidence from his wife, not only so far and so seriously breaks in upon the claims of this endearing relationship, but also deprives himself of the safest, most unselfish, most careful, deep-seeing, and judicious copartnership the world offers him. There is a trait in woman's character which even in its relation to business no wise man will dispense with. I mean the keen moral insight of the female heart. Women, living as they do outside of the busy, skeptical, compromising world, will detect the moral bearings of an action with a rapidity that seems like instinct. Their intuitions, less disturbed by worldly influences, are vastly more active, and more pure and reliable than those of men. Their sensibility to right and wrong is unspeakably more delicate. No man who has a good wife should be willing to dispense with this in any movement of importance. What if she is

more timid, and careful, and upright? It may be the very thing you need. The steam-engine is very powerful and very useful, but it would be of little real benefit, and extremely dangerous, if not well provided with brakes and safety-valves. We would fix the extent of this confidence by a rule of the eccentric Rowland Hill. This great preacher said, on one occasion, that there were two things he always told his wife: first, he told her every thing that concerned her; secondly, he told her every thing that concerned himself. No man has a right to complain of the extravagance of his wife, who conceals from her the true state of his financial matters.

Following this must be *mutual enduring esteem and respect*. It is an easy thing to catch a husband or wife; it is a nice thing to hold one. We are all good anglers and marksmen, but many fail in bagging the game. All are adepts in setting traps and catching the birds, but how many seem to be totally destitute of all skill in making cages to hold them! How bright, and beautiful, and happy, and joyous are all honey-moons, but how tame, and insipid, and cold, and flat are many households! What a beautiful, and polite, and gentle thing is courtship; but in how many instances what a stale and indifferent thing is possession! The fault is both antecedent and consequent; the error is before and after marriage. Said the peace-loving Penn, "Be sure you marry for love; but be equally sure you love what is lovely."

In selecting a companion, those life-long characteristics should be chosen, which neither adversity nor sickness impair, instead of mere wealth, talent, or beauty, which an hour's misfortune or sickness may blast forever. Men and women both should marry in equality; they should be companions, capable of mutual guardianship and deferential care, not merely for food, and raiment, and physical comfort, but for the higher wants of the soul. They should be companions in every moral, and intellectual, and Christian sense—mutual helpers of each other's joy and promoters of each other's highest welfare. Marriage is a school, wherein husband and wife should be reciprocally teacher and pupil. There is danger of unhappiness where one, in any respect, is much above the other. The young, romantic, thoughtless daughter of a millionaire may, in a fit of morbid sentimentality and romance, consent to run away with her father's footman; but it will not be long till she will remind him of the fact, and use him as a footman still. Many a youth, in the warmth and enthusiasm of early life, sees a bright, and gay, and beautiful thing in his path-way, and picks it up thoughtlessly and hangs it

about his neck as an ornament, but, alas! he soon finds it is a millstone, ever dragging him down to the earth.

But I have said the fault is subsequent as well as antecedent to marriage; the parties should not only be equal in marriage, but should grow equally and harmoniously after marriage. The first step toward separation often is the laying aside of the graces, the kindnesses, the attentions, which first won and captivated. It is ceasing to be careful, to be polite, to be courteous, at home. It is the husband forgetting to repose confidence in the wife; it is the wife rising out of her sphere of gentle submission into one of authority, boldness, and exaction. Some women are even weak enough to marry husbands to rule over them, and they generally receive their own reward. Such marriages are always unhappy, as the wife acknowledges she marries a fool, and is obliged to drag him after her all her life, and in the end finds she has less advantage over him than she supposed. The restless, impatient, aspiring wife may often succeed in reducing her husband to a position of inferiority. But what does she gain? She only degrades him in her own estimation and in that of the world; and as he sinks she sinks with him, for the position of the family is not determined by the wife but by the husband. A termagant may gain victories; but they are such victories as that of Pyrrhus; they are her own ruin. When the parties begin to think meanly of each other's character, or judgment, or talents, or appearance, there is but one step more to contempt, and then farewell to all domestic peace and felicity. When this begins, the delicate sentiment that belongs to the relation of man and wife is gone forever. If persons marry husbands or wives whom they do not profoundly respect, they are simply foolish, and must take the consequences of their silly blunder. If a woman marries a man of stupidity, in whose character she can not confide, she is still more foolish, and at the very beginning breaks her own holy vow to love, honor, and obey.

But another law of the true Christian household is *mutual solicitude for each other's salvation*. Marriage, we have seen, is a divine institution; it is given to the world by God, and is projected on a religious foundation; a vital element in it is the recognition of spiritual and divine things; it is not given to the inferior and transient animals, and in any thing like its true sense it is impossible among barbarous and uncivilized people; in its highest meaning it is an institution for immortal, spiritual, moral, and intelligent beings, and its highest felicity can only be reached where these facts of human

nature and destiny are distinctly recognized. No wonder that where all moral and religious principles are neglected, marriage should fail in many of its most beautiful and beneficent results; it is simply expecting the best results of an institution, while the very elements by which those best results are produced are left out. The irreligious household can not be a happy one; and the fault is not in marriage, nor in the divine organization of the family, but in the simple fact that an essential element in the organization of the household is religion.

It is not difficult to see that how many points religion touches the vital interests of the family. A recognition of the immortal life, and of the relations of the marriage union in time to the endless life in eternity, gives dignity and sublime import to marriage; the recognition of God as its author and of our responsibility to him gives solemnity and weight to the obligations of marriage; the divine grace and help secures cheerfulness in bearing its burdens; a grateful heart gives sunshine and happiness; obedience to God's laws secures order and harmony; pious examples wear away asperities from childhood, and mold the lives of children into goodness; the consolations of religion are the only sure supports under those trials and bereavements which are sure to come to every home; and the Christian spirit is the very atmosphere of peace and good-will in which domestic happiness must grow.

Religion in the family culminates in the family altar; without this the piety of the household is incomplete, however sincere and fervent it may be in personal or private manifestation. The piety of the family should express itself in a common prayer; that is, in a prayer which is the prayer of the whole family. When all bow together, and the father as the priest of the family offers up the one prayer of the whole family, then we have before us the crowning glory of domestic piety and devotion, and we may be sure the divine blessing is resting on that home, and that love, harmony, order, and happiness are reigning in that household. Such a daily scene creates a peculiarly sacred atmosphere in the family. It becomes one of the most sacred and precious recollections of childhood. These pictures come up in fancy and stir up within us the dear home-feelings in after years, brightest among all the bright scenes which sin has spared to our world. When religion sits like an angelic presence by the fireside; when calm content is nursed in the lap of simple trust; when the world is conquered by the love that bears all and endures all; when all home duties are cheerfully per-

formed, and the everlasting home is kept ever in view—then it is that marriage rises to a sublime type of the union that exists between Christ and his own body, which is his Church.

How this interesting relation, this tenderest of all earthly ties, this link that will be a precious memory at least in eternity, should inspire a deep and abiding interest in the spiritual welfare of each other! Strange that in the midst of the confidences and intimacies of married life so much reserve is so often found on this subject. Why should the forbidden topic in this most sacred relation so often be the hopes and prospects of a life that is future and eternal? How many deep and poignant regrets are left behind, like poisoned arrows in the heart of the survivor, when ruthless death has come to sever this endearing union? And death must come. This union, sacred as it is, must be broken! "One must be taken, and the other left"—left overwhelmed with a desolation and sorrow to which nothing else is comparable. How bitter, then, the thought that all had not been done that might have been done to secure the eternal interests of the one that now is still in death! To saint or sinner the most fearful thought that mingles with the solemnities of death, is the terrible fear that all may not be well with the one that has gone before; while, on the other hand, the sweetest thought and most powerful consolation are found in the well-grounded hope that the loved one is not lost, but has gone before to the place of greater joys and more enduring unions. How glorious is the hope that they who have walked together in the commandments of the Lord here, will meet together again in the bright mansions above, where sin can not enter to mar their happiness, nor death to sever the bond of union! And this, in God's design, is the end and final consummation of true marriage. "Wherefore, let us exhort one another daily while it is called to-day, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching."

#### PALESTINE: ITS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

THE name of Jerusalem, which has now been enshrined for so many centuries in all Christian hearts, and which has repeatedly kindled a warlike enthusiasm in entire nations, still exerts its wonted magical influence over the civilized world. The former inhabitants of Palestine, once completely isolated from the rest of mankind, but now dispersed over the whole earth, and controlling to a certain extent

its international trade, still recall with sadness the past splendor of their temple and their kings, and pine for the final fulfillment of the prophecies of their restored nationality, and glorious return to the heritage of their forefathers. In the congregations and schools of the old and the new Church, this name retains its exalted sound—even the Mohammedan regards with profound veneration the "Holy One," on whose mount a servant of God once offered to sacrifice his own son, where the greatest prophet, "our Lord Isa," used to preach—and he therefore places Jerusalem by the side of Mecca, Medina, and Hebron.

The Crusaders were unable to obtain a permanent foothold in Palestine, partly because the zeal of the leaders in this holy war was too much alloyed with selfish motives, and partly because to extend and strengthen their own power seemed to them of more importance than to promote the welfare of the conquered territory. The most heroic deeds were thus but too often tarnished by injustice and rapacity. During the centuries which followed this episode Palestine was virtually closed to foreigners, and the iron heel of the Turk pressed heavily on the necks of the native Christians—vague reports of whose suffering only now and then reached the distant West. The spiritual heads of the Latin communities, the Franciscans, were subjected to the harshest treatment; and they frequently sealed their devotion to Christ with their blood. The passage of Bonaparte through the land, which was marked by the atrocious murder of the four thousand Jaffa prisoners, was no advantage to it. Nor did matters improve in the least under the rule of the Egyptians, an event which the natives still commemorate, and from which also dates the beginning of that European interference in the affairs of Palestine, which became more distinct after the close of the Crimean campaign.

As an inquiry into the present state and the future prospects of Jerusalem can hardly fail to be of general interest, we propose to hear what both natives and strangers have to say on the subject. The Moslem knows little of the past history of the Holy City, and what he does know consists mainly of garbled traditions and fables, which reach back no farther than to the orthodox days of Ibrahim and Musa. He looks upon the changes of the modern era with indifference, and is not disturbed by them, because he feels perfectly safe in his fatalism. The tradition of the powerful Christian prince, who will one day drive out the Osmanli, does not alarm him; for then the day of the last judgment will be close at hand, and he, the true believer, be

admitted to paradise by the two judges who are to pass sentence on the dead in the valley of Josaphat. Next to the Moslem is the Greek, whose hereditary hatred of the Turk predisposes him to hope and believe firmly in his enemy's speedy overthrow. As all his religious interests are intimately associated with the holy places, he naturally yearns for a change of rulers. The Greek clergy understand fully how to impress the pilgrim with the sanctity and importance of the locality, and to keep its religious memories alive in the hearts of their flock. But the hope of the Greeks is in Russia, among the lower strata of whose population is still to be met that fervid piety which the name of Jerusalem may at any hour kindle into the fanaticism of a new crusade.

The Latins, more frequently brought into contact with the Europeans than any of the other races, have the clearest idea of the historical importance which attaches to Palestine, and their spiritual heads firmly believe that the Jerusalem of the future will belong to Rome. The native Protestants are too few in numbers to exert any influence, but the foreign members of this denomination take the deepest interest in the destiny of the Holy Land. Indeed, their arrival and residence are in themselves at once the proof and the expression of the more or less sanguine views which prevail among them in relation to the future. Some of them seek, in common with the Catholics, to pave the way for the new times by elevating the people, morally and mentally, through the agency of missions and schools. Others attempt to assist in the solution of this international problem by the establishment of colonies. Others again look for a restoration of an Israelitic Empire in a literal sense. Last, though not least, is a German sect, of considerable influence and means, which aims at the foundation of a model Protestant State—a shining light to Christendom. But whatever our opinion of the tendencies of these several sects may be, it is to be sincerely hoped that the influx of Christians will continue to increase, and that their colonies will be liberally sustained from abroad. Not only will the culture of the country thus receive a vigorous impulse, but the contact with men of superior enterprise and energy must necessarily stimulate the sluggish natives.

Such is the opinion of natives and foreign residents. But the government of the country does not favor these ideas, and has no sympathy with them, nor, indeed, does it appear to understand the reason of the close adherence of the several communities to their respective Churches, or to divine the real object of the

European settlements. And yet it is evident that a presentiment of the approaching end of Turkish supremacy underlies all the actions of the foreigner-hating Moslem officials. It is their systematic jealousy and suspicion which paralyzes the influence of the foreign consulates, which keeps such a watchful eye on the ill-concealed attempts of the several nationalities to gain the ascendancy, and which offers so dogged a resistance to every Western effort to obtain a firm footing in the land. Even from non-political enterprises, such as the mission schools, agricultural colonies, etc., the much-needed official support is withheld, or only grudgingly doled out. Fifteen years ago the Western Consuls enjoyed far greater consideration in Palestine than they do at the present day.

The English Consul, especially, used to wield great influence, and often did much good. But in this respect a decided change for the worse has taken place since 1860, and as long as the country remains a Turkish dependency there is no hope of improvement. As every-where else in Europe, so also in the Levant, the prestige of England has waned. The Constantinople statesmen have lost their old fear of the overbearing Islanders; and if the haughty Briton fares thus, other nations can hardly expect to receive better treatment. No matter how just a cause may be, no foreign Consul can hope to expedite it, and their wards now constantly experience this to their sorrow, especially in their commercial dealings with the Turks. In spite of the high-sounding leaders of the official Constantinople press, the judiciary is as corrupt as ever, and the complaints at the shameful venality and unfairness of the judges, at their unjust decisions and extortion, have not abated one whit.

But the worst in public repute are the so-called Commercial Tribunals. Thus it is notorious that no impartial decision can be expected from the Commercial Court at Jerusalem. Its judges—mostly Effendis of high standing—are chiefly distinguished for the coarse jokes and ridicule with which they regale the litigants. Woe to the mercantile suitor who is forced to seek redress before a tribunal of this kind! It is constantly asserted that the several nationalities in the Empire are equals in the eyes of the law, but it is certainly not so in practice. The Moslems are, and ever will be, the favored parties to a suit, and especially if they belong to the class of delinquent debtors. In a moral point of view the other Turkish Courts give more satisfaction. As far as the technical proceedings are concerned, the Turks possess,

like the Arabs, the rare gift to draw out a case infinitely, and a decision at times becomes virtually impossible, unless the judges are bribed. Every thing depends on patronage and influence, which are, of course, not to be obtained without an equivalent. The Consulates are not permitted to address the tribunals directly, but must communicate with them through the Pasha. The official language, the Arabic, is wonderfully rich in fine phrases and compliments—a diet upon which the diplomatists are fed to surfeit. Europeans, as foreigners, are not competent to hold office—the only exception to this rule being the lately recognized Municipal Council of Jerusalem, which is intrusted with the care of its local affairs. But in spite of the zeal manifested by the members of this mixed body, a curse appears to rest on all its undertakings, and the only European in the Council—the representative of the North German Consul, the other foreign agents being represented by native Jews—has already come to the conclusion that nothing can be effected under Turkish supremacy. It is only when taxes or fines are to be imposed that the Porte displays something like energy. Indeed, the Turkish system of depletion may be said to have attained perfection in the new era.

If it is really the intention of the Government to introduce order and honesty in the administration, it will none the less be long before any beneficial effects can be experienced. A serious obstacle to reform is the irregular and poor pay of the inferior officials, who are unable to live without extortion and bribery. Another crying evil which should be remedied is the injudicious manner in which the tithes are collected among the rural portion of the population. The Government sells the different districts to the highest bidder, generally a native familiar with the business, who acquires the right to collect the taxes with the aid of the Bashi-Bazuks. The Province of Palestine, to which belongs neither Nablus nor Nazareth, yields about \$200,000 in tithes. In addition to the tithes, the State rents out its large estates at about two-thirds of their annual produce, and collects nearly \$30,000 per year from the lease of the Jaffa mills and fisheries, the Jerusalem gate-money, the sale of salt, and a duty on all goods manufactured in the municipalities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Ill fares the village or district that delays the payment of its dues. Like a swarm of ravenous locusts the Bashi-Bazuks descend down upon its unfortunate people, and, in the name of the Sultan, strip them of all they possess.

Jerusalem, on account of its sanctity, is nominally exempted from taxation, but all sorts of

imports have lately been exacted there under specious pretexts, such as compulsory loans, military contributions, etc., which have caused much dissatisfaction among its inhabitants, and especially among the great patrician families, who had formerly been allowed to manage the revenues of the mosques and other foundations pretty much as they pleased, but which have now been intrusted to the charge of a high Turkish official. All they receive at present from this source is a small annuity.

But it must not be supposed that these revenues benefit in the slightest degree the people from whom they are exacted. After a small deduction for the pay of the local officials, they are swallowed up in the unappeasable maw of the imperial treasury at Constantinople, which never disgorges. The State does not expend a single piaster for the improvement of agriculture, and the peasants themselves plant no more than is absolutely necessary, otherwise they would only be plundered more thoroughly by the tax-collectors. Of industry there exists, of course, hardly a trace. The public roads are in a most pitiful condition, and though the great highway between Jaffa and Jerusalem has lately been repaired in part, the work was so negligently done that it seems almost thrown away. Such a thing as a government mail, according to Western ideas, is utterly unknown. Public schools, supported by the State, have no existence. The public buildings have been in ruins for years. Every locality is left to take care of its own sanitary arrangements, but being poor, this is never attempted—not even in Jerusalem. The people naturally regard this neglect and extortion with constantly growing discontent, and it would, therefore, be difficult to find a single intelligent man in Palestine who is truly loyal to the powers that be. Nor seems the Turkish rule to find more sympathy among the decidedly more intelligent Arab population. The Islam possession, and the apathy common to both races, constitute the only bond between them. Hence it is quite safe to assume that in the event of a foreign war, the invading enemy would meet rather with assistance than opposition on the part of the people of Palestine.

The intercourse with Europe has become too continuous as that even the most ignorant peasant should be ignorant of the fact that things are altogether different in Western lands. Contrary to the generally received impression, Palestine might, under proper management, be made a very prosperous country. Its mountains are admirably adapted to the culture of the grape, tobacco, and olive; the exceedingly fertile soil of the plains would yield an abundant harvest

of grain, cotton, and other products, with good cultivation. Though Palestine, on account of its geographical position, can never expect to become of great importance in an industrial and commercial point of view, under different relations many trades now indifferently followed, as, for instance, the manufacture of soap, might be easily extended. In sheep raising, especially, great results might be attained.

The question whether the existence of Western colonies is possible in Palestine has often been mooted. The experiments hitherto tried have, it must be confessed, been any thing but encouraging. More than one settlement, like the recent American, has proved an utter failure. Still, the principal difficulty with which all such enterprises have had to contend is the intentional do-nothing policy of the Turkish authorities, and we may therefore truly say that colonization has thus far never yet had a fair trial in Holy Land.

But while the material progress of Palestine is nothing to speak of, its moral and spiritual have been all the more gratifying. The credit of having first thought of establishing public schools outside of Jerusalem belongs to the Protestant missions. Their jealousy would not permit the other two Churches—we do not consider the American in this connection, it being too feebly represented in Jerusalem and Jaffa—to remain long behind the Protestant in enterprise. But the rivalry of the Greek Church needs not be feared in the matter of schools, although the Patriarchate of Jerusalem can boast of a large seminary of its own. It is, however, different as regards the Latin Church, whose missionary stations, presided over by zealous and popular priests, steadily increase in numbers and influence. Its able head, the Patriarch Valerga, in whom the Pope places unlimited confidence, has founded near the city of Jerusalem an admirably arranged and conducted seminary for the education of native priests and teachers. Wherever the Roman Catholics come they at once settle themselves permanently, by erecting stately buildings and laying out gardens; they direct their attention to the material welfare of their flocks, who are mostly recruited from the Greeks, and display an earnest zeal in their efforts to win the Christian population—no converts are sought among the Mohammedans—over to the bosom of the universal Church. Two large institutions, managed by the Sisters of Zion, under the superintendence of the well-known Abbe Ratibonne, are devoted to the education of girls belonging to the lower orders, and in the Northern part of Palestine similar institutions have been established with



equal success. The Roman Church disposes, however, of means far greater than those at the command of the evangelical, which depends almost entirely on individual contributions.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Protestant Church in Palestine owes its origin to the English mission, and that the latter is considered the leading Church, the German Reformed has effected much that promises to be enduring. It is the German, not the English, which has done most for popular education, and which seems never to rest in the good work. Its extensive establishments at Jerusalem and Beth-lehem, and other places, are a sufficient proof of this zeal. Germany will therefore be entitled to claim a large share in the regeneration of the Holy Land.

The Jews residing in Palestine can be so much less ignored as they constitute the greater part of its population, and their number, like that of the Christians, keeps steadily increasing, while the Moslems perceptibly diminish. Since the Crimean war the Jewish residents have so multiplied by emigration from Russia, Austria, and, in late years, from North Africa, that they are already computed at one hundred thousand souls. The German-speaking Jews, who come from the north and east of Europe, are, aside from the distorted views of life which their traditions and the Talmud teach them to imbibe, a thoroughly honest and worthy people. Upon the miserable pittance doled out to each member of the Jewish community from the alms collected in their behalf abroad, the greater part of them barely manage to support life. Many of the younger people follow some business or trade, and thus honestly rear their numerous progeny. The North African Jews—Maghrebins—as well as the native Spanish-speaking Jews, devote themselves far less than their brethren to religious studies and exercises. Their prayer-meetings betray a gross indifference in relation to spiritual concerns, but they display on the other hand an unusual aptitude and zeal for trade, some of them being quite wealthy.

The Karaim family have now been settled for a considerable period in Palestine. Though proscribed by their co-religionists for heresy—they repudiate the Talmud and believe alone in the Thora—they bear there, as they did everywhere else, an excellent reputation. Their persons and domiciles are models of cleanliness—a virtue which, though next to godliness, is by no means general among the Ashkenasim. In so far as Jewish assessors are employed in the different administrative departments, where their opinions are often consulted, this people may

be said to exercise a certain amount of political influence with the Turkish authorities. A large part of the Jewish population stands under the protection of the several foreign consuls. The latter act, therefore, often as umpires and arbitrators in their numerous quarrels, for the Hebrew tribunals, which follow the hair-splitting of the Talmud, find it impossible to settle all the disputes that constantly arise between the different communes and families.

The Jerusalem Jews, who devote themselves no less exclusively than those of Hebron, Tiberias, and Sassed, to the study of the Talmud, and who were formerly suppressed by the fanaticism of the Moslems, are not only very numerous, but extremely poor and destitute, for which reason they seem to be a special object of sympathy with the Israelites in all parts of the globe. Not alone from Europe, but even from Australia and China, come considerable remittances of money, which are collected by agents, and paid over to the Jerusalem Rabbis, who divide the amount among their people. To put an end to the fierce disputes which the distribution of these sums used to provoke, each Jewish individual, whether an infant newly born or an aged man, now receives so much, or little, per head. To alleviate the sickness which prevails chiefly among the families settled in the northern districts of Palestine—the result of uncleanness, unwholesome food, and the unnaturally early marriages—the Rothschilds have founded an excellent hospital, which is under the charge of a competent German physician. The Spanish-speaking Jews appear to prefer the English hospital, where medical attendants hardly find time to attend to any other class of patients. The share assumed by the Christian Churches in relieving the sick and suffering deserves also the warmest praise, and is gratefully acknowledged by the entire population. In addition to the Saint Louis Hospital, endowed by the French Government, there are several others, among which is a German infirmary, where, exclusive of the Christians, over three hundred Moslems are annually cared for and supported.

A little more than a quarter of a century ago, the Jews occupied a very deplorable position among the arrogant and brutal Mohammedan population, but since the establishment of the foreign consulates in Palestine, the Jews may no longer be abused with impunity. The contempt for them, however, survives even now, and it is still considered one of the most offensive epithets to call another a Jew. The Christians are, upon the whole, very fairly treated; many of the old patrician families are highly

respected; Christians and Moslem no longer live apart, but often occupy adjoining premises, and associate too much together to harbor the ancient prejudices. While the Mohammedans of Hebron, where there are no Christians, and those of Nablus, where there are only few, bear the reputation of brutality and intolerance, the Mohammedans of Jerusalem are quite tolerant, even courteous. The Effendis—members of the patrician order—pride themselves on sustaining cordial relations with the Europeans, though they treat their own inferiors, and especially the Egyptian fellahs, with the utmost insolence.

What we understand by social intercourse in America and Europe, has no existence in Palestine, not only because of its mixed population, but because this mixture predominates among the Europeans, who permit their denominational differences to interfere most with the social amenities. There is only one link between them, and that is among the *élite*, namely, the literary club founded by Consul Finn, whose President is *eo ipso* the British Consul, and to which all the consuls and the clergy belong. The ostensible object of the club is the study of the topography, history, and archæology of Jerusalem, but its practical results appear thus far to be confined to the subscription to the leading English newspapers.

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#### REMINISCENCES AWAKENED BY A CLOCK.

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**H**ES—it is the same—the old clock—the family clock—the clock that measured off the hours of my childhood—that uttered its stern call to study, to school, to work—that struck its merry peal when the task was accomplished, and smiled cheerily as the whole bevy of boys and girls who had sprung up around my father's hearth-stone bounded forth to sports and frolic—the clock, whose evening chimes gathered parents and children to the altar of cheerful, holy sacrifice. Ah! yes—the whole scene is before me. My father—no other was ever more revered and beloved—as the priest of his household, seems invested with a sanctity not unlike that with which our childish imaginations clothed Abraham, and Isaac, and Moses. Even my mother, as she takes her accustomed seat, regards him with a look that seems almost reverential. No other sound save the ceaseless tick—tick—tick of the familiar clock is heard while the holy page is read, and mingled supplications and thanksgivings ascend to be offered “with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which is before the

throne.” The impressive words of parental admonition and counsel linger in our ears as the “good-night” is spoken, and our last conscious thoughts, as slumber steals over us, are of God, who has so loved us as to give his Son to die for us, and the infinite danger of slighting this great salvation.

But the clock ticked away the years, and each brought its changes to our happy circle. The chubby, rosy-cheeked little boys, playing so lately in frocks and pinafores, grow to stalwart lads. They “put away childish things,” and, one after another, go forth to engage for themselves in the great battle of life. The hallowed influences of that home are around them, and its teachings are never forgotten. They understand the responsibility resting upon every man to glorify God every day, in every business transaction as well as in Sabbath worship. The influence they exert savors of that fireside instruction, and as they become the centers of new homes, the scenes in which they mingled under the parental roof are repeated there. For one family altar there are erected four, from which ascend, each morning and evening, incense and the pure offering. In other homes, the sisters who shared their sports, now wives and mothers, are daily imparting the same lessons their mother taught them, to the children, who shall yet rise up and call them blessed.

Meanwhile, the ticking of the clock is heard more distinctly in the old home. It looks upon a scene changed indeed. Two easy arm-chairs, the same as of old, stand just where they have stood so many years. They, who occupy them, are the same, but there is less of activity and more of repose in the attitude and countenance of each. They talk now of days long gone by, when the voices of laughing boys and singing girls made cheerful music in their now quiet halls. They recall the pleasant incidents in the childish life of each, and the smile steals over their faces at the well-remembered roguish prank. They recount the deeds of thoughtful love, and the conscientious regard for truth and honesty, that filled their hearts with joy and hope then, and which have ripened into rich fruits now. They review the early years of their love and wedded life, and thank God for all the happiness that they have enjoyed—and that their children live to do them honor—that one daughter remains to minister to their comfort, and that all their children have set their dwellings near the paternal mansion.

But the clock ticks on, and it brings a day when one of those chairs is vacant. It was hard at first, for her who has occupied it, to

relinquish the place which she had held for fifty years at the head of her family. She knew how the heart of her husband trusted in her, and how he would miss her society and her accustomed attentions, and she had prayed that her life and health might be continued as long as he should need her love. But the stroke of God is upon her. The limbs, which have been so active in their errands of mercy, are paralyzed—the hands, always busy, must rest from their labors—hardest of all, the faltering tongue can with difficulty express the thoughts and feelings which occupy and interest her. But she does not murmur. The cheerful, playful humor which had always given to her society a peculiar charm for her children, does not forsake her now. It often breaks through all the restraints of the sick-room, and calls smiles to the sympathizing faces of those bending over her, when otherwise her sufferings would cause their tears to flow. But no natural cheerfulness could have triumphed over the many months of weariness and pain allotted to her. The God in whom she had placed the hope of her youth draws near, puts underneath her his everlasting arms, gives support in all her trials, and the assurance of their glorious termination. Her husband still finds much pleasure in her society, and his ministrations to her are very tender. Early and late he is at her bedside—but—the old clock is measuring off his last days. Unseen there steals over the threshold a messenger, who has not entered that door before for more than forty years—"a messenger who never returns alone." And the summons is for him. He receives it calmly, and prepares to obey the call. Once more the finger of the old clock points to the hour of prayer, and languid and trembling as he is, he can not lie down without committing himself and his family to the care of Israel's Shepherd. He lingers with even more than his accustomed tenderness at the side of his wife. No word is spoken, as they throw their arms around each other in close embrace, and exchange the prolonged kiss. But they look unutterable things. Each feels that it is the last farewell till they greet each other in their Father's house above. Another night—she is a widow and their children fatherless. Now she feels that the strongest tie to earth is broken, and she would gladly "be absent from the body and present with the Lord." But the clock must tick on another whole year before her mortality shall be swallowed up of life. Many a lesson of faith, and hope, and patience is learned at her bedside during those last months. It is pleasant to see how her children love to gather there, and by their in-

creased attention strive to fill the sad void in her heart.

Morning by morning her manly sons are seen bending over her to receive her kiss and benediction, before they seek their places of business. The youngest could less frequently be there, but there was a glad light in the eyes of the aged mother whenever she could fold him in her arms, and her faith grew stronger, as the voice of her "Benjamin" repeated the gracious promises in her ear, and offered fervent supplication that God would verify them all to her.

The clock ticks on—hour by hour, day by day, till all are numbered—till the last pang is suffered, the long struggle over. She lies by the side of the companion of her pilgrimage, the old home is forsaken, and the dwelling no longer knows parents or children. But the memories lingering around the old clock are too pleasant and too sacred for it to be allowed to pass into the hands of strangers. Now it stands where the eyes of one of the sons rest upon it, as the light of each new day dawns, and its "tick—tick—tick" is the last sound in his ears when the light has faded, and he is reminded that he stands one post nearer the end of his journey.

Yes—it is the same old clock, associated with all the days of the past, its finger steadily pointing forward, while it is counting off the days of the children, as it has counted the days of the father. But when its voice shall be silent, we will believe that the happy group of the early home will all be gathered in the better and the heavenly.

#### CONVALESCENCE.

**B**EST after toil is sweet, but there is something far sweeter in rest from pain. One can scarcely know the full delicious meaning of that word until, after days and nights of anguish, the poor body racked and tortured with a thousand pangs, he feels at last that they are gone—all gone—that he has nothing now to do but enjoy the blissful quietude from pain, and gather slowly to himself again the scattered pearls of life, and health, and strength. You know all about it, do not you, gentle reader? In what a quiet, happy trance you lie, and how pleasant is the confused murmur of sounds that reaches you from the other rooms, where life is at flood tide. Perhaps you hear some one singing in the distance, and dream yourself in heaven. You are strictly enjoined not to think of any thing that will annoy or fret you, so you let the cares of life slip from you, with the whole burden of the wants and woes of humanity, yet do not accuse yourself of indolence or selfish-

ness. If a tiresome gossip comes in you can hush her at once without being considered rude, and even your dearest friends will talk or not talk at your bidding. You think of a thousand pleasant things—the love and kindness of the friends who have watched over you, the mercy of the good Father who has brought you back from the gates of death, the happy days you spent before your illness, and the still happier ones you hope will come. You think of the unseen world you have been so near, and it does not seem cold and forbidding, but warm, and sweet, and home-like; you fancy you can go more easily when your time shall come, for the little glimpse which has now been given you.

You look from your window and see many beautiful things you had not time to note before. The dawning day is more tender and solemn, the noons are more perfect in their glory, the sunsets more suggestive than ever of that city which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to lighten it. You watch with new interest the birds that flit among the trees, the clouds that float in heaven's blue deep, the gathering storm, the shimmer of sunshine after rain.

By and by more active pleasures take the place of these passive, trance-like enjoyments. You begin to sit a little, to take a favorite volume into your hand, or, if you are a woman, some dainty bit of feminine handicraft. You weary, now and then, of your nurse's gentle tyranny. Dear good soul, you know you could not live without her, but you do wish she would let you have your own way a little more, and not take away the precious poet or the charming bit of work so soon. You lay a good many plans to evade her wise commands; you try your prettiest coaxing, and your most ingenious stratagems—alas for you if you carry your waywardness too far, and are compelled to pay its penalty by a relapse into weariness and pain. Now that you are strong enough to bear it, what a godsend is the lively friend who comes in to chat with you some morning, and leaves you feeling all day as if a refreshing, life-giving wind had swept through your room and infused new energy into your being!

How you prize the little gifts that are sent you—some delicacy to tempt the palate may be, or beautiful flowers that speak to you of fields, and woods, and gardens, and all things nearest heaven, not least the love and thoughtfulness of the givers!

And they bring the children in to see you—darling little cherubs of your own household, or of others that you love—soft chubby hands are on your face or in your hair, dainty lips and cheeks are pressed against your own, sweet

baby voices coo and call to you, and from the fountain of these fresh young lives you drink reviving draughts. Ah, how sweet it all is, this new awaking to life, and love, and action!

You do a hundred little things that you had no time for in health. You re-arrange your chests and drawers, you read the last new novel—if it is a good one—with no qualms of conscience for wasted time, you re-acquaint yourself with the dear old poet to whom you had become almost a stranger; you re-trim your dresses and make some dainty collars and "bows," or you carve out wonderful devices on cherry-stones and shells.

Presently the dear friend who has been nursing you goes away, and there is a great vacant place in your chamber you do not like to think about; but, as her leaving is a token you are almost well, you can scarce be sorry. The doctor, too—faithful, earnest worker—how you used to watch for his coming and look up to him as if he were a god, to still the raging pain! But now—you can not help it—his last visit is the most welcome one of all. You feel no self-condemnation here, however, for you know he is as glad to be discharged as you are to let him go.

And now you are left alone once more—alone, save the dear ones who are always with you, and whose worth and preciousness you never felt as now. Gradually you slide back into the old ways of living and doing. How pleasant are your first little cautious walks in the garden; your first short rides, with the touch of the blessed air upon your forehead; your first meal with the family in the dining-room! How delightful it is when you are able to work in earnest once more! And if you have been living a busy, hurried life, you will find that this "enforced pause" has been of more value to you than the time you have lost—this stopping short in the tangled maze of things to make an entirely new beginning. You have found that the world can move on without you; that your work—even your precious, chosen work—can wait; that the permanency of heaven and earth does not depend upon your accomplishing just such and so many tasks within a given time. This discovery will not make you idle, if you have the right stuff in you, but it will lead you to work more deliberately, and, therefore, more wisely. You will seize the web of life with firmer, defter hand; you will straighten some tangled threads, correct some false patterns, ply the shuttle more vigorously and dextrously, and with finer results. And finally you will learn to thank God for the very pain which brought such peace and blessedness in its wake, and to

feel in your inmost soul the truth you have always tried to believe—that he is making *all things* work together for your good.

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PREPARE ME FOR MY DYING HOUR.

THE solemn hour may be impending,  
When my career shall end in death,  
My course toward the grave is tending,  
And soon may come my latest breath;  
My God and Savior, hear my prayer,  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

I know not, as the morn appeareth,  
What may befall ere even-tide;  
My vessel often danger neareth,  
While down the stream of time I glide;  
My God and Savior, hear my prayer,  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

O teach me, Lord, my days to number;  
So that I wisdom's path pursue;  
That nothing may my soul encumber,  
O let me keep the cross in view;  
My God and Savior, hear my prayer,  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

O, Lord, unfold to me heaven's beauties,  
Enshroud the vanities of earth;  
And let me, 'mid my earthly duties,  
Behold eternity set forth;  
My God and Savior, hear my prayer,  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

O, Father, cover my transgression,  
With the Redeemer's merits o'er;  
Be this alone my firm foundation,  
Then I find rest for evermore;  
My God and Savior, hear my prayer,  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

My house I'll keep in preparation,  
Lord, may I ever watchful be;  
I'll say to thee, in every station,  
Lord, as thou wilt, so do with me;  
My God and Savior, hear my prayer,  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

I know, through Jesus' blood and suffering,  
My sin's remission I obtain,  
By fervent prayer unto him offering,  
And for my end true comfort gain;  
My God and Savior, hear my prayer,  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

Nothing shall me from Jesus sever;  
I'll lay my hand into his side,  
And say, My Lord and God; and ever  
Though life and death in him abide;  
The sufferings which Christ did bear  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

To-day let death come, or to-morrow,  
I know that I in Jesus live,  
Thee will I serve through joy and sorrow,  
Thy robe of righteousness I have;

The pain and anguish thou didst bear  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

I live the while in thee confiding,  
And, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
I know, if thou my way art guiding,  
To safely pass I shall not fail;  
The pangs of death which thou didst bear  
Me for my dying hour prepare.

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SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

Sow ye beside all waters  
Where the dew of heaven may fall;  
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,  
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.  
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee;  
One wore the thorns for thee;  
And though the cold world scorn thee,  
Patient and hopeful be.  
Sow ye beside all waters,  
With a blessing and a prayer;  
Name Him whose hand upholds us,  
And sow thou every-where.

Sow, though the rock repels thee,  
In its cold and sterile pride;  
Some cleft there may be riven  
Where the little seed may hide.  
Fear not, for some will flourish;  
And though the tares abound,  
Like the willows by the waters  
Will the ripened grain be found.  
Work while the daylight lasteth,  
Ere the shades of night come on,  
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,  
And the laborer's work is done.

Work in the wild, waste places,  
Though none thy love may own;  
God guides the down of a thistle  
The wandering wind hath sown.  
Will Jesus chide thy weakness,  
Or call thy labor vain?  
The word that for him thou bearest,  
Shall return to him again.  
On! with thy heart in heaven,  
Thy strength in the Master's might,  
Till the wild, waste places blossom  
In the warmth of a Savior's light.

Watch not the clouds above thee—  
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep;  
God may the seed-time give thee,  
But another's hand may reap.  
Have faith, though ne'er beholding  
The seed burst from its tomb;  
Thou knowest not what may perish,  
Or what be spared to bloom.  
Room on the narrowest ridges  
The ripened grain will find,  
That the Lord of the harvest coming,  
In the harvest-sheaves may bind.

## The Children's Repository.

### THE EXPECTED VISIT.

"**OTHER,**" said Robert White as he rushed into the house, running down a chair and bringing up against the table, "Uncle Seth is coming here to-morrow."

"Do n't tear the house down in your joy," said Mrs. White. "How do you know he is coming?"

"Father has just come from the post-office with a letter from Uncle Seth. The letter has been delayed on the way somewhere; it is more than a week old. Father says we may expect Uncle Seth to-morrow. Are you not glad, mother?"

"I shall certainly be very glad to see my brother. Are any of his family coming with him?"

"O yes, ma'am. I forgot to say that Cousins Mary and Albert are coming."

"I am glad they are coming. They will be company for you."

"So am I, but I like Uncle Seth better than I like them."

"Uncle Seth can't play with you."

"I like to hear him talk, do n't you?"

"I like to hear all my friends talk."

"But do n't you think Uncle Seth is the best talker you ever heard?"

"I have heard persons converse quite as well as my brother, perhaps better. You feel a special interest in the topics on which he is fond of dwelling, and your affection for him adds to the interest of what he says."

"Father is coming in; he will read you the letter. I must go and get ready for Uncle Seth's arrival."

Mr. Seth Holcomb, the brother of Mrs. White, was, at the time of the expected visit, about sixty years of age. He lived in Plymouth county, Massachusetts. He traced his pedigree on his mother's side to one of the Pilgrims of the May-Flower. Plymouth was his Mecca, and the granite rock which tradition says was first pressed by the feet of John Alden was sacred in his eyes. He was familiar with the history of the colony, and with the relics, authentic and doubtful, garnered in Pilgrim Hall, or jealously cherished in private families. He was an ardent admirer, but not a blind worshiper, of the Pilgrim Fathers. He revered their personal

characters, and most of the principles by which they were governed. Matters connected with the Pilgrims and the early history of New England were the topics alluded to by Mrs. White as those on which he was fond of dwelling.

I said just now that Robert went to make preparation for his uncle's arrival. Some things which his father had told him to do were as yet undone, having been put off for the morrow. It was his father's custom to give him somewhat general directions, that he might have a sense of responsibility and form habits of self-control. For example, he would say, on Monday, "Robert, I wish you, in the course of the week, to do such and such things"—to hoe the corn in the garden, perhaps, or to gather into heaps the stones in a field just sown, or to clean out the spring in the pasture. As Robert was allowed to take his own time during the week for doing the work pointed out, he was very apt to put it off till near the close of the week. By that means he was often greatly hurried, and sometimes he failed to comply with the directions given him.

Mr. Brooks never told his boys to do any thing till the time came when he wished it done. In consequence they never got behindhand in their work. Robert wished his father would do as Mr. Brooks did, but his father wished him to form the habit of self-direction. He wished him to acquire strength to resist temptations to indolence and procrastination.

As Robert wished to have the morrow to spend in his uncle's society, he hastened to do the work which should have been done earlier in the week. He had a quantity of light lumber to put under cover, and he kept at work till it was quite dark.

His sister Lucy said to him as he entered the door, "Cousin Mary, and Uncle Seth, and Albert are coming to-morrow." She expected to be the bearer of pleasant news, as she was not aware of the fact that Robert knew of the receipt of the letter. His countenance did not, as she had expected, light up with pleasure.

He replied, "I know it," in a rather surly tone.

"I thought you would be glad to hear they are coming," said Lucy. "What is the matter with you?"

"I have too much to do."

"What have you been doing to make you so tired and cross?"

"I have been moving lumber."

"Father told you to do it last Monday."

"He told me to do it some time during the week. He did not tell me to do it on Monday. I wish he had, then I should not be obliged to work after dark."

This was spoken in a tone proper to be used by an injured person. A stranger hearing him might be led to think that his father had treated him unkindly in permitting him to use his own free will in selecting the time for doing the required work.

"Father said the earlier you did it the better. If you had done it yesterday, instead of going a fishing, you would not have been hurried tonight. I told you you would better not put it off."

"It is very easy for you to talk who have nothing to do."

"I work for mother nearly as many hours every day, as you do for father during the whole week."

"Well, you are older than I am."

"And you are, you say, much stronger than I am. But go to the well and wash your hands and face, and then come and sit with me in the porch, and let us talk over what we will do when Uncle Seth and our cousins come."

"Lucy's advice was given in so sweet a tone that Robert could not resist it. He felt that he had no right to be cross, that he had no one to blame but himself.

He went to the well and drew up, by means of a long sweep—as it is termed by those who use that singularly uncouth contrivance—a bucket of cool water, and poured it into a large stone bowl, or rather into a hollow chiseled out of a large stone, which served as a kind of democratic wash-basin for the workmen, and a drinking cup for the fowls. He applied the cool liquid to his hands and face, and when they were thoroughly cooled and cleansed, he drew up the bucket a second time, and balancing it on the curb, applied his lips to its iron-bound rim, and slaked his thirst with the health-giving beverage. He felt much cooler and calmer. He joined his sister in the porch with his usual sprightly and affectionate manner.

"Sister, I am sorry I was cross," said he, kissing her tenderly.

"No matter; you were tired. Let us talk about to-morrow," said Lucy.

"I had no right to be tired. I should have attended to the lumber on Monday or Tuesday, and then there would not have been any thing to make me tired. The next time father tells me to do a thing I won't put it off."

"That is right. What time do you think they will be here?"

Lucy, in her kindness, wished to turn his attention away from an unpleasant theme. She had no great confidence that he would keep the resolution he had just formed and announced. She had heard him say the same thing more than once. She knew that it was one thing for young persons to form good resolutions, another thing to keep them.

"I mean to tell father that I won't put off things any more."

"Perhaps you would better let him find it out from your actions."

"I see you do n't believe I will stick to what I say."

"None of us keep all our good resolutions. If we did we should do a great deal better than we do."

"I will tell father, in order to put myself under bonds. It will be like Cortez burning his ships. I shall be ashamed to meet him, if I do n't keep my resolution."

"Let us talk about to-morrow. Which of the three do you wish to see the most?"

"Uncle Seth. Which do you?"

"I like Uncle Seth very much, but if I could see but one, I would rather see Mary."

"Mary is a good girl and I like her, and I like Albert, but I *love* Uncle Seth. I have learned more from him than from any one except father. I love to hear him talk about the Pilgrims."

"Some persons think he talks too much about them."

"I do n't think so. Only those persons who do n't care any thing about liberty think so. Those who would like to have a king over us do n't like to hear him talk so much about the pioneers of liberty."

"No one wants a king in this country."

"Do n't they? That shows how much you know about the matter. But women can't be expected to know any thing about politics; that belongs to the men."

Robert drew a long breath after the utterance of this remark. Perhaps it was to expand his chest to a dimension fitting the class to which he had complacently elevated himself. Lucy smiled.

"I tell you," said he, in an elevated tone of voice, "that there are a great many friends of monarchy in this country—a great many who wish to be dukes and lords. They have got rich, and they do n't want poor people to be as good as they are."

"It may be there are. But what are you going to do when Albert comes?"

"May be! There is no may be about it. There are thousands of such persons in this republican country."

"I am sorry for it, but I do n't know any thing about such things."

"That is true, and therefore you should n't call in question what is said by those who do."

This was said in a very condescending way. Lucy submitted with a good grace to the implied rebuke, and thus brought him to attend to a subject much more interesting to her—that of the expected arrival of Uncle Seth and their cousins. It was a subject equally interesting to Robert, but he thought it manly to profess a deeper interest in politics.

The reader must not suppose that the opinions just now expressed by Robert were formed by him from observation, or that they were formed by him at all. He was merely repeating the language of Mr. Stiles, who intended to be a candidate for the next Legislature, provided he could get any body to nominate him. He was a large, red-faced man, with a loud voice. The boys regarded him as a model patriot and orator. Robert sometimes repeated his remarks as though they were his own. It was by no means a good thing to do.

"What are you going to do when Albert is here?" said Lucy.

"I can tell you what I am going to do when Uncle Seth is here; I am going to stick by him, and hear him talk."

"You can't be with uncle all the time; you must spend a part of your time with your cousin. We must go to the Glen while they are here."

"That's so, and we must go to Blackberry Hill; the blackberries are ripe. Uncle Seth shall go with us."

"Perhaps they would rather not have their father go with us."

"If they do n't love their father well enough to wish to have him with them they do n't love him as well as I do."

"Young persons may love their parents dearly and yet not wish to have them with them at all times. We never do any thing which we would not be willing to let father and mother know; but we do n't wish to have them with us at all times."

Lucy's doctrine was sound; young persons should never do or say what judicious parents would not, under the circumstances, approve. This rule will not prevent them from doing what they would prefer their parents should not witness. There is a difference between reserve and concealment.

At this moment Mr. White came to the porch and said, "Robert, I want to see you before you go to bed."

Robert went into the sitting-room with a firm tread and a cheerful countenance. He knew from the tones of his father's voice that he had nothing unpleasant to say to him. It sometimes happens that when a father tells his son he wishes to see him, the son at once begins to call to mind this and that evil deed, and to wonder if his father has found it out. Robert seldom had any mental exercise of that kind. He loved, honored, and usually obeyed his parents. The father and son were well acquainted with, and had confidence in, each other.

"Your uncle," said Mr. White, "is coming here to-morrow, and your cousins Mary and Albert. You will try to make the time pass pleasantly with them. Their stay will be short; hence we must take the more pains to entertain them."

"Certainly, sir. I shall do all I can to make their visit pleasant, especially to Uncle Seth."

"Your attentions should be given to your cousins rather than to your uncle. They are more especially your company."

"I know it, sir, but—"

As the sentence remained unfinished, Mr. White remarked, "The word 'but,' by itself, has very little meaning."

"Well, sir, I like uncle better than I like Albert and Mary, and I would rather be with him and hear him talk."


"I am not sorry that you appreciate your uncle, and are interested in his very sensible conversation; but we are not always to follow our inclinations. It would be, very easy to be hospitable and polite, if our inclinations always led us in that direction. Politeness often consists in sacrificing our own convenience and wishes. When our inclinations coincide with duty, it is well; but if they do not coincide, duty is not to be neglected. Self-denial is one great law of life. We must often deny our appetites in order that we may recover or preserve our health. We must deny our passions in order that we may do right, and attain that completeness of character at which it is our duty to constantly aim. You can be with your uncle at table, and in the evening. During the day the most of your time should be devoted to your cousins; you should lay yourself out to see how happy you can make them while they stay with us."

"Well, sir, I will; but I was anticipating a great deal of enjoyment in being with Uncle Seth a great part of the time."

"Do your duty to your cousins, and let your enjoyment take care of itself. In the long run, the greatest amount of enjoyment is secured by the most faithful performance of duty."



## ONE DAY.

“ DEAR! snowing and blowing, and cold as Greenland.”

Willie thrusts his curly head down into the pillow again, but he could not get another nap; for sister May came to the door, calling to him that it was time to get up, and that breakfast was ready.

So he left his warm bed with great reluctance; and in about ten minutes appeared at the breakfast-table, with a very dull, sleepy-looking face.

“Come, Willie, it is Monday morning!” said his mother, cheerfully.

“O yes, I know it!—an awful stormy morning, too! and such hard old lessons! Say, mother, can’t I stay home from school to-day!”

“Why, Willie! a boy wanting to stay home because it storms!”

“O well, mother, I do n’t feel a bit like school to-day. It would be so nice and cozy to stay home with you and May, and auntie, all day. It won’t make any difference. Ah, yes!”

Willie looked very pleadingly at his mother, but she only smiled and said, “It might make a great deal of difference, Willie.”

“What! just one day, mother!”

“Yes; *just one day*, Willie. One day is a thing of great importance sometimes; one day may change a person’s whole after life; one day, to a boy who has so much to learn, is of too much value to be slighted. What knowledge you gain, or what knowledge you lose in *just one day*, may make more difference to you than you now have any idea of. What you will learn at school, or what you will fail to learn, by staying at home just this one day, will be so much precious treasure laid up or wasted.”

Willie began slowly to gather together his school-books. Then he looked out at the storm, and then he stood for a moment before the warm, pleasant, bright fire.

“And, Willie,” spoke his aunt, “sometimes God, who has waited long, holds our salvation and life *just one day longer*; and if the sinner refuses it, that day may close the door of heaven upon him forever!”

Willie put on his coat, and said good-morning to his mother and aunt. “After all,” he said to May, as she went to the door with him, “I do n’t know as I’d care to stay at home.”

He spoke carelessly; but all day long the solemn talks lingered in his mind; and all day long he kept thinking how the puzzling sums, and the difficult parsing, and the pages of history, were each so much added to the stock of knowledge which was to be a treasure to him in after life.

My young friends, do you ever think what a wonderful thing *one little day* is? You say, “A year!—a whole long year!”—and it seems a time of great importance to you—but do you ever think how the year is made up of these days—these precious little days that we are so apt to neglect!

Perhaps you said, at the beginning of this new year: “Now I will make it a better year than the last;” and you resolved to do so much. Now, a few weeks have gone by, and how much have you done? Look back, and see how much you have improved—not much, have you?—it looks a great deal like the old year yet, does n’t it? Ah, that is because you keep looking at the year, the long year, and not at the *little days*, one by one? You must take each day by itself; you must look at its face in the morning when you awake, and say, “One more day sent me by God,” and you must begin that very minute to use and improve the precious gift—be patient *that day*; be industrious that day; be cheerful that day; be kind that day; be careful that day; be wise that day; be thoughtful that day—then, when that day goes back to God, he will say, “Well done;” and, though you can not see his smile, you can feel his blessing in your soul, and his peace around your pillow at night. Such days will make the year good and happy.

## TRUE REASON FOR BEING HONEST.

“HONESTY is the best policy,” said Harry aloud; “and I mean always to be honest.”

“What does the ‘best policy’ mean?” asked his sister Ada, looking up from her work.

“Why this,” replied the boy, “that if you are always honest, even though it may not seem the wisest thing for yourself at the time, you will get best off in the end.”

“I do n’t think,” replied his sister, “that is a good reason; because if you saw dishonest people getting on better for a long time, you would, perhaps, get tired of waiting for the time to come when you would be ‘best off,’ and begin to be dishonest too.”

“Ada is right,” said her mamma, coming into the room; “be honest because it is right, my son; that is the only safe reason. Try to please God, whether any gain comes from it or not. You will sometimes not be able to see how doing the right thing is profitable in a temporal point of view; but it will matter little, when you come to die, whether you have been ‘best off’ in this world or not.”

“I thank you, mamma,” said Harry. “In future I will endeavor to do right.”

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**WORKING MEMBERS.**—How few there are who take part in the active duties of religion! Some of our Churches, and, in comparison with the whole number of professing members, the majority, are not active workers. They seem to feel, but they do not act. We trust that the light is within them, but they do not let it shine out. They profess to feel interested in the welfare of religion and their own Churches, and wish them success; but they make no actions nor do any deeds by which it may be visible to all that they have a heart to work and to do work. There seems to be a disposition in the minds of many to be simple recipients of the blessings of the Gospel without dispensing, or being the means of dispensing, the blessings to others. Christ said to the man out of whom he had cast the evil spirit, and who afterward sat at his feet and clothed in his right mind, "Go home to thy friends and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." So every Christian, every member of the Church, should feel that he is sent forth to say and to do something for Christ.

To come to church, listen to the truth, pay our pew rent, give to our benevolent boards, and honor and respect religion—all this is well, but is it all? Does it give the evidence of an earnest Christian worker? It is a kind of silent Christian life—a sort of latent zeal which accomplishes nothing. Ah no! If we want to be earnest workers for Christ and in our Church we must go into the prayer-meeting, into the Sabbath-school; engage in the tract cause; interest ourselves in our various missions; ascertain their wants; read the accounts and letters of missionaries; give ourselves and get others to give; speak out for Christ by prayer in our families, in public; talk to our friends and neighbors, and constrain them to come to Jesus—in a word, we must say and do something for Christ and his cause. O! if it were possible so to arouse the professing membership of our Church that they would become workers—all doing something for Christ's cause and the Church of their adoption—we would soon see a different state of things throughout the bounds of our beloved Zion.—*Christian Treasury.*

**SPEAK EASY, FATHER.**—Charles ran to his father, who was busily employed in a vexatious piece of work, and without thinking of the pressure of his father's mind, asked him what he was doing. The

father more thoughtlessly with a loud voice, which had a tone of passion, replied, "No matter; go away, my son!"

Charles recoiled from the excited parent, and, with faltering accents said, "Speak easy, father;" and left his father, with a tear in his eye.

How often is this rebuke needed in the domestic circle, where emphatically a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger!

Not unfrequently are parents mortified and sorrowful, because passionate words and deeds are displayed by children, and even in maturer life, bring them to the disgrace of the public criminal, when this development of depravity was only the fruit of seeds sown in young hearts by "grievous words."

"Speak easy, father," and mother also, and children too; for your tones of voice shall blend with the music of a sanctified soul, or the discord of a heart unstrung forever.

**LOVE.**—At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and perhaps it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in works of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life there can not be the slightest doubt. For see what it will conquer. It is not only that it prevails over selfishness, but it has the victory over weariness, tiresomeness, and familiarity. When you are with the person loved you have no sense of being bored. This humble and trivial circumstance is the great test, the only sure and abiding test of love.

With the persons you do not love, you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, however much you admire them and are interested in them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of "what shall I say next?" Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love, the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relation of the heavenly bodies to one another, which, in their silent revolutions, lose none of their attractive power. The sun does not talk to the world, but it attracts it.—*Arthur Helps.*

**IMPERIOUSNESS OF SLEEP.**—Every man must sleep according to his temperament; but eight hours is the average. If one requires a little more or a little less, he will find it out for himself. Whoever, by work,

pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a long time, but Nature keeps close accounts, and no man can dodge her settlements. We have seen impoverished railroads that could not keep the track in order, nor spare the engine to be thoroughly repaired. Every year track and equipments deteriorated. By and by comes the crash, and the road is a heap of confusion and destruction. So it is with men. They can not spare time to sleep enough. They slowly run behind. Symptoms of general waste appear. Premature wrinkles, weak eyes, depression of spirit, failing of digestion, feebleness in the morning, and overwhelming melancholy—these, and many other signs, show a general dilapidation. If, now, calamity suddenly causes an extraordinary pressure, they go down under it. They have no resources to draw upon. They have been living up to the verge of their whole vitality every year.—*E. R. Hale.*

**CAUSE OF UNHAPPINESS.**—Harsh judgment, rough words, small but frequent acts of selfishness and injustice, sometimes poison the heart that promised to be healthy, and curse the start that promised to be blessed. There are families that possess every earthly comfort—health, money, and occupation—but are miserable from the jealousy and quarreling that prevails within them. There are married couples who live in daily sorrow, not because they are in want, but because each thinks the other unkind, and arbitrary, and inconsiderate. Young people sometimes marry with their eyes shut; and thus, instead of being mated with angels, as they foolishly imagined they might be, they find out afterward that they are only men and women, with the common work-a-day weaknesses and faults of their respective sex. This sham love easily gets soured, and then each reproaches the other for not fulfilling the sentimental prospects with which they entered the marriage state. Take any of the relationships of life, and we find that the greater part of all our sorrow comes from the same cause. Get any one to tell you honestly what gives him the most annoyance and disquietude, and he will tell you they come from want of kindness, sympathy, and fellow-feeling. He could tell you that he would bear other things if he only met with more consideration, support, and encouragement from the people with whom he had to do.

**WOMANLY MODESTY.**—Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, a full-blown rose, leave him unmoved, but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from beneath a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in painting—it gives it 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 to the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of “maiden’s blush.” This pure and delicate hue is the only paint a Christian virgin must 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 aloe, which blooms and dies in a few hours; but modesty gives the female character charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

**A WOMAN’S DEFENSE OF DRESS.**—For myself I should be thankful to return to the habits of our grandmothers; buy a bonnet which would do to wear ten years; have three dresses, two for every day, and one for “nice,” and wear them year after year till they wear out, without alteration; also twist up my hair in a plain wad at the back of my head. I should then have more time for reading and study, and more money to spend in books, pictures, and traveling, to say nothing of the unlimited time and money for doing good. And I know of very many women who would be only too happy to throw aside the wearisome shackles of fashion. But what would be the result? with the maiden—no more beaux; with the wife—a cessation of devotion on the part of her husband—results too dire to be contemplated for a moment. I speak what I know, and testify what I have seen. I have myself been to parties sensibly and economically clad, and I was despised and rejected of men; again I have been more fashionably and expensively attired, and I had more beaux than I knew what to do with. By the way, why do not some of these wise and sensible bachelors court and marry among the vast army of working girls? They are dressed very simply, and are accustomed to habits of economy. They would be glad enough of good homes, and would make excellent wives. They are personally attractive, and, I doubt not, are quite as refined and intelligent as the average of fashionable women. Why is there not a greater demand for them as wives, and why are not the Flora M’Flimsseys a drug in the market? Let the facts speak for themselves. Be not deceived, O my brethren! With you lies the fault; from you must come the remedy—refuse to pay court to silks, panniers, frills, and chignons, and we shall go over to calico in battalions.

**A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.**—The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels, by the law of the land in which he lives, by the laws of civilized nations, he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another the character of man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by his power, is rolling through heavens, a part is his—his from the center to the sky. It is the space on which the generation moves in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers; he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his labors. The

roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood by the brook which still winds through the meadows. Through the field lies the path to the village school of early days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents are laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words can not buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are life-springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.—*Edward Everett.*

**THE CHRISTIAN'S RETROSPECT.**—Whoever has entered into the venerable rank of the men of sixty years of age, and looks back on the two generations over which his life has extended, may well regard himself as having now reached the last stage of his journey. He will hardly commence any new enterprise, or enter on any fresh undertaking. Living only on that it has already gained, the soul will scarcely reckon on any farther real increase of its spiritual capital. It will rather live in the memories of the past, than dream away the brief time now remaining in hopes for which at least here, on *this side*, there is no longer any anchor-ground. Well is it for him who is able, with the peace of old Simeon—a peace altogether different from that which the world knows, and which seeks to build on the deceitful foundation of a consciousness of personal merit—to look forward into the future, as well as back into the past! Perhaps this retrospect will not fill his soul only with songs of joy, but will also hold him fast at many places which he will be constrained anew to water with the hot tears of repentance. But he will always raise himself up and take courage, again, and feel his just sorrow give place to equally well-founded joy over the everlasting truth, that “if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.”—*Krummacher.*

**KIND WORDS.**—They never blister the tongue nor lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his

sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Anon.*

**“THE WAY OF CAIN.”**—This is a comprehensive title. Under it may be ranged all the false, though sometimes plausible, theories about God and man, which owe their common origin to *the substitution of human thoughts for divine revelation*, and the admitting the presumptuous idea that a fallen being may have a *will* in the matter of religion. It is not pure, unmixed error; nor is it only the grosser violation of divine precept and human morals; it is a name which may be inscribed on the long catalogue of Papal errors, which Mohammedanism bears on its front, which the Vedas and Shastas of India, in short, the text-book of every false religious system, ancient and modern, and every nation under heaven, carries on its title-page. In our own land, “the way of Cain” is thronged by myriads both of deceivers and of deceived. The Socinian despiser of the blood of Jesus; the despiser of dominion, “speaking evil of dignities,” and carrying the infidel spirit of democracy into things spiritual and temporal; who, in bringing a “railing accusation” against divinely constituted powers, does that against “the ministers of God,” which Michael, the archangel, durst not, even against Satan; the antinomian perverter of the grace of God, living in open sin and uncleanness, and talking of “electing love;” the mocker at holy things, “walking after his own ungodly lust;” *these* are some of Cain's modern brethren.

**BLESSINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.**—We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget how large a portion is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been? what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which can not be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts, to the Gospel.—*Judge Park.*

**HOW TO RECEIVE BLAME.**—“If any one speaks ill of thee,” says Epictetus, “consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.” When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, “Ah!” said he, “then I must learn to sing better.” Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said, “It is no matter; I shall live so that none will believe them.” Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said, “I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it.” This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for the great and only relief against the pains of calumny.

## Contemporary Literature.

**LIGHT AT EVENING TIME: A Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged.** Edited by John Stanford Holmes, D. D. 8vo. Pp. 352. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Cicero, in his treatise on Old Age, says, "It can not be supposed that Nature, after having wisely distributed to all preceding periods of life their peculiar and proper enjoyments, should have neglected, like an indolent poet, the last act of the human drama, and left it destitute of suitable advantages." The sentiment, if we suppose the term Nature to include the God of nature, is not only eminently true, but in singular harmony with the spirit of divine revelation; for in the light of the Bible old age is not without its especial sources of enjoyment, and its own peculiar rewards. He whose habits have been formed in a perpetual waiting upon God, receives a hallowed union of grace which, so to speak, makes him young again, or, more properly, keeps him from waxing old within. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's," says the Psalmist; "They that wait on Jehovah shall renew their strength," says the prophet. Divine grace, then, has influences to bestow which can counteract, and often annul the debilitating tendencies of old age; but this grace is reserved for Christian old age. Without religion the circle of life becomes more contracted, its interests less attractive, its comforts and hopes fewer, its infirmities more and greater, until the decaying old man, without interests, without hopes, and without capacities, is dead already to both worlds. Take away the blessed sun, and every thing becomes wintery, frozen, all but dead; take away more blessed love, and the heart is dumb, insulated, meanly poor, so that the Latins named such a one a *miser*.

All believing and sublime exercises of Christian experience have in them something as fresh as childhood. True religion brings the soul into fellowship with all that is free, hopeful, and advancing in earth, and all that is bright and perfect in heaven. "The true Christian," said Schleiermacher, at the end of a long life, "is always young." No one has more beautifully expressed the thought than Pulsford: "As ripe fruit is sweeter than green fruit, so is age sweeter than youth, provided the youth were grafted into Christ; as harvest-time is a brighter time than seed-time, so is age brighter than youth, that is, if youth were a good seed-time for good; as the completion of a work is more glorious than the beginning, so is age more glorious than youth, that is, if the foundation of the work of God were laid in youth; as sailing into port is a happier thing than the voyage, so is age happier than youth, that is, when the voyage of youth is made with Christ at the helm."

Such is the general topic of this beautiful volume;

it is designed for those who are advancing in years. It is a staff to lean upon. It is intended to assist the aged in the performance of their duties, and in the enjoyment of their privileges. It consists of brief articles selected from a wide range, all adapted to the experiences and needs of aged people. The book is issued in very excellent style, being printed in large, clear type; the articles are generally short, so that the book may be taken up at odd intervals for perusal. It will be a welcome volume to those for whom it is intended.

**TENT LIFE IN SIBERIA.** By George Kennan. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Mr. Kennan, the author of this interesting volume, was one of the party who explored the wilds of Siberia a few years ago, when there was a thought of connecting the Old and New World by telegraphic communication by the way of Behring Straits and the Russian Empire, a project finally superseded by the unexpected success of the Atlantic cables. This volume is the record of Mr. Kennan's personal experiences and observations in that almost unknown land. The generally prevailing impressions in regard to Siberia are rather vague and indefinite. Most persons have no other idea of it than as a bleak and desolate country, where hapless victims of Russian law or tyranny labor in chains, and endure all the hardships of exile and penal servitude. To be told that this land abounds with enchanting natural loveliness; that it possesses mountain scenery of great grandeur and beauty, while its noble rivers flow through rich valleys, and are bordered by luxuriant foliage, will be a surprise to most readers. But, to be sure, this is the bright side of life in Siberia; even as presented in this enthusiastic book there is another and a different aspect in which it is to be viewed. Any thing more terrible in privation and suffering, than the author's Winter experiences in the mountain ranges of Siberia, could scarcely be imagined. The book is one of substantial value, for it imparts much information which no ordinary tourist would have been able to obtain. The portions which relate to the natives, their manners and customs, are especially interesting. The book will do much toward arousing attention, and enlightening the public mind concerning a country and a people hitherto but little known.

**FAIR FRANCE. Impressions of a Traveler.** By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Brave Lady," etc. 12mo. Pp. 238. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

This visit to France was made in 1867, and describes the France of yesterday; the terrible experiences of the present broke upon the author while

preparing her notes for the press, and she inscribes her volume "to those heroic and suffering souls in the France of to-day who yet suffer in hope, seeing light through the darkness, and believing in a new and nobler France." The author of "John Halifax" is a new and fresh observer, undoubtedly able to see many things that ordinary tourists have no eyes to see, and able to describe them in a clear and vivacious style that but few could equal. She has not been much of a traveler; she tells us that, until this year, she used to boast, with pardonable or unpardonable conceit, of being one of the very few Britons who had never quitted their native shores. She thus makes her apology for writing on what all the world has already written upon, and chronicling sights which every body has seen: "Not every body," she says, "sees things with his or her individual eyes instead of another's, and to go out of one's own country for the first time, with vision fresh as a child's, yet with the experienced observation natural and necessary to middle life, is a combination rather rare; therefore let me, too, have my little say, in the hope that there may be in it some few things worth saying, even upon such a threadbare topic as continental traveling." There is still room for her fresh and sprightly volume, and perhaps it will be a long time before another tourist will be able to give us a picture of France in her gay and festal prosperity.

SATAN IN SOCIETY. *By a Physician.* 12mo. Pp. 412. Cincinnati: C. F. Vent.

We scarcely know how to characterize this book, whether to condemn or approve it. Its revelations are terrible; we find it impossible not to believe that they are exaggerated. We observe that most of the statistics and many of the doctrines are derived from French, and not from American sources. The author, as a physician, often refers to his own experience and observation, but still gives but very few statements or statistics taken from his own observation. American society, in some respects, is bad enough, and in some directions the tendency is toward the worse rather than the better; and yet we find it impossible to believe that it is as bad as this book would indicate. Vices that the author would represent as almost universal, we are satisfied are very far from being universal, and are very greatly in the minority; social crimes which he represents as quite general we are satisfied are yet only exceptional. Whatever we may be in the future, French theories and French statistics will not yet apply to our society. We yet have greatly, we believe, in the majority, pure and virtuous boys and girls, and men and women. We have ourselves been a practicing physician in our time, and our impressions of our domestic and social life are quite different from those of this author. We have in our time, too, been in public and private schools, in colleges, and even in female boarding-schools, and must utter our protest from our own experience against the author's wholesale accusation and condemnation of these institutions.

While we thus feel compelled to dissent from the author's exaggerated portraiture of the extent of the

vices of which he treats, we must wholly agree with him as to the criminality, and the terrible moral and physical consequences of the vices which he exposes wherever they do prevail, and the exposure of these consequences is perhaps in itself a sufficient justification for issuing the book. Doubtless many who are seduced into the vices here described are really ignorant of the terrible amount of suffering and sorrow which they are accumulating for themselves; doubtless, too, there is a growing tendency among married people to resort to practices which they in their ignorance really think innocent and harmless, but which are criminal in the sight of God, and whose tendency is to result in the most fearful physical evils. In the author's doctrine with regard to all these almost nameless evils we discover only sound morality, true science, and a wise and just appreciation of social laws and duties. The propriety of issuing works of this kind may be questioned; and yet we are in a state of society so different from that of twenty-five years ago, so active, curious, inquiring, bold, and daring, that, on the whole, we are inclined to believe that such works are now really called for. It is necessary for modern society to see that there are some things that can not be done with impunity; that there are some laws and institutions as immutable as God; that there are some vices which are necessarily fatal to the individual and to society; that there are some social experiments which can only be ventured upon with infinite hazard. The book, we think, can not do harm; it may do much good; it may startle many an ignorant victim from his or her dream of innocence and safety to behold the yawning gulf that lies before them.

POEMS BY LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON. *With illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Edited by M. Oliver Davidson.* 12mo. Pp. 270. \$2.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The readers of the Repository will find, in the July number for 1866, fine portraits of the two remarkable sisters, Lucretia and Margaret Davidson; and in that number, and also in August of the same year, they will find a biographical sketch, and an estimate of their literary labors. The introduction to this volume gives us a fine sketch of the life and genius of Lucretia. It also promises a new edition of the poems of Margaret, the younger sister, uniform with this volume. The works of both these sisters have long been out of print, and we have little doubt that these editions will be welcomed by many readers; the old, who knew and prized the poems long ago, and the new, to whom their poems will be a fresh and beautiful revelation. Lucretia Davidson was one of the sweetest and most intellectual spirits that this country ever knew; she was one of the first poets who, nearly a half century ago, awoke the genuine strains of poesy on this side of the Atlantic, and which awakened an interest in England at a time when it was thought no American production could merit any thing but contempt. Southey himself paid

her the following tribute: "In these poems there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectation, however sanguine, which the patrons, the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed." Though the precocious child was only seventeen years old when she died, she had produced two hundred and seventy poems of various length, among which are five poems containing several cantos each. It is sad to think that this young girl, so talented and so filled with inspiration, who seemed to be imbued with the very spirit and essence of poesy, and who gave such excellent promise and token of a glorious career, should have so early passed away. Had she lived to womanhood, who can tell what she might have accomplished? The book is issued in beautiful style, on toned paper, and the longer poems strikingly illustrated by designs by Darley.

**FIFTEEN YEARS.** *A Picture from the Last Century.* By Talvi. 12mo. Pp. 315. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

Talvi is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Thérèse Robinson, whose book is here presented to the American public by her daughter, who says: "Had she been spared to prepare it for the press of this country herself, she would doubtless have filled out many outlines and explained many allusions, which she deemed sufficient for the German reader, for whom the book was originally intended." It is a historical story from German life a hundred years ago, when Germany was just awaking from its self-degradation and unnationality, through the first daring deeds of King Frederick. It is a pure, good, interesting story; a beautiful picture of home-life, healthy in its moral tone, and captivating by its grace and ease of narrative. The reader will not lay it down till he has read it to the end.

**SUBURBAN SKETCHES.** By W. D. Howells, Author of "Venetian Life," and "Italian Journeys." 12mo. Pp. 235. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Howells is a fresh and genial writer. His style is simple, sincere, and enjoyable. There are but few modern writers who can give such life-like reality to commonplace things and incidents. It is remarkable, too, how much of interest, and instruction, and enjoyment, can be thrown around the common, every-day things of life, by the appreciative pen of genius; it is strange, too, how we overlook them for ourselves, but are struck with their beauty and interest when another describes them. These sketches are about things and matters of common life, that we all have seen, and seen often, and yet, under the descriptive pen of the author, they seem new, and fresh, and full of points that we failed to see. Mr. Howells is in the country and plays a little at gardening, of course, and "plants tomatoes which the chickens seem to like, for they ate them up as fast as they ripened; and watched with pride the growth of his Lawton blackberries, which, after attaining the

most stalwart proportions, were still as bitter as the scrubbiest of their savage brethren, and which, when, by advice, left on the vines for a week after they turned black, were silently gorged by secret and gluttonous flocks of robins and orioles." He stands on his door-step and makes acquaintances, and learns their history, and draws out of them experience enough to make him and us philosophers of human life and nature. From a ride on the "horse-car to Boston," he finds incidents enough to make a profitable volume. And so through the nine subjects of this volume he makes the old seem new, and the familiar seem fresh and delightful. The book is neatly issued, with gilt top, which is a most desirable finish to books for use in these bituminous regions.

**FLOWERETS: A Series of Stories on the Commandments.** *Daisy's Work.* 18mo. Pp. 222. *Rose's Temptation.* 18mo. Pp. 204. *Pinkie and the Rabbits.* 18mo. Pp. 212. 75 cents.

**CHRISTIE ELWOOD AND HER FRIENDS.** 16mo. Pp. 270. \$1.

**CONANT FARM.** By the Author of "Squire Downing's Heirs," etc. 16mo. Pp. 345. \$1.25. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

The "Flowerets" are an interesting and instructive series of stories on the Commandments by Joanna H. Mathews, a well-known writer of juvenile books. The series contains six volumes. "Christie Elwood" and "Conant Farm" are good juveniles.

#### IN PAPER.

*Old and New Mackinaw.* By Rev. J. A. Van Fleet, M. A. Paper, 50 cents. Cloth, \$1. A very interesting and valuable history of a part of our country destined rapidly to come into great importance and value. It contains copious and interesting extracts from the early history of this region from Marquette, Hennepin, La Houtan, Cadillac, etc. *Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

*Iowa: The Home for Immigrants.* A pamphlet of ninety-six pages, showing the great resources of Iowa, and giving a large amount of useful information with regard to the State. Valuable for immigrants and others. *Des Moines: Mills & Co.*

*Fourth Annual Report of the Freedmen's Aid Society.* A pamphlet of thirty-two pages, full of most valuable information with regard to the work and success of this interesting and important Society of our Church. We wish the report could be extensively circulated and read. We are sure every reader would be surprised to learn how much this Society is accomplishing with the small benefactions made to it. During the past year it has sustained fifty-eight schools in eight different States, employing one hundred and ten teachers. It has under its care seven normal schools and colleges, in which colored youth are being trained for teachers and preachers. Its receipts from all sources for the year were \$82,719.49, including \$20,000 in real estate for a specific purpose. *Cincinnati: Western Book Concern.*

## Editor's Table.

**DEATH OF ALICE CARY.**—All our readers will have heard of the death of this gifted woman before our lines can reach them, yet her talents and labors, as well as her former more intimate relations to the Repository, merit for her a tribute of appreciation in our pages. In her earlier years she was a frequent contributor to the Repository, and in its pages for several years first tried and practiced her powers as a writer of both prose and poetry. In later years, on account of numerous engagements and failing health, we have had but few contributions from her pen. She finished her work and her sufferings, for she was a great sufferer as well as diligent laborer, on the morning of Sabbath day, February 12th. She was born at Mt. Healthy, near Cincinnati, in April, 1820, and had almost reached the terminus of her fifty-first year. Her father was a farmer, and in the midst of rural scenery and rural avocations she spent the first thirty years of her life. Such education as she acquired she received near her home at the Female College on College Hill. On her father's side she was of Puritan and Revolutionary stock; her mother was of Irish descent—a woman of superior intellect, and of a good, well-ordered life.

Quite early in life Miss Cary manifested literary ability of a high order. She at first wrote under the *nom de plume* of Patty Lee. At the age of eighteen she commenced publishing verses in the newspapers of Cincinnati. These verses were well received, and some of them obtained hearty commendation from the editors. They soon found their way "over the mountains," and attracted the attention of literary men in many parts of the country. These commendations were very grateful and inspiring to the young poet; some of them came, too, in personal letters from men themselves eminent as writers, such as Otway Curry, Edgar A. Poe, and Rufus W. Griswold. In 1850 a volume of poems, the joint production of herself and her sister Phœbe, was issued in Philadelphia, and received at the time highly commendatory notices. In 1851 she issued her romantic poem "Hualco," and in the same year she published in New York "Clovernook; or, Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West." This last was popularly received, and had a large sale; it was republished in several editions in England. After this success she ventured still farther into the realms of fiction, and gave to the public "Hagar, a Story of To-day," "Married, not Mated," and "Hollywood." In 1853 she issued a second series of "Clovernook Stories," which was even more successful than the first. During the same year she published a small volume of poems entitled "Lyra, and Other Poems."

From this period till almost the day of her death her pen was seldom idle, though the exceeding care

with which she wrote prevented her productions from equaling in quantity the works of other less scrupulous writers. Every thing from her pen gave evidence of careful finish; every thought had evidently been re-examined, and every sentence re-subjected to artistic rules. Her last literary effort of any magnitude was the story entitled the "Born Thrall," the publication of which was commenced in the Revolution, but its discontinuance was compelled by the failure of her health. From that time her health steadily declined, and, like so many of our writers, she passed away, leaving an unfinished fragment behind her. So with most human lives and human work; how generally men and women drop out of life just in the midst of their years, and with their work unfinished! What an evidence that human life is not complete and final here, but must project itself beyond death, or else is but an inscrutable riddle and an unmeaning failure!

Miss Cary was a true Christian, a pure and noble woman, and her own character and spirit pervade all her writings. These are always characterized by grace and sweetness rather than by strength, by their high moral and religious tone rather than by depth or brilliancy of genius, by delicacy and purity of style rather than by striking originality. They are always human, and always appeal to the realities and conscious experiences of human life. She wrote out of her own life, being richly endowed with that rare and subtle force of analyzing and beautifully describing her own soul-wants and experiences. Her writings are deservedly popular with pure and good people, and are always noble and elevating. She was the "Miss Muloch" of American literature. Her illness was long, and her sufferings reached even to anguish, but she bore them with heroic fortitude, and died at last with a faith full of immortality. Her fame rests on a firm and broad foundation, and her simple, sweet poems, and her life-like stories will outlive, by their purity and humanity, many more sensational literary works that make a louder transient noise in the world.

**CHINA AND THE PHILOSOPHERS.**—We have often been amused, when we have not been really saddened, at the frequent lessons, philosophical deductions, and even doctrinal theories, presented with an air of boldness and wisdom by certain antichristian philosophers and reformers of the Parker and Emerson school, drawn from the supposed wisdom, institutions, and customs of the Chinese. China, hitherto, has been far away, and but little known; a great nation of many millions, with venerable institutions, and an obscure philosophy, of which only now and then the world could catch a glance. It was a fine field for speculative philosophers, for reforming ora-



tors, for antichristian statesmen, to draw arguments and illustrations from, themselves in ignorance of the country and the people, and there being no danger of their readers or hearers being able to contradict them. We often heard of the civilization, the morality, the government, the education, the philosophy, the prosperity, the progress, etc., of China, all of which was an evidence that a great nation could do very well without Christianity. The same school are also fond of ridiculing missionary efforts in these great Oriental empires.

Well, true Christian progress is bringing us nearer to China, and the revelations of advancing knowledge are rapidly taking the veil of the unknown away from these countries, and are fast robbing these philosophers of this *terra incognita*, out of which they could draw arguments to prove almost any religious, philosophical, or social folly. The fact is, China is simply a great heathen nation, ignorant, wicked, poor, unprogressive, a perpetual demonstration that it is God's light, and no other, that gives civilization, morality, and progress to any people. Says a missionary writing from Peking: "I have met Admiral Rodgers and Secretary Seward at the American Legation. The former regards China effete, dead, and that some great revolution is needed to start her fairly on the road of progress. The venerable Secretary says he has modified his original opinions of this country since coming in contact with it; although, before declaring his views, he wishes to see more of South China. "China is not the enlightened, progressive country that many newspapers and orators at home have proclaimed her to be. She is heathen. Give her the leavening power of the Gospel, and she will move forward grandly!"

The "venerable Secretary" will not change his views as he learns more in Southern China, but will be only the more convinced that the only power to regenerate China, India, or any or all of these nations of the East, is the power of God in the Gospel.

**AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE PERIOD.**—An enterprising legal firm of New York city sends us the following advertisement for insertion in the Repository: "DIVORCES: Absolute divorces legally obtained in New York, Indiana, Illinois, and other States, for persons from any State or country; legal everywhere; attendance of parties not required; desertion, drunkenness, non-support, incompatibility, etc., sufficient cause; no publicity. No charge till divorce is obtained. Advice free," etc. Not any, thank you. We are not dealing in that line of business.

But what a characteristic advertisement! To what a farce are the abominable laws of many of our States reducing the whole subject of marriage, and what consequences, too, are we rapidly reaping from this unwise and wicked tampering with a divine and sacred institution, whose well-being and permanency lie at the very foundation of society. What in many places is the marriage tie now but a rope of sand? "Desertion, drunkenness, non-support, incompatibility," and the interminable line of "sufficient causes" embraced in the etc., including, as we noticed in one

case in one of our own courts a few days ago, "a business that requires the husband to be away at night"—what, under such legislation, does marriage become but legalized sensualism terminable at pleasure? "Attendance of parties not required;" what injustice, fraud, and outrage may not be committed under such a provision, and what person of a grain of common sense is surprised to find its use followed by such tragedies as are becoming fearfully common in our country?

And what after all lies at the foundation of nine-tenths of these divorces? A desire for another marriage. Just let those States that have made "divorce easy" add to their statutes these few words, "without the privilege of re-marriage," and there would not be one divorce asked for where there are now a hundred. How easy it is for a husband to discover that his wife is "incompatible," "ill-tempered," "good-for-nothing," when some younger or more attractive woman has taken his fancy! It is no less surprising to observe how often a wife discovers for the first time suddenly, that her husband is drunken, or cruel, or neglectful, when another richer, or more prosperous man stands ready to marry her if her husband were but out of the way. Years ago a legal gentleman who had procured a large number of divorces, but who in disgust renounced the business absolutely, declared that in all his experience he never found a divorce asked for the sake of being unmarried; a divorce was always preliminary to a wedding, and with women quite as much as men. No, gentlemen, we can not insert your advertisement.

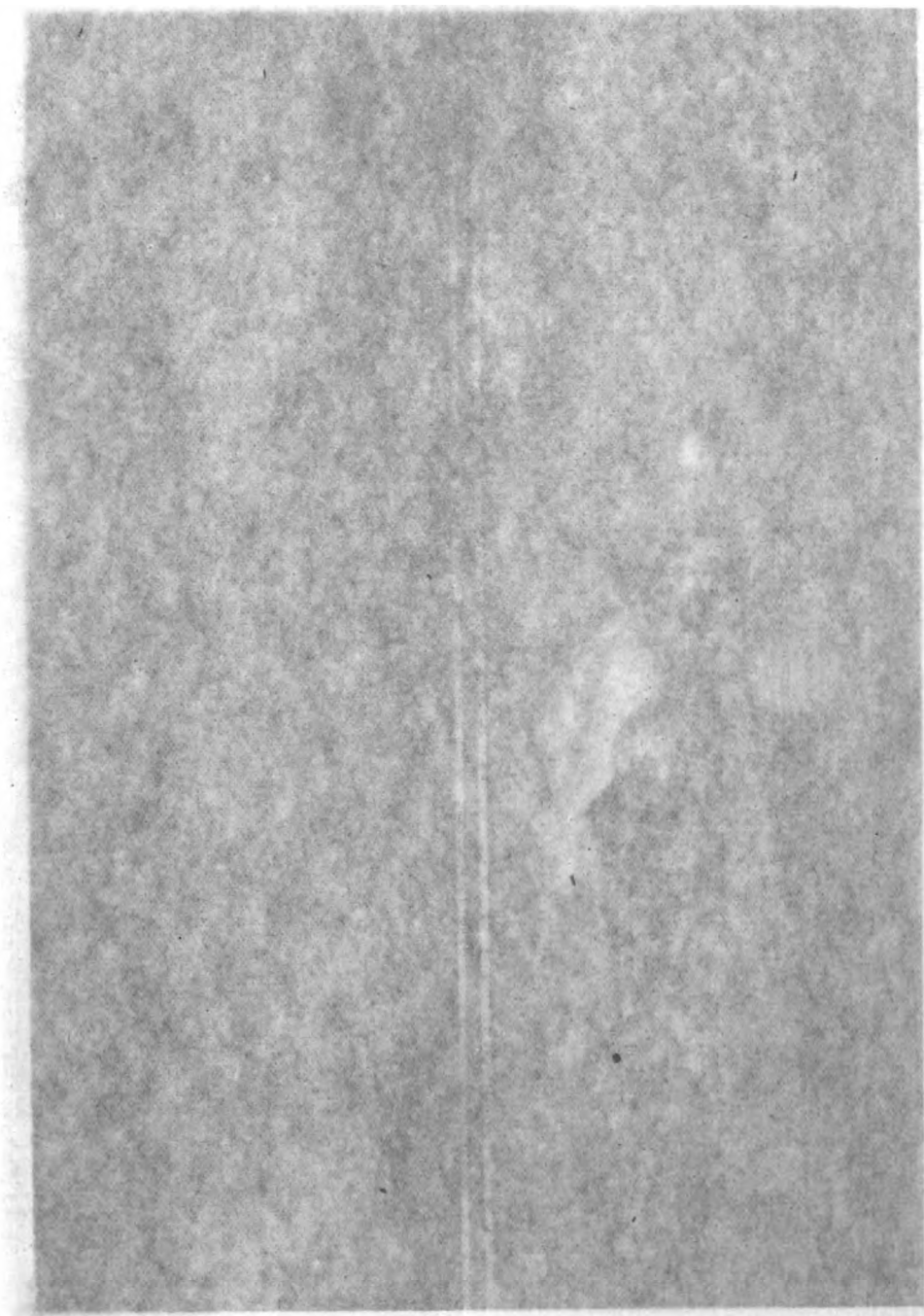
**CANT.**—When a worldly man can not answer a religious argument, he calls out "Cant." This is counted sufficient to settle the whole question. When a political newspaper is at a loss for an argument against Bible-schools and Bible education, he gets up the cry of "Sectarianism," and reckons that he has silenced his opponent. When a public orator winds up his denunciation of any particular measure, he calls it "illiberal," so as to make any defense or approbation of it too hateful to be attempted. When a pamphleteer would put down Protestant zeal, he writes "bigotry." When a Romanist stigmatizes the circulation of the Scriptures, he calls it "proselytizing;" and when he objects to the circulation of tracts, he calls it "persecution."

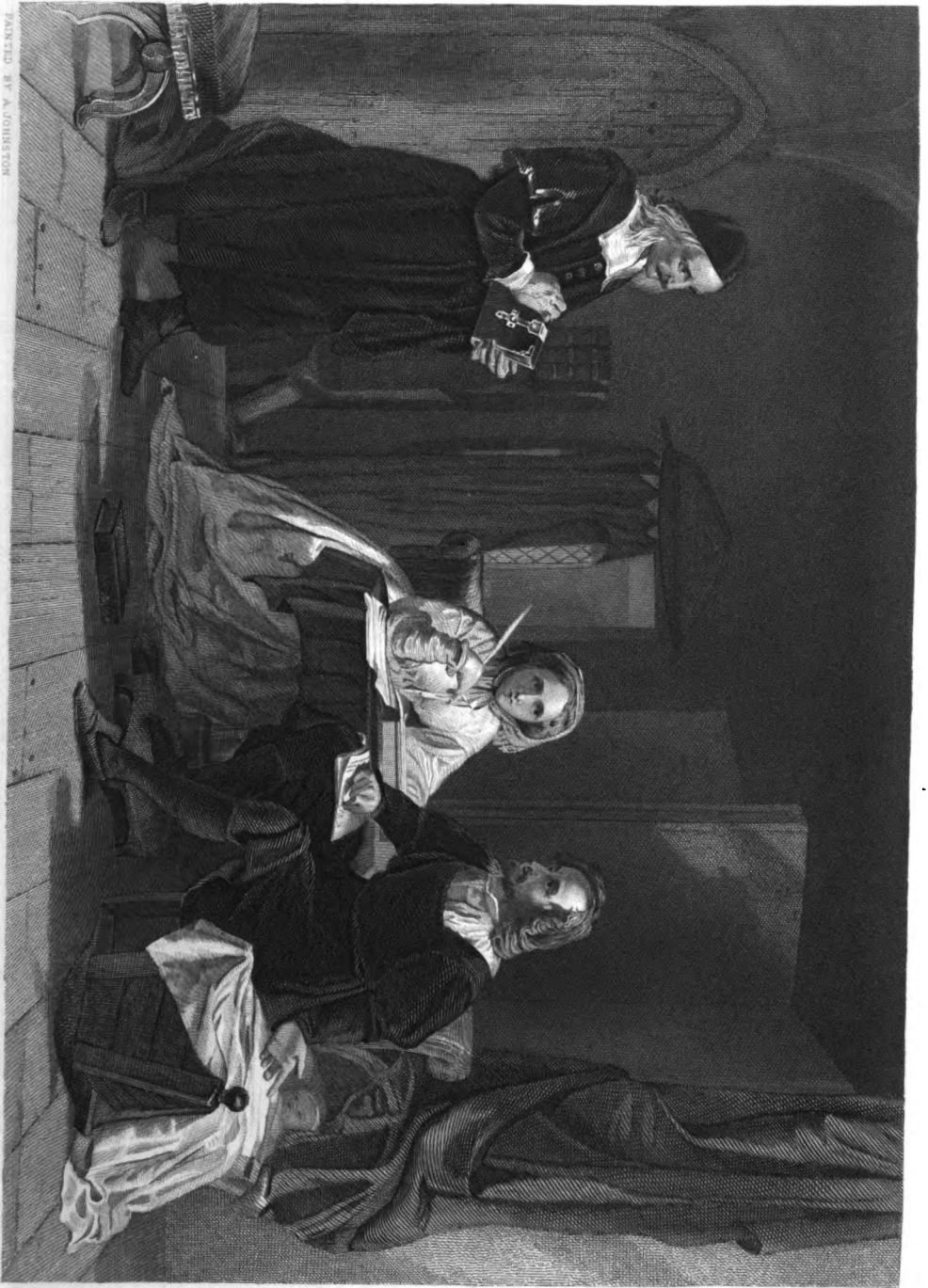
**THE SHOCK OF IT.**—Longfellow, speaking of books, says truly enough: "Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered the best which fairly prostrates the purchaser." Do not many people judge of a sermon and of the merits of preaching by the same rule? The earnestness, the noise, the mere bluster of the preacher being taken as evidence of the power of the sermon. How many sermons, with but little real truth or power in them, have been sent off with flying colors by a good anecdote or a pathetic incident, while often sermons full of truth and clear as sunbeams have been voted bores because there was no shock in them!











PAINTED BY A. JOHNSTON

THE FATHER'S BLESSING

THE FATHER'S BLESSING



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1871.

Aug.

## COMMUNISM IN AMERICA.

HERE is scarcely any thing more instructive and hopeful in the history of human kind than its earnest conviction that at some time, not very far away in the future, truth and love shall prove themselves to be the highest wisdom; and, in the faith and practice of these divine qualities, a happy order of society shall arise worthy of man's birthright and great opportunities. We say, with all the seeming of unquestioned faith, that God intends, and the time draws nigh, when passion and lust shall no longer have dominion and sit in the high places; when society shall no more be a communion of evil and a fellowship of selfishness. All this is indeed a dream now, but is it not a prophecy also? How the young, unselfish soul, resolving upon an honorable and beneficent life, exults to find that the best men of all ages have not only believed in the regeneration of society, but that they labored to contribute in some degree to its inauguration! Nor does the heart grow disheartened over the long roll of disasters that history has so carefully preserved. Are not we wiser than our fathers, by so much as the world has grown older and riper? Has it not been graciously reserved for us to solve this problem of the ages by some subtle generalization, or swift, adventurous flight of genius? Then we shall not only lay the foundations in a single generation, but build its walls also, and sit glorified in its beauty.

Not only do we dream that God has something better for us than all the past, with its unwise building and ungainly decay; but we look to his Son, who brought succor to our souls and prepares heaven for us, for the planning and consummation of this earthly organization in which the wisdom of statesmanship

shall be simply righteousness and love. How many eyes have read, and read again, with a child's delight, that wonderful record in the early history of Christianity: "And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their goods and possessions and parted them to all, as every man had need;" and grew more and more confident until they shouted, "We have found it." Is not this the Divine method of renewing society—the city of God come down from heaven? It did not greatly dampen their zeal to say that this was long ago, and that the efforts to reconstruct society on this model had been tried time and again, and it had failed in much the same way that human enterprises have ever failed. For the men who were attracted by such schemes were too often of that hopeful, restless class who have always aspired to be leaders, and have surprised sensible men more by the numbers of their followers than the failure of their projects. Many were persons who found themselves out of harmony with society as it is, because being dreamers and enthusiasts, and lacking worldly wisdom, they were the sport and prey of that large class whose wits are not restrained by any nice regard for morality. This class are utterly worthless as originators or organizers, and never find peace for themselves nor repose for others, and end their days in confirmed discontent. But there have been those, pure in life and zealous for Christ's kingdom, who grew out of heart when they saw the worldliness and selfishness that had stolen into ecclesiastical organizations, and, like Zinzendorf, built up religious communities whose labors and influence have been praiseworthy. But of necessity such attempts and success have had no direct, sensible influence on society at large.

We are not to be surprised that America



should appear the promised land to these dreamers and ill-starred adventurers. Our civil and religious privileges are the prime conditions of all such organizations; and the cheapness and richness of our lands offer that competence and content in which it is imagined culture and virtue may take deep root and grow into wondrous proportions. We find, therefore, that in a space less than a hundred years cover, we have had nearly a hundred attempts to found societies, each of which was to become the herald and example of a glorious future. Not half a score of these are now in existence. The history of nearly all of them was being lost, when Mr. John Humphrey Noyes, the acknowledged leader of American spiritualists and the head of one of the most successful of the communities which seems yet to have some life and progress in it, published his "History of American Socialisms." The work has no value whatever from a literary point of view; and its few serious attempts to philosophize from its incomplete gathering of facts, are so awkward and inconclusive that, except for dates and numbers, and extracts cut out of old newspapers, and the conviction that it would be difficult to procure these elsewhere so easily, no one could be expected to give the book a reading. But we accept the task to gather the materials for a magazine article from its six or seven hundred octavo pages.

The attempts to found socialistic or, more properly, communistic societies in the United States are naturally divided into two classes—those in which religious enthusiasm or superstition formed the impulse, and those that sought mere material advantages. Nearly all of the latter were to some degree impregnated with the current infidelity of the present century.

The earliest of the religious societies which found a home, and remains to the present, is that of the *Shakers*, as they are commonly called. They are a strange, fanatical sect that had its origin in England and came to America to escape persecution. Outside of their peculiar religious notions, the notable features are the practice of celibacy and a communion of property and labor. All idea of the family has been entirely supplanted, and their religious exercises are more characterized by zeal and grotesqueness than any intelligent devotion or worship. But, after all, they are the best representatives of the idea of communism that the century has produced. They have been plain in their living, industrious, and honest in their dealings with society, and have prospered in a material way. They have now twenty-four communities in different States, but no longer give signs of growth.

Indeed, their influence on society has been feeble, except so far as their seeming success has been a rallying point for the hopes of those ardent devotees of socialism whose ardor has been only partially cooled by their own failures.

The Rappists, or Harmonists, as they prefer to be called, years ago attracted much attention, as one of the most successful social organizations of the religious class. They had their origin in Wurtemberg, in the first years of the present century, when the religious mind of that part of Germany was greatly excited with the notion that Christ was about to make his personal advent and establish his kingdom on the earth. In 1803 their leader, George Rapp, came to this country and purchased a large tract of land in Butler county, Pennsylvania, and commenced a settlement which he called Harmony. They asserted that they were a simple Christian community organized on the model of the Church as it existed in the Pentecostal era. At quite an early period in their history they adopted celibacy as the distinguishing characteristic of their religious life. But their religious worship is entirely free from objectionable features, being simple and spiritual in all its forms. In 1814 they removed to the State of Indiana, and on the banks of the Wabash River built the town of New Harmony. They prospered in this new location, but after some years became dissatisfied with it, and returning to Pennsylvania, they formed a new settlement near the city of Pittsburg, which they called Economy. Here they have grown rich, and are greatly respected for their moral qualities, but they are growing less and less in numbers. The accumulated wealth of nearly a century seems now to be the chief bond that holds them together. We accept their example as a standing argument that such societies are devoted by their principles to decay.

On the shores of Lake Erie, nine miles from Dunkirk, New York, is the village of Brocton, the seat of a community which represents a new type of communism so peculiar that we must not pass it by unnoticed. Its founder was Thomas Lake Harris, an Englishman by birth, who acquired some note as a Universalist preacher, but whose religious views now bear more resemblance to Swedenborgianism. They have a beautiful site for such an enterprise, and have already improved it to such an extent that they are very hopeful of entire success. Public attention has been drawn to it chiefly from the fact that Lady Oliphant and her son, and an unusual number of persons of reputation and culture favored it. An unusual degree of mysticism finds place in their religious opinions,

which seem not yet to have crystallized into any well-defined faith. But the leading ideas of Swedenborg are in some way made the basis of views in which Universalism and modern Spiritualism are accepted in nearly equal proportions. "Spiritual respiration" is the key-word to their religious and moral system, by which they seem to mean a spiritual intercourse with God, which becomes the source of all true life. Marriage and love in their theory is the foundation of the social order, and must be divested of all corporeal elements. Chastity they count a new sense which God imparts to those who have attained the highest spiritual life.

They do not invite followers, nor do they refuse those who stand their tests of spiritual fitness. We are compelled to look upon them as a company of enthusiasts who are engaged in an experiment, not knowing very well whither it will lead them. They do not hesitate to say to inquirers that they are not in haste to develop their plans. Any prophecy of the future of such an association would be as adventurous as their own undertaking.

But one other community of this class is of sufficient reputation to claim notice. Of this the author of the History of American Socialisms is the head and inspiration. This community is located on Oneida Creek, in the State of Connecticut. In 1847 they published a book called the Berean, which contained as much of their principles as they considered safe to give to the world, but which caused their expulsion from Putney, Vermont, the place of their origin. Their notions of social life are so utterly repugnant to Christian instincts that Mr. Noyes and his followers refuse to give them to the public, except in such mystical phrases as are of no value to any except the initiated. In religious theories they combine in a loose way the maxims of Spiritualism with vague notions of a doctrine of perfectionism, which in the end will eradicate all bodily disease and even physical death. All true believers are under the constant guidance of the Holy Spirit, and, therefore, their lives are free from sin.

This community holds views and practices in regard to marriage, so corrupt and abominable that they have never dared to make a full revelation of them. There is no actual marriage at all. There must, they say, be a community in marriage as in all other interests. Exclusive attachments between parties is not allowed. The system might properly be described as a regulated sensualism, by no means as reputable as Mormonism, and could not exist except in small communities and under a single

controlling mind. As a communion of labor and capital it has had moderate success. Within a few days we have seen a notice that they are about founding a new settlement, to be composed of a portion of the society who have become fully indoctrinated into the views and practices of the sect.

This review of the religious or semi-religious communities does not inspire one with hope. Their success seems to depend upon abnormal conditions that society at large will never adopt. Material advantages have been gained by them in the union of capital and labor, joined with a disregard of social and intellectual culture. Their quiet is that of stolidity, and the domination of a single mind or a few ideas. Society has not, so far as we can see, received any healthy influence or inspiring ideas from their experience or labors.

We turn now to those social organizations in which religion is not an appreciable element. A few specimens will give us a good idea of the whole.

In many respects the most notable of these schemes was that which had Robert Owen as its author. Owen was a wealthy Scotchman of skeptical and humanitarian notions, who had made some successes in combining the interests of the capitalist and the laborer at New Lanark, in Scotland. He became fully impressed that he had discovered the secret of society, and the United States was the arena in which it could be proved. In 1824 he came to this country, and in the following year bought the valuable property of the Rappites at New Harmony. This was a grand beginning. The property consisted of thirty thousand acres of land, three thousand of which had been put under cultivation. There were fine orchards, well-cultivated vineyards, and a well-designed village with residences for about a thousand people, and some good public buildings. From the date of his arrival in this country Mr. Owen had lectured in all our principal cities, and in many places, especially in Cincinnati, he had excited great interest, and won many intelligent and worthy people to accept his ideas. As soon, then, as it was announced that he had bought New Harmony, and invited all who had faith in his new social experiment to come and prove with him to an incredulous world the wisdom of his plans, a movement began that, in less than six months, assembled about nine hundred people. There was unbounded enthusiasm, and abundant and glowing prophecies.

Mr. Owen gave the community a constitution of his own composition, and which showed that his faith was not perfectly at rest, for he gave

the government into the hands of a committee of his own appointing. They organized a school at which all the children were to attend, and five military companies. Amusements, such as balls and concerts, were provided for in abundance, but no arrangement was made for religious worship. Medicines were had without charge, and a public store provided all persons with the necessaries for housekeeping. But somehow—no one seems exactly to know why—the experiment did not give great promise of success. Within a year, Mr. Owen having made a trip to Europe and returned, a new constitution was drafted, which some of the members of the community would not sign. These intractable ones withdrew to themselves, and formed a kind of independent community near the older one. Mr. Owen now put himself at the head of affairs, and infused some new life and industry into the failing enterprise. But in two months this constitution was supplanted by a new one, which had no longer period of life. The founder began to realize that the experiment was beginning to be an expensive one. The community had some good men in it; but it had proved much more attractive to classes who were visionary, lazy, and intemperate. Rogues and sharpers found it a more comfortable place than the honest men did. Before three years had passed all parties agreed that it was a failure, and the enterprise was abandoned, not without many regrets on the part of Mr. Owen.

No one of those who had a leading part in this community has ever had the heart or courage to give a history of it, or offer any clear solution of the failure. They talked of their misconception of human nature, saying it was not so good as they expected. In other words, good, industrious, and intelligent men did not stand in need of such organizations—the kind of society that he needed to make a success of his enterprise was not the kind of society that needed his enterprise to make a success of life.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago the name of Frances Wright was well known in the West. She was a frequent visitor at Cincinnati, and often lectured in public, promulgating her peculiar views of society with eloquence and a remarkable personal magnetism. She was a fast friend and admirer of Owen, a native of Scotland, as he was, but of too positive an original character to co-operate with him. In 1825, when Owen's New Harmony community was at its highest tide of prosperity, she purchased a plantation of two thousand acres near Memphis, Tennessee, to which she gave the name of Nashoba. Here she entered upon an experiment that had some peculiar praiseworthy

features of benevolence. She proposed to form a colony of negro slaves, procured by purchase or donation, and to prepare them for liberty by paid labor, education, and a limited association with a white community which was to occupy the plantation in conjunction with them. She found innumerable difficulties from the beginning. The white element was more vicious and intractable than the black. No genuine token of sympathy came from the slave owners, and she was environed with suspicions and distrust. Although her whole soul was given to the movement, it was so visionary in theory and impracticable in details that it lasted scarcely more than two years. Thoroughly discouraged, she provided for the emancipation of the slaves that were her own personal property, and devoted her time to literature, lecturing constantly on her favorite topic—the reorganization of society.

The failure of these efforts made under the immediate guidance of the acknowledged leaders of the new ideas, threw all minor communities, of which many were springing into existence, into confusion. There was, as this history clearly proves, an unvarying uniformity in the style of their organization, their discontent, their quarrels, and their abandonment. The public mind grew weary of such schemes, notwithstanding they were advocated by able pens and eloquent lecturers. Plausible reasons were given for their lack of success, but the public were not convinced. No doubt the infidelity of the leaders, and their quiet enunciation of principles that have since developed into free-love associations, contributed greatly to arouse a suspicion, perhaps well grounded, that irreligion was more the controlling motive among these leaders than benevolence.

In the mean time a Frenchman named Fourier was enchanting many persons of different classes in this country by his writings, in which he advocated the association of capital and labor in a scientific manner as a means by which laboring men and those of moderate means might free themselves from the exactions and tyranny of wealth. His ideas and plans were accepted with enthusiasm by some of the leaders of the most cultivated society in New England, and they determined to put them to the test of practice. The *Dial*, which obtained a reputation in Europe as well as in this country as a journal of the transcendental philosophy, gave itself to the advocacy of these new views. Margaret Fuller, in many respects the most gifted of American women, was the acknowledged editor. Dr. W. H. Channing, George Ripley, Theodore Parker, and Miss E. P. Peabody, were the chief contributors. Such

language as the following, from one of Miss Peabody's articles, gives the drift of their thoughts and aims:

"The kingdom of heaven, as it lay in the clear spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, is rising again upon our vision. Nay, this kingdom begins to be seen not only in religious ecstasy, in moral vision, but in the light of common sense and the human understanding. Social science begins to verify the prophecy of poetry.

"One would think, from the tone of conservatives, that Jesus accepted the society around him as an adequate frame-work for individual development into beauty and life, instead of calling his disciples 'out of the world.' We maintain, on the other hand, that Christ desired to reorganize society, and went to a depth of principle and a magnificence of plan for this end which has never been appreciated; except here and there, by an individual, still less been carried out.

"There are men and women who have dared to say to one another, Why not have our daily life organized on Christ's own idea? Why not begin to move the mountain of custom and convention? . . . For each man and woman to live and think on this method is perhaps the second coming of Christ."

Out of such aspirations as these, in 1842, was evolved Brook Farm, the most brilliant as it was the most elevated of all the socialistic enterprises that our times have produced. Indeed, it was the only one of the experiments that grew out of the Fourierite movement worthy of notice. Their plans are stated with a consciousness of exalted purpose, and with a modesty which separates them from all other association of kindred organization.

"The attempt is made on a very small scale. A few individuals who, unknown to each other, under different disciplines of life, reacting from different social evils, but aiming at the same object—of being wholly true to their natures as men and women—have been made acquainted with one another, and have determined to become the faculty of the Embryo University.

"In order to live a religious and moral life worthy the name, they feel it necessary to come out in some degree from the world, and to form themselves into a community of property, so far as to exclude competition and the ordinary rules of trade; while they reserve sufficient private property, or the means of obtaining it, for all purposes of independence and isolation at will. They have bought a farm in order to make agriculture the basis of their life, it being the most direct and simple in relation to nature."

Here were gathered, as members of the asso-

ciation, or interested and sympathizing visitors, a company of men and women of such purity and nobleness of character that the undertaking seemed assured from the beginning. Emerson, Hawthorne, Geo. W. Curtis, C. A. Dana, Parke Godwin, Margaret Fuller, and others of like character have since adorned the literature of our nation, must have found a romantic company in those days, when they knew less of the world, and had more faith in reorganizing society than they do now. The history of the association has never been written, and we can not say to what extent their hopes were realized. Hawthorne made its location and some of its characters the foundation of his *Blithedale Romance*. One can not doubt, as he reads, that he goes to the bottom of their daily life, and reveals how unpoetic, how sadly and grotesquely unromantic a place it was after the fine edge of their enthusiasm was worn away. Emerson has made it the subject of one of his lectures, but we are none the wiser after having read it.

Brook Farm seems to us, both in its inception and development, and in its ending may we not also say, more like a romance, a sunny day-dream of youth, than any realities of which we have knowledge. We think of Sir Philip Sidney and think of Arcadia. In March, 1846, a disastrous fire occurred which brought with it financial embarrassment from which it seemed unable to recover. In the following year the farm was deserted and the organization abandoned.

With the destruction of Brook Farm our interest in the social movement comes to an end. There is nothing elsewhere in the Fourierite experiments, of which there were thirty or more, that teach us any thing worth knowing. Men still theorize and plan how labor and capital may live in harmony and render each other mutual assistance in attaining the best development of social life, but the conviction grows stronger that such consummation will not come from the abstractions of philosophers, but will be slowly evolved in the practical benevolence of Christian men. We are well convinced that we are not to look to the hasty and overconfident assertions of men whose secret aim is to establish infidelity and free love with all their abominations. The history of these wrecks of the last fifty years does not disturb our faith in a better society, in which men shall accept Christ's rule of human fellowship. But we wait and work. The kingdom of Christ comes, but not by human observation. God nurtures the seed, and the result of man's labors are no precedent for the spiritual world.

## NANNIE'S TRIBULATIONS.

## PART I.

IT was one of those rare places upon the earth—a house with a home in it. To be sure, the house was nothing very great to look at, only a pretty white cottage, but it had the biggest kind of a home in it. Any body could see that.

There was not a single corner of it shut up with reserved seats for company. The glorious sunshine looked in boldly at any window it happened to fancy, waking into life the pictures on the walls, and rippling along the floors like a golden river. There was nothing too good for use. Not a carpet too nice to bear a little contact with outdoor dust; not a chair or sofa too elegant for daily home wear. Moreover, there was not a skeleton closet on the premises.

There were trees all around the house, not near enough to shadow it, but yet close enough to make up a part of the home. Not merely ornamental trees, for, with the exception of a towering elm on either side of the front gate, they were all fruit-trees. Two enormous apple-trees, planted nobody knew when, clasped hands and canopied the whole back yard, and all along the sloping lane to the pasture grounds were pear-trees and peach-trees in abundance. Even the great garden that spread itself out at the south nearly as far as you could see, had its straight rows of fruit-trees, and looked, from the street, more like an orchard than a garden.

Down at the foot of the lane, just beyond the bars that shut the cows in their pasture, was a clear spring of water that never stopped to rest a minute, no matter how tired it might be. In the darkest night you could hear its merry prattle as it sang over its work. In the warm Summer afternoons the school children would gather on its banks and, listening wonderingly, try to make out what it was saying. A little further up was the pond, full of fabulous fish that the children tried in vain to catch, and with most marvelous facilities for swimming in Summer and skating in Winter. And the home reached clear up to the pond, and even across its waters.

Strange that such a home should have a single drawback to its charms. It had the funniest one you ever heard of. Perhaps you will agree with me that it was no drawback at all; but Nannie True, the mistress of the cottage, thought it one, and she ought to have known best. She declared the home to be altogether too full. Too full of what? Why, of children!

Only fourteen years ago, when she was just

twenty years old, she had married Robert True and come to live in the house. It was new then, though it stood on the spot where the old, old house that had belonged to his father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather, too, had been a home on its own hook for a hundred years. The cottage seemed so roomy at first that Nannie thought it rather extravagant for just two people, and she gave Robert several good-natured lectures upon his want of economy in building it. Time proved the wisdom of his calculations, and rendered tardy justice to his foresight. A brood of nine children already filled the home nest, with no one knew how many more to make room for in the future. Good children they were; the boys generous, manly little urchins, full of noise and mischief; the girls very much like their brothers, and no whit inferior to them in roguery and clamor.

Nannie often declared that she was going distracted. Her whole time was spent in looking after them and their father. She washed, and ironed, and mended; she cooked, and cleaned house, and made butter and cheese, and always had a vast pile of sewing in her work-basket cut out and fitted ready for her needle. And sometimes, do you wonder? she lost both her courage and patience, and then, classing the little ones all together, she gave them the title that heads our story, "Nannie's Tribulations."

Yet she never looked back regretfully to the days when she was only pretty Nannie Temple, a careless, rosy girl, with no room for discontent in her gay, happy life. The joys of the wife and mother were deeper and more precious, albeit they were offset by so many "tribulations." The days of childhood and youth looked empty in comparison. Especially empty in one respect. She had no brothers or sisters. Her parents had both died before she was two years old, leaving her to the faithful care of a maiden aunt, who, with all those correct theories of family government peculiar to unmarried persons, loved her orphan niece too unwisely to put any of her ideas in practice. Instead of instilling useful lessons of obedience and self-denial, she just loved the little creature and let her grow. So the only want in the child's life was childish companionship. Her own children were not likely to suffer from the same cause.

"I wonder if they are happier than I was?" she said one evening to her husband. "I always pity a solitary child, but see how those children tease each other. They tumble over each other and play as roughly as young bears. None of them seem to have any rights that the others respect. There is Bessie; she would

be quite a neat little woman if she could. Robbie, too, seems to mean well, but the rest of them, O dear!" concluded Nannie suddenly, as three of the children in question came slipping down over the portico where they were sitting, and pulling down a long trailing vine whose stout stem had served for a climbing ladder. A scrambling sound overhead indicated the whereabouts of several others, and, as a climax, little Margie came sobbing and shivering round the corner of the house with her clothes completely wet through. Such a forlorn-looking little mite!

"He pushed me into the brook, Willie did."

Willie, a stout, handsome boy of twelve, came up just in time to hear this accusation.

"Why, Willie," said his mother, "I thought I could depend on you to take care of the little ones."

"He pushed me in, he did," repeated the child.

"Mother," said the boy, meeting his mother's reproachful look with his frank, clear eyes, "Margie knows that she is not telling the truth. She was reaching after some ferns and fell into the water. She is angry because I made her come home to get some dry clothes."

"And so Margie has told a wicked lie."

The child did not look up, but began nervously to pick in pieces the ferns which she had held fast all the time.

"What shall we do, father? Our little girl has told a lie," said Nannie.

The mother's sad tone stirred the child's better nature, but she glanced up quickly into her father's face as he was appealed to.

"It was n't all lies, papa," she said suddenly, "because he did pull me out. I was *drowned*, you see. And O, mamma, I thought you'd feel awful to have me come home like Nellie Lane did, should n't you?"

Margie's effort to divert attention from her falsehood was not successful. Even her pathetic reference to the fate of her drowned playmate was ineffectual. The severest punishment that Nannie ever gave her children was for untruthfulness. And Margie knew, as she looked into her mother's face, that there was no escape for her.

"O dear, papa," she said, clinging to his hand and beginning to cry, "I wish there was n't any lies in the world. Naughty lies!"

"Naughty Margie, I think it is," he answered, pulling his hand from her clasp, and turning coldly away.

His displeasure was the heaviest punishment that could fall upon the warm-hearted child. Indeed, as Nannie often declared, all the children looked upon their father's serious disapproval in the light of a great calamity.

Robert True was in some respects a model husband and father. He never scolded, and he never interfered when his wife scolded. He knew that it was one of her rights. Then he never preached to her about domestic discipline.

There are men, and I know where some of them live, who fancy themselves full of wisdom in regard to the home government. They have not yet grown up to the knowledge that it takes a woman to administer it properly. With what owlish gravity they insist upon order and system. They make no account of the thousand and one accidental circumstances that are always presenting themselves in a large family which no human foresight can anticipate. They always tell you about Mrs. Susannah Wesley's pattern family, forgetting that Mr. Wesley seems to have left his wife to manage the children according to her own ideas of right.

Robert True did not expect his wife to wind up nine children every morning and have them go like clock-work till bed-time. Nannie was sure of his ready sympathy in all her perplexities, and though she did wish sometimes, as she confessed to her Aunt Milly, that he could just for once be provoked beyond endurance and "put in" a little, she thought in her heart that he was one of the best men in the world. She thought right.

It was fortunate for Nannie that her aunt lived close by—dear Aunt Milly, who, having guided her own feet in childhood, had of course accumulated the riches of experience, and was therefore a tried and sure resource in the emergencies of her niece's household. Nannie's family were made up of stirring elements, and there were constant accidents occurring, when the frightened mother depended upon the stronger nerves of her aunt.

In these days Aunt Milly would have passed for one of "the strong-minded." She had such strong theories, and she was so gloriously radical. Then she was not afraid to advance and defend her opinions anywhere, and she had been known to contradict in argument both the deacons and the minister. But she was the last person on earth who would have reduced an unpleasant theory to practice.

"Nannie, my dear," she would say, "you know the Scripture doctrine, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' Now do n't get into your head any of this modern twaddle about moral suasion. Do n't be wiser than your Maker. Of course all children need to be whipped occasionally. Most of them need it pretty often."

And Aunt Milly would shake her wise head like one who knew all about it. But the first outcry among the young flock, produced by the

tingling of the prescribed rod, brought her hurrying across the street, and instead of exhorting the mother, "Let not thy soul spare for his crying," Aunt Milly just added her crying to that of the delinquent.

"It is n't best to be particular about trifles," she would say to Nannie afterward. "Children make mistakes. They often do wrong without meaning it. You must try to understand their motives. Better give them their way altogether than to punish them when they do n't deserve it."

Nannie was a true wife. She did not believe it right to annoy her husband every night with a history of the day's vexations, but she sometimes narrated her experience in a half-serious, half-comic way that amused him exceedingly. Little details that might have been accounted too trivial for mention by an outsider were listened to with interest, for did they not illustrate his own home, his own wife and children?

He came home one evening in Summer and found Nannie with an anxious look on her face quite unusual to her.

"I am so glad you have come," she said before he had time to ask what was the matter. "I'm afraid Tom is sick. He has been hanging round me all day. Come and look at him."

"Where is he?"

"In bed. I sent them all to bed as soon as they had eaten their suppers, just to quiet the neighborhood. O, Robert, what a noisy set they are!"

He laughed good-humoredly. "They will sober down soon enough, never fear; let them be children as long as they can."

There were two beds in little Tom's room, each with two occupants, and Mr. True saw as soon as he opened the door that that part of the neighborhood was not yet quieted. Bessie and Margie were singing a merry school song, and Robbie, a fat, sturdy rogue of five years, was standing upon his pillow making an infantile essay at preaching. Tom was tossing restlessly about, taking no notice of the amusements in progress, but with his flushed face and heavy eyes turned to the wall as if to seek relief from the tumult. His father bent over him and touched his hot forehead.

"What is the matter, Tommie?"

The child looked up and tried to smile, but moaned painfully instead.

"He is certainly not well, Nannie," said Robert, taking the little dry hand in his and noting the quick pulsations at the wrist. "Let us get him out of this noisy place; it is enough to craze a well person," he added, smiling involuntarily as he caught a few words of what seemed to be the application of Robbie's sermon.

"So you must never on no 'count go in and 'sturb a meetin! Amen."

With this telling hit upon the intruders the young orator laid himself down again. Little Tom managed to smile when he was carried into his mother's cool, still room and laid on the sofa.

"Now, mamma, you will let me have some cold water. Just a little."

"Let you, my darling? Why, you can have all the water you want."

"But you know what you said, mamma."

Nannie colored as she met her husband's inquiring look.

"Yes, I know," she answered. "You see, Robert, they all begin as soon as they are in bed to call for water. I carried it to them all twice apiece after they went to bed to-night, and then I told them that I would whip the first one that said water again to-night."

Tom's heavy eyes studied her face while she made this explanation. He evidently did not see how she was to get out of the affair honorably.

"Mamma did not mean that you must not ask if you were sick," said his father. "You do not ask for water now to tease her, or to make her wait on you. It is a different matter, my boy. Do n't you see that it is?"

"Yes," said the child slowly, "I suppose it is."

He drank the water eagerly when it was brought and then lay quietly on his pillow, while his mother bathed his head and hands.

"What can be the matter with him?" asked Nannie suddenly as she unfastened his night-gown to bathe his neck. "Look here, his neck and bosom are mottled and streaked. It can't be the heat."

"No, Nannie, I think it is the measles. Mr. Loring told me this morning that a number of children have left school on account of that disease."

"The measles!" Nannie held up both hands with a comical look of horror and perplexity. "And there are nine of them to have it!"

"Well, Nannie, they had better have it while they are young," said Robert encouragingly.

"So you said when they had the mumps and the whooping-cough. There have been four new babies since that time, so that we have still the pleasure of anticipating the second advent of those disorders. There is no end to these botherations. I should be discouraged if I could get time to have the feeling."

Robert laughed. "There is one advantage, then, in being so much occupied."

"Do n't laugh at me, Robert. Think of nine little hot, speckled creatures tossing and with-

ing here during the dog-days, and I the sole nurse in the hospital."

"You forget Aunt Milly."

"Aunt Milly is going to Philadelphia to spend a month."

"Not if you need me here," said a cheerful voice at the door, and Aunt Milly herself walked into the room. "What is the matter, Nannie?"

"Little Tom has the measles, and the rest of the family are imitative enough to follow suit."

"Nannie, what did I tell you when I was picking my saffron? That never such a big crop grew without some reason for it."

Robert looked rather perplexed. "Pardon me, Aunt Milly, but I do n't see what your saffron crop has to do with our case."

"Do n't you? That is not strange. But Nannie understands, I hope, that all these children are to be steeped in saffron tea."

"Steeped in it!" repeated Robert incredulously.

"Bless you, man, I do n't mean that they are to be put over the fire and cooked. They are to drink the tea to bring the measles out."

"This little fellow seems to have come out finely on his own responsibility," said Robert, looking at the child, whose complexion seemed to grow more speckled every minute.

"Yes; but he must drink the tea to keep it out," said Aunt Milly resolutely. "Robert, you just step over to my house and go up into the back attic where I keep my herbs. Just over against the door toward the scuttle window you will see a row of bags tied up with blue cords. The third one from the scuttle is a darker brown than the rest, and the string is tied in a double bow. Take that down and then go down into the pantry and look on the top shelf for an earthen tea-pot that I keep expressly for herb tea. Do n't leave the doors open for the cat to get in. And be sure— Stay! I'll go myself. Men rummage round so that one can never find any thing after them."

And Aunt Milly trotted off as nimbly as a young girl. Whatever Robert might have done, she did n't stop to "rummage," but was back again and had the saffron brewing at the kitchen fire and scenting up the house generally, before most housekeepers would have recollected where their herbs were stored.

"Aunt Milly, you are better than a doctor," said Robert admiringly as he watched her spry little figure dodging here and there about the house, making preparations, as she said, for the coming campaign.

"A doctor! well, that's no compliment."

The old lady had a sublime faith in the virtues of herbs and roots, but she had "no opinion of doctors."

"There's a new doctor over the river," she said. "I guess he is real harmless, to say the least. I saw Eliza Eddy to-day, her that was Eliza Porter, and she told me about him. He 'tended her boy through the scarlet fever, and she says he did n't hurt him a mite. That's something in his favor. Nannie, fetch a cup and turn off a little of this tea and set it where it will cool. I have been in to look at the other children. Willie and Edith will want some drink before morning. Do n't you give them cold water. They'll be dry enough to take any thing in the shape of drink. I hope the rest of them will be down by to-morrow."

"O, Aunt Milly!"

"A better way by half," said the old lady, "than to come lounging along in batches, two or three at a time. Let all hands take hold and have a thing done up, is my motto."

"But folks can't choose their time to have a disease. It is n't like planning work."

"Is n't it? Well, I always said that if I had been married and had a large family—and I am thankful to Mercy that I did n't—I would have put them through all these ailments as soon as they knew enough to go out and catch them. I would n't have had a great pile of bugbears always ahead." And the old lady shook her head decidedly as she proceeded in imagination to pour out quantities of saffron tea for the progeny that had never existed.

Notwithstanding her hopes, the measles made no progress in her niece's family beyond the three already mentioned, and they had it so lightly as to stand in little need of saffron. The rest of the children escaped for the time, but they would be sure, according to Aunt Milly, to have it when it would n't be half so convenient to see to them. Strange how contrary children could be if they only gave their minds to it.

Nannie was so used to her good-natured grumbling that she would have felt lost without it. Underneath her abrupt manner of speech the strong good sense of the old lady continually asserted itself. Nannie's "tribulations" were constantly meeting with accidents—accidents serious enough to frighten their mother nearly out of her wits, and of so various a nature that there was no such thing as getting used to them. Aunt Milly kept a row of needles on her pin-ball all threaded in readiness to repair the rents in short skirts and trousers; and a box of plaster and ointment with sundry bottles of liniment on the work-table by the window to patch up flesh-cuts and scratches, and bathe



the little shins that were always getting sprained or bruised.

"I never saw such unlucky children before," she said to Nannie, who stood by as pale as a snow-wreath, while her aunt with a crochet-needle extracted a bean from the baby's nose. "Whatever this foolish young one wanted to plant this bean in his brains for, unless he thought his skull was a vegetable garden, I do n't know."

"He was playing, aunty."

"Playing! So was Willie playing yesterday when he fell on that needle. Is it still in his leg?"

"Yes. The flesh has closed over it. The doctor says it will work out of itself in time."

"The doctor! I suppose you will have to pay him a dollar for saying that. I could have told you the same for nothing."

"You were not at home, and I was frightened."

"Well," said the old lady pityingly, "you never did have the spunk of a mosquito; though how it helps the matter to give the doctor a dollar for nothing is more than I can understand. Now when Edie—or was it Maggie that fell off the apple-tree last week and bit her tongue into two pieces?"

"It was Edie," answered Nannie, her color coming back as she laughed at her aunt's pretended forgetfulness.

"Well, Edie then. Common sense would have told any one that the tongue could not be splintered, or bandaged, or sewed up. There was no earthly remedy but to let it grow together. But you gave the doctor a dollar to tell you that."

"O, aunt, if you had been here you would have been frightened too."

"Perhaps," answered Aunt Milly doubtfully.

"You were frightened, aunty, when Alice fell out of Sam Rice's lumber-cart. You were the first one to propose sending for the doctor."

"Well, the child's arm was broken. But I did n't send for 'Little Pill.'" This was Aunt Milly's irreverent way of designating the Homeopathic physician, whose increasing practice in the village she considered a personal grievance. "I went for old Dr. Arnold. He would never think of setting a broken bone with sugar globules. But here comes this troublesome bean at last, and baby's nose is all right once more. Bless his little heart! He has behaved like a hero. Now, Nannie, I advise you not to give him any thing to play with that is smaller than a goose egg till he is five years old."

With which parting advice Aunt Milly trotted off to her own house, wondering audibly what those blessed children would be up to next.

At her door she found a gentleman awaiting her. He was a tall, spare man, and wore green spectacles. In his hand he carried a small carpet-bag. "A traveling agent for some hum-bug or other," decided Aunt Milly ungraciously as she approached him. "Some new-fangled medicine, perhaps. An imposition, anyhow. Well, he 'll have to get up earlier than he ever did in his life to trade with me. Wonder what he has got though," she added with a touch of womanly curiosity.

The stranger bowed politely as he accosted her.

"Good-morning, madam. Are you the lady of the house?"

"It is my property, if that is what you mean. Are you the new assessor of taxes?"

"O no. I have a book that I should like to show you if you will allow me to do so. It is a very valuable book, as well as exceedingly interesting. And so cheap that the publishers may almost be said to give it away."

"You do n't say so!" said Aunt Milly gravely.

"It treats of important matters—important to the whole human race; of the philosophy of food, its varieties, the properties of each kind, and its adaptation to the human stomach. With this book in the house people soon learn to avoid sickness. They study the laws of their own being and obey them. Why, there is no reason, madam, why every child that is born into the world should not live to a good old age, and then, without pain, exchange this life for immortality."

"Where did you say you lived?" asked Aunt Milly.

"I do n't think I mentioned it, ma'am, but I live in Worcester."

"Got a family?"

"Yes. A wife and six children."

"All well, I hope."

The stranger evidently thought Aunt Milly a rather meddlesome character, but he would not risk his chance of selling a book, so he answered pleasantly, "I am sorry to say that my wife is very feeble. We lost two children in the Winter—one had the croup, and the other had always been a weakly thing. My wife has never got over it."

"You do n't look strong."

"No. I have been a confirmed dyspeptic for years."

"I thought so. Strange," said Aunt Milly dryly, "that you have profited so little yourselves by this wonderful book."

The man's face flushed angrily as he began to understand the drift of Aunt Milly's questioning. "It is a new work," he said.

"Just published, of course. All the books that are peddled round are just from the mint. This one, I know from its title, is full of nonsense."

"You can not know its contents without reading it."

"Then I shall be likely to remain in ignorance."

"But just listen to me a moment. This writer does not ask you to take his bare assertions; he proves every point that he advances. Learned chemists have experimented until they can give positive evidence of the truth of their theories. You will admit that these men, so widely known to fame, have the possession of their senses, I suppose," said the agent in a magisterial way that had no effect whatever on Aunt Milly, though it might have discomposed a more timid person.

"I suppose they have every sense but common sense," was her characteristic reply.

The stranger drew himself up stiffly, and surveyed the old lady through his spectacles in much the same manner that a botanist would examine a new plant. His face expressed a curious mixture of surprise and indignation. She, not a whit abashed, returned his gaze with a self-satisfied look that showed that she thought herself mistress of the situation. "Should hate dreadfully to be his wife," was her mental comment.

"This book," said he at last, holding out the volume at arms' length to give force to his words, "this book was written by a man who has devoted his life to the interests of his race. Now, when a person of his mind and acquirements advances an opinion it should at least be met with respect."

"If his opinion is worth a fig it will find a market. Now, how much do you make on a volume? That is, supposing any one is fool enough to buy one."

There was a flash in his eyes that fairly illuminated the green spectacles.

"Madam, allow me to say that you know very little about this subject. The fact that this writer has himself analyzed—"

"Analyze your grandmother!" interrupted the old lady impatiently. "Why, man, do you suppose I am going to receive all that trash for Gospel when daily experience gives the lie to the whole of it? Not if I know. Suppose some learned simpleton does insist that such and such things are absolutely necessary to repair the waste of the body; that I must eat this thing for bones, that for brains, and something else for muscles. I tell you from experience, which is worth more than all the chemical experiments

in the world, that no rule will suit all stomachs. There is Robert True; he has never in his life eaten meat. His system don't crave it; his stomach won't assimilate it. Then there is his brother Jacob who eats meat three times a day. Both are strong, hearty men. My niece, Nannie, could never eat milk in her life, or butter. They act like poison on her stomach. I can live on bread and milk and butter the year round. Mrs. Lane, down there at the foot of the hill, can not eat fruit or vegetables without serious illness. Her daughter's diet is wholly vegetable. But being directed by common sense rather than the conclusions of chemists, they manage to enjoy excellent health. Talk about analysis!" said Aunt Milly following the agent, who was backing down the walk to keep clear of her vigorous gesticulation, "if there could be a way discovered to analyze the intellect of some people, there would be a mighty falling off in self-conceit in some quarters."

"Madam," said the stranger as he opened the gate for himself, "I must say I am disgusted."

"So am I. Good-day to you."

Aunt Milly sat down on her door step, and fanned herself fully ten minutes in silence. Then she said, watching the agent, who stood at the door of a house far down the street, "One of us is a fool, but it is n't me."

## ROME AND UNITED ITALY.

[CONCLUDED.]

**I**N the sixteenth century the Papal States were celebrated for their wealth and their fertility. "We traveled," say the Venetian ambassadors in 1522, "from Macerata to Tolentino, through the most beautiful country. Hills and valleys were covered with corn—for thirty miles nothing else was to be seen; we could hardly find a foot of uncultivated land. It appeared to us impossible to gather in such a quantity of grain, much more to find consumers for it." Romagna yearly produced 40,000 stara of corn more than was necessary for its own consumption. In a bull of the year 1566 Pius V boasts, as a proof of the Divine favor, that whereas Rome in former times could not exist without foreign corn, she had now not only abundance for her own consumption, but had often been able to supply her neighbors and strangers by land and by sea.

In the year 1589, as Ranke informs us, the export of corn from the States of the Church was valued at 500,000 scudi a year. The several districts were likewise famed for their peculiar productions. Perugia for its hemp; Faenza for

its flax; Viterbo for both; Cesena for its wine, which was exported; Rimini for oil; Bologna for wood; San Lorenzo for manna; the produce of the vineyards of Montefiascono was celebrated all over the world; the Campagna at that time produced a breed of horses little inferior to those of Naples; toward Nettuno and Terracina there was excellent hunting, especially of the wild boar; there were lakes abounding in fish; there were salt and alum works, and quarries of marble—in short, every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life was there produced in profusion. Ancona did a thriving trade; its port was filled with caravels from the Levant. The wares which were sold in that town were silks, wool, leather, lead from Flanders, and cloth.

In those days the Papal States also produced men. Not only were they industrious manufacturers and enterprising merchants; they were celebrated for their courage and their skill in war. Sometimes they are described by the writers of those times according to the various characteristics which they displayed. The Perugians were reckoned sturdy in service; the inhabitants of Romagna brave, but improvident; the inhabitants of the Marches addicted to plunder; the Faentini excelled in steadiness under attack, and in the pursuit of a retreating enemy; the men of Forli in difficult maneuvers; those of Fermo in the management of the lance. "The whole population," writes a Venetian, "is skilled in warfare, and of a fierce nature; as soon as they leave their homes, these men are fit for every deed of war, whether in a siege or a field of battle. They bear with ease the toils and hardships of a campaign."

This description would scarcely apply to the Papal States of the present day; the famous breed of horses is extinct, and so are those breeds of men. Moreover, the provinces which annexed themselves to Italy in 1860 were, as might be supposed, the most enlightened and the most flourishing. There is now little left of the Papal States to describe, but Rome itself. Yet who can describe Rome?

We can certainly inform the reader—at the risk of telling him what he already knows—that Rome is situated on a tract of rocky hills, in the midst of an extensive plain—a position doubtless chosen for defense; that this plain is called the Campagna, and is an undulating tract of land ninety miles long by twenty-seven broad, lying between a range of mountains and the Mediterranean Sea; that the city is twenty feet above the level of the sea, and thirteen geographical miles in a straight line from the nearest point of the coast; that the Tiber

divides this city into two very unequal portions, and goes out much dirtier than it went in; that the main street is called the Corso; that it partly follows the line of the old Via Laminia, partly that of the Via Lata, and that it is there that people in Carnival pelt one another with plaster of Paris sugar-plums, and otherwise enjoy themselves, as may be read in "Monte Christo" and various works of travel; that the walls are twelve miles round; that there are twenty gates, of which seven are walled up; and that there are five bridges across the river Tiber.

But we certainly shall not attempt to describe the treasures of ancient and mediæval Rome. It would be impossible in a few pages to give even the barest outline of the worlds of ruins which this city contains—ruins of the ancient kingly times; ruins of the republic; ruins of the empire; ruins of the early Christian times; ruins of the mediæval splendor, when Buonarotti carved and Raphael painted, and Leo X restored the learning of ancient days. Baths, aqueducts, forums, and palaces; temples, theaters, amphitheaters, and arches; the Colosseum, the Pantheon, pyramids and obelisks; catacombs and tombs; fountains, villas, basilicas; churches and museums; the Vatican and St. Peter's—all these must be seen; they can not be imagined. The most skillful artist with pencil or pen can but awake a memory; he can not transport an idea. We shall assume the humbler task of sketching the inhabitants of Rome, who may, however, be also regarded as antiquities, since in many respects they resemble the people of the Middle Ages more closely than the people of the nineteenth century.

The Romans may be divided into three classes: the nobles, the middle class, and the plebeians. The middle class, being a growth of modern days, is, or was, but feebly represented in Rome—we are now writing, thank Heaven! in the past tense. The members of the bar had no career; the education of medical students was superintended by the priests, the subjects for dissection were modestly draped in vine-leaves, and midwifery students were permitted to attend only the accouchements of a doll—which arrangements, with others like them, preserved possibly the innate modesty, but also the innate ignorance, of the student. There was a class of farmers, but few manufacturers or merchants, as might be supposed. Three hundred and twenty-seven vessels belonged to the Papal ports, employing nine hundred and twenty-seven men. There was little industrial activity in the Papal States, though travelers went too far when they declared that

the sale of relics and indulgences, and the manufacture of images and beads, formed the sole commerce and industry of the country. Yet Mrs. Gretton is doubtless justified in asserting that if all the foreigners, and the shops which they kept alive, were removed from Rome, grass would soon grow in the streets, as was the case a few years ago in the suffering towns of the Legations.

We may, therefore, dismiss the middle class in a few words; nor will the nobles detain us long. This stratum of the Roman nobility may be subdivided into three layers: primitive, secondary, and tertiary. The first belongs to the ancient feudal, or even—if some are to be believed—to the classical times. Thus the Muti claim to be descended from Mutius Scævola; the Santa Croce from Valerius Publicola; the Massimo from Fabius Maximus, bearing the motto, *Cunctando restituit*.

The second class was formed by the Popes of the Middle Ages, who always conferred titles of nobility on members of their family. The Borghese family belongs to this class.

The last class are those who have in late years purchased great estates, and who obtained the permission of the Pope to assume the titles which accompanied the estates. Among these are the Grazioli, founded by a baker; the Torlonia, by a banker; with some smaller marquises and counts. But altogether there are only sixty families registered in the book of nobles at the Capitol; and a college of heralds was instituted by Pius IX, to examine titles, and to preserve the purity of the caste.

The great nobles have sometimes large incomes, but are usually poor. It is a fashion inherited from the Middle Ages that each should contribute a palace and a gallery of paintings, a villa and a garden, for the benefit of the public; this is their favorite, their indispensable extravagance; and it is certainly a refined form of ostentation; but it is nothing more. It is seldom that they know any thing or care any thing about art; Edmond About relates a story of a noble who, desiring to possess a decorated ceiling, asked a celebrated painter how much he wanted by the day.

The *jeunesse dorée* have little education, for the only profession in which a man could rise was the Church. A young Roman noble leads a life which certainly our young men would disdain; he dresses well, rides a little on horseback, is elegant in his manners, irreproachable in his morals; is humble and obedient to his parents, as his younger brothers are to him, and when his time comes, marries the girl who is chosen for him by his family.

It may easily be supposed that when the young men have so little liberty, the girls do not enjoy much more. A Roman lady thus related her experience of a convent life to Mrs. Gretton, and thence it will be seen that if the noble son is sure of obtaining a wife who is at all events young, the noble daughter is not so sure of getting a young husband.

"I was sixteen," she says. "I had never left the convent for nine years. I was always dressed in cotton prints of the simplest make and description, and thick leather shoes with great soles that clattered as I walked down the moldy old corridors, or ran about with the other pupils in the formal alleys of the garden, of which the four frowning walls had so long constituted our horizon. I had never seen the reflection of my own face except by stealth in a little bit of looking-glass about the size of a visiting card, which I had coaxed my old nurse to bring me in one of her visits, and which we smuggled through the grating concealed between two slices of cake.

"I knew this was to go on till a *partito* was arranged for me, for my parents did not like it to be said they had an unmarried daughter at home upon their hands. I had seen my eldest sister discontented and fretting till she was nearly twenty, before the welcome *sposo* could be found, and I had no inclination to be incarcerated so long, though hope and certain furtive glances at my mirror kept encouraging me to look for a speedier deliverance.

"At last, one Easter Sunday—how well I remember it!—I was summoned to the parlor, and there, on the outer side of the grating, stood a group of my relations—my father and mother, my sister and her husband, and one or two of my aunts. I was so flurried at the sight of so many people, and so taken up with looking at the gay new Easter dresses of my visitors—my sister, I recollect, had an immense sort of high-crowned hat with prodigious feathers, as was the fashion then, which excited my intense admiration and envy—that I had not time to bestow much notice upon a little dried-up old man who had come in with them, and who kept taking huge pinches of snuff and talking in a low tone with my father. My mother on her side was engaged in whispering to the Mother Superior, and from her gestures seemed in a very good humor, while the rest of the party drew off my attention by cramming me with sweetmeats they had brought for my Easter present.

"The next day but one I was again sent for, and with downcast eyes but a bounding heart presented myself at the grating. There I found

my mother, as before, in deep conversation with the Superior, who, on my bending to kiss her hand according to custom, saluted me on both cheeks with an unusual demonstration of tenderness.

"Well, Gentilina," said my mother, "I suppose you begin to wish to come out in the world a little?"

"I knew my mother so slightly, seldom seeing her more than once a month, that I stood in great awe of her; so I dropped a deep courtesy and faltered, 'Si, signora;' but I warrant you I understood it all, and already saw myself in a hat and feathers even more voluminous than my sister's.

"Ha, ha, Gentilina!" she said, laughing, "you guess something at last! Yes, my child, I will keep you no longer in suspense. Your father and I, ever since your sister's marriage, have never ceased endeavoring to find a suitable match for you. The task was difficult. You are young, very young, Gentilina, and we could not intrust our child to inexperienced hands. It was necessary that your husband should be of an age to counterbalance your extreme youth. On no other condition could we consent to remove you from this so much earlier than your sister. But at last a *sposo* whom your parents, your family, the Madre Superiore herself, think most suitable, has been selected for you, and—"

"But I waited to hear no more. The glorious vista of theaters, jewels, carriages, diversions, which, we all knew, lay beyond those dreary convent walls, suddenly disclosing itself before me, was too much for my remaining composure, and, clapping my hands wildly, I exclaimed, 'Mamma mia, mamma mia, is it possible; am I going to be married? O, what joy, what happiness!' And then, checking my transports, I said, earnestly, 'Tell me, mamma, shall I have as many fine dresses as Camilla?'"

"I declare to you, signora, that the name of my destined husband was but a secondary consideration; and when they told me he was rich and noble—the same individual who had come to the grating on the previous Sunday to satisfy his curiosity respecting me—I acquiesced without repugnance, ugly, shriveled, aged as he was, in the selection of my parents. Knowing nothing of the world, having scarcely seen a man except our confessor, the convent gardener, and my father, I went to the altar eight days afterward without a tear."

Among the plebs, or people of Rome, the women are kept in a similar servile condition. Instead of being imprisoned they are made to toil. The Roman peasant does not trust his wife with a penny; he goes to market himself,

while she performs the more masculine part of the daily work. The Roman peasants are at present grossly superstitious. They believe in unlucky days, the evil eye, the 6,500 miracles of St. Francis de Sales; in fact, it would fill a volume merely to enumerate all the things they believe, and which we no longer believe.

In many respects the Romans resemble grown-up children; their amusements are of a very boyish character. One popular sport is that of *mora*, which is merely guessing how many fingers are held up. But the favorite game in Summer is that of *gatta cieca* (blind cat), which is much the same as our blind-man's-buff. It is often played at night in the Piazza del Popolo, and crowds will flock there on a moonlight night to look on. A president and an umpire are elected, and a prize, consisting of money obtained from the spectators, is offered to him who will succeed in walking blindfold from the Obelisk into the Corso. Any one who likes may join, and each, after being blindfolded, is whirled round three times, which entirely confuses his ideas of the geography of the Piazza. The self-confidence which the players will sometimes exhibit when they are wrong, and their timidity of purpose when right, is very amusing. One will get close to the Corso; then, hearing the jeers of the populace, and the long odds being (ironically) laid against him, will turn round and wander hopelessly to and fro; another, confident from the first moment that he is right, will walk rapidly along till he butts his nose against the lion, or tumbles head over heels into one of the fountains.

Although the Papal Government has always kept the strictest watch over the morals of its subjects, especially taking care that the works of Voltaire, the Scriptures, and other dangerous books, should not be disseminated among them; taking them up when they blaspheme, and putting them into prison if they would not attend mass; yet it promoted an institution, which we in the North do not consider a very moral one, and even derived much of its revenue therefrom. Certainly, the words "Papal Lottery" read rather odd, but there were many odd things in Rome; and perhaps the state of the hospitals and the prisons was not all that could be desired.

When Pius IX returned from exile, he gave himself up exclusively to spiritual affairs, and his prime minister, the notorious Antonelli, became ruler of Rome. The following anecdote will show how deep the Pope had sunk into this hermit apathy. A well-known philanthropic lady had devoted much of her time to the Roman hospitals, especially to those for the insane. She had afterward an audience with the Holy

Father, who received her in his amiable way, and—between the intervals of taking snuff and dusting his fingers on the breast of his white robes—said, “I hope you have examined the hospitals for the insane in Rome?” with a tone of voice which showed that he supposed them to be a pattern for such institutions in other parts of the world. When she told him all that she had seen, the Pope thanked her, expressed his surprise and sorrow, declared that a commission should at once be appointed to look into the matter and effect a thorough reform; but nothing was done.

Take a graver case: “Close by the mighty dome of St. Peter’s,” writes the author of “Roba di Roma,” “is a somber, stern-looking building, with iron-grated windows, called the Palazzo del Santo Uffizio—the Palace of the Inquisition. Almost the first act of the Pope, on his return from Gaeta, was to re-establish this ancient tribunal, which the Republic had abolished. What was done within these walls no one can tell; the prisoner had neither advocate nor witness; but there *were* prisoners, some of whom disappeared after passing beneath this fatal portal; others came out, being sentenced to the galleys for life.”

This prison is intended only for religious offenders—for those, perhaps, who are detected reading books which may be found in every club library; but the political sinners have prisons of their own, and out of these ugly facts have escaped from time to time. It is well known that the food of the prisoners was frequently of the most filthy description; that they were kept immured in dungeons in which they could scarcely turn; that only prisoners of the highest distinction were allowed to take any exercise at all, and that this exercise was afforded them on a *cavaletto*, a little horse much ridden by prisoners in the Middle Ages, and revived by that zealous antiquarian, the Most Eminent Cardinal Antonelli.

In the year '54—not 1354 but 1854—a young man, named Francesco Casanova, was traveling in the dominions of the Pope; he was arrested by gendarmes on the grounds that he had no passport. He explained to them how it was that he had not one; but he was carried to Rome and placed in the New Prison, where he was treated in the following old-fashioned manner: “Not satisfied with the report which I gave of myself, I was tortured for three months as follows: My hands and arms were bound together, and then, by ropes tied round the upper part of the arms, they were drawn back till my breast protruded and my bones sounded crick! crick! There was another species of

torment practiced upon me, which was this: At night, while sleeping, the door was secretly opened and buckets of water were thrown over my body. How I survived it I can not tell; the keepers were astonished, and said they had never had such an instance.” He was afterward sent to Naples, and after being five years in prison was liberated by Garibaldi.

The defenders of the Papal Government have often declared that it was the mildest Government in existence; doubtless they believed it—doubtless the Pope believed it too. And in one sense they were right; there was certainly not a country in Europe where the Government was so indulgent to assassins. In 1853 there were 609 convictions of robbery, and 1,344 of assassination or assault. But murder is looked upon, not only by the Government, but among the lower classes, as a very venial sin; just as we used to look upon the duel. The murders were almost always personal affairs. In 248 cases of murder which About examined, he found two only which were committed for theft. Not only are the assassins dealt with gently by the tribunal, but many facilities are afforded them to escape. The old system of the *sanctuary* is still preserved. If a man pursued by the police can reach a convent, an embassy, or a church; if he can seize the robe of a monk, or even reach the banks of the Tiber, he is safe.

The Roman peasant’s idea of litigation is the knife—the knife avenges all wrongs, and settles all disputes. However, matters have lately been improving in this respect. After the festivities fewer wounded are annually brought into the hospitals. Between Sunday and Monday it was common, within the last quarter of a century, to see six, seven, or eight wounded men brought in; but now this is rare.

Story relates that he heard an old Roman matron, not long ago, leaning out of her window and calling to some young men who were idling below—

“Eh, *giovinotti*! how many wounded did you carry last night to the Consolazione?”

“Not one, *excellenza*.”

“Eh!” said the old lady with a sigh, as she drew back her head, “the Romans are losing their manhood and growing to be old women; they are no longer the Romans of my time.”

“No,” wrote the great sculptor, who has passed his life in Rome, “no, alas! they are not. The bull-fights, the jousting, the *sassairole* are over; the stabbing is diminishing; the firing of guns out of the windows on *Sabbato Santo* grows more and more feeble yearly; the shambles are no longer in every street; the women are beginning to wear the detestable French

bonnets, and to lose their beautiful costumes ; sedan-chairs are almost never seen ; every body goes in a carriage, and only the sick are borne along in litters ; and by and by, if things go on thus, we shall lose—Heaven help us!—even the prisons, and the bandits, and at last—who knows?—the very Pope himself!"

### PEACE AS A RIVER.

NOT like tumultuous ocean,  
With its ceaseless ebb and flow,  
Lashed into wild commotion  
By the stormy winds that blow!—  
But tranquil as a river,  
Our peace flows on forever.

Not like lakes, stagnant lying,  
With slime upon their breast ;  
While thirsty fields are sighing,  
With drought and heat opprest ;  
Refreshing as a river,  
Our peace flows on forever.

Not like a streamlet gushing,  
Nor like a tiny rill ;  
Not like a torrent rushing,  
But broad, and deep, and still ;  
Our peace is like a river,  
Which floweth on forever.

In Spring's unfolding gladness,  
In Summer's perfect glow,  
In Autumn's pensive sadness,  
In Winter's ice and snow,  
The calm unruffled river  
Still floweth on forever.

In our childhood's joyous pleasures,  
In youth's expanding powers ;  
In our manhood's busy measures,  
In age's fading hours,  
Our peace shall flow forever,  
Unruffled as a river.

In midnight's darkness dreary,  
In morning's welcome light ;  
In noonday's languor weary,  
In deepening shades of night ;  
The peaceful, constant river  
Still floweth on forever.

In days of sunny gladness,  
When earth's suns brightly glow ;  
In nights of mournful sadness,  
Of heavy clouds of woe ;  
Our peace shall flow forever,  
Unchanging as a river.

'Tween stern rocks tow'ring high,  
Thro' deserts bleak and bare ;  
Now forests murmuring by ;  
Now corn-fields green and fair ;  
With steady course the river  
Still floweth on forever.

When we walk in meadows fair,  
Or climb the rocky steep ;  
When we roam in deserts bare,  
Or tread the valleys deep,  
Our peace shall flow forever,  
As steadfast as a river ;

Till our toilsome journey done,  
Our weary way all trod,  
We reach our everlasting home,  
Before the throne of God ;  
To drink there of *that* river,  
Whose waters flow forever.

### I DREAM.

WHEN sails the moon thro' purest blue,  
And hushed is day's tumultuous chime,  
And poised in argent light the world  
Seems to forego its sin and crime—  
I dream—

And fancy's children, bright,  
Come trooping down the silvered night,  
Whose walls, star-lighted, high and free  
Arch o'er the stretch of land and sea.

Thro' sea-wrought haze the mountains lift  
Their soft, gray summits, height on height ;  
And as the stars their torches shift,  
And build above them gloom or light,  
I dream—

Faith moves them grandly through  
My spirit's deep-thronged avenue,  
And plants, with battlement and tower,  
A vast retreat 'gainst evil's power.

Calm lies the sea ; no anger now  
Makes dark its smile of mighty rest ;  
A far-off sail, scarce gleaming, sleeps  
On the great pillow of its breast.

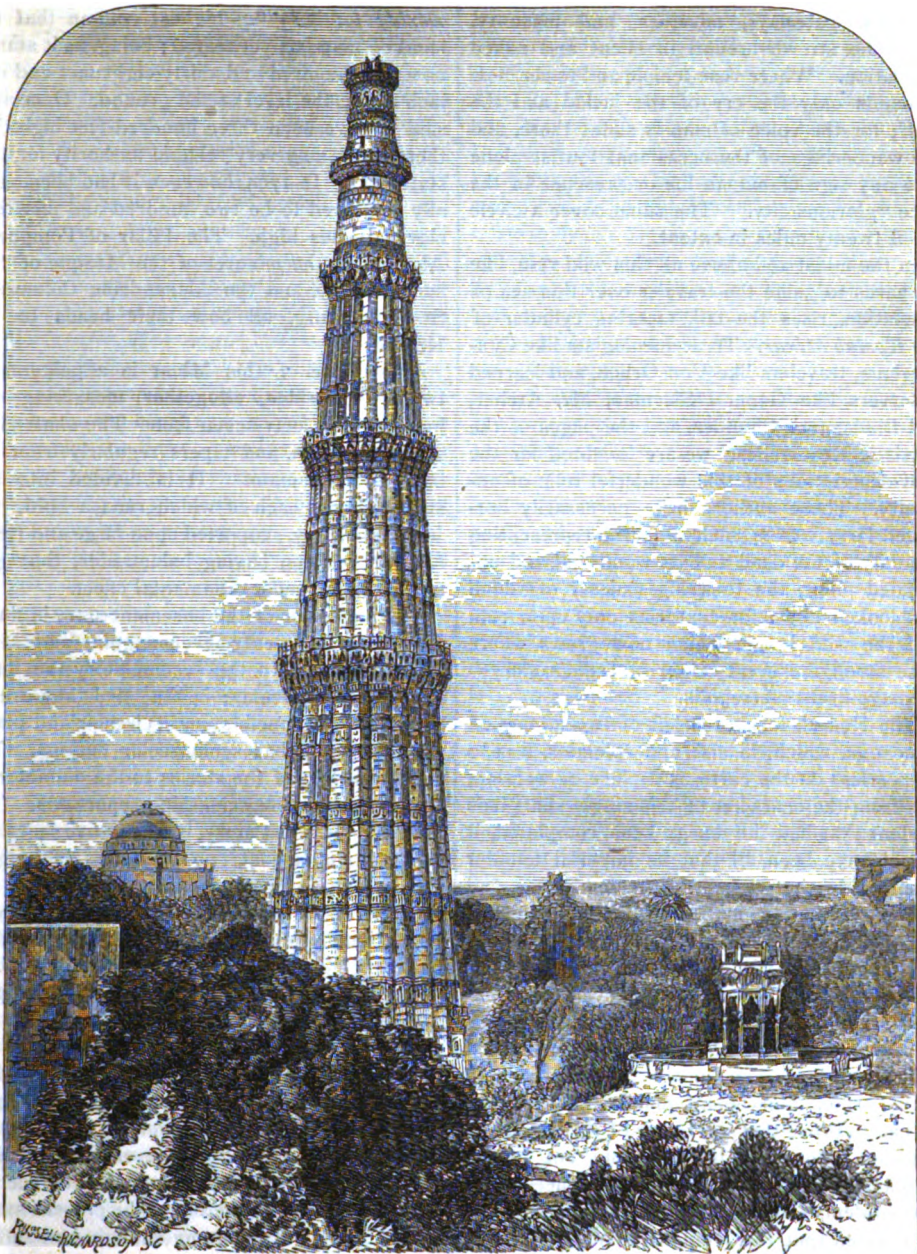
I dream—  
On waves translucent glow  
My shining ships with noiseless prow,  
And freight of love—ah, priceless store—  
I dream—I could not ask for more.

O thought—deep as the unfathomed wave—  
What wonders from thy fountain spring,  
High as the heaven of Him who gave  
And rendered thee a deathless thing !

I dream—  
And thought soars swift and far  
From mountain peak to journeying star,  
Or seeks the gloomiest ocean cave  
Beneath the mysteries of the wave.

And thought takes in the universe,  
Till its great glories stand before  
My frail existence, and its cares  
Retreat, as night the sun before.

I dream—  
That with yon setting star  
The night has lowered another bar  
Between me and the distant bound  
That hems my restless hopes around.



THE KOOTUB. (From a Photograph.)

## THE KOOTUB MINAR.

It has been well observed that this Minar is, among the towers of the earth, what the Taj is among the toms, something unique of its kind that must ever stand alone in the recollection of him who has gazed upon its beautiful proportions, its chaste embellishments

and exquisite finish. About eleven miles southwest of the modern city of Delhi stands the desolate site of ancient Delhi. This city is supposed to have been founded about 57 B. C. The height of prosperity to which it rose may be imagined from its only memorials, the toms,



columns, gateways, mosques, and masonry, which lie strewn around in silent and naked desolation. Where rose temple and tower, now resounds only the cry of the jackal and the wolf; for the voice of man is silent there, and the wanderings of the occasional tourist alone give any sign of human life or presence in the once "glorious city." The ruins cover a circle about twenty miles in extent.

In the midst and above all this wild ruin, like a Pharos to guide the traveler over this sea of desolation, rises the tall, tapering cylinder of the *Kootub Minar*. To archæologists like Cunningham, travelers like Von Orlich, and learned observers like General Sleeman, Mr. Archer, and Bholanauth Chunder, and the pages of the "Asiatic Researches," we are indebted for the best descriptions of this wonderful relic of antiquity. These authors have necessarily borrowed largely from each other in representing this city of the dead and its wonderful and unequalled pillar, the towering majesty of which has looked down for centuries only upon ruin and the wild jungle which now grows where once stood the great center of India's glory—its magnificent metropolis.

The Kootub forms the left of two minars of a mosque, which, in size and splendor, was to be peerless on the earth as a place of worship, and from the character of this single shaft it is evident that had the design been completed, it would have been all that its imperial founder intended in that respect. But death, war, and human vacillation make sad havoc of men's hopes and intentions, and this great memorial stands in attestation of the fact.

For nearly a century a controversy has existed in India as to the architectural honors of the wonderful Kootub. The Hindoos would fain claim that they built it, and Bholanauth Chunder, on their behalf, makes the best case he can to prove that the honor of its design and creation belongs to his race and not to the hated Moslem; yet even he has to concede that the evidences of its Mohammedan origin are so decided that the Hindoos must give up the claim to the glory of its origination. The Baboo's description is very vivid, and as he corrected the measurements of General Sleeman and others, and has made his examinations within the past five years, and was also well qualified for the task which he undertook, we quote him with confidence in the following description:

"The Kootub outdoes every thing of its kind—it is rich, unique, venerable, and magnificent. It 'stands as it were alone in India'—rather, it should have been said, *alone in the*

*world*; for it is the highest column that the hand of man has yet reared; being, as it stands now, two hundred and thirty-eight feet and one inch above the level of the ground. Once it is said to have been three hundred feet high, but there is not any very reliable authority for this statement. In 1794, however, it had been actually measured to be two hundred and fifty feet, eleven inches high. The Pillar of Pompey at Alexandria, the minaret of the Mosque of Husun at Cairo, and the Alexandrine Column at St. Petersburg, all bow their heads to the Kootub.

"The base of this Minar is a polygon of twenty-four sides, altogether measuring one hundred and forty-seven feet. The shaft is of a circular form, and tapers regularly from the base to the summit. It is divided into five stories, round each of which runs a bold, projecting balcony, supported upon large and richly carved brackets, having balustrades, that give to the pillar a most ornamental effect.

"The exterior of the basement-story is fluted alternately in twenty-seven angular and semi-circular faces. In the second story the flutes are only semicircular; in the third they are all angular. The fourth story is circular and plain; the fifth again has semicircular flutings. The relative height of the stories to the diameter of the base has quite scientific proportions. The first, or lowermost story, is ninety-five feet from the ground, or just two diameters in height; the second is fifty-three feet further up, the third forty feet further. The fourth story is twenty-four feet above the third, and the fifth has a height of twenty-two feet. The whole column is just five diameters in height. Up to the third story the Minar is built of fine red sandstone. From the third balcony to the fifth the building is composed chiefly of white Jeypoor marble. The interior is of the gray quartzose stone. The ascent is by a spiral staircase of three hundred and seventy-six steps to the balcony of the fifth story, and thence are three more steps to the top of the present stonework. Inside it is roomy enough, and full of openings for the admission of light and air. The steps are almost 'lady-steps,' and the ascent is quite easy. There are passages from the staircase to the balconies, to allow of people walking into them. The ferruginous sandstone has been well selected to lend a rich, majestic appearance to the column. The surface of that material seems to have deepened in reddish tint by exposure for ages to the oxygen of the atmosphere. The white marble of the upper stories sits like a tasteful crown upon the red stone; and the graceful bells

sculptured in the balconies are like a "cummerbund" round the waist of the majestic tower. Besides the richly decorated balconies the body of the Minar is further ornamented by horizontal belts of writing in bold relief and in the Kufic character. In the basement story there are six bands or belts of inscriptions encircling the tower. The uppermost band contains only some verses from the Koran, and the next below it gives the well-known (Moslem) "ninety-nine" Arabic names of the Almighty. The third belt contains the name and praises of *Maus-uddin*, *Abul Musaffer*, *Mohammed Bin Sam*, commonly known as Mohammed Ghorî. The fourth contains only a verse from the Koran, and the fifth belt repeats the name and praises of the Sultan Mohammed Bin Sam. The lowermost belt has been too much injured to admit of deciphering. The lettering on the upper portions has to be made out by using a telescope.

The Kootub does not stand now in all the integrity of its original structure. It was struck by lightning, and had to be repaired by the Emperor Firoz Shah in 1368. The nature and extent of his repairs may be made out by the help of the Nagari (Hindee) inscriptions on the fourth and fifth stories. There is no record on the fifth story, excepting that of the Emperor—the whole of that story may be concluded to have come down, and to have been rebuilt by him.

In 1503 the Minar happened to be again injured, and was repaired by the orders of Secunder Lodi, the reigning sovereign, a man of great taste and a munificent patron of learning and the arts.

Three hundred years after its reparation by Secunder Lodi, in the year 1803, a severe earthquake seriously injured the pillar, and its dangerous state having been brought to their notice on possession of the country, the British Government liberally undertook its repairs.

They were brought to a close in twenty-five years. The old cupola of Firoz Shah, or of Secunder Lodi, that was standing in 1794, having fallen down, had been substituted by a plain octagonal red-stone pavilion. To men of artistic taste this had appeared a very unfitting head-piece for the noble column, so it was taken down by the orders of Lord Hardinge in 1847, and the present stone-work put up in its stead. The condemned top now lies on a raised plot of ground in front, as shown resting on the platform on the right-hand side in the engraving.

Now as to the origin of the Kootub—a subject on which much speculation has been wasted.

Theories professing the Hindoo origin are maintained by one party. Theories professing

its Mohammedan origin are propounded by the other. The Hindoo party believes the Minar to have been built by a Hindoo prince for his daughter, who wished to worship the rising sun, and to view the waters of the Jumna from the top of it every morning. The Mohammedan party repudiates this as an outrageous paradox, and would have the Kootub taken for the unmistakable *Masinah* of the Musjeed-i-Kootub-ul-Islam. "No man who sees the Minar can mistake it for a moment to be any other than a thoroughly Mohammedan building—Mohammedan in design, and Mohammedan in its intents and purposes. The object is at once apparent to the spectator—that of a *Mazinah* for the Muezzin to call the faithful to prayers. The adjoining mosque, fully corresponding in design, proportion, and execution to the tower, bears one out in such a view of the lofty column, and there is the recorded testimony of Shams-i-raj and Abulfeda to place the fact beyond a doubt."

In addition to its structure, and the vast mosque in which it stands, and of which it so manifestly forms a part, we have the conclusive fact that the history of the Kootub is written in its own inscriptions. The belts of Arabic passages recording the praises of Mohammed Ghorî, and the name and titles of Kootub-uddeen, and the completion of the Minar by Altamash, are plainly recorded in the inscription over the door-way of the fifth story. None dares to impeach these records, and the Kootub thus seems to have been commenced in about 1200 A. D., and finished 1220.

In the *Asiatic Researches* (Vol. 14, p. 481) is given the following translation of the fourth inscription upon the Minar: "The erection of this building was commenced in the glorious time of the great Sultan, the mighty King of kings, the Master of mankind, the Lord of the monarchs of Turkestan, Arabia, and Persia; the Sun of the world and religion, of the faith and of the faithful; the Lord of safety and protection; the heir of the kingdoms of Sulimare—Abu, Muzeffa, Altamash Nasir Amiu ul Momenin."

Such was the style and title affected by these high and haughty sovereigns of Oriental Mohammedanism when, reveling in pride and power, like Nebuchadnezzar, they looked around at the "great Babylons" which they had built. How little they imagined with what utter desolation their works would be overthrown, to leave behind only a name and a ruin, and that so nearly undistinguishable that men in future ages could only ascertain the shadow record by making it a special study!

For six hundred and forty-six years has the gigantic Kootub weathered the rude assaults of the elements, and thousands of strangers from distant lands have come to gaze upon the mighty monument of a departed glory and a dying faith. How many, as they have stood in its shadow, have realized that there must be an adequate supernatural cause to account for all this wondrous decadence and death, which so quietly but effectively has prostrated its hopes and heaped confusion upon its intention—despite its boundless wealth, military power, and fierce religious fanaticism—to defend and diffuse its dominating faith! Yet, after all, thus it sinks and thus it dies in its chosen homes.

The instability and the doom that seems ever impending over the institutions and structures raised by the worshipers of Allah, of Vishnu, of Buddha, or the Virgin Mary, come not causeless. They are heaven's maledictions upon the fearful crime of false religions, which, while they defy God, degrade and dishonor men—cursing their conditions by poverty, miserable homes, and wretched compensation for their toil—wasting their revenues, sinking them in ignorance, destroying their morals, depriving them of liberty, and ruining their souls; till at length, when they have filled up their measure of iniquity, it turns the very centers and cradles of their faiths into the abodes of material or moral ruin, "the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

Whether the religion be utterly false or only a perversion of the true, its influence is equally pernicious and manifest. He who runs may read this on its very face in India and in Ireland, in Egypt and Burmah, in Delhi and Rome, in Benares and Mexico; in the Sepoy, the Gaze, and the Jesuit; in Tamerlane, Cesare Borgia, and the Nana Sahib; in Cawnpore, Canton, and St. Bartholomew. All equally evince the direful influence of false religions upon the conditions of men and nations.

On the other hand, the holy, living faith of a divine Jesus regenerates the hearts and the communities which yield themselves to its influence—confers freedom, light, education, equal rights, temporal prosperity, moral purity, domestic joy, and every thing lovely, virtuous, and of good report—rears up the temples of a true Christianity, and, without a stain of decadence upon its bright prospects of final universality, presents no ruins or desolations amid its evangelical conquests or their results.

Those once powerful religions and nations that marched so proudly and resolutely to conquest and ascendancy under their antichristian banners, and raised their vainglorious monu-

ments on the sites of their cruel victories, and then looked forward to such perpetuity of power and glory—where are they now? "How are the mighty fallen!" How fast they rushed on to their inevitable ruin, while those behind are to-day sinking into the same desolation! And why? Because there were higher laws than their own which they dared to violate, an authority against which they vainly dashed themselves, a power which they had the temerity to oppose and dare, but which, nevertheless, numbered their kingdoms and finished them, by the terrible penalties which they had incurred, the fearful evidences of which are strewn around us here and in so many other localities.

How can these facts and results be understood or explained save on the New Testament assumption that Jehovah Christ has all power in heaven and on earth—that he has a dominion here which he must maintain and vindicate though earth and hell oppose him, till his enemies are put beneath his feet, and he, the blessed and only Potentate, shall stand at last, amid the overthrow of all opposition, the conqueror of the world!

"In righteousness he doth judge and make war" upon these enemies of his faith. Before his Holy Word Veda and Bana, and Koran and Missal must fall. Until that is done he will make good his own awful declaration that, "Out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

The Kootub Mosque stands deserted; snakes and lizards now crawl in its ruins, amid which the Mazineh yet stands, solitary, grand, and majestic, as though heaven spurned the attempt to rear up and perpetuate a peerless sanctuary where Moslem blasphemy against the Christ of God might be continually uttered in a grand center toward which all Oriental Islamites might turn, and in which they might glory. God dashed their hopes to pieces like a potter's vessel, and changed their ambition and glory into a tomb and a ruin.

The unfinished Minar to the right-hand has twice the dimensions of the Minar here shown. This curious relic, too, has given rise to much difference of opinion as to the period and object of its construction. The legend of one party is, that the young lady, who obtained only a view of the River Jumna, and not of the Ganges, from the top of the first tower, urged upon her father to build this second one upon a larger

scale, but the work was interrupted by the conquest of the Mussulmans. The other party rejects all this nonsense, and maintains that the tower was undertaken by Allo-ud-deen, its progress being arrested by the illness he fell into shortly after its commencement, and from which he did not recover to carry out his design. This story is the more likely, as standing due north from the Kootub, in the opposite extremity, the column was evidently intended for a second Mazinah, without which a Moham-medan Mosque is essentially defective.

The second Minar—or minaret, to use the modern phrase—is considerably larger in the base than the one shown in the engraving. It stands at a proper distance from the first, and was carried up about thirty feet above ground and then discontinued. Antiquarians have been greatly puzzled to account for variations from the dimensions of the first and finished one. But it is not necessary to trouble the reader with their theories or debates, as Sleeman's solution has been accepted as highly probable and sufficiently satisfactory.

His explanation is, that the unfinished minaret was commenced first, but upon too large a scale, and with too small a diminution of the circumference from the base upward. It is two-fifths larger than the finished minaret in circumference, and much more perpendicular. Finding these errors when the builders had gone up with it thirty feet from the ground, the royal founder began the work anew, and on qualified and corrected dimensions, and this is the finished one before the reader. Had he lived he would no doubt have carried up the second minaret in its proper place on the same scale, and so completed his mosque. But his death occurring, and being followed by fearful revolutions—so that five sovereigns sat upon the throne of Delhi in the succeeding ten years—works of peace were suspended in the presence of war, while the succeeding monarchs sought renown in military enterprises, and thus the building of the second minaret was never proceeded with.

The great mosque itself, with that exception, seems to have been completed. Nearly all the arches are still standing in a more or less perfect state. They correspond with the magnificent minaret in design, proportion, and execution; it evidently having been the intention of the founder to make them all sustain and illustrate the matchless grandeur of the finished work. It was in this condition when Tamerlane invaded India A. D. 1398. That "firebrand of the universe," as he was called, was so enchanted with the great mosque and its Minar,

that he had a model of it made, which he took back with him, along with all the masons that he could find in Delhi, and it is said that he erected a mosque exactly upon this plan at his capital of Samarcand, before he again left it for the invasion of Syria.

The west face of the quadrangle in which the Minar stands was formed by eleven large alcoves, the center and greatest of which contained the pulpit.

The court to the eastward is inclosed by a high wall, bordered by arcades formed of pillars carved in the highest style of Hindoo art. Those on the opposite side are dissimilar, and the fair inference is, that the Moslem monarch built his mosque in part by materials taken from the great Hindoo temples, which he must have desecrated for the purpose. This was after their fashion, and laid the foundation for those bitter feuds and hatreds of the one people against the other, which have lasted to this day.

Close to the Minar are the remains of one of those superb portals so general in the great works of the Patans. The archway of this gate is sixty feet high, and the ornaments with which it is embellished are cut with the delicacy of a seal engraving, retaining, even after the lapse of six hundred years, their sharp, clear outlines.

Few who visit the Kootub, if they have strength for the toilsome ascent, fail to go to the summit, and well does it repay the effort. It is sublime to look up to the unclouded heavens, to which you seem so near, while beneath and beyond the eye wanders over, not merely the city beneath, but across to modern Delhi, with its white and glittering mosques and palaces, the silvery Jumna gently pouring along, the feudal towers of Selimgur, and the mausoleums of Humayun and Sufter Jung, all in the soft light of the India sunset. But what must that view have been when imperial splendors and cultivation, like earthly paradises, or "the gardens of God," combined all their wealth of beauty beneath its shadow and then away as far as the eye could reach on every side!

The writer visited the Kootub, on the last occasion, in 1864, in company with Bishop Thomson. The Bishop's description may be found in his "Oriental Missions," Vol. I, p. 65. He justly calls the Minar "the grandest column of the world." It is so. Except the Tower of Babel probably nothing ever erected by human hands has produced the same effect as one stands awe-struck at its base and gazes up upon its majestic form towering to the skies.

It has not been without its tragic incidents. General Sleeman, writing in 1864, tells us that five years previously, "while the Emperor was

on a visit to the tomb of Kootub-ad-deen, an insane man got into his private apartment. The servants were ordered to turn him out. On passing the Minar he ran in, ascended to the top, stood a few moments on the verge, laughing at those who were running after him, and made a spring that enabled him to reach the bottom without touching the sides. An eyewitness told me that he kept his erect position till about half-way down, when he turned over, and continued to turn till he got to the bottom, where his fall made a report like a gun. He was, of course, dashed to pieces. About five months ago another man fell over by accident, and was dashed to pieces against the sides."

Close to the Kootub stands the famous *Iron Pillar*—the palladium of Hindoo dominion—and which, there is evidence for believing, has stood there for 1500 years.

In the presence of this iron wonder our friend, the Baboo, is exultant. Here is something antecedent in India to all Moslem or Saracenic skill, that demonstrates Hindoo taste and ability, and over which he waxes eloquent. "It was intended to be a proud monument of success—to be the gaze of millions—and to gazette to the world the fact of a most glorious triumph; a place thronged by populous numbers, and to which men bent their steps from far and near, was the most eligible position on which to erect that pillar." It no doubt constituted the center of the magnificent city long centuries ere a Mohammedan foot had trod the soil of India.

The Iron Pillar is a solid shaft of mixed metal resembling bronze, upward of sixteen inches in diameter, and about sixty feet in length. The greater part of it is under-ground, and that which is above is less than thirty feet high. The ground about it has marks of excavation, said to have been carried down to twenty-six feet without reaching the foundation on which the pillar rests, and without loosening it in any degree. The pillar contains about eighty cubic feet of metal, and would probably weigh upward of seventeen tons.

"Many large works in metal," says Cunningham, "were no doubt made in ancient times, such, for instance, as the celebrated Colossus of Rhodes, and the gigantic statues of the Buddhists, which are described by Hwen Thsang. But all of them were of brass or copper, all of them were hollow, and they were all built of pieces riveted together, whereas this pillar is one solid shaft. It is true that there are flaws in many parts, which show the casting is imperfect; but when we consider the extreme difficulty of manufacturing a pillar of such vast

dimensions, our wonder will not be diminished by knowing that the casting is defective. Indeed, the idea and execution of this monstrous piece of metal, attest a greater genius among the ancient Hindoos than is found among their present descendants. It speaks of furnaces, and founderies, and forges, as large as those of modern Birmingham and Woolwich, and of a chemical knowledge of metals scarcely inferior to that prevailing in the present century. They must have had also the command of high mechanical powers to put up this enormous rod.

The Iron Pillar, standing nearly in the middle of a grand square, "records its own history in a deeply cut Sanscrit inscription of six lines on its western face." Antiquaries have read the characters, and the pillar has been made out to be "the arm of fame—Kirttibhujā—of Rajah Dhava." He is stated to have been a worshiper of Vishnu, and a monarch who "had obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period." The letters cut upon the triumphal pillar are called "the typical cuts inflicted on his enemies by his sword, writing his immortal fame." "It is a pity that posterity can know nothing more of this mighty Rajah Dhava than what is recorded in the meager inscription upon this wonderful relic of antiquity. The characters of the inscription are thought to be the same as those of the Gupta inscriptions, and the success alluded to therein is supposed to have been the assistance which that Rajah had rendered in the downfall of the powerful sovereigns of the Gupta dynasty. The age in which he flourished is, therefore, concluded to have been about the year 319 A. D., the initial point of the Balabhi or Gupta era."

Antiquarians have tried very earnestly to solve the mystery of this metallic monument. The most probable conclusion is, that it marked the center of the great Rajah's city, and stood in a splendid temple. But on the invasion and conquest of Delhi by the Mohammedan power, the Emperor chose that center for his own purposes, and threw his great mosque across the very site of that temple, taking its marble columns for his colonnades, permitting the Iron Pillar to remain, but erecting the Minar near it, forever to dwarf its proportions and interest. But all are alike in ruin now—their rage, contention, and emulation in the dust, while the Pillar and the Minar alone remain.

How little did either the proud Rajah or the fierce Emperor anticipate what a wreck the Ruler of heaven and earth would make of their hopes, and that where they builded and embellished, and set forth their glory, would yet

be as naked as ruin itself, and that the wild beasts of the forest would howl in their desolate palaces!

That desolation is the more marked when we remember that, very probably after all these high anticipations, carried out so despotically, and with the lavish expenditure of such untold millions, this Mosque and Minar may never have answered, even in a single instance, the purposes for which they were so proudly intended. According to their custom and rules the mosque would probably not be used till completed; the second Minar being unfinished would very likely prevent the dedication, so that, ere another hand could consummate the great design, the death of the founder, the long and fierce wars that followed, and finally the imperial fickleness which chose the banks of the Jumna, eleven miles away, as the site of new Delhi, leading to the utter forsaking of the grand old city, with all its monuments, temples, mosques, and palaces, consigned the Kootub forever to desolation, and, after all, left it very likely a mosque where no prayer was ever offered, and a minaret from whose lofty summit no muezzin's voice ever called the sons of the Koran to their vain devotions.

Though 1,500 years have gone over it, the iron pillar shows no sign of decay; it is smooth and clean. The metal of which it is composed was so fused and amalgamated that it defies all oxidation, while the characters engraven upon it remain to-day clear and distinct as when they were first cut by the hand of the engraver.

The great antiquity, the enormous size, and the interesting inscriptions upon the pillar of Rajah Dhava, have led to great reverence toward it by all Hindoos, and legends are not wanting to account for its origin and position. One tradition is, that it is the veritable club that great Bheema wielded in the battles of the Mahabharata, and which was left standing there by the Pandoos after their contest. But the more popular story is, that it is a pillar so long that it pierced the entire depth of the earth till it rested on the head of the gigantic snake called Vasuki, who supports the world; that its stability was the palladium of Hindoo dominion in India, and with the story as it is thus told, and a humorous dialogue upon it between General Sleeman and his attendants, we close this paper.

Rajah Pirthi Rai, dreading the fall of his dynasty, consulted the Brahmins as to what steps should be taken to insure its continuance. He was informed that if he sunk an iron shaft into the ground, and managed to pierce the head of the snake god Vasuki, who supported

the world, his kingdom would endure forever. The pillar was accordingly constructed, and the directions of the Brahmins implicitly obeyed. How long the shaft remained undisturbed is not said, but the Rajah, either distrusting his priestly advisers, or desirous of seeing for himself whether the snake had been touched, contrary to the entreaties of the Brahmins, had the pillar taken up. To the surprise of the spectators, and the consternation of the sovereign, the end of it was found covered with blood, and the Rajah was informed that his dynasty would shortly close.

*"Bulwan Deo khawati ubhark dekhi,  
Tub hoku se chuchati nikali."*

That is,

*"He saw the spike thrown on the ground,  
Blood dropping from the serpent's wound."*

So, according to this account, the skeptical Rajah's action gave origin to the name of his city Delhi, from *dhilli*, loose or unstable—a different etymology, however, from what is usually maintained.

The legend proceeds to say that the horrified monarch, now repenting of his folly, attempted to drive down the pillar the second time, but that it would not penetrate beyond nineteen fingers, and then remained loose. The sage, whose advice he had disregarded in what he had done, now addressed the Rajah in prophetic tone: "Like the *khili* (spike) that you have driven, your dynasty will be *dhilli* (unstable); and after nineteen generations it will be supplanted by the Choans, and they by the Tur-kans." History, however, shows that some way was found to break the spell, for Shabal-oodeen shortly afterward deprived Pirthi Rai of both life and kingdom, and from that day to this no Hindoo prince has reigned in Delhi.

General Sleeman relates that, one evening returning to his tents from a visit to the iron pillar, surrounded by his attendants, he took the opportunity to draw out the popular native notions upon the subject by asking the old Sepoy officer of his guard, who accompanied him, what they thought of the pillar, and whether they still really believed that it was now stuck into the head of the great snake, and that no human efforts of the present day could move it. "The old gentleman answered, 'What the people relate about this Khillee (pillar) having been stuck into the head of the snake that supports the world, sir, is nothing more than a simple *historical fact* known to every body. Is it not so, my brothers?' said he, turning to the Hindoo Sepoys and followers around us, who all declared that no fact could ever be better established. 'When the Rajah,' continued the old

soldier, 'had got the pillar fast into the head of the snake, he was told by his chief priest that his dynasty must now reign over Hindoostan forever. "But," said the Rajah, "as all seems to depend upon the pillar being on the head of the snake, we had better see that it is so with our own eyes."

"He ordered it to be taken up; the priests tried to dissuade him, but all in vain. Up it was taken; the flesh and the blood of the snake were found upon it; the pillar was replaced, but a voice was heard saying, "Thy want of faith hath destroyed thee; thy reign must soon end, and with it thy race."

"I asked the old soldier from whence the voice came? He said this was a point that had not, he believed, been quite settled. Some thought it was from the serpent himself below the earth; others that it came from the high-priest or some of his assistants. 'Wherever it came from,' said the old man, 'there is no doubt that God decreed the Rajah's fall for his want of faith, and fall he did soon after.'

"All our followers concurred in this opinion, and the old man seemed quite delighted to think that he had had an opportunity of delivering his sentiments upon so great a question before so respectable an audience."

## PORCELAIN MANUFACTURE.

### I. ORIENTAL PORCELAIN.

§ SUPPOSING it were legitimate to pay Divine honors to the man who invented porcelain, China would enjoy that privilege. A Jesuit missionary—le Père d'Entrecolles—has left us curious notes upon China at the period of the commencement of the last century. He relates that one of the Emperors issued an order for various porcelains to be made of a certain description. It was vainly represented to him that the thing was impossible; in vain the officers of the court charged to superintend the works exerted both the zeal and the imagination of the artists employed by the agency of *coups de robin*. At last one of these unfortunate artists, seized with despair, plunged into the furnace, and was immediately consumed. Miraculously enough, it resulted therefrom that the baking proved successful, and the piece of porcelain came out of the furnace such as the oblique-eyed Nero had dreamed it. They could hardly do less than make a hero, a demi-god, of this martyr. Alas, the savants of our time, who have no predilections for legends, have discerned in the laughing, lusty, poussah

handed down to us as the porcelain god, Pou-Tai, the god of "Perfect Satisfaction."

Our modern sinologues have, moreover, brought far nearer to our time the date of the invention of porcelain, which one fancied to be lost in a fabulous antiquity. According to M. Stanislas Julien, the date is hardly a century anterior to the Christian era. It must be understood that this date does not particularly apply to other than the kaolin paste. The ceramic productions generally, in baked earth or in sandstone, are excepted. The *boccaro*, for instance, which is a ceramic ware of an extremely fine and light paste, brown, red, or chocolate color, frequently bears a very antique stamp. But the pieces of porcelain of which, by the aid of historic personages, or of emblems in the exterior decorations, the period has been ingeniously identified, are certainly not to be traced back further than our middle ages.

In Europe, as in the Flowery Kingdom, the gross kaolins are first subject to a thorough washing, to eliminate the argillaceous matter, which is subsequently mixed with quartzose and feldspath sands, reduced to a fine powder by repeated crushing and washing. The Chinese kaolins, like those of Europe, evidently result from the disintegration and decomposition of rock-granite; the body of the paste is formed of it. The *pe-tun-tse*, the vitreous portion surrounding the white nucleus, which should be streaked and, as it were, spongy, is of compact feldspar, or petrosilex. The Chinese paste and glaze are infinitely more fusible than those of our porcelains, and consequently bake at a lower temperature. Every one knows that it is by its translucency that porcelain is distinguished from enameled faience, by the perfect homogeneity of the external glaze and the internal structure, and of a hardness surpassing that of flint-stone. It will bear, for household purposes, the action of boiling water or fire without cracking. After being washed in clean, warm water, it retains no greasy particles. It will resist the corrosive properties of the strongest chemical substances, with the single exception of hydrofluoric acid.

In all probability it was originally designed for an imitation of jade, the species of vitreous stone, small specimens of which may be gathered in China in the beds of rivers. Jade will chip steel, and if—as we are led to suspect, by the multitude of pieces of this stone which have found their way to Europe—the workmen have not arrived at some particular method of softening its compact substance, the formation of a vase, or group, can hardly have failed to demand

the unremitting labor of a man's life. Confucius regarded it as the emblem of all virtues. Nothing is more natural than that the potters, who, in this ancient and meditative land, had attained to a marvelous skillfulness, should have been led to produce the fac-simile of a gem of such great price. Kaolin came to their aid. In French and in Dutch commercial phrase of the present day, the stamp of the letter F stands for a Chinese sign that resembles the European form of the letter. It signifies in Chinese *yu*—jade—and may be found stamped under tolerably modern pieces, but which are of a superior quality. In China, they cite among their most remarkable curiosities certain pieces produced for one of the Emperors in the year 600, by a celebrated potter named Tha-yu, and called "vases of imitation jade." The story of the white swallow, pervading all Chinese romances, is mixed up with the jade-stone. The Emperor Han-vou-ti received visits from a fairy in his palace of Tchaoting. One day she forgot to take away a pin of jade that she chanced to have withdrawn from her coiffure. The Emperor presented it to his chief favorite, Fey-yen. Later, during the reign of his successor, this magical jewel was discovered by the women of the palace, who, frightened at what they deemed its supernatural splendor, resolved, after a night spent in anxious consultation, to destroy it. But when they opened the box, where they had inclosed it on the previous day, out flew a white swallow, that disappeared like a flash in the deep-blue sky.

The Chinese ceramists succeeded beyond all possible expectation. Of porcelain they made a really magical substance, that received every form, every gradation of color, submitted to every caprice; and we have proof that the decorative taste and imitative skill of the artists of the Celestial Empire knows no limit. You see, for example, the dog "Fo," bearded, mustached, curly as a spaniel, daubed red and green, opening his jaws, at the threshold of temples and gardens, thrusting out his tongue, and showing his teeth; or it is a carp and carp-lings, intertwined, with distended gills, in the thick of a clump of reeds; or a garden rat is biting into a peach; a toad, with his bulged back, is crawling up the involuted roots of a bamboo; and here, a *nélumbo* flower—water-lily—spreads out in full bloom, forming a cup, of which the tea-pot is so constructed, that while not only have its movable rings been carved out of the mass, but the parts are concentric and revolve upon themselves, leaving us to wonder how the adherence could possibly have been prevented in the baking. This cup has

been laid over again with a fresh coat of lacquer, and this bowl is as delicately fine and pearly as the egg-shell of a turtle-dove. And here, the origin of the vast superiority of the Chinese potters over ours is, that they start always with a more or less free, more or less capricious, imitation of some natural production. The object, however peculiar its outline may be, will invariably suggest to the mind a close or remote affinity with a real object. The flowers and the fruits, the grubs and the monsters, the clouds and the waves, the lightnings, the rain, the clipped tree-trunks, the empty shells—nothing has seemed to them undeserving of study; and from this incessant simple observation of the caprices and the functions of life and nature, as well as of living creatures and phenomena, they have been able to refresh their imaginations with countless delicate subtleties.

There are Chinese figures as pure as the purest of those bequeathed to us by the Greeks, notably such as are of the extreme antique period. If, occasionally, they distress us, the fault lies in our classical education, which has armed us against every manifestation of life, color, and movement: at any rate, we are bound to render them this justice, that, even in their commonest productions, they excel by far the imitation of Greek and Latin types which the Western nations repeat so laboriously. The interminable variations upon the Medici vase afflicting us in France since the triumph of Italian Renaissance, the stolid persistency of our artists in introducing the human figure, either as a support or as a relief in the ornamentation, are afflictions that have ceased to strike attention, because our eyes are absolutely wearied by what surrounds us. Is it not, let us ask, infinitely less interesting and less reasonable than the direct imitation, never mind how independent or fantastical, of the wonders of Nature?

We are not desirous of pushing beyond just limits our admiration of a people separated from us by so many points of origin, antiquity, philosophy, and climate. The Chinese have a tendency toward the monstrous and the distorted, which we, colder and more critical, find distasteful. What pleases them best is the broken outline; they are delighted by the curved line; their doors and their windows are round; the angle of the ten roofs capping the famous Tower of Porcelain, which the rebels destroyed some years since, is curved like the nail of the little finger of a first-class lettered mandarin. One would absolutely expect their architects to cavil in Paris at the cold and heavy outlines of the Madeleine.



The more earnestly we contemplate the genius of the Chinese in their ceramics and bronzes, the more we have been enabled by the narratives of travelers to become acquainted with their domestic life, and have read the translations of their dramatic works, their romances and poetry, the deeper is the interest we feel in this aged, melancholy people, who seem, after an interminable succession of centuries, to have exhausted every combination in mind, arts, and crafts. This race was altogether the best endowed, the strongest, the most patient, the most inquisitive, of all that forsook the flats of India to colonize Asia. Doubtless its misfortune was to have aged in utter isolation, without suffering those perpetual invasions of the barbarians which made Europe rejuvenescent. The spirit of Greece, of Rome, and of the Northern races, battling together and successively displaced, one by the other, has, in the end, formed that of the European—a character complex and sonorous as the piece of metal gathered after the burning of the Byzantine palaces, and which was composed of a hundred metallic varieties. But the Chinese, on the contrary, have always absorbed their conquerors.

How they love Nature! It is true that they subject her to the pleasure of their fantastic will, by decorating their apartments with oaks a foot high and peaches no bigger than nuts; yet with what ardor they pour forth in Spring-time to enjoy the odors of flowering apricots and nêlumbos! Such of their romances as

have been translated, "The Two Cousins," "The Two Fairy Snakes," "The Accomplished Young Ladies," are full of those happy gatherings which friends appoint to make at the return of bright weather, when the interchange of poetical couplets and quatrains enlivens the cup of *saki*.

From nature, and not from dubious experimental combinations of the laboratories, the Chinese have drawn their unrivaled colors; they have violet of the melongena—the mad-apple—the scarlet-runner's red, the pure, deep, milky-white of the petals of the camellia, the emerald's green, and gold-veined lapis lazuli. One of their emperors desired them to render the effect of that evanescent "blue of heaven after showers," when the azure of the sky is still partly veiled by lingering vapors; and they have succeeded in expressing it so far as to discourage the great landscape painter, Corot himself. You see a porcelain vase that you take for bronze; another you will conceive to be a piece of goldsmith's work. Attentive to the smallest details of their business, these workmen have been inspired to benefit by the occurrence of any slight accident and gain extraordinary effects from it. Observe the cracks running over some of these vases, like the meshes of a fisherman's net, in parts marked delicately as the back of a trout, and again regularly as the channel lines of a honey-cake. This must necessarily spring from a want of homogeneity in the body and the glaze covering

the so-called *Céladon* vases; the greater contraction of the interior caused the surface-coating to split with a thousand little lines. The veined or mottled colors are caused by jets of heat—for the atmosphere of the kiln is so incandescent we can not talk of flame—which attack certain portions of the coating of the piece, and, by this greater degree of heat, modify the tone or color of the mineral element with which it is decorated. Upon this head M. Jacquemart, who has the most earnestly studied Oriental art, and can therefore discourse the best on it, says: "The scarlet coating attains an incomparably picturesque aspect; the surface is diapered with veined, flickering, capricious hues, like the flame of a bowl of punch; the red oxydule passes out of violet to pale blue, and to green protoxide, evaporating altogether in particular pieces whitened by the fiery ordeal, and



URN, CUP, AND WATER-BOTTLE. (Chinese Porcelain.)

thus furnishing happy strokes not accorded to the brush of the painter." These lovely interfused tints of violet, turquoise blue, and green, which the designed and cunningly concealed inequality of thickness in the decoration causes to vibrate deeply, and, as it were, to palpitate, are attributed to the most ancient manufactories, and are ardently sought after.

As far as is possible the Chinese of the present day are able to perform these marvels of decoration and of baking which distinguish the work of their ancestors. The Chinaman's adeptness of imitation approaches to genius. It is only by long experience, joined to a sort of natural instinct, that one can distinguish that, for instance, pieces of modern manufacture are less sonorous than the ancient. The most ancient pieces known at the present day can be traced back no farther than the Ming dynasty, which flourished in the fourteenth century. The sign-marks published by several authors, particularly M. Stanislas Julien, in his "History of Chinese Porcelain," can help us but vaguely, and are always dangerous guides. These blue marks, such as a leaf or a square tied with ribbons, are not sign-marks of the manufacture, but signify a religious or titular dedication. But of what use at all are the marks? In the decorated pieces, these literal, absolute copies are always likely to perplex the connoisseur; still there is in the costume, the attributes, the subject, the execution, and the repeated choice of a theme, sufficient to permit of a general classification. A style of decoration made fashionable by ruling influences—political, philosophical, or literary—would, in a country pre-eminently wedded to established forms like this, continue for a long series of years to reproduce it as faithfully as we see that Egyptian art has done with its hieratic type.

These decorations have been divided into groups or "families." The "Green family" is very easily discernible. Besides being distinguished at a glance by a bold, rich green, that shows strikingly on a rather creamy white paste, the figures presented are mostly literati reciting verses, philosophers meditating, or divinities appearing. Green had been chosen by the Ming dynasty for its livery—yellow is the color of the existing Tartar dynasty—so that in the fifteenth century green was naturally in favor. Should you perceive a warrior, it will be he of whom the great poet of the dynasty of the Thangs—in the year 750 of our era—Li-tai-pé, has given the salient portrait: "The borderer never has opened a book in his life, but he can hunt, he is alert, strong, and hardy. In the Autumn, fat is his horse, for the grass of his

meadows suits him capitially; when he gallops he outstrips his shadow. See what a superb and haughty air he has! He flicks the snow with his cracking whip, as it rattles in its golden case. Full of a generous wine, he calls his falcon and is off into the wilderness. Never does that bow of his, rounded by the force of his puissant arm, unbend vainly; struck at one stroke by his whistling arrow, often will two birds drop simultaneously. They who live on the sea-coast make way for him, every one."

The "Green family" also has mythological scenes, historical incidents, scenes of domestic repose peculiar to earlier times, robust types of men with wrinkled eyes, high cheek-bones, thin flowing beard, and cranium bald as a pelican's.

If we may be allowed to base a supposition upon instinct, we should say that there are a thousand peculiarities which lead us to suspect what is called the "Rose family" to have at least sprung from Japan. But we must here confess that it is almost impossible to indicate the points of difference between Chinese and Japanese porcelain, except that, since the eighteenth century, the latter has been held to be the more perfect and better decorated. When the Japanese ambassadors came lately to France, they seemed astonished that the question should be put to them. They were unable in the ceramic museum of Sèvres to identify a single piece, and assured us that no one in their country troubled himself with such distinction. Simple Japanese! *Sancta simplicitas*, who refuse to let enjoyment be directed by erudition!

The secrets of the art of porcelain were communicated to Japan in the Spring of the year 27 B. C., from the Corea. The Corea is that peninsula terminating the Mantchour territory southward, and pushing forth like a promontory between the sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea. It is to the Corea—which appears destined to serve as an amicable link between China and the island of Nippon—that certain porcelain of a heavy, ancient look may be referred. Springing from a keen, ardent, artistic race, the Japanese are quicker than any other in the world to grasp the secrets of manufacture, and stamp on the decoration a singular charm and splendor that has certainly never been surpassed. The most ancient porcelains, they tell us, are distinguishable by the mark left underneath by the impression of five or six little pieces of paste that supported the plate or dish during the baking.

We must, therefore, do honor to Japan for having at least originally invented the whole of the family in which the rose tint, commonly set off by a field of black, predominates. By

VASE, EWER, AND DISH. (*Japanese Porcelain.*)

turning over the leaves of their albums—modern, no doubt, but illustrating in swift and vigorous touches the physiognomy of this arch, *spiritual* people—we encounter the same subjects which used to delight their ancestors. Who has not seen one of those cups, for tea or spirits, with the saucer and cover upon which a fine feather-legged cock stands bridling? And those dishes of so thin and transparent a porcelain, that they are denominated “egg-shells,” where, in a corner, in contempt of the silly notions of symmetry which mislead the European, the

artist has placed on the branch of a blooming peach-tree a tomtit darting on a caterpillar, or a sparrow watching a butterfly?

From this group we except only, as not being Japanese, the scenes taken from Chinese history and well-known comedies; the amazons caracoling in the court-yard of the palace, upon red or rose-tinted horses, and those youthful matrons who polish their finger-nails in a reverie, while their young ones roll at their feet, or plunge embracing amid their petticoats.

The period of courtly gallantry, which plays

a considerable part in Japan, where women are less rigorously looked after, had but a short term in China toward the year 300 of our era. One of their poets then painted this delicious portrait: "O, the lovely creature! how elegant, how charming she is when her hand is stretched out plucking mulberry-leaves by the road side! Her sleeve, slightly drawn back, shows a pure white hand; her delicate wrist is clasped by a golden bracelet; there is a golden sparrow on the pin confining her hair; her girdle is ornamented with oblong blue stones, that dangle, trembling. She has round her neck a necklace all of pearls, of higher polish than the jade-stone, held up by an *agrafe* of coral and colored stones. The tight folds of her silken dress are exquisitely tortured by the wind. You would think that you saw softly floating one of the translucent vapors that are the chariots of the immortals. The traveler passing involuntarily checks his horse to gaze at her."

Is it not the image of this fair damsel that we behold on those delicate decorations, enameled in a soft relief of yellow, blue, and green pearls, and where the thin fine lines cross and form patterns like the finest black lace?

We have learned, since the eighteenth century, to attribute to Japanese workmanship the gorgeous dishes where peonies and chrysanthemums bloom full face or are distributed in squares, as on a coat of arms. It has been said, some pages back, that the decoration of the Persians presented a side-view of a garden; that of the Japanese, on the contrary, offers the bird's-eye view of a flower-bed all but foreshortened; the stakes supporting the stems are almost in aerial perspective; the long winding stretches of blue are brooks, and occasionally alleys strewn with colored sands. The imperial tree, the paulownia, is frequent here, flower or leaf.

To arrive at an opinion upon the delicate subject of classification, and in order to feel the differences existing in the powers of expression of the two peoples, one must compare the album paintings on rice paper of the Chinese with the albums printed in colors of the Japanese. The albums of the Chinese are drawn with a laborious, embarrassed hand, significant, in the execution displayed, of their proverbial reputation for patience. Those of the Japanese, on the other hand, are printed in bold vivid tints, that leave our oily, yellow, and dull chromo-lithographs far behind. The sketches are of inexhaustible variety; there are warriors, with helmets bearing stag-horns at the temples, and beetle antennæ at the front; slender women, done all in white, with black-stained eyebrows and mouth of car-

mine, pins of lacquered wood thick in their hair, crowned with wreaths of chrysanthemums and gold paper, reading verses, turning over the leaves of albums. Then there are tragic scenes, troops disembarking, tempests, fights, conflagrations, landscapes, purple under the setting sun; the apparition of divinities, amid clouds or vapors of the lake; gatherings on palaceterraces, to the sound of music and sweet voices. The most curious series of all is that of the twenty-eight portfolios of the illustrious Hok-Sai, which are marvels of scenes in natural history and domestic life, of caricatures, stick and saber practice, pilgrimages to Fou-sy, the sacred mountain; sketches of every sort, rivaling Watteau in their grace, Daumier in energy, the fantastic terrors of Goya, and the spirited animation of Delacroix.

Our ignorance of the diversity of origin will not quickly be dissipated, for, in Japan, the painting and gilding of the vases are a secret withheld by interdict from being revealed to strangers. We have nothing but general deductions to guide us; primarily, that the Japanese excel as artists, the Chinese as manufacturers. It must be observed, moreover, that but a very small number of superior manufacture will be found among the pieces that have come into Europe. In their current productions the Chinese and Japanese ceramists show themselves to be of the first order, or, to speak more correctly, they did show that they were so before their present commercial reciprocities with Europeans had commenced. At the head of each series you generally see one of those typical pieces called "specimen pieces," which appears to be the veritable model furnished by the artist directing the *atelier*.

We must not be deceived; all the value of these productions lies in the spirit of the decoration; the European paste, those of Sèvres and of Minton, are whiter and more consistent. At Sèvres they make coffee-cups thin as a leaf of note-paper. Most of the Oriental pieces show blotches and imperfections in the paste; but how much more are they made alive by these irregularities than the perfection of the European productions!

Before quitting these countries, which gave birth to one of the most precious inventions of man, and, as is generally the case in such instances, saw it reach its highest point of perfection, we may as well explain what was meant in the eighteenth century by "Indian porcelain," and what is still understood by the words "porcelain of the India Company." Agents in Jeddo, the capital of Nippon, receive orders for whole ship loads, and they, in turn, give their orders

to a number of petty manufacturers. The result, in French commercial phrase, is a collection of "trumpery;" for the fatal consequences of competition and useless diffusion, and possibly of cheapness too, are every-where the same, and lead to a degradation of taste notably in the spirit of invention. Up to this period Japan was free from the mechanical repetition of work which is carried in China as far as it will go. There every workman, through the whole course of his life, is condemned to produce one distinct

article—he paints the garments, or the flesh, or the trees, or the clouds, and this is a law of imitation and devout respect for the ancient types; we see traces of it in their poetry, surcharged with allusions and *pastiche* reproduction. The Japanese have incontestably the livelier fancy and the quicker hand; but now, when the merchant captain gives orders for 10,000 vases of No. 12 pattern, and 15,000 dinner services of No. 25 pattern, the whole to be delivered in the shortest time possible, and at the



BASIN AND HELMET-SHAPED EWER. (*Indian porcelain, eighteenth century.*)

lowest price, what is the result? Modern Japan gives us nothing but flimsy decorations, and China trashy copies.

Indian porcelain of the eighteenth century was a European commercial production, executed in Japan, and, curiously enough, Europe generally supplied the models. The paste of the wash-hand basin in the shape of a shell, and of the helmet-shaped ewer which we have had copied, is of a bluish color, much like the blue starch used by laundresses, and the blue decoration is devoid of sharp outline. The Jesuit

fathers, and intermediary commercial Dutch, undertook, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to get arms, and crests, and mottoes stamped on the dinner and toilette services. Both to the Chinese and the Japanese, engravings after Watteau or Chardin, or German masters, such as Nilson, were brought, and they, with the most grotesque of pencils, executed scenes from "The Geese of Father Philip," "The Story of Telemachus and Calypso," "The Prodigal Son," etc. Nothing could be sadder.

The exact period of the introduction of Oriental porcelain into Europe is unknown. There is a tacit consent to recognize them in those murrhine vases—so ardently prized by the wealthy Romans that Nero gave three hundred talents for one—although the text of Pliny may designate a different substance. For us it can not be doubtful that Greek ceramic Art was inspired by that of the East—Persian, Indian, or Chinese. Thus the little ornament running in the form of what is called a "Greek" frieze, is found on Chinese works of high antiquity; the waves of the sea are rendered by sets of purely conventional interwoven lines, which are the same as those on the Greek vases. Owing to the extreme difficulty of communication between the two countries, by means of caravans, these porcelains were necessarily precious, and their fragility made them very rare.

The narrative of the voyages and travels of Marco Paulo, printed for Charles, the father of Philippe le Bel, in 1484, from a manuscript written in 1307, created a lively interest in the objects mentioned by him, of which specimens were already extant; but it is not before the fifteenth century that we discover in the inventory of royal and princely treasures an enumeration of pieces of porcelain. Up to that period, according to M. Laborde, whose erudition may be trusted, the term "porcelain" in the lists signified mother-of-pearl.

With what admiration must our Western virtuosi have welcomed these vases brought over from far countries; "the enamel as luminous as the finest crystal," capable of withstanding the heat of fire, and fashioned to resist both the indentation of the fork and the edge of the carving-knife! The testimony of Passeri has been cited, to show how rapidly these vases and plates caused the faience on the sideboards of Italy to be forgotten. It was the same everywhere. The dauphin, son of Louis XIV, collected pieces of exceptional beauty, as regards substance, size, and decoration, for his cabinet, and the example was followed by the bourgeoisie. In the middle of the eighteenth century, within the space of a single year, tea-cups, "brown and blue," to the number of 307,318, entered Holland. At the Duc d'Aumont's sale, in 1782, vases, of a shape swelling heavily from center to pediment, and round perfume-pans, in old Japanese ware, fetched 7,000 and as much as 7,501 livres (about \$1,800) the pair.

The seventeenth century *savants* pronounced their opinion of the composition of porcelain thus: that it was a "conglomeration of plaster, eggs, the scales of sea-beasts, and others of a similar species; which substances, being well

mixed and stuck together, was secretly buried in the earth by the father of the family, who informed none but his children thereof; and that it remained hidden for a space of fourscore years, and after this period the inheritors dug it up, and, finding it ripe for its purpose, made of it the costly, transparent vases, so beautiful to the eye in form and color that no single artificer had a word to say against it."

Finally, in the midst of a society where poison played so terrible a part, doctors of medicine, anxious to shelter themselves behind prejudices that relieved them of their responsibility, agreed, without discussion, that bowls of porcelain, equally with tortoise-shell cups, and horns of the unicorn and rhinoceros, gave warning of the presence of poison. "This fact is satisfactorily proved," wrote a commentator on Pancirol, in a letter to Simon Simonius, physician to Maximilian, Archduke of Austria. The letter accompanied a piece of porcelain, sent from Prague to Leipsic, from Simonius to his well-beloved son-in-law. "They found it," he continues, "among the treasures of the Pasha of Buda, now a prisoner in Vienna. It is in these kinds of vases that the Turks drink water (*sorbets*) and take their soup, for it is believed that a sudden clouding of the transparency indicates the presence of poison. I would not exchange it for a vase in silver of equal weight, for I believe the substance to be pure and undebased: I have the guarantee for its excellence in the fact that a chief so powerful as the pasha has thought fit to make use of it."

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### ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

HUSH, she sleeps, the maiden Alice—  
Slow has come the dim, blue dawning,  
And the rosy wine of morning  
Fills the daylight's golden chalice.

But it brings no sudden waking  
To that restful, happy sleeper.  
Ah! what blessed dreams can keep her,  
While with life the air is shaking?

Pale she lies, and very quiet;  
Though the flowers are in the garden  
Gem-bedewed, their little warder  
Lets the bees among them riot.

Blessed dreams indeed have won her;  
Shut the door and look thee slowly  
On the face so fair and holy—  
Heavenly peace hath gleamed upon her.

Kneel beside her, smooth her tresses,  
Call her low, with utterance tender,  
Sweetest names that love can lend her,  
Touch her lips with softest kisses;

Yet thy words bring no unclosing  
Of those eyes that yester even  
Shone upon thee blue as heaven :  
Ne'er she 'll wake from that reposing.

Alice! Alice! darling Alice!  
Life to thee was full of glory,  
Glittering, as in ancient story  
Of some charmed fairy palace.

I am tired and disenchanted—  
Thou wert younger, fairer, stronger—  
Alice! live a little longer!  
Pluck the flowers thy hopes have planted.

O! that I, instead, were lying  
On thy couch, its silence greeting,  
Hushed my restless heart's dull beating,  
All forgotten tears and sighing.

For God knows, my little maiden—  
Only he—how very weary  
Are my feet, and sad and dreary  
Is this soul with pain o'erladen.

Yes, God knows! and, maiden Alice,  
Sends to thee his blessed slumber—  
I the bitterest drops must number,  
One by one, of life's sad chalice.

Well, what matter? since the morning  
Breaks for all, and softly blending  
Shade and sunlight, all are ending  
In one paradisal dawning.

So I leave thee, Alice, sleeping;  
Tears, but not of wild repining,  
In my eyes are tremulous shining,  
Rainbowed mists before them creeping.

Though thy rest so calm and still is,  
Balmy airs from heaven are straying,  
And the angel Peace is laying  
On my heart her whitest lilies.

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#### PETITION.

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THOUGH, O Lord, my sin divide  
'Twixt thy glory and my shame,  
O'er the great gulf yawning wide,  
Hear me plead the Savior's name—

Name of him who bore my sin  
In his body on the tree;  
Deep and dark my guilt hath been,  
Yet his wounds must speak for me.

Bruised he and stricken sore,  
That I might in him be healed,  
O, regard my sin no more,  
Let my peace in him be sealed.

Since I trust in him alone,  
Let his sacrifice complete  
Be my answer at thy throne,  
When thy judgment day I meet.

#### SPRING-LIFE.

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A LIFE-TIDE is flowing  
Through woodland and plain;  
The sun-king is touching  
The earth-heart again;  
And thrilled by his fervor  
The blossoms arise,  
Half shyly, scarce daring  
To look in his eyes.

The fountains are leaping  
With stars in their spray;  
They've caught the glad sunbeams  
In frolicsome play.  
And fairy-like zephyrs,  
Allured by the Spring,  
Return with the song-bird  
To flutter and sing.

The oak of the forest  
Is filled with new wine;  
A wind-harp is breathing  
Its notes through the pine.  
The buds have been dreaming  
On stemlet and bough;  
Earth's music and laughter  
Are waking them now.

O, soul resurrection!  
So sweet is thy morn,  
Life should be a rose-bud  
Bereft of its thorn;  
A rose-bud with petals  
Expanding and fair,  
To scent with their fragrance  
Eternity's air.

The flowers and the grasses,  
The buds on the tree,  
Though, sure, not immortal,  
Are wiser than we;  
For "growth" is their watch-word,  
And, moved by its power,  
Their delicate beauty  
Unfolds every hour.

The Spring-time is teaching  
A lesson of life—  
Of growth and of glory  
Unmingled with strife;  
It tells us that labor  
Is sweeter than calm,  
That springing and blooming  
Are blessing and balm.

O, soul, whose aspirings  
Lie hid in the mold,  
And deep in thine earth-bed  
Art sluggish and cold,  
The voice of the sunlight  
Floats down to thy tomb,  
"Come forth into beauty,  
To be is to bloom!"

THE NEW GOSPEL;  
OR, SCIENCE AS A CIVILIZER.

SECOND PAPER.

CONCEIVE that the fatal defect in this scheme of civilization by means of science and culture alone is to be found,

1. In its utterly overlooking the ugly fact of the depravity of the human heart. It is an ugly fact indeed, but none the less a fact. Ignore or disguise it as we may, there it is. There is no evading or getting around it. It is a shape that will not down at our bidding; and any ciphering, on our part, at the problem of social science that does not recognize this as a factor will inevitably come to naught. It always has, it always will.

2. It neither satisfies nor stimulates *conscience*. Science may, indeed, disarm superstition of its terrors, but it can never give a troubled soul peace—can never “cleanse the bosom of that perilous stuff” we call remorse for sin. Besides, there can never be any great moral progress without an active and enlightened conscience. “Zeal,” says another, “any vital, conquering system must have. It is one of the manliest and mightiest attributes of our nature.” To human character it is what animal heat is to the body, what the furnace is to the engine. But zeal implies convictions—real convictions, not those loose, vague, slippery notions so carelessly held as to breed unconcern, or so unsubstantial as at once to melt away before the eye into thin, vapory generalities, and disappear altogether under the stress of trial and temptation, but convictions, definite, decided, special—such strong persuasions of what is right, and truth, and duty, as one arrives at only after a protracted and agonizing struggle, and, perhaps, directly in opposition to the natural inclinations of his own mind. These are the things that beget an honest, conquering, resistless zeal. Men do not toil, and sweat, and lay down fortune and fame, for the sake of cloudy abstractions; nor do martyrs go to the ax and fire for the sake of being “pretty good sort of men for the most part,” or “doing about as well as they know how.” This kind of heroism is bred only by convictions that become the sternest and most terrible realities. Beliefs are valued—valued more than life, and, habitually, counsel is taken of “strong doctrine.” But, meantime, such convictions as these imply a lively conscience—just such a conscience as can only exist with what no system either of science or philosophy can possibly afford—an absolute, divinely authorized rule of right.

3. This scheme, also, utterly overlooks the

great fact that there can be no high morality without *loyalty*—except “*affection* be the *mainspring* of *duty*.” Dry rules of behavior are good for nothing. “By far the mildest manners I ever met,” once observed Lord Byron, “were those of the remorseless, blood-thirsty Ali Pacha; and the most civil gentleman I ever conversed with picked my pocket before I had done with him.” There can be no doubt that the late Professor Webster, of Boston, was very well versed, not only in the natural sciences, but in the moral code; and yet, in his laboratory, he committed the highest crime known to the law. His learning, great as it was, had yet not improved his heart or quickened his moral nature. You may show men, over and over again, that, for example, by leaving off tobacco, many millions may annually be added to our missionary fund, but men will still continue puffing away all the same, and the missionary society hang hovering over bankruptcy. Men must needs feel some gust of enthusiasm before they will strike out. Only let one thrilling impulse of such loyalty to God be felt as we, some of us, have before now felt for country, and it would prove of vastly more practical value than ten thousand cool deductions of the brain. “It was when the dead of every house made us cry out, ‘O God, we will be just!’” says another, “that a great wave of popular feeling swept over the whole North, rolled down to Washington, prostrated every opposer, silenced every clamor, and made an end of slavery.” That groundswell of enthusiasm it was that insured the final success of our arms. Without it—with only the cold “light of science”—we could have no more conquered the rebellion than we could have hurled destructive shot and shell without powder.

The freethinkers of every age, by undervaluing the religious heart, and attaching an exclusive importance to mere opinions—by undervaluing those great thrilling tides of popular sympathy which “alone can remove mountains” of difficulty, must always fail of success so far as any great benevolent or humanitarian ends are concerned. The teaching, evidently, which is to save and move the world must be one that can “pour its gushing devotions in musical aspirations of closet or conventicle; that chooses lyrics, not demonstrations, for its lessons; feeds on the rhythmic contemplations of a John; kindles at the songs from David’s harp; weeps over the prose of a Thomas à Kempis, and soars to heaven on the contagious ecstasies of a Moravian hymn.”

How significant the fact that at the very time the doctrines of Plato—many of them true



enough, coming from a universally revered teacher, and recorded in a language than which there is none more eloquent—were falling, as it were, still-born to the earth, the Gospel of Christ, coming from wickedly notorious Nazareth, in despised Galilee, a district in remote and neglected Judea, was going forth from conquering to conquer. Some one has said that Plato taught the doctrine of immortality, but his teachings wrought feebly upon the lives and characters of men; while Christ carried himself so as to make men feel that they were immortal, and hence his power.

The utterance, assuredly, of no smooth abstractions merely was it that wrought so powerfully of old on those dead in trespasses and sin; that brought three thousand converts into the Church by a single sermon on the day of Pentecost; that rolled back a French audience in terror and dismay while the “fingers of Massillon’s imagination opened the covers of the blazing pit;” that cast down thousands of sturdy English yeomen when Wesley “ordered the visible array of heaven and earth into the service of his oratory;” that bore the gracious blessing of Bunyan’s enchanting dream on its world-wide blessing of holy delight; that made stout-hearted New England Puritans clutch the railings of their pews as Edwards told them of the “due time,” and cry aloud for mercy as if, indeed, their feet were that instant veritably sliding; and that, as we are told, extorted from the brave but sensual soldier the confession that he would rather storm the bridge of Lodi than hear a chapter from the Epistle to the Corinthians. Such mighty results as these are wrought not by those who discuss such abstractions even as the “atonement,” “Christianity,” the “Church,” etc., but by those whose hearts are on fire with love to him who has poured his own life into the Church, informing it with his spirit, and taking up his constant abode on earth in the hearts and life of his followers. Talk however eloquently about any abstract scheme of doctrine, and your words will glide languidly over the unaroused conscience; but at each thrilling mention—not of Christianity, but of Jesus—of that great central figure, the Cross, or of those dear scenes so vivid to the sense, Calvary and the Garden, how instantly enthusiasm takes fire, and zeal stretches to the utmost its every nerve! Dying men, especially, it may be observed, say little or nothing about “Christianity,” or “doctrine,” or dogma of any kind. They have no time. Last breaths are too short for any such abstractions. They can only articulate the one dear and all-prevailing name. They stumble at so big a word as “Chris-

tianity” in such a crisis. But they can say “Christ.” They would not understand you if you were to say “justification;” but just breathe the name of “Jesus” in their ear, and they at once believe and rejoice. The power of abstract and consecutive thought may have failed them; yet still the fading sight rests fondly and rapturously on the image of the Cross. Ah, how often has a single hour of pain melted down a whole body of hard divinity, while on the stammering lips of death a dainty philosophy has burst into that strong cry of praise, “I know that my Redeemer liveth!”

Depend upon it, in so far as Christianity has become a power in the world, its success, its influence, is largely to be attributed to the fact that it has eschewed abstractions. However logicians may reason about them, evidently the mass of mankind can never feel but little, if indeed any interest in abstract doctrines. The most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, excites more interest in their minds than the most important principle. To many of us, a few years ago, patriotism was but a name, and the “stars and stripes” but a gay piece of bunting. But the first time that banner was unfurled after Fort Sumter was struck, O how we shouted! I shall never forget that wild and thrilling scene. An audience of nearly two thousand persons sprang instantly to their feet, and, though it was the very midst of a very interesting and powerful speech by one of America’s most honored and distinguished sons, shouted, and hurrahed, and cried, and swung their hats until a disinterested spectator would have thought us all insane. What a pentecostal baptism! And it was all inspired by the display of this visible emblem of our imperiled country.

The doctrines that the people care for, as a rule, are the *embodied* ones. A warm hand goes further than any syllogism; one pulse of love, than even Aristotle’s dictum. Accordingly when God would save the world, very naturally he sends not a lecturer, or theological doctor, but a SAVIOR, with *throbbing heart* and *loving voice*. It is doubtful whether, for an abstract Christianity, the first teachers would have faced martyrdom. But for Christ they could—for this blessed Savior and lover, companion and everlasting Friend, they will not hesitate to die. Not for any abstract scheme of truths would they have thus cheerfully laid down their lives, but this “Christ crucified,” and the “resurrection” they are prepared to preach, yes, in jails, if need be, or synagogues, or temples, anywhere, and turn the world upside down for, suffer for, and, if necessary, die for, and count it all joy.

Lastly. This scheme under consideration is fatally defective, in that it utterly overlooks the fact that man has something besides a speculative or reasoning faculty to satisfy. He has affections, intuitions, instincts, hopes, fears, aspirations; in a word, a religious nature, a spiritual faculty—sensibilities and possibilities of experience and development that look toward the realm of the invisible. Even poets are gifted with a vision that reaches far beyond that of the apostle of mere science. Are you endowed in some measure with poetic sensibility? Well, you have been sauntering through certain pleasant ways, and under the vague, mysterious enchantment of moonlight or twilight. How you hated at length to come again into the pitiless, revealing, disenchanting glare of gas-light! A certain sensibility of your soul had been touched and fed by this very witchery of the moonlight. Again, you have been listening to a beautiful singer. You have been charmed, you can hardly tell why; but you have been thrilled with ecstasy. There was a certain weird loveliness about her person, or there was a smile on her lip that was so magnetic, or there were eyes so full of visions and sweet songs of the affections, or a voice so tuneful, and tender, and sympathetic as to search your very soul with its sweetness, and send you away home at last with a dream of delight that words were utterly powerless to express. What, now, do you care that some stern musical critic, guided simply by "the light of science," comes and assures you that you have been deluded—that this very interesting singer is really no great singer at all; that you have been charmed simply by a few taking tricks of manner and expression; that she did many things she ought not to have done, and did not do many things she ought to have done, etc.? Would you not respond, "Be that as it may, the fact remains that I have been singularly charmed and blessed under her singing; that there was something in that voice and manner that touched a spot, reached depths, thrilled sensibilities in my soul never stirred before; and that that chord thus for the first time swept by the cadences of her song laughs at all this nonsense of yours about rules and science. Sentiment has reasons of its own, that science knows not of?"

And so it is with faith. Higher than this mere poetic or æsthetic sensibility thus ravished by music or beauty—by the influences of a starlit sky, or of the sounding sea, is that most regal of all faculties, the spiritual or faith faculty—that one by which devout souls hold sweet converse with the skies—are inspired, illumined, exalted, guided, and filled with the Divine spirit

and the Divine glory. Can such a grand, such a crowning endowment or aptitude as this reasonably, safely be overlooked by us? Ah, there are crises in human life often when nothing save those ineffable influences flowing into the soul through this very avenue, wonderfully ennobling it in impulse, and raising it in power, can effectually sustain it. Let a human being once be utterly stripped of hope—shelterless as Lear, solitary like Shelley, bereaved like Burke, remorseful like Judas, or despised, hated, shunned like Burr, and what does he care about the "light of science?" The lips of this teacher then are as dumb as those of a sphinx. Even the blazing canopy above him, that once so gratefully animated his poetic reverie, is now as cold as the marble dome it looked to his childish wonder. That forehead of midnight droops with no answer to his sighs. Its unapproachable glory only mocks his misery; its splendor—its light, effulgent as it is, is not yet, alas, *the warm light of home.*

There is but one Gospel that can satisfy all the wants of the human heart; that can supply a steady, permanent impulse toward the highest, noblest culture; that, by improving the heart, ennobling the soul—by its ameliorating effects upon human nature generally—is able really to *make civilization and education a blessing*, and serve thus truly as the "salt of the earth" and the "light of the world," and that is THE GOSPEL OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

#### A CLOUDED LIFE.

IN an elegant mansion, where wealth and luxury lavishly abounded, a gentleman was seated in a luxurious Turkish chair, apparently taking his ease, for the paper he had been reading was lying idly across his knees, while his head was thrown back, resting on the high and softly cushioned chair. Though seemingly wrapt in reverie, Mr. Livingston was not altogether unconscious of the children who had entered the room just as he laid down the paper. Indeed, he had given his pet Ella a warm, loving kiss, and taken roguish Robbie astride his foot for a few tosses up and down ere sending them off to another part of the room to play by themselves. Jennie, however, he had taken but slight notice of.

The children were very dissimilar. Robbie was a bright, beautiful boy of three years old, full of roguish mischief, but somewhat quick-tempered and self-willed, from having been petted and spoiled by all. Ella, two years older, was a perfect little fairy, with golden ringlets

and bright-blue, laughing eyes. She had a clear, rosy complexion, was faultless in form, and every motion full of witching grace. In striking contrast to Ella was her sister Jennie, but just seven years old. She was slim in figure; nay, had a rather sharp, pinched look. Her complexion was dark, at times sallow-looking; her hair straight and always seeming to be in the way; but her eyes—to a true reader of human nature—were a redeeming feature to her otherwise plain face. They were large, lustrous, and very expressive, of a deep chesnut-brown, like her hair, and full of depth, as if a tender heart and soul was looking forth from them. This, however, was not their usual expression, for poor Jennie seldom had her heart stirred by gentle words or loving caresses. As in the present instance, seeing the little notice her father took of her she shrank away and seated herself alone in the deep bay-window, and intently looked forth as though watching for some one's return. After much patient waiting a smile lit up her face, and for a moment the intelligent, dark eyes had a radiant look of joy. And yet, alas! it was but for a moment; for as her mother entered the parlor she had loving looks and words for all but herself.

Robbie, shouting with glee, had rushed up to his mother claiming the first kiss, while Ella, with a graceful, dancing step, had seized one hand and was receiving caresses, as her husband, holding the other and also taking a kiss, said,

"Why, Addie dear, what made you so late? It is almost twilight, and I was getting uneasy about you! You know I do n't like to have you stay out till dusk."

"O, I was very busy shopping all the afternoon; but I was not alone, lovie, Mrs. Jermain was with me. Why, I declare if there does n't stand Jennie, with her great staring eyes, and not a word to say! Jennie, my child, why do you not speak to me? Come here and let me fix your hair; your straight locks are all the time escaping from their net or ribbon fastening, and hang down over your eyes in such a way that it gives you an elfish look, as though you did not belong to me."

No kiss was imprinted upon the wistful, upturned face, or more loving words uttered by the mother who had been out for several hours. Jennie had hastened to greet her mother with as warm an impulse as the rest, but she was so shy and timid, and so doubtful of a welcome herself, that she had stood waiting to be noticed. Just as Mrs. Livingston had arranged her "obstinate hair," as she called it, the nurse came to

the parlor door and called the children to their early supper. The door had scarcely closed upon their retreating forms before Mrs. Livingston exclaimed,

"Edward, did you ever see such a singular child as Jennie is? I am sure I do n't know what to make of her. There does not seem to be a particle of affection in her; and her eyes grow more stupid and staring than ever. And as to grace, why, a broom-handle has as much as she has!"

"Similar thoughts, Addie, were occupying my mind just before you came home. While watching the children at play, and seeing Ella all animation and grace, and Robbie full of glee, I wondered what could make Jennie so quiet and dull-looking perched upon that chair in the window. Why, I declare she did not smile once during a half hour. I think the old nurse you had must have played us false, and that Jennie is a changeling," said Mr. Livingston, with a laugh.

"Changeling or not," replied his wife, "she is an utterly incomprehensible child to me, and I do wish she would appear more like the rest."

O, did neither know that they were the cause of Jennie's appearing so incomprehensible? That they had checked her warm, loving nature by rare caresses simply because she was less beautiful than her brother and sister? Did either have a conception that many of their thoughtless remarks had sunk deep into their child's heart, causing one of her sensitive, shrinking nature, to draw within herself? Alas, no wonder, with her natural shyness and craving for love yet receiving it not, that at times poor Jennie looked dull and stupid, and far less attractive than she might otherwise have done.

Mrs. Livingston was not only unconscious that the fault rested, in a great measure, with them, but she rather prided herself upon treating the children alike, in fact expending more time and expense in trying to have Jennie appear well. But it was only the outward adorning that troubled her mind. The inner spirit which she ought to have tenderly watched over was left to its chilling loneliness. Still the conviction was so strong in Mrs. Livingston's mind that she did her whole duty toward her children, that one afternoon when receiving calls and one of the ladies, in remarking upon the striking contrast between her children, added,

"You must find it very difficult, Mrs. Livingston, not to show partiality between Ella and Jennie," she replied,

"Indeed it is difficult, Mrs. Hoffman. I can not begin to tell you how difficult, but considering it wrong to show partiality, I have always

taken great pains to dress Jennie, as the eldest, even more richly than her sister, though it is perfectly delightful to fit any thing to Ella's graceful form, and nothing seems too beautiful for her."

The ladies then expatiated for some time upon a mother's duty, the error of ever showing partiality, etc.—none speaking in more glowing words than Mrs. Livingston; so that when her guests left they pronounced her an incomparable mother with her visible trial and high sense of duty.

To return to the children. As they left the parlor a deep sigh, almost amounting to a sob, arose from Jennie's tender heart, but, striving to repress it and taking her kind nurse's hand, she silently ascended the stairs to the nursery—Robbie and Ella, with merry shouts, running on ahead.

"What makes Miss Jennie so silent?" asked Maggie. "Does n't my pet feel well?"

"Not very well, Maggie, for my head aches," replied Jennie in a sad, weariful tone.

"You think too much, darling, and must try to be more playful."

"But, Maggie, somehow I have no heart for play. I do n't think I am like other children; at least every body but you tells me so."

Maggie scarce knew what reply to make, for with her shrewd common sense she had noticed the real cause of Jennie's often listless manner, and well knew that the shy, timid child was craving for love to warm her into life, so she could only redouble her own efforts; and when they reached the nursery, after fixing Ella's and Robbie's supper, and seeing that Jennie had no appetite for hers, she took her upon her lap and, with cologne bottle in hand, gently stroked her head. For a few moments it seemed to have a soothing effect, and Jennie was lulled into apparent quiet, when all of a sudden, as though some sad thought had flashed across her mind, with every nerve unstrung and quivering she flung her arms around the kind nurse's neck and burst into uncontrollable sobs and tears.

Maggie was amazed, though not altogether unused to such passionate outbreaks from poor Jennie when her heart was too full to contain itself. She asked no questions, for she understood it all, and feared it would only add to her grief, so she simply tried to soothe her.

"Do n't cry so hard, Miss Jennie, you will only make your head worse. See, Ella and Robbie feel sorry to have you cry so."

"O, Maggie, if I was only as beautiful as they are then every body would love me!" ex-

claimed the child between great choking sobs that convulsed her frail form.

"Why, pet, 'handsome is as handsome does,' and I am sure you are a good, patient child, and never make the least trouble in the world for any one; and Maggie, for one, loves you dearly," giving her at the same moment a warm hug and kiss.

Jennie looked up and, with a half smile through her tears, thanked Maggie, and for her sake tried to control herself; though, child as she was, she was conscious that a cloud overshadowed her life, while there was the bright sunshine of parental love for others.

Years passed by, but with them came no greater happiness to Jennie Livingston, or more just appreciation of their child's nature to Mr. and Mrs. Livingston. It is true, fewer thoughtless remarks were made in her hearing than when a child and thought incapable of comprehending what was sometimes said in an aside—forgetting the trite maxim, "Little pitchers have big ears," as too many parents do. True, also, to their conception of impartiality, Jennie was as richly dressed, and shared the same expensive masters as Ella. But though she made more rapid progress in her studies than her sister, and her teachers were all proud of her attainments, she rarely received the slightest praise from her parents; and could not help—while striving to do her best and win their love, noticing how often her mother's eyes would light up with pride as Ella's witching form, arrayed for an evening party, gracefully glided into the room; or help note how intently she watched her beautiful sister when dancing or admired by others, while but few remarks were made upon her own dress or appearance, and those usually in a criticising tone, or with expressions of dissatisfaction at the plainness of her taste. Then, too, with what fond pride the mother caressed her handsome son, indulging him in every whim, until he was likely to become a spendthrift. All this Jennie could not help notice. It was not with feelings of either envy or jealousy, but in her loneliness Jennie sometimes longed for a return of the love which she in silence lavished upon others, for she was really proud of her beautiful family. And yet, in her humility, as she grew older, she wondered not that one so unattractive, in comparison to her lovely sister, should win so little attention. It naturally caused her to draw more and more within herself, and lead such a quiet, reticent life that few understood her, or knew the real depth of her character.

In the mean time, however, her mind was

becoming highly cultivated, and choice books were her constant companions. She reveled in poetry, which was so fitted to one of her nature, that at times her own heart burst forth in rare poetic thoughts which she felt impelled to put on paper, and finally, in an anonymous way, send forth for others to share. In prose writing, beautiful imagery, or deep, stirring heart-thoughts, she excelled, so that many wondered who the unknown writer could be; such remarks often being made in her own family when taking up the papers or magazines lying on the library table. They were always heard by Jennie with a half smile of sadness, and inward thoughts of the words of the blessed Savior, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house."

Though Jennie took great pleasure in her writings as a means of influencing others for good, and to forget self in the characters she so vividly portrayed, she also early learned to draw life and strength from a higher source of comfort. As soon as her heart and soul expanded to the holy influences of religion her spirit was filled with its blessed truths, for she drank deep from the fountain of life that she might never more thirst. Ah! well for her that she had this unspeakable solace, for still darker days were to overshadow her young life.

Robert was at college, and Ella had been away some weeks visiting an aunt in the city. During their absence a young gentleman of fine appearance and prepossessing manners, reputed to be quite wealthy and very talented, made his appearance in their society. Of course, Mr. Charles Wilmont was at once a lion among managing mammas and young unmarried ladies. But from the first, to the surprise of all, he attached himself to Miss Livingston.

Mr. Wilmont had seen a good deal of the world, and become rather *ennuyé* with coquettish young ladies, and, therefore, was attracted by Jennie's quiet, unassuming manners; and, in conversing with her upon intellectual subjects, was pleased to see how her dark eyes would light up with such brilliancy as to make the whole countenance appear beautiful. He felt that her character was a study, and that her changing features, when the mind was rightly drawn upon, indicated great depth of feeling. Hour after hour Mr. Wilmont lingered by Jennie's side when they met in society, neither caring for dancing; and again and again he sought her at her own home upon one excuse or another—he lending a book, calling to see how it interested her, bringing some rare flower, as she was fond of botany, etc. In fact, it was

self-evident to all but her parents, that Mr. Wilmont, who had been sought after and coveted by many, had lost his heart to the quiet, unpretending Jennie Livingston.

How can we find words to express the change in Jennie, wrought through the great and wonderful alchemy of love! The form had become more rounded as she budded into womanhood, and, with better health, she had lost the sallowness of early childhood, and now all that seemed wanting was complete; the countenance, instead of having that sad, dull, weariful look, as though life had no attraction to her, was lit up with animation; the eyes often sparkling with brilliancy, or else having a soft, subdued look of perfect happiness that gave an entirely new and sweet expression to her face. Even Mr. and Mrs. Livingston noticed the change, and wondered what made Jennie of late so much prettier than they ever supposed she could look. They had with others observed Mr. Wilmont's attention to their daughter, but presumed he was merely attracted to her by her intellectual attainments, for somehow they little dreamed that she was capable of winning the heart of such a gifted, an elegant-appearing man as Mr. Wilmont—personal appearance always having been foremost in their thoughts. And then, in thinking what a splendid match it would be for their darling Ella, wished for her return to win the prize of the season, and eclipse the other young ladies who were setting their caps for him.

At her mother's recall, simply saying she missed her pet, and could not spare her any longer, Ella returned, more radiantly beautiful than ever. So Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, in their pride, decided to give a large party and deck their idol as exquisitely as possible. Dressed for the evening few could look upon her without an almost involuntary exclamation of admiration. Mr. Wilmont, of course, was among the invited guests, and Jennie noticed that when conversing with her his eyes often wandered off to her sister, while he made several remarks upon her graceful appearance. Jennie, however, was so accustomed to hearing her sister admired that it seemed natural to her; then, too, she thought that, no doubt, Mr. Wilmont looked upon her as a soon to be relative. For that very evening, arriving early, and before he had been introduced to Ella, he had, while Jennie and himself were alone in the conservatory seeking a flower for her hair, declared himself to her, pleading in eloquent words for a return to his love. So Jennie, with her heart at rest, and with her gentle, pure spirit, had no thoughts of jealousy. Neither was there the slightest

cause for it then, for Mr. Wilmont was sincerely attached to Jennie, and felt proud to claim one with such a gifted mind as his own.

For some cause the engagement was not at once announced to her parents, and each day there seemed to be one reason or another for delay, Mr. Wilmont at first professing to be selfish in wishing to claim her for a while as all his own without a voice to mar his secret joy, and Jennie—never having been accustomed to open her heart to her parents, or expect love and sympathy from them in return—granted his request, reveling herself in unspeakable happiness.

When too late she feared that in this she had perhaps erred, and yet she would not have had him bound to her by any but silken cords; and little did she dream then of the thorn hid beneath the beautiful rose that had brightened her pathway, or of the worm at its core ready to destroy its perfect harmony—yet so it was. For from Ella's return home, with her selfish heart and determination that the sister who had never eclipsed her before should not do so now—not supposing them actually engaged—she heartlessly through her wiles constantly won Mr. Wilmont to her side upon one pretense or another, until, with that strange infatuation which often seems to throw a veil over the reasoning mind, he became, for the time being, lost to principle, and transferred his affections upon Ella Livingston.

Alas! for poor Jennie, when she realized that once more her beautiful sister was to supplant her in the affections of another, who had won her whole heart, and that from henceforth a deeper, darker cloud than ever was to rest upon and check her ardent spirits. Long accustomed to school her feelings, Mr. Wilmont little knew how completely crushed poor Jennie was. And when she, with her generous heart, and self-sacrificing devotion to his happiness, broke off the engagement, he wondered if he had not mistaken her nature, and whether, after all, she was not, as all said—her sister Ella in particular—cold and reserved, and wanting in deep affection. Conscience, though, at times, would tell him far differently, and then he feared he had made a wreck of a trusting heart.

We will not linger upon these sad events. In the seclusion of Jennie's own room, and with no eye, but One resting upon her, she at times gave way, even as she had done in childhood, to outbursts of passionate weeping and wailing, as though her heart was almost broken; then she would, as a little child, turn to her Heavenly Father for grace and strength to endure all things to the end, and go forth with a

calm exterior, the same as before—yet not quite the same—for the sparkle of joy and peaceful happiness, born of deep, heart-felt love, that had for a while lit up her eyes and whole countenance with animation, was once more overshadowed by the pain of wasted affections, and a half longing for a higher and happier life than she could hope for in this world.

In course of time, then, Ella's engagement was announced through the proud, happy mother. It created a nine days' wonder, many having expected to hear of the elder sister's betrothal. But all, with an eye to worldly effect, pronounced them the best mated, a *splendid-looking* couple! etc. So it was a gay company assembled at the Livingstons to witness Ella's marriage with the elegant, accomplished, and wealthy Mr. Charles Wilmont.

But was his heart at peace? Could his eyes rest upon the self-sacrificing Jennie, moving about with quiet dignity among their guests, without feeling some remorse? Ah, no! And for this reason he had proposed going abroad for a while, inwardly hoping that Jennie, by his absence, would recover her elasticity of spirits—little dreaming that he, by his attentions and love, had first warmed her into real life, and now had left her heart more cold and isolated than ever—for Jennie's was too deep a nature to transfer her affections upon another, even if she should ever again meet one who so fully understood and appreciated her as Charles Wilmont at one time had seemed to do.

After Ella's absence, Mrs. Livingston, missing her favorite daughter, mingled in society more than ever, Jennie excusing herself upon the plea of not feeling very well—her looks confirming her words. While thus spending quiet evenings at home she noticed that her father often returned from business with a harassed look, and would sit whole evenings with an abstracted air, while now and then his brow would knit as though in pain or perplexity.

Jennie tried to draw him into conversation, or amuse him with music, which he was very fond of—once frankly confessing that Jennie showed more skill in her performances on harp and piano than Ella—causing her heart, at the time, to throb with strange delight at the first words of real praise from her father. But nothing now seemed to draw him out of himself. So one evening, when they were seated alone, Jennie begged him to tell her what was upon his mind. He evaded her questions, and turned the conversation; but with gentle persistence, and with all a daughter's love, the depth of which surprised him, she pleaded for his confidence. He then told her that for some

time past Robert had caused him a great deal of anxiety. He had tried to hide it from them all, especially from her mother, who, as she knew, idolized her only son. But he was perplexed how to meet his heavy debts, incurred through gambling and other dissipations. Robert had drawn upon him so constantly of late that it had affected his business, and unless he could meet a heavy bill, due soon, he might become a bankrupt.

Jennie was shocked at this sad news, but with a brave heart tried to comfort her father all she could, telling him that perhaps things would turn out better than he feared, and she could assist him a little by her writings. With an incredulous smile he thanked her warmly for her encouragement, and confessed, in that still hour of free communion, that perhaps he had never rightly understood or appreciated his true-hearted Jennie.

Thus in striving to bear the burden of another a heavy weight of sorrow was lifted from Jennie's heart, and for years afterward she remembered this *last* conversation with her beloved father—for, through the fraud of one of his partners, which at another time would not have materially affected him, but now, added to the large sums drawn from business for Ella's marriage and Robert's extravagances, the crash came even sooner than Mr. Livingston had expected—and the very next day he was brought home from the office stricken with paralysis.

The shock of such accumulated sorrows was also very great to Mrs. Livingston; so she, too, was taken seriously ill, and the whole care and responsibility of the family rested upon Jennie; but she was equal to the emergency. Sustained by spiritual grace, and firm trust in the goodness and mercy of God, she watched over her parents, made all necessary retrenchments, and then devoted every spare moment to her writings, from which she realized their daily support.

Her poor father lingered but a little while, speechless to the last. Her mother recovered her health but partially. Her ambition and energy was all gone, and from that time, with almost child-like meekness, she looked to and depended alone upon Jennie, whom she was amazed to find the gifted author she had so often wondered over.

Robert, after breaking his parents' hearts, continued to lead a reckless, dissipated life, they scarce knew where or how. Ella, with her naturally selfish disposition, and love for wealth and display, shunned her changed home; while her own, in a not very distant city, they knew was not as happy a one as it might have been.

In bitterness of spirit, yet with some humility, Mrs. Livingston finally declared that Jennie, whom she had loved the least, and thought, in her pride for the others, wanting in affection, was, after all, the one to show her the most dutiful respect and filial devotion.

This was, indeed, some reward to poor Jennie, but could not wholly lift the cloud that had overshadowed her life from early childhood.

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## THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

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### I.

**C**OMMIT a seed to the earth; plant, for example, a Haricot bean at the depth of two inches in moist vegetable soil, and if the temperature is about sixty degrees Fahrenheit, the seed will not be slow to germinate, first swelling, and then bursting its outer skin, and by this admirable arrangement of nature permitting us to contemplate the wonderful results, but without as yet enabling us to comprehend the strange mystery. A vegetable in miniature, eventually the counterpart of the first, will, after a time, slowly reveal itself to the observer; in the mean time two parts, very distinct, make their appearance; one, yellowish in color, already throwing out slender fibrous shoots, sinks farther into the soil—this is the *radicle* or root; the other, of a pale greenish color, takes the opposite direction, ascends to the surface, and rises above the ground—this is the stem.

Let us consider at first, in a general manner, this root and stem, with their functions. They are the essential organs of vegetation, without which, when we have excepted certain vegetables of an inferior order, plants, decorated with leaves and flowers, can not exist.

### I.—THE ROOT.

The design of the Creator of the world seems to have been to embellish and make beautiful all which was to be exposed to our eyes, while that which was to be hidden was left destitute of grace or beauty. Leaves suspended from their branches balance themselves gracefully in the breathing air; the stems, branches, and flowers are the ornament of the landscape, and satisfy the eye with their beauty; but the root is without colors or brilliancy, and is usually of a dull, uniform brown, and performs in obscurity functions as important as those of stem, branches, leaves, or flowers. Yet how vast the difference between the verdant top of a tree, which rises graceful and elegant into middle air—not to speak of the flower it bears—and the coarse mass of its roots, divided into tortu-

ous branches, without harmony, without symmetry, and forming a tangled, disordered mass! These organs, so little favored in their appear-

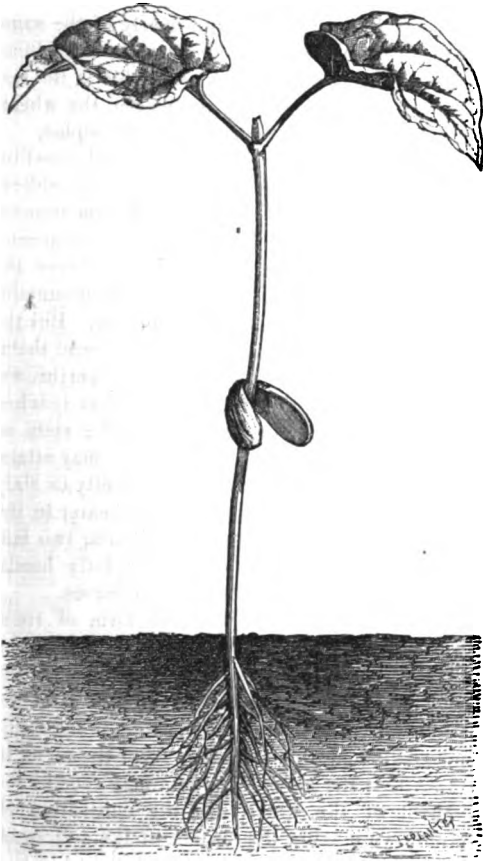


FIG. 1. YOUNG HARICOT.

ance, have, however, very important functions in the order of vegetable action.

The general form of roots is conical, the thicker part being termed the *caudex* or stock; the tender and delicate point of the cone, from its soft, yielding substance, the *spongiole*; the thread-like filaments it throws out in all directions are the *fibrils*, which are somewhat inflated, and consist of a series of small cells, the ducts of which convey the food of the plant from the spongioles to the caudex of the root. Besides this function, it is now pretty well established that the spongioles possess the power of ejecting effete or deleterious matter, and on this property of plants cultivators of the soil formed the system of rotation cropping; that which, in course of time, renders the soil unfit for one crop until it is renovated, being harmless, if not beneficial, to others.

But all roots are not planted in the soil. There are some plants which take root in water,

as the duckweed, which never touches the earth. Others nourish themselves on the tissues of other plants, as the mistletoe, a singular parasitic plant, which forms tufts or branches of a delicate pale green, attaching itself to apple-trees, poplars, and a number of other trees. Some roots appear, moreover, to have no other function than to fix the plants to the soil; they seem to contribute nothing to their nourishment. In the Museum of Natural History of Paris there has been for some years a magnificent Peruvian cactus, of an extraordinary height, which has been growing vigorously, throwing out enormous branches with great rapidity. Its roots are shut up in a box of forty inches square, filled with earth, which has never been renewed and never watered. It is, therefore, evident that in this case the roots have little to do with the nourishment of the plant. Other instances confirm these inferences. "In this country, where many months pass without a drop of rain falling," says Auguste de St. Hilaire, "I have seen, during the dry season cactuses covered with flowers, maintaining themselves on the burning rocks by the aid of a few weak, slender roots, which sink into the dried-up humus which has found its way into the narrow clefts of the rock." Nevertheless, most plants are nourished, to a large extent, through their roots. Other plants, as the screw-pine—



FIG. 2. FASCICULATED ROOT OF MELON.



*Pandanus*—and the mangrove-tree—*Rhizophora*, root-bearer, from its habit of emitting roots from the stem, which descend until they reach the ground, when they bury themselves in the

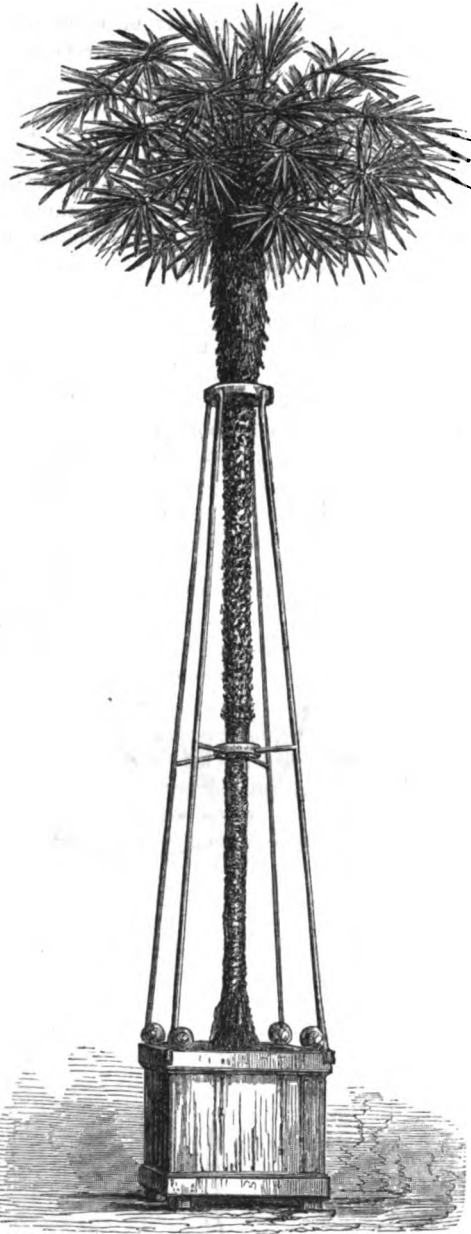


FIG. 3. FAN-PALM at the entrance of the Amphitheater at the Jardin des Plantes.

soil—these are sometimes called—not very correctly, however—aerial roots.

The multiplication of roots takes place sometimes by their elongation and thickening, as in the carrot, turnip, and beet. When short and

slender, natural rootlets named *radicles* are emitted, or rootlets which accompany the descending body—this is the tap-root. Sometimes the root is entirely composed of *axils*, more or less numerous, and nearly of the same size, which unite at the *collum*, or point of junction, of the stem and caudex. This is the fasciculated root, of which the melon, the wheat-plant, the lily, and the palms are examples.

This difference in the structure and constitution of the root must be taken into consideration under a great number of circumstances. The old fir-tree, firmly anchored in the ground by its deep and spreading roots, braves the most violent storms, and even on the mountain-top resists the most terrible tempests. But the fan-palm, whose fasciculated roots spread themselves horizontally in the sand, is overthrown, beaten down by the wind, when it has reached the height of five or six feet. If the stem of this palm be artificially supported, it may attain, even in our climate, to a height of fifty or sixty feet. In front of the great amphitheater in the Museum of Natural History at Paris, two fan-palms thus supported rear their lofty heads, charged with their fan-like tuft of leaves.

Some acquaintance with the form of roots will soon find its practical uses. In watering a plant, it is necessary to pour in the water at the foot of the stem, if it is tap-rooted; on the contrary, if the root is fasciculated, it should be poured out at some distance from the stem, in order that the spreading roots may receive the benefit of the water. In the cultivation of plants we manure the surface of the soil, or of the deeper beds, according as the plant has tap-roots or fasciculated roots. In scientific farming a plant with fasciculated roots which exhausts the soil on the surface, is succeeded by a plant with a tap-root, which seeks its nourishment at a greater depth in the soil.

This diversity in the structure of roots is not the work of chance, but the result of design. The composition of the soil varies singularly in different parts of the globe. In order that every point of the surface of the earth should be covered with vegetation, and that no part of it should be without that incomparable adornment, roots must take very varying shapes in order to accommodate themselves to these varieties in the composition of the soil. In one place the soil is hard and stony, heavy or light, formed of sand or clay; in another it is dry or moist; elsewhere it is exposed to the heat of a burning sun, or swept, on the heights, by the violence of the winds and atmospheric currents; sometimes it is sheltered from these movements of the wind in the depth of some warm valley.

Roots, hard and woody, separated into strong ramifications, yet finely divided at their terminations, are requisite for mountain plants, whose roots are to live in the midst of rocks or between the stones, in order that they may penetrate between the chinks of the rocks, and cling to them with sufficient force to resist the violence of hurricanes and other aerial tempests. Straight tap-roots and slightly branching plants are fit for light and permeable soils. They would not suit close, clayey, and shallow soils. Such districts are suitable for plants whose roots stand horizontally just under the surface of the soil.

These considerations are of great importance to the cultivator, who, if he would propagate plants successfully, must carefully study the nature of the soil, and choose for his experiments plants having roots adapted to it.

Two modifications may be found in the two classes of roots of which we have been speaking. It sometimes happens that these roots form themselves into masses more or less voluminous, full of nutritive matter, which is destined to nourish the plant or to favor its increase. Common examples of this structure are presented to us by the *Orchis mascula* of our meadows and woods, the anemone, ranunculus, and dahlia of our flower gardens. These roots are called *tuberous* when they take the form of the roots of the Dahlia, or *tubero-fibrous* when they take the form of those of the Orchis.

These enlargements of the root have a special use in the life of the plant. It is their function to accumulate, in the lower part of the vegetable, supplies of nutritive matter, consisting chiefly of *fecula*, whose purpose is to aid in the development of the plant during a certain period of its existence.

Plants derive their principal nourishment from their roots. We should, then, naturally be led to think that the bulk of the roots would be always in proportion to the size of the stem and branches of a plant. This is generally true for the same species; we know, for instance, that the more numerous the branches of an oak are, the more abundant are its roots; more than this, it is known that the strongest roots in the oak correspond in direction with its strongest branches. But if we turn from one species of plant to another, we find, not without surprise, that the roots of the *palm*s and *pine*s bear little proportion to their height; while some plants, such as lucern, bryony, and *Ononis* (cam-mock) are provided with enormous roots in proportion to the small dimensions of their stems.

If roots do not show in their ramifications the same regular and unvarying arrangement that we see in leaves and boughs, the cause is not difficult to understand. In the bosom of the earth they meet with obstacles which leaves and branches never meet with in the air. The latter consequently spread freely in every direc-



FIG. 4. TUBEROUS ROOT OF THE DAHLIA.

tion, while roots are incessantly stopped by all sorts of obstacles. They are constantly cramped in their lengthening or thickening, and are forced to turn aside from the course which they ought naturally to follow, and obliged to twist round to surmount the impediments opposed to them by the unequal hardness of the soil, the presence of walls, rocks, or of other roots. From these causes arise the deformities which we notice in their outward structure, and the numerous windings observable in their branches.

The manner in which roots succeed in overcoming obstacles has always been a subject of surprise to the observer. The roots of trees and shrubs, when cramped or hindered in their progress, have been observed to exhibit considerable mechanical force, throwing down walls or splitting rocks; and in other cases clinging together in bunches, or spreading out their fibers over a prodigious space, in order to follow the course of a rivulet with its friendly moisture. Who has not seen with admiration how roots will adapt themselves to the special circumstances of the soil, dividing their filaments, in a soil fit for them, almost to infinity, elsewhere abandoning a sterile soil to seek one farther off, which is favorable to them; and as

the ground was more or less hard, wet or dry, heavy or light, sandy or stony, varying their shapes accordingly? We are compelled to acknowledge that there is in these selections made by roots a true manifestation of vital instinct.

Duhamel, a botanist of the last century, relates that, wishing to preserve a field of rich soil from the roots of a row of elms which would soon have exhausted it, he had a ditch dug between the field and the trees, in order to cut the roots off from it. But he saw, with surprise, that those roots which had not been severed in the operation had made their way down the slope so as to avoid meeting the light, had passed under the ditch, and were again spreading themselves over the field. It was in reference to an occurrence of this kind that Bonnet, the Swiss naturalist, said that it was sometimes difficult to distinguish "a cat from a rose-tree;" a quaint, if not a witty remark.

Hitherto we have occupied ourselves in considering the roots constituting the descending and normal system of vegetation. There are, however, some roots which are developed along the stem itself. Organs, supplementary in some sort, they come as helps to the roots properly so called, and replace them when by any cause they have been destroyed. In the wheat-plant, the dog's-grass, and in general in all plants of the grass family, the lower part of the stem

In the primrose (*Primula*) both the principal and the secondary roots which spring from it perish after some years of growth. But the *adventitious* roots springing from the lower part of the stalk prevent the plant from dying.

In the tropical forests of America and Asia, the vanilla, whose fruit is so sought after for its sweet aroma, twines its slender stem round the neighboring trees, forming an elegant, flexible, and aerial garland, at once a grateful and pleasing ornament in these vast solitudes. The underground roots of the vanilla would not be sufficient for the nutriment of the plant, and the rising of the nourishing sap would take place too slowly. But nature has provided for this inconvenience by the adventitious roots which the plant throws out at intervals along its stem. Living in the warm and humid atmosphere of tropical forests, the stronger shoots soon reach the ground, and root themselves in the soil. Others float freely in the atmosphere, inhaling the humidity and conveying it to the parent stem. All these processes may be observed in full operation in many well-ordered conservatories.

A grand tree, the Pagoda fig-tree (*Ficus religiosa*), adorns the landscape of India, and presents the most remarkable development of adventitious roots. When the parent stem has attained the height of some fifty or sixty feet, it throws out its lateral branches in every direction, and each branch in its turn throws out adventitious roots, which descend perpendicularly in long slender shoots till they reach the ground. When they have rooted themselves in the soil they increase rapidly in diameter, and soon form around the parent stem thousands of columns, which extend their ramifications, each throwing out new lateral branches and new adventitious roots. The natives love to build their temples in the intervals left between these roots of the wild fig, which, when they penetrate the soil, resume the functions of true roots. The famous banyan-tree on the Nerbuddah is said, by the late Professor Forbes, to have 300 large and 3,000 smaller roots—

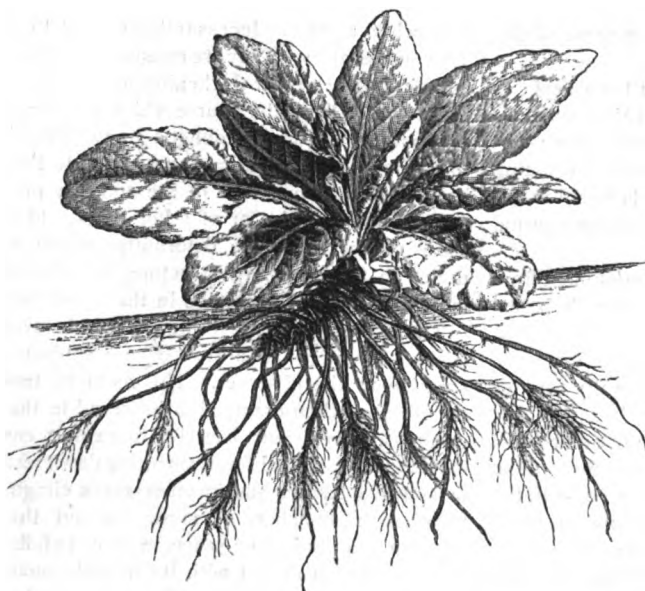


FIG. 5. ADVENTITIOUS ROOTS OF THE PRIMROSE.

gives rise to supplementary roots, to which these common field plants owe a portion of their vigor and their resistance to the causes which would destroy them.

roots, as they are sometimes called. It is capable of sheltering 3,000 men, and thus forms one of the marvels of the vegetable world. It is, in short, a forest within a forest. This is the



FIG. 6. CONSERVATORY OF THE JARDIN DES PLANTES, PARIS, WITH THE CLIMBING ROOTS OF THE VANILLA.

celebrated banyan-tree whose seeds are said to be so cooling and alterative.

The stem of the ivy (*Hedera helix*) is furnished with root-like processes or suckers, which seem to have no other function than that of mechanically supporting the plant. By insinuating their spurs into the bark of trees or on the surface of a wall, they support the plant, but without nourishing it.\*

There is one family of plants, the *Cuscuta*,

which are, above all others, parasitic. They will grow on almost any plant they can lay hold of, producing in the Autumn abundance of sweet-scented flowers, but the plants to which they have attached themselves find their sap resistlessly drawn from them. The dodder (*Cuscuta Europæa*) is an example where the suckers form true nourishing roots.

The fundamental property of roots, in a physiological point of view, is their constant endeavor to bury themselves in the earth. They seem to

\*This assertion may be doubted; it is no unusual thing to plant ivy on a damp wall, and the invariable result is to dry up the moisture. Who has not seen, with regret, some noble ash-tree covered with ivy, in whose embrace it is rapidly yielding up

its life? Surely in these instances each adventitious root is draining the stem or wall to which it is attached of its sap, and transferring it to its own veins.—ED.

shun the light of day, and this tendency is to be remarked from the very first moment of the root showing itself in the germinating seed. It is a tendency so decided, and appears so inherent in the life of all vegetables, that if we try to go contrary to it—if, for example, we reverse a germinating seed, placing it with the root upward—the root and stem will twist round of themselves; the stem will stretch upward, and the root will bury itself in the ground.

We can convince ourselves, by a very simple experiment, of the natural inclination which stems have to seek the light of day, and which roots have to avoid it. In a room lighted by a single window, place a few germinating mustard seeds on a piece of cotton, and let it float on water in a vessel. It will soon be seen that the small roots point toward the dark part of the room, while the stalklets bend over to meet the rays of light coming from the window.

What can be the cause which determines this natural and invincible tendency of roots toward the interior of the earth? Is it that they would avoid the light because its action might be injurious to them? Do they seek for moisture? The two following experiments will assist the reader to answer these questions.

Place a few seeds upon a wet sponge contained in a glass tube, and light the apparatus from below. When the plant shall have germinated, and pushed out roots and rootlets, the small fibers will descend toward the lower part of the tube, and consequently toward the light, in obedience to their natural tendency. Therefore roots do not bury themselves in the ground to avoid the light, for in this experiment it is precisely toward the light that they take their course.

Take a box whose bottom is pierced with holes, and fill it with mold; place a few kidney-beans in these holes, and suspend the apparatus in the open air. The roots will not ascend in order to seek the humid earth. Obedient to the inflexible law which guides them, they will be found to descend through the holes in the box into the dry air, in which they will soon be dried up. It is not moisture, therefore, that roots seek after.

It has been suggested that the action of gravitation would take some part in the guidance of the roots. This is, in fact, the apparent tendency of the following experiments.

Beans have been made to germinate when placed on the circumference of an iron or wooden wheel surrounded with moss, so as to maintain the moisture of the seeds, and holding little troughs full of mold, open on two sides; the wheel being put in motion in a vertical direction

by a current of water, and made to describe many revolutions in a minute. In consequence of this rotary movement, producing the particular force known in mechanics as *centrifugal force*, the action of gravitation is as it were annihilated, and the sprouting seed removed from its influence, and subjected to *centrifugal force* only; now see what occurs. The small rootlets which, in ordinary circumstances, would be directed upward, that is to say, in a direction inverse to the action of gravitation, now turn themselves in the direction inverse to centrifugal force, or toward the center of the wheel. The rootlets which, under ordinary circumstances, would bury themselves in the earth, and in the direction required by the laws of gravitation, in reality now point in the direction of the force which has taken the place of gravitation.

This curious experiment, carried out for the first time by Mr. J. A. Knight, a former President of the Royal Horticultural Society, has been repeated and modified in France by the ingenious naturalist, Dutrochet. He replaced the vertical wheel by a horizontal one, the force of gravitation acting constantly on the same points of the germinating seed; but as this seed is exposed at the same time to the action of centrifugal force, produced by the movement of the wheel, the rootlets follow an intermediate direction between a vertical one, which would be determined by the power of gravitation, and a horizontal one, resulting from centrifugal force. As the movement communicated to the wheel is increased in rapidity, the angle made by the root with the plane of the wheel becomes more acute also. When in a line with the wheel the root is horizontal, and its direction outside of the wheel. The influence of gravitation in directing the course of the root is put beyond doubt by these curious experiments. It must, however, be acknowledged that all is not mechanical in this tendency of roots to bury themselves in the earth. There exists beyond any doubt a real organic faculty belonging to the living plant.

If we compare a transverse section of the stem with one cut from the root of one of our forest trees, the difference between the two parts of the vegetable amounts to very little. The exterior of the root is covered with a bark, very similar to that on the trunk of the tree, only the *parenchyma*, or cellular tissue, is never green in roots. The interior is a woody cylinder, composed of fibers, vessels, and medullary rays. Wood, therefore, forms the central portion of the root, which is almost always unprovided with the kind of vessel known by the name of

duct, or *trachea*.\* It is chiefly in this last particular that the root varies from the stem as regards its structure.

Roots increase their growth at their extremities only. These extremities are always fresh, and always furnished with porous and soft cellular tissues, the *fibrils*, and their terminal point the *spongioles*, whose function is the absorption of the liquids or gases which are destined to penetrate into the interior of the vegetable. This absorption is facilitated and increased by means of the fine, elongated, hair-like fibers attached to all roots. The true seat of absorption is not situate, as one might suppose, at the extremity of the radicle, that is to say, at the points, but rather at a certain distance from the end.

The material which these organs take up from the soil in order to pass them into its system must either be gaseous or liquid. Solid bodies, however attenuated, or however subdivided, even when held in suspension in water, can not penetrate into the infinitely narrow channels which the extremities of the root-fibers present. All substances so absorbed must therefore be in a state of chemical dissolution in the water. The more important of these substances for the purposes of vegetation are the salts of potassium, of soda, of lime, ammoniacal compounds, and carbonic acid gas dissolved in water.

But what is the mysterious power which produces the operation of absorption in plants, this operation by which a liquid from the exterior enters and traverses an organ already gorged with liquids? Botanists have now agreed that this result is due to the triple influence, to the successive or combined action of *endosmose*, of *capillary attraction*, and a *determinate attraction* in the leaves.

#### THE ANTHESPHORIA OF ANCIENT GREECE.

THE religion of the Greek was that of Nature. To his mind the universe was thronged with spiritual beings, who made and parceled out the material world, and manifested their presence by their works. The fountains and groves, the mountains lifting their tops into the blue sky and the ocean depths which plummet never sounded, earth's caverns into which no explorer ventured to enter, the broad rivers flowing between sedgy banks, the

torrents laughing and leaping over rocks and flashing in the sunshine, the meadows odorous with the perfume of flowers, and the deserts of burning sand or scattered rocks, were consecrated as the dwelling-places of the gods. Sunshine and storm were thought to be alike produced by the agency of these immortals; and as the gifts of Nature were lavished with prodigal hand in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, altars and temples were everywhere erected to the divinities whom the nations worshiped.

The earlier religion of the Greeks was distinguished over that of their pagan neighbors by its greater simplicity and its general purity. Rarely did human victims smoke on its altars. No such horrid rites as were practiced among the Phœnicians, the Canaanites, and the Israelites, in the days of their idolatry, were known to the Hellenes. Bad as their worship was, with the character which it fostered, it was far superior to that of the northern and eastern nations in all the elements which civilize, refine, and enlighten.

Though the original worship of their gods by invocations, sacrifices, and offerings, never degenerated into absolute idolatry, it never improved upon its primitive character. As the nation became wealthier and its arts increased, painting and sculpture supplied to the eye the images of divinities which had before existed only in conception. The temples were adorned with statues and pictures, and dignity, wisdom, sweetness, love, and majesty, well represented in stone or on canvas, may have seduced the ignorant worshiper into homage for them. A more splendid ritual took the place of the former simplicity. Festivals and music were made religious observances, and pomp and show captivated the mind, if they did not touch the heart.

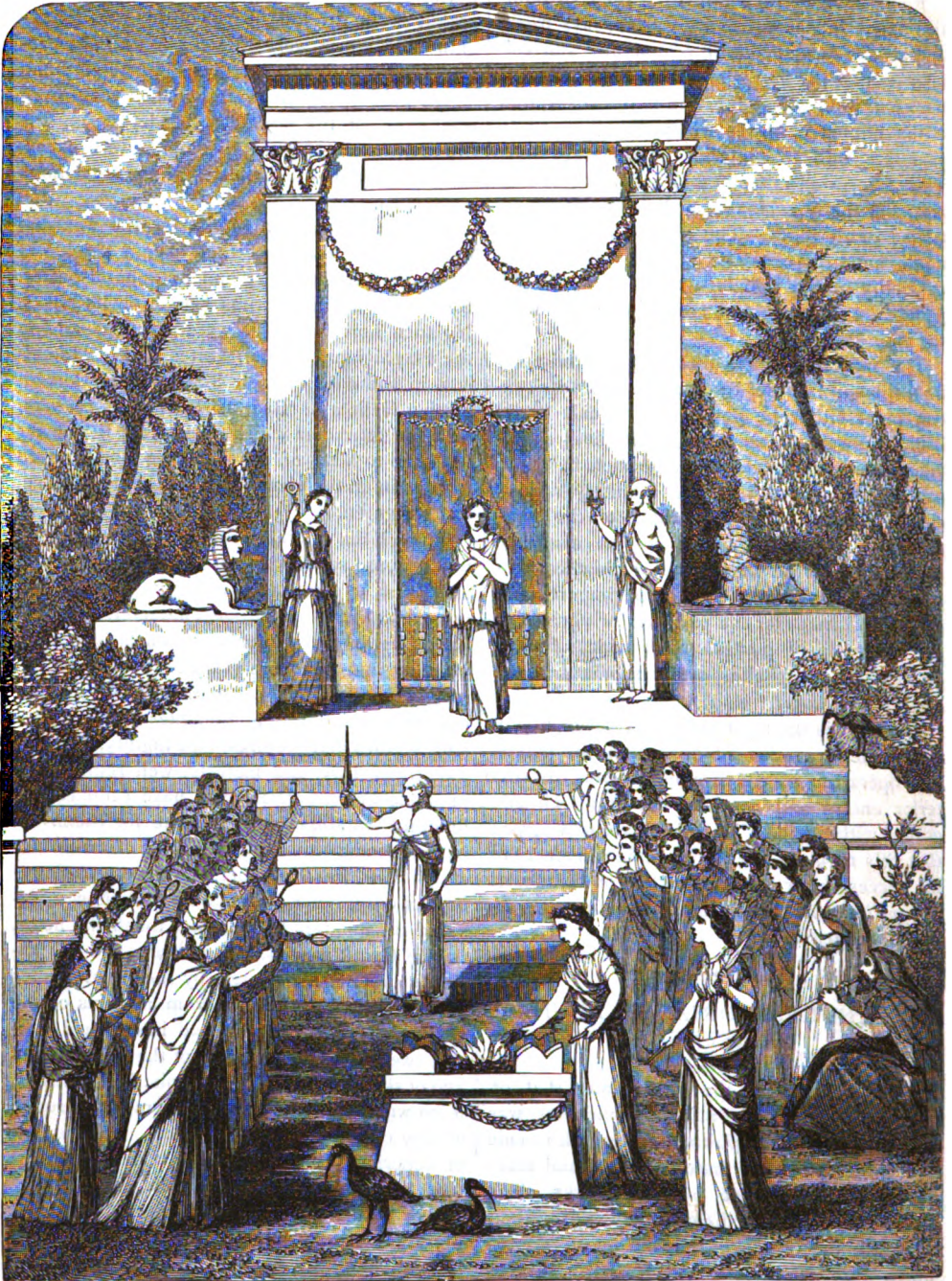
The Greek was essentially vain, and his national pride was flattered by the great games which attracted strangers from all parts of the civilized world. Physical and intellectual contests were the charm equally of the philosophers and of the rabble; and the agonist in the circus, if crowned with the bay, was heralded through all the cities of exulting Greece. This feeling of superiority found expression in their boast that they were sprung from the soil; and no braver people did any soil produce. But their literature was introduced by a foreigner; their religion and philosophy had their beginnings amidst the elder civilization on the banks of the Nile; their architecture was brought from Egypt, or was developed from the ancient Pelasgic structures, which have never yet been surpassed for stability and strength; and their

\*One of the many striking analogies which exist in the structure of animals and vegetables. The trachea of insects very closely resembles the vegetable spiral duct.

social customs descended to them from the more ancient world.

Like the other nations of antiquity the Greeks

worshiped the gods, as did the earliest fathers of the race, with the firstlings of their cattle and the fruits of their fields. Different, indeed,



THE ANTHESPHORIA. (From a painting found at Pompeii.)

was the mode, the meaning was the same. Light-hearted, vivacious, half-jesting Greek, and solemn, earnest, grave-visaged Egyptian ex-

pressed the same desires, felt after the same infinite and unknown Godhead, and taught the same round of moral duties and doctrines.

Dimly in the mysteries of both nations were shadowed forth the immortality of the human soul and the Divine judgment after death. To the philosopher Nature disclosed some of her secrets, but shut the door in the face of his most yearning questions. If the student and thinker knew little, how much less the multitude! Well might the Roman poet exclaim:

O stultas hominum mentes, O pectora caeca!  
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisque periculis  
Degitur hoc ævi, quodcumque est.

LUCRETIVS II, 1489q.

"O bewildered human souls, O darkened understandings, in what shadows, in what dangers, is this term of life spent!" Or, as Burke has more tersely expressed it, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

Perhaps the nearest approach of the Greek mind to the idea of immortality is to be found in one of those beautiful festivals, known in the Hellenic States as the Anthesphoria. It was a part of the mysteries celebrated in honor of Demeter and her lovely daughter Persephone, and commemorated the return of the latter from the gloomy realms of Dis. The fable upon which these religious ceremonies were founded is a favorite one among the poets, and was made both the repository and the vehicle of truth by the hierophants of the temple. To the sincere inquirer, who desired admission to these rites, the boon was granted, and the candidate was carefully instructed by the initiator in the meaning and significance of the myth. In like manner our Lord himself explained his doctrines to his disciples, saying, "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but to others in parables; that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand." The by-stander saw but he perceived not, he heard but he did not know. To all Greeks who knocked, without regard to age or sex, the door was opened; but foreigners and infamous persons were carefully excluded.

Persephone, so runs the story, was the daughter of Demeter, whose favorite home was Enna, in the island of Sicily. Here is perpetual Spring. Lakes and forests diversify the scenery, and there are fountains of ever-flowing water trickling down the hills. The nymph Arethusa, inhabiting one of the beautiful groves near Enna, on one occasion gave a banquet, to which were invited the matrons of the inhabitants of Heaven. Demeter, with her daughter, attended. Persephone and her young companions went out to play, and, as they wandered barefoot through the meadows, plucking the flowers with child-like eagerness and filling their baskets and bosoms with the rosemary

and thyme, the violets and the roses, Persephone, in her ambition to excel, insensibly strayed away from the rest. There was a spot at the bottom of a shady dell, watered by the plenteous spray of a little stream falling from a height. This spot she reached, and, while intent in gathering the delicate crocuses and the white lilies, Dis beheld her, and loved. Seizing the beautiful maid in his arms, he bears her away, and in his chariot, drawn by azure-colored steeds, immediately descends to his realms of darkness. On the spot where the earth opened to receive him a lake suddenly rose. Her cries, as she was ravished from the upper day, were heard by her companions, and they filled the mountains with their wailings. Demeter heard the lamentations, and learning from them the story of her abduction, at once set forth to seek her missing daughter. Sicily was first traversed in her wanderings, but land and sea were visited in vain. She questioned the Stars and the Sun; and the tidings were at length borne to her that her daughter was Mistress of the vacant Realms of Chaos. Immediately she demanded of the heavenly Zeus that she should be given up. The Thunderer promised that if she had not broken her fast in the under-world she should be restored; but Jove's messenger returned from Erebus with the report that Persephone had already eaten of the fruit of the pomegranate. Irrevocable was the law of the Universe—Persephone could not permanently return. The stipulation was made, however, that she might every year spend six months on earth. Demeter recovered her former looks and spirits, and decked her locks with garlands of wheat.

In her wanderings over the earth looking for her ravished daughter, Demeter was at Eleusis befriended by an ancient husbandman, whose hospitality she accepted. In return for his kindness, she blessed the old man's infant son Triptolemus, and conferred upon him when he grew up the knowledge of plowing and sowing, and reaping the fruits of the soil. Her gratitude made plenteous the harvests, so that the thrashing-floors did not suffice to hold the stores piled up there. Triptolemus established her worship at Eleusis, and there instituted the mysteries which he had brought over from Egypt, and of which the Anthesphoria formed an adjunct. This festival was so named because, in the religious processions, flowers were carried.

Whether there is any historical basis for the rape of Persephone, the fable is a moral one, and was certainly used as a symbol of life. Thus Demeter represents the fructifying or



vivific power of nature; Persephone, the products of the soil. As the seeds are planted in the earth and are apparently lost, as Autumn and Winter gather the flowers and the ripened fruits of the year, and they are hid from our sight in the great store-house of the world, so Persephone disappears into the region of shadows, doomed to remain there until the voice of God recalls her to the day. Spring and Summer revive the buried flowers, the seeds burst forth from their dark abodes, and life seems to awaken from death. So six months of the year, the Daughter of Life spends below the earth, six months upon it.

Our thanksgiving festival we celebrate in the Fall, after the ripened fruits of the year are gathered—the Anthesphoria, the thanksgiving festival of the Greeks and of the Egyptians from whom it was obtained, was celebrated in the Spring. Our picture represents the initiation during this festival of a young maid in the mysteries of the goddess, as celebrated at Thebes, that wonderful city of ancient Egypt.

“Less grave than the Adonia, and less mystic than the Dionysia,” says an eloquent writer, “but still containing a meaning deeper than a mere form, the Anthesphoria was the darling festival of the women, and one to which they crowded the most willingly. The same procession—one of flowers borne by women—was made elsewhere to the honor of other divinities; as to Isis in Egypt, to Herè at Argos, and to Aphrodite at Cnossus. And beautiful, indeed, it must have been wherever practiced! To see the maids and matrons crowding forth in the early Spring morning, while the air was fresh and the dew still lay sparkling on the grass, themselves more bright, and fresh, and fair than the luster flung by Eòs on her way; to see them when out through the city-gates throw aside that stately, grave reserve, with which, covered as with a veil, they had walked through the thronged town, and spread themselves about the fields in merry groups of youth and love; and then to watch their pñant forms bending like sweet nymphs discovered over the beds of fragrant flowers, plucking the loveliest to wreath into garlands for the statue of the innocent Persephone; then returning homeward as the hours drew on and the procession was about to be formed, their mirthfulness sobered into awe as whispers ran from each to each, and young eyes looked fearfully round when the bolder spoke of the dark god's love, and wondered whether he were crouched behind the willow-tree yonder, listening to their voices and perhaps meditating some second ravishment from earth; and then—the basket filled, the garlands

wreathed, many a sandaled foot perfumed with the crushed rose leaves and the broken cyclamens, and many a robe-hem dyed with the meadow-saffron and the purple orchis—they returned to the town again so sweetly grave, so gracefully slow—O, in faith of love and beauty, it was a sight almost too fair for earth and earth's dull sons, this concourse of gentle Grecian women!”

Among all who composed that fair procession, the fairest were chosen as canephors—the “basket bearers.” With baskets of posies in their hands, and garlands drooping round on all sides, in the braided hair of the younger, flowers also, they blushed for very consciousness of beauty. Well did the hierophants know what they were doing when they selected these maidens. They knew how much man owes to externals for causes of belief, and they knew that beauty, and its offspring, love, were the most powerful of these causes. To be chosen canephor was as if “Beautiful” were written on the lintel of a woman's door.

This festival was celebrated with the greatest splendor and pomp at Syracuse, near the pleasant fields from which Persephone was carried off. But the Sicilians were not alone in the homage which they paid to the goddess. Her worship was established in Attica, in Crete, in the Peloponnesus, among the Thebans, Milesians, Ionians, Megarians, and on most of the islands of the Ægean. At Rome she was worshiped as Ceres, and games were established in her honor. There were also many other festivals and holidays ordained to the praise of Demeter, some of which were observed annually and others less often.

The secret doctrines which were taught in these mysteries may finally have degenerated into a mere form and an unmeaning ritual. Yet the mysteries exercised a great influence upon the spirit of the nation, not of the initiated only, but of the great mass of the people; and perhaps they influenced the latter even more than the former. They preserved the reverence for sacred things, and made religion the foremost business of life. They had their public processions and pilgrimages to sacred shrines, and though none but the initiated were allowed to take part in the ceremonies, no one was prohibited from being a spectator. So, while the multitude was permitted to gaze at them, it learned to believe that there was something sublimer than any thing with which it was acquainted revealed to the initiated; and while the worth of that sublimer knowledge did not consist in secrecy alone, it did not lose any of its value by being concealed.

## THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

v.

## THE HUSBAND.

IT is amazing with what thoughtlessness men often rush into the responsible relation of husband; with what an air of abandon they often take under their care and protection another human being, assume the responsibility of loving, cherishing, comforting, and keeping her in sickness and in health, of providing for her and the coming household, and of controlling to a very great extent her destiny, both temporal and spiritual. There is not on earth a more responsible position than that held by the husband and father. From the beginning he has been the recognized head of the family; the duty of provision, of protection, and, by consequence, of directing the household, has rested on him; though there has been in the advance of civilization some softening of the former interpretations of these prerogatives of the man, and some lessening of the apparent distinctness of the spheres and offices of husband and wife, still the time has not yet come when the headship or responsibilities of the husband can either be thrown off by himself, or taken from him by another. If it ever does come it will be accompanied by the death-knell of home and the family, and will be the inauguration of social confusion, corruption, and anarchy.

We doubt not that as the world recedes from the ages of physical force, and advances more and more into the reign of intelligence and virtue, the seeming separation of husband and wife in the authority and responsibilities of a family will grow less and less, and especially will this be the case in what is usually considered the authority of the husband. When the world was ruled by muscle, rather than by mind, the husband naturally and necessarily assumed his place of authority. The great and absorbing question of life then was to live; the business of life was chiefly to provide for its maintenance, in the face of the odds that were against it. Human life then was a battle against unsubdued nature, against the wild animals, and against hostile neighbors. Without the strength and the courage of the man the family could not then exist: it was his emphatically to create it, protect it, and provide for it, and in order to do this, it was his to control it. The house *then* was rather a fortress than a home, a place of safety rather than of virtue, culture, and happiness. As nature became subdued, as the wild beast was driven away, as hostile neighbors and tribes became reconciled, as mind triumphed over matter, and intelligence

over force, the work of provision became easier, and that of protection less exacting. The fortress became a home, and the home, for its maintenance, created other duties and demanded other labors, in which the wife, as well as the husband, must take a large part. The distance between the two, therefore, in their relations to the family needs, lessened, and will continue to lessen, as intelligence and virtue increase, until they shall be equally important, and their duties and responsibilities shall harmonize in loving co-operation.

Still, as we have said, no progress or change can annihilate the difference between man and woman, or confound the spheres of activity to which they are respectively adapted. Husband and wife can never change places. He can never become the maker of a home, the culturer of its virtue and refinement, the creator of its beauties and joys, or the fosterer of its affections. This is woman's work. She can never become the provider for the family; and when widowhood forces this necessity upon her, it is one of the saddest sights of our human life to witness her unequal struggles to win bread for her little ones, and "keep the wolf from the door;" the saddest sight, we have said, unless it be equaled by the condition of the man who is left, blundering and staggering, in his awkward and ineffectual efforts to continue a home, out of which have gone the light and presence of the wife and mother. Alas for the world, if modern reformers should ever succeed in entailing upon the world these sorrowful conditions of human life as permanent states of human society, in which wives, under the pretense of securing certain rights, should drag down upon themselves the widow's burden, and in which husbands should find themselves bereft of wifely inspiration, and left struggling to preserve at home those joys and affections which the manly woman has thrown away for outside ambitions and struggles. The true home must have the man for it and the woman in it; must have the man to win, or seize from the outside world, things necessary for the inside world, and the woman to convert them into use and beauty; the man to create the home, the woman to bless and adorn it. The perfect household is the one where both these spheres are perfectly filled, and where they blend and intermingle in harmonious co-operation.

The sphere of the husband, then, must ever remain distinct and imperative in its duties and responsibilities. It is the glory of the Bible that away back in the ages gone it recognized and defined these permanent relations and duties, long before the world was able to perceive

and understand them, and that as the world grows wiser and purer, it only grows nearer to the sublime ideals of social and individual duties and relations as God's Word at the beginning revealed them. The world will never be willing on the one hand to give up the divine ideal of the relations of husbands and wives, nor on the other will it ever be able to transcend this ideal. The Bible, in its prescriptions of duty between the sexes, towers sublimely above all other books, and especially does it mount up in its conceptions of these relations between husband and wife, almost infinitely beyond the ideas and customs prevalent in the times when it was written. At once it places woman side by side with man, and lifting her from the position of a vassal, creates her the companion and fellow of himself, entitled to his esteem and love.

The Bible imposes upon the husband the duty of loving, protecting, and directing. "Husbands love your wives," is the Divine command. As we have seen, all the circumstances of the original institution of this endearing relation were purposely framed by God to awaken in the mind of man the sense of this obligation to love and cherish the companion that God created for him. Adam learned the lesson, and God immediately added, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife," which is as much expressive of the deep and earnest affection which the husband should have for his wife, as it is creative of a new and more binding relation than even that of parent and child. Nor does it prescribe an inferior affection, but indicates the purest and most sacred form of love, as that which belongs to the wife. "Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it." What depth, and purity, and constancy of affection are indicated by such language as this! And again, "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies; he that loveth his wife, loveth himself. Now no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church."

This we confess is a high order of love; it is, indeed, supreme, as far as earthly and temporal relations are concerned. And not only is it the command of God, but a moment's reflection shows it to be eminently due to the wife. Man is much more dependent upon his wife and indebted to her than he is in the habit of remembering. Though he may be toiling as the bread-winner of the family, still for every thing that is really beautiful, joyful, and blessed at home, he and all the household are most

indebted to her. It is she, too, that has made the greatest sacrifices and taken the greater burdens and risks in order to share life with you and build up this new home. To you the day of marriage is the inauguration of a new and richer life, is the birth of a new home; to her the nuptial hour is a parting from her home, her parents, her brothers, her friends; she ventures out alone with you into the pathway of love and duty. She cheerfully resigns all and risks all for your sake. Such faith and sacrifice demand your ever answering love. She gives herself to you, saying, "I am yours;" you accept the sacrifice, exclaiming, "You are mine." There was a time when these words of her self-consecration to you thrilled your heart with a new life; let the time never come when you will forget it.

This love should be *patient and forbearing*. The husband should ever appreciate and sympathize with a wife's duties. Remember she has cares, and toils, and anxieties which it is impossible for you fully to understand, and as she bears them patiently, and for your sake meets them faithfully, she deserves your patience and forbearance, and, above all, your tender sympathy, which is to her the greatest reward. Perhaps it is not given to men and women fully to comprehend each other, or entirely to appreciate each other's labors and burdens; to do so would probably only burden each with the anxieties of both, while God intends this relation as a division and lightening of human cares, instead of a means of doubling them. Let each, however, be fully assured that the other has, in the necessary duties and anxieties of life, a sufficiently heavy burden, without either adding aught to the load of the other. Though the sphere of man requires more real labor, more muscular toil, and, perhaps, in some cases more mental expenditure, we are sure that of the wife at home is one of greater anxiety, of more tender solicitude, of more perplexing annoyances, and of more unremitting exactions. In addition to these her life has in it more mysteries, more risks, and seasons when her whole being seems drawn upon to accomplish her peculiar and wonderful office in the world. At such seasons especially, the wife deserves and needs the most loving sympathy, the tenderest patience and forbearance of her husband, and he who does not most fully and cordially grant them, and does not do all in his power to gather rest, and light, and hope about her is simply a brute. A wife peculiarly needs the approbation and commendation of her husband. Men well enough understand how much they, even with all their boasted strength and

independence, are cheered and inspired by the approbation and smiles which they meet at home. Be assured the wife in her monotonous life needs them even more than you. And she needs them at home, too, not merely in company. The love she requires and is entitled to is a love which is alive to her work and needs, which habitually seeks her welfare, which has an eye to her in all the purposes of life, and delights itself in mitigating her trials, augmenting her enjoyments, and promoting her honor and usefulness.

This love should be linked with respect, and a habitual regard to what is due to a wife's feelings and position. Man should always have a high respect and esteem for his wife. No one should ever enter into the relation under the advice of mere sentiment alone. Reason, conscience, understanding, will, should all have something to say, as well as the affections, which, at the best, are blind. Marriage is too sacred, it involves too much of obligation, it pledges too much either of good or evil to be undertaken without thought, and even most serious questioning as to motive. Unhappy marriages are many. They desolate society, they corrupt public morals, they disgrace religion, but they might have been avoided in most instances, if not in all, had the parties to them paused and contemplated each other's fitness, had they made even a decent effort to look deeper than the mere surface of transient desire. There are many considerations on the basis of which men marry which perish in the using, and leave behind many dreary years of unhappy intercourse, unblest by the light of affection. If you have married one whom you can not esteem and habitually respect, you have made a sad and almost fatal mistake, and can scarcely expect to realize in your position the full significance and the full blessedness of this relation. Most men, however, have not made this serious blunder, and the habit of a profound respect and regard for the companion of our life is easily secured and maintained by cultivation, and be sure that the results of that cultivation will abundantly compensate for all effort bestowed upon it. Cultivate a love for home, for its quiet, peaceful, pure enjoyments. Never think home monotonous, and if you have suffered it to become so, change your course, and, on the contrary, make it so attractive that the heart will always point that way.

This love should be social and confiding; one of the strongest bonds existing between man and wife is that which arises from endearing social intercourse and the most unqualified confidence. Above all things let the husband

who would have a happy home, see that he give to his wife and family a full proportionate share of his time and of his society. Let not business, journeyings, associations, selfish amusements, nor any thing else, deprive your family of that amount of your society, your attention, and your care, which they have a right to demand. We have already spoken of the enormous exactions and consequent dangers of the competitions of business in the present day. We will not recur to this again, except to enter our protest against making even business a supreme rival against the home and family, to protest against the insane struggle to build the nest while the bird and birdlings are perishing, against the intoxicated strife for wealth, while those for whom we seek it are fainting for something better than food and raiment. There are other claims to which men yield themselves which even more than business cut them off from social intercourse with their own families; we mean the many associations, clubs, amusements, etc., which occupy so many evenings that could be spent with infinitely greater advantage at home. We would not ask a husband to debar himself from every amusement and enjoyment independent of his wife; his more active nature and employments may need recreations in which the wife could not participate; we would not have him give up all his associations, but we would have him dispense with every thing that lifts itself up as a rival to his home. His home is inexpressibly more dear and valuable to him than any other association, or any transient selfish enjoyment; it is well with many personal and temporary sacrifices to secure its permanent welfare and happiness. The fact is, many men do not really know how dear their own families are to them, until awakened to the discovery by some sudden calamity that has fallen upon it, leaving it broken and desolate, and themselves bewildered to find that a great light and sweetness had suddenly gone out of their lives. Then they feel how utterly small all mere outside associations and all mere personal gratifications were in comparison with the simple, tender, and enduring joys of home.

Along with this social and personal presence and attention at home is demanded the confidence of the husband in the value and good sense of his wife; husband and wife are companions; their consultations should be often; their plans should be formed together; they are equal partners in this business, and the wife's voice is needed as much as that of the husband. Husbands quite too generally make the mistake of appropriating to themselves alone the credit of having built up the home, acquired the prop-

erty, gained the position, etc., for the family. In the great majority of cases the wife has had quite as much to do with it as he has had; if his part of the work has been in the shop, or store, or office, hers has been in the house; if he has been toiling at one end of the line, she has also at the other; if he has been making money, she has been saving money; if he has been lovingly laboring to gain ease and competence for the family, she has been just as lovingly, and as laboriously too, struggling to help him; she has been an inspiration to him, and for his sake she has been patient, self-sacrificing, economical, and has gladly lifted from his shoulders every burden that she could carry, that he might be more free and light for the race. If you have succeeded, it is a joint success; if you have acquired property, it is a joint acquisition; it is hers and yours. We do not like to hear men talk of *my* house, and *my* farm, etc.; in very truth it is *our* house and *our* property. Women are beginning to realize and feel this matter-of-fact view of the case, and justly they may too; there is no little dissatisfaction in families growing out of this unequal appropriation of results on the part of the husband; the wife feels, and rightly too, that these results are as much hers as his; that she has also a right to their use, and especially a right to at least a loving consultation with regard both to the acquisition and the disposition of them. If denied this we may look for two consequences, both of which are hostile to the family; the first is a disposition on the part of the wife to demand ways by which she may acquire money or property which she may hold and use independently of her husband. Society is full of these demands to-day. The second is that the wife feels her position to be one of inferiority and degradation, that of a dependent, instead of a companion and partner. Both of these serious tendencies of modern times would be cured at once by a proper adjustment of the relations of husband and wife in the great struggle for life and the acquisition of property. Let husbands give full and unlimited confidence to their wives in every thing that pertains to their mutual interests, and the contest in this regard will be at an end.

Headship or authority is an unquestionable prerogative of the husband. It is given to him by the appointment of God. "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord," is not simply apostolic advice, but is apostolic law. The significance of this law is presented in another form by the same apostle: "The husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the Church," and he thus

defines the nature of this authority: "Let every one of you so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband." This authority, then, conferred by God on the husband, is an authority based on love. The husband is to exercise his authority in love, and in no other way. Like the authority of God, it is only to be exercised for good. With these limitations there can be no danger of rigor or severity, and every true-minded woman approves of this, and finds her own dignity and reputation dependent upon it.

This authority belongs to man in virtue of his position and responsibilities. Every body must have a head, and every society must have subordination; the family with its multiplied duties and interests can not be exempt from this law. Domestic misrule and anarchy, if universal, would be social chaos. The responsible head of the household must be the husband. He is responsible to God and society—a responsibility which can not be met except as the controlling power. He is, hence, the superior, not in intellect or in character, but in office, in responsibility and obligation. It is his to account to God for the regulation of his house; it is he that is to represent it in society; it is his to provide for it, and to give it character and position; it is his, then, to have authority over it.

This authority, however, should only be wielded in gentleness and love; the husband and father should avoid all harshness for trivial offenses. That reserved demeanor which is sometimes necessary in society and in contact with the world is out of place at home, and wounds the sensitive heart of an affectionate wife, creating coldness and distance where there should be warmth and trust. Each should exercise a forbearing spirit and mutual toleration of each other's failings. Ill humor should be carefully suppressed, for it never makes friends, but is often the rock on which success, happiness, and virtue are wrecked. The presence of the husband, instead of casting a gloom, should be a light of joy to a household.

His authority should be exercised only for the good of his household; and in this view it is his to fix the residence, to select the business, to determine the style of living, and the measure of expenditures. True, the basis of all this ought to be full confidence and unrestrained consultation with the wife. She should be acquainted with the husband's resources, the necessities of his business, his profits and losses, his embarrassments, and his successes. She ought to be made, and very gladly will she become the partaker of all his joys, and the

sharer of all his reverses and sorrows. The true secret of the successful exercise of authority at home, is to treat the wife as a rational being, and to let her know the reason of every regulation. The wife that will not then at once spring into sympathy with her husband's plans and wishes does not deserve the name of wife. Many a husband who has lived for years in the cold exercise of authority, and in the embarrassment of a foolish reserve, has found an angel of light in his home when he has opened up his heart and let his wife come in.

ARE THERE OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS?

THIS question is by no means a modern one, nor has it arisen, as is generally supposed, out of the investigations of modern science. Much evidence can be produced to show that there has not been an age when the inquiry was not made, in some shape, as to whether the heavenly bodies were inhabited worlds or not. Tayler Lewis, we think it was, wrote a review of Dr. Whewell's "Plurality of Worlds," and gave interesting notes concerning the antiquity of the inquiry—one from Plutarch, who says, "We think it strange that there should be but one spear of wheat in a great wheat-field; much more strange would it be that there should be but one Kosmos in infinite space." So also inquired Plato, Proculus, and Pythagoras. Modern science has, however, given an interest to the inquiry, which was unknown to the ancient world. As soon as astronomy revealed the fact that the planets are in point of dimensions and density worlds like our own, and that they in like manner share the influence of the sun—the source and center of the light and heat so essential to the existence of life, the inference was drawn—not to say forced upon the mind—that these planets were inhabited.

Few persons are aware of the difficulties suggested by modern science adverse to the theory that there are other inhabited worlds. It was with these difficulties in full view that Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster had their controversy. The former brought every known fact of science to bear against the doctrine that there were other inhabitable worlds; while the latter reasoned away every difficulty suggested by science, and arrived at the popular conclusion that such was "the creed of the philosopher and the hope of the Christian." Since their controversy science has made some grand advances, and perhaps it would not be too

much to say, that the boundaries of human knowledge have been more extended in the last few years by the improvements in telescopes and the invention of the spectroscope than in any other age of the world's history.

Let us take a view of the solar system. The sun is the great center, the source of light and heat, and the controlling power. This immense body is 882,646 miles in diameter, and is computed to be no less than 740 times as large as the combined mass of all the planets, satellites, and asteroids, which revolve around it.

The table below will give us much valuable data for our reflections, and to this we shall frequently refer in this article:

	Diameter in miles	H. M. S.	Period of revolution.....	Length of year in days.....	Light and heat at mean distance.	Mean distance from sun in miles.
Mercury.....	3,200	24 5 28		88 d.	7.58	36,725,000
Venus.....	7,700	23 21 7		224 d.	1.91	68,000,000
Earth.....	7,916	24		365 1/4 d.	1.	91,430,220
Mars.....	4,920	24 37 22		687 d.	0.43	145,750,000
Belt of 110 Planetoids.						
Jupiter.....	92,164	9 55 50		4,332 1/2 d.	.0372	494,256,000
Saturn.....	75,070	10 1/2		29 1/2 yrs.	.0123	906,205,000
Uranus.....	36,216	9 1/2		84 yrs.	.003	1,822,328,000
Neptune.....	33,610	(?)		145 yrs.	.0011	1,853,420,000

We take no account now of the moon and the great belt of planetoids between Mars and Jupiter, now numbering about 110—none of the latter being visible to the naked eye, and their number being constantly added to by new discoveries.

It should be noted that only the following are ever seen with the unaided eye: Mercury, Venus, the moon, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus—only occasionally as a star of the sixth magnitude—but Neptune never without the telescope. All else of the multitude seen above us must be classed as fixed stars or comets. The planets are readily recognized in that they do not twinkle, as the fixed stars uniformly do.

Now, to comprehend our position in space, reflect that we are inhabiting the third of the series of planets mentioned above, which together revolve around the sun in nearly the same plane, resembling a great wheel, with the sun as the hub. The solar system, though so large, is insignificant in space, when we look to the regions beyond. Neptune is nearly three billion miles from the sun, drawing through his weary year of one hundred and forty-five times the length of ours; but beyond this there is an immense space, the home of comets, before we reach the nearest fixed stars, whose distances until recently were regarded as incalculable. To these distances we must devote a

word, that we may fully comprehend the comparative insignificance of the system to which we belong. But we must have some measure for these great distances which will bring them more nearly into our comprehension. Light is computed to travel about 184,000 miles in a second. Our nearest neighbor, the earth's satellite, is 240,000 miles distant: light, consequently, is about one and a fourth seconds in reaching us from the moon; the sun being ninety-five millions of miles distant, light requires four hundred times longer to reach us than from the moon, or about eight minutes; when Jupiter is in opposition to us, being nearly six hundred and twenty millions of miles distant, it would require within a small fraction of one hour for a ray of light to reach the eye from there; from Uranus, by the same computation, over two hours; and from Neptune at least four hours. As immense as these distances of our *near* neighbors in our own system may appear, they are lost in their very littleness, when we compare them with that of the nearest fixed star. Strive and Bissel, to whom belongs the honor of making these computations—and their work has been verified by later astronomers—compute the distance of the nearest fixed star at twenty trillions of miles. The words give no definite idea of the distance, although this is computed in the same way in which land surveyors compute the width of rivers they can not cross, and is regarded as accurate by the unerring laws of mathematics. Now it would require light at least three years and a half to reach us from the nearest fixed star. Lockyer recently makes the following statement, even considering the extraordinary velocity of light: "We may say that on an average it requires fifteen and a half years for light to reach us from a star of the first magnitude; twenty-eight years from a star of the second; forty-three years from a star of the third; one hundred and twenty years from a star of the sixth; and so on until for stars of the twelfth magnitude the time required is thirty-five hundred years; while the more distant ones are so far away that their light requires fifty thousand years to reach us;" and still there is a region beyond.

This star system, to which we belong, seems to be lens-shaped, but cleft in several places, and when we look from our inner position we see but few stars, looking toward either face of the lens; while, if we look toward the edges of the lens, we see the stars in a countless multitude; not that they are closer together, but we look lengthways of the system; and this thick white cloud, encircling the heavens, which we

call the "milky way," is the system of stars of which our sun forms a part. Astronomers think that each fixed star is a sun, and has a system of planets revolving around it, of its own, similar to our system. However this may be, we are assured of one fact, that space is not lacking—the heavenly bodies are not crowded by any means.

Far beyond this system of stars to which we belong are fleecy looking clouds, which, viewed with the largest telescopes, are found to be other systems of stars, similar to the great galaxy to which we have just alluded; and every improvement in the telescope but extends the ever-widening wonders, in multitudes which no man can number. Having thus looked out upon the regions beyond, we return to our inferior system, to contemplate the facts given in our table. In looking at the solar system we are at once struck with the general similarity of the planets to our earth.

1. They derive their light and heat from the same source, the sun.
2. They have an annual revolution and change of seasons.
3. They have a daily revolution, and, consequently, alternation of day and night.
4. Some at least have atmosphere and clouds.
5. Some have diversities of surface.
6. Some have satellites.
7. Their orbits are stable, like our own.

These points of similarity are very striking, but the points of variation are startling and wonderful. The amount of light and heat at Mercury at perihelion is 10.58 times as great as at the earth; at aphelion 4.59 times as great; and at mean distance 7.58 times as great; and at Venus, 1.91 times as much as at the earth; hence it is estimated that Venus is red-hot, and Mercury has a temperature above white heat.

Following the same column of comparison above given in the table, it will be seen that Mars has only .43, or less than one half the light and heat of our earth; Jupiter, .03+, and Saturn .01+ of the amount, which would make their tropical regions many degrees colder than our frigid zones. And Uranus would be as much colder than Jupiter as Jupiter is than the earth, because it has only .003 (three thousandths) of the light and heat of our planet, while Neptune has only the .0011 part. Neptune has about .0006 of the amount of light and heat of Mercury! What wonder, then, that many astronomers jump to the conclusion that not one of the planets save our own can be inhabited!—that this is the only domestic hearthstone in the universe!—that, like a plant, the solar system has but one point to bloom and

bear fruit, while all the rest is stalk and blade? Not looking for any modifying influences of atmospheres, or for variations in physical condition which would entirely change the results arrived at above, they pronounce Mercury and Venus, and all the rest, save perhaps Mars, as in a fiery or a frigid region, and consequently all in a state of heat or cold which would make them uninhabitable by beings having any substantial resemblance to ourselves—that is, by human beings.

For a world to be inhabitable it must have the following essentials to sustain animal life; namely, air, water, and food. We all know how soon life is extinguished if the supply of air to the lungs be cut off; the person turns of a livid blue, becomes insensible, and soon dies; or by breathing the noxious gas that arises from the burning of charcoal the same result occurs. One of the elements of the air, a fifth part of its bulk is a gas—oxygen. It possesses the power of sustaining the operation of burning. In a stove, for example, if we desire the burning to be accelerated, we let in more air; that is, more oxygen; if we desire to reduce the rate of combustion, we reduce the amount of air; if we shut off the supply the fire goes out. So it is in a human being, a combustion is continually going on in him, and this it enables him to keep warm in spite of the cold of Winter and the night season. No animal can possibly exist without air to carry on this combustion in the body, and this applies to all classes of animals. Water is just as essential as air, as by it food is carried into the body and distributed, and heat is regulated. We understand how essential is food. There is a burning going on within our body; we must have a supply of fuel; this fuel is our food or portions of the body which have been made out of it. This food is produced by plants; a piece of meat or bread placed in the fire would soon show itself combustible, and leave only a little ash, the mass of it having united with the oxygen and disappeared in a gaseous form; the same would have happened had it been eaten, though the burning would have been slower and without flame.

From what has been said above in reference to the amount of light and heat received at each planet, the conclusion is drawn that unless there be some modifying influences upon their temperature vegetable life, and consequently animal life, would be impossible upon the interior planets on account of their heat, and on the exterior—unless it be Mars—on account of their intense cold. But why should we doubt that the modifying influences do exist upon these several planets? Professor Tyndall suggests

that Dr. Whewell's estimate of the sun's heating power on Jupiter and the other exterior planets was incorrect, in that "the influence of an atmospheric envelope was overlooked, and this omission vitiated the entire argument. It is perfectly possible to find an atmosphere which would act the part of a barb to the solar rays, permitting their entrance toward the planet, but preventing their withdrawal. For example, a layer of air two inches in thickness, and saturated with the vapor of sulphuric ether, would offer very little resistance to the passage of the rays, but I find that it would cut off fully thirty-five per cent. of the planetary radiation. It would require no inordinate thickening of the layer of vapor to double this absorption, and it is perfectly evident that, with a protecting envelope of this kind, permitting the heat to enter, but preventing its escape, a comfortable temperature might be obtained on the surface of our most distant planet." An arrangement exactly the converse would be required in the case of Mercury and Venus.

But why should men of science doubt that some such arrangement does obtain in these planets, when the introduction of a single substance into the atmosphere would so modify the results? And an all-wise Creator can be at no loss for material to modify the effects of light and heat upon any of the planets.

The spectroscope reveals the fact that the sun and stars have many of the same chemical elements commonly known in the earth. The conclusion drawn from this is, that the system is one, and has a common origin and design. But the spectroscope reveals the fact that there exists in the atmosphere of the sun and stars a variety of substances unknown to the chemistry of the earth, at least in the present state of spectrum analysis. Now, as it is impossible to tell what effect this introduction of one of these gaseous substances among our elements would be, so the combination of them with known substances might make any of the planets, so far as human knowledge goes, better adapted to animal life than the earth is now or ever has been. The existence of unknown substances in the sun, that is, of chemical substances not found in our earth, would seem to argue, as our principal chemicals are found in the sun, that these might belong to the other members of our system; and though we may never detect them, they may belong to the other planets, and modify their conditions, and make them bloom as paradise when compared with the earth.

When we take a view of the solar system it has such unmistakable marks of design, such wonderful symmetry, that the clouds and dark-



ness which rest on all passing things are removed from the majestic uniformity therein exhibited, for the whole workmanship declares a supreme mind. The sole difficulties suggested, as to why any of these planets should not be inhabited is, as stated above, the insufficiency or excess of light and heat, or the additional one of variation in the density of these planets.

Let the question now become one of probability, and let us see which is the most probable theory. We grant that science has suggested a very grave difficulty, yet may not this difficulty entirely disappear in the further progress of science? Is it demonstrated beyond doubt that light, and heat, and electricity are not governed by variable laws; that is, they may not be governed here locally on our planet by laws uniform here, but very different in Mercury or Uranus?

It is not necessary, however, to raise new questions. It is an inquiry now which time and scientific experiments may solve; namely, are heat and light thrown from the sun to the more distant planets at a greater velocity, and to the interior planets at a less velocity than to the earth? The whole question might depend on this alone.

The earth is characteristically the abode of life, in countless forms and conditions, accommodated to all elements; its whole surface and every material arrangement form an unbroken system of provision for the support of animal existence. Life exists in a thousand forms within our Arctic regions, and multiplied thousands in the temperate zones, and under the blazing heat of the torrid zone it is even more varied and multiplied than elsewhere.

Geology gives her testimony to the fact that, in all the past ages of the world's history, life has been abundant; even from the remote period, when the Creator commanded her to multiply and bring forth, Nature has been most prodigal of life. No extremes of condition, from the floating iceberg to the burning volcano, dispute this; for the iceberg brings life incased in it, and the volcano belches forth volcanic fish from the bowels of the earth in such multitudes that their putrefying bodies, strewn over those regions, spread pestilence and disease among the inhabitants of the neighboring districts. From this we conclude that the earth was formed to be inhabited, or to be the abode of life; reasoning from analogy who would not conclude, after examining the earth, that other worlds so similar were fitted for some kind of life? If the nature and evident design of that which is known, our globe, be such, is it not most likely that the other worlds are also of like character?

Look again at the comparative size of these planets. Let the earth be represented by a globe three inches in diameter, Jupiter by comparison would be thirty-two inches in diameter, Saturn twenty-six inches, Uranus and Neptune about twelve inches each, the other planets less than the earth's diameter. Looking at this system as a whole, can a rational being conclude that on this one small planet only the Creator has seen fit to carry out his main design, that life and being are there only known, that the rest of these gigantic orbs move on in their appointed orbits, revolving and enjoying the light of the sun to no end?

But this does not bring the comparison out to our view. The superficial area of the earth is about one hundred and twenty-five millions of square miles, while that of the other planets is unitedly near fifty billions, or about four hundred times as much. Now to suppose that an all-wise and supremely good Creator had for his glory filled this earth so full of his wondrous works, and left the rest a vast desolate waste without beings to praise his name, appears to a thinking mind simply impossible.

The evidence that the planet Mars is fit for habitation is by no means meager. Being the first planet outside of the earth, it is more favorably situated for observation than any other planet. A great number of photographs of this planet have been taken, and by a careful comparison of them maps have been made showing the various bodies of land and water, and the astronomers, like navigators and adventurers in history, have given their own names to their discoveries as by pre-emption right. Hence we have Dawes' Continent, and Madler's and Secchi's, and Herschel's; Dawes's Ocean, and DeLarue's Sea, etc.; and this planet has been shown by our own Draper and others to have at each pole snow and ice, and that over a large region corresponding to our polar regions, varying in extent with the varying position of the planet, thus showing beyond the possibility of doubt that it has its regular change of seasons. Why not its seed-time and harvest? Photographs taken at short intervals and compared, show also the existence of clouds upon this planet.

In reference to the moon we have strong evidence that it is not habitable; first, it has no atmosphere as yet detected, no clouds, no moisture, and persisting—as she does in her effort to redeem herself from the stigma cast upon her character by the unthoughted, who ever and anon call her “changeable”—persisting continually in keeping one side always to us, so that we can not say properly “she changes.” She revolves on her axis only once in twenty-

eight days, and from this very condition may be uninhabitable, owing to the intense heat of a long-continued vertical sun, and the long alternate absence of the same.

We regret that the space allotted us will not allow of a fuller presentation of many interesting facts, and to discuss some theories which have been presented to the public, and in closing our remarks would say that, so far as the religious aspect of the question is concerned, we do not think that there is any revelation on this subject. The Bible was not given to teach us astronomy or any other science. Every allusion to the subject must be regarded as incidental, and conclusions drawn from the few Scriptural expressions should be with care. Isaiah speaks of the heavens being "spread out as a tent to dwell in;" and the host of heaven are spoken of as distinct from the inhabitants of earth—"The host of heaven worship Him," Neh. ix, 6—terms which indicate life in the heavens, surely; yes, intelligent existence. Sir David Brewster concludes from that remarkable passage, in Isaiah xlv, 18, that we are taught by inspired authority "that the earth would have been created in vain" if it had not been "formed to be inhabited," and that we are warranted in applying this reasoning to the planets and the sidereal universe.

There are several passages of Scripture which may be interpreted as in harmony with the doctrine of a plurality of worlds, but they were not given to teach that, and it is wresting them from their primary meaning to thus torture them, such are Hebrews xi, 3, and i, 3, Ps. viii, 3, etc. The Scriptures recognize the vastness of the material universe, and the existence of other intelligences besides man, but there is no revelation by which we can infer that they teach that "other worlds are inhabited by the orders of angels and archangels." It may be regarded as within the regions of probability to say that, as there is not on this globe sufficient space for the abodes of all the righteous dead of the past and future—if resurrected with material bodies—even when "the new earth" shall put on its regenerated beauty, we may expect our homes in "the new heavens wherein dwelleth righteousness;" and why may not we infer with strong probability that "He who has gone to prepare mansions for us" will fit up our abiding place in some of the planets?

A HOLY life, spent in the service of God, and in communion with him, is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.

## REMINISCENCES OF PALERMO.

THE *Dispaccio*, the smallest steamer of the Florio line, brought us in about fifteen hours from Naples to Palermo. The passage, which was short, and over a calm sea, would have been still more comfortable, but for the number of oxen and Italianissimi on board. The cattle plague, which had raged for several years in Sicily, necessitated a continued importation of stock, and the finely-horned oxen of the Campagna had thus become regular passengers on the boats. In the interest of our future sustenance we regarded them kindly, though they spoiled our stay on deck. On seeking refuge in the cabin we encountered its exclusively Italian company, which is accustomed to take liberties with the toilette that are calculated to shock the senses of foreigners. During a longer passage and a rough sea strange scenes might have occurred, but we came fortunately in sight of land just when our amazement at the *abandon* of the Italianissimi threatened to change into downright indignation.

Incomparable is the sea at Naples, but the entrance to the Gulf of Palermo is enchanting and unique. On the right is the picturesque Monte Pellegrino, which rises to an even altitude from shore and water, forming, as it were, a mountain island, whose crest-line presents a series of sharp points and levels, over which lights and shadows constantly chase each other. Opposite to the Pellegrino, the Grifone extends its massive length, and, separated from it by the sunlit, radiant plain of Baggaria, stands the Catalfano. In the center of the back-ground are the Monreale and the peaked Cuccio. In the plain below lies the city, the very picture of a smiling landscape unrolled unobstructedly before the eye, inasmuch as the olive and orange groves approach close to its houses, and mingle often with them. Such is the view which Palermo presents to the stranger who disembarks on its shores.

The city is remarkable for its regularity. It is traversed from north to south by the "Cassaro," a street which changed its name under the Spanish *régime* to the Toledo, and under the present to the Corso di Vittore Emmanuele, but which the people still persist in calling the Cassaro. Macqueda street cuts the Cassaro at right angles, so that the city is naturally divided into four quarters, named by the older topographers respectively *Leggia* and *Capio* on the right, and *Kalsa* and *Albegaria* on the left of the Cassaro. Taking one's stand in the small amphitheatrical *Piazza di Quatro Cantoni*—the

point where these two main thoroughfares intersect each other—we see down one side of the Macqueda into the open plain as far as the foot of the mountains, and on the other to the city gate and the Monreale. Turning round we behold the sea. No city of the same size can boast of such a grand perspective, and this will become still grander when the leveling of the main street is completed, and the Via Lincoln and the Via Cavour, which run parallel with the Cassaro, are built up. The gloomy, narrow parts, which lie between the main lines of communication, are rapidly disappearing. Streets are opened, squares are laid out and widened, and free access is every-where afforded to light and air.

As in the majority of Italian cities, so in Palermo, also, the cholera has proved itself the most efficient sanitary commission. The ravages of this scourge were so terrible in the badly ventilated, dark streets, that even the most obtuse and apathetic were startled and driven to the demolition of the more pestilential localities. The Government, bearing probably in mind the obstinate resistance it encountered in September, 1866, was interested in making the city more accessible to storming troops and cannon, and as the sequestration of the Church property had thrown many religious edifices on its hands, the friends of local improvement were zealously supported by the authorities. The city has been decidedly the gainer by these reforms, having become more healthy, more habitable, and more frequented by foreigners. The tourist, it is true, will miss many romantic spots, much classic dirt, and some characteristic customs. If he desires to walk in the shade of the Sicilian washing, which was formerly hung out to dry, scarcely above the pedestrian's head, on lines stretched across the street from house to house, where it imparted a moist coolness to the breeze, he must now seek some of the more remote parts of the city.

But it is not to be assumed from the foregoing that the main street, the Toledo, possesses a monumental character. It is too narrow in proportion to its length, contains fewer palaces than some other streets, as, for instance, the Allora and the Macqueda, and lacks, what would be some compensation, the attraction of handsome stores. Indeed, in this respect, almost any third-rate American town would be found to surpass the Sicilian capital. We find there neither fine stores filled with large stocks of merchandise, nor shop-windows which make an imposing display of their goods; and even the plate-glass, now considered almost indis-

pensable in America, is unknown. Nothing save the mighty human tide that pours from morning until night through the Toledo, the incessant roll of the carriages, and the cries and noise of the hucksters, indicate that this is the pyloric artery of Palermitan life. The Toledo is, moreover, the head-quarters of the mendicant fraternity, whose name is legion. It is physically impossible to advance ten paces without being importuned by some scarecrow, soliciting alms, or to enter a shop, without having your arm touched by a beggar to remind you of the necessity of charity. But hardest of all is he tried whom "a sweet tooth" tempts to Guli's, the leading confectioner of Palermo. There is always a crowd at that place. The Palermites are extravagantly fond of sweets, and even if they were not, their piety would oblige them frequently to visit Guli. Every feast day in the calendar, every prominent Catholic saint has its own kind of sweets, and without a certain consecrated quantity of it the faithful would think their devotions incomplete. The different kinds prepared by Guli, though they have lost their original symbolic form, are very sweet, and therefore extensively patronized by the whole city. Sometimes the crowd is so large that it blocks up the street in front of the establishment, but, wherever an opening presents itself, there a beggar is sure to wedge in to sigh and moan for alms. It is in Palermo alone that the genuine beggar can still be studied by the curious, for the rest of Italy has been comparatively purged of this nuisance. While in other cities the beggars are only to be met with at the doors of the churches, where no profane policeman dares to eject them, in Palermo they continue to own the entire street. It is also here where they alone retain their full traditional dress and looks. Whether the palm should be awarded to the male mendicants, whose brown Capuchin cloaks are little more than holes miraculously kept together, or to the females of the species, in whose tattered robes dirt supplies the place of the seam, will probably never be satisfactorily decided. Both sexes are, however, distinguished alike for their profound contempt for all foot-gear, for the possession of the same crooked staff, on which they support their alleged decrepitude—though children's shoulders are sometimes substituted—and for the same skill in the art of trembling, of shaking as with palsy, and for all the other approved methods to enlist material sympathy.

Apart from this intolerable public nuisance, the impression which the Palermites leaves on the mind of the stranger would be one of unmitigated pleasure. They do not discredit their

Southern origin. Every word which they utter is accompanied by an expressive play of features, and, in some instances, gestures supply with them actually the use of language. While among the other Italians—the Neapolitans, for instance—the pantomime is frequently exaggerated, and trenches on caricature, the Palermite invariably preserve a certain dignity. The motions of their hands are natural and graceful, leave the arm at rest, and are yet capable of the most varied modulations. No Northern mind can form a correct idea of this visible manual language, and not even our best actors have a conception of that eloquence of motion, which possesses a singular fascination. Among ourselves there is hardly a medium between ungraceful stiffness and violent contortion. It is this natural charm and joyous sprightliness which render the intercourse with the natives so pleasing to the stranger. Indeed, the danger is that the latter may be victimized by the self-complacency of the former, although this fault wears so delightful a form that it can not be held offensive. And herein the behavior of the Palermo shop-keepers is quite characteristic. When a stranger inquires for an article which they do not keep they neither apologize nor offer to procure it. They simply give a slight shrug of the shoulder, raise the hand in deprecation, and clack the tongue. This pantomime clearly means, "How can any one be so foolish as to ask for such a preposterous thing?" That this language is rude only suggests itself to us at the door. While in the presence of the shop-keeper, the quiet dignity and assurance of the man overawes all criticism.

Delightful as intercourse with the Palermite certainly is, anxious as they appear to serve the stranger, it is extremely difficult to become really intimate with them. The *salon*, the club, the *café*, and the promenade, are the only places where the social amenities seem to be cultivated. The fashionable Palermite never shows himself to the stranger except in full toilet. Of our own means of social intercourse, such as the dinner party, he has not the remotest conception. Whether a Sicilian of our acquaintance is married or single, whether he has sisters or a mother, we learn rarely, or not at all. He comes to see us, walks or drives with us, introduces us to his casino, but never alludes to his wife or home. It is only with those ladies who keep open house that the stranger is thrown into contact. Malicious tongues intimate that the ground for this exclusiveness must be sought in the poverty of most families. It is said that the magnificent *salon*, whose gigantic dimensions excite our wonder, and

whose faded upholstery is not easily detected by the light of the wax tapers, often contrasts oddly enough with the family rooms, their scant and shabby furniture, not to mention the universal dirt; that the costly velvet robe, which we admire on the lady as she promenades the Marino, is often the only unpatched garment which she can call her own, and that the Palermite frequently hide much squalor and poverty beneath the most glittering exterior. Many families spend their incomes chiefly in display—people who can hardly afford the daily macaroni keep their carriage and horses for the Corso. Those who claim to be best informed on the subject, speak rather unfavorably of the morality of the Palermite. In most cases the husband seems to treat his wife with indifference, which she generally returns, so that each goes his or her own way.

If the truth of these representations is not capable of demonstration, and should therefore be received with caution, it is still certain that the better class of women lead a thoroughly useless and frivolous life. They never think of improving their minds, care little or nothing about their domestic concerns, and even neglect the training of their children, who are left almost exclusively to the care of servants. But if idleness is the great sin of the women, they are, in this respect, no worse than the men, who are not one whit behind them in wasting their opportunities. The day of the *picciotto*, the Palermo dandy, does not begin till the afternoon, when he pays a visit to his glover in the Toledo, to procure the indispensable requisite—fresh and immaculate gloves. The task of selecting and fitting ended, he passes away the time which intervenes between the promenade at the Casino, or in one of the numerous gossiping rooms in the Toledo which are rented by the clubs. Owing to the trifling cost of subscription—except for rent there is hardly any expense incurred—these rooms are extensively patronized. The evening is devoted to the theater and the *café*, where macaroni are called for till long past midnight. The lady of fashion, also, is never visible before the afternoon. The first social duty she discharges is a drive to the English Garden, thence to the Marino; the second duty is that which takes her in full dress to the theater, whence she goes to some *salon*, where receptions continue till morning. The want of some useful purpose, the general frivolity and hollowness which are the logical sequence of such a mode of life, may be easily imagined. During Lent, when the theaters are closed, gambling is permitted at the casinos. If a native is asked the reason of this conces-

sion to the demon of play, he replies that there is no other way of getting through the long evenings!

The countless beggars and cripples marked by the consequences of vice—the young men of vacant expression and puny *physique*, dressed after the latest Parisian fashion plates—the women in *décolleté* dress and flaunting colors—all these impress the stranger with an idea of decay. At the same time it would, perhaps, be unfair to ignore all the evidences of progress in some spheres of life, or entirely to deny that the future looks more promising now than it did under the Bourbon *régime*. Those who expect already at present to see great changes in manner and thought, should, however, remember that the new order of things can only be said to date from the September insurrection in 1866. The evils of the former system will probably not be entirely obliterated for generations to come, nor will Garibaldi's *naïve* government be so easily forgotten. But it is of the utmost importance that political tranquillity has been established, because it removes every pretext for indolence, every excuse for living at the expense of others, every plea for the Brigantaggio. The foes of Italian unity formerly built their greatest hopes on this same restless Sicily, which is now one of the most orderly and tranquil provinces in the new monarchy.

The precise truth in reference to the September affair, which lasted one week, will not soon be known. On the one side, the victors have no disposition to confess how weak and near the verge of ruin they were—on the other, the vanquished have no object to reveal the real motives of the abortive insurrection. The battle was ostensibly fought under the red flag, and there was pillaging in the sacred name of the Republic, but the wheels of the revolutionary machinery were no doubt set in motion under clerical and Bourbonistic auspices. The defeat of the Italian army, and still more that of the Prussian, were regarded so certain, that nothing appeared more simple than the restoration of the Bourbons by the triumphant Austrians. The rumor of an approaching Austrian fleet was widely circulated among the rural population in 1866. But the battle of Königsgratz, which blighted all reactionary schemes, also compelled the leaders and instigators of the Sicilian movement immediately to abandon it. The net was rent, but after the preparations which had been made, and the point which the popular excitement had reached, the explosion could not be averted. It came, therefore, in spite of the absence of its chiefs, and fed by the passions of the mob. The suppression of

the religious houses, and the sequestration of the Church property, were more unpopular in Sicily than in any other part of Italy. Not that the islanders were more devout, or more attached to the priests, than their countrymen of the peninsula. With them the question was rather an economical than a religious one. The suppression of the convents and monasteries touched not so much the hearts as the stomachs of the Sicilians. The younger sons and unmarried daughters of the nobility found a comfortable provision in the wealthy Benedictine establishments; those of the middle classes derived a similar benefit from the Theatines and Dominicans, while those of the lowest who had relatives looked to the Franciscans for assistance and support. In addition to this, the religious of both sexes in Sicily remained closely connected with their families, and never entirely severed the domestic ties. Hence the suppression of the religious houses and the secularization of their property did not appear in so liberal a light to the Sicilians as in Central Italy, and the independence of the island met with much favor among its people. The former measure not only destroyed all hopes of a comfortable provision for the younger children of all classes, but it sent many who had been considered provided for life home to claim a seat at the family table. The small chances of getting on in life, and the still smaller inclination to work, thus caused the closing of the convents and monasteries to produce an effect similar to that of a commercial crisis in an industrial country. According to unquestionable authority, the twenty-four nunneries of Palermo alone supported nearly one thousand families, (the Prefect in his speech to the Provincial Assembly, September 3, 1866,) and spent annually the sum of 327,000 livres. We may, therefore, readily understand that when all these people were suddenly deprived of their subsistence, they could not feel well affected toward the Government, and the Revolutionary Committee at Rome—if it actually existed—found a ready-made insurgent staff in the unfrocked monks. Indeed, the authorities ascribe a large share in the September revolt to the friars of Monreale. There was evidently no lack of leaders of higher and lower degree, but neither was there a lack of the revolutionary rank and file. The latter were recruited from real and pretended Garibaldians, from deserters, from the rural population, and last, though not least, from the timid, who had not the firmness to resist the revolutionary missionaries, and who had lost all moral independence during the many preceding insurrections.

The social and moral condition of Sicily will, perhaps, be best illustrated by the disclosures brought to light at the trial of the band under one Angelo Pugliese, *alias* Don Peppino. The proceedings in the case were stereotyped, and afterward made public. Pugliese, not a native of the island, had already in 1857, when still a stripling, been sentenced, for participation in a murder, to several years of imprisonment. While serving out his time, he had for companions Settembrini, Spaventa, and other patriots, who were incarcerated for political offenses. These gentlemen took pity on the young criminal, taught him to read, write, and some of the usages of good society. Before the expiration of his sentence, Pugliese was transferred to Palermo, where he escaped in 1865. Representing himself as a Garibaldian, he kept school near Palermo, and then became overseer on a plantation. Having ravished the wife of a laborer, he fled, and joined some deserters and fugitives from justice like himself. Over this band, which rapidly increased, he soon gained the ascendancy, and became the terror of the district of Lescara. Countless outrages were perpetrated by this band. Men of wealth were abducted to the mountains, and compelled to purchase their release at a high price. Nor did Pugliese shrink from deliberate murder. With a force of thirty men he regularly laid siege, and stormed the village of San Giovanni di Cammerata, plundering and massacring its leading inhabitants. On this daring expedition the bandit chief was accompanied by the Marchese Valenca, a wealthy landed proprietor. Incredible as it may sound, this scoundrel actually possessed friends and admirers in the district which he pillaged, and was ranked among its notables. The prosecuting attorney stated such to be the fact in his speech on the trial, where Pugliese is alluded to as follows: "Don Peppino was made welcome at the table of the barons, and associated at the hunt with cavaliers. He addressed them familiarly, and they felt themselves honored to have him share their own sports and love-makings. They called him the Signor Marchese, and conferred upon him the flattering title of 'Capitano della Montagna, cavaliere dei cavalieri.' His hand was shaken, and he was made the recipient of favors which many honorable men might vainly court." It was not a perverted romantic taste, but personal fear, which made Valenca, and the other Galantuomini, the associates and courtiers of a bandit. They apprehended that if they treated Pugliese with contempt he might resent it on their fields and herds—but being on good terms they were safe from ill-treatment

and robbery. For this abject reason the Marchese Gabrieli preferred, even after the band had been dispersed and Peppino was put on trial, to deny the treatment he had received—the sequestration of his person and the payment of ransom—although the bandits admitted the charge themselves. Were it possible to cure the Southern Italians of fear, the all-potent power, the regeneration of the people would follow with surprising rapidity. It is this almost incredible cowardice which prevents every honest political expression, which retards all real progress, and which poisons the whole national life.

The bands which invaded Palermo in September, 1866, although the folly of the entire movement had already become evident on the second day, were nevertheless suffered to terrorize the capital during an entire week, to hold the national guard in check, and to organize a provisional government from among men of the best classes, though each of its members condemned the insurrection, and only excused his acceptance of office on the ground of cowardice. "*In quel momento terribile abbodi alla pistola ed al pugnale.*" Such an admission would destroy forever the influence of a political personage in this country—in Sicily, compliance, if exacted with dagger and pistol, is considered a matter of course.

At the present date—we speak of 1869—Sicily is a very uninteresting province for the professional politician and the Commissary of Police. This result is due, first, to the energy of General Medici; next, to the natural exhaustion which necessarily follows six years of almost incessant agitation and excitement. The Bourbonites have lost nearly all their former influence. The party of the Separatists, who hoped even in 1868 for an independent king, though of the Savoy dynasty, has now subsided into the tame faction of the Regionists, who are content with a small amount of administrative centralization. A part of the former monks is already resigned to its lot, and regards the closing of the religious houses as its emancipation. Still it will take a long time before the 24,000 ex-religious of Sicily cordially subscribe to the new order of things, though none among them seriously expect any longer a return of the old *régime*, or a restoration of the spiritual powers. And what appeared most unlikely, the rural population itself is becoming reconciled to the military service.

Not more than a few years ago, every conscription was succeeded by a general stampede of the able-bodied young peasantry to the mountains. Many of the fugitives became brig-

ands and took to the rifle, merely because they could not resolve to shoulder the king's musket. Last year the percentage of the population liable to the conscription was very small. The Sicilian conscripts, who had served out their term, then returned for the first time. They had become acquainted with the world and cleanliness, taken part in a glorious campaign, and yet came back with whole skins. This convinced the people that a soldier needs not necessarily be shot or bayoneted. It might, no doubt, be still better if the school-house, instead of the barrack, were to elevate the Italian peasant in the scale of culture, but as long as the attendance at school is not made compulsory by law, not even the large number recently opened can be expected to effect much good. Owing to the natural gifts and the adaptability of the Sicilians, the fact that no more than one in every ten is able to read and write is hardly noticed, though the deficiencies of an average education becomes speedily obvious by closer contact with the middle classes.

But there is, after all, one great consolation. Since the year 1861 Palermo has had no less than fifteen different regents, prefects, and commissaries, and has, consequently, experienced fifteen different systems of political treatment, without having been altogether ruined. A land whose capital can survive such usage must be healthy at its core. It is a favorable omen to hear the foreign merchants complain that they found it easier to enrich themselves under the old *régime* than the new, because the native merchants then refrained from all competition, whereas Sicilian firms now compete with them in all branches of commerce. On the other hand, it looks rather bad that the exports are so considerably below the imports, and that, for instance, the shipping to the United States should be almost entirely confined to building-timber. The insignificance of the domestic industry is perhaps not so strange, but it seems discouraging that the agricultural population should be less than the average Italian percentage, (in Italy there are 35 agriculturists to every 100 inhabitants, in Sicily only 23!) and that the whole island should be owned by 50,000 individuals. The division of the great landed estates, the increase of public and private credit, and the improvement of the means of intercommunication, are vital conditions precedent to the material progress of the island. Sicily can, however, never expect to become what it once was, nor will the era of artistic pre-eminence, which made it centuries ago one of the leading representatives of intellectual culture in Europe, ever return.

### CHRIST THE SAVIOR.

“**T**HIS is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” This saying tells of man's moral malady, and of man's urgent need; but also of God's rich provision for the healing of that malady, and for the supply of all that need. It is indeed a comprehensive summary of the special truths of that revelation which God has given to men in the Bible; and of that Gospel of the grace of God by which he has sent the glad tidings of salvation to the human race. For what was it that formed the great object of faith and hope to those who lived in the morning dawn of Old Testament revelation? Was it not the coming of him who was called the Messiah or the Christ; and the promised appearance of that great deliverer who should turn away ungodliness from Jacob, and in whom, as the seed of Abraham, all nations of the earth should be blessed? And what is it which is still the grand theme of New Testament revelation, and which constitutes the great object of faith, and the unailing source of hope and consolation, to those who live under its clearer light? Is it not that manifestation and commendation of his divine love to sinful men which was given by God, when, though they were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly? And does not the text declare that it is an established fact—a glorious verity—a truth which can not be shaken or gainsaid, that, according to his purpose and his promise, God did, in the fullness of the times, send forth his own Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law; and that so Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, has come into the world!

And what a messenger was this whom the divine Father sent into the world! How little indication was there in that humble lodging, and in those swaddling-bands, in which the wise men from the East found the infant Jesus at Bethlehem, of his divine dignity, of his exalted rank, or of his grand mission of love to our world! How unlike the state of one who could truly say, “a greater than Solomon is here,” was that lowly mien in which he traveled up and down in Judea, as he accomplished his ministry of love! But then he had spread a veil over his glory, having come as the messenger of his Father's mercy, and as the servant of his Father for the salvation of men; and it is only they whose eyes are opened in the belief of the truth to see that he was indeed the Son of God who can take a just view of the dignity, and

the perfection, and the blessedness of that glory which he had with the Father before he came into the world; who can truly discern and feel the greatness of that love to men which God displayed in the gift of his Son when he sent him into the world in the likeness of sinful flesh; or who can rightly admire and appreciate the riches of that divine and loving condescension with which the eternal Son of the Highest freely came to work out salvation and deliverance for men.

For indeed he came, and freely came, into the world for his mighty work. Although the Father sent him, he could say of himself, "Lo, I come; I delight to do thy will, O my God." With all the freeness and spontaneity of a divine volition, he emptied himself of his glory, he took upon him our nature, and in that nature came forth to do the will of him that sent him. Hence, says the apostle, "Ye know the grace," the free mercy, "of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." Oftentimes has this truth been proclaimed in our hearing, so that by its very repetition it almost seems to have lost some of its power to impress our minds, and to fill them with the admiration and the wonder, the gratitude and praise, which the very announcement of it should ever awaken and inspire. Yet, without controversy, great is this mystery of godliness, God manifested in the flesh; and when the Holy Spirit, whose work it is to guide into all saving truth, unfolds to the mind and heart the meaning of the saying in the text, the believer discerns in him of whom it testifies as coming into the world, the glory of the Word who was made flesh, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and full of truth, the unsearchable riches of the condescension and the grace of him who loved men and gave himself for them, freely coming down from the throne to the footstool, that on that footstool he might lay down his life as the ransom for theirs, and might present his blood as the price of their redemption and salvation.

Jesus came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. He came to magnify the justice and law of his divine Father, and to make them honorable before all orders of intelligent beings; yet it was not by taking vengeance on the sinners by whom that law and justice had been despised, but by making himself a sin-offering for them, and by bearing their sins in his own body to, and on, the tree, that he at once made manifest the infinite holiness of God, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the riches of that grace through which the Holy One could

pardon, justify, and save those who were guilty, wretched, and helpless in their sins. Such is the condition of all mankind by nature, and by practice too; for there is none righteous, no, not one, and all the world is brought in guilty before God. Such had been the condition of those whom the apostles addressed as saints, or holy ones, who had been delivered from condemnation through their faith in Jesus, and their vital union to him in believing; for even to these they wrote, "And such were some of you," "dead in trespasses and sins," "walking according to the course of this world," "serving divers lusts and passions," "fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind."

And such is by nature our state and condition too; for he knows little of the plagues of his own heart, or of that divine law which is exceeding broad, who ventures to think or say, I am righteous, or, I have made myself clean. "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us;" and it is more the force of circumstances, and the restraining grace of God, than any innate rectitude of nature which has made us to differ from others who may have run to greater outward excess in wickedness. All men without exception, the most moral and amiable as well as they who have made themselves outwardly vile, and who have debased themselves by their offenses, are thus in need of salvation from the power, and pollution, and punishment of sin; and we have all reason to rejoice that we have heard that Jesus Christ has come as a great Savior to seek and to save them that were lost, and that he is both able and willing to save all them, even to the uttermost, who come unto God by him.

And how gloriously perfect is the work of Christ as the Savior of sinful men! He clothed himself in their nature; he placed himself in their room and stead. When exaction was made for their offenses he became answerable. By the outpouring of his own blood on the tree of shame he canceled the handwriting that was against them; by his all-perfect obedience he fulfilled all righteousness; in his death he made a full atonement for all their offenses; and now he is set forth as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Hence God has manifested himself as the very God of peace, who is pacified toward them that believe in Jesus for all that they have done, by raising up Jesus from the dead, by exalting him at his own right hand as a Prince and a Savior to bestow repentance and the remission of sins, and by giving him power over all flesh that he may give eternal life to all that have been given



to him by the Father, and that now, in a world where sin has reigned unto death, grace may reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Every spiritual enemy of man has thus been vanquished by the Savior; and to all who in truth receive him as their own Savior and Lord, so as to believe his word, to rely on his work and love, and to give up to him the throne of their hearts, and the obedience of their lives, he imparts a complete deliverance from all their spiritual bondage, misery, and guilt. Over them sin loses its usurped dominion; for abiding in him, and trusting in him as the Lord their righteousness, their depravity is weakened and subdued; they are strengthened to purify themselves even as he is pure; and they are filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and the praise of God.

Glorying in the cross of their Lord Jesus Christ, the world is crucified to them, and they unto the world; so that living as strangers and pilgrims on the earth, and as those who are risen with Christ, they have their affections set, not on the things in which worldly men chiefly delight, but on those things which are above, where Jesus, their risen Lord, sits at the right-hand of God. Abiding under the shadow of that cross on which Jesus died as their surety, they feel that the sting of death is taken away; that they are made conquerors over it through him who has loved them; and that while to them to live is Christ, to die shall be gain. And following him as the captain of their salvation, and as their guide to glory, they experience a good hope—a hope that maketh not ashamed—that over them the second death shall have no power; that they have found in Christ's opened side a sure refuge from the wrath to come; and that in that great day of final doom, when he shall sentence the despisers of his mercy to everlasting darkness and despair, he shall come to them as their living, loving, and all-gracious Lord, to welcome them to his kingdom, to receive them to his eternal joy, to enrich them with all the blessedness and glory of that full salvation from sin and all its evils for which they had longed and prayed, and to bestow on them the fullness of that perfect grace which is to be brought unto his people at the appearing of their Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man there is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins—for thus finally and fully to deliver them that believe on him from all evil, and corruption, and defilement, and to present them all faultless before the throne of God with everlasting joy,

shall be the destined glorious consummation of the work of him of whom the saying of the text declares, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

#### ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PRAYER

**W**E are commanded to "continue in prayer," to pray "without ceasing," to "watch unto prayer." And to observe these commands God has given us most precious encouragements. The first we mention is found in the promises of God. "Call upon me," says God, "in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee;" "Call unto me, and I will answer thee." "Ask, and it shall be given you," says Christ; "Seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Now these promises are immutable. "God is not a man, that he should lie." "Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?"

We find encouragement to pray in the answers we have received to prayer. We have been graciously sustained in sickness, in bereavement, in disappointment, in answer to prayer. We have gone to God in trouble, and he has heard our cry. When no earthly friend had the willingness or power to help us, he has interposed for our relief. In every answered prayer we may find encouragement to go again to God. We do not feel, in going to God for favors, as the beggar feels, who comes to our door and says, "If you will only help me this time, I will never trouble you again." But on the contrary, we find encouragement in answered prayer to go more frequently.

We have encouragement to pray from the fact that God has given us his own dear Son. The gift of Christ includes all minor gifts. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" God will not give us a great gift and fail to give us the small gift, the want of which might make his great gift of no value to us.

We find encouragement to pray in the fact that Christ is our intercessor and advocate at the right-hand of God. Since Jesus is passed into the heavens, "let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." At the right-hand of the Father Christ prays, we have no doubt, as he prayed on earth, just before his betrayal and crucifixion. With such encouragements we should take great delight in drawing near to God in prayer.

## The Children's Repository.

### NEVER JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

"WHY, Reuben, where have you been? Your fingers are red, your ears are redder, but your nose is the reddest of all," laughed Bess, as Reuben came bustling to the fire for a "good warm." "The old drayman came with some apples for father, and I went to show him where to put them; and, Bess, I found out something awful! You see," said he in answer to her questioning eyes, "I wanted to know what sort they were, and so asked him, and he said 'he did n't know.' 'Why, can't you read the name?' said I, and would you believe it," said the boy, turning to his aunt, "he said he could n't read! Just to think!" he exclaimed with a downward dip at the corners of his mouth, "a man as old as he could n't read! There is no excuse for any one being *that* ignorant in this day. I have no patience with folks who are too lazy to learn."

"Sometimes people are excusable for a seeming ignorance," said auntie; "they may have been unfortunate. I have such a one in my mind now, and I have a good mind to tell you about him."

"O, yes! do tell us about it, do!" chimed the children.

"Wait till I get a chair," said the boy, "and, Lu, you may sit on my lap so as to hear better. Now, auntie, all ready."

"In the northern part of Germany, there once lived a family who were very poor, having nothing but what the parents earned from day to day. There were four or five children, and though their clothing was very coarse, and hardly enough to keep them warm in Winter, while their food was often scanty, they were yet quite happy. Shall I tell you why? Their father and mother were Christians, and early taught them to love God and keep his commandments. Every night, no matter how tired he was, the father would take down the Bible, and read to his children; telling them, too, of the wonderful and beautiful promises it contained. The father's eyesight had been bad for years, and only by the help of glasses was he able to read or do much work. They had been given him by a rich friend, for he was far too poor to buy any such thing himself. When the oldest was about ten years old a dreadful

calamity befell them. The precious glasses got broken. I can not make you understand, dears, what a terrible thing this was to befall the poor house. No money to buy another pair, and without them the father unable to do many kinds of work which brought comforts for the family. He did the best he could, but the thought that he was unable to read the Sacred Truth to his young children, was the sorest affliction of all. So great was his desire to teach them, he, after much difficulty, succeeded in fixing a piece of the broken, precious glass in a little stick, and by holding it close to his eye, was able to read the words which were spelled out slowly and with great trouble. Do you think they would ever forget any thing learned in such a manner? When the cold weather came on the poor man fell sick, and, soon after, died. After the death of their loved parent, the mother found it hard work to find bread for so many hungry mouths.

"The eldest girl helped take care of the children, and filled bobbins, while the largest boy, Hansen, gathered sticks to burn, and helped all *he* could. Hansen was his mother's main dependence. He was always cheerful and obedient; and often while sitting late with her, while she spun or knit, he would try to cheer her by telling what he would do when he got older. 'I shall go to America, that great land beyond the sea, where I can earn much gold, and have a little house for you and the children. We will have good clothes, bright fires, and nice things to eat.' The weather grew colder and colder. The snow lay deep in the forest, and while the cold increased, work became scarce. The mother was often distressed to get food. Many times did little Hansen go without a meal, that the others might have more, saying he did not feel very hungry. Soon came the time when every effort was in vain to procure any thing that would bring bread. One night as mother and son sat together late, they talked over plan after plan that would bring relief; but none of them could be acted upon. In her distress, the mother had taken her little boy into her confidence, and he only of the family knew how badly they were off.

"'The only way I can see,' said she, 'is to go to the town to some of our relations, and see if they will not help us.'

"'But, mother,' exclaimed Hansen, in con-

sternation, 'it is so far! You will have to go through the forest where the snow is deep. You will freeze!'

"There is no other way, my child. I can not sit still and see you starve."

"Well, then, let me go with you for company," pleaded he.

"No. You must stay with the children. I shall start before it is light, for I know the way, and shall be back just after night-fall. I must go at once."

"The morning was very cold, with bright stars blinking in the sky, when the mother set out on her journey. Hansen and his sister were up to say good-by. They watched till her form was lost in the darkness, and when they turned back the house seemed cheerless enough, I can tell you. The Winter day passed quickly, and as night came on they brightened up the fire so that mother should see the light from the window as she came back.

"Minutes, hours went by, but she did not come.

"The night deepened, but the two children still sat with heavy hearts, and hushed breath, lest they should not hear the expected footsteps. Through the long night they waited and listened, and the morning came without bringing the mother.

"O! where is mother!' they would exclaim to each other, as through the day they strained their eyes toward the forest. 'O! what has become of her?' The night came down again over the helpless, hungry family, but the cold was not as severe, and as the children crouched on the floor together, they whispered in frightened tones, 'The snow will come down, and mother will be lost!' The horrors of that dreadful night, I am unable to describe to you. They tried to pray to God to give them back their mother; if she would only come back, they would willingly go hungry and cold. 'O! mother! mother!' When the morning came again they were nearly wild in their grief. Hansen decided to go to the nearest house and alarm the neighbors. Resolutely the brave boy set out. Toiling through the drifts, blinded by the whirling snow, he at length, benumbed, exhausted, with frozen feet and hands, reached the house he was seeking.

"He soon made known the story of the missing mother and famishing family. Warm hearts were ready with their sympathy, and before the good woman had him warmed and fed, the man, with one sturdy son, set out for more help. As soon as Hansen was able to go back, the other son, in company with him, and carrying food, returned to the hungry, expectant children. The

men who started to find the missing woman, went directly to the house she intended to visit. Imagine the consternation of the good people when told she had not been home. She got to the town about noon, procured some food, and soon after started for home. Nothing further was known. With ready willingness the people roused for the search. Distributing themselves through the wood, agreeing upon certain signals in case she was found, they commenced their benevolent work. Toward night two men came where she was. Beneath the shelter of a huge tree they found her sitting—dead—her face bowed upon her breast, while clasped close to her bosom was *the precious package of food!* She had doubtless got bewildered, wandered from the track, and, becoming exhausted, had sat down. Death comes swiftly in such a season and place, and her face was as peaceful as if sleeping. Can you think of any thing more pitiful than the condition of those children when it was known that their mother had perished? After she was buried, the friends took them to different homes. I do not know what became of any excepting Hansen. He was apprenticed to the printing business, and as soon as his time was out he came to America. With little or no money, unable to speak a word of English, he saw hard times, in earnest. But where 'there's a will, there's a way,' and somehow he got along, and after a few years moved West with his family. During these long years, in his struggle with the world, the teachings of his father had become almost forgotten, but when sickness came upon them, want staring them in the face, with, as he thought, no friends, then did those old lessons come to his mind. He resolved to be a better man, and, although late in life, began to live a Christian life in earnest. Friendly people soon found him out, and aided his efforts. Now, all is changed. Trusting in God, he never went back to the old ways. He has plenty of work, which keeps his family in comfort. He attends church regularly, and the old German Bible is read in his family. No one, to see his plain face and quiet ways, would think he had had an eventful life—but we can never tell."

"Dear me!" said Reuben, drawing a long breath, "how I would like to know such a man!"

"So would I," said Bess; "I'd like to visit his folks."

"What is the reason we never know people with such histories? They always come in stories."

"You know him quite well," said auntie.

"We know him!" exclaimed the children incredulously.


"Yes, for the Hansen of my story and the old drayman are the same person. He gave me his history himself."

"Well—I reckon one can't always judge," said Reuben, with a comical expression.

"We should never be hasty in our judgments," said auntie.

"I'll try not to be again," softly replied the boy. "Hop down, Lu."

#### THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.

" COUSIN FLOY," exclaimed little Belle Barton, as she bounded into the room where I was sitting, her blue eyes sparkling with animation, "won't you tell Charlie and me a story?"

"O yes, please do," said Charlie; "and tell us about the soldiers; I like to hear about them."

"Well, come and sit down by me, and I will try to think of a story. Yes, I remember one which I think will interest you."

"Is it true?" asked Belle.

"Yes, quite true; but first let me ask you one or two questions. Do you know, children, what it is to be ungrateful?"

"I do n't know, 'less it's being wicked," answered Charlie.

"I will tell you—it is being unthankful to those who have shown you a kindness. Now, can you tell me what a guest is?"

"A visitor," said Belle.

"Yes, that is right. Now for my story. It is entitled 'The Ungrateful Guest.'

"Many hundreds of years ago there lived a great king, whose name was Philip, and, because he lived in a country named Macedonia, he was called Philip of Macedon. This king had a great many soldiers, who fought his battles. One of these soldiers was a great favorite with King Philip, on account of his bravery, and the king loaded him with rich presents, and made him a great man among the soldiers. Once this soldier was out on the sea, when a great storm arose. The wind blew a hurricane; the waters rose high and dashed over the ship, until finally it was broken to pieces, and many of the crew and passengers found a watery grave.

"But the waves washed this soldier on the shore of Macedonia. He was apparently without a sign of life. A kind-hearted man, who owned a fine, large farm, near the sea-shore, knowing that there was likely to be a shipwreck in consequence of the terrible storm,

hastened down to the shore to see if any persons were there to whom he could render assistance. He found the soldier, and, after working over him some time, succeeded in bringing him back to life. This Macedonian farmer took the soldier home with him, placed him in bed, and watched and nursed him as tenderly as he would his own son.

"At the end of forty days the soldier was so far recovered as to continue his journey. He left, thanking his farmer friend for all the kindness he had shown to him when he needed it, thus proving a friend indeed; and promising that on the first opportunity he would tell King Philip of his goodness, and that the King would reward him for his kindness to his favorite soldier."

"But was this soldier as grateful as he appeared to be? No; he was *glad* of the help he received, but he was *not thankful*. While he was staying with the kind gentleman he said to himself, 'What a beautiful place this is! How I should like it for mine!' So he kept thinking about it, and wishing it was his own. He determined he would have it in some way without paying for it. In other words, he *coveted* the man's house and lands.

"So the soldier hastened away to Philip, and told the King that he had been shipwrecked, and had a great deal of trouble; and then he said, 'You know, O King, how bravely I have fought for you; and now it would please me very much if your Majesty would grant me *such* a place,' mentioning the lands of his benefactor."

"What is a benefactor?" asked Charlie.

"A person who helps another when he is in trouble. The soldier was in trouble; and so the man who took care of him was his benefactor.

"The King, not being acquainted with the circumstances, without any thought on the matter, granted the soldier's request. Instead, then, of taking his kind friend a present, this wicked soldier drove him away from his pleasant home, and seized all the property for himself.

"The rightful-owner was so stung to the heart by this unheard-of ingratitude that he went and boldly laid his case before the King. Philip listened to his story, examined into the matter, and finding the man's story to be true, was very sorry he had granted the soldier's wish. So he ordered the farmer's property to be restored, and also made him a splendid present. The King was so indignant at the soldier's conduct that he ordered his property to be seized, and caused to be stamped on his forehead with a heated iron these words: 'THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.'"

"I think King Philip served the soldier just right," said Charlie.

"Well, children, do you think you are never ungrateful?"

"Why, no! Cousin Floy. Charlie and I never would turn any body out of their house, would we, Charlie?" said Belle, very earnestly.

"Guess we would n't!" answered Master Charlie.

"No, I believe you would not do *that*; but there are other ways of showing ingratitude. Who supply you with food and clothing, make you beautiful presents, and watch over you when you are sick?"

"Papa and mamma."

"Well, just think a moment, whether you are not sometimes ungrateful to them. Do you always do just what they wish, cheerfully and pleasantly, and never do what you know would displease them? That would be ingratitude to the best friends you have on earth.

"But you have another friend, children—God, our Heavenly Father—the best friend. Though all earthly friends fail, he will never forsake us if we love him. God gives us the bright sun to give us light and heat, the fresh green grass, and tall waving trees; the beautiful flowers, which we enjoy so much; our parents and friends; and, better than every thing else, he gave his dear Son, Jesus Christ, to die for us, so that we might live happily on earth, and that when we die, we may be saved in heaven. O how grateful we should be to our Heavenly Father for all his mercies! You can show your gratitude to him by keeping his commandments. One of them reads, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' And another one: 'Therefore, all things, whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' By following these two rules you will neither of you be likely to prove an ungrateful guest."

#### BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

"**W**OTHER, mother!" said Mary Jay, running into her mother's room, "I believe I've found out what makes Clinton sick every day. I saw him just now, out in the garden, behind the lilac bushes, with big Fred Saunders, and Fred was smoking a cigar."

"Did Clinton have a cigar?" asked her mother.

"No, I did n't see any; I just saw them a minute; I guess they did n't see me."

"I will go and see, myself."

Saying this, Clinton's mother put on her bonnet, and walked out into the garden. There the children stood, in a shady corner, each with a cigar in his mouth, and Clinton with a bundle of matches in his hand.

The two boys who were with him ran when they saw her; but his mother called Clinton in a loud voice to stop; so he stood still. He knew he had been doing wrong, and his first impulse was to get rid of the cigar.

What do you suppose he did with it?

It is very strange, but it is true, that people who are caught doing wrong, never act as they thought they would, if found out. It is as true of grown-up people as of children. It is very easy for persons to make up their minds what they will do if caught in a crime; but, strange to say, they seldom do the thing they planned, and most often do the very thing that proves them guilty.

Clinton might have thrown away his cigar, I suppose, before his mother reached him; but, instead of that, he thrust it under his apron, and pushed it under his belt. He did not do this because he thought it the best plan, or because he thought at all; it was what is called an *impulse*.

"Clinny," said his mother, "have you a cigar?"

"No," said the little boy. One sin always leads to another.

"Clinton," said his mother solemnly, "is this the truth?"

"No, ma'am, I have n't got any," persisted he. "Fred and Benny had, though."

Just at that moment a little blue smoke came curling from under Clinton's apron, just above his belt. He turned pale as he saw a hole burning in his apron, and there was the burnt end of a cigar under it!

Ah, Clinton, your sin found you out!

I will not tell you how Clinton was punished, only you may know he did not smoke any more cigars.

"I think he was a silly fellow to put a lighted cigar under his apron!" some child says. "I would have hid it better than that!"

No you would n't. You do not know what you would have done. Unless you have been a great while learning to deceive, and grown *cunning*, you would not have been any wiser.

When a child or man, who is generally honest, commits some sin and wishes to hide it, the very thing he does to hide it quite often becomes the means of his being discovered. "When you want to sin in safety go where God is not." But since God is in every place, you may be sure your sin will find you out!

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**THE SOUL'S LONGING.**—We have all tested the pleasures and enjoyments of this life, and have found they are not real. They flatter; they deceive. And our experience has been like that of the poet, when he says:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white, then melts forever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit, ere you can point their place,  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm."

The allurements and attractions of this world do not satisfy our craving natures. The soul longs for something higher, and nobler, and better. It yearns to be free, and awaits the time of its deliverance from iniquity and sin.

The body needs food and exercise. These are necessary for its existence and development. So with all the organs of the body. Deprive the ear of that which is necessary to feed and develop its powers, after a time it will cease to hear. The eye, shut up in total darkness, will finally become an exterminated sense. Put a man in prison, cut off from him all the living sights and sounds, the faces of friends, the voices of social interchange, and the works and interests of life, and before long that man will be an idiot. As with the body, so with the soul. It needs exercise. Its thirsting after something to satisfy its eager craving and ardent desire must be supplied. Even the sinner, deep down in his soul, finds an earnest wish and eagerness to know God. This desire has been implanted within the soul of every man. It is the appetite of the soul, a cry not for bread, not for the perishing things of earth, but for God.

**HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT.**—Sin dwells in the uttermost parts of the sea. We find it every-where. There is not a single spot upon the whole earth where Satan is not and where his kingdom is not established. It is impossible to flee from the presence of sin. Even when alone we are haunted with evil thoughts and feelings. God wants us to be holy and pure in the midst of evil and surrounded by iniquity. The coward may boast when no danger threatens. To stand up in peril and face the enemy is bravery. That man is not virtuous who has never been tempted and who has not struggled to overcome

his evil inclinations. Virtue implies resistance. Where there is no unrighteousness there is no righteousness. The one necessarily supposes the other. The Christian's aim, then, is *victory*, not freedom from attack. The man who surrounded by temptation and worldly allurements can set them all at defiance, who in the midst of impurity can be pure, deserves credit, and him God will finally award.

**THE FRIENDLY STARS.**—And what say these stars with their all-eloquent silence, seeming to reduce all our schemes into nothings, to make our short-lived perplexities ludicrous, ourselves and our ways like a song that is not sung? What a cold reply they seem to give to all human works and questionings!

Some men have thought that one star or planet befriended them; some, another. This man grew joyful when the ascendant star of his nativity came into conjunction with Jupiter, favorable to his destinies; and that man grew pale when his planet came into opposition with Saturn, noxious to his horoscope, threatening the house of life. Nor is astrology extinct; science only lends it more meaning, but not a private one for kings or potentates. These stars say something very significant to all of us; and each man has the whole hemisphere of them, if he will but look up, to counsel and befriend him. In the morning-time they come not within ken, when they would too much absorb our attention, and hinder our necessary business; but in the evening they appear to us, to chasten over-personal thoughts, to put down what is exorbitant in earth-bred fancies, and to encourage those endeavors and aspirations which meet with no full response from any single planet, certainly not from the one we are on, but which derive their meaning and their end from the whole, of God, nature, and of life.

So thinking, I was enabled for a moment to see, or rather to feel, that the threads of our poor human affairs, tangled as they seem to be, might yet be interwoven harmoniously with the great chords of love and duty that bind the universe together. And so I turned to the house and said "good-night" cheerfully to the friendly stars, which did not now seem to oppress me by their magnitude, or their multitude, or their distance.—*Helps' Companions of my Solitude.*

**INDIVIDUALITY OF PERFECTION.**—It is a custom with novelists to describe the comeliness of their heroines, as not exactly conforming to the laws of

beauty, yet to be all the more attractive on that account, because the defective features, informed by soul and character, and having the vital charm of individual expression, produce the effect of beauty while departing from its rigorous lines and rules. The novelists who delineate "ideal" heroines agree with the novelists who claim to follow closely the facts of actual life, in thus finding the practical perfection of feminine beauty in its abstract imperfection. The reason of this is plain. The romancer, whether he be an idealist or a realist, must first of all make his characters alive; and he can only make his characters alive by seizing the individuality and soul of each, and framing in his mind's eye some bodily form which shall also be peculiar and individual. What are called the laws of beauty he soon finds to be inconsistent with the conditions of vital beauty. If he mechanically shaped the faces of his heroines according to the generalizations of æsthetics, the features might be perfect, but they would have only the perfection of lifelessness. The beautiful souls which romancers have added to the ideal population of the world, would, on such a method of characterization, have not been called into existence. All would be abstractly noble and beautiful, and all would really be tame, flat, inexpressive, uninspiring:

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for Soul is wanting there."

**HOW NOT TO BE BEAUTIFUL.**—A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure, and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness.

It is as impossible to preserve good looks, with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gypsies in the parlor, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while, than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result.

Stand on one of the crowded streets and note the passer-by, and one can see how a vacant mind has made a vacant eye, how a thoughtless, aimless mind has robbed the features of expression; how vanity has made every thing about its victim petty; how frivolity has faded the luster of the countenance; how baby thoughts have made baby faces; how pride has cut disdain into the features and made the face a chronic sneer; how selfishness has shriveled, and wrinkled, and withered up the personality; how hatred has deformed and demonized those who yielded to its power; how every bad passion has turned tell-tale, and published its disgraceful story in the lines of the face and the look of the eye; how

the old man who has given himself up to every sort of wickedness, is branded all over with deformity and repulsiveness, and you will get a new idea of what retribution is. This may not be all, but it is terrible—this transformation of a face once full of hope and loveliness into deformity and repulsiveness, then the rose blushing on its stalk, now ashes and a brand.—*Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy.*

**LOST STARS.**—Like drooping, dying stars our loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shines before us, leading on and up, they suddenly fade from the firmament of our hearts, and the place is left empty, cold, and dark. A mother's steady, soft, and earnest light, that beamed through all our wants and sorrows; a father's strong, quick light, that kept our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's, so mild, so pure, so constant, and so firm, shining upon us from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and goodness; a brother's light, bright, and bold, and honest; a lover's light, forever sleeping in our soul, and illuminating our goings and comings; a friend's light, true and trusty, going out forever? No! The light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no light and no darkness forever and forever. Never call a man a lost man until he is buried in a hopeless grave. No man is lost upon whom any influence can be exerted; no man is lost to whom the offer of the Gospel may be brought. We are never to be discouraged. There is no man or woman so vile but God may bring them washed and saved to his kingdom. He who rears up one child to Christian virtue, or recovers one fellow-creature to God, builds a temple more precious than Solomon's or St. Peter's, more enduring than earth or heaven. It is not the painting, gilding, and carving that make a good ship; but if she be a nimble sailer, tight and strong to endure the seas, that is her excellence. It is the edge and temper of the blade that make a good sword, not the richness of its scabbard; and so it is not money or possessions that make a man considerable, but his virtue.—*Theodore Parker.*

**THE RELIGION OF LABOR.**—Religion does not altogether consist of devotional exercises, but, as well, of daily work. We get a wrong idea of Christianity when we reduce it to songs and sermons, prayers and solemn faces, and ecclesiastical paraphernalia. It is not especially for Sabbaths and sanctuaries, but also for week-days, for homes, for mills, for stores, for streets and fields. Religion is largely an outdoor institution. Its Author was born, baptized, transfigured, and crucified under no roof but the sky. It means diligence in business, serving the Lord in common vocations and every-day relations, as well as in consecrated syllables on set occasions. Jesus was more sublimely great standing unknown at the carpenter's bench in Nazareth, with apron on, than if he had been surpliced as a priest in the temple, or arrayed in robes of royalty on Pilate's throne. He was greater with an adze in his

hand than with a crown on his head. Christianity allows no aversion toward the mechanic. It gives him honorable position. It invites him to its home, and visits him in his. Yet how many rich young ladies who would scorn to associate with the sons and daughters of working-men! The matrimonial problems that busy their brains involve such fractions as lawyers, physicians, large-salaried preachers, wholesale merchants, millionaires, and gentlemen of leisure. It would be ridiculous, they think, to throw themselves away on mechanics! Of course society has its affinities, and that is well. Education grants it. Refinement and culture always seek their level. But we dig *down* for gold. Too often dissipated dandyism is petted and honored, while intelligent industry is denied a place. The difference between building houses and selling houses is not so great that one should be considered contemptible and the other illustrious. Really, as a business, it makes but little difference whether a man mends clothes, bones, pens, houses, laws, or morals. Work is work and nothing more.—*Clark's Workday Christianity.*

SECRETS OF LONGEVITY.—“To chew well and to walk well,” said Bosquillon, “are the greatest secrets of longevity that I know of.” One of the most pernicious habits that can be acquired is that of eating fast. The loss of teeth is not necessarily conducive to a short life, if the imperfection in chewing is remedied by a more careful and slower process. Simplicity in diet is another great point. Two or, at the most, three dishes ought to suffice, but monotony should be avoided. There should be variety in simplicity. It is also of importance to preserve a certain degree of regularity in repasts. The number of repasts may vary with age and constitution; but three repasts, a light breakfast, a good dinner in the middle of the day, and a light supper, are admitted more favorable to health than late dinners, which leave the stomach unoccupied for a long interval and overloaded at night. It is of further importance that the mind should be at ease during meals. That which is pleasant promotes digestion; every thing that is the reverse is obnoxious. Plutarch declared laughter to be the best sauce. Exercise should precede alimentation, and immediately follow it.

SOMETIME.—It is a sweet, sweet song flowing to and fro through the topmost boughs of the heart, and fills the whole air with song and gladness as the songs of birds do, when the Summer morning comes out of the darkness, and the day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future which we call “Sometime.” Beautiful flowers and sweet-singing birds are there, only our hand seldom grasps the one, or our ears hear, except in faint, far-off strains, the other. But on, reader, be of good cheer, for to all the good there is a golden “Sometime!” When the hills and valleys of time are all passed, when the wear and fever, the disappointments and the sorrows of life are over, then there is the peace and the rest appointed of God. O, homestead over whose blessed roof falls no shadow

or even clouds, across whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm-trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadow, where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping!

SELFISHNESS.—Live for some purpose in the world. Always act your part well. Fill up the measure of duty to others. Conduct yourselves so that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, and are forgotten almost as though they had never been. They are, while they live, like some pebble lying unobserved among a million on the shore; and when they die, they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surface, sinks, and is forgotten, without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been the better for their life? Who has been the worse for their death? Whose tears have they dried up? Whose wants supplied? Whose misery have they healed? Who would unbar the gate of life to re-admit them to existence? or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh, a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.

BORROWING TROUBLE.—“I know it will rain to-morrow, auntie,” said Louisa, as she looked gloomily out of the window. “It is clouding up now, and I shall miss going to G. It will be such a disappointment after all my preparations.” “Do n't borrow trouble, Louie. You have no certain proof that it will rain to-morrow. Many a morning has been fair after a cloudy afternoon. If it should rain to-night, I should rather look for it to be bright in the morning.” “Dear me, I hope it will rain to-night then; only it would be so muddy and unpleasant walking. Do you think it will rain to-night, auntie?” “I can not tell; but I am content to leave the weather in God's hands. Either you will go on your journey to-morrow, or God will have some good reason for preventing you. In either case contentment is the wisest and happiest course for you. It is your borrowed trouble, Louisa, that brings you unhappiness. Jesus offers us no help to bear these burdens of the imagination.”

CHRIST'S FULLNESS.—I want His fountain every day, his intercession every moment, and would not give a groat for the broadest fig-leaves, or the brightest human rags to cover me. A robe I must have, of one whole piece, broad as the law, spotless as the light, and richer than an angel ever wore—the robe of Jesus.



## Contemporary Literature.

**WORDS AND THEIR USES.** *By Richard Grant White.*  
*New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

This work supplies a want which has long existed. Treatises upon the proper employment of our language have indeed been multiplied to a surprising extent, but few of them have been of such a nature as to bring any aid to the people who most need instruction in this matter. The especial merit of this book is that it is admirably adapted for the use of the many intelligent people who have not time to consult more profound works. Many of our readers are probably already familiar with the author's teachings upon the uses of words, the greater portion of this volume having originally appeared in "The Galaxy;" these will be glad to possess the valuable lessons which were so pleasantly imparted from month to month, in a convenient and enduring form. Mr. White devotes himself chiefly to the exposure of the more flagrant of those errors which mar the elegance, and cripple the resources of our language. His analysis of mistakes in the ordinary uses of words, phrases, and idioms is generally close and correct; sometimes he carries refinement beyond legitimate limits, and becomes hypercritical; for some of his assertions he has no good reasons, but only his own dogmatic teaching, and he is not always happy in his treatment of those who dissent from his opinions. In his chapters on Newspaper English, and Big Words for Small Thoughts, he gives some severe and just strictures on the tendency of people at the present time to employ pompous and inflated expressions, both in speaking and writing. The entire work is thoroughly readable; there are few who can not learn something from its rich store of information, and all will be charmed by the delightful manner in which somewhat dry facts are presented.

**BELDEN, THE WHITE CHIEF;** *or, Twelve Years Among the Wild Indians of the Plains. From the Diaries and Manuscripts of George P. Belden. Edited by General James S. Brisbin, U. S. A. 8vo. Pp. 513. New York and Cincinnati: C. F. Vent.*

Every lover of wild, adventurous life will be charmed by this book. It is one of the best Indian-books we have ever examined. Belden represents the adventurous white man, leading the bold life of the Indian chief, soldier, hunter, trapper, and guide. He out-Indians the Indian himself; as far we can learn he is still living, "all safe and sound, and his hair in its proper place." The volume is made up entirely from the diaries and manuscripts of the adventurer himself, but has been entirely rewritten by the editor, still, however, retaining the words of Belden. The opening paragraph is suggestive of the style of the book: "It is no very difficult task for

me," says the Chief, "at one hundred yards to send a rifle ball against the head of a brass nail, or to cut with an arrow, at half the distance, the string that suspends a squirrel by the tail, but the pen is a weapon with which my hand has long been unfamiliar. The wild life I have led, and the many adventures I have passed through, may seem almost incredible to those accustomed to living in civilized communities, yet I can assure the reader that, although there is a great deal of romance, there is no fiction in these chapters; and that what I am about to relate is as much every-day life among the wild Indians of the plains, as is the business of the merchant, or banker who goes regularly to his counter and desk in the great city." It is safe to say that his career has been more varied and remarkable than that of any pale-face west of the Missouri. Nearly every chapter is complete in itself, each presenting a different phase of Indian or frontier life and character, but all so systematized and arranged as to form a connected and complete whole. The book is issued in good style, and abounds in well-executed wood-illustrations.

**THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION, And the Primitive Condition of Man.** *By Sir John Lubbock, M. P., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.*

Sir John Lubbock is a distinguished member of Parliament, Vice-President of the London Theological Society, and one of the most philosophical thinkers and investigators of the times. He has devoted himself for a long time to researches into the primitive condition of man. In a work entitled "Prehistoric Times," he presented the evidences that remain of the state of mankind before the period of authentic history; in the present work he enters into an investigation of the present state of existing inferior races, and presents a view of the social and mental condition of savage tribes. It is not an abstract, metaphysical disquisition, but rather a methodical digest of the evidence relating to the arts, religions, morals, languages, laws, and social habits of the savage races. From these facts, as a basis, the author builds up his theories, as to the early development of civilization; his conclusions are that existing savage nations are not the descendants of civilized ancestors; that the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism; that from this condition several races have independently raised themselves, and that these races have been steadily following in a regular line of advancing civilization.

We find nothing in the book that would in the least necessitate a change in our commonly received interpretation of man's history as given in the Word of God. The old theory that man was originally

created in the image of his Maker, that he fell and corrupted himself on the face of the earth, and in most places deteriorated into utter barbarism, and that by a divine human history man has been rising out of this barbarism into higher civilization and enlightenment, is a theory which remains yet still more consistent with all the facts, than the modern theory of development or evolution maintained by such men as Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and others. To prove the fact of progress from very low states of society, or even from utter barbarism, up to civilization and high states of social development, which is easy enough to be done, is a very different thing from proving the doctrine of evolution, and yet unfortunately many confound the two things together, and think that every evidence of progress, which nobody denies, is an evidence of the Darwinian or Spenceian theory of evolution. It is curious to learn from such a book as this how many of the customs and habits of to-day are traceable to the superstitions and practices of the earliest and most barbarous people. Many of our customs in social and home life are thus shown to us in a way which will make the book very interesting to the general reader, who will, through it, be introduced to some of the latest facts and claims of science. Apart from its curious details of savage life, this work is an important contribution to ethnological science.

MEMORIES OF PATMOS; *or, Some of the Great Words and Visions of the Apocalypse.* By J. R. Macduff, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 352. New York: Robt. Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Dr. Macduff is the author of some of the most popular religious works of the contemplative or meditative character which have recently issued from the English press. His "Memories of Olivet," "Memories of Gennesaret," and "Memories of Bethany," have passed through many editions, and have been unboundedly popular in Great Britain. Through their republications by the Carters, they have been also extensively circulated in this country. The author is a brilliant and eloquent writer, not profound or searching, but fluent, elegant, and thoroughly appreciative of the subject on which he writes. His heart always warms and glows with his theme, he is thoroughly evangelical and profoundly pious. The "Memories of Patmos" will be as popular as his preceding works. It is not an exposition of the book of Revelation, but consists of meditations on some of its principal visions, and some of its most important passages, taken mainly from the opening and closing chapters. He adopts no one of the theories of the conflicting prophetic schools with regard to the interpretation of this sealed book; he aims simply to draw life out of its magnificent words and wonderful visions. It will be read with interest and profit, and the reader will close the volume full of the blessed hope of the coming of his Lord and of joyful anticipations of the glory and blessedness of the new heaven and the new earth, and will exclaim, "Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus."

MOSES, THE MAN OF GOD. *A Course of Lectures.* By the late James Hamilton, D. D., F. L. S. 12mo. Pp. 380. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

The volume contains twenty-five lectures on the history and character of Moses. The course was delivered to the congregation of Regent-Square, London, during the Winter of 1859-60. Their author has since passed away. The manuscripts, although not prepared for the press by himself, bear sufficient indications of his ultimate intention to publish them. They appear but little altered or emended since they came from the pen of the author. They will amply repay the reader; they are appreciative, suggestive, always elegant, and often eloquent. He conducts the great lawgiver through all the most important incidents of his life, and at last exhibits him to us in the final scene on Nebo.

As a specimen of the book we will present the author's portraiture of this closing scene: "Although the sentence was not literally reversed, its bitterness was greatly mitigated. Although not permitted to pass over Jordan, Moses was allowed to look over it, and with his eye preternaturally strengthened, he got such a sight of the goodly land as days of actual exploration might have failed to give. From Nebo he looked down on the palm-trees of Jericho, close under his feet, and from the deep, warm valley, through which Jordan was gleaming, far across to yon boundless sea; from Jezreel, with its waving corn, to Eshcol, with its luxuriant vines; from Bashan, with its kine, to Carmel, with its rocks dropping honey; from Lebanon, with its rampart of snow, south again to the dim edge of the desert; and as he feasted his eyes on what had so long been the land very far off, and what to the fretful host in the wilderness had seemed no better than a myth or mirage; as the splendid domain spread out, hill and valley, field and forest, in the bright garb of Spring, the Lord said, 'This is the land. This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, saying, I will give it to thy seed.' But beautiful and overwhelming as it was, just then there began to rise on Moses' sight a still more wondrous scene. It was no longer the Jordan with its palms, but a river of water clear as crystal, and on either side of it a tree of life o'ercanopying. It was no longer Nebo's rocky summit, but a great white throne, and round it light inaccessible. He had just heard the name of Abraham, and if this is not Abraham's self! and if he is not actually in Abraham's bosom! and in a better land than the land of promise! Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see that sight. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit that better land."

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. *A Poem.* By William Morris, author of "The Life and Death of Jason." Part IV. 16mo. Pp. 401. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Of this great poetical enterprise we have previously made notice on the appearance of the preceding volumes; the present volume completes the

great work. The "Earthly Paradise" consists essentially of twenty-five stories in all, told during the course of the year by certain Norse-folk on the one hand, who find themselves in some Western land after many wanderings in their vain search for an earthly paradise, and, on the other hand, by the natives of the new land they have found, who are descendants of old Greek colonists. The stories are, therefore, an intermixture of old Norseman and Greek legends; many of them are familiar, but surely they have never been told before with such sweetness, and beauty, and power. This part contains, as told in the months of December, January, and February, the stories of "The Golden Apples," "The Fostering of Aslang," "Bellerophon at Argos," "The Ring Given to Venus," "Bellerophon in Lycia," "The Hill of Venus." The volume closes with an epilogue and *l'envoi*, in which we are sorry to find an unmistakable spirit of skepticism, an unfortunate spirit which occasionally manifests itself in the body of the work, especially in his frequent contemplation of death as the end and consummation of all things. Aside from these, which are spots in the sun, the sun remains all the same, and no such poetical work has been given to the world, in our century, as the "Earthly Paradise." It is the greatest story-telling enterprise of the age, and maintains its unflagging power and interest to the end. "We do not find it easy," says the London Times, "to express all our admiration for the 'Earthly Paradise.' Strong in interest, dainty in language, powerful in characterization, abounding in pictures of almost unsurpassable beauty, conspicuous for its wealth of sweet passages, yet building its chief claim to admiration on the grace and harmony of its construction, soft, sad, and tender as life itself, it is a poet's poem, a work of which a generation may be proud."

**THE SNOW MAN.** *By George Sand. Translated from the French by Virginia Vaughan.* 12mo. Pp. 555. Boston: Roberts & Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

This is another volume of the republication of the works of "George Sand," and is said to be one of the best of her productions, and that is all we know about it.

**HISTORY OF LOUIS FOURTEENTH.** *By John S. C. Abbott. With illustrations.* 16mo. Pp. 410. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

This makes the thirty-first volume of Abbott's series of Biographical Histories, containing severally full accounts of the lives, characters, and exploits of the most distinguished sovereigns, potentates, and rulers that have been renowned among mankind in the various ages of the world. The plan of the series and the manner in which the design has been carried out by the author, have been highly commended by the press from all parts of the country. The present volume will equal the rest in interest and value. The long and wicked reign of Louis Fourteenth was one of the darkest chapters in the

history of the world. It was the despotism of Louis XIV and Louis XV which ushered in that most sublime of all earthly dramas, the French Revolution. There are few chapters in history more replete with horrors than that which records the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. We commend the reading of this book to our younger readers.

**BY AND BY SERIES.** *By Mrs. Frederick Field. "I Forgot;" or, Will Leonard.* 16mo. Pp. 215. "I Did n't Hear;" or, Alice Leonard. 16mo. Pp. 227. "By and By;" or, Harry Leonard. Three volumes in a Box. Illustrated.

**CAN AND CAN'T SERIES.** *By the author of "Nursery Bible Stories," "Ernest," etc. "I Can;" or, Charlie's Motto.* 16mo. Pp. 197. "I Can't;" or, Nelly and Lucy. 16mo. Pp. 216. "I'll Try;" or, Sensible Daisy. 16mo. Pp. 224. Three volumes in a Box. Illustrated. New York: Leavitt & Allen Bros. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

These are two series of very beautiful and very excellent books for children. They illustrate very happily some of the faults and some of the excellencies of the principles and conduct of child-life. They are perfectly safe books for the family and for Sabbath-schools. They are beautifully bound, and handsome in every respect.

**HAMLIN'S WORKS. Volume II. The Miscellaneous Writings of Rev. Leonidas L. Hamline, D. D., late one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.** Edited by Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D. D. 12mo. \$2. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This volume contains Bishop Hamline's outline sermons, Public Addresses, and Theological Essays. Though not generally intended, and in consequence not prepared, for publication, these writings well exhibit the author's elegant and racy style, and his scholarly modes of thought. The sermons, even in outline, are vigorous and fresh in their conceptions, and are full of suggestiveness to the reader. The addresses and essays were adapted especially to the occasions for which they were written, but have more than a historic value. The entire volume is a valuable addition to the literature of the Church, and will commend itself to every thoughtful mind.

**POPERY AND ITS AIMS: A Tract for the Times.** *By Rev. Granville Moody, D. D., of the Kentucky Annual Conference.* 12mo. Flexible covers, 50c. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Romanism has ever been a foe to free institutions and free thought. Its spirit is active, vigilant, and alert; ready to push every advantage, enter every avenue, take possession of every unguarded post, and manage in its own interest every municipal and public right. Wherever it can it seizes the public funds, thrusts the Bible out of the schools, diverts State charities into its own houses of religion, and levies taxes for its own objects. Our attention is recalled to its aims in this treatise of Dr. Moody. It is a timely, much-needed argument against Popery and its blasphemies, and the public will do well to examine and heed its counsels.

## Editor's Table.

DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—During the recent session of the Newark Conference, which was held at Morristown, New Jersey, of which the Editor of the Repository is a member, Dr. Foster, President of the Drew Theological Seminary, addressed the Conference and invited us as a body to visit the institution, which is located at Madison, only about four miles distant from the seat of the Conference. The invitation was accepted, and an afternoon was devoted to this pleasant office. Arriving at the Seminary the Conference was welcomed by Dr. Foster, who was responded to by the Editor of the Repository, and by Drs. Tiffany, Atwood, and Bartine. These pleasant ceremonies over, a couple of hours were spent in visiting the buildings and grounds, and studying the workings of the institution.

We can not express half the thoughts that passed through our mind while inspecting this youngest born of our theological seminaries, nor can we at all express the feelings of gladness and thankfulness that stirred our heart, as we saw and appreciated the advantages here furnished to the young men whom God is calling to the future service of his Church. We felt every moment that this institution in all its history was one of those providential cases that the duller can scarcely fail to see. The Seminary is admirably and beautifully located at Madison, New Jersey, in a healthful district, and of easy access from all parts of the country; the grounds contain a hundred acres of land, beautifully diversified with plains, and hills, and water; the buildings are the main Seminary building, residences for the professors, a building for dormitories, one for janitor's residence, and a refectory; these buildings bear historic names, such as Mead Hall, Asbury Hall, and Embury Hall. The main building was originally built for a family mansion, spacious and elegant, and with scarcely any alterations, now serves admirably for all the wants of the Seminary, such as chapel, recitation-rooms, library-rooms, offices, etc., and a residence for our esteemed friend, Professor Buttz. The dormitories are well arranged for light and air, are neatly furnished, and so arranged that every two students have the use of two adjoining rooms, one for study and one for the bedroom. The refectory is complete in all its arrangements and apparatus; the students "club" together regulating their own boarding, which they are thus able to provide for themselves at a cost of \$2.50 or \$3 a week. There are now about eighty students in attendance.

The object of this Seminary is to train young men to become *preachers* of the Gospel. Every thing is made subservient to this. While every effort is put forth to give a philosophical and scholarly discussion of all the subjects in its curriculum, yet these are all made tributary to the great object of preparing the

students to become able expounders and heralds of God's Word. Hence, as far as practicable, all the means of grace are kept up. Each Seminary class is also a class in the Methodist sense, and holds its weekly class-meeting, having a leader belonging to its own number. A prayer-meeting is maintained in the chapel once a week, in the evening, besides a morning prayer-meeting for both faculty and students, every other week, alternating with a sermon by a member of the senior class in alphabetical order. The President, Rev. Dr. R. S. Foster, gives special effort to the promotion of a deep spiritual life among the students, and in this he is seconded by all the members of the faculty. It is the aim of all the teaching to impress the students that their great business is "to spread Scriptural holiness over these lands," and over all lands.

A deep spiritual influence has thus far pervaded the students, and those who have gone out to preach have been eminently successful in winning souls to Christ. One presiding elder of the Newark Conference reported that while the increase in the membership in his district as a whole was ten per cent., that in the Churches supplied by students in the Seminary had been, during the past year, twenty per cent. In a few instances marked revivals have occurred.

The new President, Dr. Foster, is eminently successful in his work. While all love him for his earnest devotion to the welfare of the students and of the Seminary, they admire him for the eminent ability which he brings to every subject on which he gives instruction. His lectures and discussions on the great subjects connected with theology are regarded by many as alone worth all the time they spend in the Seminary. His administration of the affairs of the institution is characterized by a strict attention to all the details, both of instruction and of business, and under his management all its affairs are taking a form calculated to advance the institution to the highest possible perfection.

No better selection of a successor to the lamented Dr. M'Clintock could have been made than that of Dr. Foster; he is perfectly at home in his work; he is fitted for it in both mind and heart; he is thoroughly respected as an instructor, and dearly loved as a father and friend by the students; he is strongly supported by his present and prospective faculty. The Church has reason to be profoundly thankful to God and to Mr. Drew for the possession of this noble institution. It is only in its infancy; but it is full of health and vigorous promise for the future. A moment's inspection satisfies the visitor that here is the ground-work of a great institution that will be a blessing to the Church for generations to come. Such institutions are now a necessity. God's providence brings them to us in just the right time.

Trained men, clothed in the full armor of salvation, are to come out of these seminaries to do glorious battle for God's truth in the great contests that are now immediately upon us. Let the Church have no fears with regard to them; God is in them, and we are sure that the earnest Christian life characteristic of Methodism will suffer no damage, under the instruction of such men as are now conducting these seminaries.

MELANCHTHON AT HOME.—If Luther was the champion and Erasmus was the scholar of the Reformation, Melancthon was the teacher. His writings are the monument of a long life of service for Christ and his Church; but who can tell how greatly his success as an instructor of the people was due to the sweet influences of his own home? He married the daughter of the burgomaster Krapp, and a more amiable, affectionate, and gentle wife never lived than Catherine Melancthon. She was his helper in all his studies and his labors of love. Nowhere did he feel himself happier than with Catherine and his children. A French traveler one day finding "the master of Germany" rocking his child's cradle with one hand and holding a book in the other, started back with surprise. But Melancthon, without being disconcerted, explained to him with so much warmth the value of children in the eyes of God, that the stranger quitted the house, to use his own words, wiser than he entered it. It is this incident which our artist has embodied in the picture that embellishes this number.

ORATORY IN THE PULPIT.—An evening's leisure in Philadelphia, during our recent Conference visit to the East, gave us an opportunity to drop into the Academy of Music and listen to Philadelphia's favorite orator, Daniel Dougherty, delivering a lecture on his own art. The immense audience crowding the hall gave evidence of the lecturer's unbounded popularity. The fame of Mr. Dougherty has yet extended but little beyond his own city, but we predict for him a rapidly growing reputation. The lecture abounded in eloquent and stirring passages; but our only object in thus referring to it is to quote his noble and true words on the oratory of the pulpit.

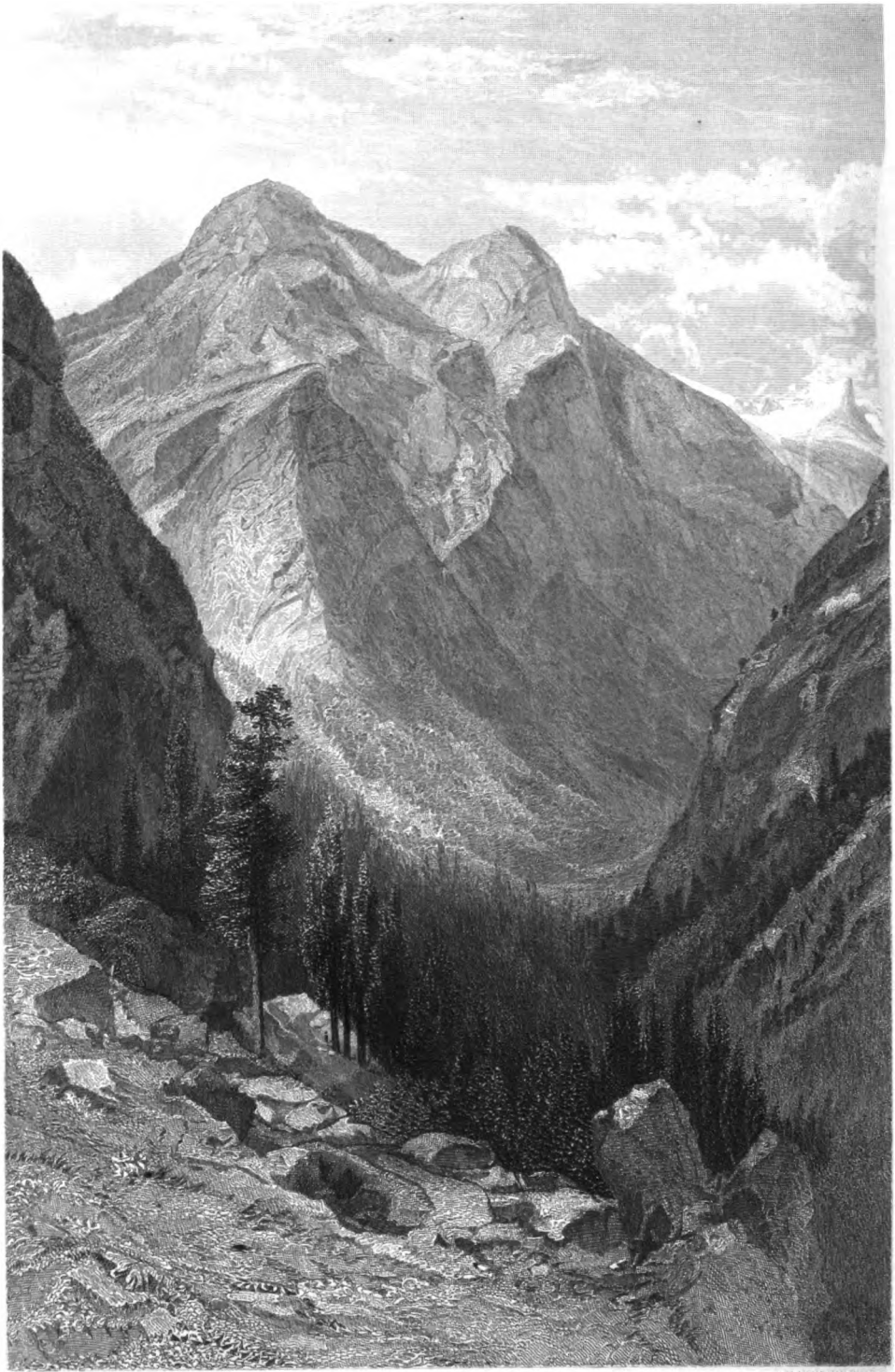
"The greatest drawback to oratory in the pulpit," said the lecturer, "is the style of sermons delivered. No one can question the correct reasoning, rich stores of knowledge, profound thought, and scholarly taste displayed in the discourses of the many eminent divines of whom all our cities may be justly proud. But these sermons are too often cold essays on Scriptural, religious, and moral themes. They take, for example, a text of Scripture, and illustrate clearly its meaning, divide the discourse into firstly, secondly, and so on, perhaps to seventhly and lastly—turning the text into as many different shapes, and showing with nicety its force and beauty in all. The preacher has filled his allotted time. The congregation has been soothed. Their minds have been charmed with the purity of the diction—the culture of the entire discourse, and they leave the church much edified, but not one soul brought nearer to God.

"A Christian congregation need not be told, Sunday after Sunday, that God liveth, that virtue is its own reward and vice its own punishment. These fundamental truths they were taught at the Sunday-school—ay, before, at the mother's knee. It is unnecessary continually through years to explain the meaning of well-known passages of the Holy Book. While every discourse must be built on truth, faith, reason, and religion—and I do not wish to be looked on as underrating the efficacy and value of the sermons to which I have alluded—yet the daily work of the pulpit is not to convince the judgment, but to touch the heart.

"We all know it is our duty to love our Creator and serve him, but the aim is to make mankind do it. It is not enough to convert our belief to Christianity, but to turn our souls toward God. Therefore, the preacher will find in the armory of feelings the weapons with which to defend against sin, assail Satan, and achieve the victory, the fruits of which shall never perish. And, O! how infinite the variety, how inexhaustible the resources of this armory, how irresistible the weapons, when grasped by the hand of a master!

"Every passion of the human heart, every sentiment that sways the soul, every action or character in the vast realms of history or the boundless world about us, the preacher can summon obedient to his command. He can paint in vivid colors the last hours of the just man—all his temptations and trials over, he smilingly sinks to sleep, to awake amid the glories of the eternal morn. He can tell the pampered man of ill-gotten gold that the hour draws nigh when he shall feel the cold and clammy hand of Death, and that all his wealth can not buy him from the worm. He can drag before his hearers the slimy hypocrite—tear from his heart his secret crimes, and expose his damning villainy to the gaze of all. He can appeal to the purest promptings of the Christian heart, the love of God, and the hatred of sin. He can depict the stupendous and appalling truth that the Savior, from the highest throne in heaven, descended, and here, on earth, assumed the form of fallen man, and for us died on the cross like a malefactor. He can startle and awe-strike his hearers as he descants on the terrible justice of the Almighty in hurling from heaven Lucifer and his apostate legions; in letting loose the mighty waters until they swallowed the wide earth and every living thing, burying the highest mountains in the universal deluge, shadows of the coming of that awful day for which all other days are made. He can roll back the sky as a scroll, and, ascending to heaven, picture its ecstatic joys, where seraphic voices, tuned in celestial harmony, sing forever their canticles of praise. He can, in a word, in *imagination*, assume the sublime attributes of the Deity, and, as the supreme Mercy and Goodness, make tears of contrition start and stream from every eye; or, armed with the dread prerogatives of the Inexorable Judge, with the lightning of his wrath strike unrepentant souls, until sinners sink on their knees and quail as Felix quailed before St. Paul."













MISS MARY  
MURPHY

1840



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1871.

June.

## PORT ROYAL DES CHANGS.

FEW Americans will probably have visited Paris without going to Versailles. Midway between the latter place and Rambouillet lies Chevreuse, near which stood, about two centuries ago, the famous Abbey Port Royal des Changs. Racine, a pupil of Port Royal, sings in the poems of his youth the holy calm of its meadows, fields, woods, and little village church. To-day the wanderer finds not even a trace of the ancient structure. In 1710 the Jesuits succeeded in having it destroyed and leveled with the ground, but the spirit which once ruled within its walls still survives.

Of the number of works on Port Royal, that by Sainte Beuve, of which already three editions have appeared, is perhaps the most elaborate and complete. There is scarcely any thing more interesting and inspiring in the history of France under Louis XIV than the story of this modest Abbey. There feeble women, there recluses from the world, for a series of years opposed popes, bishops, ministers, and even the grand monarch himself. They represented the best element in the social, religious, and philosophical life of their time. Jansenius, Saint Cyran, and Mother Angelica did not oppose the Church of Christ, but that of Rome; Pascal and Arnauld warred against the Jesuits; Nicole defended the cause of truth in philosophy, Racine in poetry, Lancelot in education, and Audilly at the court. In the background we see the images of such noble women as Madame de Plessis, Madame de Sevigné, Madame de Liancourt, Madame de Longueville, Madame de Sablé, the Queen of Poland, and a hundred others, all of whom aim for the same goal, though by different roads.

Cardinal Richelieu, who early recognized in

Saint Cyran the soul of the opposition, and the undaunted foe of the Jesuits, would have liked nothing better than to win him over, but the men of Port Royal were not of the class who are capable of sacrificing their convictions for material advantages. Saint Cyran felt that he was chosen for higher things than to be retired on a bishoprick. His mission was the restoration of the pure Christianity of the earliest ages of the Church. The seventeenth century, however religious it was, still left much to be desired. Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, Molière, and others conceded this, but they had not the courage to say so openly and boldly. Port Royal alone dared to counteract the corruption. All the schemes of Saint Cyran tended to that one end. To Saint Vincent de Paul he said: "God has greatly enlightened me; he lets me see that there is no longer a Church. No, there has been no Church for the last five or six hundred years. Once the Church was like a great river, which contained pure water; the bed is still the same, but it is no longer the same water." Still more striking were his views on the famous Council of Trent, which he called "a political assembly."

Saint Cyran found a zealous friend in Jansenius, whose acquaintance he made at Paris in 1605. He took him home to his family at Bayonne, where they devoted themselves for five years to the study of primeval Christianity, and with such intense application that Saint Cyran's mother frequently told him he would kill the good Fleming. Jansenius was indefatigable. He laid there the foundations for his "Augustinus." Saint Cyran was in prison when the book appeared. He was so encouraged by its perusal that he said neither Pope nor king would henceforth be able to put down the truth.

This work, which created a profound sensation, was an appeal in favor of the original Christianity against the Christianity of the times, a protest of the Augustinian theology against the modern. The Augustinus was a Christian revolutionary sermon. At the same time Port Royalism and Jansenism were not identical; they had nothing more in common than that they often coincided, and that the former, especially Saint Cyran, became the defenders of the Augustinian Christianity. In this way Port Royal grew more offensive to Richelieu. Saint Cyran acquired at last an influence which seriously alarmed his enemies, and the Cardinal ordered him to be imprisoned at Vincennes, saying: "Had Calvin and Luther been locked up the instant they attempted to dogmatize, it would be better now."

But ideas can not be immured. The prisoner continued his work during a five years' imprisonment, which terminated only two months before his death, and his correspondence proves how many souls sought from him consolation. He bequeathed his doctrine to Singlin and Saci, who worked in the spirit of their master. But the place which Saint Cyran had filled in the world was not so easily supplied. "The crown of our head has fallen," writes the Abbe Boileau.

Lemaître's accession to Port Royal was some compensation. A young lawyer, distinguished for his rare eloquence, in high favor at court and in the city, wealthy, and with a brilliant career before him, he was so shocked at the sudden death of Madame de Audilly, that he entered the Abbey at the age of twenty-nine years. His conversion was as sudden as that of Paul. Some regarded the step as that of a Christian hero, but most thought it a piece of folly. Lemaître was a truly great character and a noble mind. Correct of judgment, vivid in imagination, eloquent with pen and tongue, elevated and keen in thought, warm and gentle of heart—all these qualities were to be buried in a cloister. But even there his genius shone, and began a never-tiring battle with Jesuitism, falsehood, and darkness.

All the leading minds of the time came into contact with Port Royal. Philosophy found there a hospitable hearth in the person of Descartes, who acknowledged himself an adherent of Augustinian ideas. Between the bishop and the philosopher there was more than one bond, and this recommended him to Port Royal hospitality. But he was there no undisputed ruler. Sainte Beuve goes too far in asserting the contrary. Vancel complains already in his "Observations sur la Philosophie de Descartes,"

that Arnauld had compromised the house by spreading the idea that Port Royal was wholly Cartesian, though the only Cartesians there were he and Nicole. Instead of defending him against the Jesuits, Vancel desired to form a league with them against Descartes. Arnauld defended and propagated Cartesianism; that is, a philosophy which undertook to offer to the human mind a new method resting on certainty, and placing reason above authority. When Parliament thought of issuing an edict against the new system, he wrote a memorial in its defense.

In 1654 Arnauld connected himself with Nicole, a personage of no less consequence at Port Royal, and quite as able a champion in the cause of truth. Learned as few of his contemporaries, he seemed a Melancthon who had been drawn into the contest against his inclination. But he stood firmly at his post, and both friends clung to each other in life and death.

Another remarkable individuality in this distinguished circle was Hamon, the physician to Port Royal. This man, scantily clad, who wandered from hamlet to hamlet, first on foot, then mounted on an ass, always praying or knitting, a physician of the soul as well as of the body, and at the same time a scholar, a bel-esprit, and a moralist of high repute, was one of the leading minds of the seventeenth century. Interesting as an illustration of his character is a small work he has left us—"Relation de Plusieurs Circonstances de la vie de M. Hamon, faite par lui-même." When requested to write—such was the law at Port Royal—he produced about a dozen treatises, which make us regret that he did not devote himself more exclusively to literature. His theme is always the same, but he has a thousand variations for it. He believes in a human and merciful God, a living God, who interferes actively with man's fate. His letters show his piety still more clearly.

Among the women of Port Royal we must mention first Angelica Arnauld—the great Angelica, as she was called—the reformatrix; Johanna Arnauld, her sister, who had taken the veil at the tender age of five, was more widely known as Mother Agnes; her niece, Miss de Audilly, was distinguished equally for the qualities of her mind and heart. Her motto was, "Nothing that is mortal should inspire fear." Less famous, yet quite as zealous in the good cause, were the sisters Eustachia de Bregy and Christina Brignet.

But let us now turn to the works of Port Royal which, as far as they concerned the future, were imperishable, and fully proved the faith that was in them. The services which Port

Royal rendered in the educational cause can not be too highly estimated. Saint Cyran had already admitted little orphans to the Abbey. He confessed his love of children to Lemaître, and said he made it a business to benefit them. This love of children was a leading characteristic of Port Royal. Hamon and Nicole herein rivaled the great master Lancelot.

At that period it was necessary that children should go through a preparatory course before they could enter college, and this had either to be done at home or in smaller schools. When Port Royal opened such schools they were not yet meant to compete with the university; but later, the university being then in its decline, they began to interfere with the higher studies pursued there. This incensed the Jesuits, although they themselves had established illegal schools.

Lancelot, the pedagogue of Port Royal, had already in his youth recognized that teaching was his true calling. What, indeed, would the Port Royal schools have been without him? He was their humanitarian, their Hellenist, their mathematician, and especially the author of their Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish systems, besides being the author of the famous *Grammaire générale*.

Other excellent teachers, like Walon de Beauvais, Nicole, Guyot, Constel, and others, assisted Lancelot, and it was due to their exertions that these small schools, which were only fifteen years in operation, obtained so wide and universal a recognition, in spite of the difficulties with which they had to contend. From these schools sprang good books, generally accepted systems, and men who played a prominent rôle in their generation.

When Lancelot assumed charge of the schools, the number of children so rapidly increased that it became necessary to establish larger schools in Paris. Lancelot's system was based on the idea of having the fewest possible pupils in the same class, which would admit of each receiving the largest possible share of attention. Nicole taught philosophy and the humanities, Lancelot Greek and mathematics. But these institutions had hardly begun to thrive when the persecution and intrigues against them set in. Mother Angelica complains in a letter to the Queen of Poland of the hostility which the labors of the Port Royalists excited in various quarters. Their schools in Paris had to be closed and were transferred to the neighborhood of Chevreuse and Versailles. It was there that the young Racine attended in 1665.

When the Jesuits found that the Port Royal schools still continued to prosper, they renewed

their machinations. An accident for a while crossed and delayed the new persecution. A nephew of Cardinal Mazarin, young Alphonse Mancini, who was one of the students of the Jesuit college at Paris, was hurt in play and died. It was thought prudent to wait until this mishap had been forgotten, but in 1666 the institutions were suppressed. From 1670 to 1678 Port Royal was only permitted to receive young girls as convent boarders, but to take no day scholars.

It would carry us beyond the limits of this article to describe the *Règlement des études*, especially as it was the spirit, and not the letter, which exerted the greatest influence on the progress of Port Royal pedagogism. While Jesuitism regarded man in the light of a wild animal which had to be tamed before it could be taught, Port Royalism, with a truly Christian spirit, made love the basis of its system of education.

No teachers were employed in the Port Royal schools but men of known piety, abilities, and disinterestedness, who felt an inner calling for the profession. A love for it was intended to be the sole motive for teaching. Care was taken to conceal from the eyes of the young all that might injure them; they were to hear and see nothing that could sully the modesty and purity of their souls. On the other hand, they were to be guided in the knowledge of the true, and the love of the good and eternal.

One of the Port Royal teachers has bequeathed to us a book entitled, "Rules for the Education of Children," in which he investigates the question, whether it is better to educate children in the religious houses, as in Italy and Germany, or at home, as many advise, or, lastly, in the colleges, as it was then the custom in France. The conclusion he arrives at is that all three methods have their inconveniences, and that it is difficult to combine their advantages. The Port Royalists, as already stated, had adopted the advice of Erasmus, namely, never to put more than five pupils under one teacher. Saint Cyran desired that the school should be a picture of the parental house—constant surveillance, deference for the teacher, and a certain mutual respect between the pupils. He could not endure the idea—says Lancelot—to make capital out of the progress of the children in the sciences and the humanities, while piety was ignored. This he considered a serious offense against the Church as well as the State. The Port Royalists liked to receive children as young as possible; their minds being their virgin soil. Pray and work, these were the two poles round which the

educational system adopted at Port Royal revolved.

As regards the instruction, the method pursued there has obtained a proverbial celebrity. It will suffice to mention the principal works which have come from these schools: The Logic, or Art of Thinking, (1662); Grammaire Générale et Raisonnée, (1660); New Method Easily to Learn the Greek Language, (1605); New Method to Learn Easily and Quickly the Latin Language, (1664); New Method to Learn Easily and Quickly the Italian, (1660); New Method for the Spanish, (1660). Four collections of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish poetry; *Le Jardin des Racines Grecques, muisen vers Français*, (1657); *Nouveaux Elémens de Géométrie*, (1667). The author of these writings is Lancelot, though Arnauld, Nicole, and Saci have assisted in some of them. By way of help to these methods, and for the use of the schools, were also prepared the following works: A Translation of the Fables of Phædrus; The Comedies of Terence; *Nouvelle Traduction des Captifs de Plaute, avec des Notes*; Cicero's Moral and Political Letters to his Friend Atticus; *Nouvelle Traduction d'un Nouveau Recueil des plus Belles-Lettres que Cicéron écrit à ses amis*; Other Letters of Cicero to his brother Quintus and Atticus; *Nouvelle Traduction des Bucoliques de Virgile, avec des notes*. If we add to these the translations from Virgil and Chrestomathieu, from Martial, Catullus, Plautus, Terence, Horace, *et al.*, it will be discovered that the credit for nearly all classical books is due to Port Royal.

It is twice to the glory of Port Royal that, after its enemies had succeeded to have its schools closed, it should still have shone in its works. To estimate the pedagogic claims of Port Royal correctly the condition of the educational system in vogue at that time must be remembered. In the system adopted there we find something that reminds us of Comenius and Pestalozzi. The maxim established at Port Royal was to render instruction as pleasant as possible to children—"as pleasant as recreation and play." Another maxim was to give children none but clear and distinct ideas. The earliest possible instruction was also favored, for the mind of the child could not be too soon exercised. The instruction was always carefully suited to the receptive power of the pupil. The Port Royalists, moreover, held with Ramus that there should be few rules, and much practice. The natural method, we thus see, was already known at Port Royal.

The Grammaire Générale and the Logic were the most popular of all the Port Royal books.

The latter is based on the "Dialectics" of Ramus, 1555; Montaigne's "Art de Conférer;" Descartes' "Discours de la Methode," and Pascal's "Esprit Géométrique" and "Art de Persuader." In reading logic the authority of Descartes was paramount. The "Logic" consists, in addition to the two prefaces, of four parts, in accordance with the four mental operations—conceiving, judging, reasoning, and classifying. The Cogito, ergo sum, of Descartes was retained, but the metaphysics are different.

The Logic, having been prepared for the schools, is naturally rather elementary. Here and there are introduced examples. One logical conclusion reads: The Divine law commands us to honor Kings; Louis XIV is a King; therefore, etc.

Lancelot, as already observed, was the first Port Royal pedagogue. After the schools were closed he became tutor to the young Duke of Chevreuse. In 1669 he was charged with the education of the Princes of Conti, but he resigned for a difference of opinion in relation to the propriety of his pupils attending comedies. The young princes did not discredit their tutor afterward. Lancelot died an exile, April 15, 1695, at Quimperle, in Brittany. In a letter on his death the writer says: "Lancelot, our beloved friend, went to his God on the 15th inst., near 3 o'clock in the morning. He died like a saint, and the whole world came to kiss his feet. The coffin had soon to be closed, for his dress was cut to pieces. His last words were those of the cxviii<sup>th</sup> Psalm: 'Vide humilitatem meam et eripe me, quia legem tuam non sum oblitus.'"

One of Lancelot's most efficient coadjutors was Walon de Beauvais, born at Beauvais, August, 1621. In 1637 he went to Paris and studied a year rhetoric at the Jesuit College, where he became acquainted with the system which he was afterward to repudiate. In May, 1644, he came to Port Royal, and soon taught in its schools. After their close he became tutor to Pascal's nephew. In 1666 he took orders, and in 1678 he was the Superior of the Seminary. Persecuted and deposed, he lived the last twenty-nine years with a sister, and died at the mature age of 87, in February, 1709. He was a very ascetic liver. He used to rise at four, never permit any fire in his room, not even in the hardest Winter. He always went about bare-headed, and rarely shut his windows. Every year he made a journey on foot to Port Royal.

Among the other teachers of Port Royal fame, Lemaître and Hamon are perhaps the

most reputed. Fontaine also deserves to be remembered, though he and Guizot, who assisted in translating Cicero, seem almost forgotten. Constel, also, distinguished himself greatly. After the close of the Port Royal schools he became tutor to the nephew of Cardinal Furstenberg, and his "Régles de L'Education des Enfants" are dedicated to this prelate. He passed his declining years in quiet at Beauvais, and died 83 years old.

There are many well-known names among the pupils of Port Royal; for instance, du Fassé, the Marquis of Abain, de Fresle, de Villeneuve, Guene, Gault, Begnols, Bernières, Perier, Bois-Dauphin, the grandson of Madame de Sablé, etc. The education of the Duke of Monmouth and the Chevalier de Rohan had no influence on their fate. The former, the natural son of Charles II of England, had been sent to France when nine years old. De Rohan shared the doom of Monmouth, and lost his head as a rebel. Both were, however, only for a short time at Port Royal. Stuart d'Aubigny, son of the Duke of Lennox and Richmond, was a more prosperous pupil. This young scion of a distinguished Scotch family came early to Port Royal. He became a Canon of Notre Dame, and rose rapidly in the Church. Just when he had received the Cardinal's hat he died, still young, in 1665.

Perhaps the best-known pupil of Port Royal is Racine, though Tillemont is the type of the true one. Sebastian Le Main de Tillemont was born at Paris, November 30, 1637, and entered at nine years the Port Royal schools. His whole subsequent life was devoted to study, and he never adopted any profession. Trenchai, for the last eight years his private secretary, has written a book, entitled *La vie et l'esprit de M. de Tillemont*. His connection with Rancé and the Trappists is curious. Rancé had already received the tonsure as an infant. It is said that he edited *Anacreon* with annotations when in his twelfth year. After having tasted all the pleasures of a man of the world, he occupied his attention exclusively with eternity, and retired into solitude. His religious fervor made him seek the acquaintance of Port Royal as well as of La Trappe, and gave rise to a correspondence, which attracted general attention when published. Rancé had provoked a dogmatic contest in which he proved himself a daring innovator, who repudiated tradition, and traced every inquiry back to the fountain-head. He was neither for nor against Jansenism. After breaking with Port Royal, Tillemont addressed him a letter, explaining the relations between La Trappe and the former. There was

no sympathy between them, but they highly respected each other. The polemics of Rancé were rather brusque, but he was honest in all he said and did. Tillemont died in 1698. The oldest pupil of the institution, his friends wept over his grave. There were after him some distinguished scholars and teachers at Port Royal—such as Rollin, Coffin, Mesegay—but its best days were gone. Port Royal perished in its spring-time, withering like a flower plucked by a ruthless hand.

Some may ask what has come from this combination of distinguished minds, noble natures, and bold spirits? Port Royal has given to the world great authors, chiefly remarkable for their clear, honest, and moral views. Its literary mission was to vulgarize certain sacred truths to make them common property, and, in a wider sense, to pave the way for French pedagogism. The dignity of man was nowhere respected more than at Port Royal. Youth was there taught to respect itself and its kind. Port Royal may have been dogmatically astray, but its morality is unimpeachable and triumphant. The "*Provinciales*" succumbed before the censorship, the index at Rome, and were consigned to the flames, but they succeeded with the public and the Sarbonne. The very best soon felt the effect of the reforms which Port Royal tried to introduce in religion. Today we understand the reason of the failure—society was not made for such a primitive Christianity.

Were we to estimate the worth of a cause by its success, Port Royalism would fare badly. But its spirit is not dead; it has not perished in the storms of time; it still survives in history. What most challenges admiration in the Port Royalists is not so much the talents as the character of the men. They were as pure in their lives as in their morality. They were oppressed, they were menaced, they were warned, they were supplicated. No, they said; rather die than belie our conscience and professions. Truth was their banner. Port Royal can, therefore, never be dead, for its spirit of living piety, the exalted example of a Pascal, a Saci, a Lancelot, and of many others, belong forever to posterity.

BEAUTY is a great thing; but beauty of garments, house, and furniture are very tawdry ornaments, compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home; and a spoonful of real, hearty love is of more value than ship-loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers in the world could gather together.



## NANNIE'S TRIBULATIONS.

## PART II.

"**H**ERE is no use in talking about it, aunty, I do have more than my share of troubles. Other people do sometimes have a moment's respite from care and labor. I am perfectly discouraged."

"No, you are not. And you are talking nonsense."

"And as for sympathy," went on Nannie, "I have done expecting that."

"You do not really need it; or you need patience more."

"But really, Aunt Milly, these children are enough to try Job himself. Something is always happening to them, and there is no end to the cooking, and washing, and mending, and to the impossible attempts to clear up the house and keep things in order."

Aunt Milly laid down her work—she was knitting a stocking for Tom's kitten—and regarded her niece attentively over her spectacles. This fretful repining was so unlike Nannie's usual cheerful acceptance of her lot that the old lady almost concluded it to be a bit of playful acting till she saw in the overcast face that Nannie was in earnest. She saw too that her cheeks were unnaturally flushed, and her eyes had a heavy look as if she had not slept.

"What is the matter, Nannie? Are you ill?"

"That is just like Robert. He has not been into the house for a week without asking that question. No, I am not ill. I am simply worn out. Not that I expect anybody to believe it," said Nannie, with a nervous tremor in her voice that suggested repressed tears.

"Is there any thing particular the matter this morning?" asked the practical aunt. "Or are you looking at things through blue spectacles?"

"Neither. But these children harass my life out."

"How?"

"Well, in the first place," said Nannie laughing nervously, "they have such insatiable appetites. They eat like young bears. Not exactly like bears either, for they are not supposed to be cramming all the time. They fast in the Winter season."

"Bears! what a comparison! Nine bright healthy children that any mother might be proud of! And good as gold; that is," added truthful Aunt Milly, "as good as gold, generally speaking. I guess you would sing a different song if they were bears."

"I should get a vacation while they were hibernating. I could catch up with the mending and get one suit of short frocks ahead."

"Supposing bears to wear short frocks."

"You are laughing at me, aunty. I dare say my perplexities seem very absurd to you."

"No, only unreasonable."

"You sit here, cool and comfortable, in this snug room that never gets in a muss, and you look at me and my thousand difficulties as you do at that thicket of bushes on the hill-side yonder. That is like my life, all odds and ends, but it looks very well in the distance."

Nannie's disbelief in her aunt's sympathy was as new as it was unjust. But she meant no unkindness, as the old lady knew. She was simply overburdened and discouraged. She was already sorry for her petulant mood and speech, but she could not quite conquer it.

"You are tired, my dear. Things will look differently when you are rested."

"There it is again; just what Robert says. Tired! I am always tired, I think. As for resting, that is out of the question. I do not get a moment to rest after I wake in the morning until I drop asleep at night as soon as my head touches the pillow."

"Be thankful," said Aunt Milly gravely, "that your cares are not of the kind that would rob you of sleep. Think of Bessie Graham with her sick child and invalid husband. Her trials are heavier than yours."

"I pity Bessie with all my heart," said Nannie, her voice softening as she thought of the robust health of her own children and husband. "I think I should give up at once in her place."

"No, you would not; because when God sends uncommon trials he gives uncommon strength to bear them. Bessie is a frail little thing, not nearly so strong as you are, and yet her Christian courage inspires every one who sees her."

"Well," said Nannie perversely reverting to her own case after a moment's thought, "I do n't see as the contemplation of poor Bessie's troubles serves to lighten mine. There is still that basket full of patching to do, and no time to do it in; and a dinner for eleven to be cooked before noon; and the house needs sweeping all over; and I know the baby will wake up cross because I feel so cross myself."

In confirmation of which last statement Nannie cried first and then laughed. "It does me good, auntie, to come over here and let off all my bad tempers. It is the only place where I can fret comfortably. At home, you see, I can't give my mind to it. Auntie, you will think it foolish in me, but I could go on with tolerable courage if only you and Robert would appreciate my situation."

"I suppose, my dear," said Aunt Milly, "that

no earthly heart can fully understand the perplexities of another. We all need a higher than human sympathy. You, Nannie, only need a little more faith."

"Faith! Why, Aunt Milly, am I not a personification of faith? Do n't I continually, in the language of the hymn-book, 'laugh at impossibilities and say it shall be done?' Is n't the dinner, not yet begun, to be a triumph of faith? It is ten o'clock now and there is n't time for works."

Nannie laughed gayly, but her aunt replied with serious earnestness, "Nannie, my child, I wish you would not speak so lightly of such solemn themes."

But Nannie was not yet in a mood to receive reproof. "I understand," she said quickly. "A ray of sunshine or a streak of gay spirits is quite out of my line. I must be an active worker, which is only a genteel way of designating a drudge; but I must work in decorous, funeral style. Aunt Milly," she asked, suddenly changing her tone, "do you know what makes me feel so touchy, so waspish? I am ashamed of all that I say, but, all the same, I like to say it."

"I think you are not well."

"I am well enough. And if I could sit down here in your place I should catch the proper spirit. Let me see. You know that one tiny chop to broil and a single bowl of delicious broma to concoct. It will take you about a minute and a quarter to cut and cream those peaches for a dessert. I have no doubt that you have a cunning treasure of a pudding just browning over in the oven. With all you can mix a proper degree of meditation and so maintain a happy equilibrium of spirits. You see that you do not deserve any credit for good behavior; it is only the force of circumstances."

"There is a good deal in that, certainly," assented the old lady.

"Ah, now you talk reasonably. But I must not stop longer to moralize. My dinner is to be something besides a pastime, and it must be ready at the right moment or else Robert will—" she stopped, laughing at her aunt's gesture of remonstrance.

"Nannie, you will never make me believe that Robert can scold."

"No, but his astonishment would be appalling." She ran lightly down the garden walk toward home, and the old lady looked after her with a new feeling of anxiety regarding her.

"I must speak to Robert about her. I have known her ever since she was a baby, and her temper naturally is as bright and even as the sunshine. She must have a chance to recruit

somehow. I wish I could help her more. I could do a great deal if she would let me. She says that I am too precious to be worn out with work in my old age. How careful she is of me!" There were tears in Aunt Milly's eyes as she recalled the many instances of Nannie's loving thoughtfulness, and she said again as she wiped her spectacles, "Yes, indeed, I must speak to Robert."

She found him quite ready to listen to her. He had noticed the change in his wife with real alarm. She was not ill exactly, but she was pale and spiritless in the morning, and in the evening so irritable in temper that he scarcely knew how to converse with her without giving offense.

"It is the incessant care of all these wee ones that has overtaxed your strength," he said to her the evening after his talk with Aunt Milly.

"Yes; if I could only be quiet a few days I should be myself again. But you see that is impossible among all these 'tribulations.' They are like the frogs of Egypt, found every-where."

Robert was silent. He never replied in words when she spoke in this way about the children, but she understood the pained expression of his face.

"Somehow," she continued in a softened tone, "I am more sensitive to noises than I used to be. When the children come in from school they absolutely deafen me. Each one is impatient to tell me about the lessons, or the sports, or the petty quarrels with school-mates, and it altogether so confuses me that I know nothing except that I must drive them out of doors to play and so get rid of the racket. O, Robert, I get so weary!"

"I know it, my dear. We must devise some way for you to rest. If you only would consent, Nannie, to try hired help in the house."

"If you only could understand, Robert, that the care of a hired girl would be worse than all the rest. I thought we had agreed to lay that vexed theme permanently upon the shelf. Hired girl!" she repeated with such infinite contempt in her look and tone that Robert smiled in spite of himself. Just then little Tom sidled into the room with a guilty, sheepish look on his face, that aroused his mother's suspicions at once. He had something tied up in his handkerchief, which he was trying also to tuck under the skirt of his short tunic.

"What is it, Tom? What mischief have you been up to now?"

"It's Zoe." The child looked up anxiously into his mother's face. "Please, may I keep it?"

"Come here. What is this bunch under your frock?" said Nannie curiously.

The bunch answered for itself in a series of short yelps, and struggling out of its uncomfortable hiding-place, a little white puppy, scarcely six inches long, came tumbling to the floor at Nannie's feet. Nannie had always been afraid of dogs, but this tiny morsel was too insignificant to awaken her fears.

"Tommy, did not I tell you that I would not have a dog brought here?" Nannie's eyes were following the antics of the tabooed animal with an amused interest even while she administered her rebuke. It was such a comical little beast, with ears big enough to wrap the rest of its body in, and with large eyes that were absolutely laughing with puppyish glee.

"But, mamma," urged the child, "it is n't a dog yet; it is a puppy. Do n't you see? And its name is Zoe. Isaac Loring gave it to me. O, mamma, may n't I keep it?"

The dog, full of the inherent mischief of its kind, had already managed to upset Nannie's work-basket and hopelessly entangle several balls of yarn and spools of thread, and now was tugging with all its might at a curtain tassel which happened to hang within its reach. Nannie, with all her complaints about the children, was an indulgent mother. She could not withstand the boy's imploring look or bear to take away his evident delight in being the sole possessor of Zoe. So she gave a qualified consent. "You may keep her till she grows to be a dog; then you can sell her, or give her away, or kill her."

Tom's eyes opened wide with horror at this last suggestion. "Kill Zoe? O, mamma!"

"But you must take care of her. If I find her in the house doing mischief I shall not wait for her to grow, I shall dispose of her while she is a puppy."

The child was overjoyed with the permission to keep his pet on any terms. He readily promised all that his mother required, and carried Zoe off in triumph to show her to his brothers and sisters and to beg Willie to make a house for her.

Nannie and Robert went out to the piazza from whence they could watch the children at their play. They were all out of doors, even the baby, who was sitting in the lap of the motherly Alice. No matter how absorbing the play, the children never tired of baby. Instead, there was often a good-humored contention as to who should have the privilege of taking care of him. The dolls of the little girls—and they made a big family if you counted the headless and armless ones—had no chance at all when

the real live baby put in his pretensions. Their school-mates had baby brothers and sisters which they exhibited with pride, but our baby, as Alice said, was worth the whole of them. Other babies cried sometimes, but Johnny never thought of such a thing. He could crow and laugh, and he began to lisp words of one syllable—O so funnily!—but with eight brothers and sisters his mind was too much taken up to cry. He did, however, almost cry with delight when Tommy showed him his treasure, and he had managed to get hold of each of those big, silky ears with his fat hands.

"They are good children," said Robert proudly as he watched them.

"Yes," assented Nannie, "they are generally good."

"They do not quarrel," he continued. "If they were always fighting like Bob Staples's young family, I should get discouraged. Then they are truthful. Little Tom expected a reproof, but he came to tell you about the dog like a little man. I do n't think he could be hired to tell a lie. Another thing. They are honest, even with each other. They see the meanness and sin of dishonesty as plainly as we do. Nannie, I often wonder how you have found time to instill so much religious principle into such careless young heads. I can help you so little that their training is almost entirely in your hands. And, Nannie, I look forward to the time when they will return your care and love fourfold."

But Nannie's eyes were full of repentant tears. "When I sit here with you, Robert, quietly talking over these things, I feel very grateful that God has not only given me these dear ones, but has given me also an earnest desire to see them grow up into Christian men and women. It seems such a glorious work that he has put into my hands. But to-morrow, when they are all crowding about me, even though it be for the good-morning kiss before going to school, I shall feel so differently. I shall want to fly away a hundred miles from it all. They make a beautiful picture out there. I can see them just as they are at that distance, but to-morrow I am afraid they will be only 'tribulations' again."

"I am glad," said Robert earnestly, "that you never tell them so."

"No, that would not be right. Besides, I do not believe in scolding; it spoils a child's temper quicker than any thing else. And so," said Nannie playfully, "I keep the scoldings for my husband, who is so good that he can not be spoiled." He laughed at the compliment.

"Well, I must just go out for a frolic with

the little ones before their bed-time. Will you come?"

Nannie was too tired to go out, but her heart filled with new gratitude as she sat listening to the merry voices that noisily welcomed their father. She wondered if she deserved the praises that had sounded so sweet coming from her husband's lips. "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, he praiseth her." This was true of herself, but what had she done to secure so glorious a reward? "I have taught them to love each other, to love and obey their parents, and especially to love and reverence their Maker. That is all."

That was all. Love was the key that had unlocked all childish virtues; love was the power that had fostered and developed whatever was good or beautiful in the young hearts.

Nannie made many good resolutions as she sat there watching. And, as she listened to the childish prayers and tucked away one chubby rogue after another in its white bed, she wondered at the strange impatience that so often made her life burdensome. For a day or two the old buoyant feeling seemed restored, but then the cloud settled down again. It was not a settled despondency; there were occasional flashes of sunshine, but the morbid irritability of temper was predominant. Robert was again alarmed, and this time he was resolved that she should try some change. She tried to make light of his fears, and burst into a passion of tears while she was laughing at him.

"I do n't know what is the matter with me, Robert. I feel like a cross porcupine with every quill on me ready to do battle. And the children are so noisy. There are so many of them," added Nannie disconsolately.

"But they are so good," said Robert.

"I wonder how many times you have said that. They may be good, but there is a difference between having a decent table full of olive plants and owning a large Sabbath-school. There is my Cousin Lucy; she has one little boy; and a great house with room in it to breathe. Who would have thought," said Nannie with her most injured look, "when we were girls together that the future had only ease for her and care for me!"

"Would you not like to make your Cousin Lucy a visit? This golden October weather is just right for traveling, and she has urged you very often to spend a month with her. It is only three hours' ride in the cars, and I could drop down and see you as often as you like. Once a week at least. What do you think of it?"

Nannie brightened up at once. "It is a

charming plan, only who would see to things here?"

"Aunt Milly would come over, and we could hire help a day at a time if needed. You will get a thorough good resting spell and find your old self out there among the hills. Not that Holyoke is pleasanter than our own region, but it does sometimes happen that one must go away from home in order to find home."

And so it happened that Nannie, wholly freed from the care, and noise also, of her nine 'tribulations,' found herself snugly domiciled under her Cousin Lucy's roof, with a prospect of a month's furlough.

But O the unreasonableness of the womanly nature! Those large, shady rooms of her cousin's had such an empty look. It was positively funereal. She missed continually the bright bobbing heads and merry voices that crowded her own home. Before two days were over she began to long for the very racket that had so confused her. And in less than a week she was sure that a great part of the happiness meted out to the world's inhabitants had been left behind in the over-crowded cottage.

Lucy's little boy was seven years old. He was a bright, handsome little fellow, and looked very attractive in the elegant clothes which it was his mother's pride to embroider. But Nannie soon saw that the one child was more trouble than her nine. They were used to entertaining each other. Nannie could not remember that she had ever found it necessary to spend a moment in planning amusements for them.

It was Lucy's constant task to devise means for her boy's diversion, and O how wearisome it looked to her cousin!

"If he would only stay amused," said Lucy despondently. "But he tires of every thing so easily, Nannie," she went on; "I must say it is a marvel to me how you have kept your youthful looks with all those children to harass you. Your hair is as brown and abundant as ever, and there is n't a solitary wrinkle on your face. My husband said last night that you looked like a young girl. And you certainly have a harder life than I do."

"I do n't know," Nannie answered doubtfully. She was thinking that perhaps Lucy, with less to do, had less of real freedom than herself. She thought too that of all ruling tyrants there could be none more exacting than a spoilt only child. The sole possession of his playthings made Lucy's boy selfish and arrogant. No other little boy liked to come and play with him. Most children are too sturdily republican to relish a sovereign. And Freddie

would not play with a child if it had a will of its own.

Nannie rejoiced inwardly as she recalled the beneficent snubbings that her children gave each other, and how quickly the pride of one would be toppled from its pedestal by the quick observation and unceremonious criticisms of the rest. She saw how kindly the numerous wills and preferences operated upon each other; how much self-sacrifice and fraternal feeling was developed by the often yielding up of personal likings and wishes, and how they were really training each other for the jostling of future life.

She contrasted their noisy, active enjoyment of both work and play with the sulky discontent of the solitary child. Freddie did more crying in a day than her whole brood accomplished in a year. She listened to his whining voice and dismal wails till she wondered that his mother's face was not covered with wrinkles instead of only showing crow's-feet about the eyes. "And O," she thought, "how delightful it would be to hear for one moment the happy tumult at home! To see the whole troop crowding into the parlor to welcome and kiss mamma! It is no use to think of staying away from them a month. I should die in this wide, cheerless house. Poor Lucy!"

It had come to this. She had left home pitying herself, the often weary mother of nine robust, affectionate children. Now she could only pity Lucy, the *always* overtaken mother of one.

Then she did not try to conceal from herself the fact that her Robert was a prince among men compared with Lucy's husband. What the latter might have been if his nature had been expanded in a cheerful home no one could say, but Lucy worried and fretted, Freddie pouted and sulked, and then of course the husband and father growled and scolded.

"I know what is needed here," said wise Nannie to herself. "It needs a house full of children—a dozen at least," she added benevolently.

It was no use to try to stay a month. She had been absent from home a week, and it seemed an age. So, without waiting for Robert, who was expected on the morrow, Nannie packed her trunk early on Monday morning and took the first train for home.

I wish I could describe the welcome that she received. Aunt Milly did her best to tone down the exuberant joy of the children, but the mother had never before been absent a single night in their recollection, and they agreed unanimously with Margie who ungrammatically

asserted, "It is our own mamma, and we has a right to love her."

When Aunt Milly reminded them that mamma must be tired, and that noise would make her ill, each little one promised, with perfect honesty of intention, to be quiet; but Nannie was a very child herself in her joy at finding herself once more in the dear home nest, and, as Aunt Milly said, it was no use to reprove the other children. The two-year old baby was the best-behaved of the group. He was content to sit in his mother's lap, and gaze, with unwinking eyes, into her face, while Willie, with the shy manliness of his years, like the boy-gentleman that he was, tried to keep back the more boisterous ones from crowding into their mother's lap.

In the midst of the happy tumult, Robert True came home to his dinner. His face lighted into positive radiance as he saw his wife. Nannie blushed like a young girl when he drew her, baby and all, into his arms with a lover-like salute which would have done honor to a honeymoon.

"It is really mamma," he said. "Welcome home, my dear." Then seeing that she was nervously excited, he began to second Aunt Milly's endeavors to disperse the noisy group. "There, there, little ones, do n't eat mamma up. We want a piece of her left for to-morrow. Run out to play."

"O please, do n't send them away," begged Nannie. "And do n't take the baby, auntie. I like to hear them. It rests me. Why, Robert," she added, as she met her husband's amused glance, "if there were nineteen of them instead of nine, I do n't think the noise would ever trouble me again. I have learned the lesson of my life at Cousin Lucy's."

"Indeed!"

"Do n't laugh at me. I am in sober earnest. If you could spend a week with Cousin Lucy's one bairn, as auntie used to call me! He is the most trying child that I ever saw. It is just impossible to love him—or to endure him, for that matter. And all for the want of brothers and sisters. Aunt Milly, I shall never look at you again without a feeling of profound reverence. For I, too, was a solitary child, and I grew up under your care without wearing your life out."

"I'm afraid you did not stay away long enough to do you any good," said Aunt Milly.

"I stayed as long as I could. I was not really ill, you know, only a little tired. Then I was fast forming the habit of magnifying little crosses into great trials, and fretting over them till my daily life became a burden—until even my greatest blessings," said Nannie, giving the

baby an energetic hug, "seemed to be 'tribulations.' Ah! Robert, you will never hear me talk in that way again."

Robert's face put on a rather incredulous look in spite of himself, but he said nothing.

"Well," said Aunt Milly, "I am thankful that you have regained your common sense, whether it lasts or not. Spasms are better than nothing."

It did last, in spite of all doubts. Nannie's lesson was well learned. When the little crosses that will occur in the best-ordered families showed themselves in hers, she had only to recall that visit to Cousin Lucy's, and patience directly resumed its place in her heart. As the children grew older, and developed new capabilities for usefulness, with the lovable graces that seemed to thrive naturally in their cheerful home, she saw more clearly than ever the goodness of God in filling her heart and hands with labors of love for them.

Let us look into the parlor three years after that memorable visit. It is a clear October evening, the same golden season when she had so gladly left home and its cares behind. She sits idly by the table listening to little Edie's account of her school victory over a hard lesson in definitions. Through the open door, into the front parlor, she sees her oldest daughter, Milly, sitting at the piano, and softly touching the chords of "*Il Trovatore*." Near her sits Alice, lost in a volume of Longfellow's Poems. A glance over her shoulder shows Tom and Robbie in the kitchen, both busily engaged in fashioning a toy ship for the baby *that was*. He, now a chubby, stout boy of five Summers, has just had his night-dress tied by sister Margie, who kneels with him by his crib in mamma's room, and joins her voice to his in order to help out his somewhat lagging devotions. The baby *that is*—for Nannie would not think of keeping house without a baby—is asleep in its father's arms, and Robert himself, lazily leaning back in his chair, is reading a political leader in a daily paper. Only Willie is absent, and Nannie notices his absence with happy tears, for she knows that this, her first-born, has given his heart to the Savior, and is now conversing with his pastor about devoting his life to preaching the Gospel. There is no work going on in the house. The labors of the day are finished, and this is the hour for home recreation. There are no sour, discontented faces in the group, and no unkind words or harsh tones jar upon the ear. The hum of boyish talk in the kitchen does not drown or clash discordantly with the sweet tones of the piano, and the cottage home seems no longer

crowded, though there is life in every part of it. It is a lovely picture. Nannie thinks the whole world could not produce a prettier. Her thoughts run back over the day. She sees how Milly's willing young hands have lightened its labors, and how the less skilled assistance of the younger ones has made the household labor easy.

"It will grow easier still as they grow older," she says to herself. "I shall soon be able to live like a lady, with my chosen helpers all around me. Ah! how true it is that children are a heritage from the Lord! What a dismal house this would be without them!"

Raising her eyes, she meets those of her husband fixed admiringly upon her. She has never grown old to him. He sees the very charm in her matronly eye that captivated his young fancy. But a less partial judge would discover the sweet motherly grace that adds to the yet lingering loveliness of youth. Nannie brightly illustrates that definition of a true wife and mother, "one for the heart to come home to."

To complete the picture, the door opens and Aunt Milly, as genial and resolute as of old, comes in, with her knitting, to spend the evening. A little bustle of welcome greets her, for Aunt Milly is almost as much a part of home as mamma herself. Her own cushioned chair and footstool await her, by the side of the ever-present cradle, and she settles into them with a contented expression, which is very beautiful on the face of honored old age.

So we leave them all, to meet the uncertain future; knowing this, that in the coming time, when feebleness and old age shall rob even Nannie of her buoyant courage, she will find, under God, that the staffs upon which she can lean contentedly, will have grown out of her mis-called "tribulations."

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#### MY CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.\*

"A CLASSICAL Dictionary," remarked my friend Angelica, "seems a dull thing to write about; the very look of the book, as it lies on the table, is tiresome and overwhelming."

"But the reading," I replied, "is neither."

"O, I confess," said Angelica, "that I never *read* it. If I accidentally open your 'Ancient Breviat,' as you call it, I close it with all haste. The closely printed pages may contain wonderful and entertaining things, but they have a

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\* A Classical Dictionary. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. Royal 8vo. pp. 1451. New York: Harper & Brothers.

heavy, *long*, learned air, which is very dignified, doubtless, but unspeakably dismal."

So judged my lively friend, and, without further comment, bent her head again over the fascinating pages of the new "Grail."

I have no fault to find with Sir Galahad; he was an estimable person; nor yet with Tennyson's portrait of him; it is exquisitely beautiful; but I am ready to maintain against all the Angelicas in the world that my Classical Dictionary is *pleasant reading*, and I am more than willing to undertake a literary tournament in behalf of the real value and genuine beauty of said reading against any one poem extant. In fact I have discovered that much of the poetry that brightens with its scarlet and gold, and purple and azure, the dim gray weft of our lives, was taken out of my ancient breviat. Some people more carping than wise are just here opening their thin lips to say that the poetry was made first, and the dictionary afterward. But this is only one of their many huge mistakes. Homer, for instance, wrote much of the gods and goddesses, the nymphs and sirens, whose marvelous histories are given in my Dictionary. Now one head could not have manufactured it all; several heads would not have manufactured it harmoniously; so that manifestly the religious system of the Iliad and Odyssey was a thing of the past when the poems were written. One head could not have "carried" all the minor, but technical details, fitting into the wonderful mosaic, had an effort been attempted to memorize from oral tradition; several heads would have memorized contradictorily and inconsistently; so that it follows, *necessiter*, that Homer had a dictionary to which he referred, and by which he went, as orthodox clergymen "go" now by their denominational Commentaries—a dictionary "got up" by some old sage, who must have been the exact counterpart in those days of Dr. Anthon, of Columbia College, in these.

But my Classical Dictionary, the groundwork of which has come down through all the ages, and the asides of which, the sketches of poets, of artists, of philosophers, of perished cities, and of kingdoms overthrown, have been added from time to time, is accused of being a dull, because a learned book! O, good folk, listen to me; *you*, Angelica, who, when shut in-doors of a rainy day, wander restlessly to and fro, longing for something "interesting" to read. If you chance to open this big book of mine you deign one impatient glance, and then close my beloved Dictionary, as if it were the Bible, with a disappointed bang! Why, at that very place you opened was PAN! Pan, with his

goat-head, and goat-legs, and great misshapen body:

"Huge thews and twisted sinews swoll'n like cords,  
And thick integument of bark-brown skin."

But in his mighty veins is music; his large mournful eyes are full of "soft violet thoughts," and in his soul dwells

"The meekness of some sweet eternity  
Forgot."

Do you not remember that in old time he made him a green valley in Arcady? It was like a cup of bloom; a river flowed through it; on its banks grew flowers of every hue; over the broad bosom of the vale sprang the wide-leaved corn, the golden-bearded wheat, the blue blossoming flax; or long aisles of stately trees arose; while on the encircling mountain sides wandered Pan's white flocks, with peaceful shepherds piping beside them. When the great God woke his wondrous music from the reed through whose stalk still pulsed the soul of Syrinx, wild, fierce creatures paused to listen; Artemis, whose silver sickle had robbed him of his nymph, turned pale, and mountains, woods, and streams hushed themselves to catch the sounds.

On another page, a little past the middle of my Dictionary, is the condensed biography of the large and pleasant sisterhood of Nymphs: the Oreades, who wandered among the mountains; the Dale Nymphs, who dwelt in the valleys; the Mead Nymphs, who presided over the green meadows; the Water Nymphs, who, when this old world was young, sat by fountains, springing in shadowy nooks, and combed out their long yellow hair, or loitered up and down the margin of brooks and rivers; the Lake Nymphs, whose home was on the wide echoing shore; the Tree Nymphs, "who were born and died with the trees;" the Wood Nymphs, whose beauty often lighted the dim forest aisles; and the Sea Nymphs, whose pearl-lined grottoes were in the ocean depths.

And would you like to hear the story of Polypheme's unlucky passion for dear little Galatea? Thanks to my Classical Dictionary and the Poets, I can tell it. That ridiculous giant, who had an eye as big as the moon, in the middle of his forehead, and whose roar when he stood on Ætna frightened the very sea, while his shadow was so dense and huge that the sails of ships far out, drooped within it, as in a calm, actually fell in love with a dainty, green-kirtled, pink-cheeked, golden-haired, violet-eyed little Sea Nymph. Dr. Anthon, however, does not go into the particulars, owing to a habit that he has of adhering to *bare* facts, and giving Imagination a stern go-by. But Robert Buchanan

has related in his "Under-tones," the entire history of Polypheme's infatuation, as it fell from the giant's own lips; and it is harrowingly amusing to peruse the tender accents issuing from that immense and rocky breast; its tremendous plaints over the cruel coquetry of Galatea, who, oftentimes, as Polypheme sat gazing sadly on the main, flashed up, smiled bewitchingly, beckoned him on with her white hands, and, having enticed him up to his chin in the water, the tormenting elf would seat herself at her ease, just beyond reach, on a gracefully rocking billow, and mock right merrily her huge and half-choked lover. Poor Polypheme, he was too heavy to swim! Raging, but utterly helpless against the fragile creature that he could have crushed like a delicate shell between his thumb and forefinger, if he could have *got hold of her*, he would return to his rocky isle, and howl like fifty-headed Cerberus\* over his disappointed hopes, and weep tears that, rolling down the steep mountain-side, were ponderous enough to "brain" the innocent lambs grazing at its foot! Listen to him as he bewails the state of his "inner consciousness" to that insatiable wine-bibber, old Silenus:

"Ay me, ay me—I am

A great sad mountain in whose depths doth roam  
My small soul, wandering like a gentle lamb  
That bleats from place to place and has no home.

My heart is like those blubbery crimson blots  
That float on the dark tide in oozy spots;

It is as mild as patient flocks in fold.

I am as lonely as the snowy peak

Of Dardanos, and, like an eagle, Love  
Swoops o'er me, helpless, from its ærie above,  
And grasps that lamb, my soul, within its beak."

But listen further, Angelica, for not even Robert Buchanan can lure me long from my Classical Dictionary: There be many people in this foolish world of ours who vaunt themselves upon somewhat which they term their "education" (!) who, if held to the point, would be sorely puzzled to define the characteristics that distinguished Minerva from Mars, or Venus from Vulcan. True, they are quite positive that Minerva was a wise, but Amazonian, damsel, who wore a helmet; that Mars carried a shield, mayhap a spear; that Venus was the goddess of beauty, and that Vulcan forged thunderbolts. They are also usually pretty clear on the fact that Jove's sagacious daughter sprang helmeted and fully grown, from his head; that Mars often "raged round" in sundry places, generally battle-fields—mayhap Troy was one; that Venus was an unconscion-

able coquette; and that Vulcan, whom they vulgarize into a sort of celestial blacksmith, possessed a stormy temper. But who of them dare venture out into the great maze of facts of a less objective, but equally important nature? Who of them dare even presume to trace the interwoven links of celestial relationship, when removed but two or three degrees from each other?

The fact is they have never studied my Classical Dictionary, therefore dream not that after completing their description of Minerva's bonnet-grec and her miraculous advent, they can tell you that her father had erratically swallowed her mother, as the most straightforward and simple method he could think of for appeasing his own jealousy, and extinguishing his poor wife's flirtations; that Saturn and Rhea were her grand-parents; that Neptune and Pluto were her uncles, and that Juno was her aunt. Of her *mystic* character and work they have not a single ennobling idea. Still less do they know of the great Jupiter himself. From Pope's Iliad, which reels off its monotonous rhymes much as a hand-organ its wearisome clinks of sound, they have gathered an intensely commonplace and ludicrously literal notion of the god. In their wooden imaginations, he abides ever on Olympus, sleeping reclining on cloud-beds, or, sitting stiffly upright, he flings thunderbolts recklessly abroad, carrying angry and vindictive death, and jarring the heavens and the earth; or, in better temper, he serenely "nods," shakes what the little irascible poet, who would like to have been such a Jupiter himself, so he could have thundered enough, is fond of calling his "ambrosial locks," thereby giving

"The seal and sanction of a god."

Could any existence be more bare, dreary, witless? What lot, however humble, on this beautiful, sunshiny earth, would we be willing to give in exchange for the sleepy, vague, and sour imperiousness of Jupiter, for presiding at the dull council of the gods, for vindictive thunderings, and for sanctioning nods? The question is ironical to absurdness. But we may retain our respect for the ancients, for there is another Jupiter whom these modern dullards wot not of—a Jupiter who existed in the minds of the thinkers of the past, not as a bodied god, but as a mighty Principle—the Principle of Power, of Changeless Destiny, of Pitiless and Final Supremacy. Over him were none, under him were all things. He embodied Fatalism in its most distressing and paralyzing form.

\* Hesiod.



Even as the semi-paganish rites of the Romish Church symbolize, Sabbath by Sabbath in our midst, the profoundest beliefs of Christianity, so the mythology of the ancient world hid within its husks the kernels of the profoundest inquiries that stir the heart of man. And not only mysteries of a spiritual import, not only speculations concerning the origin, progress, and destiny of human consciousness, of the life of the soul, were taught in mythology, but these apparently wild and unreasoning parables were full of the cosmogony, geology, zoölogy, and botany of the olden time. Almost without an exception the primitive myths are double. They have an outer and an inner—even as in our lives one thing is ever set over against another. The marriage chronicle of the celestials and of the demi-celestials is not gross, but ethereal. Their loves and their unions are not outbursts of beastliness, but symbols of science or of creative facts. How we degrade these things! Nothing but our cold Norland intellect, barren of fancy to the verge of absolute incapacity to apprehend the shortest mental epoch, unless *sensualized with objectiveness*, could pervert to an appearance of grossness and natural coarseness, some of the now most despised of these allegories. It is because *we* are gross that we can not read a free symbol of marriage even between the insensate heaven and the insensate earth without straightway feeling shamed or suspecting guilt on the part of the narrator. Great ugly Pan, pursuing the affrighted wood-nymph far on through shadowy forest paths, to the slippery margin of a pool, then into its oozy depths, where, imploring Artemis, she changed to a reed, which was plucked by the baffled god and converted into that wondrous pipe through which he poured the music of gurgling brook and mountain-torrent, of plain and valley, of grove, and all hidden charmed places of our beautiful world, was not to the ancient seer a literal, huge-limbed, ferocious Titan, but the poetic embodiment of wild, melancholy, untamed Nature, pulsing its mighty life through boughs and trunks of trees, speaking in musical echoes, yet ever failing, and failing to our time, distinctly to articulate itself to the higher lives around it, always striving, always attaining, yet never attaining fully.

But among people who are unpretending, and even tolerably cultivated, there is a lamentable lack of information concerning the many beautiful theories of the ancients. The mighty men of yore have indeed passed away; their system of mythology as the basis of representative beliefs has fallen; but their modes of thinking,

their emblems, the feats of their heroes, the names of their gods, are mosaiced in our lives, our language, our few emblematic customs, and we know it not. We are the descendants of pagans, and not only have our own ancestors left their ineffaceable impress upon us, but other "heathens" have bequeathed us habits, names, and signs. How many Christian maidens, whose skillful fingers shape the *Cornu Copia*, or "Horn of Plenty," from glittering foil, or delicate paper, to be filled with confections and hung on Christmas trees for rejoicing children, know the story of the old pagan emblem they make? As their fair hands work for the eve sacred to the Son of God, let them picture to themselves the rushing Acheulous, the most celebrated river of Greece, hastening down from its source in Mount Pindus, over the plains of Calydon. The god of this river was one of the most venerable of mythology, being the son of Oceanus and Tethys, or of the Sun and Terra. Him Hercules defied, and tore off one of his horns, which was found by the gentle Naiads, filled with the fruits of the seasons, and presented to the goddess of plenty. This was the original *cornucopia*, and the fragile race of foil, and lace paper, and tinted, are the civilized descendants of the horn torn out of the head of the mighty river god.

Each of our days wears the baptismal title of its heathen chrim. Sabianism, that strange idolatry of Chaldea, named our Sunday; Monday signifies the day dedicated to the moon—adored in Syria and Armenia as a god, but by the Egyptians as Isis, by the Greeks as Diana, Hecate, etc., and by the Hebrews, who made "cakes to the queen of heaven," as Meni. Tuesday was named from Tiig by our Saxon fathers, who copied their god of battles from the Grecian Mars, and so of the others. If ever all technical knowledge of us, save the names of our days, shall perish out of the world, the historians of the future will be justified in writing down the Anglo-Saxon nations of these ages as veritable pagans. Historied but false suppositions are doubtless now in existence, which had their rise in less suspicious items than these. The future may possibly assert that the benighted and pagan Saxon of the West, like his benighted and heathen ancestor of the North, called even his days after the names of his gods.

Yes, we are the sons and daughters of those who trembled at the awful voice of Thor, when he spake in the thunder; who beheld in the lightning the angry flash of his eye; who worshipped Woden, and Frigga, who was their Ve-

nus and Saturn, the father of Jupiter, and the first-born of the heaven and the earth.

A decent and humane regard for those from whom we are descended, coupled with a laudable curiosity to learn the fountain sources of some of our customs, and many of our most significant words, ought to make the study of the Classical Dictionary, in which the mementos of the past are treasured, one of the most interesting in the whole range of literature. Whatever the difference of opinion in reference to the value of mythological studies, all are agreed as to the desirableness of an acquaintance with ancient biography and geography. And in my "dry" Breviat, Angelica, are the lives of the prophets, priests, poets, and kings of the olden classic time. Here you may read of Homer—his travels, his blindness, his poems; of Virgil—his lowly birth, and the social splendor of his prime; of Theocritus, the "poetic" father of Virgil—sometimes the features are full close—as well as of pastoral poetry; of Socrates—his solemn life and his martyr death; of Aristotle, whom Plato called, while he was his pupil, the *mind of the school*, and of whom he was wont to say when the beloved disciple was absent, "Intellect is not here." The stories of kings innumerable are here traced; of generals, "mighty men of war;" and of women, whose lives were crowded with suffering or crowned with joy.

And my Classical Dictionary is not merely a new edition of an old work, far less a reproduction of Lempriere, but a *bona-fide* fresh and original book, principally devoted to the "geography, history, biography, mythology, and fine arts of the Greeks and Romans."

The department of ancient geography is particularly full and satisfactory. The localities of old cities, and the history and legends connected with them; the boundaries of countries; the myths attaching to lakes, mountains, plains, and valleys, and the sober facts whose memory still clings to them, are carefully and pleasingly placed before the reader.

Here also are the histories of rivers, from the venerable Achelous, already mentioned, to the Zabatus, now called Altonson, or *the River of Gold*, by the Turks. Among these streams we read of the Thermodon, on whose banks in old time were found the crystal and the jasper, and, more wonderful still, the Amazons—that race of women who held man in subjection—who plowed in peace, fought in war, and ruled in both. These charming females were vigorous enough, though scarcely fair, in some of their measures to correct the overweening conceit of man. They maimed his naturally vaunt-

ing legs and boastful arms in helpless infancy, and, by cutting muscles and cords, obtained the ascendancy over him. Thus, O my countrywomen! you understand? Cut the arm-sinews and heel-tendons of your male infants! This is the only mode which has ever *succeeded*. Then may you grandly rule like those sagacious Amazons of old. Is it war? Ye may leave your sheltering homes and hie to the tented field. Ye may wheel in square squadrons, like those devised by Milton, in whose "hollow cube" was hidden the enginery of the fallen seraphs; or you may stretch in long lines, and in either case load, aim, fire—and be killed! Is it peace? The inestimable privileges of plowing the stubborn glebe; of sowing and reaping; of "raising cattle;" of digging farm-ditches and public canals; of building houses; of carrying the hod—the pleasant little excitements of traffic, which oftentimes so tax and rasp the nerves of men; the easy, elegant lives which are now monopolized by blacksmiths, wagon-makers, planing and grist-mill folk—all, all may be yours.

I respectfully suggest to the philanthropic-souled and stentorophonic-lunged women, who hold their lights aloft on platforms for the present benighted generation of mere "females" to walk by, the study of page 120, in my Classical Dictionary.

"You had really no idea that my Ancient Breviat contained so much interesting information?"

Confession, Angelica, is the first step toward reformation. Reading is the consummation "devoutly to be wished." 'You shall gather more precious treasures than any so casually placed before you. The literary memories alone convey no meager idea of the writings of the classic authors—the subjects they treated, and their manner of viewing them. The lives of artists also delineate in words their works. In fine, *the ancient lore and condition of the world*—its wisdom, its folly—is here indicated. Its general literature, its anxious religious speculations, its imperfect but startlingly suggestive scientific theories, its political beliefs, its economic customs, its bloody strife, its uneasy peace, are limned on the enchanting pages, which at first sight appear so long and so difficult of encounter.

THREE things principally determine the quality of a man—the leading object which he proposes to himself in life, the manner in which he sets about accomplishing it, and the effect which success or failure has upon him.

## A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

VERY few women have been called to serve and glorify God in the same way as Deborah was. To strike the harp of prophecy, and to wield the warrior's sword, was her singular and sublime calling. But leaving other things, we ask attention to that title which, under the guidance of the Spirit, she gives herself—"A MOTHER IN ISRAEL." The nation to which she belonged was in a very disturbed and desolate state. God raised her up to sustain a most important relationship, and to do a most useful work. When it was done, Jehovah of Israel had the glory. She exulted indeed, but it was in Him who had called, endowed, helped, and blessed her.

The term "mother in Israel," shows that she exerted a powerful influence over the nation, and that it was benign as it was powerful. Like a wise mother, she was the means of averting many evils from, and of bringing many blessings into, her beloved nation. No doubt she had mourned in secret, and felt deeply in her heart, before she came forward so publicly. All great instruments of good to others have usually first a secret training in God's presence.

The term, as thus used, shows us what each mother ought to be in her family; even a center of attraction round which hearts should revolve, a shield to avert evil from the loved ones, and a channel by which blessings from God may flow. If mothers would be all this, they must be much in communion with God, in order to obtain wisdom and strength.

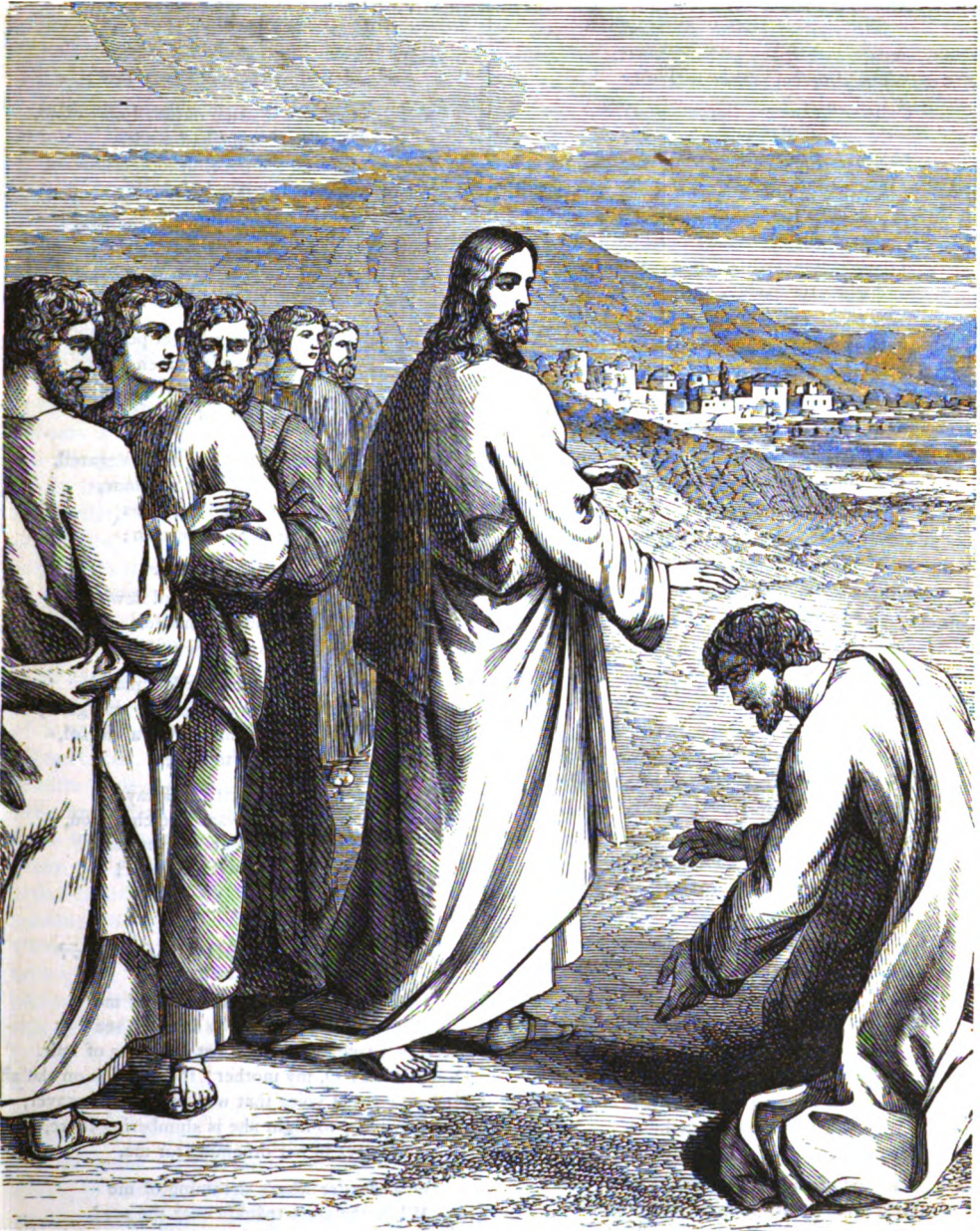
But let us look at a wider circle than the family. There is an *Israel* now, and there are still some mothers found therein. Those to whom this appellation may properly be given in a spiritual sense, are distinguished by a maturity of spiritual stature. Only a full-grown or matured Christian can be a mother in the Church. Of course we speak comparatively, for no Christians in this world, whether male or female, arrive at that complete fullness of spiritual stature of which Paul speaks. Still, as beloved John teaches, there are babes, young men, and fathers or mothers in Israel. Wherever there is life there should be growth; and if this goes on, there will be a degree of maturity in appearance and fruit. Such a development of experimental and practical Christianity is very lovely, and exceeds all external beauty. O for such knowledge, sincerity, love, and diligence, as appeared in those of whom Paul makes such honorable mention: "Beloved Persis, who labored much in the Lord;" "Mary, who bestowed much labor on us;" "Phœbe,

our sister, a servant of Christ;" even the honored woman, who carried that grand letter from Corinth to Rome, which has proved a mine of wealth to all ages since. These, and others to whom Paul refers, were, no doubt, "*mothers in Israel*" in his day, and like Mary of Bethany, they are referred to with honor wherever the Gospel travels and triumphs. Some of them, like Aquila, could teach an Apollos the way of the Lord more perfectly; while others, like Dorcas, made garments for widows. No doubt Dorcas had a kind heart as well as busy fingers, or she would not have been raised up again to life, as was her singular honor.

And surely a "mother in Israel" must be one in whose course and conduct the affections of the human heart flow in spiritual channels, and for spiritual purposes. And such a one will not neglect her home in order to do good to the souls or bodies of others. Still she loves, watches over, and prays for the Israel of God. She realizes her responsibility, and from love endeavors to do all as to the Lord, and not unto man. The people of God, the household of faith, are *her larger family*; and though she can not teach all, she seeks to train up some for eternity. She wishes to see the saints holy and happy; is anxious that they should be a *family in fact* as well as in word, having common interests and common sympathies. She endeavors to prevent disputes; or, if they come, to bring divided hearts together again. As with the mother in the family, so with the Gospel Deborah in the Church, harmony, order, and co-operation for good is what she sets her heart upon and aims to promote. If we had a good many such mothers in Israel, "our highways would not be so unoccupied," nor would so many travelers to eternity walk through by-paths. (Judges v, 6.) May the number of such be speedily and largely increased!

"Make me a weapon of Thy power,  
An angel of Thy will;  
To Thee devoted, let each hour  
Its happy task fulfill."

SOME place their religion in books, some in doctrines, some in images, and some in pomp and splendor of external worship; these "honor me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." But there are some who, with illuminated understandings, discern the glory which man has lost, and with pure affections pant for its recovery. These hear and pant with reluctance of the cares and pleasures of the present life, and even lament the necessity of administering to the wants of animal nature.



THE PEOPLE HEARD HIM GLADLY.

THE Temple echoed to thy feet,  
Within each sacred spot;  
But coming humbly to thine own,  
Thine own received Thee not!

With pomp of creed and pride of lore,  
The grave Sanhedrim heard,  
In silent doubt or harsh denial,  
Thy gently spoken word.

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In groups apart the rulers stood,  
And with derisive breath  
Inquired if Israel's promised Prince  
Should come from Nazareth!

But gladly by the gleaming lake  
That jeweled Galilee,  
With reverent hearts and ready ears  
The people came to Thee.

And in the silent wilderness,  
 Where silver Jordan glistened,  
 Enraptured by thy god-like voice,  
 The common people listened.  
 Unawed by sneer of scornful scribe,  
 Or frown of Pharisee,  
 In busy streets and crowded marts  
 The masses flocked to Thee.  
 They whispered, as they wondering heard,  
 Thy grand and simple speech,  
 "Love thou thy neighbor as thyself;  
 Not so the Rabbies teach."  
 We thank thee, Lord, thou comest  
 To church and temple holy,  
 And rich and righteous, not alone,  
 But to the lost and lowly.  
 When bigots bar thy temple door,  
 Or pride or mammon stain,  
 Thy feet still turn to other ways,  
 And waiting souls again.  
 Still careless children fail to win  
 The bread by strangers sought,  
 Still coming humbly to thine own,  
 Thine own receive Thee not.

#### CRYPTOGAMIA.

THE rocks away up on the hill-side  
 To jagged proportions had grown,  
 Because the white cheeks of the snow-drift  
 Were wasted away to the bone.  
 For Winter, like Lear in his dotage,  
 In soft robe of ermine lay down,  
 And gave unto Spring, his fair daughter,  
 His icicle scepter and crown.  
 But she, with true regal displeasure,  
 Her royal endowments dashed down,  
 And chose for her scepter a sunbeam,  
 And jeweled with rain-drops her crown.  
 And that 's why the rocks on the hill-side  
 To jagged proportions had grown,  
 And that 's why the cheeks of the snow-drift  
 Were wasted away to the bone.  
 But when the fair lichens and mosses  
 A view of the bare ledges caught,  
 Right nimbly with bright, busy fingers  
 A robe of soft velvet they wrought—  
 A mixed robe of green and of yellow,  
 Bespangled with purple and red,  
 And o'er the bare backs of the ledges  
 Their ready-wrought mantle they spread;  
 And the lady-fern gave of her treasure  
 A fringe that were fit for a queen,  
 And the club-moss and ground-pine appended  
 Their bright, showy tassels of green;  
 And even the Quaker-like mushroom  
 On tiptoe stood up on his stool,  
 And spread his broad brim a bit wider,  
 To keep the air pleasant and cool.


A flower of the trailing arbutus  
 Lay fainting in noontide's broad blaze,  
 Her carmine-tipped lips sadly paling  
 And parched by the sun's fiery rays;  
 A larch-tree, whose arms outward spreading,  
 Beneath, a cool bower had made,  
 Looked down at the poor, drooping flow'ret  
 And gathered her into his shade;  
 Then setting his leaves for the dew-drop,  
 He gathered a plentiful shower,  
 And dropped them right softly and gently  
 Upon the white face of the flower.  
 And lo! the next morn a sweet perfume  
 Stole up from the larch's green bower,  
 A silent and fragrant thanksgiving  
 From out the red lips of the flower!

O, you who with wealth are still beggared,  
 Because you are childless and lone,  
 Remember the backs of the ledges  
 By flowerless lichens o'ergrown;  
 Forget not the dying arbutus—  
 The larch's kind shadow and dew—  
 Ah, surely if such have a mission,  
 There must be love-labor for you!  
 Some poor, naked back needs a mantle,  
 Which your wealth and leisure may give;  
 Some faint, hungry heart craves a morsel,  
 O, nourish it, bid it to live;  
 Wherever, on life's dusty highway,  
 The thin hands of want stretch to you,  
 Turn not from your God-given mission,  
 But O, to your life-work be true!

#### WHO'S DREAMING OF ME?

O, I WONDER who's dreaming of me  
 While the crescent drops into the sea?  
 There's a face in my heart set in circles of hair.  
 O, my home! O, my mother! there thrills on the air  
 Her ever-sweet voice that was sweetest in prayer,  
 And it may be to-night she is slumbering there,  
 And prays in her dreaming for me.  
 O, I wonder who's dreaming of me  
 While the stars twinkle over the sea?  
 There are sweet Summer days drifting out of my sight,  
 When I wandered the fields with a merry-voiced  
 sprite—  
 Now her laughing eyes deepen with womanly light,  
 But I wonder if she can be dreaming to-night  
 Of the long-ago pleasures and me.  
 O, I wonder who's dreaming of me  
 While the night-wind sings low to the sea?  
 Such a quiet creeps into the plash of the tide!  
 Such a quiet has crept in my heart! Leagues divide  
 One strangely dear friend from his place by my side,  
 But I know that he dreams of the glad-hearted bride  
 And the home that are going to be.

## ALPINE VIEWS IN COLORADO.

 TWELVE miles west of Idaho City, described in a former letter, is Georgetown, a town of several thousand inhabitants, amply provided with good hotels and business houses. It is situated on the banks of Clear Creek, built upon a wide bar, smooth and grassy, at an elevation of 8,452 feet, at a distance of forty-six miles west of Denver, and sixteen miles south-west of Central City. The road from Idaho is good, traversing the length of a remarkably smooth and level cañon, quite narrow, and following the course of Clear Creek.

At Fall River, where two streams come together, we come upon famous ground. The scenery is romantic, and often startlingly grand. All about here the eye falls upon some picture made immortal by the pencils of America's first artists—some clump of greenery, or ledge of granite, or bit of sun-kissed greensward, or foam-capped water that has inspired the heart of the painter. There is a little hamlet at Fall River, on the smooth bar formed by the conjunctions of Virginia and York cañons. Here is an excellent hotel, and, stepping out upon the porch, you find yourself right under the brow of a rocky, perpendicular mountain, flanking Clear Creek, and bending over as if to see its granite face mirrored in the flashing water; here and there clumps of hardy pine and fir have found root-hold, and dot and crown with green the gray and red battlements. When the artist Beard was sketching in Colorado he was passing on this road, accompanied by General Pierce, who was conducting him to some distant point, thought to be a good subject for a picture, when, by a sudden turn in the road, this magnificent view was unexpectedly brought before his eyes. He was irresistibly charmed, and could not be persuaded away until he had sketched the scene; he pronounced it the finest combination of tree and rock he had ever seen.

Four miles further on, at the mouth of Mill Creek, is another village, and two miles further up, the creek forks; taking the right-hand road that follows up one of these streams, you would come upon Empire, two miles further on; taking the left-hand, a half-hour's ride along one of the loveliest roads in the universe, and you reach Georgetown. The hills that wall the town are very high and abrupt, heavily timbered, and frowning with precipices, and overhanging boulders. Clear Creek here becomes a considerable stream, and its banks are fringed with the greenest of green willows, and laid with the brightest of turf, while the strip of sky that arches the little plateau is intensified by the

darkness of the encircling walls, and the place is like a gem of sunshine in a setting of eternal shadow. Georgetown is scattered over a mile or two of area, clustered around and about the stream; further up, between the forks of the creek, is Leavenworth Mountain; that five or six miles further up, in Argentine, is called M'Clellan Mountain, topping out in Gray's Peak still six miles higher; this is now generally considered the highest summit of this range. Until recent explorations and surveys, Long's Peak was thought to be the highest of the Rocky Mountains; *now* the palm lies between Harvard and Gray's Peaks. On the west, Republican Mountain towers to an immediate height of 1,226 feet, then describes an angle, and becomes Mount Sherman. Alpine Mountain, on the east, is much higher and steeper. Between these two giants the day is cut short, leaving only a few hours' space for the sun to span between their rugged brows. Indeed, the whole town is surrounded by mountains, that rise abruptly to a great height, then slope up swiftly to the distance of four or five miles, topped out by sharp peaks, snow-crowned, cloud-clapped, writing with granite pens, the "*Mene Tekel*" of the universe on God's blue dome.

The town is nestled right at the foot of the Snowy Range, and all about and above the dark pine forests of the lower mountains lie the barren wastes of the upper heights, mantled with the frosts of ages; but down in the smiling valley, the rapid stream, like a line of silver, sparkles in the sunlight; there is a luxuriant carpet of green grass, soft and thick as velvet pile, spangled with delicate and gorgeous flowers. In strong contrast to this intense coloring are the gigantic gray boulders, scattered about, jutting out from some dense mass of foliage, or lying like fallen colossi on the bright greensward, just where they rolled from the mountain-side years or centuries ago; they loom up among the cozy white cottages, they are in the business streets, they serve as an advertising column for every enterprising merchant in the mountains, and, best of all, they are free to as many notices as can be printed or stuck upon their surfaces.

The plateau, upon which the town is built, is belted with gloomy evergreen-forests, and from its sunny depths it looks up at the frowning bastions of the eternal hills, and the snow-wreaths and ice-fields of the out-lying sweep of the upper range. It sees the white, scudding storm circle about the lofty peaks, then drive down the mountain-side while it lies bathed in sunshine, and canopied by azure

skies. It is Summer in the arms of Winter, a picture of Elysium in a frame of ice! But last Winter the storm gathered all its fury, and, marshaling its allies from the boreal regions of the Range, swept down the sides of the mountains, tore up gigantic trees by the roots, hurled huge rocks from their beds, and, accumulating force and matter in its descent, drove the whole mighty mass of detached earth, rocks, and trees to the bottom, crushing every thing in its track, and tearing up the ground like an earthquake, while the thundering and crashing of the avalanche boomed and echoed again from a hundred hills. The tempest dashed with concentrated venom down the narrow cañon, and bursting like a million demons upon the devoted city, swept houses and mills from their foundations, and strewed the town with ruins. People clung to rocks and trees to prevent being carried away. One little girl, seven years old, while trying to escape with her parents from their tottering dwelling, was killed by some heavy timbers being hurled against her, that were torn by the wind from a neighboring building. Many persons were injured, and much property was destroyed. Such tornadoes are not common here, but *sometimes* the Demon of the mountains descends in all his strength to mock the toil, and pride, and loves of men; then the sight is terribly grand.

Beyond Georgetown, upon the mountains, is the finest silver region yet discovered in the country, unless the new-found mines of Grand Island district, that have promised so well in the last few weeks, shall eclipse it. Many companies have been formed, and a vast deal of money has been taken out here. The "Terrible Lode," probably the best, and certainly most famous, was recently sold to foreign capitalists for \$500,000. Many are tunneling the mountain-sides in order to strike the silver veins, instead of pursuing the old plan of working from the surface down. The Burleigh tunnel, owned by a Massachusetts Company, extends over six hundred feet into the solid rock. Others reach nearly as far. Thus, amid this grandeur and beauty of scenery, men, ever eager for the sordid lucre, dig, delve, and wriggle their way into the unwilling Earth to wrest away the treasures hidden there.

But the most picturesque town of Colorado is, undoubtedly, "Empire." It has won many laurels from the enthusiastic praises of the artists that have visited the country.

Two brooks, one from the north, the other from the south, here unite, and dash on in one foamy current at the bottom of an open cañon from two to four thousand feet deep. About

the confluence of the streams before named, on a level bar, is "Empire," a little mining town 8,871 feet above sea level. Four mountains stand near, like huge sentinels, towering more than a thousand feet above: they are Mts. Lincoln, Douglas, Covode, and Eureka. The plateau upon which the town is built is smooth and even, and, in Summer, a garden of flowers. The climate is tonic and salubrious. The scenery is Alpine, and the views impressively picturesque and grand. There are magnificent upward stretches of hill and mountain, the frowning of granite battlements, the somber gloom of the pine forests, the brilliant green turf of the cañon, with the little towns nestled in its bosom like a precious jewel. The sparkling, effervescent stream, leaping over the great white boulders, sweeping across the "bar," and tumbling heels over head down the precipitous gorge, fairly laughs itself mad with delight in its free rush over the crags. All this diversity of scene and color lies encircled by a girdle of lofty mountain range, gray and bleak, wooded, and patched with snow and ice, peaked out by cloud-splitting summits that rise one above another like piles of cumuli in a Summer sky.

Up a steep pitch, fourteen hundred feet, and the panting traveler has before him "North Empire," at an elevation higher than any other town in America, probably in the world. Here one would seem lifted above the clouds, were it not for the interminable mountains that loom up against the sky. Climb one of these peaks and you still seem in the valley, for, above and on all sides, the sharp spurs and mighty points of the Snowy Range shoot up against the blue of heaven. Here, where the Creator's works are so stupendous, and God seems so near, the petty works of men look small and frail. Houses, mills, mines, dwindle into insignificance amid this fearful majesty of Nature.

About and above "Empire" are probably as good silver and gold mines as in the country. Indeed, there is no doubt that all the mountains about and beyond Georgetown and Empire are rich in precious mineral. Eastern Companies have been formed on the silver-bearing veins, and a vast amount of profit has been realized. Silver Mountain, Ben Franklin, Tenth Legion, Atlantic, and others have been tunneled for hundreds of feet, gouged into, sluiced off for gold, until they are naked scars of bare quartz. But the ore is good; there is money in it; and so they spoil the glorious hills, and cut down the mighty forests, and stun the air with the crash of a thousand stamps, and poison it with the smell of chemicals.

In the country I always feel more lifted into

the Divine presence than when among the busy haunts of men; but here one feels more utterly the nearness and power of God, as if these rocky ramparts of the Continent were more entirely his own than smoother scenes and fairer lands; as if he had said "Rise," and these billowed heights had loomed up in answer to the majesty of his will.

### THE LAGOON OF VENICE.

THE Lagoon of Venice, on the hundred islands of which the city is built, is a gulf of the Adriatic, separated from the open waters of that sea by a natural breakwater, extending for nearly eighty miles, from a little south of Chioggia to the mouth of the Piave. It is formed by the meeting of the mud brought down by the numerous streams that enter the gulf with the mud of the Po, drifted northward from the delta of that stream. The accumulation has formed strong ramparts, against which the storm waves of the Adriatic beat harmlessly; but between them are numerous channels, of various width and depth, some only admitting the smallest craft, others large enough and deep enough for ships of considerable burden. Their passages vary from time to time; but as they are many, and in various parts of the breakwater, the water in the lagoon is always salt. The ramparts are, in fact, islands, many of which are well known and often visited, others are small and unimportant.

The view of the lagoon in the annexed illustration will be recognized by those familiar with Venice, but will seem strange enough to those who only know it from description. The numerous posts projecting from the water, some terminating in shrines, with small lamps kept constantly burning, but most of them mere mooring stations for boats and gondolas, are eminently characteristic. The island and the hills of the main-land also are not exaggerated. Few things are more impressive to the traveler than his first visit to this remarkable city, especially if he reaches it by night, and obtains his first impressions when it is half lighted by a young moon, and with only a few gondolas lazily moving on its waters. This is quite sufficient of itself, and does not need the aid of the mysterious interment in the bosom of the water by the masked officers of the State, however much such an event might add its ghastly and painful revelation to assist the imagination, and refresh the memory, in dwelling on the past history of the Queen of the Waters.

Venice without its lagoon would be indeed

tame and uninteresting, and would hardly be recognized or thought much of. Probably the site was originally selected with a view to strength, just as, where there were no islands, the lake cities of prehistoric Europe were built on piles; and at the present day the same kind of security is obtained in a similar manner by savages in some parts of the world. There can be little doubt that originally the Brenta and the Adige, besides smaller streams, debouched into the lagoon, which, like that of Comacchio, was formed by the meeting of detritus, drifted from the mouth of the Po, with other detritus brought down by the streams. The effect of the continued influx of the waters of these streams, shut in partially by natural bars or *lidi* formed from without, could only have been to convert in time the whole lagoon into marshes, rendering the locality unhealthy, and the position of the city in every sense untenable.

The history of the Lagoon of Venice has thus been one of these contests of man with Nature, successful in an important sense, but always requiring fresh ingenuity to meet unexpected difficulties, and it can not but have very great interest to all who watch its progress and the results. The lagoon itself is about twenty-five miles long, by six or seven miles broad, and at an early period consisted of two parts, one entirely water, the other chiefly land, broken up by numerous channels (*canale*) into a very numerous group of islands. The former, the Laguna Viva, was used for navigation, and had in parts a depth of twenty feet; the latter, the Laguna Morte, was a great fishing ground. The object of the inhabitants of Venice, when the city first became important enough to pursue its material interests, was to prevent the mud and silt of the rivers from destroying the navigation and closing up the canals, and this could only be effected by diverting the rivers. On the other hand, there were opposing interests on the main-land, since the inhabitants of the wealthy town of Padua, and of the smaller towns and villages near, were not likely to permit the rivers passing through them to become stagnant and unnavigable without serious remonstrance and opposition. The Brenta, however, was diverted southward about the middle of the fourteenth century, and though re-introduced for a time, on the plea that its scouring effect on the canals was desirable and useful, it was again and permanently removed. After much time and many alterations, the Venetians at last succeeded in carrying away from the lagoon not only the Brenta, but all the streams that had originally entered it, an operation that extended over several centuries, and involved





VENETIAN HOUSES.

engineering works of enormous magnitude and cost.

But although the lagoon was thus secured from the land side, and the openings from the sea and main channels kept in good order by other works of corresponding importance, there remained certain difficulties, the result of these works, which in a short time assumed proportions too large to be overlooked. The Brenta, turned away from its course, was expected to

flow through fifteen or sixteen miles of new channel having scarcely any slope, and carry its waters to the sea. This it might do on ordinary occasions, but when floods came there was found to be insufficient water-way, and heavy inundations resulted. No remedy was applied, and from time to time, and in the early part of the present century, damage was done in a single year to the estimated extent of half a million sterling. After a number of similar

accidents, some of them very serious, a plan was adopted by which the course of the Brenta was shortened and improved, and the river readmitted into the lagoon, but at the southern extremity. This operation dates, however, only from the last half century.

At the present time the principal openings from the lagoon into the sea are two—the one called the Port of the Lido, nearly opposite the city, available for vessels of small draught; the other the Port of Malamocco, a few miles to the southward, where there is deeper water. By this port vessels of large size are able to approach Venice. At its entrance are two breakwaters, one of them a mile long, thrown out to seaward, and intended to deepen and straighten the entrance channel.

The reader will, perhaps, have already perceived that to the very peculiar physical position of Venice has been due all that is most remarkable in its history, both natural and political. Originally and for a long time isolated, dependent far more on the sea than on the land for its prosperity and material progress, but separated from the sea by a shallow piece of water, liable to be silted up, and exposed, till some change was made, to constant encroachment from the streams running into it, the city when founded could only exist for commerce, and its interests could hardly be identical with those of the main-land of Italy. As a commercial center, it was well placed during the Middle Ages, when the chief traffic of Europe was carried on in the Mediterranean. It had convenient and safe shelter for the fleets of small ships that were then the fashion. It could select convenient moments for attacking the Greek islands, and could safely act as one of the chief bulwarks of Europe against the Ottoman power. Venice could then attract to itself the wealth of the East, and could well exercise the great power acquired by this wealth, and secured by its almost impregnable position. What remains of all this wealth—its numerous palaces, its rich but fantastic architecture, and the contents of its many churches and museums—is still sufficient to serve as a center of attraction second only to that of Rome. It was in Venice that one of the greatest schools of Italian art originated—rich in color, but not less remarkable for grandeur of expression and originality. This school was realistic, and included some of the greatest colorists who have ever lived. Venice also passed through the usual political changes. It was a democracy for two centuries and a half, a monarchy for six centuries, and finished as an oligarchy, which conducted it to ruin. It

combined Italy and Greece in almost all respects, but with these it mixed up so much of the East as to give it a distinct and peculiar character. All this was more or less the result of its position. Venice, less than any other of the great cities of the Middle Ages, was able to endure the approach of free intercommunication by which Europe and civilization generally have so much benefited. Improved roads could hardly better the condition of a State that had flourished most when most detached from the land, and was dependent only on the sea as a highway. It may almost be said to have had a language of its own, so peculiar is the Venetian dialect; and though not remarkable for its literature, it has not been without eminent men in all departments. Originality has been a feature in all that Venice has done, and since originality has ceased in the world Venice has declined.

Besides the group of about eighty islands on which the city of Venice proper is built, there are some other islands of considerable size dispersed over the lagoon, most of them toward the north. These are connected for the most part by canals cut in the shallow bottom. Some of them are little more than churches with small convents attached, but others contain towns. Venice is the great center of the northern group, and Chioggia in the south occupies a somewhat similar position. One principal canal, both wide and deep, divides Venice into two very unequal parts, the northern containing about the whole town, and the southern being called the Giudecca. The northern part is again intersected by a principal canal, called the Canal Grande.

Northward, and at no great distance, the principal island is Murano, the largest and most flourishing of all. In it is a great manufactory of glass, for which Venice was exceedingly famous in the Middle Ages, and which is now being revived with great energy—indeed, this seems the only really successful manufacture admitting of large export for which the Venetian islands are adapted. The old Murano glass involved many peculiarities of make closely imitated at the present day; but the old specimens retain their value. There is a cathedral in this island, and close by a convent rich in architecture and of considerable interest. Murano, though comparatively small, and altogether subordinate to Venice, is built like towns on the main-land, and not with canals.

Torcello, one of the northernmost of the islands, is said to have been the first inhabited of the group, and enjoyed some importance up to the tenth or eleventh century; after that it

decayed as Venice rose. Its church is interesting, and the place is worth a visit, as from it a good general view of almost the whole of the lagoon can be obtained. There is, however, nothing special in its position. Under the water near it can be discovered the ruins of an ancient city long since destroyed.

The two islands of Burano and Mazorbo are also among the northernmost group, and are inhabited by a rather numerous population, having a special dialect and a peculiar accent. They contain a good deal of garden ground, cultivated for the supply of Venice.

Chioggia, quite at the southern extremity of the lagoon, is curious in itself, and of especial interest, as containing in its neighborhood the great sea-walls called the Murazzi, recently restored. These Cyclopean works are on the grandest scale, and attest the importance attributed to them by the Venetians of the Middle Ages. The town connects with the mainland by a long bridge of forty-three arches. Its distance from Venice is about twenty miles, and it may be reached by a steam-boat.

In the present state of the lagoon of Venice, the salt water being allowed free entrance at several points by good passages, and the fresh water for the most part kept out, the sanitary condition of the islands is very superior to what might be anticipated. There is little of the severe forms of malaria so common elsewhere in Italy, where the fresh and salt water are allowed to come in contact; and in most parts of the year the whole district may be safely visited, care being taken to avoid exposure after sunset without proper clothing, and especially without the mouth being covered.

## LOUISE PELLEGRIN.

A TALE OF THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

### CHAPTER I.

“O to the door, Louise, and look forth. Strain thy eyes, child, to see if there be no more stragglers from the valley. It can not be that we have seen an end of them; it can not be that I shall never behold my brave son Michel again.” And old Felix Pellegrin drooped his head on his bosom, while tears, no longer restrained by the strength of courage or reason, rolled down his grizzled beard, and his lips moved in a kind of muttered, feverish prayer.

Louise rose as her father spoke, but she made no movement toward the door; on the contrary, she shudderingly withdrew her eyes

from the landscape outside, and turned toward the spot where the old man sat cowering over the flames, which rose, and flickered, and died from a heap of damp pine logs, piled upon the kitchen hearth.

“Father,” she said kindly, as she laid her hand on his head, and stroked his grizzled hair, “it is in vain to watch and pray for Michel’s return; he is dead, and can never come back to us again.”

“He is not dead,” said Felix, angrily; “I tell you, child, Michel is not dead—it is in vain to harp this untruth forever in my ear.”

“I saw him die,” she replied, in the same unnaturally quiet tone, which issued from lips white as the snow on the ground outside. “I saw poor Michel die. He sank just as we reached the topmost ridge of the mountain; it was of no use that I showed him this city of refuge in the valley beneath. There was a film on his eyes; he saw naught save the city of refuge which God had prepared for him above, and without a struggle or a sigh his spirit was released.”

“Ay—ay, I remember that,” said old Felix, with a sob. “Yes—yes, I remember. There was no struggle. I thought he had fallen asleep, poor Michel, and I sought to arouse him. It was even thus thy mother fell asleep long ago in the valley. Dost not thou remember, Louise?”

Louise did not answer, but the tears rose in her eyes as she turned away, and moved toward the door. She did not answer, because the terrible flight and sudden bereavement of the past week had unhinged her father’s mind, and the name of her mother was always sure to herald a paroxysm of grief, or to arouse in his breast a wild desire to return, in spite of all dangers, to his former home; not with the object of remaining there, but to rescue from their hiding-place some relics of her he had lost, together with the sum of money he had set aside for his children’s portions; therefore it was that Louise, seeming not to hear the name which, until now, had been the key-stone of all their sympathy and love, moved toward the door, and raising the latch looked out across the valley.

The sun was setting behind the western hills which inclosed the little valley of Guillestre. Its red light fell on the mountains of Freyssinières, and painted the windows of the Chateau Dauphin, which stood high, erect, and imposing on its platform of rock, guarding the entrance to the valley.

For these were days when valleys needed every protection that human aid and human skill could afford them—days when the peaceful

inhabitants of their verdant slopes, whose only crime consisted in worshipping their God in purity and truth, were hunted forth from their happy homes, and scattered like sheep over the mountains; or cruelly massacred in their own fields and vineyards, without further cause than the edict of a cruel prince, or his more cruel counselors.

Yet the valley of Guillestre was not at this moment in need of such guardianship as the valley of Barcelonnette which lay behind it; on the contrary, Guillestre, and her sister valley of Freyssinières, were the cities of refuge, where the poor, tired, maimed, and suffering men and women who had escaped the hands of their tormentors, were allowed to settle down, and

make new homes and new friends for themselves, and where, under the guardianship of France, they were safe from further persecutions.

It was thus that into these quiet valleys there came down a broken company—the fatherless, the motherless, the old who had lost their children, and the young men who had lost their young wives—into the villages, whose inhabitants had heard with shuddering horror of the cruelties perpetrated on the other side of the mountain, and had generously offered a home and a welcome to the outcasts.

Among these outcasts were Louise Pellegrin and her old father Felix. They had been almost the last to enter the village, for Michel, the brave son who had carried his old father up



the steep ascent, and over the great spurs of the mountain, had sunk when he reached the summit of the Col, and expired, as Louise had said, without a groan; and Uberthin Holdau, her betrothed, who was always foremost in danger, and who would, no doubt, have been at her right hand in this hour of despair, was now, from his stout maintenance of religion, far removed from her side, and working as a common galley-slave in the prisons of the Duke of Savoy.

Poor Louise, no wonder that her cheeks and lips were blanched white, and her eyes grown dull. She had outlived, as it seemed to her, in one night, all the youth, and fire, and vigor of girlhood, and as she stood now watching the

red reflection of the Chateau Dauphin in the rivers which met and joined at its base, it seemed to her that it was not the light of the dying sun, but a vapor laden with the blood of her martyred countrymen and women, which tinged the trees, and walls, and river, and even the pure snow on the mountain-tops of the great Mount Pelvoux beyond.

As Louise stood in the doorway shading her eyes with her hand, and the pink glow of the dying sun resting on her cheek also, there came up by the zigzag mountain pathway two travelers, who, by their haggard faces and slow, weary gait, might be known at a glance as some of the hunted victims of this most unrighteous persecution

Louise knew them well. They were Friedrich and Marie Alloa; whose *châlet* had stood hard by her house. They had been her best friends in the old home, and if her heart had been capable at this moment of feeling joy, she would, no doubt, have experienced a sensation of pleasure at their unexpected arrival. But as it was, there was no smile of recognition on either side, only that silent meeting of eyes and hands where hearts are too full for speech.

At length Friedrich, taking the heavy pack from his shoulders, which he had carried up the hill, and, throwing it on the grass at his feet, asked in a dull, hoarse voice,

"Is there any room to spare in your auberge, Louise? or must we trudge on for another long day in search of rest? Marie has fainted twice on the road up here, and as for myself, if it were not for the good God who has preserved her to me so far, I would throw myself over yonder rock, and make an end of a life which has nothing left to it now but trouble."

"I know not what rooms there may be in the house, for father and I have never gone further than the kitchen," replied Louise, kindly; "but the good folk are most friendly, and I have no doubt if it be possible to make out a spot for thee, they will do so; at any rate Marie shall rest awhile in my room, while you make inquiries."

"Thanks, dear Louise, and tell us now, how is thy father and brave Michel?"

"Michel is dead," replied Louise, sinking her voice to a whisper, while she glanced anxiously over her shoulder at the crouching figure by the fire; "and as to my poor father, he is living, but—but the sudden flight, and Michel's loss, and the fatigue of the hurried journey, all this hath been too much for him, and he hath passed into that state that he can not remember distinctly aught, nor can he rouse himself from a dull lethargy, save at the name of my dear mother, and then his sudden excitement is worse than his inaction, for it doth amount to a kind of despair that I can not bear to witness, and the worst is that I am so weak I can do naught to bring him comfort."

"And if thou hadst the strength of an ox what comfort couldst thou bring him, my poor child?" replied Friedrich, bitterly. "Look at these arms and hands; there was strength enough in 'em, but a day or two ago, to have lifted a bullock from the ground, and yet when it came to the hour of need, my strength could not save my little ones from perishing in the snow, or my house and property from destruction!"

"Our strength cometh from the Lord," mur-

mured Marie, in a low, trembling voice, while the tears poured down her cheeks. "'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,' and 'he doeth all things well.'"

"That is true," replied Louise, thoughtfully; "and yet," she continued, while the blood mantled on her cheek, and some of the old fire kindled in her eye, "and yet, if God would but look in pity on me, and give me back what little strength I did once possess, I would return in the face of all danger, and rescue my father's property from the hands of these robbers and murderers."

At this sudden outburst of passion, and what almost sounded to him like foolish boasting, Friedrich could scarcely restrain a smile; but seeing the settled determination on the girl's face, and the look of questioning vexation she cast on him, he asked kindly—

"Why, my child, what property could you save? Can you lift up the fields in your apron, or the vineyards in your kerchief, or carry home the father's house on thy little shoulders? Ça, ça! the vineyards are no doubt torn down, the fields trampled under foot, and the house a heap of blackened ruins. Keep thy strength, *ma pauvre*, for the task which is set before thee of nursing thy old father, and do not waste your time or it on vain repinings."

"You speak now in greater haste and more ignorance than I did, Master Friedrich," replied Louise, hotly. "There *is* property to save, were there a brave hand to secure it, and I shall never rest until it is brought home and laid at my father's feet."

"But, dear child, how canst thou expect that thy father's property would be saved when all others have been ruthlessly destroyed?"

"The property of which I speak was secured in a box by my father, and hidden away out of sight, so that they could never find it."

"You lean on a broken reed, *ma pauvre*," replied Friedrich, shaking his head in continued unbelief. "Gold or silver nowadays must be secured with the cunning of a fox for these blood-hounds with their keen noses not to scent it out. What was the exact nature of the property hidden away in this box?"

"I know not how much, nor the exact nature of the things concealed," replied Louise, sorrowfully, "but this I know, for many a long year, father had set aside his savings, meaning to give Michel a trade, and to secure a dowry for me when I should marry Uberthin. And I also know at mother's death he did put therein her marriage-ring and all the presents he had given her during her married life; and it is upon this box and its contents his poor mind hath

gone astray, nor will it ever come right, I doubt, until he can see it with his eyes, and hold it in his hand again."

"Have you heard the news that is afloat in the valley this morning?" asked Marie, looking up suddenly at Louise, while a flush of sympathy rose on her faded cheek. "They were saying down by Jucato's mill, that four of the convicts have effected their escape from the galleys of the Duke of Savoy."

Scarcely had the words escaped the lips of poor Marie, than a sudden change passed over Louise's face, and she stood before them colorless and wan, like a beautiful flower which has been suddenly smitten by the poisonous blast of the sirocco.

For a moment Marie and Friedrich remained in doubt as to the cause of this sudden faintness, but Marie, with the keen insight of a woman, soon detected why it was that a spasm of agony had stopped the poor girl's breath, and sent the shivering blood back to her already bursting heart.

"What do you fear?" she asked, laying her hand kindly on Louise's arm.

"The worst," murmured Louise; "I fear the worst. If four have escaped, I have no doubt but Uberthin is among them, and, hurrying back to Barcelonnette in ignorance of all that has happened, he will be, or is no doubt by this time, cruelly murdered."

There was such justice in the girl's fears, neither Marie nor Friedrich could find words at hand to gainsay her. They looked at her with the most profound pity, and would have passed on in search of another resting-place, had not Louise arrested them, and most earnestly besought them to remain with her.

"Marie has been ever my best and kindest friend in prosperity," she said lovingly, "and now in the hour of mutual pain and trouble she will not desert me."

"If we can find a home in this house I ask no better," replied Marie, promptly; "and in any way that I can be of use to you, you may securely trust to my assistance."

"I will shortly put your kind promises to a test," replied Louise, in a low voice, as taking Marie by the hand she led her into the house.

## CHAPTER II.

Louise was right when she said she would shortly put her friend's good offices to the test; for that night her resolution was taken, and a plan matured, which in Marie's eyes could have no other issue than death, while to the mind of Louise it was tinged with all the glories of

hope—a hope which had for its mainspring the pure, strong love of a girl for her father.

Between Louise's new home and her old there lay but a few miles, and yet the journey was one from which even the strongest young man in the valley would have flinched; for the mountain which separated Barcelonnette from Guillestre was at this season of the year one mass of white and blinding snow, which obliterated the Summer footpaths, and made the road both treacherous and almost impassable.

But Louise, having resolved upon her course of action, was of that undaunted character that nothing short of certain death could deter her from trying to carry it out, and having bidden her father farewell while he slept peacefully in his bed, and having confided him to the safe-keeping of Marie, the brave girl set out upon her journey.

She made no effort at disguise; she simply trusted to God's protection and her own care and caution, and the morning light saw her already some distance up the mountain. There was a track for a short way through the snow, over the hill-side leading to a saw-mill, and beyond this mill lay the most direct route over the Col. This route, though a perilous one, Louise determined to pursue, not that she needlessly sought to throw herself in the path of danger, but that she shrank with a reasonable dread from the sights of horror, and the track of death, which she must have encountered had she pursued the same road they had so lately traveled in their flight.

So, bravely following the course she had marked out for herself, she overcame all the difficulties which presented themselves to her, and reached the Col in safety. It was night-time, however, when she gained it, and she was obliged to rest, not to sleep—for sleep in these frozen regions must have been death; so, leaning against a huge boulder of rock, Louise waited in the darkness prayerfully for the rising moon and a fresh access of strength to continue her journey.

Far away in the distance she could see lights in the little town of Barcelonnette—just a little glimmer here and there where a house had been left unmolested, or where guards kept watch over their spoil, while now and then the distant roll of a drum found a throbbing echo in Louise's heart, as she thought of the perilous journey before her, and all the dangers she might have to encounter.

There was an awful silence on the hill-side, as at length she arose and commenced the descent into the valley which had once been her home; her very shadow seemed to glide in

cautious fear before her. Every crack in the pine-trees overhead sounded to her ear a note of warning, and the moaning of the wind through their branches filled her heart with a melancholy foreboding.

It was impossible to reach the village that night, so Louise selected a spot where she could rest during the day—a spot where there was not a tree or rock to tempt the weary traveler—nothing but two high walls of drifted snow, between which she sank down to rest and count the weary hours of the long day by the village bells of Le Serray and L'Entraye.

And a mighty clanking and clamor they kept up from early in the morning till late at night, for it was nigh upon Christmas Eve, and all the chapel bells were pealing forth the news that Christ had once become a man and been born into this world, and the people hurried backward and forward at the call, to pray, and bow, and bend their knees in a solemn mockery, while on the hill-side lay the slain and mutilated victims of an unrighteous persecution—slain in the holy name of Him who had come at this time to the world to bring peace and good-will toward men.

At length the long day wore away, and a heavy fall of snow favored Louise's descent from the mountain and her entrance into her native town, though the dim light of the moon shining through the flakes was scarcely sufficient to show the road to her father's house. When she did reach it, and turned aside down the well-known chestnut avenue, she scarcely recognized in the blackened walls and roofless dwelling the house where she had been born, and in which she had spent seventeen long years of an almost uninterrupted happiness.

The old gateway was completely blocked up with fallen stones and rubbish, and so she was obliged to make a detour and enter the garden by a broken fence down by the river, a spot well known to the poor girl, as there she had said farewell to Uberthin Holdau, her betrothed, on the very night he was made prisoner and carried to Savoy. And through the grateful prayer that rose up from poor Louise's heart to God for having brought her so far in safety on her journey, there arose also the entreaty that should Uberthin be still living, he might be restored to her again.

The box containing old Pellegrin's money and precious relics had been concealed beneath a large flat stone in the back kitchen of the house, and as this portion of the building was completely razed to the ground, Louise looked with a kind of despair at the heap of large and heavy stones which she would have to clear

away unassisted before she could possibly reach the stone beneath which lay the hidden treasure.

Louise gazed all around her that she might convince herself that there was no one on the watch—no one astir to surprise her at her work at this dread hour of night. There was a long, low garden wall opposite the spot where she stood, beyond which lay the village street; but though there were a few lights in the houses, no footfall broke the hush of the town. Behind her rose the grim monastery of St. Paul, but its iron-barred windows seemed alike closed to light or life; every thing seemed to favor her attempt, and with a deep and earnest purpose Louise set herself to her task.

But the heavy stones, how hard they were to move; what a silent power of resistance they contained within them, till to poor Louise's fevered mind each block grew into an individual enemy she had to encounter and to conquer. Still one by one she did conquer them, and toiled on with a strength apportioned to the necessity of the hour. The snow-flakes almost ceased to fall, the moon came out and shone brightly, till there was a brave chance that the task might be accomplished before break of day, and after two hours of an untiring zeal, Louise, exhausted but triumphant, exposed to view the black slab beneath which lay the hidden treasures so dear to the heart of old Pellegrin, her father.

"Now God be praised," murmured Louise, as she stopped for an instant to rest and to consider by what means she could displace the flat stone so firmly fitted into the ground; but at this moment she raised her eyes and beheld, to her unspeakable horror, the figure of a man bending over the low garden wall exactly opposite to her; he was hooded and cloaked as a monk, and his eyes seemed closely watching her every movement.

Louise had until now kept up a brave heart, nothing had daunted her, nothing had moved her from her purpose, but now at the sight of the silent, dark, and, no doubt, deadly enemy opposite to her, every particle of her former courage forsook her, and yielding to the panic of the moment a scream of terror burst from her lips, and she turned and fled down the garden.

The hooded figure vaulted the low wall and swiftly followed. The chase was a close and rapid one, though there was an evident effort also on the part of the hooded figure to avoid observation from the town.

But all hopes of secrecy were soon put out of the question; Louise, hearing herself so closely pursued, grew wild with fear, and scream

after scream rose up on the still night air, and startled many a sleeper as well as the inhabitants of the beer-gardens in the neighborhood.

In as short a time as it usually takes to create a crowd a busy swarm of men, ready for excitement of any kind, had crowded into the garden and among the ruins of what had been once old Felix Pellegrin's property, and already from the lips of those who had soonest reached the point of interest arose the cruel cry, "A heretic—a base heretic! Put her to death—put the base girl to death, who has dared to break the laws and return to her home again!"

One would have thought the taste for blood among these blinded fanatics might have been satiated by this time in the massacres and cruel murders which had taken place within the last few days, but no! by their cries to-night, as they found the poor trembling girl run to earth among the ruins of her former home, it was plain to see that the taste was still keen—that, in fact, it had only been whetted by what had gone before.

He who had been the first to give chase to Louise seemed now the least anxious to follow up the pursuit, or to bring it to a bloody conclusion. He suggested that there was small good to be gained in the murder of a harmless girl, and that for once they should set their prisoner at liberty. But vain was his appeal for mercy; the crowd only seemed incensed at his suggestions, and accused him of leaning toward the hateful sect, till at length his voice also was heard joining with the others in cruel suggestions as to the mode of putting an end to the poor girl's life.

"Flay her alive and then burn her," cried one; "she hath thrown herself among the wolves, let her taste their fangs!"

"Nay—nay, she is too tender a morsel to need flaying," cried one a trifle less cruel; "burn her alive, and scatter her ashes on the garden of old Felix; it will enrich the heretic soil, and make it bring forth abundantly."

"Bury her alive," cried another voice, pitched in a more malignant key than all the rest—"bury her alive, 't is the hardest death of all; besides, 't will give her time to repent, and perchance die in the right faith."

At these words Louise—whose eyes had been closed that they might not see the rabble that surrounded her, and whose hands had been clasped in earnest prayer—lifted her head and gazed into the face of the speaker with a strange wondering stare. A visible tremor passed over her, and her excitement became so painful, and her agony of mind so plain to view, that the crowd, seeing her so much more moved

by this last suggestion than the other, chimed in with the originator of the scheme, and the cry of, "Bury her alive—bury her alive in her father's own house," passed from mouth to mouth of the now dense and surging crowd, and before five minutes had elapsed Louise Pellegrin had been dragged along, half fainting, and placed, for greater haste and convenience, on the old open hearth-way which had stood in her father's kitchen.

Louise did not utter a word, not a cry escaped her blanched lips, though now and then they moved, but it was only a short prayer for that forgiveness and peace which the bells were still heralding upon earth, and for good-will and forgiveness like His also to those who were so cruelly murdering her, and as one stone was heaped upon another, she only closed her eyes and again meekly folded her hands on her bosom.

It was wonderful how fast the cruel work progressed, but it was owing chiefly to the unanimity of purpose in the crowd, who piled the stones so closely and firmly upon one another.

All went well till a dispute arose among one of the workmen and some of the lookers-on, for as the wall rose on a level with the face of the unfortunate girl, one stone much larger and heavier than the rest had been placed in such a position as to admit of both light and air penetrating to the victim. The argument was hot and furious, but he who had placed the stone in the obnoxious position was he who had been the original suggester of the punishment, and the majority of the crowd listened readily to his words.

"Do ye not see, ye fools!" he cried angrily, "that death must follow sooner or later? and have ye such pity on the girl that ye wish to hasten her departure? Nay, verily, ye had better let her die by inches, than choke her up in this hole ere she has time to know that it is death."

These words appeased and soothed his listeners, but the effect on Louise was terrible to witness; she thrust her white fingers through the gap, and appealed in words which could only be heard by those close at hand, but which were harrowing in their eagerness, that they would close the orifice and let her die at once. But vain were her entreaties; they thrust her fingers rudely back through the rough stones, and replied to her prayers by the most ribald jokes, and the building was rapidly continued, till the last stone had been fixed, and a black and grimy wall concealed from their view the beautiful, pale, and almost lifeless form of the brave Louise Pellegrin.





In half an hour's time there was not a sound to be heard in old Felix Pellegrin's garden; the snow had begun to fall heavily, and the crowd, only half satisfied by the noiseless and bloodless murder which they had witnessed, had returned to the beer-shops to satiate their craving for excitement, or, perhaps, in a few rare instances, to drown remorse in the foaming glass, or to drive from their remembrance the beautiful wan face of their victim.

Only one remained to keep watch; only one from among all the noisy rioters had remained behind to keep guard beside that gloomy wall. But at last even this one seemed to grow weary of his self-imposed task, or of listening to the moans which issued, ever and anon, from the living tomb. He came out from the shadow of the ruined portico, and glancing up at the clouds to assure himself that the snow-storm was well-nigh spent, and across the low garden wall to make certain of the tranquillity of the town, he turned as if to leave the garden. The moon shone faintly through the light flakes on his high cowl and closely wrapped cloak; revealing the same face and form as that which Louise had first seen leaning over the low wall. Instead, however, of leaving the ruins by the gate leading into the chestnut lane, having assured himself that this lane also was empty, he hastily returned, and advancing to the newly constructed wall, he began, with quick, energetic movements, to displace the heavy stones,

which a short time before he had been the most energetic in piling one above another.

At first Louise seemed utterly unconscious of the efforts being made without for her release; no moan or sigh was even to be heard; but presently a stone falling from the hand of the monk, and rattling on the stones beneath, she seemed to start from indifference to a state of the most painful excitement.

"What is that? Do I hear one in the garden?" she cried wildly. "If there is one outside, whose heart is not made of stone, I pray him to have pity on me and fill up this gap. I can not die. O God, have pity on me!"

"Silence!—silence, for heaven's sake keep silence!" urged the hooded figure, still rapidly removing the stones from the wall. "If you wish me to save thee, thou must not utter a word."

"I can not hear what you say; I know not what you are doing," cried the poor girl, with increasing anguish. "In pity, kill me at once. It takes so long to die."

"Louise! Louise! my child!" urged the monk, stooping on a level with the orifice. "Hearken to me, my darling—it is I, Uberthin Holdau, your betrothed, who seeks to set you free."

"Uberthin, my betrothed!" murmured Louise, in a tone so faint he could scarcely catch the sound, till, bursting into fresh unbelief, she cried bitterly, "Nay, nay, you seek to mock me. Uberthin, my Uberthin, would have died like

me rather than change his faith, or wear the garb of these wolves."

"You are right, my child; Uberthin would rather die than change his faith; but to save his ewe lamb from the fangs of the wolves, he hath thought it no sin to clothe himself in their hide."

"Now God be praised who hath sent me help in my hour of need!" murmured Louise, in an almost inaudible voice; and from this time forth till the last stone of the prison wall was rolled away, she uttered not a word, and when Uberthin lifted her in his arms from the untimely grave prepared for her by her enemies, her eyes were closed, and her cheeks were like one who needed in truth the repose of the tomb.

But soon the keen wind blowing through her hair, and the snow falling on her uncovered face, and not less the words of comfort and love whispered into her ears in a well-known voice, brought the blood surging back from her heart, and the courage to her failing limbs, and in less than half an hour, having secured the treasure which lay concealed beneath the slab close at hand, this brave couple, who had independently hazarded their lives in the righteous cause of a pure and holy love, were on the road home to the city of refuge beyond the hills.

It was the evening of Christmas-day when Louise Pellegrin and Uberthin Holdau descended into the quiet valley of Guillestre. The church bells were calling the inhabitants to praise and prayer. The red sun shone as before upon the snow, the river, and the castle. Every thing spoke of a holy peace, and on every face shone the good-will toward men which Christ had heralded on earth.

Old Felix Pellegrin alone, seated by the smoldering fire of a stranger's hearth, babbled of past pleasures and lost joys, and heard in the chime of the village bells no sound of promise or of peace; but ere the red beams of the sun had forsaken the chalet walls of the room where he sat, the light of intelligence had dawned in the old man's eye, the bright flush of hope had shone on his uplifted face, and a prayer of thanksgiving had issued from his lips, as he held clasped in his arms on this Christmas evening, the relics of his lost home and his lost wife, and the brave girl who, undaunted by danger, had borne them to his feet.

I COULD write down twenty cases, says a pious man, when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.

## THE CONJURER'S CHILD.

I STOOD, yesterday, upon a street corner amid a crowd of impatient people, waiting, like myself, for the slow passage of the long procession of some traveling exhibition. Little enough of the pathetic element seemed mingled with the absurd pomp of the mailed knights and liveried outriders, the tawdry, gilded chariots, the discordant, brazen music; yet, as I looked, a little, pale face, seemed to rise before me from the dust of many forgetful years, and my heart thrilled with one of the tenderest recollections of all my childhood. Let me offer here, though late, a few rescued memories, as fisher-wives are wont, sometimes, to deck their children's graves with shells and pebbles cast up by the restless tide.

For days every available wall in our little country town had flamed with immense pictures, equestrians in every variety of impossible attitude, the lion-tamer with his head between the fiery jaws of his terrible playmate, acrobats vaulting through the air at heights which it made one's head swim to imagine, athletes supporting on their brawny shoulders Babel-like towers of living men; all sufficiently exciting to the gazing school-children, yet not wholly novel, since these brilliant bills were pasted over the faded and weather-beaten relics of others scarcely less pretentious only a year before. Lest, however, the young mind might be in danger of becoming *blasé* with ground-tumbling and rope-dancing, the new programme presented an unforeseen feature of attraction: "Signor Calistino, the world-renowned conjurer and magician, had been induced, at unparalleled expense, to display his marvelous powers in connection with the exhibition." There was a long list of the wonderful feats to be expected, described with the usual bombast, reaching a climax by the announcement that "the young son of Signor Calistino would hold an apple between his teeth as a mark for a pistol-shot from some person in the audience."

The great day at last arrived. Before noon the grand entry had been made, and the white tents with their gayly fluttering pennants, were pitched upon the green interval not far from the river's bank. We had caught from the play-ground, at recess, a passing glimpse of the childish form about which our vivid imaginations clustered—a delicate boy, whose fair face and golden hair contrasted strongly with the swarthy complexion and black locks of the Signor, who sat beside him.

It was Saturday, and the afternoon was a

half-holiday. I remember that I rushed breathless home from school, swallowed my dinner as if for a wager, and hurried forth again. It was a full hour and a half before the afternoon performance, for which my too indulgent father had furnished me with a ticket; so I was fain to mingle with a crowd of my mates who hovered on the outside of the larger tent, casting surreptitious glances through a crack or crevice, and winking knowingly to each other, as some sound within hinted at unexplained mysteries. Venturing, however, too near the main entrance, we were scattered by a crack of the door-keeper's whip, and the injunction to "make tracks now, and not come swooping 'round here till you hear the bell strike two!"

Leaving the other boys to roll and tumble on the grass just out of range of the long whip, I ran swiftly down the sloping bank toward one of my favorite haunts close by the water's edge, a rustic seat formed by the interlacing, moss-covered roots of an old willow, whose sweeping branches fell about it in a sort of natural arbor. How often I sat there, through the long Summer afternoons, dropping an idle line into the dimpling water, or reclining at my ease, quite screened from the eye of any chance passer, and rearing airy castles—swallowed up, how long ago! by the floods and convulsions of this changeful life.

I was fairly inside my leafy retreat before I discovered, with a start, that my place was already occupied. A boy sat there, dressed in a gay scarlet blouse, and gold-embroidered trousers, with a plumed hat tossed carelessly down beside him. His back was toward me, and his head leaned upon his hand wearily, it seemed, since he took no notice of my approach. I stood still a moment irresolute, but, as a dry twig crackled under my feet, the boy turned suddenly, lifting toward me the face I had seen for a moment in the procession of the morning. The same keen perception of human beauty, which has sent me in my later years on long pilgrimage to the sacred shrines of mediæval art, then held me motionless, as if spell-bound. Blue eyes, so dark that purple shadows seemed glooming under the long, brown lashes, clear, pure brows, sensitive nostrils, lips about which an indefinable sweetness lingered—the whole face so strangely childish and mature at once, set in a frame of golden hair, which fell backward in shimmering waves over the slight shoulders. To my vivid imagination he seemed a being of another race, and an odd blending of fancies from my fairy tale and legend reading hours, trooped through my brain unbidden. In a moment, however, I had so far recovered

myself as to think of beating a retreat, which I was about doing in some haste, when the voice of the stranger-boy called eagerly after me—

"Come back! O please come back! Why do you go away?"

I turned awkwardly enough, and my new acquaintance made room for me beside him—

"I am very glad you have come! Did I not see you among the boys in the school-yard this morning?"

"I was there, but I do n't see how you could notice me among so many."

"O, I am so used to seeing a great many faces at once. I was sure I should like you, if I could only get to know you—I meant to look for you in the tent this afternoon. What is your name?"

"Harry Wayne."

"And mine is Alberto Calistino."

"I thought so—it was on the bill."

"I am so glad you came!" he said again, with such a frank, winning brightness, that all my shyness was gone in a moment. As he laid his hand on mine—so white and transparent it was!—I felt nearer to him already than to bluff Tom Jones and Harvey Wilde, my mates at marbles and foot-ball ever since I could remember.

"Are you ever very lonely?" he asked, after a pause.

"Why—I do n't know—I like to be alone sometimes."

"It is n't that! Why! as I sat here just now, quite still, it seemed as if the leaves were talking, and the rippling water; and I could almost understand. Even the birds flew near, as if they loved me. But, riding along through the streets with every body staring; standing up on the stage with a sea of heads all swimming in my eyes, and all the people stamping and shouting—then packing up and going away miles and miles over the country, riding up more streets, and seeing always more and more faces, but never the same—that's what I call being lonely!"

He spoke with indescribable earnestness, his face close to mine. Then, without waiting for a reply, he went on with lowered voice—

"I saw a boy yesterday, just about as old as I am, walking with his mother; and between them they led a little girl—so wee and tiny, with such bright eyes, and the sweetest laugh—just like a bird! *His mother!*" he repeated, as if thinking aloud. Then, turning again to me, he said:

"I had one once!"

"Tell me!" I whispered, pressing the slender fingers which still lay in my own.

"The first thing I remember in all the world, is her holding me on her lap and singing, with hair falling all around my face."

"Was she like you?"

"They say so—but I think no more than the moon is like the very smallest star in all the sky. She was so very beautiful! She can't be any more so now, though she has been an angel for three years—three years!

"She was an English lady, and her father must have been very rich, I think, for she used to tell me long stories of the beautiful house they lived in, the pictures, the silver, the horses and carriages, and the great park, where tame deer wandered about under trees hundreds of years old.

"Papa was her brother's tutor then. Something dreadful must have happened when they were married—I do n't know what—for once when I asked about it, mamma cried so dreadfully that I never dared to speak of it again. I know that she never went home again, and that she and papa were very, very poor.

"By and by they came to this country—papa is an Italian, you know—and on the ocean, in a dreadful storm, one night, I was born. So you see"—he smiled sadly—"that, as mamma used to say, I really have n't any country.

"When I can first remember we were traveling about, as we do now, only not with this company, and mamma used to sing—I do n't think she liked it, for she always turned so white when the people stamped and called out, and often, afterward, she would cry till papa was very angry to see her eyes so red and swollen.

"What will they say to a face like that?" he used to say. "If you do n't dance, for heaven's sake, take care of what looks you have—you are fading fast enough!" And once, when she fainted dead away, and could n't answer an *encore*, he threw a pitcher of ice-water over her, and she got up all in a chill, and was sick, so sick, for weeks afterward. He had been drinking, she said, or he never would have done it.

"But O! what am I saying!" cried the boy, grasping my hand, while his frame trembled with suppressed excitement. "I ought n't to have told you this! You'll never speak of it?"

"No! no!" I cried. "Dear Alberto, go on!"

"Three years ago," he said in a low voice, "three years ago, they called me in the night, and told me she was dying. I ran to her room, and saw her lying still and white on the bed. My father sat there, with his head covered in the clothes. I never can tell you how she looked. I do n't know why it was, but I could n't cry. I felt as if I must not even breathe. She held out her hand to me. I remember every word she said.

"My darling, I want you to listen. Do you remember that night when you were to go in the dark to Lyndon Market, and I told you to look at a bright star I showed you, and think that I was looking at it too, and the star saw us both? Now, I am going away; not into the dark, Allie—O no! no!—but I can not come back again. You will come some time, but not now, and until then, remember that God, your Father, sees us both—me there, and you here—and so we are never very far apart. Allie, my boy, be *true*. You can be that always and every-where.

"I have something to show you," she said, and she turned back the coverlet, and there was a little white, dead baby-face. "Your little sister, Allie," she said. "She came only to-night, and I shall find her where I am going." Then first I cried, but she took my hand in her cold ones and put it in papa's. "Carlo," she said, "may God deal with you as you deal with our child!" And then she beckoned me to kiss her, and then—"

A shudder passed over my companion's slender frame, and he hid his face. I put my arms around him, and drew him close to me, the tears raining down my cheeks. He did not weep. It seemed strange to me even then, but looking back now from the experience and insight of my riper years, I tremble to think of the sad, unchildish discipline which had wrought such maturity of self-repression in the boy of thirteen years.

I longed to ask if his father were kind, but some undefined sense of delicacy sealed my lips.

"They are all very good—the men, I mean," he said at last, as if divining my thoughts; "and papa scarcely ever beats me now—never, unless he has drunk too much wine. But I am lonesome; I do n't know what I should do if it were n't for Hannibal."

"Who is Hannibal?"

"Only a horse," said Alberto, laughing, "I forgot that every body did not know him. You'll see me ride him by and by. He knows so much! O! more than half the people, and is ever so much better! But come," and he drew a fanciful little watch from his embroidered belt-pocket, "it is nearly two o'clock, and I shall be wanted. You are going?"

"Yes, but—sha'n't I see you again at all—except in *there*, I mean?"

"Let me see," he said musingly. "Wait outside after the performance is over, and I will come to you. And O! please sit where I can see you plainly, and then I shall look straight at you sometimes, when I am riding or helping

papa, and I shall think there is somebody that I know, and that—loves me a little, Harry.” The last words were accompanied by a swift caressing gesture, which hinted at the warm Italian blood coursing under the fair skin he had inherited from his English mother.

I threw my arms about his neck once more in boyish abandonment, and swore a friendship that should cease only with my breath. Ah! the pure loves of childhood! Despite all that cynics say, they keep some remnant of their tender warmth underneath the smoldering ashes of many a disappointed and imbibited age, ready to kindle, let us hope, into new immortal brightness, sometime, upon celestial altars.

“But the pistol!” I said, as we drew near the white canvas inclosure. “Are you never afraid? Are you *sure* you can’t be hurt?”

“O yes, quite sure. At first I used to tremble a little, but that was all over long ago. There is no danger.”

He left me, and went in at a side entrance just as the bell was striking. I can never forget my strange excitement as I took my place among the spectators—yet I can recall with distinctness nothing that followed, except the scenes in which my new friend was an actor. If I had thought him beautiful before, how much more so now, as with shining eyes and floating hair he spun round and round the circular area upon the graceful Arabian, which seemed to move only in obedience to his volitions. Through the air he floated like a bubble, the suspended hoops scarcely trembled as he vaulted airily through. The amphitheater rang with deafening shouts of applause. Bowing with fascinating grace, he waved his white hands again and again, but I felt, with the blood swelling and throbbing from my proud heart to my burning temples, that he looked only at me.

At last, Signor Calistino mounted the little stage, which had been prepared for him. One by one his ingenious mystifications were sprung upon the delighted audience. The closing scene arrived. The Signor produced a number of balls, which he exhibited to the spectators, and with one of which a pistol was loaded in their presence. Alberto stepped to the front of the platform, bowed once more to the assembled crowd, flashed one of his rare smiles upon me, and took the apple in his teeth. He stood erect, his head slightly raised, and through a rent in the tent-covering the golden sunlight touched his curling hair, till it glowed like an aureole upon his brow. The old story of the son of William Tell seemed repeated before my eyes, only in the place of the tyrant Gesler stood the dark-browed father, and proffered the

loaded pistol to one of the spectators, who stepped forward at his invitation.

“This may seem, ladies and gentlemen, a daring test of my supernatural powers, but the result will fully justify the experiment. My son is entirely invulnerable. The ball with which you saw this pistol just now loaded will penetrate no further than the center of the apple he holds. The gentleman to whom I have given the pistol, will please discharge it promptly at the word ‘Fire!’”

The signal was given, there was a flash, a sharp report—the boy threw up his arms wildly, and, staggering backward, fell heavily upon the floor and was still.

There was a single moment of breathless suspense, in which no one moved. The wretched father stood as if petrified, gazing with staring eyes upon the prostrate form. A red stream trickled along the white planks of the staging, at his feet, and with a cry of agony he threw himself upon the floor beside his child. Then the great crowd arose as by one irresistible impulse and surged toward the platform. I had been in the front tier of seats and reached it first of all. The boy’s long lashes lay upon his pale cheeks; he breathed slowly, but there was no look of pain upon his face. Suddenly the blue-veined eyelids quivered and unclosed. There was a dreamy incomprehension in the glazing eyes, but their expression cleared a moment after.

“I have killed him!” groaned the father. “God have mercy! O, Emilia, Emilia!”

The boy’s eyes turned upon him with an unspeakably pitiful tenderness; he strove to speak, but no sound came from his whitening lips.

“Me, too, Alberto!” I almost shrieked, “look at me!”

He knew me, and smiled, but his eyes were closing. All at once the lids flew open once more widely, he looked upward, his face glowing with unearthly radiance, his whole being aspiring toward something which he only saw—alas! not me! It was as when a dying flame flickers upward and expires—a little shiver thrilled his limbs, and all was over. I remember no more, for I was carried fainting from the room, and for two days and nights I lay delirious with fever.

By what terrible mistake the fatal leaden bullet had been mixed with the conjurer’s harmless imitations, no one ever knew. But standing, long afterward, beside the little grassy mound in our village cemetery, where a white marble cross marked the stranger boy’s last resting-place, I thanked God for the sure, swift mes-

senger, which had thus lifted that strong, pure, young soul out of the low, dark haunts of soul-famine and miasma—from all the dread possibilities his life must have held of danger, loss, and ruin—into the sunless light and perfect air of heaven.

PORCELAIN MANUFACTURE.

II.

EUROPEAN PORCELAIN.

JOHN FREDERICK BÖTTGER was born in Vogtland in 1682. His father was an ardent seeker for the philosopher's stone. The son followed in the steps of his father, and took service with an old apothecary of Berlin, by name Zorn, who was himself casting looks of courtship at Mistress Alchemy. The King of Saxony, Frederick Augustus, Elector and King of Poland, excited by the young man's reputation, sought to take possession of him exclusively, and when Böttger, had been brought back, after an attempted flight into the territory of the King of Prussia, Frederick Augustus shut him up in the Castle of Wittenberg, and placed over him Ehrenfried Walther de Tschirnhauss, who, himself a chemist, had also studied mineralogy. This latter person, at the apparition of porcelain, had done his best to imitate it, but had produced nothing better than milky glass. For the composition of Böttger's crucibles, Tschirnhauss supplied him with the most refractory clays. He furnished him with the elements of very hard pottery, having all the qualities of porcelain, except its translucency.

Great was the joy in the laboratory! To prevent any whisper of the hopes of the two *collaborateurs* from getting abroad, the King had a laboratory built for them in the Albrechtsburg at Meissen. Touching solicitude! A royal recompense for all the success hitherto obtained!

Tschirnhauss died in 1708, and did not live to witness his associate's success, after a thousand disappointments, in producing his red stone-ware pottery, called "red porcelain." It had no luminousness, and to give it something of the sort it was necessary to polish it on the lapidary's wheel.

It was nevertheless a great success. But now behold, in 1711, a certain John Schnorr, an iron-smith, traversing the environs of Aue, observed the white mire in which his horse was stepping, and imagined it would prove a cheap substitute for the flour then used for powdering wigs. He collected some in his handkerchief, made experiments with it, and ultimately sent

it out largely for sale. Some time after Böttger was surprised at the unaccustomed weight of his peruke; he shook it, examined the white powder that flew out, had the remainder of the packet brought to him, and chancing, as he took it between his fingers, to manipulate it like a plastic clay, he perceived suddenly, in a delirium of joy, that he had discovered the chief substance of porcelain—kaolin. The fact of the positive discovery having been verified, the Elector determined to keep exclusive possession of the secret, and had an official manufactory built inside the Albrechtsburg, of which Böttger became the director. It was a veritable fortress, and had the drawbridge always raised; none but the workmen could enter or go forth at stated periods, and these were bound by a solemn oath to keep till death the secret which their opportunities might have helped them to penetrate; they were aware that whichever one of them should dare to betray it, would be thrown, as a State prisoner, into the dungeons of Kœnigstein till death.

Despite these terrors, a workman named Kozel fled to Vienna, before the death of Böttger, carrying the secret with him. The gay and lively group known as the *Skating Party*, is in porcelain of Vienna, founded in 1720. The manufactory became, subsequent to the year 1744, the property of Maria Theresa, and turned out veritable *chefs-d'œuvre* of elegance and delicacy. The manufactory still exists, but as a private establishment.

Marvels were done by Böttger's successors in the manufactory of Meissen. An age like that of the eighteenth was wanted to prompt the genius of the Germans to such a display of gayety and animation. All Europe went to them for the ornamentation of their shelves and tables. Old Dresden imitated at first China and Japan china so effectually as to deceive the most experienced. Its decorations have a bold, golden tone, with a thickness that will not be forgotten after an inspection of one choice specimen. About the year 1760 a modeler named Kandler executed the principal groups which have made Saxony famous, and are only equaled by Sèvres and Chelsea. The *Five Senses*, the *Marriage à la mode*, the *Tailor of the Count de Brühl and his Wife*, mounted, he on a ram, she on a goat; a hundred little amorini as hussars, as Herculeses, doctors, apothecaries, gardeners; musical apes, soldiers, and people of all conditions; the Muses on Mount Olympus; the theological virtues and Italian comedy—there is a whole world here, laughing, singing, simpering, fretting, grimacing, kissing, undressing, all with a *naïveté*, an archness, a



VASE OF OLD DRESDEN PORCELAIN. (In *Mons. Leopold Double's Collection.*)

suppleness, and buffoonery, truly astounding in their diversity.

Most of the original molds of Meissen or of Dresden are still in existence, notably those of the little white long-haired lap-dogs, whose eyes

low. They furnish good examples, but there is generally a want of harmony in the coloring. Old Dresden fetched the highest prices in England. At the sale of the Bernal collection, some few years back, a pair of candelabra in Dresden porcelain, twenty-four inches in height, composed of a draped female figure seated on a pedestal, with children holding escutcheons, and herself supporting a stem with five branches, was bought by the Marquis of Bath for £251.

Germany, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Denmark, Switzerland, and England imitated Dresden china more or less successfully. But we must quit Dresden to enter France, which had likewise its long course of triumphs.

Louis Poterat, of St. Etienne, obtained in the year 1673 letters patent authorizing him to manufacture, at Rouen, porcelain "in imitation of that of China and Japan." In 1664, at Paris, Claude Révérend pledged himself "to imitate porcelain as fine and finer than that coming from the Indies." These two manufacturers, of whom the first appears to have been a famous Ceramist, were inspired by the imitations of porcelain made by the potters of Delft.

In 1698 an English physician and traveler, named Martin Lister, wrote: "I have seen the pottery of Saint Cloud, and I have not been able to find any difference between the articles produced by this establishment and the finest Chinese porcelain I have ever seen. These pieces are sold at a very high price at St. Cloud. Many groups are asked for a single chocolate

cup." Two years later Legrand d'Aussy writes in his diary: "On the 3d of last month the Duchess of Burgundy, having passed St. Cloud and wound along the river bank in order to call upon the Duchess of Guiche, stopped her carriage at the door of the house where MM. Chicaneau have established their manufactory of fine porcelain, which, without question, has not its equal in all Europe." There is exaggeration here, but it proves the large degree of interest taken in the imitation of the precious productions of the East. In reality the porcelain of St. Cloud, examples of which are known, imitates tolerably well the Chinese white, but is nothing more than a soft ware, coated with a lead varnish, yellowish, and often run in drops.

It will be noted that it was the fashion among the nobles and members of the royal family to patronize the porcelain manufactures; in 1735 we find, in addition, that Menecy-Villerois was established under the protection of the Duke of Villerois; in 1750, Sceaux-Penthièvre. Later, in 1750, Orleans stamps its hard pastes with the label of the Duc de Penthièvre.

Vincennes, at last, is leading us to Sèvres. The Brothers Dubois, having failed at St. Cloud and at Chantilly, came in 1740 to M. Orry de Fulvy, commissioner of the treasury, proposing to divulge the true secret of porcelain. They were installed at Vincennes, and failed again. But one of their workmen, by name Gravant, actually hit upon the method of producing soft porcelain. In 1745 Orry de Fulvy formed a company of eight partners, and privilege to manufacture for a space of thirty years was granted to him under the name of Charles Adam. The establishment was located in the official building of the commissioner at Vincennes.

Great success attended the effort to produce those bouquets in relief imitating nature, pinks, anemones, poppies, wild roses, of which each petal, separately modeled in the hollow of the workman's hand, bears on its reverse side the impression of the lines of the skin, while the petals of the flowers produced in the present day are poured from the mold, and are, consequently, quite smooth.

In 1752 a decree of the council revoked the privilege granted to Adam, and decided that "the pieces of the said manufacture shall be marked with a double L, interlaced in the form of a cipher." The following year King Louis XV shared a third of the expenses. To give the mark a chronological value, a letter of the alphabet was added to it, which was changed every year.

In 1754 the Empress of Russia, watchful of

all that was passing in Europe as regarded letters, sciences, arts, and industry, gave an order for the celebrated service known as the "cameo" service, which did not cost less than 360,000 livres (Tournois).

The establishment became too small for its daily increasing success. Buildings—now falling into ruin—were erected at Sèvres, and it was there that the manufactory, of which the king became sole proprietor in 1760, was transported in 1756. Boileau, who had presided over the works at Vincennes, and had acquired the secret of gilding, retained the directorship. It was to Madame de Pompadour that the encouragement extended to this seductive branch of industry was due.

Up to this period the manufactory produced nothing but those soft pastes, so much sought after in our days, that have a true stamp of aristocracy. But the main endeavor was to accomplish the production of Chinese porcelain, as Dresden had succeeded in doing. In 1761 one of the Hannongs, whose father had founded Frankenthal, offered to divulge the secret of Dresden porcelain for a high price, but the primary substance, kaolin, was still wanting. Réaumur had indeed invented a sort of vitrified glass, opaque, and having a semblance of porcelain, but it was nothing but a semblance.

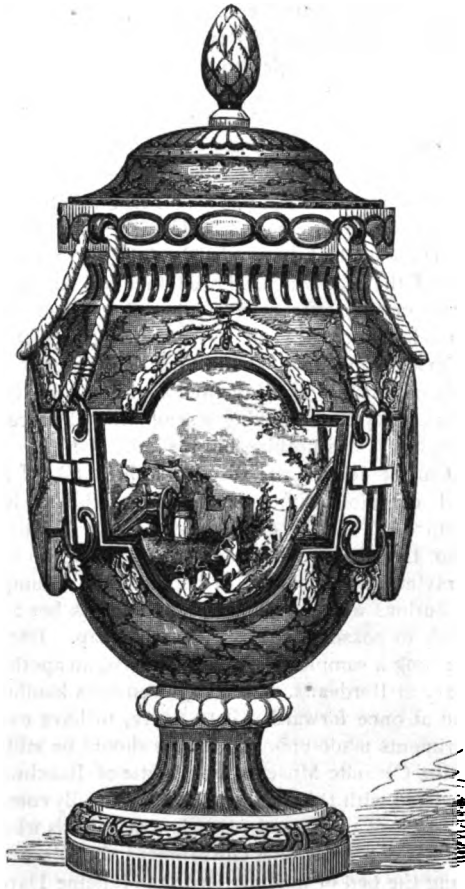
Chance led to the discovery, in 1768, of a bed of kaolin of extraordinary richness in France. The wife of a surgeon of St. Yrieux, near Limoges, a Madame Darnet, picked up in a ravine and presented to her husband a lump of curious white earth, which had struck her as likely to possess the properties of soap. Darnet took a sample of it to one Villaris, an apothecary at Bordeaux, who recognized it as kaolin, and at once forwarded it to Sèvres, to have experiments made upon it. There should be still, in the Ceramic Museum, a statuette of Bacchus modeled with this very kaolin. The sadly comical part of the story is, that it was Villaris who got £1,000 from the Government for discovering the bed of kaolin. In 1825 Madame Darnet was still living, and in a state of wretched poverty; she is heard of begging for assistance to return to St. Yrieux-la-Perche, on foot, as she had left it. On the application of M. Brongniart, in disgust at so melancholy a rendering of the *sic vos non vobis*, the King, Louis XVIII, granted her a small pension from the civil list. To put the case in figures—France, in 1765, imported £12,000 worth of hard porcelain; ten years after the discovery of the St. Yrieux beds of kaolin, her exports were to the same amount.

Kaolin may be likened to those treasures in



fairy tales, which hide themselves from the cunning and reveal themselves to the innocent. A bed was discovered at Rudolstadt, in Thuringia, by a good woman who brought to a chemist what she called, "a white dust, excellent for drying ink on paper."

Perhaps nothing in French art or industry will be found to equal the influence gained in Europe by the manufactory of Sèvres. Saxony had spread the fashion, but the French taste and charm was now seen to triumph, while during and since the middle of the eighteenth cen-



FONTENOY VASE. (*Sèvres Porcelain.*)

tury nothing has surpassed it. At this period French *esprit* recovered full possession of its faculties, imitated no more, and lived on its own capital; it was itself, alert, winged, polished, learned without stiffness, philosophical in the *salon* as in the press. Sèvres is, in some sort, the "illustration" of this chapter in the history of France, where this art is displayed most characteristically, and the fragile leaves must not be smiled at. Conquests by arms are subject to strange reverses of fortune, and the

future rarely confirms the most promising of grand political programmes. The discoveries of science have an altogether relative greatness; they are but the successively forged links of a chain that passes through the laboratory of a chemist, and stretches to no one knows whither; they are unstable as science itself, of which the center is perpetually shifting. The creations of art only are living facts, in whatever form they are produced; the sublimity essentially belonging to the Parthenon, the Venus of Milo, the Syracusan medallions, to all Greek art, is immovable; nothing can extinguish the sublimity of the Bible, of the Greek and Indian poems, of Dante, Shakspeare, and Molière. Material facts are relative, intellectual, absolute.

Is an example required? What are the benefits derived by the France of to-day from the battle of Fontenoy, fought on the 11th of May, 1745? What winds of oblivion have not breathed on the dust of the laurels of Marshal Saxe? Some generations further, and it will be a name that a careless posterity will have allowed to sink more and more into the growing obscurity of hosts of other historical names. But now, does not the monument raised to his memory at Strasbourg seem to wax more youthful, while it is more and more loudly praised? It was but the other day, that in the sumptuous mansion of M. Léopold Double, an amateur who surrounds himself with none but beautiful objects, we beheld this same battle of Fontenoy, whose date we had forgotten, revived upon two vases that Louis XV had, without doubt, ordered of the manufactory for the conqueror. "Singular heralds to dispatch to future ages!" some philosopher of the day may have exclaimed. Yet they live in all the lively splendor of their rose groundwork, veined with gold and blue; between green palms the triumphal, mural, and obsidional—grass—crowns are interwoven; Genest has painted, after Morin, military scenes on two large escutcheons; here, the French troops carry the works defended by artillery, and spike the guns; there, they drive back the enemy into the orchards a little way out of the village of Fontenoy. Bachelier composed the warrior trophies, and they give the highest heroical aspect possible to this patent of glory in soft paste.

For another example, Buffon, if he returned in the flesh, and in ruffles, would find many of the volumes of his "Natural History," which has been set aside by recent labors, neglected on the book-stalls, while, at M. Double's, he would still see the service which he called his "Sèvres Edition." It is a table-service,

counting more than a hundred pieces, upon which all the birds described in his book have been painted with the utmost nicety.

But our enthusiasm must be moderated, or it will run ahead of our judgment. The art of Sèvres is far from thoroughly exemplifying the art of the eighteenth century. It is but a feeble side of it, and in lingering over it our excuse is, that it has a European renown, and that choice specimens are fought for by amateurs with bundles of bank-notes. Three years ago a set of three deep-blue vases, decorated with enamels, fetched at a public auction £2,520! At the Bernal sale, every article was run up in the same degree by the English aristocracy. The two richest collections are those of the Marquis of Hertford, of which a fractional part was exhibited at the "Exposition Rétrospective de l'Union Centrale," and those of Queen Victoria, at Buckingham Palace. This royal collection was principally formed under the superintendence of Beau Brummel, afterward bought by George IV. In 1853 her Majesty exhibited sixty-six pieces, for the edification of the decorative artists, at Marlborough House.

This royal manufacture continued to live a factitious life up to the close of the eighteenth century, preserving the antiquated grace proper to the sound of the harpsichord, or the faint harmony of hue in water-colors wasted by the light. But, without having produced any thing great, Sèvres has realized the ideal of prettiness. The decadence commenced with the Revolution and the Empire, and since then the abyss has not been filled up. Napoleon gave the strongest encouragement to the manufactory, chiefly for the purpose of beating the English and other centers of production. The useful killed the pleasurable, at the same time that the pedantic stifled that conventional but exquisite antique style which the seventeenth century had, with the best faith in the world, bent to its wants and dreams. The architect ejected the decorator and sculptor, the *savant* oppressed the artist, and the studio was overcome by the laboratory.

In the period following 1848, under M. Ebelmen, there was still some elbow-room for art; among the decorations of this time we would select the "Vase de la Guerre," designed by M. Diéterle, and executed by M. Choiselet. Sèvres then counted in its ranks Jean Feuchères, Klagmann, Diéterle, Lessore, A. Choiselet, and Laemlein. Subsequently, Sèvres has gone through the Néo-Greek stage, and its decoration has come out of it a degree lower, so to say, than the temperature of those comets

borne by the stern laws of gravitation millions of leagues distant from the sun. One single master, M. Hamon, stamped his lucidly delusive and balanced touch on the figures of the pink and plump young girls walking home gravely, with a lily on the shoulder, holding butterflies with strings, or tinting with blue the corolla of a convolvulus. M. Hamon's painting, either so indistinct or so harsh in his pictures, took a soft and subtle harmony on the polished shining surface of porcelain. There was decidedly, in M. Hamon, the half-awakened soul of a Greek potter, and Sèvres was unable to make any use of it.

Let it not be thought that the manufacture has sunk very low. It is capable of reproducing all the ancient models for amateurs rich enough to pay for their whims. But the experiments also would have to be paid for, and the excitement abandoned of rummaging in curiosity shops, which can do all this better and cheaper.

One of the happiest efforts of decoration realized in our day consists in applying white pastes on céladon, toned gray, fresh green, coffee, or clear chocolate. The invention dates from about fifteen years back. It has been employed by MM. Choiselet, Regnier, and Gely, with various success.

A young sculptor, M. Solon, has almost made it his own by the skill and taste with which he handles it. Numerous oxides may be employed for the colors producing céladons, and the half-tones are infinite. The most exquisite shade is one reminding us of a "cloud of cream" in a cup of tea. But fire being the abode of malicious little gnomes, it results that the most careful mixtures have hardly much more chance of coming out perfect than those where the palette is left to its own chance, and the Ceramist can not hope to be absolute master of his projects.

The white paste, or *engobe*, is applied with a brush, in successive layers, on the colored paste, which itself is embodied with the porcelain, that is to say, a given thickness added to it, either by means of a brush or by immersion; thus making a rough shape, which is afterward rounded and trimmed with sharp and cutting implements, or by means of a small scraper, until it has attained a given thickness. When this bas-relief is completed—for it is a real bas-relief—it is subjected to the first baking, which gives it consistence enough for it to be dipped at once into the enamel. Lastly, comes the final baking, and, provided the piece has succeeded, nothing can exceed the charm of the result: the thicker portions, in melting,



A VESTAL. (Statuette of *Sèvres Biscuit*.)

parent, remembering, too, those transparencies of porcelain which were called *lithophanies*. They seem aerial, and floating, half-drowned in a fluid mass. They recall the chalk studies, in white on blue paper, which Proudhon used to draw, and suggest, at the same time, the heads by Correggio, stamped out in Italian stone. Like those mysterious masterpieces, they seem to be gifted with actual palpitations and real smiles.

M. Solon, who also signs his delicate bas-reliefs with the word *Milès*, is gifted with a perfectly modern sentiment for decoration. These nymphs, who push aside the reeds of the brook; these Psyches, who are lighting a Diogenes lantern; these water nymphs, reclining on the brink of the waters, which flow from their bended urns; these chimeric figures, which stand erect, with bulging throats; and these Medusas, whose hair is composed more of strings of pearls than of snakes—these are the dream of an artist born in our day, and who only claims of antiquity or the Renaissance the more exquisite details of their fancy. You can, without hesitation, in all security, insert them in the panels of the book-case which contains the works of De Musset, or on the carved shelf which is to carry bronzes of Barye; or, again, introduce them in the frame chiseled by the hand of Feuchères, on the wall, beside water-colors by Delacroix: for their lightness and

retain a relief which forms the actual outline: on the other hand, the thinner parts enable the groundwork to show through them, and these form the flesh, a cloud, or floating draperies. If the reader is acquainted with Wedgwood's biscuit paste, the figures of which are drawn in profile, in white on a blue ground, he has only to imagine them to have become trans-

grace they deserved to be called the younger sisters of this contemporaneous family. M. Solon has already met with thorough appreciation in that little circle of persons of taste whose sympathy makes up for the noisy applause commanded by mediocrity. If only some illustrious amateur would lend his assistance to the matter, his works would, even to-morrow,

be sought for with greater care than are those old rarities, of vulgar form, whose sole merit is their antiquity, and which take the first place in the curiosity shops.

The manufactory of Sèvres, which we now hope to see occupying a wider artistic sphere, is undoubtedly the richest in painters, sculptors, modelers, and chemists, that the world possesses. We are precluded from entering deeply into the more curious and minute of its details. We give here a summary sketch of the series of manipulation through which the kaolin passes after it has been taken in its primitive condition at St. Yrieux, near Limoges, and mixed with chalk from Bougival. It arrives in tubs, and is thrown into large coppers full of water; the actual kaolin then detaches itself; when separate and solid it forms a white powder, which requires no other trituration; this is the foundation of the paste; at the bottom of the copper there is a deposit of a sort of feldspathic sand, which, subsequently pounded in a mill, and assisted in the baking by the carbonate of lime, or chalk, gives the requisite glaze and its transparency. These three elements, mixed and kneaded with the utmost care, constitute the paste for the throwers to handle, either on a species of lathe, or by the casting process, for pieces of extreme thinness; that is, by pouring the paste, when in a liquid state, into a mold of a porous kind of wood. The piece, which now possesses all its constitutive elements of material, has only to be trimmed and finished; it then goes through the first baking, then it is dipped, either plain white or decorated, into the glaze, a liquid enamel which is a mixture of feldspar and quartz; the pulverized portion, which quickly adheres to the prepared paste, is termed the "covering." The "incasing," or the process by which the pieces are protected from the direct action of the fire, is carried out by means of small cases or seggars, of which Palissy has already spoken.

The placing into the kiln is a practical operation of the most delicate sort; for from that moment the fire is the all-powerful and sole agent; and whatever the secrets with which a hundred years of experience have endowed the bakers, whatever the precautions with which they are now armed, nothing can forestall the cruel and irremediable caprices to which this process is subject. When these cases are duly piled and disposed in their allotted place, those containing the more delicate pieces being placed in the medium heat, the door of the furnace is bricked up. The furnace is lighted; pieces of birch wood are thrown in, due care being taken

gradually to increase the size and thickness of them, and the baking, occasionally subjected to an enormously high temperature, lasts from thirty to forty hours. It is possible, to some extent, at certain stages of the process, to overlook the incandescent center of the oven, by means of long tubes, which reach it by passing through the thick brick walls, closed with a piece of glass of great thickness. Coal will, in all probability, be used for the ovens of the new manufactory. It is every-where found serviceable and economical. The first attempts to substitute coal for wood were made at Lille, in 1784.

The extracting from the furnace, which also requires great care and delicacy of handling, even after a cooling of not less than eight days, is followed by a period of great anxiety, for it is only at this moment that the peace is signed with those demons of caprice and whimsical perverseness presiding over these tedious manipulations. Only a few degrees more or less of caloric intensity at this or that moment in the baking—influencing, as it does, a whole furnace-full—will represent thirty or forty thousand francs, of material and workmanship, transferred into a mass of useless rubbish!

We will now desist from following, either in the workshops at Paris, Limoges, England, or Russia, the history, either past or present, of a substance which, standing almost alone among the more recent discoveries of humanity, has solved the difficulty of combining the useful with the agreeable and ornamental. For a whole century France held it as its own exclusively, without rivalry. We must not deny her that conquest. In a few weeks from the present time, the manufactory of Sèvres, originally built under the direction of an amiable and intelligent woman, will leave its present old and respectable roof, the walls of which are trembling with age, to enter a modern palace. May it take advantage of this step to commune with its conscience and examine itself, with a view to further development and improvement!

FOR my own part, if my pocket were full of stones, I should have no right to throw one at the greatest backslider upon earth. I have either done as bad or worse than he, or I certainly should if the Lord had left me a little to myself, for I am made of just the same materials; if there be any difference it is wholly of grace. So says John Newton. In the same spirit Baxter, on seeing a criminal led to execution, cried out, "There goes Richard Baxter but for the grace of God!"

## A PROTEST FROM THE PARSONAGE.

A GENERAL association was once formed in London for the suppression of vice. A humorous clergyman present, who had probably been annoyed by meddling parishioners, suggested the importance of a society for the suppression of *advice*.

No Protestant would avowedly dispute every man's right to act according to his own conscience. Yet there prevails a kind of Popish interference entirely at variance with this right. Somebody is always setting up a standard for somebody else, or attempting to square another's conduct according to his own notions.

"We ought to draw some line of distinction between the Church and the world," remarks Mrs. A., "and that line I make artificial flowers."

So, with zeal worthy of a better cause, she labors to bring her neighbors to her standpoint; and by and by we have a clique who pronounce the wearing of flowers inconsistent with the religious profession. To all intents and purposes they constitute themselves an Anti-artificial-Flowers Association, distributing their sermons and their censures *ad libitum*.

Some make curling or crimping the hair the point of departure from spirituality; others fix upon gay ribbons and feathers, and others still upon frills and flounces. Some go out on a crusade against one form of amusement, and some against another, directing their linguistic batteries, each against his own point of attack.

Thus standards are set up as a code of morals, and a rule of Christian life, which are purely arbitrary. If you, my good friend, have a warrant for denouncing curls, why have not I an equal one for denouncing braids? If you feel bound to make war upon chess, why should you complain if I make war upon checkers?

There always have been differences of opinion on ethical as well as on political and theological subjects, and so long as human nature remains unchanged, these differences will continue. Paul insists on individuality of conscience, and sternly rebukes the censorious intermeddler. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." The Church is founded on a common faith, a common love, and not on cases of conscience. Broad, general rules are laid down in Scripture for our guidance, and every one should be allowed to make the application for himself. This man is given to reflection, that one to activity; one is of the ascetic, and another of the epicurean school; one is a conservative, and the other a radical. Where the Divine Word is explicit, all classes are equally

bound; but where it leaves the decision to conscience, an ample margin should be allowed for diversity of opinion.

We are entitled to free discussion on any and all points, but we have no more right to lay down a specific *regimen* for our neighbor, and press it upon his observance, than he has to do this by us. A loving watchfulness is included in the idea of covenant, and is a high Christian duty. But such interference as I refer to, is contrary alike to the spirit of Protestantism, and to the genius of Christianity. Whatever you can properly do to increase the spirituality and stimulate the zeal of your Christian brother and sister, that it is well for you to do. But you have no more right to dictate how their hair shall be worn, in what amusements they are at liberty to indulge, and the number of meetings they ought to attend, than how many hours they should sleep, and at what time they should take their meals.

Your disposition, it may be, is a morose one; consequently, when you happen in the company of some brother who possesses a great flow of animal spirits, and who never appears without bringing rays of sunlight and breezes of merriment, you are inclined to discharge volleys of rebuke upon his head.

"Happy is he who condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

But many are not willing to leave things at what they regard such loose ends. They prefer to try every man on that Procrustean bed which seems destined never to wear out. Particularly are they given to stretching clergymen and their families upon it. Some parishioners regard themselves as having a kind of right over their minister, as voters over their representative. One pastor is dismissed because in theological opinions he is "Old School," and another because he is "New School;" one because he is a Republican, and another because he is a Democrat; one because, though an earnest man of God, he differs from some of his people as to the best means of promoting temperance, and another, because he does not agree with all his people on the difficult subject of amusements.

"It is in the Church," says The Easy Chair, "that Mrs. Grundy nods supreme, and holds highest her virtuous hands of horror. She does not permit the clergyman to do what he thinks right and best, but insists upon what she thinks he ought to think right and best. The very person she has invited to take charge of her, is the very one she will not suffer to do this, that, or the other. Why do n't the ministers break Mrs. Grundy's head?"

A question easily asked, yet to do *the deed* would be found very far from easy. When the lords of Vanity Fair break the head of fashionable Mrs. Grundy, then, and not before, the combined clergy may attempt the same with pious Mrs. Grundy. For the present, there seems no escape from her arrogant *dicta* and her inter-meddling fingers.

"Do n't you ever have any new dresses?" asks a parish juvenile of one of the parsonage children. "And for pity's sake why do n't your mother get you a new hat, instead of letting you wear that shabby, old thing, that looks as if it came out of the ark?"

Miss Briggs, a seamstress, who has been working in the minister's family, is assailed by one of the flock.

"Do tell if Mr. Gilbert has to wait on his wife the whole time?"

"On the contrary, it's she that waits on him."

"So they've got hold of the wrong one; and it's *she* that's the slave."

"It's nothing of the sort whatever—she does it of her own free will."

"Their last girl, Debby Ann, let out a sight of strange things about the family."

"I suppose you took the liberty of catechising her, did n't you!"

"Of course I did. I think we've got a perfect right to know what's going on in the minister's family."

It would sometimes seem a matter of doubt whether the minister is settled over the parish, or the parish over the minister. This is a point that ought to be definitely understood in the beginning. "I hear you are about to be settled over the people at Stonington," said a minister to a brother clergyman. "Yes," he replied, "if I am settled there, I shall be settled *over*, and not under them."

It is related of Rev. John Hancock, of Lexington, Mass., that, when quite advanced, his two deacons, after consultation with the Church members, decided that it was desirable to put some check upon their minister. So they called at his house, and proposed that ruling elders should be appointed to divide his cares with him. He meekly assented to their proposition, thanking them for their consideration, and expressing the hope that they themselves might be the ones chosen to this work.

Encouraged by his pliability they told him that he, as a learned man, was the most competent person to decide on the duties of the elders.

"Yes," he replied, "I have studied ecclesiastical history a great deal, and I think I know just what such elders ought to do. I should

like to have one of them come up to my house before meeting on Sunday and get my horse out of the barn, and then saddle him and bring him up to the door, and hold the stirrup while I get on. The other may wait at the church door and hold him while I get off; then, after meeting, he may bring him up to the steps."

But whatever room for doubt there may be whether the minister is settled over or under his people, it is quite clear that many consider the minister's *wife* as under their special watch and care. Some complain if she wears long dresses, and some if she wears short ones; some if she wears a large bonnet, some if she wears a small one, and some if she wears neither, but instead the fashionable top-knot. Some take offense if she wears flounces, frilling, quilling, or whatever trimming happens to be the rage, and others if she does not wear it. Thus she is equally liable to censure whether she chances to be *in* or *out* of fashion.

A minister's wife who wore a flounced dress, was visited one day by a couple of ladies who protested against ministerial flounces. Quietly leaving the room, she presently returned with the dress, and handing each of them a pair of scissors, requested them to rip off the offending flounces, and then excused herself to finish her baking. When she returned the parlor was empty and the flounces untouched.

Some extend their supervision beyond the externals—one objecting to madam's reading in foreign tongues, and another to her reading a great deal in her own; one finding fault if she gives much time to music, and another if she gives much to drawing. And worse than this, if she should be guilty of writing any thing for the press, it is whispered about the parish that her husband and children are grossly neglected and her household fast going to destruction.

There are those who, from their actions, would seem to be lawfully constituted overseers of their pastor's family. It is a part of their daily business to furnish a bulletin of all that is going on within it. The bars which exclude the world from other homes are, in this case, broken down or climbed over. The whole household is under espionage, its servants being suborned as reporters and for other police duties, while even the little children are put into the witness box.

Thus a thorough inspection is secured, and by a system of questioning and cross-questioning, every trifle is ferreted out and hung up before Mrs. Grundy's face and eyes for her free comments—how the parson's wife spends her time; how the children behave; what the minister's salary was in his last settlement; what

presents he used to receive, and whether he has any money laid up; what was the cost of baby's blanket; how madam came by such a handsome sack; what they had for dinner yesterday, and where in the world they got their piano.

For such parish intermeddling I can not find a shadow of justification. What would be impertinence toward a lawyer's household, is equally so toward a minister's. He has the same right to judge for himself, and to act according to his own convictions as every other man. He has, moreover, the right in common with all others, except criminals, to a home-sanctuary. And if these busybodies in other men's matters will take the trouble to look into the dictionary, they will find that sanctuary means "a sacred asylum, a place of protection;" by which I understand protection not only against intruding feet, but against prying eyes and backbiting tongues.

But while a protest is thus made against encroachment on parsonage rights, no apology is offered for that spirit of domination which is sometimes seen in the minister toward his parish, or in the Church to its particular members. Yet if the Church insists on assuming this censorship, the question arises how far private tastes and judgments are to be governed by it. Or to be more specific, are we bound to give up amusements that we consider unexceptionable, because some Church member or members have entered their *caveat*?

As a question of mere abstract right I should answer no. But the law is one thing, and the Gospel another. From that higher stand-point of a broad Christian philanthropy, the question assumes a different aspect. By a cheerful sacrifice of any innocent enjoyment out of regard to a Christian brother or sister, we might often lose less than we should gain. And the quality of the gain would be far more precious than that of the loss.

Yet in such concessions, we should not yield unwisely. Where we honestly believe that injury would result from the surrender of our own judgment to that of others, it becomes a question whether we ought not to make a stand. For we are bound to consider, not only weak brothers and sisters, but the many Christians who differ from them, and particularly those outsiders whom we would gladly attract, but whom we are in danger of repelling by unwarrantably multiplying the number of "Thou shalt nots."

To draw these outsiders within our sphere of influence, we should, in the spirit of the apostle, "become all things to all men, that by

any means we might save some." To hold ourselves apart from worldly men for fear of evil influence, is, as some one says, "as if the salt should stand aloof from the flesh, lest it should be corrupted; or as if the light should stand aloof from the darkness, lest it should be obscured."

### THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

As I lay awake in the night,  
And heard the pattering rain,  
Faintly I caught the rumbling sound  
Of the coming midnight train.  
The world was murky and still,  
The air was loaded with damp,  
And on the folds of the mist it came,  
The noise of this iron tramp;  
Plunging through darkness and fog;  
Screaming its signals before;  
Searching the night with its eye of flame,  
And filling the earth with its roar.  
I knew all the track, and could tell,  
By the sinking and swell of the sound,  
When it darted through woods, or toiled up a  
grade,  
Or leaped o'er a bridge at a bound.  
Now the sound floated free on the air;  
Now it died round the curve of a hill;  
Now lost to the ear in the deep rocky pass;  
But the mad thing was rushing on still;  
Plunging through blackness and mist;  
Sending wild 'larums before;  
Howling like demon of darkness let loose  
From Acheron's fiery shore.  
And now all the windings are passed,  
And out it comes on to the plain,  
Shaking the earth as it tears along  
Through midnight blackness and rain.  
Nearer and nearer it comes,  
Louder the crash and the roar,  
Bearing its precious load of life,  
Two hundred souls and more.  
Many their errands be—  
Some journey for traffic and gain—  
Some go to the gloomy chambers of death,  
And some to the bridal train.  
Here are eyes heavy with sleep,  
Here bright with the light of love,  
In joy and in tears, with hopes and with fears,  
On through the darkness they move.  
And now it goes by at a leap,  
Wild the weird flashes it throws!  
Out of thick darkness it comes in its flight,  
And into thick darkness it goes.  
Plunging through blackness and fog;  
Sending loud signals before;  
Searching the night with its eye of flame,  
And filling the earth with its roar.

## THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

II.

## LILIACEOUS PLANTS.

THE beautiful plants which constitute the Liliales have been cultivated and admired for ages. In Fig. 1 the petaloid corolla of the lily is represented; and in Fig. 3 the group of lilies represented will give a general idea of the habit of the type of the *Liliales*.

The protecting envelope of the flower of the lily—Fig. 1—is composed of six folioles or petals, which as a whole form the delicate white and odorous flowers. Of these six folioles, the three exterior ones constitute a petal-shaped calyx; while the three inner ones, which are



FIG. 1. PETALOID COROLLA OF THE LILY.

placed alternately with those of the outer circle, and differ slightly in form and color from them, constitute the corolla.

The androecium is composed of six stamens, disposed in two verticils with white filaments, elongate two-celled anthers attached to their backs, filled with a yellowish pollen, and opening longitudinally.

The pistil of the lily is composed of three carpels, as may be ascertained by an examination of the constituent parts. These three carpels are united, constituting one whorl; thus appearing as one organ standing in the center of the flower, *o* being the ovary, *s* the style, and *st* the stigma—Fig. 2. The ovary, which is free or superior, presents three swelling sides externally, with three inner cells, the walls of which correspond to the three deep external grooves formed by three capillary leaves united together by their contiguous edges. Numerous ovules are inserted in two series at the central

angle of the cells. The style, which is thickest at the summit, is crowned by a three-lobed stigma. The matured fruit forms a capsule which opens of itself—not by deglutination, but by an opening in the dorsal suture of each cell; that is to say, the dehiscence is *loculicidal*. The seed presents an embryo in a direct axis in fleshy albumen.

The lily is a deep-rooted perennial plant, with bulbous root. The bulb is scaly—Fig. 4—the stems of the large proportion of those which are natives of cold countries perish after ripening their leaves, flowers, and fruit. The leaves generally are lanceolate in their lower parts and linear above; the last ovate as well as lanceolate. The flowers form a cluster, white, yellowish, or reddish, brown or spotted, according to their variety.

The liliaceous plants are generally large and showy, especially in those with annual stems, as the lily itself, the fritillaria, the odorous hyacinth, the Star of Bethlehem, the hemerocallæ, and the tulip, which combines all that is rich and beautiful in color and form. But there are liliales of arborescent size and stem, as the dragon-tree—*Dracena draco*—in which the flower is less in size, so that the largest trees have the smallest flowers.

The *Tulipea*, which Dr. Lindley considers



FIG. 2.



FIG. 4. BULB OF THE LILY.





FIG 3. GROUP OF WHITE LILIES.

the type of the order, are bulb-producing annual stems, bearing cup-shaped flowers remarkable for their colors, without spathes, and the anthers lightly attached to a stiff filament. This division of the order includes the lilies, fritillarias, dog's-tooth violet. One of these, the *Lilium Chalcedonicum*, covers the plains of Syria with its scarlet flowers.

The *Hemerocallææ*, or day lilies, have the calyx and corolla joined together, so as to form a tube of considerable length. The fragrant tuberose and agapanthus belong to this division, and the aloes resemble them in almost all their parts, except the thick succulent foliage.

The *Asperagææ* includes the common aspar-

agus and the lily of the valley, *Dracena* and *Ruscus*. The geographical limits of the order are as wide as its differences. Aloes abound in the southern parts of Africa. The dragon-trees, the most gigantic of the order, attain their greatest size in the Canaries, where the dragon-tree of Orotava (Fig. 5) is described as being between seventy and seventy-five feet high, and forty-six feet in circumference at the base. All travelers to Teneriffe visit this gigantic plant, which was, according to tradition, an object of adoration to the Guanchos, who are the primitive people of these islands. It is probably long anterior to historic times. At the conquest of Teneriffe by the Spaniards,

it was already as large and as hollow as it is to-day.

"This gigantic tree," says Von Humboldt in his "Pictures of Nature," "grows in the garden

of M. Franchi, in the little villa of Orotava, called Taora, one of the most beautiful spots in the civilized world. In 1799, when we ascended the peak of Teneriffe, we found that this enor-



FIG. 5. DRAGON'S BLOOD TREE (*Dryasandra Draca.*)

mous vegetable was forty-five feet in circumference a little above the root. Sir George Staunton asserts that at the height of ten feet the tree is twelve feet in diameter. Tradition reports that this tree was an object of veneration

to the Guanchos, as the Elm of Ephesus was to the ancient Greeks; and that in 1402, when Bethencourt visited the island, it was as large and as hollow as it is now. The most gigantic dragon-tree that I have seen in the

Canary Isles was sixteen feet in diameter; it seemed to enjoy an eternal youth, and still bore flowers and fruits.

"When Bethencourt, the French adventurer, conquered the Canary Isles in the sixteenth century, the dragon-tree of Orotava was found to be as sacred in the estimation of the natives as was the olive of the Athenian Acropolis in the eyes of its inhabitants. It is described as being of the same colossal dimensions as it has attained in our day. In the Torrid Zone, a forest of *Cæsalpinia* and of *Hymenæa* is perhaps a monument one thousand years old; and remembering that the dragon-tree of Orotava is of very slow growth—that its appearance now differs very slightly from the same tree described four hundred years ago—we may conclude that it is extremely aged. It is, without contradiction, with the *Baobab*, perhaps the most ancient inhabitant of our planet.

"It is very singular," he adds, "that the dragon-tree has been cultivated from very remote times in the Canaries, in the islands of Madeira and Porto Santo, although it must have come from the East Indies, a fact which contradicts the assertion of those who would represent the Guanchos as an Atlantic race, entirely isolated, and as having no connection with the Asiatic or African races."

The *Dracana* are evergreens, either of a shrubby or arboraceous nature, having long slender stems, often columnar after the manner of the Palms; their trunks present marks, cicatrices produced by fallen leaves; they are soft and cellular at the center, with a circle of stringy fibers toward the exterior. The leaves are simple, but in some of the species, instead of the veins running parallel with the midrib, they are perpendicular to it, after the character of the leaves of *Musaceæ*. They are usually clustered together at the end of the branches, like the inflorescence, which is terminal. The structure of the stem and leaves is interesting, as the fossil genera *Clathraria* and *Sternbergia* have been compared to *Dracana*, the former by Adolphe Brongniart, and the latter by Dr. Lindley.

The LILIALES are distinguished by their complete flowers, free from the ovary, by their sepals and petals being equally colored, by their delicate and well-developed flowers, and by their abundance of albumen. The true lilies have some slight resemblance to the rushes. The wood of some of them, as *Yucca* and *Dracana*, arranges itself in circles, indicating a tendency to approach the great class of Exogens.

The LILIACEÆ, the typical family of the group, are herbaceous plants, shrubs, or trees,



FIG. 6.  
FLOWERING RUSH.

with bulbs, tubers, rhizomes, or fibrous roots. The leaves are narrow and sword-shaped, with parallel veins, only a very small number expanding into broad blades with diverging veins. The flowers are perfect, conspicuous, in spikes, heads, and clusters; umbel or panicles generally large and showy.

They are all water-plants, with erect and leafless stems, narrow leaves dilated at the base, and pediceled perfect flowers, forming a terminal umbel, subtended by three membranous bracts, a perianth with six divisions,

the three outer petals slightly colored and distinct from the sepals, which are larger and more highly colored. Stamens nine, with free ovary, consisting of six carpels more or less united by the ventral suture. The style is short, terminating in a lateral stigma.

The *Alismaceæ* are aquatic plants, floating on ponds or growing in swampy places, distinguished from other orders of the same group by the sepals and petals being perfectly distinct from each other both in color and position. The root is usually a perennial creeping rhizome. The flowers form umbels, racemes, or panicles. The leaves expand into a broad blade with parallel veins. The water plants, as they are sometimes called, are known by their numerous carpels, and imperfect floral envelope. They are chiefly natives of northern regions, but several *Sagittarias* are found in the tropics of both hemispheres.

#### EDUCATION OF MOTHERS.

THE scornful war-cry of the Suffragists is echoing over the land, "Woman's chief end is to get married." How horrible! To the rescue at once, "gentle Anna," and irresistible, invincible "Susan B."

But what of motherly, silver-headed Mrs. Stanton, and deliberate, judicious Mrs. Livermore? Have they repented their youthful weakness and girlish troth-plighting? How can Mrs. Stanton discourse so lovingly of the children she has reared, all the while believing

that they are the result of an indiscretion which has helped retard the car of civilization several centuries? Then the census returns: have figures lost significance, or, retaining a show of knowledge, do they fail to indicate truly the state of society? When from three-fourths to nine-tenths of women marry, does not the crime lose its criminality? Make a liberal discount for the number forced into marriage for support, and a home, and you have still a large majority representing those who enter it deliberately, with *malice prepense*, and, during the last few years, with a tolerably good idea of the sin of the thing.

And shall we of the married sisterhood; we, the well married, the intelligently married, sit tamely, after paying our entrance fees, and have ourselves maligned in a public lecture, as stupid, if not mercenary; as rushing either ignorantly or calculatingly into a state we were never intended to enter at all?

To my mind that would be a far wiser and less impertinent reform which should candidly admit the existence of a large proportion of womankind who will elect and enter upon the matrimonial career; one that, in making ample provision for such as choose a more independent life, shall also stipulate for a more thorough preparation of women for the positions of wife and mother.

If this matrimonial career be not now the "honorable estate" it was ordained and instituted, it must be largely owing to the mis-education of the parties entering it. Public opinion is always on the side of excellence, but where there is lack of *properly directed* effort, there can be no excellence.

There is now no study in the college course engaged in with the distinct purpose of making married life more successful, or a home more harmonious; none that a young lady takes up feeling free to say, "I am preparing for marriage and home-making."

I would propose a reform which should in its results enable women to declare, if arraigned before the tribunal of *modern* reformers, "I do intend to marry; it is my aim in life, and I am engaged in fitting myself for such duties as it involves" as unhesitatingly as the young man informs us of his choice of the medical profession and preparation therefor.

I would have a girl's education no longer ignore those vast fields of social and domestic science in which, as daughters, wives, and mothers, they need to glean an ample store.

For it is true, O! paterfamilias, that your daughter scarcely understands the first principles of daughterhood. Your lovely daughter is

not now the house-wife—wife, in the Saxon, meaning weaver—but, as Ruskin says, the "house-moth." She is not "weaving and embroidering your fortune, but feeding upon and bringing it to decay." And she is not much to blame for it either. The fault lies in the schools where you have placed her, and somewhat in the basis upon which the schools are founded. So far as the course of study in girls' schools affords thorough discipline to the mind, enlarges comprehension of, and capacity for, truth, there is no fault to be found with it; but the great want, it seems to me, is a proper *direction* and *application* of the truths imparted, and in some departments, the opening of a wider range of thought and study.

For example: Chemistry is in the curriculum. Its principles are demonstrated by numerous experiments, highly entertaining, but of what practical availability to the woman who marries and keeps house? And yet "here comes one" Professor Blot, who, with his careful compounding, and chemical preparations, sets the woman's world all astir, and sends every woman to the stealthy review of first principles. Why not have Professor Blot, or his representative, in the first place? some one who shall make application of philosophical truth to the common uses of life?

It is not all bread-making, however, this domestic sphere; but if it were, what endless research, what stores of information must be requisite according to Ruskin again, who says, "Cooking means the knowledge of Judea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebecca, and of the Queen of Sheba; it means the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting, and no wasting, it means English thoroughness, French art, and Arabian hospitality; it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always 'ladies'—loaf-givers; and as you are to see imperatively that every body has something pretty to put on, so you are to see yet more imperatively that every body has something nice to eat!"

No doubt in the present straining after high culture and high art, suggestions like these, of "something nice to eat," and "something pretty to put on," strike the reader as grossly material, and yet material human nature must eat, must wear clothes, nor does the necessity give promise of being outgrown. Let us bring eat-

ing and dressing into the realm of high culture and high art, I think, is Mr. Ruskin's idea, recognizing in the ministrations of food and dress fit subjects for a better education.

The woman who enters the second step of the career, wifehood, who takes a place as the joint head of the household, takes also a position in society, but at a great disadvantage when the definitions of the position have been vaguely taught her, and oftener not at all. Here where the road widens, there is no mud that the obstacles and stumbling-blocks multiply, if the highway has been properly "cast up" before. Society in its heart "accepts no man's person." It is said that the stranger entering New York society must satisfactorily answer the question, "How much is he worth?" Philadelphia, "Who were his ancestors?" Boston, "What does he know?" but take it the world over, the catechism is abridged and comprehended in this, "*What is he?*"

Answering this question, we all fall into rank and find our level. We come to be known as the pretty, simple-minded women, the "*real good women*," the Dorcases, the fine housekeepers, the women of intelligence, the brilliant, showy women, the intellectual and the versatile women, and so on, till the category is exhausted. What requires more special preparation and equipment than this filling one's place in society? The uneducated, even illiterate *man* often ranks higher than his more intelligent wife, and why? Because he gets by contact with business and intelligence, and what a learned Professor calls "intellectual grazing," that which now lies out of her reach and range. The fields in which she would "graze" most naturally stretch afar off, and those nearer by afford little nutriment to sustain intelligence. So her little stock grows threadbare and needs patching, but alas! for this there has been no provision, not even the formation of the economical habit, and she goes down the scale, and is only saved from nonentity by appearing as "Mrs. Smith, the grocer's wife."

Women, in this domestic sphere, have vital interest in the social and, no doubt, the political questions agitating society; and yet how triflingly are they educated with reference to them! If universal suffrage ever obtains favor with a large number of women, it will be simply owing to the sense of the influence which they should exert against the existing evils of the day.

And yet is not the duty, and may not the influence be the same, with or without the ballot? "If there be any virtue, if there be any praise," in these things, should not the woman's

outfitting for life and its work touch minutely on all these points?

Time would fail us to tell of the many minor necessities for the particular education of women; of the proper drawing out of those womanly instincts which, rightly directed and used, so greatly benefit society; of the giving of greater facility in the forms, and amenities, and embellishments of life which, in such large degree, contribute to a high civilization.

Except in those schools which, to plain, sensible people, lie under the ban of fashionable schools, how seldom does one find any attention or training given to the forms and usages of polite society; and how frequently is one embarrassed and at a loss, and the whole social machinery retarded by the friction occasioned by this lack of attention!

All these are necessities which plead equally for the special education of daughter and wife. When to these are added the claims of motherhood, who shall correctly portray the need, or sufficiently forcibly illustrate the lack of preparation and discipline? When for baking and brewing one must needs draw upon Medea and Circe, Calypso and Helen, Rebekah and the Queen of Sheba, what fountain of inspiration shall be deep and exhaustless enough to satisfy the mother's needs? Motherhood means the learning of Arete and philosophy of Hypatia, the accomplishments of Cornelia, the tenderness of Cydippe, the practical wisdom and prudence of Terentia, and the pride and ambition of Zenobia. For her emergencies she must pry out the secrets of Æsculapius; she must theorize with Plato in bringing out of chaos her little republic; all history must be subject to her draft for example and precedent; Bacon and Locke must teach her concerning that human understanding on which she is so skillfully to play; all poets must drop their silver speech into her ear, and Madonnas of Raphael and Correggio must breathe upon her their almost infinite tenderness.

She must be to her boys and girls now their encyclopedia, then their Mother Goose; here their improvisatrice and dreamer of dreams, there their manufacturer of baby-houses and kites. She must be such embodiment of wisdom and intelligence as to challenge all their ideals. She must be the ministering spirit at their sick-beds, and rival in nursing and skill the well-read physician. She must be law-giver, and judge, and advocate in one, constituting a court of appeals also, and "mother said so" shall confuse and confound the warriest metaphysician.

How, *O matres in posse and in esse*, shall I

picture your necessities? How shall I present to a gainsaying public the arguments for a more thorough and specific training? Arguments, however, are each day becoming less necessary. The planting and watering of public sentiment has, to a great extent, been done, and mine eyes have almost seen the glory of an institution grounded upon these universal needs in a woman's education, and which has for its aim the specific and complete outfitting for a woman's work.

In the high noon of that day whose dawn is getting brighter, it is no idle dream to suppose that the girl who so entrances you in white Swiss muslin and kid slippers on Commencement Day, may be discoursing to you on bread, its ingredients and processes, or the ethics of dress; and throughout the programme the science of wifehood or the dignity of motherhood might profitably displace the ordinary disquisitions on such themes so favorite among school-girls as, "What are the wild waves saying?" "The marble waiteth," "Night brings out stars," "The absolute," "The unseen," etc., all of which we have heard *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*.

WATER-CRESSES—AN IDYL.

FRIEND, do you hear that beautiful voice?

It rings as clear as a silver bell—

"Here 's your water-cresses, fresh and choice!"

Hark! how musical is its swell!

Do you see that face—those bright brown tresses?

Do you hear the plea she always addresses?

"Not even a dime my pocket blesses!

Then won't you buy my water-cresses?"

See there! she has a customer now,

And deals the cresses with lavish hand;

The girl has as smooth and white a brow,

As any beauty in all the land.

I wonder what sort of a life she weaves

Out of those crispy, heart-shaped leaves!

I wonder what sorrow her bosom grieves—

What pleasure, each day, she gives and receives!

I have always loved the tasteful things,

And O! how oft, when a boy, at morn

I've gather'd them by the brook that springs

Near to the house where I was born!

And just such a little bright-haired thing

Tripp'd at my side as I went to the spring,

With a step as light as a bird on wing,

And a voice with just such a silv'ry ring.

'Mong the grass at the margin of the brook,

Her fairy feet like the daisies shone;

The dew from their eyes they scarcely shook—

But mine, you know, were rough and brown.

We knew just the kind that always suits—

Those cresses with tender, clear, green shoots,

With fringes of silver thread-like roots,  
And *heart-shaped* leaves, with whorls and flutes.

And ev'ry Spring did our anxious eyes

Watch for the plants to leave the ground;

For they were our stock of merchandise,

That we sold, you see, to the neighbors round;

We gathered them most, I think, in May,

And we wished that month would always stay;

Ah, we did not think 'mid our workful play,

That our life's May-time must pass away!

I remember so well how her bright brown curls,

When over the cresses her head she bent,

Fell over her face in snarls and twirls,

And to her dark eyes new darkness lent;

I remember well how she tossed that hair

Back from her blue-veined forehead fair,

And how in the spring, with a dreamy air,

I look'd at her picture reflected there.

What kind of thoughts do you think I wove

Out of those crispy, heart-shaped leaves?

Boy as I was I dreamed of love—

A dream in which youth forever believes.

She loved me when she clung to my arm,

And bathed my hand in her tear-drops warm,

But I did not think I had broke the charm,

When I left, for the world, the dear old farm.

When years had pass'd I came back from the world,

And stood again in the farm-house door—

The dog and cat on the mat were curl'd,

The cresses grew where the streamlet purled,

And all things seem'd as they were before,

Till I saw a maiden at the rail,

Bidding adieu to a stranger pale—

I need not tell you the rest of the tale,

For 't is old as the world, and therefore stale.

Old as the world! but so strange then to me,

That all things round into strangeness grew;

The rose on her cheek was fair to see

As she turned to greet me winsomely,

But its blushes were never for me I knew;

And a sudden mist came over my eyes,

And a sudden darkness veiled the skies,

And tho' I question'd her brother-wise,

I could scarcely hear her sweet replies.

Old as the world! but new to me yet!

'T is strange that charm Time never unweaves;

'T is strange, as a man, I can never forget

The dream I wove from those heart-shaped leaves;

You'll call me a romantic old dotard, I know,

But whenever I see a water-cess grow,

Back again to the home of my boyhood I go,

Where I gathered them first by the rillet's flow.

Listen! again that beautiful voice!

It has made a very child of me—

"Here 's your water-cresses, fresh and choice,

As nice as any you ever will see!"

Whenever I hear it, I keep making my guesses,

What kind of a life she weaves from those cresses—

"Not even a dime my pocket blesses!

Come, won't you buy my water-cresses?"

## THE DUTY FIRST AT HAND.

"If there is n't Mrs. Allen coming up the walk this minute, and here I am in this soiled wrapper, my hair all tumbled up, and my eyes as red as crying can make them, and not a soul in the house to receive her but myself;" and Mrs. Barton hastily transferred the babe from her arms to the crib, and proceeded to open the door in answer to her friend's knock.

"Good morning, Mrs. Barton."

"Good morning, Annie Allen; if you were n't just the dearest friend in the world I would not let you in."

"And why not, pray?"

"Once glance at the untidy room, and another at my untidy self, will explain."

"Never mind about that, Mary dear, but something troubles you. There are traces of tears upon your cheek. Will you let me share your grief?"

"I knew you would notice it; but just wait till I straighten up things a little, and I will constitute you my confessor, as I used to do in the well-remembered days of Auld Lang Syne, unless you refuse the position."

"I'll not refuse," said Mrs. Allen, laughing.

In a surprisingly short time the parlor was tidied up, baby was dressed in a fresh wrapper, and little four-year-old Annie came from her mother's room in a bright crimson merino dress and white apron, her sweet face wreathed in smiles, and her golden hair falling in clustering ringlets upon her snowy neck. A moment later her mother followed, saying,

"You can't think, Annie, how thoroughly discouraged I was this morning. I wonder if every body has the blues."

"What particular event happened to discourage you so this morning?"

"It was a combination of events, I guess," said Mrs. Barton, laughing.

"In the first place, Mr. Barton went to town early, taking Mabel and Freddie with him. Of course I had to leave my work till I got them off; and then Annie, who was standing on the steps to watch them out of sight, slipped and fell upon the icy pavement, hurting her somewhat, and frightening her a great deal more. Before I succeeded in quieting her, baby awoke, and insisted on his share of attention. Added to this I had a dull headache, caused by sitting up so late last night to finish Freddie's mittens, which quite indisposed me to look on the bright side of things. Just at this juncture, as ill luck would have it, I accidentally overturned a basket of unmade garments, which I had cut out last

week. The sight of so much work waiting to be done, pressing work too, for I have hardly commenced my Winter's sewing, quite upset my equilibrium, and, snatching baby from his crib, I sat down to have a good cry, a luxury that I do not often indulge in."

"Well, I am glad to know that there is nothing really serious the matter. The sight of your usually bright face, so tear-stained and clouded, alarmed me. We must learn to bear with fortitude these little every-day perplexities, and ills of life. I sometimes think that it needs as much real heroism, and firmness of mind, to meet and endure these little things, in a right spirit, as it would to command an army, or stand at the head of a nation. You know the adage, 'Job's afflictions required less patience than a woman's.'"

"Yes; but to tell the truth, Annie, there is a reason back of all this why I felt so impatient. You know how I always loved to write; and I have so long cherished a hope that I might sometime be able to write something that should be a blessing to others; that some words of mine might fall as a guiding light upon another's path, leading them into wisdom's ways. But it is so seldom that I have a moment to write, and when I do there is so much to distract the mind that I fail to do any thing. Only last week I said to Mabel: 'There is that sketch which I commenced more than a month ago; can not you take charge of the children to-day, and let me finish it?'

"Yes, mother, I'll try."

"She is fourteen, and baby takes to her almost as much as he does to me. I had scarcely written a dozen lines before Mabel looked in to say,

"Mother, Mrs. White is coming for her milk."

"Well, can not you attend to her?"

"I could; but she will inquire after you, and think it strange if you do not come out when she knows you are at home. She is so nervous, too. She would imagine a slight when none was intended."

"So I went out; and for a precious hour the good woman entertained me with a description of her dreadful corns, her husband's rheumatism, and Johnny's frequent attacks of sore throat. Innumerable remedies were pointed out in case my own little ones should suffer from such attacks. Before she left an agent for a medical work called, and another half-hour was occupied in discussing the merits of the work. It took me a long time to compose my thoughts again; and I had hardly done so when the door opened, and Mabel said, with regret in her tones,

"I do hate to trouble you, mother, but Annie

pleads so hard to tell mamma suffing, and she will not be pacified, though I have tried every way that I could think of.

"What is it, darling?" I asked, as Annie came sobbing to my side.

"Please, mamma, untie Dolly's cloak; it's in a hard knot."

"Could n't sister have done it just as well?"

"No; mamma do it better."

"Dolly's cloak and hood were laid aside, her dress adjusted, and she was returned to Annie's arms; but still the little one sobbed aloud. Presently a great drop of blood trickled down from under her sleeve.

"What is this, Annie?" I asked in alarm.

"Kitty—scratched—me," and pulling up her sleeve, she displayed an ugly scratch upon the tender flesh. It was her favorite kitty, and she had not liked to tell.

"I bandaged the little dimpled arm, and lifting her in my arms pressed her wet cheek to my bosom, and rocked her to and fro, singing her favorite lullaby. Soon the rosy lips lost their grieved expression, the soft lashes closed down over the blue eyes, and she had forgotten her sorrows in sleep. By this time baby was roaring lustily for his dinner, and pencil and paper were thrust hastily into the drawer, and I have not seen them since."

"I understand it all, Mary, dear. Your ambition is a laudable one, and your desire to benefit others is praiseworthy; but in your case it does not seem to be the duty that comes first to hand. It would be very pleasant to follow out your inclinations in this respect, and if circumstances favored, your talent might be very useful in the world, but the Good Master does not require any work at our hands that we are not able to perform."

"Yes, I know, but it does seem hard to be tied down to one ceaseless round of domestic labor, when one feels that she might be more useful in some other way."

"More useful in some other way? Are you quite sure, Mary, that you could be placed in a position of greater usefulness than you now occupy?" interrupted her friend.

"Yes, I think so. If I could only find time to write, now and then, I should be much happier, for I should feel that I was accomplishing something. As it is, I feel as if my life was a failure."

"Not a failure, Mary; no, it can not be a failure while you are trying to fill the important position of a wife and mother, as a true woman should. Never does woman's whole nature rise to a higher degree of earthly beauty, than when it is seen, strung to its utmost tension with feeling of devotion to the husband of her

heart, and discharging, in holy and humble reliance on her God, the sweet offices of wife and mother to the dear ones whom God has given her to bless and to be blessed with."

"But, Annie, you would not set aside the claims that others, outside of our home circle, have upon us, nor discourage our efforts to do them good?"

"By no means! We are to do good to all as we have opportunity; but our first duty is always the one nearest at hand."

"I know that charity begins at home, but the old saying is that it ought not to end there."

"Very true, but permit me to make a personal application of what I mean."

"It is too early for the application—you have forgotten the sermon," said Mrs. Barton, laughing.

"Never mind, we will let the sermon go, and come at once to the application. I am always most interested in that. God, in his wise providence, has not seen fit to place you in a position where you could be exempt from domestic cares and labors, and, in my opinion, no mother of a family, and mistress of a household, should feel herself wholly exempt from these duties, or, at least, from the supervision of them. He has also intrusted to your maternal care and affection the training of four lovely children. If, to implant in their young minds and hearts right and noble principles, to watch the unfolding germ, and train it in the right direction, together with your necessary domestic duties, requires all your time, skill, and attention, 'He who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust,' will demand no impossibilities at your hand."

"But if he has given us talents, will he not require us to make an improvement upon them?"

"Yes, according to the best of our ability. But what might seem to be duty, or really would be duty under some circumstances, would cease to be such when, to perform it, we must neglect other more pressing and important duties.

"Now for an illustration, as our good minister would say. You remember the brilliant intellect of our mutual friend, Marion S.—now Mrs. G.—and what promise of usefulness she gave in her school-girl days?"

"Yes; and I know that she has won for herself an enviable reputation as a writer, but I have often wondered how she has been able to accomplish so much, for she has a large family, and much care must necessarily devolve upon her, unless, indeed, she is able to transfer her responsibilities to servants."

"That is precisely the point at which I am aiming. And though I would say nothing to



dim the luster of the laurels that ornament her brow, yet I can but think that many a woman deserves far more credit for *never having written*, than does she for all her brilliant efforts."

"Please explain—I do not understand."

"You have never visited her, I believe, since her marriage?"

"I have never had that pleasure, though I have often wished to do so, that I might learn from her the secret of her success."

"And yet," continued Mrs. Allen, "I am persuaded that my dear friend Mary would on no account exchange her life of love, her labor for the happiness of others, and her well-ordered household, for Mrs. G.'s fame as an authoress."

"Two years ago, while I was spending the Winter with my friends in B., I had frequent opportunities of visiting Mrs. G. I shall never forget my first visit. I was shown into the parlor by a servant, and before Mrs. G. made her appearance I had ample time to survey the apartment. It was elegantly furnished. The carpets and furniture were rich and beautiful. There were handsome paintings on the walls, and beneath one of them stood a large organ, covered with crimson cloth. The center-table was loaded with magazines, and costly volumes in gilt and gold.

"How happy must be the possessor of all this wealth, with fame and popularity added! I almost involuntarily exclaimed; but before my visit ended I had changed my hastily formed conclusions. Mrs. G. met me with affectionate warmth, and I was duly installed as a family friend, and, on account of the close intimacy of former days, was not only invited, but pressed, to make myself perfectly at home.

"I soon saw that every room in that house, from kitchen to chamber, stood in need of a guiding hand. And the children, what shall I say of them? There were five of them, three boys between the ages of nine and fourteen, and two girls younger, bright, active, and spirited children, that with proper training and culture might have been the life, and joy, and blessing of the household, but instead those three unruly boys run riot through the whole house from morning till night.

"I never can stand this racket," said Mrs. G. one day. "I believe there never were such noisy children before. Their father has no control whatever over them. Indeed, he seldom sees them except at breakfast. His business requires his whole time from early morning till late at night, and as for me, my time is so completely occupied with my literary labors that I can not possibly attend to them, and so they have been left almost entirely to the care of the

servants ever since their birth, excepting, of course, when the boys are at school."

"I looked up in surprise, expecting to see a tinge of shame and humiliation upon the cheek of a mother who could make such an admission, but she only smiled and said,

"I shall be rejoiced, Mrs. Allen, when they are old enough to go out into the world and care for themselves. It will be such a relief, if I am fortunate enough to keep my senses till that time comes."

"I was shocked. As for the husband and father, I did not much wonder that he should prefer to spend as much of his time as possible away from such a home; but I inwardly prayed that I might be saved from the fame of a literary career, if this was to be the result. And, Mary dear, I am honestly afraid that many of those who delineate so touchingly the beauty of good deeds, signally fail to exhibit the same in their lives."

"Dear Annie, you have taught me a lesson that I shall not soon forget. Whenever I am tempted again to be impatient because I can not find time to follow out my inclinations, I will remember Mrs. G., and be thankful that I have not been led to neglect the sweet birdlings in my own happy nest. O, Annie, to think that I should have envied her so!"

"It is not to be wondered at. And I would not have you think that I disparage any effort to improve upon the talents which God has given us. I only insist that one duty be not made to take the place of another and a greater.

"To God alone is known the strength of the self-denial some need to exercise in order to restrain the indulgence of that taste for literary pursuits for which their talents and early education have so well fitted them. With many a one it is a life-long struggle, day by day, to bind themselves down to homely duties, and nothing but the conviction that they were *her duties* could have prevented her from reveling in more congenial pursuits. Could the heart-history of such women be laid open, how should we admire the moral heroism they have thus displayed!

"There is a satisfaction in knowing that He who knoweth the secrets of all hearts doth understand, and will reward our feeblest efforts to serve him."

As the ship that crosses the ocean often varies from the straight course, and yet finally reaches her desired haven; so the soul may sometimes seem to turn to the right or left, and yet hold on her general way, and reach her eternal destiny, whether it be heaven or hell.

## THE HOMERIC HADES.

IN common with other mythologies, that of Greece sought to advance its torch into the realms of mystery and darkness which lie beyond the tomb. It may be doubted whether any other ever affected so great a familiarity with the scenery and processes of the nether world. No itinerarium or periplus of ancient times was more distinct or detailed than that of Hades as progressively developed in the writings of philosophers and poets. "*Nota magis nulli domus est sua*," is the complaint of Juvenal. Even after the lapse of so many centuries, we seem still to recognize the innavigable river, the Rhadamanthine judgment-seat, the diverging paths, the threefold destination of the dead; and this, not only by original report, but in the reflected imagery of Christian poets. For this perpetual anastasis the classic Hades is indebted, in no small measure, to a characteristic which distinguishes it from other mythological creations of a similar kind. In most of its details, the human and natural type is exclusively preserved. The imagination which traced the "*Campi Lugentes*," was still busy with the forms and passions of humanity. The bowers and bloom of Elysium had been nurtured beneath Ionian skies. The allegorizing theogony of the catacombs, though certainly not absent, had made, apparently, but slight impression on the Greek mind, with its simply subjective and poetic modes of apprehension and expression. Hence it was possible for Dante, and even Milton, to appropriate largely from the images of their pagan predecessors without profaning the preconceptions of their own purer faith. The former of these poets, it is true, from his own genius as well as that of his age, inclines strongly to the grotesque element of representation, as may be exemplified in his transformation of Minos, the judge of hell, into a composite monster of no genus recognizable by Buffon or Cuvier; while Milton has only once resorted to the same means, in the episode of Sin and Death, symbolized by the reptile and the skeleton. That single instance, however, has shown how little reason we have to regret his farther abstinence from such machinery.

Sir Thomas Brown observes, after his own quaint manner, that a "dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world might happily illustrate our ignorance of the next." And it may seem possibly a bold, and scarcely justifiable thing, that the poets should have carried their constructive faculty into so grave a subject. They have but acted,

however, in obedience to the overmastering interest which has impelled mankind, in all ages, to form or to adopt some determinate image of their future condition; and they present themselves more as interpreters than artificers—the best, because the most disinterested, interpreters of the religious instinct of their times. Let the conventional Hades take what shape or name it may, it will be found to possess striking affinities with the life and sentiments of the people. A Scandinavian Walhalla and a Siamese dream-heaven are the growth and complement respectively of states of society as widely distinguished as the riotous and stormy joys of the former from the eternal deliquium or self-absorption of the latter. Every such creation, therefore, as possessing these affinities, may be worthy of attention, even when its forms may seem too harsh, intractable, or repulsive for poetic handling. But when these forms have been evolved by a purely religious and poetic sentiment from the traditions of a simple but imaginative age—when their organ is the noblest language, and their matrix the most plastic genius of the world, we have all the conditions of literary, perhaps even of philosophic interest. Of absolute truth there can, of course, be little question. The mysterious Isis keeps from of old the veil which no mortal hath raised or can raise. Though the majestic outline might be visible to Homer as to Milton, the conjectural features are but at best the vain longing of the heart for something certain where all is uncertainty. Happier they, however, for whom that longing has been interpreted by the poet rather than the impostor. The Greeks were at least fortunate in being led by the winged Mercury into the abodes of silence and night.

There is a meteoric phenomenon sometimes observed at sea, to which sailors have given the homely but weird designation of *sun-dog*. It consists in the partial lifting up of the fog at a single point, where we look as through the arches of some long and dreary cavern at the wild play of waters far remote, illumined for the moment by the oblique rays of the morning sun. Even such a chasm has the Homeric luminary cleft for us through the impenetrable mists which had else forever settled on the wastes of ethnic antiquity. On the dim and distant horizon, where the lowering heavens and the dark waters seem inseparably mingling, the veil is lifted up, and lo! the vast and gorgeous diorama of "Troy divine." We behold not merely the glancing splendors of Olympus, nor some Titanic or Cabiric cloud-picture, the exhalation of a casual or arbitrary fancy; the divine art of Homer, while it obliterates his

own personality, brings before our eyes the whole inner and outward life of a world as distinctly individualized, yet endlessly varied as though it had been projected by the silent and spontaneous energies of Nature herself. And as in every act of creation the forming hand moves from within, but is itself unrecognized or unknown, so it has befallen with Homer, hidden behind his great work, to have his age, his country, even his individuality questioned, while tradition points, with unhesitating confidence, to the coast where Troy sank before the wrath of Pelides and the prowess of Agamemnon, and States and dynasties have referred their pretensions to the Homeric record of the royal house of Atreus.

The poet who has given us this transcript of actual life has not left us without a glimpse into the shadowy region which lies beyond it. The Hades of Homer is separated from the living world by unpiloted waters. Unlike that of Virgil, its point of access is left undetermined, nor are we told more than that it exists somewhere on "old ocean's utmost bounds." But ocean was then the circumfluent stream which bound the earth in its mighty girdle, stretching away or sinking down into gulfs from which the mind might well recoil in perplexity and dismay. There Hades withdrew itself from the gaze of living men, deep beneath the foundations of the solid earth; and Tartarus hid in still lower depths that monstrous brood of Titans whom, as the enemies of order and symmetry, neither the gods nor Greek art could ever love to look upon. As for Elysium, the fair island of the blest, its image floated before the imagination of the Greeks under very uncertain conditions, both as to place and inhabitants. Its idea might be suggested by the feeling which, we know, never ceased to importune and allure mankind, so long as it was possible to believe that our earth concealed some nook where man and nature reveled in unfading youth and guiltless enjoyment. The mariner's compass was sure, sooner or later, to disenchant the world of that pleasing illusion.

Hades, then, in its most comprehensive sense as the general receptacle of the dead, is limited, according to Homer, to the extreme borders of the earth and the abyss beneath it. The superincumbent ether is the habitation of the gods. Man, even in his disembodied condition, gravitates toward his native abode. His corporeal nature, indeed, is not entirely dissipated in death, for the spirit dreads a wound, and performs many of the functions of its former life. The sentiments and habits remain much the same as before, drawing the ghosts into separate

societies and classes. In the case of the mighty hunter Orion, "the very beasts" which he had slain upon "the lonely mountains" above, form the objects of his pursuit over "the meads of asphodel" below; which would imply—if any consistency is to be looked for in such reveries—that the brute creation shares the ghostly immortality of the human race.

When Ulysses is to be dispatched to these spectral regions in order to consult the prophet Tiresias, he is but told to lift his sail, and a magic wind, supplied by Circe, speeds him on his destined course. All day he plows an unknown waste; it is only when "night rushes on the deep" that he reaches the dreary coast which no sun ever visits; where trees, consecrated to the grave, the poplar and willow, deepen the gloom of the perpetual twilight, and the infernal rivers rush onward to their ghastly destination. Beyond spreads ocean still more awful in its inarticulate mystery, because not even conjecture as yet dared to picture an ulterior boundary, and in the ear of the Greek mariner the wail of spirits mingled strangely with the roar of its never-resting waters.

"ILLIC umbrarum tenui stridere volantum,  
Flebilis auditur questus."

The ancients, after all, seem to have been but poorly off in the matter of necromancy. They knew but one form, which is devolved with little variation from Homer to Lucan. The blood of black animals, honey, wine, and milk, were established ingredients in the classic incantation. It is to the ingenuity of modern times that we owe the recondite learning and endless distinctions upon this subject, which formed a labor of love to commentators like Bodinus, and which leave us to infer that the father of lies—"veterator ille Satanas"—to whom such works are attributed, had acquired latterly more skill in his vocation, or had found, at least, more versatile agents. The spells of Ulysses, however, if simple, are effectual. No sooner does the blood fill the foss around the extemporized altar than all Hades is moved from beneath, and the pale nations throng with wild tumult to the scene of evocation. The brandished falchion is necessary to coerce them into order. An opportunity is thus offered, such as Homer never neglects, of entering upon a personal and genealogical description of the worthies, whether male or female, of prehistoric Greece.

First of the visionary throng advance the shades of women; whether assigned to this precedence through a spirit of gallantry rather unusual with Greek writers, or else by a quiet stroke of satire toward the sex, whom, in this

very place, the poet taxes for an inquisitiveness which it is not always safe to gratify.

“ Warned by my ills, beware,” the shade replies,  
 “ Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise ;  
 When earnest to explore thy secret breast,  
 Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.”

In this procession of fair but mournful shapes, the glory of a yet older Greece, each successive apparition is distinguished by her appropriate legend. Most of these, it is true, are of such a nature as to make it clear that credulity must have been the point of honor in ancient Hellas. To doubt the divinity of Zeus or Poseidon would have cast a horrible shade on the fair fame of the “first families” of the land.

The *Eupatrides*, or Greek gentleman, must have been as jealous for the godhead of Ares as for the honor of his own grandmother. When the voice of Persephone, heard from afar, has recalled the female train, the foreground is next occupied by the old companions in arms of Ulysses who have preceded him into Hades. Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, pass in solemn review. Finally, shadowing the horizon like clouds or night, *ἔρεμῇ νύκτι βουκόως*, rise, vast and terrible, the phantoms of primeval kings and criminals, who, having equaled themselves with heaven, expiate, by strange punishments, the guilt of their insane pretensions. Here Tantalus pines with famine in the midst of plenty, Tityus feeds with his living flesh the unsated vultures, and Sisyphus urges upward the “huge stone” whose rebound echoes and re-echoes forever—in the heroics of Homer and Pope.

Such, briefly, are the scenery and process of the Homeric Necyia. Apart from its details, the general conception will not be denied to possess a certain gloomy vastness and sublimity highly appropriate to the subject. The world-wanderer by his rude altar on the confines of a shoreless ocean ; the throng of summoned spirits by potent spells, and floating dimly above the heavy surge ; clouds tinged with the lurid splendors of Hades, blended in the distance with the spectral forms of the primeval giants ; these compose a scene not unworthy to have been traced by the hand of the lamented artist to whom we owe the visionary grandeurs of the “Voyage of Life.” It would be difficult, certainly, to reconcile some of the accessories with any notions which we at present entertain of the proprieties of ghostly demeanor. These are traits which the modern pencil would cast discreetly into shade. Their prominence with Homer might be justified by the peculiarities of the medium through which he viewed them, and which could scarcely be expected to transmit metaphysical images without some dis-

tortion. Every age has thus its moral and intellectual atmosphere, possessing different degrees and modes of refraction. The world is never without its chimeras, though not always of the same pattern.

The ghosts in Homer’s Hades drink the sacrificial blood with astonishing eagerness. In Olympus, the gods have at least one annual feast, in addition, we may suppose, to daily rations of nectar and ambrosia. In camp and court, kings and heroes arrogate to themselves the prerogatives of the larder, and cook, and carve, and distribute food with a solemn sense of the responsibilities of the function. This whole class of Homeric phenomena, which may be called the gastronomic, some of which shook our reason, as others violate our ideas of fitness and congruity, should evidently be referred to one leading condition of human existence at the period of which they are predicated. It is in vain for Athenæus to discourse to us about the four daily meals of the Greeks in those old heroic times. As if breakfast and lunch, dinner and supper, had been as well assured and regularly served at the leaguer of Troy and in the little hard-beset citadels of Pylos and Mycenæ, as in the luxurious *salles* of the Palais Royale, when there is not an *emeute* on hand, or perhaps even when there is. As if the fruits of the earth and the herds of the field were as secure, the commissariat as effective, the purveyorship as regular, in heroic communities, that is to say, under circumstances of perpetual strife, pillage, homicide, and spoliation—as those things are wont to be, though not without woeful exceptions, in times when commerce, to say nothing of Christianity, has given us some guarantee for our daily bread. No such regular system of feeding could possibly have existed at the time of which we are speaking. On the contrary, the question, not of regular supply, but of possible subsistence, must have assumed a vast, a gigantic importance in comparison with every other question of concernment of daily life. Every meal must have been as a boon wrested from the hand of danger, and the satisfaction of appetite been not less pregnant with high and stirring associations, than the satisfaction of revenge or hatred ; the only other interest which could rival it in importance, though not in urgency.

Hunger was therefore, in the eyes of Homer, “a sacred thing,” not unworthy of gods and spiritual natures. It was venerable not only as “the eldest and fiercest of instincts,” but, in the same way with the Eumenides, as an ever-imminent if suspended scourge. The gravity of the subject in all its relations gave it, likewise,

an æsthetic aspect, and justified the poet in lavishing the full pomp of his flowing hexameters upon processes which, with all their merit, are not usually thought to fall within the range of artistic description. Spits and skewers, certainly, are not in themselves objects of much inherent dignity, yet Homer handles them with as little sense of degradation as the sword and buckler; and in Greek, it must be owned, they sound quite as euphoniously. It is just as much a matter of course for the son of Thêtis to slaughter his own mutton as to carve the limbs of the Trojans; nor does he lose one atom of respectability, in Homer's estimation, when engaged in the former office more than in the latter.

"Thus did he speak, and anon upspringing, swift-footed Achilles  
Slaughtered a white-wooled sheep, and his followers skinned it  
expertly :

Skillfully then they divided and skewered, and, carefully roasting,  
Drew from the spits; and Automedon came, bringing bread to  
the table,

Piled upon baskets fair; but for all of them carved the Peleides."

The *cuisine* has had no such ministers and no such honors since then. Or, if an exception is to be made in behalf of our modern literature, it is but in one solitary instance, of which the only Iliad is a short but inimitable letter by Madame de Sevigné. There, indeed, the incidents of gastronomy are once more idealized into true epic interest and solemnity. The "Grand Vatel," who is the hero of that epos, was alone worthy, of all modern masters, to have had Patroclus for a colleague and Achilles for a carver. But Homer himself has left us no testimony more convincing of the grave and even tragic interest which the exigencies of the heroic era associated with the appeasement of appetite, than is given in the last melancholy conferences of Priam and Achilles over the body of Hector. Hunger is there set forth as the natural and unquestionable counterpoise of all affections, even of despair itself; and the reasoning is skillfully re-enforced by allusion to another instance in which this grand prophylactic had proved its efficacy under circumstances of still more wide and wasting desolation than those of Priam :

"For not unmindful of food in her sorrow was Niobe, fair-haired ;  
Albeit she in her dwelling lamented for twelve of her offspring,  
Done unto death by Apollo and Artemis, arrow-delighting."

If the psychology of Homer is, from the above and other causes, obscure and inconsistent, it may be said, on the other hand, that his views of the moral or penal condition of the dead are more reasonable than those of most Hadistic poets. His fancy expatiates in no scenes of physical torture. The pains, if any, are the pains of reflection and remorse. But here,

probably, the poet was indebted to the simplicity of his age, which had as yet received but little illumination from the allegorists or the casuists. The religious sentiment, in the mean time, which could follow the departing spirit with no distinctness beyond the tomb, sought to indemnify itself by a more scrupulous care of the perishable elements. Hence, the transcendent importance of the sepulchral rites, for which even Jove is solicitous in the case of his son Sarpedon.

Not as Pope has misinterpreted these simple terms :

Τὸ γὰρ γίρας ἔστι θανάτου.

"What honors mortals after death receive,  
Those *unavailing* honors we may give!"

for, as every school-boy knows, those honors were not only *not* unavailing, but were absolutely essential to the admission of the wandering *psyche* into settled quarters. Of some permanent distinction in its after fate, Homer is by no means insensible, for he has constituted Minos the lawgiver of the dead. But, except in the case of the mighty malefactors before noticed, whose punishment, like their crimes, is exceptional, we hear of no positive infliction, and are led to infer that the poet knew nothing of the topographical divisions and penal arrangements of Hades, mapped and described with so much precision by his more sagacious or most presumptuous successors.

One great, plaintive, and depressing sentiment, indeed, pervades the whole region. It is the absorbing and endless regret for that fair land of Greece, those loved shores of the Ægean, from which the inmates of Hades are now forever separated. No hopelessness of return, no familiarity with the "Elysian beauty" or solemn grandeur of their new abode, can once divert them from the contemplation of their former condition. They live only in their recollections, as exiles on a strange coast, pining with sickness of the heart for that lost home. With them the "dulcis Argos" nightmares the dreams of eternity. Ajax will never forget the lost arms, nor Achilles be flattered into momentary exultation at the manifest sovereignty which attends him into Hades :

"Rather he'd choose laboriously to bear  
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,  
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,  
Than reign the sceptered monarch of the dead."

Discouraging thoughts, it must be owned, for those who might be disposed to emulate the "goddess-born" in a preference of glorious and early death to long and ignoble life. But how tax the old necrologist with inconsistency, when the error from which it springs is flagrant in

every part of our own experience? Our senses and our judgment are alike deceptive in the matter of proportion. The present is exorbitantly aggrandized by our weakness, as external objects are sometimes magnified by the very circumstances which narrow and limit the observer's horizon. When the field of human knowledge was restricted to a few inlets of the Mediterranean, and ten long years might be wasted between Ilium and Ithaca, the world seemed, no doubt, illimitable, and its affairs acquired a corresponding interest and importance. In such a state of things the strife of two neighboring villages unsettles the universe. The rant of Dryden's *Almanzor*, a little altered, becomes applicable, with scarcely a paradox; and Homer's contemporary might say,

"My world is great because it is so small."

It is only when the prophetic eye of Columbus has measured the entire orb that he is qualified to announce to King Ferdinand and whomsoever it may concern, that the earth, of which we made such vast account, is but "a very little thing." And as steam and electricity encompass it more and more with their space-annihilating agencies, we of the present day seem to feel it dwarf and dwindle beneath our feet. It were well if we corrected certain other impressions in conformity with this result. From the illusions incident to his false point of view, the Greek might well overrate the importance of his narrow stage of being in its relations with the whole and with the future, and fail to recognize in Hades the invisible the deep significance of Hades the infinite and eternal. Our more advanced post of observation, commanding wider views in every direction, should enable us to re-adjust the balance, and to remove the center of interest far beyond the orbit of a world which seems to shrink as we explore, and vanish even while we look upon it. To catch the parallax of our true position in the universe; practically to learn the subordination of the visible and transitory to the invisible and eternal—this were, perhaps, the highest lesson and result of that progress, on account of which, for so many other reasons, we are accustomed to congratulate and exalt ourselves.

In the mean time, and limiting our views entirely to the present, there seems room to question whether the result has been altogether so favorable as we might at first imagine. Looking mainly to progress and advance, we have naturally acquired the solicitude and impatience incident to a state of expectation. We slight the present in an eager anticipation of the future, and lose the sense of actual convenience in the

feverish struggle not so much to maintain as to augment it. We put our happiness in abeyance, and, with a magnificent estate in possession, live on the alms of a dazzling but tantalizing reversion. The first ages, it would seem, were too much occupied with to-day to be over-anxious about to-morrow. They had not yet organized the toilsome march of improvement, but bivouacked, as it were, upon a newly-discovered coast, from which the hot sun of experience had not drunk up all the mists that gave illusion and magnitude to surrounding objects. Like blind Orion, they turned their faces toward the morning, little dreaming of that star of empire which has held its course so steadfastly toward the west. They looked for wisdom, and beauty, and science, to Egypt and Syria, where Hercules had already planted the Hesperian pillars between which the human race was to defile in its long and wearisome pursuit of riches and power.

### FLORAL ASSOCIATIONS.

#### III.

IF the graceful lily is a queen in the realms of Flora, the lovely rose must be crowned empress. In its production the Creator seems to have combined the grace, the beauty, and the sweetness of all other flowers, thereby producing one so perfect that the most poetic imagination can not conceive its superior. Hence, no florist, however accomplished, will dissent from the praises lavished upon this delightful plant by the poet in the following lines:

"Rose! thou art the sweetest flower  
That ever drank the amber shower!  
Rose! thou art the fondest child  
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!  
Resplendent Rose! the flower of flowers,  
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;  
Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,  
Enchants so much our mental eye."

This charming flower is very widely distributed in the northern hemisphere. It is found, in its *wild state*, in almost every country north of the equator, but not in South America or Australia. Generally the wild rose is single, except in Italy, Spain, and Greece, where it is often double. The difference between our native roses and the fawn-colored *Lefrano*, the blush-colored *Hermosa*, and the yellow *Le Pactole*, is the result of cultivation. By skillful grafting, and by the art of hybridization, the florist blends the hardness of one species with the beauty of another, mixes their choicest colors, and modifies their varied sweetness.

The ancient poets were enamored of the rose. Their writings abound with its praises, and they constantly borrowed comparisons from its qualities. In their mythological poems they taught that the white rose sprang from the tears of Venus, when she wept over the loss of Adonis, and that her blood, flowing from her wounded feet when she ran through the tangled and thorny woods bewailing that insensible object of her affection, gave the red color to its petals.

"White as the native rose before the change  
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress."

Other classic poets give different versions of this ancient superstition. Anacreon ascribes the blushing color of the rose to the nectar of the gods falling upon it when first formed. Another poet writes,

"'T is said, as Cupid danced among  
The gods, he down the nectar flung,  
Which on the white rose being shed,  
Made it forever after red."

Happily for us the light of our times has rendered it impossible for even our children to be deluded into such puerile beliefs.

The Romans, in the luxurious times of their decadence, were prodigal in their use of the rose. To enjoy its delicate scent at their meals, they caused its leaves to be showered upon the table, and placed around the dishes. On festive occasions roses were showered upon the guests from the ceiling. Heliogabalus, that monster of sensuousness and folly, is said to have caused violets and roses to be showered on his guests in such immense quantities, that some of them, unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. The floors of banqueting rooms were also covered with roses, and couches were filled with the leaves. Cleopatra, at one of her vile entertainments given to the chief victim of her charms, Mark Antony, had the floor of the room spread two cubits thick with roses, which were covered with mats to render the footing elastic. And that high-priest of cruelty and extravagance, Nero, as Suetonius affirms, actually expended four million *sesterces*, or about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for roses at one entertainment!

This extravagant passion for the rose still obtains in Persia, which has been called "the very land of roses." Sir J. Malcolm, in his Sketches of Persia, says of a breakfast given to himself and others at Shiraz:

"We were surprised and delighted to find that we were to enjoy this meal on a stack of roses. On this a carpet was laid, and we sat cross-legged like the natives. The stack, which was as large as a common one of hay in England, had been formed, without much trouble,

from the heaps of rose leaves collected before they were sent to the city to be distilled. Our mound of roses, added to the fine climate, verdure, gardens, and clear rills, gave a character of singular luxuriance to the novel banquet."

Sir William Ouseley mentions a somewhat similar use of roses at a feast to which he was invited by a nobleman at Teheran. He says:

"The floor of the great hall was spread in the middle and in the recess with roses, forming the figures of cypress-trees. Roses decorated all the candlesticks. The surface of the reservoir of water was completely covered with rose leaves, which were also scattered on the principal walks leading to the mansion."

Bengal has a district known as Gulistan, or the Rose-bed. In the Spring the country round Ghazipore, for many miles, is literally a rose-garden, which dazzles the eyes, and fills the atmosphere with delicious perfume.

The island of Rhodes is also remarkable for the abundance and beauty of its roses, as its name—derived from *Rhodos*, a rose—implies. Egypt and Syria produce it in profusion; and tradition, setting at naught the wisdom of lexicographers, asserts that the name of the latter country was derived from Suristan, the Land of Roses, which it was once called from the profusion of a rose named Suri, which grew in some part of the land.

Roses are abundant in parts of Palestine, but the "Rose of Sharon" is supposed to be the Red Cistus, which is still found in great quantities on the plains in that part of the Holy Land. The Bible mentions the rose only twice. In Solomon's Song it is made the symbol of the Redeemer's excellency, and in Isaiah it is employed as the emblem of that "good time coming," when "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Milton, in one of his delicate passages, associates the rose with the mother of all, when she was first discovered by Adam.

"Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood  
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round  
About her glowed; oft stooping to support  
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay,  
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
Hung drooping, unsustained."

The French are great lovers of the rose. It is an old custom, still preserved in some of their ancient villages, to present a rose, annually, to the cottage maiden whose good conduct has merited the highest esteem of her neighbors. The happy recipient of this coveted rose is termed *la rosiers* through the following year.

Our English ancestors had a curious tradition respecting the origin of the red and white variegated rose, known among their florists as the

"York and Lancaster." This rose is one of the varieties of the old French rose—*Rosa Gallica*—and was believed to have been first produced at the time when the union of Henry VII with Elizabeth of York promised to bring to an end the long-continued civil wars, known as the "wars of the roses." The significant red and white colors of those rival houses were never seen united until this auspicious period, and vast crowds flocked to witness this prodigy of nature. If this tradition is based in truth, the variegated rose, so opportunely produced, was the result of accidental hybridization by means of insects.

The Germans have a beautiful legend accounting for the origin of the most lovely of this charming family, the moss-rose. The angel of the flowers awaking one day from his slumber beneath a rose-tree, was so enamored of his lovely charge that he whispered,

"O, fondest object of my care,  
Still fairest found where all are fair,  
For the sweet shade thou 'st given to me,  
Ask what thou wilt, 't is granted thee.'  
'Then,' said the Rose with deepened glow,  
'On me another grace bestow.'  
The spirit paused in silent thought  
What grace was there the flower had not?  
'T was but a moment; o'er the Rose  
A veil of moss the angel throws,  
And robed in nature's simplest weed,  
Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

This is very pretty, but too heathenish to please a Christian mind, inasmuch as it places an agent between the Creator and his loveliest floral work. We love to think that our ideal rose was a conception of the Divine Mind, and not the offspring of angelic love or human skill. The floral world is a reflection of "Our Father's" mind, and shows it to be infinite in beauty as well as in goodness and purity.

We might easily fill a volume with interesting matter about our roses, but other flowers have a claim on our attention, and we will attend to some of them, after informing those ladies whose boudoirs are redolent of the perfume of rose-water and attar of roses, that it takes six pounds of leaves to make one gallon of the former, and that, at Ghazipore, they use one hundred thousand roses in making one hundred and eighty grains of the latter. No wonder it is dearer than gold, since it requires one hundred pounds of rose-leaves to produce half an ounce of attar.

THE VIOLET.

On the north side of my quiet home is a bed of violets or pansies—*viola tricolor*. Charming little symbols of humility are they, favorites with all lovers of flowers and especially with

the poets. Wordsworth, who loved nature very dearly, says,

"Long as there are violets,  
They shall have a place in story."

The Wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott, whose heart always responded to the voices of greenwood and garden, thus sings the praises of the violet:

"The violet in her greenwood bower,  
Where birchen boughs and hazels mingle,  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle."

The bard of Avon proclaims it to be

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath."

Barry Cornwall is rapturous in its praises. He says,

"It has a scent as though Love, for its dower,  
Had on it all his odorous arrows tossed;  
For though the rose has more perfuming power,  
The violet—haply 'cause 't is almost lost,  
And takes us so much trouble to discover—  
Stands first with most, but always with a lover."

Why this superlative praise of this little flower? Is it really as sweet and fair as the rose, the lily, or the camellia? By no means. But then it comes to us early in the season like a rich surprise, one of the "vernal nurslings of the year," and it is so modest, withal, that we spontaneously assign it the highest place in our affections, if not in our judgment.

Even old Homer knew and loved the violet. He places it in the meadows which surrounded the grotto of Calypso,

"Where blooming meads with vivid greens were crowned,  
And glowing violets threw odors round."

Pliny, the old naturalist, taught that a garland of violets worn about the head, prevented headache or dizziness. He must have been mistaken, as he was on many other points of natural science, for it is well known that the odor of violets in a small room will cause convulsions in some sensitive persons. It is, however, a useful plant. Its leaves are often applied with good effect to bruises. A conserve made of its leaves, called violet sugar, was formerly in great repute as a remedy for consumption. It was also employed as a remedy for asthma, epilepsy, and other diseases.

The ancient Britons used violets steeped in goat's milk as a cosmetic for the adornment of the faces of their wives and daughters. In these degenerate days it is mostly employed as a coloring agent, and as a perfume, for which purposes it is extensively cultivated in the vicinity of Shakespeare's birthplace, and in Kent. The Turks use it in making sherbet, influenced probably by the fact that in the Koran it is



proclaimed to be as much superior to other flowers as Mohammed was to other men!

THE DAHLIA.

I confess that, in spite of the florists who do not favor it, I admire the dahlia, and think the compliment of the poet not misplaced when he says,

"In queenly elegance the dahlia stands,  
And waves her coronet."

Its gorgeous and varied colors, the delicacy of its numerous florets so admirably blended into a globular whole, and the lateness of the season to which it continues in bloom, make it very attractive, especially to the popular eye. The dwarf varieties are particularly pleasing. I should feel my flower garden to be very imperfect without it.

The dahlia reminds me of Mexico, where it grows wild, and from whence it was sent to Europe in 1789 by that great naturalist, Baron Humboldt. The Curator of the botanical garden in that city, Professor Cavanilles, named it after Dahl, a celebrated Swedish botanist, a pupil of the well-known father of modern botanical science, Linnæus. The Professor presented one of the plants to the Marchioness of Bute, who kept it in her greenhouse in England. It did not attract general attention, however, until 1804. From that time it was rapidly propagated. It has been wonderfully improved by the skill of florists, who have increased its varieties to over two hundred of every color except blue. The tree dahlia—*Dahlia excelsa*—is said to attain a height of thirty-six feet in Mexico.

The root of the dahlia is tuberous, and the Mexicans boil and eat it as an edible. Rather unpalatable food, in my opinion.

I intended to write of the iris and the tulip when I began this paper, but my space is full, and I forbear, lest I weary the patience of my fair readers. I trust I have written enough to induce those of them who love flowers to search for the associations of their floral favorites. They will find them in the realm of poetry, in works of travel, and in the records of science. The knowledge thus gained will intensify and elevate the pleasures of floriculture, making them tributary to the improvement of the intellect and heart, as well as to the gratification of the external senses and the æsthetic tastes.

As it is the chief concern of wise men to trench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the way of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

BY AN UNKNOWN WAY.

I AM lost, O Lord, in this strange, new way,  
And I know not whither it leadeth me!  
I thirst and I pant in this fervid day,  
And there's never a stream, or a cool, green tree,  
Where my lips may drink, and my feet may stray,  
And if I go on, what waits to be?

Thou hast led me up from the low, still vales,  
Where the dew was sparkling, and green the grass,  
Where my brow was fanned by the gentle gales  
That brought perfume from each quiet pass,  
Where the very clouds seemed the snowy sails  
Of a ship riding in on a sea of glass.

Thou hast led me up by an unknown road,  
Through clouds, and darkness, and thunders;  
Past the gaping graves of hopes that strewed  
My path with myriad blossomings;  
Past wonderful mirages that glowed  
Afar like the plumage of angel wings.

Thou hast led me by passes whose cold, gray stone  
I shrank from pressing with bleeding feet;  
Yet when I reached them they gleamed and shone  
With velvet mosses, all dewy wet,  
That healed my bruises until my moan  
Became the song of a joy complete.

Thou hast led me through hours whose starry calm  
Was sweet as the hush that foreruns the day;  
Thou hast led me when life was a glorious psalm,  
And prayer was an anthem that swelled away  
To the shores of the country of song and palm,  
Where the chords lost here in full rhythm shall play.

Thou did'st lead me when under a starless night  
I builded an altar, watching and weeping,  
And, while its fires blazed high and bright,  
Burned there my one idol, bitterly steeping  
With passionate tears the ashes white,  
That I swept away to the grave's still keeping.

Thou hast led me through all with a gentle care,  
Holding me strongly against Thy breast,  
Till my unbreathed longing became as prayer,  
And brought me contentment, and peace, and rest;  
And I sobbed out helplessly, clinging there,  
"Dear Lord, thou knowest for me the best!"

I cling to thee now, O! pitying Christ!  
I stand alone in this strange, new way!  
The Beulah mountains are clothed in mist,  
And my eyes are dim in this fervid day,  
And far through the past's rare amethyst  
I hear cool fountains tinkle and play!

O, Lord! O, Bleeding Human Heart!  
Thou who hast suffered above us all,  
I suffer! I suffer! if mine thou art,  
O! let me not now grow faint and fall!  
Make of this pain and bitter smart  
A new, sweet joy that naught can pall!

## The Children's Repository.

### ANNE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

**D**OOR little Anne was in sad trouble, one day. O! how bitterly she cried! It made my heart ache to see her, as it always does to witness the sorrows of children, for it makes me think of the trials of my own childhood.

"What was the matter?" Why, it was this: Her father had told her in the morning, that he would take her, and two of her little friends, to drive out to Central Park, provided Anne would be ready precisely at four o'clock. He said, "You know, my daughter, that you are very apt to be tardy. It is necessary to start at the time I have mentioned. If you are not ready, we must go without you. I should be very sorry to leave you behind; and I hope you will let nothing prevent your being punctual this time."

Anne blushed a little, for she knew her besetting sin well enough; but she replied, "O! father, never fear but that I will be ready! I would n't miss it for any thing in the world!" Then she ran right up stairs to tell me of the great pleasure in store for her.

"Only to think, aunty!" she exclaimed, almost out of breath, her face beaming with joy, as she entered my room, clapping her hands, "father is going to take Maria, Julia, and me out to the Park this afternoon! Won't it be delightful! The girls have never been there, you know. We'll see the gay carriages, and such crowds of people! I wonder what they will say when they see the beautiful lake—O! perhaps father will let us take a row in one of those sweet little boats! And we will hear the music from the terrace, and we'll walk through the ramble, and go into that darling little cave, with the vines growing all over the entrance and we'll see the swans—O! I must n't forget to carry something to feed them with. They do come up so cunning, and eat right out of your hand, aunty! And we'll see the beautiful bridges, and the rustic arbors, and the deer, and the eagles, and the water birds in the ponds in the ramble. And I guess father will take us to the Casino, and treat us to ice-cream and goodies!" Anne smacked her lips as though she had a foretaste of them; "And perhaps we shall go into the Old Arsenal, and see the elephant, and the leopard, and the snakes,

and the cunningest little white mice, and rabbits; and, O dear! every kind of an animal you can think of, aunty!—O! I am so glad! I do wish four o'clock would hurry. O! dear, dear, dear, how nice! I must go and tell mother all about it," as she turned to leave my room.

"Stop a moment, Anne," I said, laying my hand upon her shoulder, "let me advise you to be ready in time. Your father will not wait for you. I heard him say that he intended leaving you the next time you failed to be ready at the appointed hour; and I would feel, O! so sorry, to have you disappointed, darling! The day is lovely, the music will be charming, and you will enjoy it all, I hope, as much as you anticipate."

"O! do n't be afraid, aunty dear—I'll be ready," Anne replied, putting her face up to mine for a good-by kiss, and away she flew, adding, "It's *ever* so long before the time, you know."

"Yes," I thought, "that will be the danger; she will think she has so much time, that she will defer getting ready. How dreadful her disappointment would be if she should not go! but I really am afraid, for I believe I never knew her to be ready at the right moment. We generally have to wait for her on the Sabbath. It is very annoying to be obliged to enter church late. She almost always has to stop to hunt for her parasol, gloves, or something."

I looked at my watch; it was twelve o'clock. I thought, "Now I will remember to call her in time, and see that she has every thing she needs for the drive ready, before the carriage is brought up." I went to her room, and laid on her bed, hat, gloves, parasol, sack, every thing she would wear." Anne was not at dinner. Her mother had given her permission to go and play with a little friend until three o'clock, with the strict injunction to return at that time.

Anne was a dear little girl; affectionate, kind, obliging; always ready to do any thing to help others; sweet-tempered, and playful as a little kitten; indeed she would have been—in the eyes of her aunty, at least—just about right, but for her two faults—procrastination, and a want of order. For, besides being seldom punctual, she had a habit of putting her things in wrong places; and, of course, when she wanted any of them, she could not always remember where they were, and she lost a good deal of time hunting them.

Three o'clock came. I nervously held my watch in my hand, as I looked up the road. No Anne! Quarter-past three—no Anne! Half-past three; quarter to four—still no Anne! Soon, one—two—three—four struck the clock, and I stood straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of her, when, just as the carriage rolled away with father in it, I caught sight of my poor little darling, running with all her might, and calling loudly, "O, father dear! do wait only just one little minute!"

But either father did not hear, or he did not choose to appear to hear his little girl's piteous cry. I knew how his heart was aching, though. He would rather have given a good deal of money than have caused sorrow to his little pet. I knew he would, for he was a tender, as well as a conscientious, parent.

"What made him drive off and leave her, then? I think he was real mean not to wait a minute!" I fancy I hear some little reader say. But you forget, my dear little friend, that Anne's father had said that he would not wait after the time. If he had done so, would he not have told a falsehood, and thus have taught Anne to be untruthful? Besides, remember that he was trying to help Anne to break herself of her very troublesome and dangerous faults. Would it have been kind in him to have encouraged her in them, by making her believe that, after all, promptness was of no account?

O, no! although my heart ached bitterly enough as I ran to the gate, and caught the sobbing child in my arms, and carried her into the house, I knew that father was right and kind in giving his little daughter this painful lesson. Thus it is with our Heavenly Father. He is as kind and loving when he sends us afflictions to help us to be good, as he is when he sends us joy and prosperity.

Anne cried long, and I will tell you, little folks—but you need not tell any body—that I cried too, as I thought, "O! what would I not have given to have spared my dear little niece this disappointment!" But do you imagine that she scolded, and called her father hard names? Not a bit of it! She was too sensible a child for that. After a while she cuddled still closer up in my arms, and we had a long talk. I need not repeat all that we said; but I will tell you that Anne was conscious of her faults, and acknowledged that her father was right in leaving her, and this disappointment made her more anxious than she had ever been to reform. I told her how to do it.

Anne is now a young lady; and, would you believe it? she is one of the most orderly and punctual girls I know! She often tells to her

little nephews and nieces the story I have just told you. Then she tells them how she was able to correct her bad habits.

"How did she do it?" O, well, it is no secret, so I will tell you. This was the way: She began the very evening of that sad day to *have a place for every thing, and to put every thing in its place*; also, to *do every thing at the right time, and begin in season*.

She understood that her wrong habits were sins, and that by continuing in them she was disobeying her God, doing injury to her own soul, and wrong to others.

"Did she reform without any help, just because you told her she ought?" O, no; no one can do that, you know. She knew that she had not strength enough to keep her good resolves, and that only one Being could help her do so; so she did what all who would do right must do—she asked help of God. Of course she received the aid she asked, because, you know, children, that our Savior has told us that he always hears our cry, and that when we ask with earnestness—as Anne did—we shall receive.

#### BEATRICE'S LOSS.

"YOU may come upstairs and see your mamma now, Miss Beatrice, she has sent for you; but you must be very quiet, and only speak when you have to answer a question."

"O, thank you, sir!"

"And, Miss Beatrice, you must not stay very long, but go down quietly as soon as you are told to do so."

"Yes, sir, I will."

"That is right, my little friend; now come with me; tread very softly, Miss Beatrice."

Holding the kind gentleman's hand, Beatrice, walking on tiptoe, in order to make as little noise as possible, reached her mamma's room.

Many days and nights had passed since Beatrice had last entered that room, when her mamma had been first taken ill, and now as the doctor led her to the bedside she scarcely recognized her "own pretty mamma," in the changed and white face before her.

"Beatrice, my child."

Beatrice flung her arms round her mamma's neck, kissing the white lips again and again.

Mrs. Temple waited till the child had relaxed her grasp, and then continued, "Beatrice, my darling, you will soon have no mamma."

Again the arms were flung round mamma's neck, and the child's sobs were now distressingly audible.

"Hush, my poor child," said Mrs. Temple, fondly, stroking the child's curls, "you must not cry so, Trixy darling, or I shall not be able to talk to you at all."

The sobs grew less loud and frequent, and presently died away.

"That is right, my darling; and now, Beatrice, when you have no mamma—" A faint sob, and again all was still. "When I have gone to live with dear papa and little Willy, will you try and remember what I am going to tell you, my child?"

"Yes, mamma."

"When I have gone to live with them, Beatrice, you will have to go away from here, and live with your aunt and cousins."

"Yes, mamma dear."

"And, Beatrice, you may not find it quite like home; sometimes your cousins may annoy you, and you may feel angry." Mrs. Temple stopped a moment, for want of breath, and again resumed, "And, Beatrice, if this happens, will you try and remember that you must not give way to your evil thoughts, but strive and pray earnestly that God will give you his grace to enable you to please him in all things?"

"Yes, mamma, I will," sobbed the child.

"Unless you do this, Beatrice, you will never come to that happy place where, I trust, we shall all meet; will you think of this, my child?"

"Yes, mamma."

"May God bless you, my darling! Kiss me, Trixy, dear."

Again Beatrice kissed her mamma, and yet again.

Poor little Beatrice, loving her mamma dearly as she did, could hardly realize the loss she had sustained. She had never remembered her papa, he having died before she was old enough to know or miss him; consequently she had given an unusual share of love to that parent whose death had rendered her doubly an orphan.

It was on a fine Autumn afternoon that the kind doctor arrived with Beatrice at her aunt's house, a large rambling place, situate in a most dismal part of the country. Very cheerless Beatrice thought it looked; and on comparing it with her late loved home, it in no way gained by the comparison.

The servant who admitted them, ushered them into the drawing-room, a low, long, dark room that seemed as if it had never been inhabited, so thoroughly dreary and cheerless was it. Here they were kept waiting for a time that seemed ages to our little friend; but at last Beatrice heard a rustling sound, and the next

moment a lady, followed by two little girls, entered the room.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Mildmay. I must apologise for keeping you waiting so long; but from your letter I had not expected you so soon as this."

"Indeed," said the doctor.

"So my poor sister is gone at last, poor thing! I did not think she would have lasted so long."

Dr. Mildmay here interrupted her, by introducing Beatrice to her notice.

"And this is my sister's child. Very small of her age. How do you do, child?"

"I am quite well, thank you," replied Beatrice, timidly, surprised that her aunt did not offer to kiss her, and not daring to do so herself.

"What is your name, child? Beatrice, is it not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Here, Beatrice, then, come and speak to your cousins, Julia and Harriet."

Beatrice timidly obeyed.

"You know," said Beatrice's aunt, addressing the doctor, "I never was on very intimate terms with my sister—an unfortunate marriage—my father would never see her, or hear from her; and, in fact, I have never seen this child before, and scarcely knew of her existence; but I had not the heart to refuse my sister's request."

Dr. Mildmay simply answered, "True;" but in his heart of hearts he began to think whether the child had not almost fared better if her aunt's heart had not been quite so tender.

"I suppose I can not persuade you to stay and take a cup of tea with us, Dr. Mildmay?"

"No, thank you; I shall lose my train; and even now I must hasten to catch it," he added, looking at his watch.

"Good-by, Beatrice," for since her mamma's death, the doctor had dropped the formal "miss."

"Good-by," said Beatrice, the tears filling her eyes; for she felt she was parting with her last friend.

As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Cross, for that was the name of Beatrice's aunt, told Julia to take her cousin upstairs and help her remove her traveling dress.

When Julia had performed this office for Beatrice—rather roughly—they again descended to the lower part of the house, and Beatrice was very glad to find that they were not to remain in the room she had first seen; and which was, in fact, a state apartment, and only used on state occasions.

Before they had well commenced tea, the room door was thrown open rather unceremoniously, and a boy entered.

"Beatrice, this is your Cousin Henry. Henry," she exclaimed, turning to him, "I wish you would not be so boisterous."

Henry came up to Beatrice, and shook hands with her, which was more than any of the others had done, and she accordingly felt grateful for it.

During the evening the little girls were playing with toys of every description, and poor little Beatrice was left very much to herself. And she thought, "How can I win their love? I will ask God to show me the way."

Once she ventured to take up a beautiful doll that was lying on the floor, in order to admire the waxen beauty; but immediately Julia snatched it from her, and told her she should not touch her doll.

"Julia!" exclaimed Henry, "how can you be so unkind? I am ashamed of you."

"There, Hal, do n't preach," replied Julia, angrily; "I won't have my doll broken for you or any one."

"Julia, how can you?"

"There, Hal, you always go on at me; it's because I am not your own sister, I know that well enough."

In order to explain this remark, I must tell you that Henry's papa had died when he was very young, and his mamma had married again; consequently, Mr. Cross was only his step-father, and Julia and Harriet Cross his half-sisters. Henry's name, too, was not Cross but, Delton. Whenever he administered a reproof to these two little girls, Julia, as a great hit, would generally finish up with the remark just quoted.

The next morning Beatrice was shown all over the house, and the next day, also, Beatrice began her studies, under the superintendence of Mrs. Cross, who pronounced her to be frightfully ignorant.

Poor Beatrice found, as her mamma had told her, that she would be beset with many temptations; but the memory of that dying scene restrained her from giving way to them, and she always asked God to make her very patient, so that she might "overcome at the last."

One day Beatrice had been sent to the drawing-room to practice, and after she had done so she closed the piano, and, taking her music, quitted the room.

That evening Mrs. Cross entered the room, bearing in her hands the fragments of a vase, which Beatrice knew her aunt valued very much.

"Julia," said Mrs. Cross, "have you touched this vase, or do you know any thing about it?"

"No, mamma," replied Julia.

"Do you, Harriet?" asked Mrs. Cross.

Harriet replied in the same manner as her sister had done.

"Then it must be Beatrice!" exclaimed Mrs. Cross.

"Indeed, aunt," said Beatrice, "I have not touched—"

"Hold your tongue, Beatrice!"

"Julia, have you been in the drawing-room to-day?" inquired Mrs. Cross.

"No, mamma; nor Harriet either."

"I thought not," said Mrs. Cross, triumphantly; "Beatrice is the only one who has been in, so it stands to reason she must have broken it. Now, tell the truth, Beatrice, and I will not punish you."

"But, aunt, I really would not tell a story about it," said Beatrice.

"Beatrice, go upstairs. When you feel inclined to tell the truth, you may come down, but not before."

"O, aunt!" exclaimed Beatrice, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Did you hear me, Beatrice? Go upstairs," repeated her aunt.

Beatrice was obliged to obey; and the poor child, sitting in her dark room, mourned her mother's loss more than ever.

It was in vain Mrs. Cross tried, in her error, to make Beatrice say she had broken the vase. Her mother's teaching had taken too deep a root for her to tell a falsehood now, whatever the consequences might be. When she was again allowed to come out of her own room, her cousins treated her with the utmost fridity, frequently saying, "O, you can't believe her," if she ever had occasion to speak to them on a subject where truth was concerned. But after a while, it was accidentally confessed by a servant that she had done the mischief; and, on being questioned, she said she had been so frightened at the blame attached to it, that she suffered Mrs. Cross's mistake to go uncorrected.

Great was Mrs. Cross's consternation on hearing this, and, as is common to naturally hasty natures like hers, her estimation of poor little Beatrice suddenly veered round to the opposite point; and, determined to make amends for her error, she declared her niece's innocence to the whole house; adding that she respected her for having borne so patiently a punishment which she might have avoided with a word. Mrs. Cross then took the surprised Beatrice in her arms, and kissed her heartily, saying, "My dear, you must try and be a daughter to me, and I will endeavor to be a mother to you."

Beatrice said nothing; she could only cry for joy, and thank God in her heart that she had at last won the affection of her aunt.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**TEACHING GIRLS THE USE OF MONEY.**—We remember hearing a man of high business reputation once say that he had found a great advantage, in giving his daughters an allowance. It was gratifying to them. It taught them the use of money. And it taught them economy. For many things which they would not have hesitated to ask of him, they found they could do without when the money came out of their own pockets.

We have opened to us here a subject of great importance. The young man, upon marriage, finds not unfrequently that his wife has no knowledge whatever on the subject of money. Its purchasing power she is quite ignorant of. One dollar and five dollars are much the same to her. And whether she is living upon the scale of one thousand or five thousand a year, she has no idea. She knows, it may be, that she has been restricted in the past. But she has probably looked forward to marriage as the time when this restriction was to be removed. Then she should be independent and have what she wanted. Thus the husband is in a strait between two. He loves his wife, and is anxious to gratify her every desire. But he finds it will take all he can earn, and more too, to accomplish this. What the result is, many a history shows—often failure itself, and no end of unhappiness. Or if success is finally attained, it is only after much bitter experience, and some of the best years of life wasted.

We insist upon one thing. The poor girl in this instance is but very partially to blame. Why should she have been kept always a baby in the matter of money? Why should she have been forced to grow up with no judgment, and no intelligent self-control on a subject so important? The parents are chiefly to blame for many such an unhappy history. And until they begin to apply the principles of reason, and to be willing to take some pains in the matter of educating their children, such cases may be expected often to occur.

The young girl should have her allowance at as early an age as the boy. By the time she is ten or twelve years old, she should be put, under the superintendence of her parents, in partial charge of her own expenses. Some portion of needed things she should be intrusted to buy. She should be taught how little money will do in these days; and how important it is to save, in order to accomplish any desired object. And especially in the case of both

boys and girls, the use of their allowance should be made a means of training in the true principles and spirit of giving. The Church will have greater need of this grace in the future than ever. The early years are those in which it should be taught. But it can not be taught effectually so long as children give away the money of others. They must have their own allowance, and give at their own expense.

It is too much the fashion in the education of girls, to sacrifice the womanly to the feminine. A female is the counterpart to a male. But the woman is the partner of man. Which is the nobler? Let us train up *women*, if it be possible, having their full share of all that is best in our common humanity. Let them be educated to breadth of mind, to good, sound sense, to practical judgment. And as the most delicately brought-up girl may have one day to earn her living, and possibly her husband's living, let her be taught what money is, what it will do, and how to use it.

**EMPTY HONORS.**—My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence! Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words as it is offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusty group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of China; but day by day your body shall be dressed more gayly, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast, crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown edge on the skull; no more. Would you take the offer verbally made by the death angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you?

Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its

fullness of horror. Every man accepts it who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and—not more personal soul. He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer—whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—*Ruskin.*

**GETTING RID OF DOUBTS.**—The way to get rid of doubts in religion, is to go to work with all our might and practice what we do not doubt. For example, there is the Sermon on the Mount. Nobody has any doubt about that; there it lies—plain enough and enough of it—not a bit of what's called theology in it. Not a word of information to settle the mooted questions men wrangle over, but with a direct answer to just the questions any thoughtful man must want to have answered when he looks at life. Is there a Father in the heavens? Will he help us if we ask? May the troubles of life be our discipline? Is there a better life beyond? And how are we to get that? There is Christ's philosophy of life in that sermon, and Christ's mode of dealing with actual existing society; and he who undertakes in good faith to square his heart and life by it will have his hands full. The world has been traveling eighteen hundred years and not come fully into the light of its meaning. There has never been a Christian State or a Christian nation, according to that. The document is in modern society just like a lump of soda in a tumbler of vinegar, it keeps up a constant commotion, and will do so till every particle of life is adjusted on its principles. The man who works out Christ's teachings into a parable life form, preaches Christianity, no matter what his trade or calling. He may be a coal-heaver or he may be a merchant, or a lawyer, or an editor—he preaches the same. Men always know it when they meet a bit of Christ's sermons walking out bodily in good deeds; they're not like worldly wisdom, and have a smack of something a good deal higher than common sense, but when people see it they say, "Yes, that's the true thing."—*Mrs. Stowe, in "My Wife and I."*

**INORDINATE AFFECTIONS.**—The moment a man gives way to inordinate desires, inquietude and torment take possession of his heart. The proud and the covetous are never at rest; but the humble and poor in spirit possess their souls in the plenitude of peace.

He that is not perfectly dead to himself is soon tempted and easily subdued, and even in the most ordinary occurrences of life. The weak in spirit who is yet carnal, and inclined to the pleasures of sense, finds great difficulty in withdrawing himself from earthly desires; he finds regret and sorrow as often as this abstraction is attempted, and every opposition to the indulgence of his ruling passion, kindles his indignation and resentment. If he succeeds in the gratification of inordinate desire, he is immediately stung with remorse; for he has not only contracted the guilt of sin, but is wholly disappointed of the peace which he sought. It is, therefore, not

by indulging, but by resisting our passions, that peace of heart is to be found. It can not be the portion of him that is carnal, nor of him that is devoted to a worldly life; it dwells only with the humble and spiritual.—*Kempis.*

**DO NOT FRET.**—"I dare no more fret," said John Wesley, "than to curse and swear." One who knew him well said that he never saw him low-spirited or fretful in his life. He could not endure the society of people who were of this habit. He says of them: "To have persons at my ears murmuring and fretting at every thing is like tearing the flesh from my bones. By the grace of God, I am discontented at nothing. I see God sitting on his throne, and ruling all things." If every one were of John Wesley's spirit, it would revolutionize the world. Christians lose all their wayside comforts and dishonor the Master by their fretfulness over little troubles. Some who can bear the great sorrows of life with a martyr's faith and patience are utterly overthrown by the breaking of a vase. The temper is an unruly steed which must be kept in hand every moment.

**GUILT AND SHAME.**—Guilt and Shame—says the allegory—were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both. Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After a long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part forever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame, being naturally timorous, turned back to keep company with Virtue, which, in the beginning of their journey, they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have traveled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.—*Goldsmith.*

**UNGOVERNED FEELING.**—There is great danger in ungoverned feeling. The temptation is great to indulge from mere pleasure of indulgence, and from the admiration given to feeling. It is easier to gain credit for goodness by a glistening eye, while listening to some story of self-sacrifice, than by patient usefulness. It is easier to get credit for spirituality, by thrilling at some impassioned speech on the platform, or sermon from the pulpit, than by living a life of justice, mercy, and truth. And hence religious life degenerates into mere indulgence of feeling, the excitement of religious meetings, or the utterance of strong emotion. In this sickly strife life wastes away, and the man or woman becomes weak instead of strong.—*F. W. Robertson.*

**UNTO PERFECTION.**—It is not required that a man shall always be perfect in order to be a Christian, but that he should be a sincere seeker after perfection. It is required that he should be moving forward, and advancing up the straight and narrow way of life.

## Contemporary Literature.

THE DESCENT OF MAN, AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX. *By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., etc. Two volumes. 12mo. Pp. 409, 436. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.*

With the fame and general theories of Mr. Darwin our readers are acquainted, and we have on hand from an esteemed contributor an able *critique* of his doctrines, so that we need give but little more than a passing notice here. The present volumes are devoted to an application of the author's doctrines with regard to the "Origin of Species" to the origin and descent of man. According to Mr. Darwin, species of animals are not separate creations by the Creator, but evolutions and developments out of other forms of animal life. With him, man is only a species of animal, and, therefore, can not be a separate creation, but is the final, or rather the present, result and form from variations, slow modifications, gradual losses and acquisitions, from an inferior order of animal life. Nearest to man in this series of variations are the monkey and ape tribes, and, of course, these are the more immediate progenitors of the human race. Man is an improved species of anthropomorphous ape; by natural selection, by accidental and incidental advantages of form gained, maintained, and improved, he has become what he is; he has lost the hair, except a meager pilosity scattered over the body, and certain tufts on the head and other parts of the body, all plainly indicating that he was once a hairy animal; he has lost the tail—the rudiment still existing, however; he has ceased to be four-handed, two of his hands having been transformed into feet; his long ears have become folded and shortened, a little pimple, or projection, still occasionally found on the outer rim, being the remains of the point; he has gained by long exercise and practice, and the gradual conformity of the bones to the necessity, the erect attitude; the jaws have receded and become less prominent, through less use, as he gained more wisdom; from throwing a stone, and cracking a nut, he has acquired the art of war, and the skill for manufacturing various tools and instruments; his new wants and habits made him a thinker; thinking developed his brain, and thereby enlarged and changed his skull; his enlarged life made it necessary that his chattering should be developed into artificial language; he always has been a gregarious animal, and his social instincts and his sense of certain things being necessary for the common good of the community, developed a system of morality; his fears and his enlarged imagination originated worship; all these things matured and developed through countless ages, and under an infinite variety of circumstances, give us the perfect man of the highest civilization of the nineteenth century.

This is not a caricature, but an honest statement of the author's doctrine; with the question of a Creator lying back of all the immeasurable series through which man has been evolved, he has nothing to do, nor with the immortality of man's future destiny; he is simply a scientist, unconcerned about God or religion, but about facts. Mr. Darwin is proud of his origin. He says, "For my own part, I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey, who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper; or from that old baboon, who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practices infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstition." We do not see, however, what Mr. Darwin gains by this, as certainly that heroic little monkey, or that brave old baboon, did not spring up into such a man as Mr. Darwin, without passing through the lower stages of "the savage who delights to torture his enemies." First the four-handed, hairy, long-tailed monkey, on all fours; then the tailless, leaping ape; then the sometimes erect and shambling gorilla; then the cave man, still sharing his life with wild animals; then the naked, and bedaubed, and long-haired savage; then the stone-aged barbarian; then the bronze-tooled wanderer; then, perhaps, the Indian; then something like a man. You must take it all, Mr. Darwin. Your facts, if they prove any thing, prove the series.

But what are these facts? Nothing very new, nor many more than have been known for centuries; the same kind of facts as we find in the theories of Lord Monboddo a hundred years ago, or in the "Zoonomia" of Mr. Darwin's grandfather; the facts are of the same class, though of course more of them. They all cluster around the central fact, always known and always admitted, that man has an animal body, created after the type of other animal bodies, and that he lives an animal life, under the general modes and laws of other animal life. That there should be many points of agreement between him and other animals in anatomical structure and physiological action, is not strange; he has organs like them, he lives, breathes, eats, digests, absorbs, secretes, grows, sleeps, dies like them. In addition to these great facts that every body knows, Mr. Darwin points out minor facts, that, to him, are very significant; much stress is laid on "analogues," being organs or parts present in the human body, having no very obvious use in man, but being perfect and useful organs in certain inferior animals; monstrosities, as we used to call them, are recognized as re-appearances in man of organs which he formerly possessed in the lower life;



rudiments are parts of organs still not entirely passed away.

We do not feel ourself in the least convinced by all that we find in these volumes, or our faith in the old doctrine of the special creation of man by God in his own likeness, in the least shaken. Of course, Mr. Darwin can make out a plausible case from the simple fact that, in his physical life, man is an animal, and, of course, has many things in common with the animals. He starts out with a theory, and accumulates facts to sustain it; he is able to gather many plausible facts from the resemblance of man's life to that of the inferior beings. The facts are, however, just as consistent with the theory of man's special creation with an animal body subject to the laws and influences of other animal bodies. The serious part of the book is that it saps the foundation of all morality and religion. If this book contains the true theory of human life, we do not see how we could help being an atheist. Intelligence, language, morality, religion, are all mere animal evolutions; intelligence itself is bereft of certainty, morality is a mere selfish calculation of the best good and safety of the community, and religion is organized fear and superstition; there may or may not be an impersonal, pantheistic deity lying somewhere away off at the beginning of these infinite series of evolutions; and as for any future of immortality, we can see no possible ground for the idea that this process of mere evolution, or development, could evolve an immortal man out of a mortal and perishing monkey.

The redeeming feature of the volumes is the vast collection of curious and useful facts about men and animals. Mr. Darwin is a scholar of vast information in all departments of knowledge bearing on his theories; he has spared no labor or pains in collecting his facts; and facts they are too, of a most interesting and valuable character; by the value of these the volumes will abundantly repay the reader; of the conclusions to be drawn from them, the reader can judge for himself; scientific facts are one thing—theories to be deduced from them are quite another.

**THE UNCIVILIZED RACES, OR NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN.** *Two Volumes, Royal Octavo. Pp. 774, 875. By Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S. Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Company. Cincinnati: Nettleton & Co.*

We noticed an edition of this great work some months ago, issued by J. B. Burr & Co., of Hartford, and then expressed an opinion of its merits as one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the age; it is, indeed, a perfect library of knowledge with regard to the uncivilized races of men; it deals only in facts and supports no theories; the compiler possesses peculiar talents for this kind of work, has been laborious and discriminating in collecting his facts, and combines them in very systematic order, and relates them in attractive style. The volumes contain a complete account of the manners and customs, and the physical, social, and religious condition and characteristics of the barbarous tribes throughout the entire world. The American edition

contains also a description of the races of Alaska and Siberia. The volumes contain over seven hundred illustrations, and numerous maps. The edition before us claims the advantages over the one previously noticed of being a complete, unabridged edition, containing all the matter, both of text and illustrations, to be found in the original London edition.

**A COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT; or, A Dictionary and Alphabetical Index to the Bible.** *By Alexander Cruden, M. A. With an Original Life of the Author. Large 8vo. Pp. 856. New York: Dodd & Mead. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.*

The public is thoroughly acquainted with "Cruden's Concordance." It is only necessary to say that this is a complete and well-executed edition, that the Concordance itself has not yet been superseded by a better one, that no preacher's library can do without it, and every family ought to have it.

**BARNES'S NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.** *Designed for Sunday-School Teachers and Bible-Classes. By Albert Barnes. Revised Edition. The Gospels, Vol. I, pp. 456; Vol. II, pp. 432. The Acts of the Apostles, pp. 418. The Epistle to the Romans, pp. 367. 12mo. \$1.50 per volume. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.*

The Harpers are issuing a new and revised edition of these well-known Notes. They originally began to appear in 1832. In 1840 the plates were recast, and various changes were then made. Since then great advances have been made in all the departments of knowledge necessary to a proper illustration of the Scriptures; Palestine has been explored more accurately than before; a better knowledge of Oriental manners and customs has been attained; more accurate maps and illustrations have been published; and the best minds in Europe and America have been employed in illustrating the language employed and the manners and customs referred to in the New Testament. In the last years of his life Mr. Barnes desired to avail himself of these accumulated advantages to revise his whole work. This has been done, and the Notes will now appear with no essential changes in the general plan, which was not desirable, but with such additions and abridgments as will adapt them to the present state of Biblical knowledge and to the present wants of the people. They will still hold their place as convenient, accurate, and sufficiently full notes on the New Testament for all ordinary purposes. The volumes are copiously illustrated, and contain a full supply of maps.

**OUR GIRLS.** *By Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D. 12mo. Pp. 388. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.*

"I write about the girls," says the author, "because I want to, and because, after a good deal of self-examination, I candidly believe I have something

to say about them." As we glance over his volume we agree with him that he has much to say to the girls, much of exceeding great importance, and that he says it in a way that can not fail to interest and instruct them. It is just such a book as every girl ought to have and ought to read. We do not believe every thing that is in the book, but in nearly all particulars it is true, pungent, and just to the point. He is not at home so much in the matter of education as in hygiene, and some things which he says about the study of French, of Greek and Latin, and music, may be disputed; but in rules for maintaining and regaining health he is thoroughly sound. Girls molded after the doctrines of this book would be far wiser, healthier, and happier, than those who come up after the fashion of our ordinary social conventionalisms, and they would be far prettier too, as well as far more useful.

**THE TWO BROTHERS, AND OTHER POEMS.** *By Edward Henry Bickersteth, M. A. Author of "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever."* 12mo. Pp. 324. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

The name of Mr. Bickersteth has rapidly become a household word in a great number of American families. By his "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever" he touched the deeper chords of many hearts, of those too that are most in sympathy with what is good and true, and he is reaping the sure reward. The present volume will be welcomed for the author's sake, and in it will be found many sweet and interesting poems, though others will not much interest the reader, nor add to the author's fame. They are of unequal strength, having been written at various times during the past twenty-seven years; some of them are the prize pieces written in his university days; others are occasional babbings from the full fountain within; still others are hymns suited to the purposes of public or private worship, and glowing with Christian feeling. They are interesting as the first trials of pinions that afterward soared so well.

**OPPORTUNITIES.** *A Sequel to "What she Could."* *By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World."* 16mo. Pp. 382. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

We have noticed the present uniform edition of the works of this chaste and interesting American author now issuing from the press of the Carters. This one is marked the fifth of the series. They are all interesting, instructive, and pure books.

**HISTORY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CANADA.** *By Thomas Webster. Hamilton, Canada. Published by the author.* 12mo. Pp. 424.

No more romantic history has ever been written than that which relates to the heroic age of Methodism. The Church in the wilderness had labors to undergo, and difficulties to encounter, and dangers to meet which we can scarcely credit; yet its earliest apostles were men of simple faith and sublime courage, and successfully they planted, watered, and tilled the Lord's heritage, until now the little one has

become a thousand. The lives of our early Methodist preachers abound in thrilling incidents, and the directness, plainness, and pungency of their first preaching were the means of bringing scores of immortal souls to Christ at a single meeting. Everywhere it was the same—in England, in the United Colonies of America, in the first Western States, and in Canada. This history, which we have here named, is not, therefore, peculiar. It relates the origin, and details the progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. It names its pioneer heroes; shows how they "toiled and sweat to cultivate Immanuel's land," and also how they conquered. This entire volume is a delightful episode in ecclesiastical history, and makes us better acquainted with our spiritual kinsmen, the brethren of one great family. It is well worth a perusal by all who love the Church and its institutions.

**SUZANNE DE L'ORME.** *A Story of Huguenot Times after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.* Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 16mo.

How the Protestant Christians of France suffered for their faith; how they were fined and imprisoned, were tortured and killed, or were driven from their country and their homes, is partially told in this thrilling story of Huguenot times. "Do you know," said Ranke to Guizot, "against whom the Prussians are fighting?" "Louis Napoleon, of course," replied Guizot. "No," answered the other; "against Louis the Fourteenth." France has indeed suffered for her crimes, and the atonement is not yet complete. Years of agony and oppressive taxation, of revolution and bloodshed, can never wipe out the crime of Bartholomew's night or the revocation of Henry's Edict. France needs the Bible and the Protestant faith; and until she as heartily embraces both as she once rejected them, there will be no stability for her people, her government, or her country.

**THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE.** *By Miss Yonge, Author of "The Two Guardians," etc.* Two Volumes. 12mo. Pp. 314, 312. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

**HEART'S-EASE.** *By the Same.* 12mo. Pp. 303, 315. Same Publishers.

These belong to the new and beautiful edition of Miss Yonge's works now issuing from the press of the Appletons. The authoress has been long known, and quite popular among readers of fiction. Her works have been extensively circulated in this country, and this very neat edition of them will be welcomed by her American admirers.

**THE MILLER OF ANGIBAULT.** *By George Sand. Translated by Miss Mary E. Dewey.* 16mo. Pp. 320. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Another volume of the complete writings of the great French novelist, being the fifth of the series. With many faults, and much objectionable matter, the stories of George Sand are all of thrilling interest. As a dissector and delineator of character she has few equals.

## Editor's Table.

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—We present our readers this month a beautiful engraving from a painting by Samuel Colman. He is a true artist, and is highly appreciated as such by his fellow-artists. His style is bold, and his taste lies rather in wild and mountainous scenes than in popular landscape views. It is only fifteen years since the valley of the Yo Semite was discovered by a wandering hunter, but the character of its novel and magnificent scenery is already well known in the Eastern States and in Europe. Since the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, tourists visit it in great numbers, and returning, speak of its scenery with enthusiasm, but no words can be too glowing, and no picture can give an adequate idea of its majestic beauty. The subject of the present view is the North Dome, taken from a canon on the north side of the main valley, through which the River Illillouette flows.

Augusta, Queen of Prussia, and now Empress of Germany, whose portrait we have had engraved for this number of the Repository, is the daughter of the late Grand Duke Charles Frederick of Saxe-Weimar. She was born September 30, 1811, and at the age of eighteen was married to King William, recently nominated Emperor. She has two children, Frederick William, Crown Prince, and Louisa, Grand Duchess of Baden. She is highly educated, pious, noble-hearted, patriotic, fond of poetry and art, an excellent wife, a judicious parent, and a genuine woman. The new honors which have been thrust upon her can add nothing to her excellent name.

**"THE CHRISTIAN PASTORATE."**—We have seen the manuscript and proof-sheets of the new work bearing the above title, and from the pen of Rev. Dr. Kidder, which is now in the press of Hitchcock and Walden, and which will be given to the public in the month of June. We recommend to our preachers to secure a copy of it at once. It is the most able and complete exposition of the calling, relations, and duties of the Christian pastor yet issued from the American press. It will immediately become a text-book in our seminaries and for young preachers.

**BOSTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.**—The catalogue of this flourishing Institution is on our table, giving a very full account of its past history, present location and status, and containing besides a very complete, systematic, and correct exhibit of the theological institutions of the whole country. We rejoice in the present prosperity and hopeful promise for the future of this strong and earnest institution. In another number we will give more attention to the catalogue.

**SWINBURNE'S POETRY.**—We felt called upon some months ago to denounce the unclean ravings of this late-born poet; we are glad to find that he is meet-

ing the general repudiation that his poems deserve. The literary critic of the Golden Age in reviewing his new poem says, "In the whole range of parts that the most versatile intellect can play, ethereal, wallowing, soaring, impious, rhapsodic, worldly, sensual, and devilish, he has made his appearance; howling his red-hot anathemas at all authority, human and divine; blasting with poetic lightning-strokes kings, priests, and law itself, defying and denouncing the Christian religion, and launching defiance at God himself. In these books there is not the poetry that makes men and women healthy or wise. Here is nothing to guide or to cheer. Here is nothing to live on. The poetry of Swinburne is but the exhalations of disease."

**THE IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN.**—The Chicago Tribune thinks it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy, and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity, and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness, and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically, and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women, and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints, and sends them to convents. He despises pink and white women, and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces, and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence, and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks. What would the critical lords desire?

**A COMING TRANSFORMATION.**—There comes a rumor—whether true or untrue we do not pretend to say—that the time is not far distant when ladies will return to the simplicity of the Grecian style in dressing the hair; that plain bands in front, and a coil behind, big or little, according to the actual amount of hair possessed, will be the "mode." Wonderful transformation! Gentlemen will need to be introduced to their nearest friends when this transpires; for even a husband would scarce recognize his own wife, if, leaving her at morning crimped, puffed, frizzled, and curled after the fashion of the day, he should return at night to find her arrayed in her own tresses, arranged *a la Grecian*.

**SPIRITUAL LIFE.**—As a flame touches a flame and combines into splendor and glory, so is the spirit of man united to Christ by the Spirit of God. It is a good thing to obey the law of God, but it is better to love it. The former is to live a new life, the latter is to have a new heart. A slave may obey a master whom he fears and hates, but the child loves the laws of his father.











THE LACE-MAKER.

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# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1871.

July.

## ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

THE recent work of Mr. Darwin, "The Descent of Man," that has just appeared in this country, will serve to impart fresh interest to one of the most important scientific questions under discussion at the present day, namely, the *origin of species*.

This last and maturest work of Mr. Darwin was intended, until recently, by its author, to have been posthumous. We will not stop to inquire why this design was formed, or has been abandoned, but the appearance of the book is largely due to the increased tolerance of such views in these later times, as it is the avowed purpose of Mr. Darwin's work to inculcate. Careful students of his earlier writings will have been thoroughly prepared to anticipate this ultimate statement, especially if taken in connection with the copious literature to which the discussion as to the origin of species has given rise.

Whatever others may feel, we hail the appearance of Mr. Darwin's book with pleasure. We have no fear that in the end even Bible or religious truth will suffer. Again, whatever may be said of his doctrines or their consequences, we think no unprejudiced student of Mr. Darwin's writings will accuse him of entertaining purposes, or even a *spirit*, hostile to religion. We can not now enter on details at this point, but think it not a difficult one to establish. Beyond this, no one can fail to admire his patience, perseverance, caution, candor, in short, his scientific spirit and manner. We credit Mr. Darwin, and even Prof. Huxley, with being thoroughly honest, as well as learned and intelligent, and as having the good of their fellow-men at heart.

By these remarks, we would by no means be

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understood as recommending *indifference* as to the bearings of science on religion, least of all to the doctrines of Mr. Darwin or their consequences in this relation. But we do object to this fearful spirit some Christians exhibit in the presence of certain novel or startling scientific doctrines or facts. The Bible and Christianity, after having stood the tempests and fiery trials of eighteen hundred years, will not perish, but might even gather strength, so far as we can see, should it be *proved* men have descended from apes. Men are immortal all the same, and as Christians have but little time to spend looking down, looking *up* as they do to a higher estate, to the "recompense of reward." Though it should be proved that the human race *did* graduate out of apes somehow, or time, or place in the past, we have at least one circumstance to console us, namely, whatever we may do toward establishing affinities with apes, we are now so far from them in sympathy and kind as to be sure they will never set up a similar claim, or make a similar discovery on their part. The recognition of consanguinity will never be mutual, whether pleasant or unpleasant. Hence, the multifarious consequences that might otherwise arise, it rests alone with man to avoid.

But what is this "Darwinian Hypothesis" we hear so much about?

Hitherto we have sought in vain in Mr. Darwin's writings for a clear and compact statement of the doctrine in question. This arises from no want of lucidity in expression. For simplicity and clearness we know of no scientific writer that excels Mr. Darwin. After reading his works, one can have no doubt as to what his views are. But the lack of summary, neatly formulated general statements enhances the difficulty of a critical estimate. Perhaps we can not do better than trust Prof. Huxley for

its statement. He says, "As I apprehend it—for I have put into a shape more convenient for common purposes, than I could find *verbatim* in his book . . . given the existence of organic matter, its tendency to transmit its properties, and its tendency occasionally to vary, and lastly, given the conditions of existence by which organic matter is surrounded—then these put together are the *causes* of the *present* and the *past* conditions of *organic nature*." (Origin of Species, p. 131, Am. Ed.)

To paraphrase this statement liberally, we may say—given the required elements, we may begin with the lowest animal, and from this by a species of improvement, or "evolution," carried on during long periods of time, may rise, for example, from radiates to mollusks, from mollusks to articulates, and from articulates to vertebrates; once with vertebrates begun, we get reptiles from fishes, birds from reptiles, quadrupeds from reptiles, or birds, quadrumanes from quadrupeds, and last of all, *men* from *apes*.

To show *how* this last step in the ascending progression took place, and to prove it did take place, is the intent of Mr. Darwin's last book. And this is a summary statement in plain language of the "Darwinian Hypothesis."

We suppose there can be no doubt as to the general intent or aim in this hypothesis as to the origin of species. It is that of a continuous progression, speaking in general terms, from the lower to the higher plants and animals.

The higher are derived from the lower. The proofs by which this view is supported may be divided into two classes, and may be regarded from two different stand-points. The two classes of proofs belong, one of them to the past, the other to the present. The one class of evidence is geological, the other belongs to the present period in the earth's history, or the period of *man*.

These proofs may be considered as Mr. Darwin has, beginning with the facts or particulars, and by careful inductive procedure advancing step by step to the most general conclusion. That conclusion is his "Theory of the Origin of Species," expressed in a single proposition.

Or, on the other hand, we may reverse the procedure and, beginning with the general statement, work backward, or endeavor to do so, analytically or deductively. This is not only a just procedure when once an inductive path has been opened between the facts or premises, and the conclusions, but is necessary, corresponding to the experiment or case called crucial in material proof.

Regarding this mode of examining the theory in question as valid, we propose to read from

the conclusion back to the premises, as, in the present state of the question, not only a summary but a satisfactory course. We propose to see whether we can get from conclusions back to the premises, as easily and plausibly as some have from the premises to the conclusion. It is an old but just adage, that "it is a poor rule that will not work both ways." The mode of examination we propose is, what may be called the logical, since it seeks to determine the adequacy or value of the proof in relation to the conclusion, nothing more.

We have endeavored to study the question under consideration in the best manner we could. Perhaps our study has been inadequate, but in the face of all the evidence brought up in support of the "Darwinian Hypothesis," we have been confronted, and we still are, with several difficulties. We do not offer them as new. But they deserve re-statement until they compel the attention they merit.

But before passing to a summary review of the evidence of the truth of the hypothesis in question, there are two points that demand attention.

1. It is one of the first rules to be complied with in all reasoning to define as exactly as possible leading terms. Without this no discussion can proceed definitely. This is especially true in cases where the subject-matter of the terms is greatly in dispute. About what term has there been greater controversy in these latter days than about that of "species," as to its real meaning? What is the thing it denotes? By what marks shall it be known and designated? How shall we know when we have a "species?" The original question has never been, "What is the origin of types?" as the radiate type, etc., but a more special, underlying one, "What is the origin of species?"

Now *what is* a "species?" The whole question stands or falls on what has been, or may be, done with "species." Any uncertainty that may exist as to what a species is in the beginning, will most assuredly not disappear in the reasonings, based on facts, which borrow their chief value from the assumption that we clearly understand what we are talking about when we use the term species. The reader might suppose by this time a scientific term, so long in use, must be well defined, its limits and contents agreed on. But the very reverse of this is true. We decline to state or examine the various definitions at this time that have been given by naturalists of the term in question, but we make bold to say no acceptable real definition of this term has ever been given. We do not say such a definition can be given,

least of all is it our intention to propose one. But until this shall be done, there must be, as there is, vagueness and obscurity hanging about all discussions which proceed on the sandy, shifting basis afforded by this term, or what it is presumed to denote. Before we dispute much further as to the "origin" of species, we had better stop and inquire more strictly what is denoted by our major term. We must have a clearer definition, qualitative or quantitative, before we can legitimately proceed. This is all the more so since the unmistakable tendency or aim of modern discussion, in one of its phases, is to free species, or our conception of them, from their most distinguishing characteristic; namely, persistence of plan, or type, in connection with wide variation.

Since this is the chief obstacle in the path of the transmutation theory, it is easy to see why it should be discredited or set aside. But when you have deprived a species of the characteristic just referred to, what have you but a variety? Once with species and varieties on the same level, calling a variety a species and *vice versa*, it is quite possible to render plausible, or even prove the "Darwinian Hypothesis."

From an examination of varieties called species, you get conclusions made to include real species without so much as consulting them. Now we hold ourselves ready to prove this has been often done, and that too frequently the "Darwinian Hypothesis" stands on no better foundation than this. Are we absolutely certain, for example, that in describing oaks under the generic name *quercus*, and the various different kinds as species under this genus, that our terms, as we have fixed their meaning, really express the truth of nature? Are we sure what is called the genus, should not be called the species, in the common sense of this term, while what we call species should be called varieties? Have we not ministered to confusion by an inadequate or imperfect terminology? What is said of oaks must be repeated in hundreds of instances, in the plant and animal kingdoms. Has any body ever answered these questions in a satisfactory manner, so as to put reasonable inquiry at rest? Can it be said a decisive answer on this point is immaterial? But whatever uncertainty there may be concerning the questions stated above, there can be none on this one. Have we any evidence that either oaks or pines, for example, by any natural or artificial process whatever, have deserted, either upward or downward, an easily recognized type or plan, this as an oak, that as a pine, becoming something else than an oak or a pine, or that they have ever been changed,

the one into the other? Not the slightest evidence in the world, so far as we know. There have been wide and endless variations, but no desertions.

The same may be said, for example, for dogs and men. We have a genus *Homo*, and under this a number of varieties of the more permanent kind, because we have degrees in the permanence of varieties. Under the genus *Canis* are we sure the various species, so-called, are not mere permanent varieties? Have we ever known any member under this genus to transmute into another genus? However much dogs may differ as to size, color, hair, etc., do they not all conform pertinaciously to an easily recognized type, which they have never been known to desert for another?

If we do not admit this element of permanence of type or plan as a distinguishing mark of species, we degrade them to the rank of mere varieties, and once on this basis of sand there is no reliable ground on which for scientific investigation to rest, since it rests not till it has formed the underlying uniformities of the subject in hand. With species deprived of the element of permanence, you have nothing left as the tangible object or end of scientific research but an indefinite "tendency" to transmutation wholly at variance with many facts both positive and negative, and the conditions of which are in most cases unknown, in many unknowable.

It can not be said no distinction is customarily drawn between species and varieties, nor can it be said that distinction has been other than permanence of type in one, and the want of it in the other. But how shall we emancipate the fundamental type of a species, or even a genus, from the ever-changing disguises of its variations, and so describe it that we can detect it under the garb of its mutations? Here, then, are natural obstacles to clear definition, to be added to the artificial ones growing out of an imperfect terminology.

While we have this uncertainty in our knowledge as to what a species is, and a corresponding imperfection in definition of the leading terms we employ, how can we hope for accordant discussion or reliable conclusions, which some think they have? The difficulty just stated at some little length is the one that meets us at the very threshold of the inquiry, and, to our mind, has vitiated the whole course of discussion as to the origin of species. Until a definition has been drawn between species and varieties—if there be any—sufficiently clear for the purposes of critical discussion, the chance is all arguments in favor of the trans-



mutation of species are really drawn from the changes and interchanges of varieties. This is truly the state of the discussion to-day. We do not announce any new discovery as to the logical state of this question. Those best qualified to speak are freest to admit the difficulty, and in some cases practical impossibility, of distinguishing between species and varieties.

2. *As to the question of time.* One prime desideratum or condition in the "Darwinian Hypothesis" is time. It is said, to effect a conversion from one species to another requires long periods in time. The required changes take place so deliberately, and by such small gradations, that thousands of years may be necessary in which to produce the transmutation. There can be no objection to this demand. If this is all the "Hypothesis" needs it is welcome to it. But it is a demand that works both ways. If the friends of the hypothesis contend for immense, and we may say impracticable periods of time in which to produce and confirm the required changes, so, on the other hand, must we subject these so-called new species, artificially produced, to naturally favorable circumstances, and if, at the end of a few hundred or thousand years, the new peculiarities, or type, should persist in spite of variations, then we may certainly pronounce we have a new species, and not till then. How often would we find the so-called new species reverting back to the original type or parent stock? These remarks all proceed on the suppositions that we know what a species is, and that there have been cases of new species produced either naturally or artificially, which we heartily doubt. We know very well such a test as regards time would be complained of as unscientific and unreasonable. But no more complaints would deter us from applying it until it should be shown how it could be allowed in the other case and not in this one. Can it be said it is not the test to which all undoubted species, in the common sense of the word, have been actually subjected?

It is not enough that a so-called new species shall endure for a few years under favorable circumstances that tend to perpetuate new features, as in the numerous varieties of flowers, or fruits, or animals, obtained by careful domestication, cultivation, and selection. The element of time is just as necessary in proving as in procuring a new species. To this test oaks, pines, dogs, horses, and men have been subjected.

It is not a question of so much importance in case of mere varieties. They may be produced, or may relapse in comparatively brief periods in time. There are, as already said,

degrees in the permanence of varieties. There can be no question that the permanence of some varieties is such as to leave one in doubt whether they are not species. On the other hand, the power of species to vary differs in different cases. Some species may vary so readily under even slight influences, as to raise a just suspicion whether they are not simply strongly marked varieties.

We insist on the element of time for proving species, or a satisfactory reason why we can not have it. This point conceded us, however, two alternatives are presented to the "Darwinian Hypothesis." Either it must surrender the question of time altogether, or it must submit to have most, at least, of its strongest proofs held *sub judice*—bottled up for a few hundred or thousand years. Of course this could not be alleged against geological proofs of the "Hypothesis." But the reader will be surprised if he looks into these geological proofs to find how slender they are. We shall speak of them briefly in a subsequent article.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### BERT'S WHISTLE.

THE hot, bright sun of a long July day sank out of sight behind the western hills, and a faint breeze sprang up, lifting the heads of the drooping flowers, and softly swaying the delicate vines that clambered from pillar to pillar of a broad piazza. Lured by the cooling breath the occupants of the pleasant country-seat had all gathered there, and were watching the rosy light fade away and the moon come up until all the lawn lay fair and still under its soft light, and the graveled walks grew white and glittering. Then began that wonderful chorus of insect voices that a Summer night calls forth, and the human audience, lulled into reveries by the sound, grew still—the younger ones seeing visions it may be, the older ones dreaming dreams.

A pretty picture they unconsciously formed—the gentlemen sitting in the clear light on the steps, and the ladies a little further back, where the vine-leaves threw changing, beautiful shadows over their pure white dresses. But the children, too young to take thought for the future, not old enough to have a past, grew weary of the silence presently, and began to tell each other marvelous stories of "once upon a time." Then they tried to imitate a distant whip-poor-will, and broke into peals of laughter at their ineffectual efforts to learn the locust's long song.

"Sounds as if he wound himself up, and then just let himself run down again. We can't get the right key," commented a wee merry maiden. "O, Uncle Cambrel!" making a rush toward a gray-haired old gentleman, and putting her coaxing arms around his neck, "I know what we want! Please play owl for us—do!"

"O yes, do!" chorused the rest of the uneasy group, gathering about him.

He laughed, and drew the golden-haired Angie into his lap. "Well, get ready to stop your ears, all of you."

The imitation was almost perfect, and a series of long, doleful to-who-oos sounded forth until the whole party were laughing.

"How came you ever to acquire such an accomplishment as that, uncle?" asked one of the ladies.

"And of what particular use did you suppose it would be when you were taking the trouble to learn it?" added his wife, a dignified lady—she who did not quite approve of such owlings.

"One learns such things in the woods, hardly knowing how or why," he answered. "After all," he added musingly, "it is such a wonderful world, and things fit into our lives so strangely, that it is hard to tell what of all the things we gather up will be of use to us, and what worthless. I never felt like condemning poor Mrs. Toodles for quite the simpleton most people think her; she only took a comprehensive view of life's possible needs—"

"And a terribly inconvenient way of carrying out her views," interposed Mrs. Cambrel.

"There was my brother Bert," pursued the old gentleman; "he had some way learned, when a boy, the loudest, shrillest, most unearthly whistle I ever heard. He used to practice it sometimes—when we were out-of-doors, of course, for no one would have such a noise in the house; but after all—"

"It secured him a first-class position on some locomotive or steam-boat, I suppose?" suggested his wife.

"No, not exactly," laughing; "but it was quite as serviceable in another way. It was long ago, when this country was all new. The lawn out here was only a little clearing, and this house did not exist even in a plan, but a log-cabin stood in its place. A wild, beautiful country this was then, with only a few settlers here and there, and they separated from each other by long stretches of wood. There was something very pleasant, though, in that life in the forest. The strange beauty and stillness had a charm all their own, and we were not unhappy nor very lonely, though we had come

from an Eastern village here. No cultivated garden could be as lovely as those woods with all their wild flowers, and the great old trees were fairly alive with birds. To be sure there were some wild animals under those same leafy branches now and then—enough to give an occasional touch of excitement to our otherwise quiet farm-life—but we saw less and less of them as our clearings extended."

"Bears?" questioned Angie with wide-open eyes.

"Ay, my pet, and wolves too. A hungry one would occasionally venture near the clearing even in the day-time, and more than once the children came into the house with stories of 'an ugly yellow dog' that watched them from behind the trees when they were out at play. Still, as I said, such things happened more rarely after a time, and we grew to think less and less about them. We had been here nearly two years when, one Autumn afternoon, Bert looked in at the door and called to his wife,

"I'm off on my travels, Janie; one of the cows has strayed away and I must hunt her up."

"I hope you won't have to go far," she said.

"I guess not, though it is hard to tell," he answered.

"O, Bert!" she exclaimed quickly as she turned away, "you do n't mean to go as you are—dressed just in that way?"

"He surveyed his clothes with a comical glance. 'Well, my boots are rather muddy, and I'm not in the nicest possible order, but I do n't believe Brindle will object to walking home with me, particularly as our roads are so very quiet here, and it is not likely that any one will see us.'

"Nonsense!" said Janie laughing. "Do n't you see how cloudy it has grown this afternoon? I'm afraid it may rain before you get back, and at any rate it is growing colder. Here, take this with you," and she handed him an old cloak that we often used to throw about us when going out in a storm. 'It won't be much trouble, and you may need it before you are home again.'

"He took it, more to satisfy her than because he really cared about it, and started off, while the children stood with noses flattened against the window, and watched him until he was out of sight. Janie went back to her work again—making up Winter garments for the little ones from cloth her own hands had woven. She watched the sky, but although it remained cloudy there was no rain, and so the afternoon wore away. Supper-time came, the tea-kettle was swung over the blaze in the great fire-place, and the short-cake made and put to bake in the

kettle under the coals, but Bert did not come, and after waiting half an hour more, the family gathered about the table.

"He must be having quite a search,' father remarked.

"I hope he won't stay late,' said Janie a little anxiously. To her gentle, womanly thought that new country was full of all dangers, known and unknown, after dark.

"O, no! it is n't likely he will do that,' father answered. 'He will be home by dark at least; there would be no use in his staying away any longer.'

"But the gray twilight faded away, and the shadows grew thicker and darker, and still he did not come. Janie, putting the children to bed, was constantly hushing their prattle, and pausing to listen at every sound, hoping to hear his returning step. At last the little heads were safely on their pillows, and it had grown quite dark without, but within the wood fire was stirred into a brighter blaze, and threw its cheerful light over the room, touching up the rough walls and homely furniture with a pleasant glow. To and fro through the fire-light Janie walked with her babe in her arms, her dark eyes turning ever toward the window, while her face grew paler with each half hour that passed. Father wandered frequently to the door and stood peering out into the darkness until, after a time, the moon broke through the clouds and shone out fair and bright.

"Bert had started off on the road that led through the wood, and walked on and on without finding any trace of the missing animal. At last the faint, distant tinkle of a bell reached his ear, and he turned aside from the path, and pushed his way through bushes and undergrowth in the direction from whence the sound came. It was not easy to find the spot. It seemed farther off than he had at first thought, and there were long intervals of silence in which he had to make his way as best he could, listening in vain for any note of the bell by which to guide his steps. Even when he heard it again it seemed to come first from the right, then a little from the left, and so more than an hour passed while he attempted to follow it. Then the sound grew nearer and more distinct, and he pressed forward more rapidly, until he found himself in a tiny open glade, and discovered, not Brindle, but a little child some three or four years old, with a bell in its hand.

"If Bert was surprised and disappointed, the child was equally so, for, after surveying him for a moment with a pair of wondering eyes, it suddenly burst into a passion of tears and sobbing. Bert glanced about him, but there was

no house in sight, no sign of any human habitation near, to which the young stranger could belong.

"Where in the world did you come from?' he asked, bewildered.

"There was no answer, and beginning to realize that his appearance and abrupt question had frightened the poor little waif, he drew nearer and said soothingly,

"What is the matter, little one? What are you crying for?"

"'Cause I was ringin' for ma,' sobbed the child; 'an' I thought she'd come, an' 't was you!'

"Where is ma?"

"She's home. I want to go home too.'

"Well, do n't cry,' Bert answered comfortingly, 'I guess she could n't hear the bell, and that is the reason she did n't come. Where is home?'

"Way over there,' and the tiny finger pointed rather uncertainly.

"There?' asked Bert, pointing in an opposite direction.

"The child nodded assent. It evidently knew nothing of the route by which it had come, and Bert was perplexed and troubled.

"How came you away from your mother?' he asked, hoping to find some clew.

"'Cause she worked in the house, an' I played out-doors with the bell. I went to find pa, but I could n't find him, an' then I was 'fraid of a cow, an' I come here. Will you take me to ma?'

"If I can find her,' he answered, trying to decide in what direction to go. The child gave her own name, but it was one with which he was entirely unacquainted, and he did not know how far she might have wandered, or where to seek for her friends. It was growing late, however, and he could not pause long to consider the matter, so he took the little girl's hand, and wandered up the glade, hoping to find some path which would lead either to her home, or back to the road which he had left. None appeared except such as had been made by animals pushing their way through the bushes, and following these openings he came, finally, upon the primitive object of his search, which he had for the time almost relinquished—old Brindle.

"The shadows were already deepening in the wood, and there was need of hastening. He resolved to turn homeward as soon as possible, but the tired little feet beside him began to lag sadly, and he was soon obliged to take the child in his arms. Thus burdened and driving the cow before him, he could proceed but

slowly, press forward as he would, and the light grew steadily dimmer and fainter, while the wood seemed to stretch out before him interminably. He had not dreamed that he had left the road so far behind him, and he traveled wearily on in his efforts to regain it, stopping now and then to rest and look about him, until it grew quite dark, and the conclusion forced itself upon him at last that, bewildered by his anxiety to discover the home of the child, and by the closing in of the night, he had lost his way, and was wandering he knew not whither. He tried in vain to discover some familiar landmark, yet the thought of the anxiety that would be felt at home urged him forward, though he knew that he might be straying further away from, instead of drawing nearer to, the waiting ones.

"He was almost giving up in despair when a sound as of a distant shout fell upon his ear. Some one had come in search of him, he thought, and he answered with a loud, cheery 'holla!' The call came again, and again he replied. After a few times it seemed to him more like a woman's voice, and he began to wonder if it were possible that the mother of the child could be out in the woods at that hour. Guided by his responsive calls the sound came nearer, and as it reached him more distinctly, he suddenly recognized it, and ceased replying—it was the panther's cry, and his voice was but drawing the creature toward him. He moved on in silence then, and, after a time, had the satisfaction of hearing the dismal cries grow more distant again. The wind was becoming colder, and he fastened about him the old cloak Janie had insisted upon his taking, and drew it around the child who, worn out, had fallen asleep in his arms. He was very weary, too, with the long journeying, and as he emerged into a more open space he sank down to rest, and had almost resolved to proceed no farther, when the moon broke through the clouds and revealed the sought-for road just beyond him. That discovery brought new strength at once, and as a brief examination showed him that his wanderings had not led him entirely out of the proper course, and that he had regained the road at a point not far distant from his home, he pressed forward joyously.

"Soon the trees became more scattering, the thick forest was behind him, and one of his own cleared fields in sight. Home was but little more than half a mile away.

"'Now, Brindle, you know the road, so hurry along,' he remarked in a tone both impatient and congratulatory.

"But Brindle came to an abrupt halt, and manifested a decidedly stronger inclination to

retreat than to proceed any farther in the right direction. Glancing ahead to learn what had frightened her, Bert saw, directly in the path, a bear—a great, hungry animal that made him shudder as he looked. He had not thought of providing for any such contingency when he started on his search, encounters of that kind had come to be of such rare occurrence; and so, entirely unarmed and burdened with the sleeping child, he knew not what to do. For one fearful moment he stood irresolute, revolving and rejecting a host of wild plans; then laying the little girl upon the ground, he suddenly threw the old cloak up over his head and arms, and bending forward ran toward the creature, flapping the garment wildly about like a pair of great black wings, and sending forth at the same time his loud, shrieking, peculiar whistle.

"The bear started, and retreated a few paces. Bert's experiment was a dangerous one, but it seemed his only resource, and he repeated it—desperation lending to his whistle a degree of unearthly wildness that he had never quite attained in his days of boyish practice. The bear was terrified, and with a growl turned and disappeared in the wood. The frightened Brindle seized the opportunity, and ran down the road at full speed, and Bert, catching up the child, hurried after as fast as possible. He was heartily welcomed at home, where all were relieved from anxiety by his returning safe and well. Still, when the family were comfortably gathered about the fire, and he had told his story, there was some laughing about his whistling being so miserable that even a bear could not listen to it. Some one playfully suggested that he should mark the site of the occurrence by laying there the corner-stone of a school for whistlers. But Janie, with her hand resting on his shoulder, said softly, 'A better memorial would be such a stone as Jacob raised in the olden time—to the God who delivered from evil.'"

"And did the little girl ever get home?" questioned Angie, nestling her head on Uncle Cambrel's shoulder.

"O, yes; we found where she belonged the next day. Her parents had but lately moved to the place, but we became good friends afterward."

"It was a queer ride that she took in Uncle Bert's arms, without knowing any thing about the bears or panthers," pursued Angie meditatively.

"I do n't know, pet," answered the old gentleman thoughtfully. "It is very much like a great part of the journey we all are taking—

borne onward by strong, tender arms through dangers we do not see or dream of."

"Well," said Mrs. Cambrel, breaking the momentary silence that fell, "is the moral of all this that these boys are to imitate all the engine shrieks, tin horns, and various deafening sounds they may hear, with a view to their being useful some day?"

"O, no!" answered Mr. Cambrel, laughing. "The moral is, that these boys should keep all their astonishing whistles and wonderful war-whoops to practice on wild animals, and not torture civilized human beings with them."

### THE GREAT EMIGRANT AND CHURCH FATHER.

HERE was a point in history where it divided itself into what is styled sacred and secular. That point was reached in the call of Abraham. Not that God's plan of government is less inclusive of one part than the other, for his kingdom ruleth over all. But while, from this separation, the heathen lines run on unfolding in a general way the great problem of history, they have no specially provided records, except as they impinge the other line.

There is another difference. The secular movement, in its main flow, is in the degenerating line from the evil forces of the serpent's beguilement. The other, along with these evils, carries both the promise and the virtue of a counteracting and restorative good in the covenants, and the more and more clearly developed idea of the foretold conquering seed. The subsidiary problems of the struggling heathen ages are held in the grasp of the main problem. More and more clearly as these ages advance, is defined a consciousness of need—a half-longing for something higher and better than nature-worship, or than science, philosophy, or art can supply. At the same time there come into history on the secular side the culturing influence of commerce and government, language and law, as a providential preparation for this anticipated something better. While this sacred line starts with a single family and moves on into a Church and nation, it is not mainly for the sake of that family or nation. For this particularism is the opening of a dispensation that is to draw all the nations, broken up and scattered by the confusion at Babel, back toward a moral unity and a higher harmony at the cross.

While, therefore, Providence is no more real in Christian history on account of its special

record, it is yet far more visible. And though it is equally minute in both, there is much more that is emphatic in the one than in the other, because so much more of the great world-plan hinges on it.

From Shem to Terah, separation, colonization was the providential law. But when the degeneracy kept pace with the colonization—in order to preserve the sacred germ from being overborne by evil, the principle of *selection*, the idea of a Church, of a covenant-people, opens up another historic period.

Abraham, with whom the experiment commences, was a dweller in Chaldea, in the upper part of Mesopotamia, and from a northern branch of the religious Semitic family. On the principle of selection, he was called out from among his idolatrous kinsmen.

But whither shall this elect family be led for this special training? The answer to this question is found in the correlated idea of a holy land. These—the holy land and the chosen holy people—are parts of the same plan and course of events, and for two thousand years are prophetic pointers, or a key-note in the harmonies of history.

The place appointed as the school-house for these chosen pupils of Providence would combine, we should expect, all the main forces of physical, mental, and moral development, so far as sea and land, hills and valleys, rocks and rivers, can supply them. And just such a combination exists in the land of the Canaanites, whither this chosen family was led. It lies in the very center of the eastern hemisphere. It borders in its whole length on the Mediterranean Sea, that great mediating highway of the nations and focal point of the world's thought. It is guarded on the north by the bold and bracing Lebanon range, by the balmy Syrian Desert on the east, and the scorching Arabian on the south. These surroundings secure just the seclusion for the forthcoming nation that its peculiar character and mission require, while it is proximate to the great nations, Egypt, Phœnicia, Assyria, Greece, and Rome. It has a soil celebrated by classic as well as sacred writers for its fertility, and is capable of great density of population.

To this land, "where the human soul," says Napoleon, "throbs more powerfully than anywhere else," the patriarch was led as an exile by the hand of God. Here, in this one man and this most rigid particularism, begins the *Ἐκκλησία*—the Church of God. He stands as free as possible from the old idolism. Yet the separation looks forward to a future union with the nations from which the chosen one here

takes his leave. Abraham shall be made great, not simply because he is true and good, but chiefly that in him all the nations of the earth may be blessed.

This announcement explains the object of the eclecticism here introduced. It is as it were the letting drop the other tangled threads of history, to draw out this one and weave it into a best robe for the prodigal but to be restored humanity.

And in the words, "I will curse him that curseth thee," is the seed of the theocracy, the special God-government which was through Hebrew history and makes it so visibly and emphatically providential. It was not for the patriarch to avenge his wrongs however great. That is the prerogative of the sovereign Ruler and Defender. Abraham is now a representative person. The future development of a redemptive plan in the form of an organized Church is to start with him, and whatever opposes or obstructs that must in the end give way. This declaration, "I will curse him that curseth thee," is a fore glimpse of the fate of the nations that shall wrong and oppress the chosen people.

When in his Western journey this notable emigrant reached Sichem in the plain of Moreh, the center of the allotted domain, God said to him, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." This is the title to the country and its first occupancy by the chosen people in the person of their distinguished representative and pilgrim father. And although he takes possession only by virtue of a promise to his seed, while as yet he has no seed, his first act is to build an altar in the midst of idolaters, and consecrate the possession to the one living and true God, who had donated it.

But he has hardly arrived before a famine brings him into contact with the luxury and polytheism of Egypt. In its Titan monuments and its embryonic arts it had a kind of barbaric civilization, and it became successively the patron, the tempter, and the oppressor of the Church-family. From its proximity to this family, we never after lose sight of it in history.

A strife among the herdsmen occasioned a separation between the noble uncle and the ignoble nephew, in which the admirable magnanimity of the former is placed in strong contrast with the mean and mercenary selfishness of the latter. "Is not the whole land before thee? If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

What a treaty of peace is this! And how

worthy of imitation by princes and presidents! Yet how unlike this is the usual procedure! War, cruel, thundering war, is the common argument of the stronger with the weaker, in the settlement of international difficulties. "Give us 54° 40' as a boundary," says America to England, "or we will fight," and to Mexico, "the Rio Grande, or we will fight." "Give me Luxemburg," says France to Prussia, "or there will be a war." "Take an inch," says Prussia, "and there will be war."

But this Abraham was an old-fashioned diplomat, some say, "a semi-barbarian." He lived far back in the night-time of the world, while we live in the nineteenth century, in the scientific, illuminated, and Christian age. If Abraham, however, be the exponent of the former times, and we of the later, in this matter of settling boundaries, it is the latter that is the dark and barbarous age, and the former that is the enlightened and Christian. We are the savages, and the patriarchs are the civilized. Abraham is the elder, yet he condescends; he is the stronger, yet he submits. And not at all from cowardice, but from foresight and benevolence. He knew that peace was better than landed estates—a smaller territory with the smile of Heaven, than a large one with the envy and ill-will of an offended kinsman or neighbor.

Lot pitched his tent toward the idolatrous Sodomites in the fertile vale of Siddim. Falling thus in the way of the retributive providence that comes upon his sensual neighbors, he is carried away captive by the victorious Chedorlaomer. His princely uncle hearing of his captivity, followed the victors with his trained bands, and by fleetness and skillful generalship, retakes him and brings back with him "all the goods, and the women also, and the people." Nor does he make the vanquished pay the expenses of the war as a condition of peace. And of the spoils, in his military magnanimity, he would "not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet."

But the selfish and sensuous Lot, too feeble to hold a place near the center of sacred history, slides into the outer circles and is finally lost in the barbarous tribes of Moab and Ammon.

This brilliant victory gave to the noble patriarch a prestige in the land as a heroic patron and protector, as a man that was blessed, and had also begun to be a blessing.

In his long waiting for the promised son, Abraham was led by his impatient and inventive wife to an infraction of the primal law of marriage, which proved a disturbance of his family peace and a bitter grief. But this delay

of Providence was a wise and needful discipline. Untempered virtue can not know either its weakness or its strength. Integrity maintained at the expense of sore trial gains solidity and dignity. He who in all time is to hold pre-eminence in the Church as the father of the faithful, and in a dispensation where faith is the main restorative virtue, must, therefore, hold a tried pre-eminence. In all model characters, history takes time and trial in bringing them to perfection. And it is not till this representative Church-father is a hundred years old that Isaac is given to Sarah.

Just before the birth of this promised heir, the covenant which had previously been implicit, is made explicit and secure by a seal. In order to define more clearly the relation of the movement to the Supreme Ruler, the Church idea takes organic form in certain specific provisions and promises revealed in the seventeenth chapter of Genesis.

"I am the Almighty God; walk before me and be thou perfect." This is the sublime monotheistic preface of this covenant, God's sovereignty and man's loyalty. These are the two great constitutional principles emphasized in the teachings of this Abrahamic history.

"Behold my covenant is with thee; and thou shalt be a father of many nations." It had already been announced to Abraham that God would make of him a great nation. But here this paternity is extended to many nations. And his name is changed from high father to the father of multitudes. This is the first part of the covenant. And in the peculiar relation of the Jewish to the Gentile world here intimated, it is the germ of the following Church development.

"I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee." This, the second article of the covenant, defines the relation between God and those whom he so often calls his people. While he is the God of the whole earth, between himself and this covenant family there is a peculiar relation which makes an important part of sacred history, and which looks through this family to all the nations which, in the lineage of faith, are to become his seed.

In the third provision God says, "I will give unto thee and to thy seed after thee the land wherein thou art a stranger; all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession." This grant of the Holy Land to the chosen people concludes the three fundamental elements of Church organization. And for a seal of the

visible Church, and to keep them in perpetual remembrance, the rite of circumcision was introduced. Here, then, is God's covenant with the Church in the person of this father of the faithful.

Thus first appears the Church as a visible and organic whole, of all the divine institutions, the most important and influential for good. In some respects it is a development or growth; in others, it is specially providential and positive. As a result of the unfolding divine plan, and in the tendencies of certain principles and forces, it may be called a growth. But in regard to the purpose in which it had its origin and its efficiency as a means to the great end, it is special and supernatural.

Glance at the sweep of these principles now combined in this Church form.

First. The idea of a suffering, but finally conquering seed of the woman, as presented in the first promise, is the Gospel of the Old Testament as well as of the New.

Secondly, stands a practical faith in this promise, illustrated in Abel, Noah, and Abraham, and that is efficacious in all true believers.

Thirdly, comes a sacramental confession of guilt, uttered in the bleeding victim upon the altar, and a divine covenant-pledge of pardon and protection to the penitent. This is the patriarch's creed. It is simple and primitive. It is comprehensive and most vital.

These principles are fundamental in the redemptive plan of Providence. And because they are so, they are found at the very beginning of recuperative history. And because they are radically restorative, they must have originated in the Divine purpose. They are none of them indigenous to the barren soil of a fallen humanity. Reason would never have suggested such means of a moral recovery, and at the beginning could neither have foreseen their need or their use.

In this inauguration of the Church movement, there was an obvious necessity for the eclecticism which characterizes it. The old evils and apostasy which had become general and chronic in idolatry, were to be wholly avoided. Abraham, the only monotheist, is thence required to leave his native land and his kindred. Even his old father, who was an idolater, was not permitted to accompany him. He was also led out, childless, that no germ of heathenism might be carried with him. And it was not till after twenty-five years of pilgrim discipline that the promised son was given, in whom the Church plan was to be combined.

Lot, who accompanied the patriarch, was an incongruous appendage, and falls out of the his-

tory during the preliminary movements. Only Sarah, the daughter of Haran, her husband's eldest brother, is associated with this covenant father in instituting the new movement. In this rigid separation, the unfolding plan which commenced in Abel takes a fresh start under new and more favorable conditions. All the scattered elements of historic progress, and of essential Church action, are here brought into organic form for a further and more direct on-movement. All fundamental ideas of the Church are traceable, historically, to this organization. In every correct definition of it, we find these, and only these three original principles. The Gospel, the promise of the seed of the woman as the Savior, is the objective element and the great glad tidings. Faith, or the restored harmony of the soul with God, which appeared in the first martyr, is the subjective element. And, lastly, comes the sacramental sign, or pledge of recovering love, in the rite of sacrifice. These covenant provisions are sealed by a rite singularly expressive of the inability of fallen humanity to produce that sinless seed—the foretold deliverer—who is the central idea of the Church in all dispensations. It looks directly to the supernatural, in his incarnation, as conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin.

There is a peculiar depth of meaning also in this sign and seal. It recognizes unconscious infants as partakers of human destiny, and as objects of the divine care and Church training. It indicates that God, by the covenant, takes hold of human life provisionally at the very beginning; that, so far as possible, the evil it meets may be forestalled. It takes the immortal germ into the earliest and most sacred custody. It would guide its first developments, and secure for it the regenerative power almost at its starting-point.

How improbable that such a rite, taking up into itself such profound principles of our nature, and holding such a fundamental relation to the Church and humanity, should, as some affirm, spring up from mere heathen wisdom! How repugnant to the reason of the rationalist, and offensive to the refined taste of the mere naturalist, has it ever been held! Yet when the commandment came, this man of faith, in the highest reason and the purest nature, renders implicit obedience.

But how does the combination of these elements answer to the accredited idea of the Church as one of the chief institutes of history and of human progress? There are two general theories and two definitions framed to suit them. One is the Romish, the other the Protestant. By the former, "The Church is the

congregation of all faithful Christians who have been baptized, and who believe and confess the faith of Christ our Lord, and who acknowledge the Pope as the vicar of Christ on earth."

In the Protestant conception the Church is the body of believers to whom the Gospel is preached, and the sacraments duly administered. The Romish idea is essentially restrictive and exclusive. It limits the Church to less than half the period of Church history. It excludes all who do not acknowledge the Pope as Christ's vicar and head of the Church. It claims to be the holy, apostolic, Roman Catholic Church. But what is merely Roman can not be universal. It is redundant as well as exclusive, by making the Papacy, with its supremacy and infallibility, essential to the Church state, while, for two thousand years of its elemental operation, from Adam to Abraham, and two thousand more of its organic existence, from Abraham to Christ, and for at least four hundred years after, the Papacy had no existence either in fact or theory, and scarcely in thought.

The Protestant definition is true not only to the idea of the Church, but to its whole history. It is Catholic, for it comprehends all believers as the covenant seed in all dispensations and ages, and in every branch of the Church. It is one, because it is a single historical and spiritual organism. All in it are members of the one body, and are united by a common faith in a common doctrine to Christ, the only head and common deliverer. As an assembly of the divinely called, as was Abraham, it is *ἑκκλησία*, the Church. As a spiritual organism it is *Σώμα*, a body, with many members. It is also *ἰασιλευα*, a divine kingdom, in which unity and catholicity are connected with the rule and sole lordship of Christ.

This idea of the Church is both comprehensive and specific. It includes the whole historic period, and explains all the facts. It takes in the Old Testament as well as the New, and shows that the New is only the continuity, renewal, and expansion of the Old. In both Testaments there is but one Church, whose first and fundamental element, the seed of the woman, was announced in Eden as the germ that makes the one Church as essentially Christian in the earlier as in the later developments. This unity brings Abel and Noah, Abraham and Moses, into the one vast fellowship of believers, with Paul and John, with the martyrs and reformers; with the true of every name and age who hold to the Head, down to the last born of earth's multitudinous population. With a moral organism that so carefully incorporates the recuperative forces against the chronic ac-



cumulating evils of the world, the history moves on in the production of the chosen people, and toward the possession of the promised land.

But for this patriarch there is yet a severer trial. A voice from heaven bids him offer as a sacrifice unto the Lord this long-expected son. What a voice to sound in a father's ear!—"thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest." Every human instinct rebels, yet he does not hesitate. Reason protests against the deed as horrible, but he yields to a higher than human reason. His yearning parental affections all cry, no; but his profound faith in God sublimely answers, yes. Obedience will cut off the long-awaited-for son of the promise, but he does not stagger at the command. The covenant may fail of fulfillment; that, he feels, is God's concern and not his. He who works miracles can never be straitened for means. The whole world-wide recovering plan hangs on the life of this son, yet with an equal faith in the command, in the promise, and in the accomplishment of the plan, he unhesitatingly decides on the sacrifice, and proceeds to the appointed mount.

Thus is demonstrated at this early period the entire adequacy of the restorative power in the Church to bring back the human will into the most perfect harmony with the divine. When the trial was complete, and the result made sure, when the finite human father stood before the world in the grandeur of a perfect faith in the wisdom of the infinite divine Father, the order was revoked. Its object in the submission of the natural to the supernatural had been accomplished. Then substitution comes in, the ram is sacrificed, and the beloved son, thus consecrated by the paternal faith, is given back as from the dead, to the paternal affection. This simple act of faith gives to the patriarch, as a purely historic personage, a sublimer character, a more enviable renown, and a more auspicious bearing on the problems of providence than the Alexanders, the Cæsars, or the Napoleons have attained or can ever attain. They sought to conquer the world, and failed; he to conquer himself, a far nobler work, and succeeded. Bunsen calls Abraham the Hebrew Zoroaster. But he was wiser than Zoroaster; he was a better moralist than Confucius, and a truer philosopher than Socrates or Plato.

This scene on Mt. Moriah brings more fully to light the principle of substitution in the restorative plans of Providence as a moral equation, as a mediating power in the mingling of justice and mercy. It is the central idea of sacrifice. The life of the guiltless animal, by express arrangement, comes in as a substitution

for that of guilty men. The Bible calls this expiation, because it brings a remission of penalty to the guilty. It speaks of it as atonement, the re-harmonization or at-one-ment of the righteous sovereign and the revolted subjects. It is called propitiation as the way in which it pleases God to show to the world his redeeming love. And why should he not be pleased with it? It is all his own device, and is leading to results which will be infinitely satisfactory to him, and to all reasonable beings.

#### WOMAN AND WORK.

**W**ILL the much-vexed question of woman's relation to work ever be settled? One becomes weary of the clamor, the groundless complaints, unwise endeavors and struggle for political power, of which we hear so much of late from certain self-styled reformers, whose pleasure it seems to be to create discontent in woman and antagonism between her and man. While encouraging in woman the vain ambition for place and power that has wrought incalculable misery in the masculine world, these women are, by their false teachings, making home and its duties distasteful and irksome, and in many ways are doing a vast amount of mischief; the while gathering for themselves the craved reward—notoriety.

It is a pity that they do not set themselves to work in some practical way to better the condition of the "working classes," instead of parading themselves before the public with their sickly, sentimental, sophistical, and delusive utterances—so-called "lectures"—which are really doing harm to those whom they profess to wish to benefit. There are many ways in which their energies might be turned to good account.

That there are evils connected with the condition of women obliged to earn their living can not be denied. But what are they? How can they be remedied? Who is to remedy them? The true answer to these questions will prove an aid to the "emancipation of woman."

The fact that a woman must work, may or may not be an evil. That depends upon what she does, and how she does it. Most women toil in some way or other, the rich often as severely as the poor. Not to make money, it is true; but in spending it they exhibit a degree of energy and persevering industry which all working women would do well to imitate.

One of the difficulties in the way of the working woman's success lies in the public

sentiment which makes it not respectable for a woman to earn money. This prejudice is stronger in women than in men. A woman may do many things to *save* money, without compromising her social position. She may, for instance, in our smaller towns, do her own house-work. She may even, *as a favor*, occasionally do the same service for a neighbor. But let her do this, or any kind of work, *for money*, and she is instantly tried and the verdict "no lady" is quickly pronounced by a jury, who would be puzzled in attempting to say why, in the one case, she should be socially respectable and in the other not so!

There are women, wives of rich men, in our country towns and villages, who would not hesitate to do the coarsest of work, even to the cleaning of their own pavements, while looking with contempt upon the women who teach their children—a work for which they are utterly incompetent themselves, and so far above the low drudgery they even pride themselves on doing—and simply because the teacher receives money for her labor. Saving the money earned by her husband, it may be in some disreputable business, while scorning the far nobler efforts of the other to earn an honest support in a most useful and honorable way! One mystery about this absurd prejudice is, that nowhere is it stronger than among Fifth-avenue parvenues, quondam tailoresses, milliners, and wash-women.

It is not strange that women shrink from social ostracism, and to avoid, in some measure, the odium which falsely attaches to labor, should seek to do that which will keep them as little as possible removed from the pale of what they consider "good society." Hence the crowds of applicants for any vacancy occurring in the various departments of teaching, music, and other of the "genteel" kinds of work.

This groundless and contemptible prejudice will continue to exist until women of culture and wealth shall rebuke and remove it. This they can do in two ways; by making refinement, intelligence, and moral worth the test of social position; the other, by themselves engaging in remunerative work. But women, obliged to support themselves, must bravely face this false public sentiment and rise superior to it.

Another difficulty lies in women's aversion to the work for which they are competent, and which every-where—in our country at least—is waiting for them to do. From every direction comes the cry for skilled labor in every department of house-work, including sewing and the nursing of children. For good nurses for the sick, the call is also imperative and general.

Every-where, in town and country, mothers and housekeepers, who would thankfully pay liberally for competent labor, are overtaxed and burdened because of the impossibility of obtaining such help; while multitudes of women, well-fitted to work in these ways, are idle, or worse than idle, because through false pride or indolence they have turned from that which they can do, and have struggled in vain to procure the work and places for which they have not been trained, and which are already overcrowded.

And this brings us to another obstacle in the way of the working-woman's success—the want of suitable preparation for work. Women seem to have an idea that thoroughness, exactness, promptness, and punctuality are not to be required of them. They fall back upon their sex as a sufficient reason why these qualifications, so essential to success in men, should not be expected of them. At the same time they demand that "new avenues" shall be opened to them; and because the places for which men have properly prepared themselves are refused them, they complain of injustice. And because they can not obtain for their unskilled labor the wages which man's skill can command, they fancy themselves defrauded and oppressed!

Women generally commence any work as an experiment, with the idea that if they do not succeed they can try something else, often with the hope that marriage or some good fortune will relieve them from the necessity of doing it at all. Men thoroughly prepare themselves for their work, with the knowledge that they must do it, and do it well too, if they would successfully compete with men. In every department of male labor skillful work may be obtained. For this reason women themselves generally prefer employing men to do some kinds of work that could be done with equal skill by women if they were prepared so to do it.

There are difficulties in the way of thorough preparation, is it said? Certainly there are; often grave ones, requiring great courage and perseverance. But does it require less bravery and patience to become a doctress than a dress-maker or housekeeper? One would suppose that if women can meet and overcome ordinary obstacles, with the added one of facing the male professors and students in a "clinical course," that any difficulties in the course of preparation for other work might be overcome. Do women preachers, lawyers, and brokers find the pathway to their professions rose-covered?

The cry against man as a tyrant and oppressor, so often heard of late, indicates weakness and ignorance in woman. If those who

utter it would quietly and patiently prepare themselves thoroughly for the work for which they are capable, and then do it, as Harriet Hosmer, Rosa Bonheur, Maria Mitchell, Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, and many others have done, they would find no difficulty in obtaining from men an acknowledgment of merit, nor in reaping a just pecuniary reward; as these women are doing. There is "plenty of room in the upper stories," Daniel Webster once said to a young man, who inquired if there was a place for him in the legal profession. But because the stair-way leading to those heights is tedious and sometimes difficult of ascent, let no one who has not made even the effort to climb it, stand at the foot and complain that the upper doors are closed against her. It is only by patient toil that man rises to high position, and there is no easier way for woman. This may be a hard saying, but it is an inexorable law.

The celebrated William Wirt once declared to young men, "There is no excellence in any field of effort without great labor." This is true for young women also. There is no "royal road" to the success which awaits only the patient toiler, whether man or woman.

The advocates of women's rights propose the ballot as the sure and only way of settling this problem of woman's relation to work. According to them, it is to be the panacea for most of the ills that woman is heir to. Once in possession of it, not only poverty, but intemperance, ignorance, and impurity are to vanish from the land. Enfranchised from the "slavery of marriage," with its "petty" maternal and home cares, and released from a "superstitious" belief in the Bible, which inculcates these duties, unincumbered by obligations either human or divine, she is to be left free to march into our legislative halls to purify and ennoble politics!

Fortunately these noisy aspirants for political power are constantly furnishing the gravest and most powerful arguments against the cause they loudly and zealously defend. Witness the divisions, jealousies, and artful maneuvering, and listen to the vituperation, and bitter warfare in their own camp! Imagine all this on a larger scale, and we have a more hideous picture even than the masculine political world presents.

To illustrate the elevating tendency of the ballot, they do not point us to the Sixth-ward style of politician to be found in all of our cities; nor do they tell us why, if the ballot has not made man temperate, pure, intelligent,

do they recite for the conversion of unbelievers, that little bit of New Jersey history, which tells how women for a few times, at the beginning of this century, exercised the ballot in that State. Mr. Whitehead, in describing one of those occasions, tells us that they voted, "not only once, but as often as by change of dress, or complicity of the inspectors, they might be able to repeat the process." We are also informed that, in their zeal to purify politics, "the hair flew," etc. Patriotism was found to have so very elevating an effect upon them that the Legislature, at its next session, repealed the "right," which it had unwisely granted at the solicitation of a Quaker gentleman. It is to be hoped that the experiment will never be repeated.

No, the cure for woman's wrongs does not lie in the ballot, but in herself. Until she shall bravely meet and conquer the absurd prejudice against labor, and resolutely take hold of the work she can do, or conscientiously prepare herself for other, there is little hope for any amelioration of her condition.

Nothing is more certain than that skilled labor is every-where needed, and that it must command its just equivalent.

It would be well if women would realize that an enlargement of their sphere is not so much to be desired as the thorough cultivation of that now occupied by them, and appropriately their own.

Finally, woman must be her own emancipator. "Who would be free, *herself* must strike the blow." But let her see to it that she attacks and conquers her *real* enemy.

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### "LOST."

#### A TRUE HIGHLAND STORY.

##### CHAPTER I.

**P**ICTURE to yourself a Highland glen at sunset; the stern grandeur of the rugged hills softened and enriched by the uniting of the last rays of the sun with the twilight—every thing so suggestive of peace and rest that it was difficult to imagine the same glen under the aspect of storm and tempest.

At the entrance of the glen stands a little knot of rough rustic cottages—tiny homes, the occupiers of which are very small farmers and shepherds, who are content to live and pass their lives, and bring up their families after them, in the "auld house" under the shadow of the hills, without a wish or care to see the big world beyond them.

other to America, because the produce of the land is not sufficient to sustain them. The daughters, barefooted and strong, look after the cows, dig the potatoes, reap the corn and barley, and in the Winter spin their plaids, blankets, and petticoats.

I suppose every one knows, or has a good idea of, the appearance of a Highland lassie—a girl who has no notion of a great "toon"—a barefooted girl, who has trod the heather all her days—a rustic girl, whose clear eyes have seen but the simple life among the hills, and who has gone at "gloaming" every day to fetch the "kye hame."

In the little village of Inverdoon there was not a braver lass than Katie M'Kelvie, not an eye so blue, not one with such raven black hair. Tall and noble in form and feature, and with the wonderful natural grace of every movement which characterizes her race, though she walked like a queen, she would give you the bonniest smile you would meet from the Tay to the borders, and show the whitest, most even teeth you could find anywhere. Her father, Guy M'Kelvie, was, perhaps, the most well-to-do farmer in the little village, and of her three brothers, Peter, the eldest, was at sea; John, the second, at work in the "big toon," fifteen miles away; while Donald, the youngest, trod the hills in his father's steps. Many a weary Summer's day and drear Winter's evening had the boy passed in herding the sheep among the heather, while his sturdy form had hardened to the weather, and strong manhood had come in the place of the sturdy boy.

The M'Kelvies were a long-lived race. Guy's grandfather, Gavin, had lived to see his hundred and third year, nor was he the only M'Kelvie who had done that. The present generation promised health and vigorous strength for almost as ripe an old age. Guy could spring a burn and climb a mountain with the youngest of them.

In the Highland athletic sports, to which Guy and his sturdy sons crossed the hill once a year, it was just as likely Guy should beat his sons, as that his sons should beat him; the time was yet far off when the wear of years should lay their mark on Guy M'Kelvie.

And "our Katie," as they loved to call her, the youngest child, and only girl, the bravest lass in Inverdoon, as well as the most warm-hearted and brave-spirited—nothing came amiss to her, and few were the things to which she could not turn her hand, from rowing a boat across the loch, to spinning and knitting.

Not a hand was there in the village that would not have worked for her, not a foot but

would have gone many a mile to serve her, not an eye but had a kind look for her, and not a voice but spoke in her praise.

And now I bring an old loved scene to my eye, and ask you to picture the sight of a Highland glen at sunset; a little knot of cottages standing at the entrance of it, and Katie M'Kelvie leaning back in the doorway of her father's cottage. She wears her short homespun petticoat, loose jacket turned up above the elbows, and bare feet, her magnificent black hair coiled round her head, a large white sun-bonnet round her handsome brown and rosy face. She gives her hand one more wave, and still leans back watching. She has been taking the last glimpse of her Neal, the last she will see of him for many a day. Neal is away to Canada to make "siller" for Katie, and Katie is to bide him leal and true.

Never fear, Neal; you may work your way in the far-off country with a light and easy heart; you may work and wait as she will work and wait; but through every thing Katie M'Kelvie will bide leal and true.

It was a sorrowful day and a sore parting, though; and with a heavy, heavy heart Katie went for her cows in the falling of the dusk.

The cows were waiting together and watching for her, listening for her Gaelic call. No call to-night; silently the bars of the gate were let down, and quickly the cows passed through and betook themselves to their homeward path, silently followed by Katie with the "bit switch" in her hand.

The milking through, and the milk safely in the pans, Katie entered the kitchen to her supper.

The kitchen was small, and paved with large red flags in a very rough way, making the floor go up and down hill. There were also several good-sized holes in the flooring, where pieces of the sandstone had been broken away. The fire-place was large, with seats on each side of the fire, half in the chimney, all exceedingly white with hearth-stone. The mantel-shelf was very high and narrow, and graced with a medley of small things, particularly a snuffers-tray and snuffers. Over the fire hung a black chain and pot, which could be swung round with ease over the fire. Along the beams in the roof appeared many paper parcels, filled with all kinds of things, and also hams, cheeses, and onions hanging from the rafters. The usual two beds were there, and the great "kist" which appears in every Highland—and also German—cottage. The table was round, small, and rickety, and the chairs, of every shape, cut by Guy's own hand.

The small family were gathered round the table, Guy with his boy on one side and his girl

on the other. They betook themselves, after the Gaelic blessing, to their supper of potatoes and herrings, which Mistress M'Kelvie, or "the wife" as Guy called her, supplied from the black pot.

"Ay, lassie! Neal's gaen awa an' left us," said Guy.

"Ay, fayther, but he'll be coming back till us."

"Katie, ye'll jist hae to get yeresel anither joe," began Donald.

"Deed, an' it's no our Katie that'll do that," said the wife; "our Katie will aye be true to Neal; büt gin she wanted anither joe, she could jist get her pick o' them. There's Sandy, an' Archie, an' James, an' even auld Willie M'Kie, wad all be delighted to get our Katie."

"James Fullarton's an evil man, and steer you clear o' him an' a' his ways, Katie," continued Guy.

"Nae fears, fayther," replied Katie; "there's not one o' them I care to see again, an' not a man I care to speak to in Inverdoon, since Neal's awa."

Well Inverdoon knew of Neal Stuart's departure, and of Katie's promise to bide him leal and true; but several hailed his absence with delight, for now Katie would have time to give others a word, and rejected suitors again began to follow her steps, and wait by the burn-side for her to pass with her cows.

Archie M'Dougal was, perhaps, the most favored of this tribe, and Katie's oldest friend. The two had been companions and playmates all their days, when each had been "first" with the other, and no care had ever crossed Archie, until the new-comer among them, Neal Stuart, gained Katie's love, and Archie, perfectly stunned, awoke to the fact that she was to be married to Neal, when Neal should "hae the siller."

And then, for the first time, did Archie find how dear she was to him; and now that he was away, he again began to follow her steps like a dog. Katie could not but see, and pity her old playmate from the bottom of her heart. As for Sandy, James, and old Willie, the miller, they were all objects of indifference to her.

James Fullarton, the baker, was the greatest trouble to her, as her father had warned her he would be; and in consequence of his rough courtship and bad behavior, she grew to detest him. Strange to say, the more she repulsed him, the more he followed her.

And so the Summer days, after Neal's departure, passed; Katie was busy from morning to night with her farm duties, and a letter from Neal had come, announcing his safe arrival in Canada. This precious letter, which had cost

Katie so many hours of reading and spelling, had been at length mastered and learned by heart, and was carried by a ribbon round Katie's neck. A letter, which had taken we are afraid to say how long in composition, was to be sent all the way back to Canada, telling of how his letter had arrived, and that though the Summer days were passing and Winter coming, all was Winter alike to her, for he was away, and she was wearying for him.

This letter was too important to be sent to the village post at Inverdoon, for well the villagers knew of many a letter kept back, particularly over the Sabbath, so that the post-mistress might get a good sight of them, and of many a letter delivered with a suspicious seal.

Katie's precious letter, going all the way to Neal, should not be turned over and examined by the village gossips; so Katie, taking her shoes in her hand, and her letter in her pocket, trudged over the hills, fifteen miles each way, to the "big toon," where John was at work, where she posted her letter; and, without a thought of fatigue, took the road to the hills again, and reached the farm in time to bring the cows home.

Archie was waiting by the burn-side for her, and accosted her with, "Where hae ye been, Katie?"

"I've been ower the hill to the toon."

"I ken fine that ye've been to post a letter to your joe, Neal."

"Weel, and if I have!"

"O, Katie, he'll be forgetting ye, awa ower the sea, and ye maun forget him too."

"Forget Neal I is that all ye ken o' me? Gin Neal were in his grave, I'd no' forget him."

"Is this you, Katie M'Kelvie and Archie M'Dougal?" said a new voice near them—the voice of James Fullarton, who had also been awaiting Katie; "deed, Katie, an' ye've been quick in forgetting the one joe and getting anither."

"Gang ye're ways, James, and dinna be speaking ill o' other folk."

"I ken, Katie, ye hae been ower the hills to post a letter to Neal, but I'm thinking it's time ither folk sent to tell him ye've gotten a new joe."

"James, ye're a bad man; ye ken weel enow I've no forgotten and never will forget Neal. Gang ye're ways, baith o' ye—I want nane o' ye; I'm goan for the kye." And the tall, grand-looking girl stepped away over the heather, leaving the two men facing each other.

Soon her Gaelic call to the cows was heard, ringing, sweet, and clear; and with a dark look at each other, the two men separated, leaving the path clear for Katie.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



## MOTHERHOOD.

MOTHER, mother, bend above her,  
 Clasp her to thy heart—  
 Clasp and kiss, and fold, and love her,  
 For she is a part  
 Of thee, whate'er thou art.

Mother, mother, let no sorrows  
 Shade the joys that seem ;  
 Let no thoughts of black to-morrows  
 Mingle with the gleam  
 Of her young life and dream.

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Mother, let thy faith be surer,  
 Holier, undefiled ;  
 Let thy life be grander, purer,  
 For this little child,  
 Who smiles as Jesus smiled.

Lo ! the heavens break in beauty ;  
 Catch the light that falls—  
 Wrap it round thee, as a duty,  
 Like a rampart's walls,  
 Till the trumpet calls.

## CITY WINDOWS.

"I dwell amid the city,  
And hear the flow of souls."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I SIT by my window at morning tide  
And watch the streams as they onward glide,  
The living, breathing, hurrying streams,  
Like the changing faces we see in dreams ;  
Each on its separate goal intent,  
Yet mixed in the great bewilderment,  
Like the tangled threads in a silken skein,  
With separate links of joy and pain.

Out from the warm heart's sacred joys,  
To the busy day with its heat and noise ;  
Out from the homes where Love beguiles,  
To battle with trade, and its snares, and wiles ;  
To rush along with life's wild throng,  
And gather the spoils that to each belong,  
Yet folding deep in each heart the while  
The evening kiss and the welcoming smile.

. . . I sit and list in the noontide heat  
To the outside noises of hurrying feet ;  
And I take a peep in one manly breast,  
And read the poem that makes him blest.  
For in every soul is a hidden cell  
Where we hide the jewel we love too well  
To flash abroad in the garish light,  
But which shines by the dear hearth-stone at night.

And all the worry and all the toil,  
The turbulent street with its dust and moil,  
The rough, harsh oaths of the bustling throng,  
And the darkened pictures that there belong,  
Are clothed upon with a softened veil  
Which hides the sin and the serpent's trail.  
For Love flings a mantle of charity  
On all who are not so blest as he.

And the toil goes on, but the toil is sweet ;  
And the time rolls on, but the days are fleet ;  
And the blossoms of Love and Hope arise  
To lift his spirit toward the skies,  
While his angel sits in her easy chair,  
And weaves in her stitches her loving care  
For the strong, and noble, and manly breast  
Where she finds her trust, her hope, her rest.

. . . I look again, and a pale, thin form  
Is struggling onward amid the storm !  
Out from a home of woe and want,  
In the biting cold with her raiment scant ;  
Searching, searching, the city through,  
For work for her weary hands to do ;  
And seeking, and seeking still in vain,  
Through the cold, and sleet, and the beating rain !

Ah, Father, Father in heaven above !  
Why hast thou shortened thine arm of love ?  
Why must she suffer and starve to-day,  
While thousands revel their lives away ?  
Why hast thou taken her shield of strength,  
And left so many to roll their length  
In softened luxury—looking down  
On her nobler nature with taunt and frown ?

For she is as true, and pure, and good  
As thy far-off angel sisterhood,  
Who never were tempted, and starved, and scorned  
By "coofs" in their ermine robes adorned.  
Ah, little ye know, you ladies fair,  
With your silken robes and your golden hair,  
But this tortured woman has graced a hall  
As grand as any among you all.

. . . I look and listen at evening time,  
When vespers are pealing their welcome chime—  
When hearts beat loudly at Love's advance,  
And bright eyes answer to Love's dear glance—  
When gathering 'round the evening board,  
Where plenty's bubbling cup is poured,  
The joyous and happy too oft forget  
That sorrow and sin are near them yet.

I look at eve, and a funeral train  
Is passing my window, so scant and plain !  
No ebon hearse with its nodding plumes ;  
No silver lighting the coffin glooms ;  
No mourning carriages glide along  
To swell death's pompous and lordly throng ;  
No black scarfs floating behind in pride  
To say "'T is a daughter of wealth who died !"

But a plain, black wagon, a box of pine  
Incasing a form as pure as thine,  
Thou daughter of aristocracy,  
Who must yield to the conquering King, you see.  
O pitiful, pitiful human pride !  
Does it matter to you for this last, last ride,  
Whether it be on a satin bed  
Or a pillow of shavings for your head ?

Ah Death, the leveler, Death the King !  
How he laughs to see what a weak, weak thing  
Is the vanity born of human life,  
And nurtured amid its daily strife.  
He smites a queen and her cheek turns pale ;  
He smites a peasant girl in the vale ;  
And, stripped of the trappings of wheel and loom,  
Which would you choose for the marble tomb ?

I turn me humbly aside to greet  
The love which maketh my fireside sweet ;  
And I thank my God, as I close the door,  
That I am not rich, that I am not poor !  
And I pray that the Angel of Charity  
May veil the sinfulest form I see ;  
And if I be rich, or if I be poor,  
That the angel of Love may guard my door.

## THE PAST.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies  
Her pall of transient death has spread ;  
When mortals sleep, when specters rise,  
And none are wakeful but the dead ;  
No bloodless shape my way pursues,  
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,  
Visions more sad my fancy views—  
Visions of long-departed joys.

## HOW STEPHEN BAGLEY BECAME A DRUNKARD.

## I.

HERE are some things that women do not understand, and some of these are the things most useful for them to understand. They ought to understand how to make home happy. A woman who presides over a home ought to understand what is for the best interest of the members of that home. She should know how to wield all those little influences, not little counted by results, that suppress evil tendencies in them, that bring forward what is noble and true.

How often I have seen a husband, a son, or daughter, fall to ruin because these things were not understood! I have many such cases in my mind's eye. I will take one related to me by Mary Alison.

Stephen Bagley was a young man of sober, industrious habits. He was a mechanic, but an intelligent one. He spent most of his leisure hours, his evenings, at home reading. He read useful books as well as light literature. He was a fine, manly looking fellow, and he had fine tastes—not only a fine taste in literature, but in his dress and all his belongings. His widowed mother kept his house, and gratified his tastes as far as lay in her power.

They had a neighbor, a Mr. Wilkins. One Summer, it was when Stephen was twenty-four, Mrs. Wilkins had a young niece come to visit her. She was a lively, sparkling girl, full of vivacity and wit. She possessed, in reality, all those jewels and flowers that usually bedeck heroines of romance—diamond eyes, ruby lips, rosy cheeks, lily complexion, besides pearly teeth, and a marble forehead crowned with raven hair.

Well, this young girl, Prudence Benton—how she hated her name!—she was named for an old aunt who was expected to leave her a legacy, but did n't—this young girl, with her material beauty, and her airs and graces, took young Bagley's heart by storm. I am not writing a romance, so I will not follow the course of their love. It ran smooth, and was short. The father of Prudence was a farmer, but he had given her some superior advantages, as they are called, of education. She could play the piano, had a smattering of French, and had studied some 'ologies, but whether she could keep a house remained to be seen.

Stephen's old mother had some misgivings upon this point. Her own health was failing, and she thought of his future comfort with fear. She did not express this fear to her son. Never

a shadow from the future marred the brightness of his wooing days.

They were married, and, after a little trip, according to custom, the bride was installed in her new home. For one year every thing went on very nearly after the old routine. Stephen's mother was able to superintend all the affairs of the house, and with what assistance Prudence afforded, with occasionally a little hired help, things went on very well.

Then a change came. One afternoon there was company, and the old lady was overtaxed. Hemorrhage of the lungs, to which she had been subject, ensued. She lived but three days. Then the reins fell into the hands of the young wife.

About six months after the death of the mother they sent for me to come and spend a month with them. I had been engaged in teaching, but in consequence of a fall I was lamed so that I was unable to walk without the aid of a crutch. So they thought my coming there for a visit of a few weeks would be a mutual benefit; the change would be good for me, and my company would be a pleasure to them, as they were pleased to say.

I had been an acquaintance—I may say friend—of the young wife for many years, though considerably older than herself. I had not been many days in the house before I saw that something was wrong, and I felt that very great evil might result from it, yet I shrank from the duty of pointing it out to my young friend. How could I write myself her friend, yet shrink from, neglect this duty? Yet I did.

I have mentioned that young Bagley had refined tastes. He had refined taste about his food, with regard to the kind of food that he ate, and its preparation. Gross, ill-cooked messes disgusted his palate.

I should mention that, after the death of the mother, a girl of fourteen was installed in the kitchen as help—a girl who had been brought up to tend babies and do chores, but was sublimely ignorant of the mysteries of cooking, yet a portion of the cooking was put into her hands to manage according to her own wild will.

I remember a breakfast that came to table one morning at the time of this visit I speak of. It consisted of beefsteak, coffee, buckwheat-cakes, and stewed apples, a bill of fare that sounds very well, but, alas! there was more than meets the ear in that breakfast. The steak was dry and tough; it had simmered long over slow coals, I knew. The coffee had been burned in the process of roasting, as was evident to eye and taste; no fine aroma greeted the nostrils, no golden-brown was brought out



by the cream, but a grayish mass was developed, as repulsive to the eye as to the taste. The stewed apples were watery and tasteless; but the crowning failure of that morning repast was the buckwheat-cakes. In the first place they were heavy; they would have been so with the most skillful cooking. In the next place, if Phœbe, the girl, had been trying to see how ill she could cook them for a prize, she certainly would have deserved one for her skill and ingenuity. The first plateful she brought in were raw in the middle, and the outside was of the original color of the batter, simply dried.

"Why, Phœbe!" said the mistress, "there's plenty of dry wood. Why did n't you put enough in the stove to heat the griddle? Take out the cakes and save them for the chickens, and see if you can't bake some better."

Her husband gently hinted that perhaps it would be well for her to step out and see to it, but, "No," she said, "Phœbe would never learn to do any thing if she depended on her always;" so we sat and chatted, and sipped our unpalatable coffee, and gnawed a little at the bits of tough steak upon our plates, and O! I had forgotten one item in our bill of fare—the potatoes. In keeping with the rest, they were "soggy" and cold.

Well, in a very short space of time in came Phœbe, bearing another plate of buckwheat-cakes, black this time. The kindlings she had stuffed into the stove had done their work. I saw a look of disappointment, of disgust, pass over the face of the host as Phœbe placed the plate on the table. He said nothing, but glanced over at his wife.

"Why, Phœbe," she said, "these are worse than the others. Can't you bake cakes without having them raw or burnt?"

"Well, I guess it'll be just about right now," said Phœbe. "I got in too many kindles. They've burnt down now."

"Try again," said Phœbe's mistress, without offering to go herself. The result of "try again" came after a while. At the first glance at the plate its contents seemed to be all right. They were not gray like the first mess, or black like the second. They seemed a nice light brown.

"These look better," Stephen said cheerfully, reaching the plate toward me.

I saw plainly that they had been turned more than once on the griddle, which always spoils them. They were dry and curled up at the edges, and looked like crisped leather. When I had succeeded in getting my fork into one, after two or three thrusts, I found they were about as tough and unpalatable. Stephen made some joke about their being unlike the heel of

Achilles, and we gave it up, not the conundrum, but the effort to piece out our breakfast by the buckwheat-cakes, and munched some pieces of dry bread in their stead with our coffee. The breakfast came to an end, and Stephen took his hat and went to his work. Though he tried to pass it all off in a cheerful way, and as if it was a good joke, I could see that he was hurt and disappointed.

There is a certain refreshment to the spirit in the enjoyment of a good meal, aside from its renovating influence upon the body. And food eaten with a relish, and under exhilarating influences, does us more good than if it is unpalatable and accompanied by depressing circumstances. It must be depressing to the spirit of a man to feel that his wife cares so little for his comfort as to allow food to come to the table habitually prepared in such a way as to be distasteful to him. An occasional failure any reasonable man would tolerate. So it is not only the ill-cooked food itself that is injurious to mind and body, but there is the farther depressing influence from the reflection that it comes from neglect and indifference to his happiness, on the part of one whose office it is to minister to it.

Not only do we enjoy well-cooked food more, but it performs its office of repairing the waste of the system better, is more easily assimilated, than food ill prepared. This seems a very simple, palpable fact, but it is one that is too much overlooked in daily practice, so it will bear repeating. Much harm ensues, too, to mind, and body, and morals, from not keeping it in mind.

So Stephen went out with his body insufficiently nourished, his spirit depressed. I felt sad. I feared the result of this state of things should it continue. I feared domestic unhappiness would ensue from this neglect of household duties on the part of my young friend, and it seemed so needless. Her husband's tastes were refined, but simple and easily gratified. I longed to set the case before her in a clear light, but felt reluctant to do so. I went up to my room and thought it over. What is my duty in this matter? "A guest in the house," caution said, "taken in and cared for, and to go to criticising the household arrangements of your hostess!" "But it is not that," I said. "She is young and inexperienced. I have seen much of life. I have seen such unhappiness come from neglect of this kind. If she could only see the matter from my point of view she would change her course at once. But how to make her see it, that was the question. Probably if I should set it before her in the clearest light, her

eyes would not discern it truly. She would regard me as an intermeddler in her concerns, a false alarmist." Then these lines came to me :

"Be thou like the first apostles ;  
Be thou like heroic Paul ;  
If a free thought seek expression,  
Speak it boldly, speak it all.

And, if thou hast truth to utter,  
Speak, and leave the rest to God."

But I did not fulfill what was plainly my duty in this matter. I postponed it indefinitely, as we do many painful duties, until it is too-late.

I spoke of a breakfast, and of the beefsteak that came to table. At dinner we had some of the beef roasted. It was dry and hard. Stephen liked a bit rare. He cut into the heart of it, but could get none. Here was a dinner spoiled as well as a breakfast.

Not many days after, Stephen brought a friend home with him to supper—an acquaintance of some years before who lived in a neighboring State, and had come to the little village on business. Stephen had not time to apprise Prudence of the coming of this guest, for he had met him on his way home to supper, and invited him to come with him. Prudence and I were in the parlor, and he brought him right in there. His name was Nathaniel Evans. He was a lawyer, and very gentlemanly and intelligent.

It happened that Prudence was dressed very becomingly, and looked her prettiest. I was glad of this, as I looked at her, and I saw that Stephen glanced at her with pride as he introduced his friend. Prudence was graceful, and could talk agreeably upon trifles. She never was at a loss for a word to say. So far all was well. I must confess that my mind went forward to the supper with some misgiving, though it would not appear to be any business of mine. I felt uneasy. I wondered how Prudence could sit there so unconcerned, talking, when there were biscuits in the stove for Phœbe to burn, and eggs to be cooked, and ham to be broiled. And Phœbe never could think of but one thing at a time, hardly that.

I felt sure, too, that Stephen was thinking of the same thing. I saw him look at Prudence several times, with an uneasy expression of countenance. Then he got up and took two or three turns up and down the room. He sat down again, then he said, "What time will supper be ready? Mr. Evans and I are going to take a little drive after tea."

"Pretty soon," said Prudence, and then she got up and went out, and presently I heard the dishes rattle in the dining-room. She was setting the table. She was always particular about

that. There was usually a clean cloth, and things were arranged with taste.

I followed, after a few moments, and left the friends together. When I went in and took my seat in the corner by the grate, "What do you think I found when I went in the kitchen?" said Prudence. "Why, that stupid Phœbe had let the fire nearly go out. The biscuits had n't begun to bake, and the tea-water was n't warmed. She's so trying—and Stephen and Mr. Evans in a hurry for supper! I made her put in some dry wood. The things will be ready now in a little while." She had finished setting the table, and she came up to me and said low, "What do you think of Mr. Evans? Is n't he handsome?"

I said I thought he looked very nice and gentlemanly. Then she repeated something he had said to her, and stood there talking five or ten minutes, I should think, with one hand on the mantel, as if there were no such thing as supper in the world.

A smell as of something burnt came to our nostrils; we sniffed simultaneously. Prudence started toward the kitchen door with an exclamation which I will not repeat. I heard a clattering and rattling about the stove for a few moments, some loud tones from the mistress and a whimpering from the maid, and then the door opened and Prudence put in a very red face and said, "What in the world shall I do? That stupid Phœbe has burnt the biscuits to cinders, and there is n't a mouthful of bread in the house."

I thought, "How easily might this have been prevented—this vexation to you and mortification to your husband! The punishment is just, so far as you are concerned." I said, "Are they all burned? Can't you pick out a few of them?" and hobbled to the kitchen door in my anxiety. She brought the pan and we selected three that were eatable.

"How it will look to put three biscuits on the table for four of us!" she said. "What shall I do?"

"If it was my case I should tell them frankly just how it is," I said, "and then you can let the men eat the biscuits and we will wait."

"Perhaps it will be the best way," she said.

I had never seen her look so annoyed at any ill cooking before, and I hoped this experience might work good and make her more careful and thoughtful in future. The ham was burned on the edges when we had done discussing the biscuits. Prudence managed to have the eggs cooked nicely by standing over them and taking them up herself.

Then she went to the parlor and made full

confession, which was the best way under the circumstances after the mischief was done. It would have been better still to have prevented it, and easier.

"I have a raw girl in the kitchen," she said in her free, playful way. "She sometimes brings dishes to table *raw*, that ought to have been cooked. To-night she has reversed the process and *burnt* one of the principal articles we had on our bill of fare for supper, and you gentlemen will have to make the best of it. It is the biscuits that are burned, and, unfortunately, I have not a mouthful of bread in the house, and our village does not boast a baker."

The guest, very politely, expressed himself sorry for her annoyance, but said he did not doubt that they would fare well enough, and he followed his host to the table.

Prudence carried off this mishap so well that she almost made amends for it. Of course her guest supposed it was an "accident of the day," but we—the initiated—knew that mishaps were the normal state of things.

"Now you gentlemen make your supper," Prudence said; "we are going to have something better. We will sip our tea and keep you company."

The tea was excellent that night. It may have been due to its exhilarating power that all seemed in excellent spirits that were spontaneous, and the supper passed off well after all, in spite of the burnt ham and biscuits.

I spent one month with my friends at this time, and such scenes as I have depicted were not unfrequent. When I left I went to a distant part of the State, and did not see them again for more than three years. Then I received an invitation to spend another month with them.

I went. A baby boy had come in the time I had been absent. He was a beautiful child, and I could see that Prudence felt the deepest tenderness and affection for him. She did not neglect her motherly duties; her wifely ones were more neglected than ever—at least her husband's comfort in the matter of his meals. Ill cooking was still the rule, or if things were well cooked, no pains were taken to suit his taste, to gratify his preferences. It seemed as if every meal was a disappointment.

I noticed a great change in Stephen when I first met him on the occasion of this visit. He looked old, and worn, and haggard. It seemed to me he had aged ten years in the last three. He had a listless, dispirited air, as if life had lost its zest for him. I pitied him from my soul. I wondered how she could look upon him and not be moved with some feelings of compassion

and tenderness. But sometimes such changes in our friends are so gradual that we do not notice them when they go on under our eyes.

For me it was an abrupt transition from the Stephen I had known—so genial and cheery, his face brimming over with enjoyment of life—to this one, prematurely old and shrunken, it seemed to me, in frame and spirit. He did not spend his evenings at home with books and talk as had been his wont during his mother's life, and for a while after his marriage.

From this, and some other circumstances, I feared his habits were becoming intemperate. Remarks I heard in the neighborhood confirmed my fears; but yet I spoke no warning word to him or to her.

Prudence used to wonder where he was in the evenings, and sometimes she would ask him where he had been when he came in late, and he would make an evasive answer.

She complained to me one day about this. "Before you came it was worse," she said. "He used to stay away so much and leave me alone in the evening. It's unkind, I think. I used to enjoy so much hearing him read aloud, and now I can't get so much time as I could before on account of baby."

#### HAWKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

**F**ALCONRY, the art of flying hawks to take other birds, was formerly held in high esteem in the various countries of Europe. In consequence of the invention of fire-arms, after having been for centuries the delight of kings and nobles, it fell into disuse. The Arabs and other Asiatic nations adhere to it to the present day. This sport may be traced back to a very remote period, for Aristotle, and subsequently Pliny, make mention of it. Falconry was introduced into Europe about the fourth century of our era, and was at its greatest repute in the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance. All the nobility, from the monarch to the lowest courtier, were passionately fond of *hawking*—the name specially applied to it. Sovereigns and noblemen expended princely sums upon it. The gift of a few fine falcons was considered a magnificent present. The kings of France solemnly received twelve falcons every year, which were given to them by the Grand-Master of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. They were intrusted on their voyage to a French knight of the Order, to whom the monarch accorded, under the name of a present, a sum of £3,000, and the expenses of his journey.

Gentlemen, and even ladies, of the Middle Ages, seldom appeared in public without a falcon on their wrists; and this example was fol-

lowed by bishops and abbots—they entered the churches supporting their favorite birds, depositing them on the steps of the altar during



FIG. 1.—HAWKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

mass. Noblemen on public ceremonies proudly held their falcons in one hand and the hilt of their sword in the other.

Louis XIII was devoted to falconry. Daily he went hawking before going to church; and

his favorite, Albert de Luynes, owed his fortune to his great skill in this science. Charles d'Arcessia of Capri, Lord of Esparron, published, in 1615, a "Treatise on Falconry," in which it is stated that the Baron de la Chastaigneraie,

chief falconer of France under Louis XIII, purchased his office at a cost of fifty thousand crowns. He had the direction of one hundred and forty birds, which required the assistance of a staff of one hundred men for their care.

This kind of sport has almost totally disappeared; a revival of it in England and Germany has taken place, but only with moderate success. For this purpose a society, called the "Hawking Club," meets together every year in a dependency of the royal castle of Loo, under the presidency of the King of the Netherlands, to fly the heron. They take from one to two hundred of these birds in the space of two months; but this is only a feeble resuscitation of an institution which has now practically passed away.

Falcons were formerly divided into birds of the *noble* and *inferior* grades. The former comprehended the gyrfalcon, the falcon, the hobby, the merlin, and the kestrel; the latter, the goshawk and sparrow-hawk. The name of "Goshawk Training" has been given to the art whose special end was the education of these last two birds. As the mode of education varies little for all these birds, which only differ in docility, we shall merely consider one species, that of the falcon, which will serve as a type for all the others, and also as an example of the ancient training.

The falcons destined for training must be captured young. Those that have been providing their own food, and have nearly reached maturity, are taken with a lure, which is generally a pigeon. Young birds which have just left the nest are called "eyases;" when rather more mature, "branchers"—that is to say, birds about three months old, strong enough to hop from branch to branch, but incapable of flying or providing for their own subsistence. The latter are preferable to all others, as they are not so young as to require the care necessary to the "eyas," and are yet not old enough to have become intractable. At a year old it would be nearly useless to attempt their education; they are then called "haggards."

The falcon being naturally wild, violent, and alike insensible to caresses and chastisements, it can only be tamed by privations, such as want of light, sleep, and food, and also by constantly being cared for by the same person. This is the foundation of the method which the falconer practices.

Supposing that a brancher has been caught, its legs are first made fast in the shackles, or "bewits" (Fig. 2), made of straps of supple leather, terminated by bells. Then the falconer, his hand covered with a glove, takes the



FIG. 2—BEWITS.

falcon on his wrist, carries it about night and day, without allowing it rest. If the pupil is intractable, refuses to submit, and tries to use its bill, the tamer plunges its head into cold water, and thus produces stupor in the bird. Afterward the head is covered with a "hood" (Fig. 3), which keeps it in complete darkness. After three days and nights of this treatment, rarely more, the bird becomes, to a certain extent, docile. The falconer then accustoms it to take its food quietly; this is presented in the hand, while at the same time a peculiar noise is made, which it learns to recognize as a call. In the mean time it is carried about in frequented places, so as to familiarize it with strangers, and also with horses and dogs, which are to be at some future time its companions in the chase. When an obstinate bird is dealt with, its appetite is excited, so as to render it more dependent; with this view it is made to swallow small pellets of tow mixed up with garlic and wormwood. These pellets have the effect of increasing its hunger; and the pleasure which it afterward experiences in eating tends to attach it more closely to the individual who feeds it.

In a general way, after five or six days of restraint the falcon is *tamed*, and the falconer can then proceed with the training, to which the former practices are nothing but preliminaries.

The bird is taken into a garden, and taught to hop on the fist when called; a piece of meat is shown to entice it, which is not given to the bird until the requisite maneuver is properly executed. The meat is then fast-



FIG. 3—HOOD.

ened to a lure, or decoy, and the same course is adopted, the bird being attached to the end of a string from ten to forty yards in length. The

lure (Fig. 5) is a flat piece of wood, covered on both sides with the wings and feet of a pigeon. The falcon is uncovered, and the lure is shown to it at a short distance off, and at the same time a call is given. If the bird stoops upon the lure it is allowed to take the meat which is attached to it. The distance is progressively increased, and the falcon is recompensed for its docility on each occasion. When, at the full length of the string, it will obey the call, a great point is gained, for it fully recognizes the lure, and knows that the meat attached will become its own on returning to its master. Then the falconer no longer fears it becoming free, for he well knows he can *reclaim* it; that is, make it settle down upon his fist, even when the bird is flying in the air.

Afterward it is introduced to living game by letting it fly at tied pigeons; and, lastly, its education is completed by habituating it to stoop on the special game which it is intended to chase.

Supposing the game it is destined for pursuing to be the partridge, in the first place, the pigeon's wings on the lure are replaced by those of the partridge, and then the falcon is let fly in succession, first at partridges tied to a string, then at liberated birds. When it *binds* its prey well, and shows itself obedient, it is employed on wild game.

Birds of prey used to be educated for taking the kite, the heron, the crow, the magpie, the

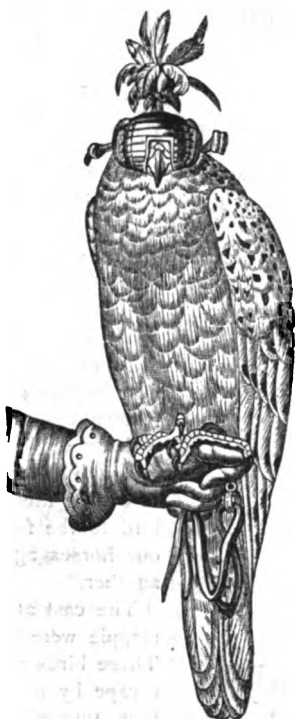


FIG. 4.—DRESSED FALCON.

hare, partridges, quails, and pheasants; also wild ducks, and other aquatic birds.

The pursuit of the kite, the heron, the crow, and the magpie, the profit of which was absolutely nothing, was looked upon as a sport fit for princes, and was carried on by means of the falcon and gyrfalcon. But the chase of other birds, in which the inducement was a prey fit for food, was considered the sport of an esquire; and for this were used the hobby (*hobereau*, French), the merlin, the kestrel, the goshawk, and the sparrow-hawk. Hence comes the nickname of *hobereau* applied to French country gentlemen; "because," as Lacurne de Sainte-Palaye says, "they wish to show an appearance of more property than they really possess; and not being able to keep falcons, which cost too much in their purchase and food, they hawk with hobbies, which are readily procured, and also provide partridges and quails for their kitchens."

The most noble cast, but also the rarest, was that at the kite; at one time they were in the habit of alluring this bird by means of a great (long-eared) owl, dressed out with a fox's brush. Some stratagem of this kind was obliged to be used in order to get near the kite, which flies at heights altogether inaccessible to the best falcon. When the kite came within range a falcon was "let fly," and then a most interesting conflict took place between the two birds. The kite, harassed by its enemy, and, in spite of its turns and twists, and numberless feints, unable to escape him, generally in the end fell into its foe's clutches.

The cast at a heron generally presented fewer incidents. This bird, from not being gifted with the same powers of wing, was unavoidably overtaken with much greater ease, although, when not overloaded with food, it occasionally managed to escape. Still it always defended itself with energy, and the blows of its formidable bill were often fatal to its pursuer. In heron hawking (Fig. 6) a dog was required to flush the game, and three falcons to capture it; the duty of the first was to make the "quarry" rise, of the second to follow it, and of the third to clutch it. We shall quote from an ancient author of a "Treatise on Falconry" the account of a cast at a heron; the description will well explain the details of this kind of sport.

"Now riding fast, we soon came by the side of the meadows adjoining the warren, where the 'markers' of M. de Ligné discovered three herons and at once came to tell him of it. Making up his mind to attack them, the Sieur de Ligné did me the favor of giving me a white gyrfalcon, named 'La Perle,' to let fly; he him-



FIG. 5.—THE LURE.

self took another, called 'Le Gentilhomme,' and one of his people took a third, named 'Le Pinson.' When the herons heard us approach they became alarmed, and took wing while we were yet some distance off; seeing this, we let fly the birds, which were some time before they perceived the quarry. At last one of the hawks caught sight of them, and went in pursuit. The two others immediately followed with so much ardor and speed that in a very short time they had all reached the herons, and

I give you one as your share.' On which, seeing them at such an immense height, I replied that the falcons would have great difficulty in getting at them. Then he let fly his bird, we doing likewise, and they all vied with one another in soaring upward, using such diligence that soon we saw them almost as high up as one of the herons. Having first made an effort and got above their prey, they commenced to deal it such a shower of blows that it seemed stupefied, and flew down to gain the shelter of the woods. We rode forward to bring the hounds to the assistance of the falcons, and were just in time; for the heron had thrown itself into a thicket, in which we captured it alive, although taken from the mouth of one of the dogs. Giving this bird to the falcons, we mounted our horses again to let fly after another."

The cast at the crow and the magpie were also very amusing. These birds would try at first to escape by means of speed, and then, recognizing the uselessness of their efforts, they afterward took refuge in a tree, from which the falconers had much trouble to drive them, so great was their terror for their pursuers.

Hawking is even nowadays held in high honor in the North of Africa and in Asia, being the favorite diversion of the Arabs. In the Sahara the falcon is trained to hunt pigeons, partridges, hares, rabbits, and even the gazelle.

In Persia and Turkestan the falcon is not trained, as it used to be in Europe, for some special game; they accustom it to stoop on all kinds of prey. Hunting the gazelle with hawks is a diversion much esteemed among these nations. The plan is as follows:

"The Persians," says Thévenot, the traveler, "provided stuffed gazelles, on the noses of which they always place the food for their falcons, and never feed them anywhere else; after they have been thus trained, they take them out into the open country, and when they see a gazelle they let fly two of these birds, one of which darts down on the nose of the gazelle, and fastens on to it with its talons. The gazelle stops short, and shakes himself to get rid of the bird; but the latter keeps his place for some time by means of



FIG. 6—HERON HAWKING.

were attacking one, which defended itself; but it was so roughly treated that it could not make much resistance, and was soon taken. While the falcons were having their pleasure with it (that is, while the quarry was being given them), the other herons, frightened at seeing their companion so badly treated, kept on rising in the direction of the sun, hoping to shelter themselves in its glare. But they were descried; M. de Ligné told me of this, saying, 'I can see the two herons up above, still rising.

flapping his wings, thus preventing the gazelle from running fast, and even from seeing where it is going. When at last, with some trouble, the gazelle disengages itself from its pursuer, the other falcon, which is flying near, takes the place of the one thrown off; the latter, in its turn, again resumes the assault when its companion has fallen. The birds thus hinder the running of the gazelle, so that the dogs easily overtake it."

In Egypt the falcon is trained for this kind of sport by taking it young, limiting the quantity of its food, and then frequently bringing it into the presence of sheep; being in a famished state, the bird unhesitatingly darts on them.

Hawking is also held in high esteem in India, both by the natives and Europeans resident there. It is no rare thing to see young ladies reviving all the customs of the Middle Ages, and penetrating into the jungles mounted on elephants, accompanied by their falcons, which are flown at the charming blue antelope.

In China and Japan hawking is also very popular; in the course of a day's journey it is no uncommon thing to meet persons pursuing this sport.

#### PAUL HUNTEN'S SECRET.

IT was always a mystery to me how my grandfather happened to settle in one of the interior counties instead of in the young river metropolis, which certainly offered him just as many inducements, and just as few disadvantages, to pitch his tent and hunt up practice. But it was a greater mystery that such a man as Paul Hunten should pass right by the same city, after it had emerged from the germ and developed into a glorious bud of promise, to hire himself out as wood-chopper on my grandfather's farm. It might be accounted for on the ground of philanthropy—for that township sorely needed a class of scientific fellers of trees and burners of underbrush—had there not been something about Paul impressing me with the belief that he buried himself among those beech and walnut trees to ameliorate his own condition, in some respect, and not that of the Knox county land-owners. He came to us in a strange way; besides, his engagement was not effected according to the business customs then in vogue, there being no price stipulated, and no limit set to his duties.

Early on an Autumn morning, dusty and travel worn, he stopped at "The Thicket"—as our farm was called—and asked to see the owner. He was dressed in a suit of well-cut, speckled gray, such as is sometimes called

"pepper and salt," that seemed to have been quite recently made, but his baggage consisted only of a bundle which he carried on the end of a stick thrown over his shoulder. My grandfather left his breakfast and went to the door, for in those early days people were not so apt as now to keep supplicants for employment waiting anxiously, perhaps painfully, their own pleasure. Paul had thrown his bundle down by the steps, and was leaning wearily upon his staff.

"Have you any work to give me?" He accosted my grandfather with a strong foreign accent, before the latter had time to speak.

"Well, what can you do—chop wood, get out timber, or any thing?"

"Yes, any thing."

"I guess you can stop with us, then."

After this brief colloquy grandfather came back to the table and ordered a plate set for the stranger, but Paul remained standing irresolutely on the steps.

"I'll earn my breakfast before I eat it," he said in answer to my Aunt Janet's invitation to join us, as she poured out a fragrant cup of coffee and set it beside the plate. "I'll hunt up work for myself now, and when you get ready you can give me your orders." With this he walked away toward the barn-yard, as if annoyed by any tender of hospitality.

Being the only old-school physician in the vicinity, grandfather Bently was kept, to use his own words, constantly in the saddle, and had little time to oversee the farm labor, consequently it was left mostly to the boys, as he called my two uncles, John and Harry. That morning, after buttoning up his coat and replenishing his medicine bags, he tied his horse to the hitching-post, and went on to look after his new employé, whom he found busy with hammer and screws, repairing a broken hinge of the barn door. The man stopped his work, and turned around as if waiting for directions.

"You may take the team and haul logs to the mill to-day. It is not far down the road. You must have passed it on your way here."

"Yes," replied the man.

"Are you accustomed to farm labor?" queried Dr. Bently.

"So that I do what is required of me, it makes no difference whether I am accustomed to it or not," was the equivocal, yet not surly, reply.

"No, I presume not," said my grandfather, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

Until noon the wagon made regular trips between the mill and "The Thicket," then Paul Hunten rested his team and came in to dinner. He ate silently and very moderately for a man who had had no breakfast, but his lusterless



brown eyes wandered restlessly around the room, scanning our faces without any apparent motive, even sometimes closing as if to shut out the world and memory. He was a young man, not more than thirty-two, and possessed of strikingly regular features; his forehead was broad and smooth, with the exception of a deep crease between the eyes, seemingly the result of deep, perhaps bitter thought; his mouth was small and firm, his hands shapely, his figure not wanting in dignity. He looked sadly out of place in the character of a farm laborer, but as he vouchsafed no explanation of his circumstances, and no definite answers to our simple inquiries, we were obliged to take him on his own representation. After all, it was not a bad one. He came to us as a laborer; he went quickly and dextrously about his work, asking no questions and replying to none, unless concerning the interests of his employer.

Months passed, and we knew no more of him than that he came originally from Europe and from the East latterly, for in those days every body came from the East. Early in the morning, before the family was stirring, he would steal noiselessly down stairs, build the kitchen fire, fill the tea-kettle and milk the cows. At first Aunt Janet had told him that these chores were not required of him, but, although he was looking straight into her eyes, he seemed perfectly oblivious of her words, and I believed he was so. His room in the second story was situated directly over the one occupied by us children, and often, when lying awake in the night, I have heard him pacing the floor with steady, monotonous tread, while half-suppressed groans would break from his lips as if induced by great physical agony. On mornings following such nights of unrest, he would go about his work as usual, but his bed would bear no evidence of having been slept in, nor his room of having been used. Paul was a most indefatigable worker, not even on Sundays taking the rest which God and nature require; but all day the sound of his ax would echo among the trees, and not until night spread its shadows over the landscape would he return to the house. Once Dr. Bently ventured to expostulate with him upon his use of the Sabbath. Said he, "The seventh day is the Lord's; in it we are commanded to do no work."

"I believe you visit your patients on all days," interrupted Paul, setting his ax down and leaning over it.

"Yes, but that is imperative."

"My contract with you, Doctor, is, to labor six days in the week. What use I make of the remaining day is my own concern."

And he took up his ax and struck it deep in the trunk of an oak, while my grandfather walked away.

Throughout the neighborhood Paul Hunten was regarded with much curiosity, for the good people, adhering to the primitive custom of inviting their "help" to join their family circles and social reunions, had their hospitality often slighted by his refusals to mingle with them. Then they grew suspicious of him, and whispers of some dark crime committed in the far East began to be circulated throughout the locality, until finally people shunned him almost as much as they had sought his acquaintance. But if Paul knew this change in public sentiment he never betrayed it. The Indian Summer of that year was long and lonesome even to us children, but the hazy, mellow days seemed to rest with unusual heaviness upon the spirits of our hired man. With the fading and falling of the leaves he grew more than ever like the Byronic hero who confronts us in "Childe Harold" and "The Corsair," sallow, dark, mysterious, ill-humored. He avoided the family as if the sight of human faces was torture to him, and yet his work went on with the regularity of a machine. Yes, there was one face he would sometimes watch for a minute or two, and then turn away with a softened expression, giving us the hope that he was more impressible than he cared to appear. This was the face of Aunt Janet's baby. She was a pretty, brown-haired little thing, with a grown-up smile, and seldom given to crying, but in all other respects no way different from ordinary babies.

One evening as she lay in her cradle toying with a set of blocks, Paul Hunten stood regarding her with more than his customary interest. He even gave back an answering smile when she looked up at him. Turning to my aunt, as he took his hat to go, he said, "Mrs. Bently, your little one will some day be a preacher of the Gospel."

"You forget it is a girl," said my aunt smiling.

"No matter, women were among the first followers of Jesus."

This was the only time Paul alluded to our Savior during his sojourn at "The Thicket;" and, although we used to sometimes playfully call baby Mary the preacher, he never seemed to notice it.

One day I took my willow-basket and started for the maple woods on the south side of the farm to gather some of the brilliant-hued leaves which covered the ground and formed hiding places for squirrels. My road lay through a field where Paul Hunten was burning brush. I thought I would hunt him up and ask him to

knock down some of the thorn apples that grew near, and hung luscious in my sight as the grapes of Eshcol, but far above my twelve years' height. I came upon him as he sat on a log with his back to me, while around him were various piles of half-burnt brush, the flames effaced by the bright sunlight, but their waves of blue smoke slowly ascending and mingling with the clouds. The still, primeval scene brought to my mind Bryant's beautiful poem, where he calls the days of Autumn the saddest of the year, and which I had conned over many a time in my desk at school. Perhaps Paul Hunten's spirit was subject to the melancholy influence of the day, for he sat bending forward with his elbow upon his knee, and his head resting in his hand, as if he had no work to do, and no strength to support his frame. It was strange, for there was known to be no laborer in the township half so industrious; yet now his neglected ax lay at his feet, and he was idle. His face was pale, his eyes bent on vacancy, and his whole figure drooping as if under a heavy weight.

I stepped softly forward, intending to speak to him, but something lying on his knee caught my eyes, and I paused to look at it. It was a little pencil sketch of a beautiful woman's face, with large blue eyes, blonde hair, and the delicate, oval features of which poets have sung for ages. It had neither frame nor glass, but the expression, so like that I have since seen in paintings of Goethe's Margaret, seemed the more life-like because viewed without obstruction.

At last I laid my hand on Paul's shoulder, and, forgetful of every thing but the sweet, unknown face, asked, "Is she dead, Mr. Hunten?"

"Dead!" he repeated, starting slightly, while surrounding trees sent back an echo, "yes, dead to me."

The last words were spoken very slowly, and in an under-tone, so that I held my breath to catch them. I stood by him several minutes, hoping he would tell me something more, but he did not. I had evidently passed from his mind with the inanimate world around him, and so I went away without asking him to get the thorn apples for me. It must have been two hours later when, with my basket full of carefully selected maple leaves, I returned to the house by the same way. Paul still sat on the old log, with the little picture on his knee and his face in his hand. He did not see me, and I went by without disturbing him. At evening he came in as usual, ate his supper, or at least sat down to the table, retired early to

his room, and the next morning resumed his work:

As the weather grew colder Paul finished his clearing in the field and commenced building a board fence between the garden and orchard. He had generally been told what to do, and left to do it in his own way, partly because his own way gave satisfaction, and partly because he had not a very gracious manner of receiving orders. But my grandfather was not pleased with the fence for some reason, and going out he began to name faults in it. Hunten listened a moment, and then turning angrily around with his eyes flashing like steel, exclaimed, "Dr. Bently, you are the first man who ever had the impudence to find fault with my work."

Grandfather liked Paul, and, I believe, felt a deep sympathy in his unknown sorrow, or morbid disposition, whichever it might be, so he tolerated the manner for the sake of the man and left him to work as he chose. Well, he was the best worker grandfather ever had, in spite of his irregular temper. There was no more fair weather after the Indian Summer, consequently the men left the fields and worked chiefly under shelter. We began to fancy Mr. Hunten a little more cheerful since Nature no longer mocked him with her smiling face, and it was a subject of sient congratulation among us. The secret of the lovely penciled head, which had caused him such despairing emotion, became incautiously circulated in the neighborhood, owing doubtless to my garrulity, and so it filled its place in the various tales of horror regarding its possessor that by constant repetition were perpetuated. There are minds always ready to seize upon circumstances remote in time and character, and with an energy worthy of a better cause—save perhaps in a government detective—seek to ferret out some connection; and so a story of the beautiful lady was associated with tales, first of forgery, then of murder, and all were connected with the unhappy Paul Hunten; but he continued his humble way apparently oblivious of the evil whispers which every wind scattered broadcast.

One morning he seemed more inclined to talk to Aunt Janet, baby Mary, and the rest of us, than he had done since Winter set in, and on the strength of his unwonted sociability, being too blind to see the isolation beneath, I followed him into the yard, asking, by way of continuing the conversation, "When are you going home, Mr. Hunten?"

"Home!" He turned quickly, and with an expression almost wild as he repeated my last word.

"In the East, I mean," I said apologetically,

and catching my breath at the blunder I had made, "where the lady lived."

"Why should I go where she has ever been?" he asked more to himself than to me. "Orpheus descended into the deep recesses of Erebus to regain his Eurydice, but by my descent I have lost mine." Then he walked rapidly away from me to his work. It might have been an hour later when he came into the house and said, "I guess I will not work to-day. I want to go down to Sparta."

(Sparta was a little village, which had received this historic name from its ambitious founder only after an earnest study of the palmy days of ancient Greece.)

Paul Hunten took a brush and a box of blacking from the kitchen shelf and went in the basement to polish his boots; then we thought no more about him. It must have been past noon when Aunt Janet went around to the basement to fetch up vinegar for dinner, and found him sitting there with his half-polished boot in one hand and the brush in the other, just as though he had not moved for hours. His lips were tightly compressed, and the crease in his forehead painfully distinct. The whole attitude of the man was so indicative of severe mental suffering that my aunt exclaimed aloud, but she might as well have spoken to a statue. His heart and mind were busy with his terrible past, but the present was a blank to him. Was it a guilty past, or was he one of those strange unfortunates whose career from the cradle to the grave is a continued scene of disappointments and rebuffs? Or was he descended from the God-hated Esau, that his years should all be cursed with a soul-harrowing thirst for something afar off? We reasoned that if he had longings for the future, they were intimately connected with regrets for the past, but neither our penetration nor analogy could carry us further.

After standing irresolutely for some time in the vain hope of attracting Paul's attention, my aunt went away and tried to busy herself with her household, yet she could not banish him from her mind. When dinner was ready she blew the horn long and loud, but it met with no response from him. Later in the afternoon she looked in at the door again, but he still sat there, only he had laid down his work and leaned his head upon his hand, as he had done that day in the field. At dark I heard him going up the stairs which led to his room, and running into the entry I cried, "Mr. Hunten, won't you come in to supper?" And he answered softly, "Not to-night, my child," but went on without looking back at me. The next

morning I heard him leave his room earlier than usual. Then he built the kitchen fire and went out with the milk-pails: returning with the milk a half hour before breakfast he set it down and went out again, but when breakfast was ready he was nowhere to be found.

Grandfather Bently and the boys looked around for him, but we all instinctively felt that he had left "The Thicket" to return no more. Where or why he had gone there was nothing left to tell us.

As soon as the good people of the neighborhood heard that Dr. Bently's mysterious farm hand had disappeared, they began to count over their valuables, and, as far as I know, were successful in finding them all; then the traditional nine days were devoted to conjectures and surmises with regard to his wanderings, though finding no solution to the wonder they finally drifted to other topics. As for us, we gradually dropped his name from our conversation and, in subsequent years, almost from our memory.

We lived on the farm until grandfather Bently was gathered to his ancestors, and the village of Sparta had advanced to the dignity of an incorporated town. Uncle Harry had married and gone; Aunt Janet and Uncle John were growing old at home, and, strange as it seemed to us, baby Mary had grown into womanhood and the fulfillment of Paul Hunten's prediction. Preaching at first in her own county and without price, her reputation for eloquence and earnestness soon went abroad, and one day she was surprised by a call to a New England Church.

Nearly two years after her establishment over her Eastern congregation, Mary returned to "The Thicket" on a visit, and one morning took up the thread of Paul Hunten's history. She was located near a settlement of Poles, who had come from the locality where his youth and early manhood were passed, and she had been told a well-authenticated story of his life. He was the son of one of that little band of Polish patriots who, under the leadership of Reyton, so heroically, yet fatally to themselves, opposed the Diet of partition. His father falling in the cause of liberty bequeathed to him a high courage and love of country, but not the unselfish heart and singleness of purpose which had characterized his own career in his country's struggles for independence. As Paul grew to manhood the politics of Poland were in such a condition as to arouse all the energy and patriotism of his impetuous nature, and as opportunities were not wanting to win his way to the hearts of his countrymen he soon acquired

enviable fame. Among the officers of the army was a Lithuanian nobleman named Wisnewski, whose great wealth, no less than his fierce denunciations of Russia's tyranny, rendered his family special objects of enmity to that Government.

After Paul became known as a brave and skillful soldier, he married the amiable and accomplished daughter of this gentleman—the lady whose little portrait I had seen that morning in the field. When the province of Lithuania fell into the hands of the Russians, Wisnewski shared the fate of other influential rebels, as they were called, and his estates were confiscated. Soon after this he was captured and immured in prison. The despotic character of the Empress Catherine left him little hope of clemency; so if his family had much at stake in the strife before, they had every thing now. In those days the noble women of Poland grew accustomed to hardship, and Paul Hunten's wife did no unusual thing when she followed him as far as the fortified city of Warsaw, where there were constant opportunities to aid those who were in the field.

Partly for his bravery and partly because he had married into the Wisnewski family, Hunten was given the command of the troops that had fought under his father-in-law. For months he remained stanch in his devotion to the land of his birth, while on every side agents of the trespassing powers stood ready to bribe the weak or wavering, and the prospect of victory to the Poles grew more gloomy. But the darkest day of all was the one when Kosciusko fell, wounded and a prisoner, into the hands of the Cossacks. Many a stout heart grew faint then, and many a patriot's arm fell nerveless from his sword, for the news of this great man's captivity was received at Warsaw as the announcement of the country's ruin.

We need not wonder that the army grew discouraged in the face of this calamity, yet among all the brave band who had marched out with Wisnewski, one only talked of surrender—he who had been promoted as their leader, Paul Hunten. Corruptions and abuses had become widely disseminated throughout the Polish Government, and while no one was suspicious of treachery in Hunten, he had decided to make his own peace with the invaders by giving his troops into their power when ordered to unite with the main body. It was not in the forlorn hope that they would be acquiescent, for he knew they would fight on, contesting the last foot of Polish soil; nor yet to save his family, for some of its members had perished; others languished in cheerless dungeons, while his

heroic wife was working with her own white hands to help the defenders of Warsaw. It was Suwarrow's rubles that tempted him to betray his true-hearted comrades, while all his countrymen cried, "Traitor."

Somewhere I have seen it stated that every one has his price, and without giving entire credence to this, it is certain that the want of money has brought evil upon many a moderately honorable man. I think only the poor man, who has once been rich, can know all the temptation lurking in a money bribe; such Paul Hunten was; moreover, he had a delicately reared wife and infant child, whom he unfortunately loved better than he loved his country. No heroism could have saved Poland, the conduct of the nobles was such as to alienate rather than to attach the people; and he reasoned that as his comrades were sure to be finally vanquished, they could be no worse off for surrendering then, while he would be vastly benefited. Had he been less credulous he would have hesitated long before delivering his fellow-soldiers, among whom was his young brother-in-law, to the mercy of Suwarrow, but he trusted this man's promise to release them. It was not to be expected that he who habitually broke his word would keep it now, and instead of being set at liberty, these prisoners were shot or confined for future exile. Among the first who were led out to meet a violent death was young Wisnewski, and although repentant Paul would have given his own life to save him, he was every-where charged with abandoning him to his unhappy fate. He received the reward of his treachery, but had never the courage to look again upon the face of his wife or child. Feeling that he had no longer a place in the hearts of his family, nor on the soil of Poland, he left his ill-gotten gold and came to America; but while the stigma of the traitor was upon him at home, an accusing conscience clung to him abroad. Here, wandering on the confines of civilization, he did penance for that hour of weakness by hard work and personal discomfort.

At this point Mary ended her narrative and opened a magazine, which had somehow found its way to "The Thicket" a year after it had issued from the press.

"Well," I asked, "did you never hear any thing more about him?"

"Yes," answered Mary composedly; "when more than a score of years had softened the anger of his fallen country, and the development of circumstances had taken away some of his reproach, he started to make his way back to Poland."

## FAVOR.

IT is a fortunate thing that the most of us were born with a tolerable bump of approbateness, else society would be in a state of disagreement and separation, or, rather, there would be no society at all. Yet it is a curious question to ask just how far favor should be sought after. Indeed, diverse persons have solemnly discoursed of the folly of seeking it at all, and many an apostrophe to Fame has been written, in which emptiness and vanity have been the conclusion of the whole matter. Notwithstanding, it is evident that the winning of regard lies among the foundations of life. Every one is seeking, in one way or another, the favor of every one else. And it is undoubtedly a noble and beautiful thing. The most perfect character that ever lived, found favor, we are told, not only with God, but "with man" also. It is the secret of many of the happiest developments of our own life, lending a nameless grace to otherwise hard and unpleasing scenes.

In America it would seem necessary to seek favor, far more than in the countries of Europe, where the conditions of society are more fixed, and each one's place is more strictly defined. Our extreme republicanism, that renders every one the maker of his or her own fortune, brings this element into large proportion among us. The fact of any profession or calling is little of itself. The old Puritanism of our forefathers was republicanism in its boldest independence, but it still had some reverence for many things. Nowadays the minister is little more respected because he is a minister than any other; his sacred robes do not shelter him from the most severe and searching criticism, and his merits and demerits are freely discussed, like those of any other marketable commodity. The teacher also is in a like situation. B. A. and M. L. A. do not save one in the least. The all-important question is, How is Mr. or Miss Such-a-one liked? If the answer be favorable, well; but if otherwise, woe to that unfortunate!

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that what is of itself good should degenerate into what is base and mean, and that unprincipled office-seeking and favoritism should be notorious in the high places of the land.

There are some who gain favor without effort. They are the blossoms among human beings. They have the marvelous gift of attraction that involuntarily draws all to their center. Their very faces are an irresistible invitation and voice of welcome. Always and every-where

the unsought-for meed of approbation is poured out to them.

But the greater part, either from a cross-grained temperament or other reason, find it more or less an effort to please. Approbation does not usually come of itself. Those who bend all their energies in this direction are generally successful for a time; the assumed smile and the patronizing voice go a long way with them; adroitness and management win the game that straightforwardness and truth, without the smile and the patronage, repeatedly lose. And it is not marvelous that many a one has bitterly felt the seeming inequality of fortune in this respect. But however one may scorn the means, one may not less learn a lesson from the thing scorned. A smile inevitably pleases, and who shall smile best, other things equal, wins most.

It does not do simply to have the heart right, warm and full of kindly feeling—an immense amount of good would be done and corresponding favor gained if that alone were necessary—but some effort must be made to make it known. Miss La Creevy in "Nicholas Nickleby" had as warm a heart as ever beat in so diminutive a personage, but its kindness and benevolence existed in unknown solitude until the misfortunes of the Nickleby family were the occasion of their odd but gracious display.

The recognized position of woman in society makes her dependent, in many respects, upon the other sex, but in none is she more so than in this matter of favor. It is much more a thing of necessity in her to please than in him. Her part in the rôle is not to make proposals concerning the one "long path" in which two shall henceforth walk together, and she is not to say what she may never so positively and sincerely cherish in her heart. Probably very few would have it otherwise, and no one envies the fortune of Queen Victoria, whose position made it necessary for her to bring the courtship with Prince Albert to a crisis. However it be, this peculiar attitude of woman has given rise to two strongly marked characters—both sufficiently common—the one unpleasing and even repulsive; the other, at least, unfortunate.

The former has but one object, the gaining of which occupies her exclusive attention. She is always to be found in the most prominent seats, where her graces may be seen to the best advantage. She talks easily and without constraint, and never seems to lack for topics of conversation, although she seldom reads any thing but the last novel, and the horizon of her information is necessarily quite limited. But she is intimately acquainted with society, and knows

all the ways and means thereof. She easily adapts herself to its contingencies, and finds in all its various modifications supreme and unceasing delights. She is sometimes a thorough diplomat, and lays her plans with the consummate art of a skilled intriguer.

The other always remains in the background, where the lights may not fall upon her. She fails to do herself justice; the gifts of heart and mind, which are her fortune, and which are intended to shine in society, are known to exist only by a few. She shrinks within herself for fear of seeming forward, so much beauty and fragrance of character are lost to all observation. For, however marked these may be, the world is quite too much occupied with what is plain and palpable to go after what is covert and hidden. It is useless to quarrel with this; favor is not spontaneous, except in rare cases; it is won.

It a pleasant thing to have favor; to feel that one has a place in others' regard; that all are gladder because one lives, and is what one is. To have the perfect confidence of childhood is a happy fortune. It was Hawthorne, the solitary dreamer, the weird and subtle analyst of the heart, who said, "If I value myself on any thing, it is that I have a smile that children love." With them all duplicities and arts fail; they have a quick, keen-eyed perception, and read one with instinctive certainty. Children are not deceived even by that show of extreme regard affected by those who have heard that they are charming, and that it is desirable to be popular with them. Being truthful themselves, they love truth, and find it with unerring accuracy. Pure and unfeigned love of them, shining radiant in the face of Christ, was the magnet that drew them to his arms.

Christ loved the children for their sakes, and not for his own. Their favor was won by loving them. And this is the secret of all the approval in the world best worth having. To gain the favor of others in order to make them happier; better to reach their hearts; to bestow upon them what is good in us, and to receive ourselves what is good in them; so to establish a line of communication which shall carry back and forth electric messages of thought and feeling, the more speedily to harmonize the world—this is the only motive worthy of success. No one can move another unless one be somewhat in the favor of that other. It is working against tremendous odds to appeal to others in any way where a prejudice exists against one.

Preconceived notions unfavorable to the subject are equal to all goodness, or beauty, or talent. Jenny Lind had magnetized hundreds

of American audiences with her wonderful voice, and her fame, spreading far and wide, had reached Cuba as well, but that island had determined not to be pleased with the "Night-gale," however it should sing; so the first appearance in Havana was received in sullen silence. Never was such a flood of melody even from this "mistress of song," but it fell against the unyielding granite; and it was only after the most matchless exhibitions of her power, and the exertion of the mightiest will, that the Cubans at last relented, and storms of applause succeeded the marvelous outburst.

The lesson which the most mercenary fortune-seeker teaches may be taken to heart by the "children of light." The way is admirable; it only remains for the spirit to be changed. So long as the world remains as it is, so long must action conform to its requirements; and society has declared that the way to success, in the very purest purpose, is through the favor of those whom success serves.

## THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

### III.

#### FILICES, OR FERNS.

IN their most graceful type—the tree-ferns—this order of acrogens rivals the most beautiful palms. When they have attained a height of forty or fifty feet their stems form a noble column, some five or six inches thick, from the summit of which flows a panicle of pinnate leaves intersected by a thousand dentations; the terminal tuft which crowns the summit of the trunk tending at all times into a sort of crosier, or crook shape, whose graceful curve adds greatly to the elegance of the plant. Their chief anatomical peculiarities are as follows:

The leaves are termed *fronds*, and they bear the organs of fructification in little cups or receptacles on the edges, or on the under surface, in the form of little masses of granules, termed

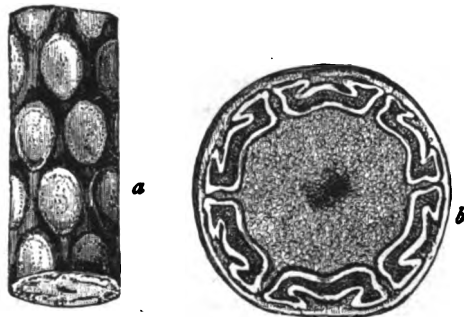


FIG. 1.—STEM AND SECTION OF A TREE-FERN.

sori, consisting of a containing organ termed *sporangia*, *theca*, or *capsules*, surrounded by a ring termed *gyrus*, or *annulus*, and a number of contained cells, termed *spores*, or *sporules*, from which the new plant is produced. The footstalk of the leaf or frond is called a *stipe*,

and consists of bundles of bare woody fiber and scalariform vessels, connected together by cellular tissue, which pass down into the stem under the bark, forming the zones of the wood. In the tree-fern the rind or bark consists of one or two layers of cellular tissue, and is



FIG. 2. THE ARBORESCENT FERNS OF BRAZIL.

marked from top to bottom by the cicatrices left by the fallen leaves (Fig. 1). These cicatrices occur irregularly and at considerable distances apart near the foot of the tree, but at regular distances and almost close together toward the summit of the stem, showing that

its leaves are produced at the top and in successive clusters, and that the trunk has increased in height after the fall of the leaf. Again, a large portion of the transverse section of the trunk is seen to consist of cellular tissue; and through this the wood passes, the center

being occupied by a mass of scalariform duct, so called from the resemblance which its perpendicular sides and transverse lines bear to the sides and rounds of a ladder. This form of tissue is interrupted by large spiral vessels; the wood is also arranged in circles, or bundles, with a wavy outline, but only near to the bark. These circles seem to be sent down from the fronds, and as the fronds surround the stem, the bundles sent down from them lie side by side until they form a circle. There is a peculiarity in the growth of the tree-fern, that the interval between the cicatrices enlarges as the tree increases, showing that the stem of the tree increases in height not only at the apex for the time being, but afterward in the body of the trunk.

The mode of germination in the ferns seems to be this: The sporule, after extrusion from the sporangia, bursts its envelope and emits a leafy expansion from its center, which subsequently forms a bud and then a plant. Fig. 2 represents the arborescent ferns of the Brazilian forests.

In our climate these acrogens are far from presenting the dimensions which they attain in the tropics. Our ferns are only perennials, with a short rhizome or spreading roots, whose leaves rarely exceed four or five inches. Even



FIG. 3.—TRICHOMANES BREVISETUM.

in the tropics and in the southern hemisphere the *Hymenophyllum* and *Trichomanes* (Fig. 3), which grow only in humid places, at the foot of old trees, or upon rocks bathed in running brooks, are generally of small size. The delicate leaves are destitute of epidermis, and consist of a simple blade of cellular tissues traversed by nervures formed themselves of scalariform vessels.

In order to study more closely the structure of the fern, let us examine the *Nephrodium filix-mas*, commonly known as the male fern (Fig. 4).

This plant is common in the woods and sterile places. It carries upon its subterranean stem, which creeps along horizontally, certain reddish scales. The leaves are large, petiolate, and much intersected. On the under surface of the leaves, or of what has the appearance of leaves, and which, as already stated, are called, in the language of botany, *fronds*, we find little rounded,

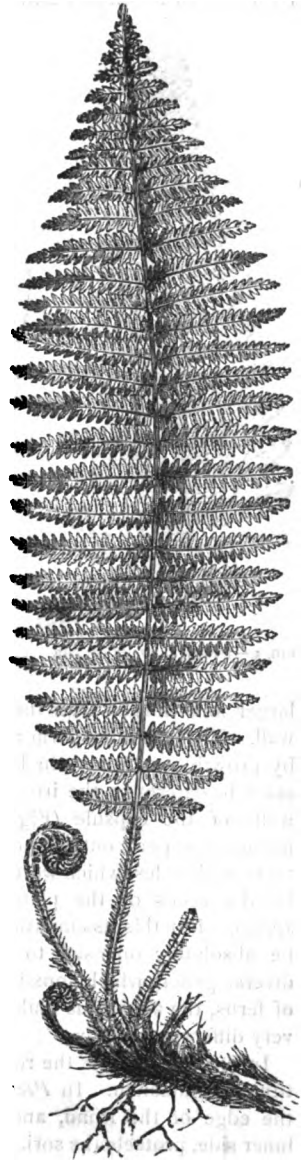


FIG. 4.—MALE FERN,  $\frac{1}{2}$  NATURAL SIZE.

or rather, kidney-shaped projections. Each of these projections is formed by groups of small bodies, yellowish-green at an early age, brown at their maturity, and which are covered by a thin grayish pellicle. Each group of these little bodies or sporanges bears the name of *sori*; the pellicle which covers them is called the *indusium*. Fig. 6 is a greatly magnified representation of the organs which occur on



the lower surface of the fronds of the male fern.

The sporanges, or *capsules* (Fig. 7), are pedicellate cellulose sacs, furnished on their circumference with an almost entire circle of cellules,



FIG. 5.—LOWER SURFACE OF THE FROND.



FIG. 6.—MAGNIFIED PORTION OF THE LOWER SURFACE.

larger and thicker than the other parts of the wall. These cellules form a sort of ring, which by growth, or by certain hygrometic changes, seem to determine the irregular rupture of the walls of the capsule (Fig. 8), and by these movements pour out a number of egg-like irregular globules, which were long considered to be the seeds of the plant, and were called *spores*. But this assimilation is ascertained to be absolutely opposed to the facts. In the diverse genera which constitute the great family of ferns, the apparatus under consideration has very different functions.

In the *Polypodiaceæ* the rounded sori are destitute of indusium. In *Pteris* it extends along the edge of the frond, and opening from the inner side, protects the sori. In *Scolopendrium*, the sori, approaching by pairs, are protected by an indusium, which is to all appearance bivalve, and disposed in oblique lines. In *Osmunda* the capsules form terminal clusters upon the nervures of the upper parts of the frond, contracted and modified, and often destitute of the ring as an indusium.

The reproduction of ferns has been closely studied in our days by Herr Nægeli, a distinguished German phytologist, and still more recently by Herr Leszcyc-Suminski. We shall

follow the curious observations of botanists in their revelations of the strange mode of reproduction among the ferns, remarking, however, that the investigations of Mr. Henfrey and other observers, English and foreign, of high reputation, white confirming many of Herr Suminski's observations, draw other inferences from them, M. Thuret, a highly judicious guide, preferring to suppose that the true fructification of these plants still remains to be discovered.

It had long been known that the so-called spores of ferns were susceptible, in favorable conditions, of germinating and reproducing the original plant, and this is the generally received idea of its development: the capsules or sporanges are considered to be the female organs; and the male organs are supposed to be found in the hair-like glandular filaments found in their vicinity. Some new and remarkable observations, however, have shown that the phenomenon was not so simple as it was thought. The structure of the body which was supposed to be the male organs did not correspond with the antherids of other cryptogams. Neither had the presence of antherozoids confirmed the terms assigned to them. In short, Nature has neither placed the antherids of the ferns in the middle of the sorus, nor upon the pedicels of the capsules. Contrary to the provisions demanded by theory, it is upon plants in process of germination that we find these organs; upon individuals which have only been in existence for a few weeks, and which still consist of only a small number of cells. For this most important discovery we are indebted, in the first place, to Herr Nægeli, and it was confirmed some year later by the observations of Herr Leszcyc-Suminski.



FIG. 7.—SPORANGIA OF THE MALE FERN (MAGNIFIED).



FIG. 8.—DEHISCENCE OF THE SPORANGIA (MAGNIFIED).

If we follow the germination of a fern-spore with Herr Suminski, we find that its external membrane, resistant and colored, is broken, and by the opening thus formed in the external membrane issue, in the form of a sort of tube, certain cellules reproducing and multiplying

themselves at the extremity of the tube. From this there results sometimes a small foliaceous expansion, heart-shaped, in the form of a pear (Fig. 9, *a*), whose dimensions in *Pteris serulata* may be an eighth of an inch by a tenth. In the upper part of this small organ or *prothallium* would appear in due course the root or radicle, then the *antherid*, and finally the archegonium.

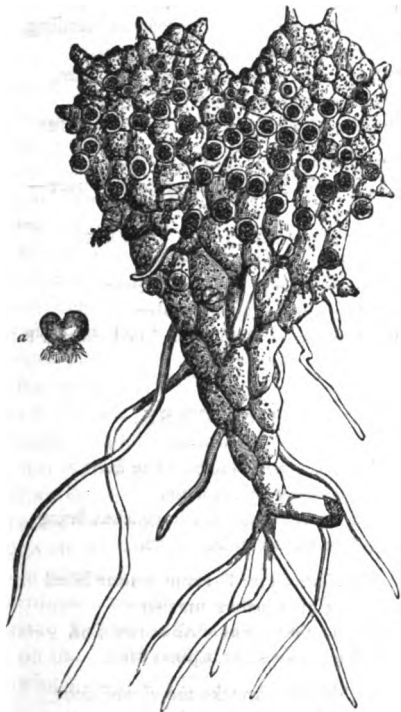


FIG. 9 (MAGNIFIED).

The *antherids* are small cellular mamelons, formed, according to M. Thuret, of three cellules superimposed on each other, as in Fig. 10. In the young antherids (*a*), says this botanist, the central cavity, surrounded by the second ring-like cellule, is only filled with a grayish granulose matter; by degrees, small spherical bodies are seen, which are the *antherosoids*. As these develop themselves the central cavity

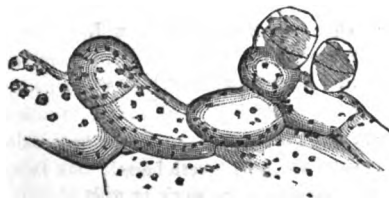


FIG. 10 (MAGNIFIED).

increases in volume, and presses strongly upon the walls of the peripheric cellule. Finally, the time comes when the pressure is so great that the antherid is suddenly burst; the uppermost

cellule, which had served as a covercle or lid to the central cavity, is broken, or is occasionally expelled through the fracture at the cuticle (Fig 11), the *antherosoids* being expelled at the same time.

At the moment of their expulsion the antherozoids present themselves in the form of little grayish spherical vesicles, whose contents are very indistinct (Fig. 12). At first they are immovable; but after some minutes they begin to unroll themselves suddenly, and dart into the ambient liquid with incon-



FIG. 11 (MAGNIFIED).

ceivable rapidity. They now turn themselves with gyratory movements, which are sometimes continued without interruption during one, and even two hours. If a drop of iodine is added under the microscope, these movements are suddenly arrested. Their body, twisted and contorted, forms a sort of spiral ribbon; it is, besides, imperfectly defined about the extremities. The locomotive organs of these strange bodies consist of bundles of short cilia in great numbers, forming a sort of crest, which emanates from the anterior part of the body. The number of these cilia is sufficient to account for the extreme rapidity with which these antherozoids move.



FIG. 12.

These facts overturn all our notions as to the distinctions of animals and plants. Here are simple vegetable organs which seem to have the power of motion; and if we reflect that on the other hand there are animals, as the sponge, corals, and adult oysters, which are altogether immovable, we may well ask which is the plant and which the animal? We can only reply that the distinctions which science is compelled to

draw among living beings become impossible when we reach the confines of what are usually designated the two kingdoms of nature.

The female organs of the plants which occupy our attention are less numerous than in the preceding orders; a *proembryo* does not bear more than from four to twenty (Figs. 11 and 13). They occupy the lower surface of the *prothallium*, but in front of the side of the hollow; each of them presents itself as a rounded cavity, plunging into the interior of the parenchyma, and communicating with the exterior by a sort of chimney, so to speak, formed by sixteen transparent cells disposed in fours, the one above the others (Fig. 13).

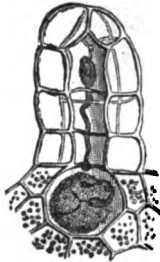


FIG. 13.

Isolated Archegonium.

We ought to remark here, that the two kinds of organs which have been described may exist at once in the same prothallium, as in Fig. 11, or they may be distributed upon several, as in Fig. 9. They are, then, monœcious or diœcious. As to the fact of the fecundation, it can no longer be contested. Herr Suminski has seen and figured the antherozoids in the interior of the cavity of the *archegonium*, and his observations have been confirmed by other observers.

Without entering into details respecting the development of the embryo vesicle in the interior of the cavity of the archegone, we may remark that we only see a single plant issue from the *proembryo*, as if a single archegone had been fertilized, or at least one only takes such a form as to hinder the growth of all others.

To conclude, the capsules which develop themselves on the lower surface of the fronds of ferns are not fruit, as has been assumed until lately; nor are the spores inclosed in the capsules seeds. The male and female reproductive organs are developed on a small and transitory cellular apparatus resulting from the germination of the spores.

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#### Alice Cary.

HARK! the snap of a silver cord,  
A quivering harp string broken—  
Harp, with sweetest of tone and word,  
Of tenderest thought e'er spoken,  
Catching notes from a viewless sphere,  
Transmitting thro' a veiled partition,  
Seraph strains to a mortal ear,  
Of higher life and truer vision.

Poesy strung, with a gentle finger,  
The lyre to themes of love and sorrow,

Myrtles stung o'er the graceful singer,  
Whose numbers challenge Fame's to-morrow.  
Sunbeams are bound in memory's quiver—  
Thro' prisms of hope break happy glances—  
Anthems that swell as grandest river,  
And wild bird's varied, coy romances.

Humming of bees in clover meadows,  
The minors soft in scale ascending—  
Mornings of joy and evening shadows,  
All graced her verse like pencils blending.  
Murmurs deep from the olden forest,  
When swaying to the winds of Winter,  
Stirred the heart to song when sorest  
Oppressed with pain—life's weary tenter.

Harp of sweetness! now sadly still,  
The greenest bays shall wreath it over—  
Hence, to gain immortal skill,  
Angel bands have gently borne her;  
In the heavenly city's splendor  
Glorious themes, increasing ever,  
Thrill her song, exalted, tender,  
With praise to Christ, the Lord, forever!

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#### SUCCESS.

THERE is no royal highway built  
To honor and renown,  
But he who highest climbs shall bring  
The richest prizes down.

Nor does dame Fortune scatter blind  
Her gifts before our feet;  
Yet he who seeks shall surely find,  
Faith takes the highest seat.

To him who knocks the closed door  
Shall open soon or late;  
And he who asks and works the more  
Can well afford to wait;

Afford to wait God's own good time,  
Since each brave soul may dare  
Find grand fulfillment in the rhyme  
Of labor, hope, and prayer.

What do we ask, what do we wait  
That may not come to-day?  
A soul content at work? 't is late,  
Indeed, till we can say,

"Whatever, Master, be thy will,  
Whate'er my work shall be,  
That I accept, and trust thee still,  
And live as unto thee."

He who the earth with plenty fills  
Will whom he loveth bless,  
And harvest of the work he wills  
Will surely be success.

And, for the rest, all earthly gains  
Nature reluctant doles  
As a reward for endless pains  
Of brave, persistent souls.

## IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

**S**ANTA CLARA and its larger sister, San José, two and a half miles distant, are located in a longitudinal valley of the coast mountains, from eighteen to twenty-five miles wide, and eight miles from the head of San Francisco Bay. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," so are they encompassed by them on every hand, and through a gap that fronts the bay comes the bracing sea-breeze. The soil of the valley is a rich, black loam, and there is no section of the State better adapted for fruit and grain raising, although Nature has been scarcely kind in her supply of water, rendering artificial irrigation necessary through the Summer months. This is effected by windmills drawing up the water from artesian wells, of which there are more than a thousand in the valley. The inner slope of the encircling mountains is well suited for grape culture. Of this fruit there are one hundred and twenty varieties in growth here, among which the "Rose of Peru," "Muscat," "Black Hamburg," "Zinfandel," and "Flame-colored Tokay," are but a few of the tempting names. The mountain slopes lying seaward are much sought after for grazing purposes, as the moisture from the sea-fogs promotes the growth of pasturage.

Santa Clara and San José—pronounced by Californians, San Hozay—are reached from San Francisco by going south-eastward about fifty miles on the San Francisco and San José Railroad, which is now extended twenty miles further, to Gilroy, and runs through varied and delightful scenery. Near Gilroy, in 1865, in a small rocky ravine of the Cayote Cañon, a Mexican shepherd, while searching for stray members of his flock, discovered the hot springs now acquiring an enviable fame for their medicinal qualities. Their waters have a temperature of 110°, and hold in solution iron, soda, magnesia, sulphur, and baryta. I am told that Gilroy is called after the first Anglo-Saxon resident of California, who lives, in hale old age, in a little adobe cottage, built forty years ago, at San Ysedre, a few miles from his flourishing namesake town.

The valley was originally explored, and the "Mission of Santa Clara" established, with the "Pueblo of San José" as its attendant military post and stock rancho, by Franciscan missionaries in 1776, only six years after Padre Junipero, the "pilgrim father" of the Pacific coast, first planted the cross at Monterey. Here they labored among the Digger Indians with zeal and some success. Tradition has it that their method of proselyting was vigorous and

unique, embracing the *lasso* among its persuasive instrumentalities. In after years, however, the fathers grew lax through their abounding riches. Their lands and cattle accumulated almost to excess, being compulsorily cared for by their Indian herdsmen. Zeal for souls began to languish; dissensions arose, and decay succeeded the old prosperity. Not far from 1850 the Jesuits entered upon the field of their Franciscan brethren, and now have a strong foothold in the valley. The conventual Academy of Notre Dame, at San José, and the Jesuit College of Santa Clara, are respectively the two finest schools of their faith on this coast. It is said that Pius, the "Infallible," looks toward Santa Clara as a refuge in case of his ultimate dislodgment from his present tottering seat, and that money is waiting in Catholic vaults to build here a new St. Peter's, that shall match the old in immensity of size and splendor. The importance, and, at the same time, the difficulty, of establishing at this point a large and powerful Protestant school will be appreciated. The enterprise was put in operation by the California Conference nearly nineteen years ago; many able men have labored here from time to time, and strong names are still pledged to its success.

The original buildings of the Catholic mission were destroyed by flood in 1779, and being rebuilt were again destroyed in 1781, this time by earthquake. Erected a third time, they remain in partial preservation to this day. The old mission church, built mainly by contributions from the Indian converts, is incorporated with the Jesuit College property, but still in use as a parish church, and its influence is evidently felt among the few remaining natives; for, being drawn thither by curiosity at the celebration of high mass on Easter Sunday, I saw several stalwart Diggers in attitudes of sanctity, mingling with the crowd of Spanish, German, Irish, and American worshippers.

But a fairer monument to the memory of the Franciscan fathers than this dark, ill-ventilated pile of adobe clay, is the "Alameda"—shady walk—a goodly avenue of willows planted by their hands in 1790, and designed to shelter the "faithful" in their devout perambulations, bare-headed, between the Pueblo and the mission. This avenue, with its grateful shade, now forms a delightful thoroughfare for Protestant and Catholic alike. It is lined on either side with tasteful, flower-encompassed homes, and its level length is traversed by a line of street-cars, making San José and Santa Clara easily accessible from each other.

In one of the homes just mentioned, lives the

family of the lamented Rev. G. R. Baker, formerly of the Cincinnati Conference, whose memory is cherished by all interested, as that of one of the most efficient friends of the University of the Pacific. It was during his agency, and by his prudent negotiations, that a fine tract of land on the Alameda, originally embracing four hundred acres, was secured to the school as an endowment. A part of this is on sale in building lots, part is retained for further advance in prices—which must inevitably be—while on twenty acres, reserved for a campus, a fine new college building is in process of erection.

The home of Mrs. Baker is a double ranch-house, once the residence of Commodore Stockton, and its frame-work was ordered by him from the East and shipped around Cape Horn, in the early days of California enterprise. Upon the garret rafters may be distinctly seen the figures traced by those who hewed them, to indicate to the framers the corresponding joints, and when once the materials arrived at their destination, the house-building was accomplished in a few days and moonlight nights.

Within the hospitable walls of this relic of pioneer times, I listened to an incident of Bishop Kingsley's sojourn on this coast last year, related by Mrs. B., and which I afterward solicited in writing, in order that I might give you his language *verbatim*. It was during brother Baker's last illness that the Bishop's visit occurred, and making a farewell call upon this friend of other days, just previous to his departure for Asia, he discoursed with him long and sweetly. At length, rising to leave, he took the sick man's wasted hand tenderly in his own, and said, "Brother Baker, you are almost home. Your feet are touching the water. *And it will not be long before I hail you on the other shore!*" This may have been but the natural utterance of a soul weighing justly the temporal against the eternal years; and yet *it may be* that "the Spirit showed him in that hour the things that must shortly come to pass."

While yet a stranger in Santa Clara, an event occurred which "marks an epoch"—as the geologies of my school-days were wont to say—in my California experience. On Thursday, February 17th, while seated at our lunch-table at the University of the Pacific, we experienced a distinct and unmistakable earthquake! The building temporarily occupied by the University is a large, rambling, frame structure, ceiled instead of plastered, and with elastic joints, well calculated for safety at such a time, but rendering its inmates peculiarly liable to feel the swaying motion of the ground.

The approach of this interesting elemental "show" was heralded by a heavy, scrambling sound, apparently against the floor on the under side, and my first unreasoning thought was that a mob of men were struggling in mortal combat immediately below me. We rose with a sudden impulse, but it did not occur to me to connect the phenomenon with the dreaded name of earthquake till there began a trembling and rocking that is wholly indescribable. "Keep your seats," said the President, with kind authority, and we sat down, feeling that we were indeed in the grasp of the Titans, and must await their grim pleasure for our release. A glance at the pallid faces of all around me was any thing but re-assuring, and just then the door-bell rang, moved by no mortal volition, and it seemed as if Doom were standing close outside, clamoring to be ushered in!

In twenty seconds the agony was over, and the cheerful play of spoons and forks began again. But I envied a little Miss opposite me, who finished her lunch with a *splendid cry* when the danger was well past. I felt that she expressed my sentiments in a "neat and appropriate" manner.

I am glad, on the whole, to have had this experience, for it makes me feel "acclimated," as it were, to California life. I am no longer "a pilgrim and a stranger" among this people, but have accepted the same conditions of life with them, and am entitled, henceforth, to say "*we*," not "*they*." Two slighter shocks that have since occurred I have rather enjoyed than otherwise, nor am I without that deepening faith in the Heavenly Father that can cheerily trust his care.

"Yea, though the earth's foundations rock, may we commit our souls and bodies unto thee as unto a faithful Creator," my mother used to pray, kneeling at night-fall in the "Long Ago," among her little, fatherless band; and the restful influence of that petition broods over me yet like a winged spirit—one of God's own encamping angels, whose white tents I sometimes fancy I can see when the night clouds shine softly in the twilight on these engirding mountain-tops.

The transition from Winter to Spring in the valley was early but gradual, if indeed that may be called a transition, which is but the adding of one note to another in the perpetual anthem of the year. In this intensely vital climate Nature never wholly rests, but makes her nearest approach thereto in the late Summer and early Autumn months. Then the Fall rains come, and knock with their soft pit-patter against the roots of any flora that may be caught indulging

in a light "cat-nap." Now one and then another responds, so that there is no time in all the year when our tables are quite without the floral tributes of our scholars, but it is not till February that the full chorus of color and growth begins, the trees joining their tenor and bass to the airy treble of the flowers. The rain of the Fall and Winter months is by no means constant, as I once supposed. It may better be expressed as a "liability to rain," and is intermitted with much sunny weather. The fear of Californians is, always, that too little rain may fall rather than too much; but Providence holds the key, and silences the doubters by a better season each year than was predicted at some stage in its course.

I shall not soon forget my joyful surprise when, away back in the nominal reign of Winter, while listening incredulously to the shivering comments of older Californians at the unusual severity of the season, and instinctively waiting for what I called cold weather to begin, I smelled in the air that faint, delightful odor which tells us that mother earth is opening stealthily her treasure-chests of balsam and myrrh to greet the incoming of Spring. Every pulse thrilled with joy, for better than any other pleasure of the senses do I love

"The fresh, sweet smell of the green things growing."

Each day thereafter brought new revealings, and by March the footsteps of the goddess were glorious in the valley. First the mountain sides grew gay with bell-flowers and wild poppies, then the gardens flushed with early roses or paled with almond-blossoms, while the orchards were one vast bouquet. By and by "the pomegranates budded, and the vines gave forth a tender smell," the old adobe walls of the monastery garden were starred with the mystic passion-flower, and the hedge-rows were balmy with the fair Castilian rose. A delicate fancy of our ladies in the way of a sofa pillow is to have one stuffed with the leaves of this sweetest of roses. They retain their perfume for years. But there is one softer pillow that we may not press; the grassy turf, so dear in memory, will not abide the long dryness of our Summers, and, when found at all, is but a few feet of carefully inclosed space in some rich man's garden, kept green by constant irrigating, and hedged in with the prohibition, "Visitors must not tread on this grass."

The garden roses are marvelous for size and richness, and they take unto themselves such gorgeous names as "Cloth of Gold" or "Giant of Battles," and thus this flower has lost for me its old significance of coy lovingness, belonging

to the days when I nursed my tea-roses tenderly through the long Ohio Winters. It has grown a warrior-flower, and emulates the gleaming hues of "the red planet Mars." O, that I might take whole armfuls of this magnificent bloom and bear it, all fresh and thrilling the air with its odor, to where our hero soldiers are lying in their "silent tents"

"On Fame's eternal camping ground!"

Amid all this luxuriance of nature, come with me for a drive along the willow-shaded Alameda. A dreamy sense of our long-gone childhood steals over us as we glide through the vista of interlacing boughs, and as unto the youth in Longfellow's delightful poem, even so to us do "the green leaves whisper" as we pass. But a remembrancer of "this earthy earth" will come with emphasis if we are making our stay in the valley during the Summer months. To be sure, we Californians do not mind a little dust, having chosen our season's wardrobe with reference thereto, and, besides, we consider the clothes-brush exercise, every few minutes, as a healthy and agreeable form of light gymnastics; but I would recommend some ample wrap of linen over your silk or broadcloth. Very soon we reach the queen city of the valley, San José. Entering there on almost any day you may chance of all the year, you will be sure to think it a public day, from the number of vehicles and countrymen on the streets, interspersed with as trim-looking business men and handsomely dressed women as we meet in our Eastern cities. Santa Clara-street is the main business thoroughfare, though sharing the bustle of traffic largely with the cross streets, Market, First, Second, and Third. Let us go first to the Auzerai House, than which no hotel on the Pacific slope is better appointed or more widely popular; and sitting in the cool parlor we will regale ourselves with the fruits of the valley; grapes, in thickly studded bunches, two feet long, and of six to eight pounds weight; plums nearly the size of a hen's egg; pears weighing from one to two pounds, and luscious to the core; apricots, figs, peaches, of girth larger than a goblet's brim; enormous cherries, with black, delicious hearts; strawberries, two bites to a berry—all these used to sound to me at home like a traveler's idle tales, but they are delightfully real to me now.

After this little season of refreshment we will go at once to the court-house, for I am eager to show you, from its cupola, the unrivalled view of the valley. Nearing the edifice you will see that it is finer than many of our State capitols in the East. It is built in Corinthian style, of

stone, brick, and iron, at a cost of \$150,000; ground size, 140 by 100; and height, to top of dome, 115 feet. The court-room within is beautifully finished, 38 feet in height, and lighted from the ceiling with ground glass. Over the judge's seat is arched the motto, doubly golden in sentiment and in lettering, "JUSTITIÆ ET CLEMENTIÆ." Going up the winding stair-way to the summit of the dome, we shall be almost sure to meet some "gay, guiltless pair" descending hand in hand; for in city or country throughout the State, so it is laughingly affirmed, no young couple feel themselves duly launched on the great deep of matrimony till their honeymoon trip has embraced a pilgrimage to this particular spot overlooking "San José the beautiful;" and some cantankerous old bachelor has christened the observatory "Fool's Paradise." We will sit down leisurely, and welcome the salt sea breath that tempers the fervent sun heat, while looking far below us we see the square-roofed houses, and multifarious business of ten thousand people, from among which numerous schools and eleven churches rise nobly upward. Of the latter the Methodist Episcopal is the finest and most modern, while the Church South looks ancient and discouraged. In one direction lies the unsavory Chinese quarter, yonder is the new site for the State normal school, while on the Plazo near by us the ubiquitous game of base-ball is being played by a brace of noisy nines. A little to the north and eastward lie the pleasant towns of Santa Clara and Centerville. Along the wide street fronting the court-house a Mexican rides by on his wiry, dun mustang; a little "Fifteenth Amendment" goes erectly past, carrying the reddest of red roses to his teacher; a row of Chinese follow, each with a burden carried on his shoulder at either end of a bamboo pole; now a four-horse stage, connecting some neighboring town or "Springs" with the three railroads converging at this point, rushes tumultuously onward, with no rest day in all the seven; and now a carriage load of Spanish ladies and their cavaliers arrests our attention by the faint, floating sound of mellow words and laughter, as they wend their way to some turreted house in the distance.

Extending our vision to the remote borders of the landscape, we see to the northward the mountains of Marin county, with San Francisco, its bay and shipping, lying at their feet; to the east, the Monte Diablo range; to the west and south the "Coast Mountains," and a little west of south the works of the New Almaden Quicksilver Mine, fourteen miles distant.

Thus I have given you an imperfect outline of the visual treat, but for the *filling in* that

clothes and beautifies the whole, let me refer you to the delightful Cronise in his authentic work on the "Natural Wealth of California," published by Bancroft, San Francisco, 1868. Pencil in hand upon this charming spot, he says, "Here may be seen the strange, but beautiful shrubs and flowers from Japan and China, the gum and acacia trees from Australia, the geranium and fuchsia from the south of Europe, the rose, box, and holly from England, the blackthorn from Ireland, the lily from France, the pink and carnation from Germany, the tulip from Holland, the currant and fig from Greece, the olive and grape from Italy and Portugal, the glorious magnolia and camellia japonica from the 'Sunny South,' and the sturdy pine from the cold North, all blooming and growing in the genial open air beside the cactus and palm, the cypress, cedar, and sequoia, and other beautiful indigenous trees and plants of the Pacific coast, forming a variety of foliage not to be seen outside of California, and a sort of floral representation of the cosmopolitan character of the population of the State."

Just as we re-enter Santa Clara on our homeward ride, we shall pass the cluster of imposing buildings that appertain to the Jesuit College, above mentioned; and since the interior of an establishment of this class is a *terra incognita* to many intelligent eyes, you will, perhaps, enjoy a slight detail of its arrangements.

It is a school of two hundred boys, or more, presided over by numerous "fathers," and the household duties performed by lay-brethren. The ranks of its students are recruited quite as largely from our so-called *Protestant* citizenship as from the fold of the "faithful," but the injury to be apprehended from its influence over its pupils, is not so much their being proselyted to the Catholic belief as that a contemptuous skepticism of all religions shall be settled in their minds; for the average California boy is naturally incredulous, and quick to discern deception and intrigue. However, all that meets the eye of a casual visitor, in that great monastic school, is complete, orderly, and refining. I have a really delightful memory of an hour passed, in company with a lady friend, in examining the buildings and grounds under the escort of a sweet-voiced Italian father. We two were out for a ramble, and passing the college, saw by the open doors that it was a visiting day. Not reflecting at the moment that an attending gentleman friend was doubtless a prerequisite on such occasions, and we ourselves being rarely at liberty on the conventional Thursdays, when a world lying in wickedness are admitted within those precincts, sacred to

the training of frisky young neophytes in science and *art*—including, most thoroughly, the art of deception—we went up to the door, clothed upon with our Puritan simplicity, and asked the lay-brother who admitted us if we could see the college. He ushered us into the great parlor, handsomely furnished, and its walls decorated with such cheerful and improving Scripture scenes as that of the eccentric damsel of Herod's household receiving, in full dress, the head of "*John the Baptist in a charger!*" Disappearing, he returned with a handsome, rather youthful monk, clad in long black robe, and leathern girdle, with rosary attached, and holding in his hand a light, round-crowned leghorn hat. The studious sanctity of his demeanor could not hide the lines of gentle blood in his fine, oval countenance, and I mentally placed him as some younger son of a noble but decayed Italian house, to whom no career but that of the Church was open; for the stately bow with which he saluted us savored decidedly more of the court than the cloister. We followed him up the massive staircase, passing on our way the white-haired President of the college, Father Varsi, who wheeled gravely around from us, beads in hand, as if to say, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity." The library, the studio, the dining-room, the wardrobe, the long dormitory, with its rows of snowy-appareled couches, the hospital, the study-rooms of the various sections, were each in turn glanced in upon. Passing by one of the latter, our guide said, speaking then, as in all our conversation, with that winsome Italian accent, inimitable in print, but now with a strong gesture of repugnance, "In one hour from this time it will be my duty to come into this room as prefect, and watch over the older boys at their studies."

"You don't seem to relish the idea particularly, father," said I.

"I would like it better if the boys were better," he naively answered.

Then we went round into their library, containing twelve or fifteen thousand books, chiefly Catholic, but here and there I discovered a few of my own loved historians and poets. As a curiosity, he showed us a vellum prayer-book, centuries old, with iron clasps and illuminated Latin text, brought over from Spain for the early Indian converts. The devotions of these high-toned gentlemen were, no doubt, assisted to an edifying degree by this classic relic.

To our cultured guide, however, it was obviously an object cherished with appreciative love. Turning reverently its leaves, he said, "The prayers of the Church are all very beautiful."

"Yes, father," I replied; "here is an old favorite of mine. Please read it for us in the Latin." And with his liquid Southern accent he intoned the majestic rhythm of the "*Dies Iræ.*"

"Now the '*Stabat Mater,*'" and that too he found and read, gratified apparently with his novel audience, for he turned at the close and smiled, with that rare student light in his countenance that charms one so in man or woman. With what magic did that transforming smile overleap the boundaries of alien blood and alien faith! And for the moment the man stood before me a brother, with whom I might see eye to eye, and talk of the things that are truest and best.

"Father," I said, "how came you here, so far from your own Italy?"

"I was in England last year on a mission of the Church, and one day the command came to me, '*Go to Santa Clara,*' and next morning I was on my way to shipboard."

"You had fewer trunks to pack, perhaps, than we ladies when we go traveling."

"Nothing whatever. We priests have no possessions of our own. We ourselves are not our own. We have given all, all to the Church, and are as her soldiers, to come and to go at her command."

"But, father," I ventured, hesitatingly, "if it is a fair question to ask you, I would really love to know, are you happy in this life of self-renunciation? Does the glory of the Church so fill your soul that there is no room to be weary or lonely, and sometimes to wish for the life that other men count happy?"

He turned his face toward the open window silently, and I forbore to follow with my glance, but my friend standing opposite, and watching eagerly for his reply, told me afterward that his cheeks flushed vividly. Perhaps, in that instant's pause, some starved and abjured affection avenged itself on his memory—some sweet signora's face, sadly tender, may have made the transit of that vision fixed gravely on the distant hills.

"I will show you the old mission church if you would like," he said courteously, after a little interval; and passing down stairs, and across the court-yard, we entered its gloomy shadow. In a twinkling I missed our guide, and saw instead only a kneeling statue with drapery carved in ebony and clasped on its breast. Instinctively I bowed my head, daughter of the Pilgrims though I am, and shared this man's petition, if haply it might be no mere form, but a true outpouring of the heart to its veiled Redeemer. Soon he rose and went around



with us to each point of interest, explaining in a whisper all, and more than all, we asked. He opened the confessional and disclosed the respective places for priest and penitent, showed where the faithful bring their offerings to the Virgin's shrine, explained the symbolic ceremonies attendant on high mass, and at last he paused with us before a picture of Santa Clara, patroness of the valley—a young, fair face, though with eyes somewhat too painfully upturned to make the beholder feel entirely comfortable. She lived during the twelfth century, he told us, in one of the southern provinces of France, a lady of noble birth and fortune, who gave up the world in her fresh and happy youth, and retired into the special service of Christ, as abbess of a convent founded by her means. Turning pointedly toward me he added, "The Church has promised to all such that their reward shall be on high. They give up this world that they may attain unto the life immortal," and I felt that my question in the library had found its answer.

Then we passed out into the sunshine, more sacred by far than that moldering, pictured gloom, and walked through the pleasant courtyard that forms the monastery garden. A palm-tree gave us its apostolic benediction as we passed down the walk to where a statue of St. Joseph—San José—stands guard over a fountain with a group of gold fish disporting themselves in its marble basin. Then the monk brought us some passion-flowers from the garden wall, showing us part by part, with its symbolic meaning. "The pistils represent the three nails, our old traditions say; the five stamens, the five wounds; the receptacle to which they are attached is the holy cross of crucifixion; these purplish rays proceeding from its base, the crown of thorns; the twelve petals—there are twelve in every perfect flower, though ten is the more common number—the twelve disciples; the three sepals are the days of the entombment, and the palmate leaves are our Savior's outstretched hands."

We took the sacred flowers with thanks, and were pleased when he added to them, by permission of the gardener, some slips of a cactus that was blooming gorgeously on a piazza facing the court-yard.

Then we passed through the archway into the outer garden, and so into the street, acknowledging from our guide another courtly bow, and a genial hand-grasp for good-by. In the instant while I stood waiting my turn, there came to my mind, with pleasure, what Dr. Haven said at Evanston in his eulogy of Bishop Thomson: "He acknowledged the Christianity

of Protestant, Roman Catholic, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic, and expressed his belief that all would yet become truly evangelical and pure." Thanks for this sentiment of true Catholicity from those buried lips—

"Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign  
The Summer calm of golden charity!"

I made it mine by adoption in that soft, June sunlight which bathed us all in one golden glow; and into my heart there came a prayer that lingers yet, that when the Dies Iræ shall come—that great and terrible day—this man, our comrade of an hour, may hear with us the voice of Him, who alone hath power in earth or heaven, saying, "*Absolvo te; in gaudium tui Domini intra.*"

#### THE PALACES OF VENICE.

THE glory of Venice is in its palaces; to the eye they are pleasing, to the taste they address themselves with peculiar power, and to the lover of art they present a never-failing subject of study. It is almost impossible to examine any of the older buildings, even externally and toward the canals, without finding something of palatial interest, and some indications of the wonderful taste of mediæval Venetian architecture. These indications peep out, now in windows and window traceries, now in capitals of columns, now in cornices. Not unfrequently they occur in the small interior courts, and especially in the staircases of these courts. Look, for example, at the architectural gems in the engraving. The palace itself is not very remarkable; but it is hardly possible to imagine a more picturesque group of staircase, arcades, balconies, and windows than is here represented. Without being regular or of any defined period, the whole is not only charming, but the details are good. It is this, which is one of the great and characteristic features of Venice, that renders the whole place so deeply interesting, and detains so long the lover of art. The whole atmosphere is redolent of art, and one can not turn without finding something new and striking, not so much in itself as in the associations connected with it. It is not necessary to inquire the history or date of such a group as that shown in the engraving. The taste is seen in putting together old things rather than in designing new. But how elegant and simple are the means for producing the result! There are plenty of straight lines and even of flat walls; there are arches round and pointed, large and small; there are columns with fantastic capitals, cornices, beadings, and moldings.

We mention and direct attention to all this variety with a special object. Let the reader enter a court-yard in any modern building, and he will find more regularity but fewer conveniences, and generally nothing picturesque; but in these mediæval houses the picturesqueness, as already pointed out, grew from the necessity of the case, and was never superimposed. There is nothing in all the beauty that has not its manifest use. We do not speak, of course, of the pointing of the arch and the elaborate sculpturing of the capitals of the columns as necessities in the ordinary sense; but the arch and the columns were needed, and the decoration merely completed and satisfied the cultivated eye of the proprietor, not having been introduced into the plan beforehand for the glorification of the architect. It is much to be regretted that there is not a closer study of this great school of Venetian art by the architects of modern times. A little reference to those principles which in the art of painting are called Preraphaelite, might improve the taste both of the public and the architect.

The Ducal Palace, the crowning ornament and glory of Venice, dates from the close of the Byzantine period, and may be said to separate this from the Gothic period of Venetian art. It was the great work of its period, employing the best architects for its masonry, and the best painters for its decoration, for a long series of years. It seems to have detained for a time the taste and style adopted at the commencement of the building, and kept back the advance of the succeeding style then becoming adopted in other parts of Northern Italy. After its completion the Gothic taste prevailed, till it was in its turn superseded by that of the Renaissance.

This palace is in form a hollow irregular square, adjoining the north side of St. Mark's Basilica, of which it thus seems to form a part. The three other sides have façades, one toward the Piazzetta, the two others toward canals. The plan of the building is perfectly simple, but it can not fail to strike the eye of any one looking at the building from the south, which is the principal front, that the style of that façade is exceedingly unusual. It is, in fact, composed of a smooth face of wall, sustained on two tiers of pillars one above the other. This wall is pierced by six windows placed unsymmetrically, the two on the right being lower than the others. In the center is a large window to the ground, opening on a balcony, and looking toward the sea. The side windows are on the same level.

This peculiar arrangement of the façade was

caused by the demand for a magnificent hall to serve as a Grand Council Chamber. The part of the palace in which the lower windows occur is the older, and as the new chamber, added in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was to be adorned with the best paintings of the best masters in Venice, it was thought more important to raise the light near the gorgeous roof of this chamber, and to put it into the room in simple masses for the sake of the paintings, than to follow symmetry and adopt a uniformity, which is indeed almost inconsistent with true Gothic feeling.

All the beautiful work of this façade, including the windows and the rich arcades of the lower story, seems to have been originated and commenced about 1340; but it has been frequently refitted, and parts of the wall rebuilt. The building was finished in 1400, after many interruptions from plague and rebellion; but the Grand Council did not sit in the finished chamber for the first time till 1423. The building was then called the Palazzo Nuovo, a name which it still retains. Soon after the completion of this addition, and the opening of the Grand Council Room, the old building, which was pure Byzantine, was destroyed, and the new façade, toward the Piazzetta, built on the same plan as the sea front, and finished rapidly. The greater part of the new building is, however, in the Renaissance style, and by no means corresponds in interest with the rest. There is, however, marvelous beauty in the details of the work even in this part of the building.

There is an appearance of dwarfishness about the columns of the lower tier on the front of the Ducal Palace toward the sea, which somewhat injures the effect. These columns were not on separate plinths, but were raised on a continuous base, and this is now buried under the pavement, in consequence of the gradual sinking of the soil and the island—a sinking which appears to have averaged about three inches in a century during the last five centuries. There is thus fifteen inches of the height of the columns lost. In the time of the Republic, the lower gallery or piazza under the palace was the resort of the noble Venetians; and it is recorded by an English traveler of that time that "it was only in this place and at council that they had opportunities of meeting, as they seldom visited openly or at each other's houses, and secret meetings would give umbrage to the State inquisitors."

The principal entrance of the Palazzo is from the Piazzetta, through the passage called the Porta della Carta. Immediately opposite, and seen through the Porta, is a celebrated marble



PALACE TALVIALI, VENICE.

staircase, with two gigantesque figures of Mars and Neptune at the head of the staircase known as the *Scala dei Giganti*—Giants' Staircase. The coronation of the Doge was formerly performed at the head of this stair, and near this point are the lions' mouths of marble placed to receive anonymous communications concerning the public men of the Republic. After ascending two flights of stairs, the rooms are entered which lead to the Council Halls. The larger of these, measuring about 176 feet long, 84 broad, and 51 high, retains its ancient decora-

tions unaltered. Among these are numerous admirable pictures by Tintoretto, Bassano, Zuccaro, Paolo Veronese, J. Palma, and other great Venetian masters. The general effect of the interior may be judged of by reference to the illustration, where the Renaissance style of the decorations is very prominent.

There are many other noble halls in this great building besides the Great Council Room, but none of them are equal to this. Indeed, few such magnificent apartments can be found in any public building. The series of large halls

includes the Library of St. Mark, commenced by Petrarch, and since become very rich in valuable manuscripts. Four of the halls were devoted to an arsenal, which is abundantly furnished with arms and ammunition. One of the series served as a chapel. Besides these, the apartments of the palace included the *Sotto Piombi*, supposed to have been used as prisons, but merely a series of small attics, no doubt very hot in Summer, but not otherwise uncomfortable, and now used as sleeping-rooms. From one of the rooms of the Palace there was an entrance to the celebrated Bridge of Sighs, which communicated with the public prisons on the other side of a small canal.

The palaces of the great Venetian nobles, deserving notice on account of their architecture, are exceedingly numerous. Commencing with those of older date, we must not omit the *Ca d'oro*—*Casa d'oro*, or *Doro*, so called either from the gilt ornamentation of the façade, or from the fact that the house belonged to the family of the Doro. This building is one of the most elegant Italian Gothic constructions in existence; its date is the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and it is in very fair condition. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and richness of the ornamentation, which is chiefly of the Arab style, the pointed arch, however, replacing the horseshoe of the Moors. It is now greatly injured by restorations, and its beautiful internal staircase, the most interesting Gothic monument in Venice, has been removed. The windows of the upper story, especially the capitals of the columns, are perhaps the best parts remaining. They are of the fourteenth century. The window traceries are later, but parts of the moldings are Byzantine.

Another specimen of Venetian Gothic is the *Palazzo Ferro*, which is small, but well situated on the Grand Canal. The richly decorated frontage of this palace forms a very attractive object. The portal, with its recessed arch supported on twisted columns, surmounted by a complicated and almost fantastic capital of enormous dimensions, is lofty and majestic. Viewed from the canal, the height of the lower floor to the level of the balcony, which projects considerably from the upper or principal floor, is seen to be nearly the same as that of the two lower floors of an adjoining and more modern house to the left. It is very much greater than that of the handsome palace beyond on the other side. On the principal floor of the *Palazzo Ferro* the whole width of the house is occupied by three windows, and, owing to the great loftiness of the apartments, the light is not interfered with by the massive and far-pro-

jecting balconies on the upper floor, which are a part of the construction of the house, and are supported by enormous and richly sculptured brackets. On the lower floor the balcony is single; on the upper, two windows replace the three, and each has its own projection. In this way nothing is lost of the space, and the whole façade becomes one varied but connected design, whose meaning and use are easily recognized. The heavy and massive cornice keeps together the whole plan, and gives shelter as well as effect. The group of four palaces here all in view at once is highly illustrative of the style of house architecture of the Middle Ages, and illustrates the foundation of all picturesqueness. However striking its general plan may be, and however well laid out for general effect, no city can satisfy the eye of the artist which has not a vast amount of variety in its detail. That every street, and each house in every street, should be on the same plan, is monotonous and fatiguing in the extreme. Where each has some individuality, and, therefore, no two are exactly alike, there are at least the elements of the picturesque. As a specimen of style, the *Palazzo Ferro* is alluded to by Mr. Ruskin as hard and bad.

The *Palazzo Pisani*, built late in the fifteenth century, is one of the last specimens of Arabesque Gothic, the general outline being Gothic, but the detail manifesting the effect already produced on the artistic feeling of Venice by the works of the Renaissance rapidly rising around. The family of the Pisani, by whom this palace was built, was among the most illustrious of the Republic, but did not belong to the first order of nobility. In the year 1379 Vittorio Pisani, a great naval commander, having been condemned to imprisonment by the senate for the loss of the battle of Pola, was brought from his dungeon at the demand of the people during the war of Chiozza, and led them to victory. The palace once contained the celebrated picture of Paolo Veronese, known as the Tent of Darius, now in England. Of this building the most striking feature is the deep and daring undercutting of the spirited and graceful capitals of the first-floor windows. Another specimen of very late Gothic, also passing into Renaissance, may be seen in a superb though partially ruined palace, fronting the little square called the Campo of S. Benedetto. It is described by Ruskin as unique in Venice, in masculine character united with the delicacy of the incipient style. The brackets of the balconies, the flower-work on the cornices, and the arabesques on the angles of the balconies, are especially noteworthy.

The Palazzo Contarini Fasan is another instance, like that of the Palazzo Ferro, of a small and comparatively unimportant dwelling-house dignified and made important by the good sense and genius of the architect. Taking the space he could obtain, and constructing rather with a view to comfort than effect—thinking, that is, of the use before the ornament—and then enriching the front with liberality and taste, he has succeeded in producing one of the principal ornaments of the noblest reach of the Grand Canal. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is an exquisite gem, which would be as much missed in Venice as the Church of the Salute.

A glorious palace of late Gothic—1380—1400—is to be found on a narrow canal in a part of the city now only inhabited by the lower classes, and is known as the Palazzo Bernardo. It is of the finest kind, and superb in its effect of color when seen from the side. The decoration of the interior court has been also very much admired, and is certainly very elegant. This and a number of other palaces are more or less imitations of the Ducal Palace. The Palazzo Foscari was till lately the best example of this in Venice, but, except the stone-work of the main windows, it is entirely rebuilt. The adjoining building, the Palazzo Giustiniani, is a similar instance, and in it the rich detached windows are the most interesting remains. The Hotel Danieli, formerly a palace, is equally beautiful, and is quite unique in the delicacy of the cusps in the central group of windows. The Fondaco dei Turchi, a mixed Byzantine and Venetian building, with much of Moorish sentiment in the ornamentation, is a good instance of the work of the same period. This building was originally designed as a factory, where business could be transacted and goods safely stored, and was one of several similar institutions established by the merchants of Venice in its best days. When circumstances changed, and such buildings were no longer needed, it was sold to the Republic, and is now used as a store for tobacco.

The true Renaissance palaces of Venice are not numerous; one of them is the Palazzo Cavalli, opposite the Academy of Arts. (There is another Palazzo Cavalli adjoining the Post-Office, which is a fair specimen of Gothic of the Ducal Palace type.) There is little in the details of this building, but it is an imposing pile, and has good balconies, which are, however, Gothic. The Palazzo Coruer Spinelli, on the Grand Canal, is a graceful and interesting example of the period, remarkable for its pretty circular balconies. The most important build-

ing of this style is the old Library—*Libreria Vecchia*—commenced in 1526, and designed in the true central Renaissance style. The proportions are good, and although the faults of construction are very serious, the general effect is graceful and effective. The most powerful and impressive of the Renaissance works in Venice is, however, the Palazzo Pesaro, on the Grand Canal. It belongs to the Grotesque period, and the heads are particularly clever. Some of the mingled expressions of the faces, and those of the grinning helmets, are particularly striking.

We have endeavored, in this account of some objects of architectural interest in Venice, to place prominently forward the fact that there were certain principles of art involved, not only in all the most important constructions, but in the private residences of the wealthy merchants of the mediæval city. For these palaces are, after all, no more than the private town houses of these merchants. They are for the most part of small size, and adapted not so much to receive society as to serve as habitations for families. They were not built to be ornaments of the city, but rather to suit the individual taste, feeling, and resources of the person who required to live in them. They were not ornamented and decorated so much for the benefit of others as for the pleasure of the owner, and so long as Venice remains a city they will serve as a model and type of all that is most beautiful and appropriate in domestic architecture.

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#### THE KINDERGARTEN.

HERE is a touching tale of a little child whose home was in a large city, poorly supplied by water, and this water to be obtained only by money; thus the very poor grew accustomed to an habitual scarcity of the precious beverage. This little boy lay parched with fever, and to his anguished cry of "water!" "water!" the loving mother could only respond by homeopathic doses, and sometimes by none at all.

The boy recovered and grew to manhood; yet he never forgot that suffering season, and deep in his heart, unknown to all but his Maker, he formed a resolve to hoard, to accumulate money, that he might be the means of bringing to his native city an abundant supply of pure water; that the little healthy children might enjoy the gushing fountain, and the loving mother, bending over the fevered one, might not only give to drink, but might freely lave the parched flesh in the life-giving fluid.

This desire he accomplished; though at the cost of all the comforts that most men value in life. He worked hard, he spent only for the barest necessities, and every cent was carefully hoarded. He saw other men marry, and build themselves homes; he saw their children growing up "like olive plants around their tables," but for him there must be no loving companion, no little children, no pleasant fireside. The very children for whom he was spending his life, followed him in the street, laughing at his uncouth dress and ungainly person. He was known to the town as a miser, and the friends of his youth deserted him, yet steadily he pursued his way. Just as he had amassed enough to accomplish his purpose, death came; but in his will his life was justified, and many who had passed him coldly by during his struggle, shed loving tears over his grave.

I think the city was Marseilles, but of that I am not sure; yet when I read of Friedrich Froebel, the German educator, I somehow always connect him, in my mind, with this true-hearted laborer and sufferer. He brought to poor, school-tortured little children such freedom from tyranny, such happy hours of beautiful occupation, and harmonious mental and moral growth; while, at the same time, he himself suffered from government persecutions, and the misunderstandings of his friends, never reaching a position in which he was acknowledged as a benefactor until death had claimed him; that, knowing nothing of his early life, I am tempted to believe the resemblance still holds, and that he was led to spend his life for the relief of little children, because he had known a more than usually suffering and misunderstood childhood.

The limits of this paper forbid any thing like a general review of his system (for a proper appreciation of which much patient study is required), and I therefore propose to limit myself to one view of the subject. Froebel determined to watch little children, to study their natures and their wants, and to become to Nature her "humble interpreter and follower," that he might not needlessly offend one of these little ones whose angels behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.

Knowing that He who made the lilies of the fields and the wild flowers of the wood, has given to each a self-contained power of growth, yet despises not the assistance of human instrumentality, but bestows the most beautiful flowers and the most abundant fruit upon that gardener, who carefully studies the needs and requirements of each special plant, and adapts his treatment accordingly, Froebel reasoned that thus it is with human plants.

Hence the name of his schools, *Kindergartens*—Children's Gardens—his teachers are the gardeners; their work is to see that their plants are placed in the atmosphere of love, are surrounded by the conditions most congenial to childhood, and that nothing is allowed to interfere with their spontaneous development of good impulses and good habits, while the evil is to be carefully watched, and its causes studied and eradicated. This statement to the despotic minds of German Governments meant license, and not liberty, and so started his persecutions. A patient student of his plan, while he may object to some of his theological opinions, will find *this* objection to be unfounded.

The main object of this paper is to state that Froebel found—what every mother knows—that one prominent characteristic of childhood is *an innate desire for activity*, and to show how he met this desire. He watched the infant playing with brother's ball, or marble, or saw its bright smile at the snapping of nurse's fingers; he noticed its rude attempts at house-building with sticks, or shells, or moist sand on the sea-shore; its rude drawings, which developed little of the artistic talent, because unassisted by older and wiser heads; and all these observations led to the invention, or more correctly, the *discovery* of the most complete system of occupation for children that the world has even seen; and not only are children thus pleasantly occupied, but it is found that beautiful mental and moral lessons can be connected with these occupations. Just here allow me to say, that the *highest* mental development of which each individual is capable, can only be obtained in connection with a proper training of the moral powers.

To return to Froebel. He begins with furnishing each child with material for occupation; this material he calls "gifts," and the occupations he always designates as "plays." The first gift consists of seven colored balls, corresponding to the colors of the prism, made of India-rubber, and mother and children have many pleasant plays and conversations with them; but for this, and also for the second gift—which is a sphere, a cube, and a cylinder—I refer the reader to the books. A third gift, (which is adapted to the time when the little play-wearied one first begins to come to the mother, with the pitiful plea, "Do you know what I can do?") seems to me the first one which really deserves the distinctive appellation of occupation, the others being what Froebel rightly calls them, "plays."

This third "gift" is a box composed of eight little cubes, which, united, form one large cube, and from these eight little cubes the child be-

gins by forming what Froebel calls "forms of life," that is, forms which shall represent to his childish fancy any objects which he may see in real life; the teacher leads the way by showing the child one or two "forms," and allowing him to repeat them; afterward the child readily invents for himself, and one who is a stranger to the system will be surprised to find how many "forms of life" may be represented by these eight cubes; to be sure, some of these require considerable play of imagination on the part of the child, but this only increases the interest of the play; when the teacher introduces some form with which the child is not familiar, as when she builds "ruins," "castles," etc., it is easy to describe these objects in such a manner as shall interest it. A short story, narrated by way of an illustration, will give a keener relish to the employment, and if the child is requested, when building the same object again for itself, to repeat the story in its own words, another step in mental development is gained; its powers of observation and of correct expression are trained, if it is also required to state the difference between the form it has constructed, and the real object intended to be represented thereby. The table upon which the children build, is painted in squares, corresponding to the size of one of these cubes, and they are educated in habits of nicety and accuracy by being directed to place each block properly on its square.

"I was both amused," says Miss Peabody in her "Kindergarten Guide," "and instructed, when I was in Hamburg, by seeing a little table full of children, each taking a first lesson in the making of two chairs, by piling three cubes on each other for the back, and placing one in front for the seat, the Kindergarten going round so seriously to see if each block was properly adjusted and stood squarely. When, at length, all was done, the children took hold of hands and recited, simultaneously with the Kindergarten, a verse of poetry, and then sang it. I could not understand the words, but the conversation, while they were making the chairs, had helped the several children's fancy to seat their fathers, mothers, grandparents, or some other favorite friends in them, each child having been asked for whom he wished to make his chairs, which developed something of the domestic circumstances. None of the children were over four years old."

But when the children have exhausted these "forms of life" with the eight cubes, they have by no means exhausted the capabilities of the toy as a means of pleasant and profitable occupation. Now follows a symmetrical arrange-

ment of the blocks, making an almost endless variety of designs which Froebel calls forms of beauty.

As a preparation for this work the children are questioned till they understand which is the right and which the left side of the cube made by the eight blocks; which the front and which the back; which the upper and which the under side; how to divide the length, the height, the breadth, etc.—lessons of analysis sufficiently amusing, and giving precision to their use of words. The children thus learn that symmetry is more beautiful than confusion, and order than disorder. The reader who is pleased with the ideas here suggested, may follow them out in Wiebe's "Paradise of Childhood," which is accompanied by beautiful lithographed plates explaining the thing fully to the dullest comprehension. You understand that these symmetrical figures are invented by the children, the teacher only assisting and directing occasionally. It will be found in practice that the forms of beauty are quite as interesting as those of life.

The great secret of the charm of working out symmetrical forms is, that the mind is created to make, like the divine mind. "God geometrizes," says Plato. The generation of forms by crystallization, and by vegetable and animal organization, follows the laws of polarity. It was amusing to hear a little child cry out, "I can not find an opposite;" and when another had responded, "No matter, take this;" to hear the reply, "But, then, it will not make any thing."

But varied and interesting as these forms of beauty may be, we are not yet done with these little eight cubes; they may now be used in what Froebel calls forms of knowledge; these do not represent objects either real or ideal, but they instruct the pupil concerning the properties and relations of numbers; by these he learns to add, subtract, divide, and multiply; he learns to divide into halves and quarters, and if sufficiently advanced into eighths.

I have lingered so long over the third gift that I must make short work of the fourth, which consists of a cube differently divided, so as to form eight blocks, having the same proportions as a brick; by means of this the child forms a greater variety of forms than the cubes afforded. By these, also, he is enabled to understand more distinctly the meaning of the terms perpendicular and horizontal; he can be instructed in the law of equilibrium as by balancing one block over another, or the phenomenon of continuous motion, exhibited in the movement of a row of blocks, set on end, and gently pushed from one direction.

The forms of life which these little blocks can be made to represent, as given in the illustrations of Wiebe's "Paradise of Childhood," are many and various, as tombstones, crosses, monuments, winding stairs, tunnels, writing-desks, settees, sofas, etc. The same variations of forms of life, of beauty, and of knowledge, are used with this gift, and when the child has exhausted these a fifth gift follows.

The fifth gift consists of a cube twice divided, thus making nine cubes on one side, and three times nine, twenty-seven, in the whole cube; hitherto we have introduced into this occupation only the perpendicular and horizontal lines, now we find the slanting or oblique line introduced. This is done by dividing three of the twenty-seven cubes diagonally into half cubes, three others into quarter cubes; this additional form greatly facilitates the building operations.

Tables, chairs, sofas, beds, are the first objects the child builds. They are the objects with which it is most familiar. Then it builds a house in which it lives, speaking of kitchen, sleeping-room, parlor, and eating-room while representing it. Accompanying all these operations are lessons from the teacher, either engaging the child in an animated descriptive conversation in regard to the objects it is trying to represent, or giving an illustrating story, thus disciplining not only the mind, but developing the heart and strengthening each beautiful and noble feeling.

Froebel particularly warned his teachers against hurrying or overtaxing their pupils—"as soon as the child can not trace back the way you have led it in developing any of the forms of life and beauty; if it can not discover how it arrived at a certain point, nor how to proceed from it, the moment has arrived when the occupation not only ceases to be useful, but becomes positively hurtful, and such a result we should studiously avoid." The sixth gift is a large cube, containing doubly divided oblongs, and when we have exhausted this gift we have reached the end of the series of building blocks, whose aim is to acquaint the child with the general qualities of the solid body by its own observation and occupation. We now have tablets consisting of stout pasteboard; these tablets are contained in five boxes.

- |                                    |                       |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| A. Quadrangular square tablets.    | } Triangular Tablets. |
| B. Right angular, (equal sides.)   |                       |
| C. Right angular, (unequal sides.) |                       |
| D. Equilateral and                 |                       |
| E. Obtuse angular (equal sides.)   |                       |

A superficial observer could scarcely fail to see the vast difference between the representations with the blocks and with the tablets;

with the blocks the child made a bodily representation, as it were, of the real object; he built a settee, which his doll could sit upon, etc.; with these tablets, which are planes and not solids, the child represents not a bodily form, but an image of the sofa on a flat surface—the tablet is an embodied plane.

I should fail, unless I went largely into detail, and occupied more space than I have at my command, in making the reader comprehend the various educational purposes for which these tablets may be used. The teacher proceeds slowly; places only a few tablets in the hand at first; accustoms the child to find perpendicular, horizontal, and parallel lines; teaches it to recognize right angles, etc. She adds a few more tablets, and the lessons grow in beauty and in complication; in using the tablets the pupil places them accurately in the net-work on the table. The child learns carefulness and dexterity by the precaution necessary to avoid disturbing the easily movable tablets—this is particularly the case when the whole number of tablets—sixty-four—is given him for the formation of more complicated figures, according to the free exercise of his own fantasy.

Leaving the tablet, or embodied plane, we take another step forward in the path, from the material and bodily to the more abstract forms. Our material for occupation now is staffs—these staffs are, you perceive, the embodied line, just as the tablet is the embodied plane. The staffs are one-twelfth of an inch in thickness, and are cut in various lengths: Wiebe's work, beginning with two staffs, gradually adds to the number one at a time, up to twelve or more, and the children form ladders, churches, steeples, flowers, pots, etc., until, as the number of their staffs increase, they lay quite a little picture, consisting of houses, fences, etc. A staff not entirely broken through but only bent, forms an angle; a number of such breaks enables the child to represent a curved or rounded line, thus introducing a new feature.

But by the time the children reach this state of development they begin to wish their creations to assume a more permanent and portable form; they would like to show them to their friends; they would like to look at them again and again themselves. This desire can be gratified by allowing them to wet the ends of their staffs with mucilage, and then place them on substantial paper. Arithmetic is now taught with these staffs. A child is furnished a package of ten staffs; with these he learns, placing one on the table and another by its side, that one and one are two; or, placing two pairs thus, (I I I I), that two and two are four; or, (adding



two more,) that four and two are six, etc.; the child thus learns to add by twos—reversing the process, we teach him to subtract. Then we have packages of ten staffs each; one set of ten is laid upon the table, and the child counts ten; another package, and the child counts twice ten; a third, and he counts three times ten; he is afterward supplied with the words, twenty, thirty, etc.; the pupil receives one package of staffs, lays them on the table, counting ten; then opening the other package, he lays them out singly, counting 10 and  $1 = 11$ ; 10 and  $2 = 12$ , and so on till he has finished; and 10 and 10 = 20 staffs. Gathering the loose staffs, the child lays them beside the other package, and counts 20 and  $1 = 21$ , etc., thus up to 100; he is also taught addition and subtraction within this limit. We have already mentioned that in laying many of the forms of life and beauty, it is necessary to divide the staffs; these divided staffs are very convenient in teaching fractions.

We have now reached the ninth gift. This differs from the previous one in being the representative of the curved or rounded line; we have before had the broken staff to represent, but imperfectly; the curve, but this gift consists of iron rings and half rings; by means of these his ideas of beauty are more fully developed, for the curve is the essential element of beauty. Both these and the forms laid by staffs are frequently copied by the children as drawing exercises, thus preparing them for the tenth gift, which is drawing material; we are beginning slowly to appreciate the advantage of learning to draw, yet a very few of those who nominally learn to draw, ever succeed in making it a real power in after life. The cause of this failure is attributed to wrong methods; here Froebel steps in with an entirely original method, and one which looks plausible: he calls it a "drawing in a net." A slate is ruled in indelible lines, forming one-quarter inch squares; the child is guided by these lines; the teacher draws a perpendicular line of one length—one-quarter inch—saying, I draw a line of a single length downward; the child is then required to do the same, the teacher explaining that she commenced exactly at the crossing point of the two lines and ended at a similar point: the child advances slowly until lines of four and five lengths are shown in the diagram—he is thus led to form a right-angled triangle, which may be represented in various positions, a square, etc., and in a manner which I despair of making plain to one who has not witnessed the "drawing in a net"—except by very profuse illustrations—he is taught to invent forms of beauty

and symmetry, first confining himself to straight lines, afterward admitting oblique ones, and gradually passing on to curves. It sounds tedious; in practice it is just the reverse. The reader who would see this drawing in a net beautifully illustrated and clearly explained should consult a work on The Kindergarten, by Dr. Adolf Douai.\* When the pupil is considered sufficiently advanced, ruled paper, still in quarter-inch squares, replaces the slate; and the lead-pencil is used. To develop ideas of harmonious coloring, the more advanced pupils are allowed to use colored crayons.

Although we have stated that drawing is the eleventh gift, we do not mean that it is to be postponed until the other gifts are mastered; on the contrary, it is one of the earliest introduced.

The eleventh and twelfth gift are nearly allied—we have passed, you remember, from the solid to the embodied plane, from the plane to the embodied line, from the embodied line to the drawn line, and we now reach our final abstraction, the *point*. The child is furnished with a pricking or perforating tool, consisting of a strong, pointed needle inclosed in a handle, so as to project about a quarter of an inch. He pricks his way in the net paper, in a manner very analogous to the drawing; starting from a part, he is gradually led on to the more difficult, and his interest increases when he is allowed, with bright-colored worsteds and a needle, to unite these pricked points into a symmetrical whole.

The thirteenth gift consists of paper for cutting and mounting, in which the children's inventive faculties are still trained and their love for the beautiful constantly developed. It will be noticed that Froebel lays much stress upon this culture of love for the beautiful; is he not right?

Do we not constantly urge that such a love would save the adult from indulgence in gross tastes and sensual pleasures? Do we not insist that beautiful surroundings, such as lovely pictures, flowers, etc., enable one more fully to appreciate the good and true, and shall we not acknowledge such influences to be very powerful upon the tender and pliable soul of the child? We might surround him with beautiful works of art, but as yet it is incapable of appreciating these; but there are elements of beauty which it will recognize and appreciate, such as are order, cleanliness, simplicity, harmony of form, etc.

\* The Kindergarten. A Manual for the Introduction of Froebel's System into the Public Schools, and for the use of Mothers. Dr. Adolf Douai. New York: E. Steiger.

The next gift, the fourteenth, seems specially adapted to the development of this love of harmony, both in form and color. Strips of colored paper are, by means of a steel needle of peculiar construction, woven into a differently colored sheet of paper, which is cut into strips throughout its entire length except a margin at each end, by which the strips are held in place. By the simplest of these weaving patterns, a fabric is produced composed of alternate squares like a checker-board. By modifying these a wonderful variety is produced, and the children are busily engaged in forming book-marks, lamp-mats, etc., which they are allowed to make as Christmas and birthday presents to friends.

The cheapest and also one of the most useful of all the gifts, is a simple sheet of paper for folding. Miss Peabody, in her "Kindergarten Guide," says that this must be learned from a practical kindergartner, as it is impossible for any book to describe it; but I am inclined to think that Wiebe in his "Paradise for Childhood" has mastered the difficulty, and that in connection with his beautiful illustrations, and by a close study of them, those of us who are uninitiated may gain the needed information. Without these illustrations I should fail, and I will only give my reader a short account of these valuable lessons, selected from Miss Peabody's Manual:

"Take a square paper and require the child to describe to you in accurate words a *square*. We suppose that the child is already familiar with the angles, right, acute, and obtuse, and he will soon be led to see and be able to say, that a square is a figure having four equal sides and containing four right angles; if he fail to perceive that the mention of the right angles is necessary to an accurate definition, you can make a rhombus to show him that this figure, though possessing four equal sides, is not a square, and he will soon be able to trace the difference, the square having four right angles and the rhombus having its angles, two acute and two obtuse. Then let him fold his square and so produce an oblong. Draw from him a statement of the difference between this and a square. Unfolding the oblong, allow them to fold the square diagonally, thus forming two equal triangles. Lead them to count the sides, the angles, etc., and to decide upon the angles, as to whether they are all alike—which is acute, which right, etc.—when they have thus analyzed the figure, give the name—triangle. Set up the triangle on its base, so that the equal sides may be in the attitude of the outstretched legs of a man, and teach them, after they have plainly seen the equality, that we may call it an *equal-*

*legged triangle*. The technical name will come afterward, later on in education; we are not now training a child's verbal memory, which would be a premature attempt, and thereby very fatiguing to the little one—a fact to which we are all prepared to testify from abundant personal experience—but we are training the perceptive powers, which are just ready to unfold, and we shall, therefore, meet with a ready response and a grateful appreciation."

I have already made this article too long. I have no space left to tell of the beautiful work by means of pointed wires inserted into softened peas; of the modeling in clay, nor of the bright, happy, harmonious out-of-door plays invented by Froebel for the moral culture and physical development of the plants in our garden.

Many American mothers will be gratified to learn that the material for these various occupations can now be purchased in America; each gift is put up ready for use, and can be obtained singly, if desired, of the firms who publish the Kindergarten works. I mention this fact to save my readers the annoyance and disappointment which was my own experience in attempting, years ago, a home-made set by one unaccustomed to the work.

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"OUR BABY."

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“OUR baby”—three families claim an equal interest in her—doting grandpas and grandmamas, and new-made aunts and uncles use the dear little personal possessive pronoun with as much unction as the fond young parents themselves. For a while, however, the mother's claim is unquestionable paramount; the little one is shy of all other caresses, and nestles close in the arms that clasped her first and most tenderly. But never was queen or lady fair beset with courtiers more obsequious, or suitors more persistent, than those which now vie with one another in efforts to gain the favor of this tiny maiden. Gradually one after another succeeds in overcoming her shyness and parrying her incipient coquetry till her smiles are lavished in sunny profusion on all around, and the three homes are made bright by her presence, and merry with her laughter and innocent prattle. The first one who succeeds in keeping her ladyship serene and unruffled while the mother attends church, or goes out calling, is very proud of the achievement, and the whole circle claim the privilege by turns, till mamma is almost relieved of care, and baby scarcely knows which home is really hers. And what a ministry of blessing she bears for each

of the hearts that cherish her! To eyes that are growing dim with age she conjures up sweet visions of the happy time, long gone, when their own little ones sat upon their knees; when cherub forms played round them that now, may be, have joined the angel throng, or if not, are still more irrevocably gone to swell the ranks where

"Anxious men and weary women stand."

Lonely hearts, for whom these closer affinities with the sweet child-world have no existence, feel in her presence a spring-tide warmth and freshness; thoughts and feelings of unimagined tenderness spring up like flowers in an arid soil. Thoughtless young maidenhood finds a worthier love awakened than that for rings and ribbons, and childhood, won from its soulless toys, begins to learn one of life's holiest lessons.

Like the unfolding of some rare exotic flower, her gradual development is watched, and the whole loving circle kept apprised of the successive stages of progress. When she is able to sit alone, when she makes her first little timid journey from a chair to mamma's outstretched hand, when the dainty lips articulate with no uncertain sound the magic "papa," or "mamma," or "pitty," what wonderful eras these are, and what showers of kisses reward the little heroine for each achievement!

Strange by what unerring instinct, what methodical process these first lessons in life are acquired! The little one learns to talk by just the same steps her elders take in acquiring a foreign language. Beginning with the vowel sounds, she practices untiringly till these are mastered—will she show the same perseverance, by and by, with French and German? She rings nearly all the changes, not exactly in the order an orthoepist would dictate, but varying the list at her own sweet will, and giving prominence now to one, and now to another, as suits her fancy. She seems to fix upon some one or more as a medium of expression rather than a mere exercise—an Italian A, a long E or O, perhaps—and throws a world of earnest meaning into the simple sound. After a while she begins to join a consonant or two with some of her vowels, and puts herself unwittingly through the long list of "a-b-abs," which, by and by, she will learn to spell at school. At last, when the time is fully ripe, she begins to enunciate words consciously and attach ideas to them. And such ideas! How charming in their crudity and freshness, how simply wise, how sagely foolish! These sayings of "our baby" open a new and inexhaustible fund of entertainment for the doting circle, and make her more and more its center and bond of unity.

Sometimes we pause to ask ourselves what will be the effect of all this adulation upon the little recipient. "Ah! we shall spoil her," is often lightly said, but is the real meaning of the words conceived? Spoil her? Would we for the world mar even a single petal of our lovely flower? Would we let a breath of earthly passion pass over it, to blight its delicate colors, or taint its sweet perfume? Spoil her? Heaven help us, no! Yet we need not fear to love her with all the warmth that hearts may feel. For love is no agent of decay; it is the world's disinfectant and preserver rather. Only let not our affection degenerate into a mere weak, indulgent fondness, or blind idolatry, but keep it strong, and vital, and symmetrical, temper it with wisdom and discretion, sanctify it with unceasing prayer. Let all whose influence is to aid, either consciously or unconsciously, in molding and guiding this sweet young life, take upon themselves the same high vows which the father and mother assumed when they stood before the pure baptismal font, and gave their little one to God, praying, with full hearts, for grace to lead her in heavenward ways, while the congregation, with bowed heads, responded silently, and the soft air and sunshine which wandered through the room, the rustle of leaves, and the Sabbath song of birds without, seemed so many gracious voices of our Father, sent in acceptance of the vow, in answer to the prayer.

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## POET AND PRIEST.

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### I.

FROM the empurpled hills and waving fields  
Of a far country, where the vineyard yields  
Its luscious clusters, and the plowshare turns  
Furrows whence spring sweet fruits, in whose rare  
urns

The ruby juices ripen in the May;  
And where, from bush and vine, and tree's rich spray,  
Delicious fruits, thro' all the Summer hours,  
Hang delicate and tempting, fair as flowers,  
And sweet and cooling to the fevered lip,  
As mountain rills whereof the wild bees sip;  
And where the vernal meads and waving plains,  
Warmed by the sun and fructified by rains,  
Send up their stores of bearded wheat and corn,  
Where vine-crowned homes the grassy slopes adorn—  
The poet came, when Summer on the hills  
And in the meadows—on the narrowing rills,  
And over all the stubble-fields, whence call  
The piping quail and meadow-lark, and all  
The dear-loved insect throng that haunts the air  
In Summer's soft decline, spread her own pall  
Of gorgeous flowers mingled with dun leaves,  
Whereon one gazing, smileth while he grieves;

For Summer dies a queen—and royally  
 She starreth o'er her funeral drapery.  
 From all the quiet peace of meadow lanes,  
 To the great city, full of wants, and pains,  
 And cries for help, and busy search for gold,  
 And gain, and spoil, and conquest manifold,  
 With longing eyes, and waiting, listening ear.  
 The poet came, to sing her song of cheer.

II.

Her heart was faint and weary; she had sung  
 To heavy ears; her lyre's sweet tones had rung  
 Their tuneful changes o'er each flowery dale,  
 And wafted song upon each perfumed gale,  
 That swept across the orchards, and made love  
 To the wild grasses, where the turtle-dove  
 Brooded in sweet content; yet no sweet tone  
 Called forth a note responsive to her own;  
 Men's ears were holden, that they could not hear;  
 Why should the poet sing her song of cheer?

III.

Buried in self, the Summer flowers to them  
 Breathed no evangel. On its parent stem  
 The budding fruit no promise sweet recalled.  
 The waving fields of grain, to minds intralld  
 By pitiable chains—self-forged—of greed,  
 And lust, and treachery, gave not their meed  
 Of joyous comfort. Nay, it could not be;  
 Men's eyes were holden, that they could not see.

IV.

Yet still, thro' waning moons the poet stood  
 Upon the hills and sang of all things good—  
 Of joy, and truth, and gratitude, and love—  
 Of peaceful toil below and rest above—  
 Of beauty's mission on this sin-stained earth;  
 Of higher life and of transforming birth.  
 But truth nor beauty, gratitude nor joy,  
 Could enter hearts of men where base alloy  
 Had eaten out God's gold. They heeded not  
 The poet-singer—why she sang or what.  
 The curse of God lies on them like a brand.  
 Their hearts are holden lest they understand.

V.

Forth, thro' the vales, the poet took her way  
 Toward the flowing tide, whose billows gray  
 Lave the far city, where the poet erst  
 Had had her home. Thitherward, as at first,  
 Her heart had flown, straightway her footsteps turned,  
 And o'er its famished souls her spirit yearned.  
 These have not wheat, and corn, and oil, and wine,  
 From golden field or purple-clustered vine;  
 These have no luscious fruit, no fragrant flower,  
 No grassy slopes, no pleasant garden bower.  
 I'll sing to them of these, a restful while,  
 And win a smile from lips unused to smile.

VI.

They gathered round her, lame, and halt, and blind,  
 And poor, and hungry, and diseased in mind,  
 Yet eager all for sympathy and love,  
 And quick to catch the song of "rest above."

One touch of helpful hand—a morsel here—  
 A garment from her store—a word of cheer—  
 A cup of water—fevered lips to lave—  
 A pitying sigh—a tear—was all she gave.  
 For these they called her blessed, and would pray  
 For God's best gifts to strew her daily way.

VII.

Had she content with this? Alas, too long  
 Unheeded had she lived her life of song  
 With neither meed of praise, or thanks, or grace,  
 Or look of love from any grateful face,  
 Of those she sought to help. O, sore her need!  
 Lofty in purpose, consecrate in deed,  
 E'en poet souls have need of daily bread;  
 He who feeds others must himself be fed.  
 So, faint of heart, she cried, "Dear Lord, must I  
 Of unslaked thirst and gnawing hunger die?"  
 "Thou hast eternal life, I cry to thee!  
 O, who shall minister thy Word to me?"

VIII.

Responsive to this human cry there came,  
 In quiet guise, a gracious Guest, whose name  
 Breathed rest and peace within the troubled heart,  
 And calmed its fevered throb, and healed its smart.  
 A holy presence brooded o'er her soul,  
 And comforted for lack of earthly dole.  
 The holy Guest led to the temple, where  
 A few disciples kept the house of prayer.  
 "Hunger and thirst no longer," whispered He;  
 "Behold thy Priest, with bread and wine for thee."

IX.

"Ordained of God to minister to me?  
 And have I heard aright, and can it be?  
 Dear Lord, I thank thee; freely will I claim  
 The angel food he offers in thy name.  
 For thy dear sake thy almoner shall see  
 My grateful thanks bloom out in works for thee.  
 I'll humbly eat the bread of life and live,  
 And freely as I take, I'll freely give.  
 Cheerful I'll drink the cup whose gladsome flow,  
 Distilled in song, yet other hearts may know."  
 So from the hands of him whom God hath sent  
 The poet took her share, and was content.

X.

No recreant priest was he, no hireling base;  
 No whining serf—no laggard in the race;  
 No shiftless steward, setting forth things stale  
 And juiceless, and in mean and scantest tale  
 For his flock's feeding. No such shepherd he  
 Whom God ordained the poet's priest to be.

XI.

But on his kingly brow the royal seal  
 That God bestows, when men to Virtue kneel  
 In life-long homage. From his soulful eye  
 There beamed the look that heroes wear who die,  
 But ne'er surrender. On his lips there hung  
 The gracious accents of a winning tongue.  
 Wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove,  
 He loved his work, and wrought it out in love.

## XII.

If sometimes, with sad eye, the poet caught  
Glimpses of pearls dissolved—fair pearls of thought  
Within the cup held to the people's lips,  
Inviting to be drained with choicest sips,  
Yet jostled, spilling all the precious wine  
And filtered jewels, where but loathly swine  
Should tread the costly mixture under foot,  
And turn and rend; although her lips were mute  
The eyes were eloquent, and ever sought  
To compensate for loss by loftier thought  
Projected, like the flash from either pole,  
Along the electric chain from soul to soul.

## XIII.

If sometimes, weary with unrest and pain,  
And untold longings for the coming reign  
Of universal goodness, in the day  
When might with right in harmony shall sway  
A peaceful scepter o'er a rescued world,  
And over all Love's banner be unfurled,  
The minister of God in sadness sighed,  
And turned away his falling tears to hide;  
Straightway the poet with her tuneful lyre  
Essayed in song to fan anew the fire  
Of holy zeal, and with triumphal psalm  
Cheer on the anointed toward his crown and palm.

## XIV.

And thus as learners learn and teachers teach—  
Ordained of God each ministered to each;  
And one for temple service, one for song,  
By interchange of helpfulness grew strong;  
Together bearing many a heavy cross  
For Jesus' sake; accounting it no loss  
To be esteemed worthy thus to share  
With him the suffering and the shame he bare  
In his own body on the accursed tree,  
That sinful man might from his sins be free.


## XV.

God knoweth best. They go their separate ways.  
God keeps the record of their toilsome days.  
To other lips his servant gives the cup  
Of ministration; other lips do sup  
The pleasant vintage, and are thereby glad.  
Listening to noblest counsels, fitly clad  
In choicest words, delighted hearers throng  
The temple walls. Afar the child of song  
Still sings of love, and hope, and patient toil,  
To all the weary dwellers 'mid the broil  
Of the great city's busy search for gold,  
And gain, and spoil, and vain things manifold.

## XVI.

They go their separate ways; God knoweth best;  
Yet sometimes when the sun sinks to his rest,  
I, wondering, muse on kindred souls apart,  
And, wondering, long to read from heart to heart.  
Parted, yet near—still must a fervent glow  
Light up his heart with gratitude to know,  
At morning's prayer or twilight's vesper hymn,  
Somewhere, a poet blesses God for him.

## CLOISTERED LIFE.

“ THAT the desert were my dwelling-  
place, that I might all forget the human  
race!” for “I have not loved the world,  
nor the world me.” So Byron sang. It was  
the cry of desolation in the midst of luxurious  
life, of loneliness in the midst of reeling gayety.  
How often has it been reiterated from every  
condition of life, in every form of expression!

The business man has often felt a sickening  
aversion to the incessant, monotonous duties,  
or harrowing anxieties of his daily life, and has  
wearily sighed, “To-day is full of vexation, and  
to-morrow shall be only like it. Why not seize  
the shears of the fates, cut the brittle thread of  
life, and go to explore ‘the undiscovered coun-  
try;’ or, in some quiet, unfrequented spot, be  
fully extricated from the hateful tangles of this  
great mercenary market-place?”

The bereaved mourner who has buried be-  
neath the myrtle all of sunshine earth held for  
her, whose cherished idol has been snatched  
from her strong embrace to be beyond the stars,  
often knows earth as “only a wider prison,”  
and instinctively asks for some cloistered place  
where she may indulge her fond memories in a  
very “luxury of grief,” waiting only that she  
may go to meet her lost beloved.

The sensitive poet curses earth as only a  
reeking battle-ground, where coarse and ugly  
selfishness so often triumphs. How he longs to  
find away from it the beautiful paradise of his  
imagination! And the sick and overworked!  
How they would like to get out from the noise  
and pain, the affliction and poverty, in which  
they are so inextricably entangled, into some  
Sabbath home of rest and happiness! The un-  
healthy misanthrope, too, who can not twist  
humanity into a fashion of his liking, asks im-  
patiently to leave a world so unworthy of his  
presence.

The Christian often recognizes earth as a  
crowded den of pollution, through which God  
asks him to pass and not sully the whiteness  
of the wedding raiment he has put upon him.  
He remembers that God says, “Be ye perfect,”  
and yet imagines that he is placed where every  
thing is an obstacle in the way to a perfect life.  
He believes that he should be pressing upward,  
yet thinks almost every thing inclined to drag  
him down. So he wearily moans, “O, the hate-  
ful world! When will its prison bars be broken?”  
And prays for some quiet “desert place,” some  
Sabbath sanctuary, some almost inaccessible  
country nook where the jarring, ungenial, defil-  
ing world may be forgotten.

The monastery was an attempted answer to

these cries, and many of these discontented ones found in its sheltering bosom a safe retreat from the conflicts and labor, the sin and grossness of common life, and made it a "city of refuge" for poetic reverie, idle contemplation, and dreamy sorrow. How many more would have done so had not the world too closely entangled their struggling feet!

We have thrown off the detested chains of the Roman Catholic Church, and now hate all reminders of our former tyranny. So we have torn down the monastery. But the human heart is still the same. There is still the old discontented cry for a refuge from the discords, the pain, and the work of life.

Human wants are always prophetic. They indicate surely some form of blessedness in store for us. God has never made us hungry when he had no food to give us. But sometimes the heart's dreams are of realities which stay beyond the river, and some of our wants must still be craving hunger pains till we shall sit down at our Father's table. This weary longing for rest may not be satisfied here, but only in the eternal Sabbath. This earnest prayer for the quiet isolation of the cloister may not be answered till we enjoy one of the many mansions of our Father's house; and may be then we shall have ceased to long for monasteries. This sinful, tempting world may lessen from our sight only when we begin to view it from the stars. For God knew what he did when he placed us here with no authority to go away without his summons. He saw the world just as it is, and yet said, "Go into it and work, it is my vineyard;" and Jesus said, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world."

God meant something, and something good, by putting us here. Out of this complicated machinery good work must come if we let God's hand guide the revolutions. He has put us in amidst the mechanism, and as a part of it. If we notice carefully the arrangement, cheerfully occupy the position assigned, and do well the little part given us in this involved and intricate mechanism, we shall come out, when the whirling confusion is past and the work shown, perfected and beautified. But if we try to make our little wheel turn faster or slower than the great Artisan designed, or in any way move it out of its place, the many mighty wheels, with their cogs and bands, will still turn on. We may be ground to powder in their many revolutions; or the incessant friction, which might have been rounding and polishing had we kept our place, will only be making deep and ugly scars which must, alas! remain eternally.

But we have more to indicate our duty than the simple fact that God placed us here. We can ourselves see some of the reasons why he gave us work to do where we must be closely surrounded by others. Society tends to trim down luxuriantly sprouting self-conceit, so that it shall not by its rankness choke the better productions of our hearts. It will be difficult for one to feel himself entitled to the rank of king among a crowd of peers, however lofty his fancy had built the pedestal of his greatness during hours of solitary dreaming. However high in intellect, spirituality, or efficiency any one be classed, he will surely find some one in society close beside him who is, in some respect, his superior. Thus he is taught to grace his ambition with humility.

The clamorous selfishness, too, of each individual heart needs to have its voice drowned by the reiterated demands of other hearts. The illusion that we are "the pivot on which the rest of the world swings round," can be best dissipated when in the world. Painful cries of want and misery about us call us out from our selfishness, by compelling attention to suffering keener than our own, wants more imperative, and experiences more tragical.

God has made us so that our noblest capacities, our most beautiful graces, can be brought into exercise only by earnest work amid the world. If by companionship with men we learn their weakness, and secret struggles, and honest failures, we become more patient and charitable. Every time we answer a cry of want we make ourselves more generous. Earnest battling makes us strong. We may be made perfect through our sufferings, if they are imposed by God, while working in the place commanded. Our love for high and holy friends draws us up to their nobility. Our daily tasks always bring a discipline that is fully worth its price, if we place ourselves in a right position toward it. The constant friction of society rubs off our eccentricities. Competition with our peers stimulates and strengthens all our mental energies. God takes it as a kinder service when we do loving deeds to his children, than when we leave them, to go alone and think long thoughts of heaven in lazy, selfish, dreamy contemplation.

We need not flee society on account of its danger, fearing the result of this apparently hazardous battle of life—victory is our Savior's legacy. In the world we shall have tribulation, but he has overcome the world, and this conquering power he gives to each of his children who really asks it. How much better thus to be victors over the world, to wring from its

tyrant hands the blessings it has stolen from us, than to run away from it in terror. God teaches the Christian how to hold the reins so that the fractious world shall drive us heavenward.

A cloistered life not only loses the good, it makes for itself a positive evil. A recluse is apt to spend his time in selfish luxury, or else he becomes a caustic cynic, or a morbid dreamer.

But not only for its effect upon ourselves should we disapprove a secluded, solitary life; the world is full of wants which God has made it our duty to try to satisfy. There are many deeply stamped lineaments of our Father's face close beside us, which yet are thickly covered by the mud of sin, the mist of ignorance, or the mask of fashionable conventionality. God bids us uncover them. There is an aching loneliness in many a brother's heart which our love might satisfy; there are timid eyes cast down despairingly, which our sympathetic cheer might teach to look undazzled even upon the gleaming gate of immortality; there are unwilling feet going the wrong and easy way from simple weariness, or weakness, which our strength might guide into the rugged, better path of right. There is a world of work to do, and it is a shameful selfishness that runs away to leave this weakness and suffering, this sin and ignorance, while in the luxury of delightful dreaming we forget the errand upon which the Master sent us into earthly life. The tired world needs not so much less work to do, but more cheerful hearts, and purer souls with which to do it.

Are all recluses shut up in Roman Catholic monasteries? Can you find no "solitary" in Protestant Churches, or in the unchristian world? Are there not in every city and village some parlors, or libraries, or kitchens, or workshops which their occupants have made cells of refuge from social duty? These recluses wear no cowl. They are not monks, but worse, for monks have often good intention for their monastic vows, and though not classing themselves among the world, give themselves to it in lives of self-denying mercy. But what excuse for the luxurious ease, or selfish, anxious labor, to which some of us shut ourselves up, as far as possible out of hearing of the sounds of the vineyard work?

But must we stay *always* in society? Although the world is a workshop into which God sends us for a life apprenticeship, our work will be unblest and inefficient if we do not remember to gain each day, in glad vacation moments, the rest and inspiration of the holy places apart, where he still talks intimately with his loving, chosen ones. God never made a world with Gethsemanes of vicarious suffer-

ing in which there were not also glorious Tabors as preparation for the coming agony. He never meant that any house should be so full of work that there might not be left for himself some holy closet; no day so full of service, even to himself, that we can find no time for gaining, in secret conference with the Master, fresh cheer, new directions for our work, and cleaner hands with which to do it. We shall work best in, and for, the world if we go often out from it for strengthening, enlightening, purifying visits with Him who alone can make us overcome the world. But however glorious He makes the place where He meets us, we can never build tabernacles and stay there, but must go back to use for society the inspiration He has given us.

Shall we sing, "Honor to him who in scorn can carve his pathway to the grave, making his own heart his world upon his way?" Rather let our loudest praises be to the world's benefactor who has been true to the human heart through all its woe, its ignorance, even its sin. Humanity shall thank Him some time when it shall be glorified. Let us labor well this little day of life. It will be night soon—then we can sleep.

#### THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

WHEREVER we cast a look upon human society we behold the sick, the suffering, and the needy. The sick require attention, watching, care; the suffering need sympathy; the ignorant, instruction; the desponding, encouragement; and the poor, pecuniary assistance. Wherever one's lot may be cast, wherever he may journey or reside, many-sided want stares him in the face and cries unto him for help. "The poor ye have always with you," said the Savior, "and whosoever ye will ye may do them good." The word poor should be taken here in its broadest sense—poor not only in worldly substance, but in virtue, in health, in knowledge, in hope, in love, in physical, intellectual, moral, or spiritual resources. All are not needy to the same degree, nor in the same respect, but how few of mankind are entirely free from some form of poverty or some sense of want! Every one comes into the world and enters upon the responsibilities of life with these surroundings. Along all our way to the grave more or less of these unredressed necessities stretch out imploring hands to us, crying, "Give, give." It has been so in all the ages of the past, it will continue so in all the years to come. To every generation this language will be true, "Ye have the poor with you always."

Surely God has not placed man in the midst of such surroundings without some good designed for him. This can not be a purely accidental or fortuitous arrangement. From a Scriptural point of view this is a world of grand opportunities. We are placed in the center of a magnificent amphitheater of glorious privileges. There is not a day of our pilgrimage but opportunities for doing good spring up as by magic around us—opportunities for giving to some pressing case of necessity out of whatever means we may have in store.

A careful survey of these surroundings would raise a presumption in the mind that our Creator intended to encourage, in his moral creatures, both the spirit and the practice of benevolence. This presumption rises to a probability when we take into the view our peculiar constitution. We have a nature that, in its normal condition, is affected by the sight of human suffering. God has given us a heart of sympathy. We feel for others' woes. The evidence of distress in others, creates in us a sympathetic pain which can best be removed by efforts to relieve the distressed. This is peculiarly so with the tender heart of childhood before sin has hardened it. It is pre-eminently so with every spiritually renewed heart so long as it retains the graces of regeneration. We are constituted so as to be afflicted by a sense of the wants, necessities, and sufferings of others. We are also constituted so as to be relieved of our sympathetic pain by giving as we have opportunity to the necessities of those around us. Hence it appears that God has given us not only the external field of opportunities, but also the internal impulses and motives for giving.

If we turn now to the Scriptures, where the mind and will of God are clearly revealed, all doubt is removed. What arose at first as a slight presumption settles into a certainty. It would be both interesting and instructive for any person to read carefully through the Scriptures, and observe how frequently, how forcibly, and in how many different ways, the duty of giving is inculcated. Precept, example, and encouragement abound in the Old as well as in the New Testament. One might query whether the duty or the privilege of giving is made more clear and prominent. This will depend much upon the spirit of the reader. As the two knights, occupying different stand-points, disputed about the shield, one contending that it was gold, the other that it was silver; but when each changed his position and saw the other side, they then admitted that it was both silver and gold; so a complete view of the subject will reveal the fact that the Bible makes

giving both a duty and a privilege. Contemplated in one state of mind, giving appears to be presented in all the severity of a command, and with all the responsibility of a duty; but rising to a higher plane of experience, and changed to a renewed state of the heart, the same appears glorious in the golden light of privilege.

The apostle Paul on one occasion exhorted the Ephesian elders "to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" Coming from such a source no Christian can doubt the truth of that divine proposition. We accept the declaration as a sacred verity, and proceed reverently to inquire what it is to give, and in what the blessedness of giving mainly consists.

What is the full import, in the Scriptural sense, of the term "to give?" It is not limited merely to the charitable bestowment of money, or of such material things as money will buy. The gratuitous bestowal of such things for the relief of human necessities and wants is a part, but only a part of the true idea of giving. There is much beyond this which a loving heart will find to bestow, and these gifts often far more precious than gold. Sometimes the streams of benevolence will gush out spontaneously, and flow naturally and easily through all available channels, as when a devoted mother lavishes a heart of wealth upon a beloved child. The soul in the eye has its peculiar gift, so has the countenance and the tone of voice. The loving heart is not often at a loss for something to give to the needy and suffering, nor for a suitable way in which to bestow it. Loving is giving. Giving is love in motion—love at its favorite work. When we gratuitously watch or wait around the couch of sickness, we give. When one sincerely rejoices with those that rejoice, or weeps with those who weep, he gives. Every token of sympathy for the suffering, though it be but a tear drop trembling in the eye, is a gift, and sometimes is as the sweetest morsel to a hungry soul. A kind word to the poor and desponding may be a valuable gift. Who can not be liberal in this kind of giving? We may be sure that even in this particular "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Patience under provocations and forbearance toward the insolent, is often a priceless gift, and always duly appreciated by the Savior. To manifest a sweet and even temper, in all our intercourse with family, friends, and neighbors, especially when nerves are unduly excited, is giving in the best and most difficult sense of the term. It gives the right kind of Christian example, and says, in a mute though powerful voice, "Follow me, as I follow Christ." To defend another's rights or



reputation when unjustly assailed, is a noble act of giving. He who insists, in the presence of others, upon as charitable interpretation as circumstances will allow of the conduct and motives of the censured and accused, may with propriety be called a giver.

Hence it is evident that the poorest of people have something to give. However poor we may be, others are around us poorer in some respects than we. We have something that we can spare which they have not, but would like to have. The power to give something to some form of human necessities is universal. We may not have gold, or silver, or much worldly substance, yet the number is very small that can not spare at least a little from their store, and be the richer for giving it. Every one can give something—a cheering look, an encouraging word, a tear of sympathy, a hand to work, a heart to love, a mind to instruct, a little time to wait and watch with the sick and suffering. The sick and suffering even can give from their beds of pain examples of patience and resignation. The rarest opportunities come to us often in affliction. There is no one living and conscious who does not and will not have something to give, and who may not experience the blessedness of giving.

In the providence of God both the opportunity and the means for giving will be supplied. Let no one say, when any form of want is presented, "I have no money, and therefore I am excused from giving. I am freed from responsibility." It is far otherwise. You will surely have something to give, and you should examine carefully from what store of means you have something to spare suited to the case before you. Generally that which is lacking most is a heart to give. One can be miserly in other respects than in withholding gold and pelf. Some have their sympathies locked up more closely than the miser his bags of gold. Avarice clings to other things than to hoards of material wealth. Idolatry worships at many shrines. It is more difficult to get a kind word from some people than money from the most penurious. A pleasant look, or a charitable judgment of others' motives, would be as difficult to find in some social latitudes as a tropical flower in the frigid zone.

The blessedness of giving must be contemplated mainly, if not wholly, in its effects and results—in the favorable change it produces in us, and in the rewards it lays up for us. One may be pronounced blessed even in trials and suffering, not on account of present enjoyment, but from the happy results foreseen to flow

ousness and virtue. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life." "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, but by and by it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby." These passages of Scripture are quoted for the benefit of those who find no present enjoyment in giving. There are some whom it pains to give, so much that they can not see any blessedness in the operation. It is only those who have grown in this grace that find great pleasure in the acts of giving. There are some of this kind. It is to be hoped that the number will be constantly increasing. Though the act of giving may be accompanied by great efforts of the will, and by the sharp cutting pains of self-denial, sufficient sometimes quite to destroy peace of mind for days and weeks afterward, yet even then there is blessedness in store for such givers, for every one who gives bravely when he can not give cheerfully. Habit only will bring present satisfaction.

One of the blessed effects of giving upon the giver is its influence to counteract the natural and growing tendencies of the soul to covetousness. Whatever efforts are made to acquire the right to property, money, or any thing else that may be imparted in giving, stimulates and quickens into exercise one or more of the acquisitive faculties. Thus excited, these faculties will obey the universal law, that exercise tends to strengthen and develop whatever is normally exercised. Desire generally precedes effort, and effort strengthens and increases desire. Along with the increase of desire for the thing sought, is gradually formed a pleasurable habit of exercise in that direction. It is perfectly natural and philosophical that efforts to acquire wealth should increase either the pleasure of the activity or the desire for gain, generally both. "The more we get the more we want," is as natural as our breath. Because the desire grows when the activity increases, and when the means accumulate there is a natural thirst and a striving for more. To a careful observer of human nature this tendency may be discovered every-where, not only in grown men but in growing children. Our circumstances, the very necessities of our being, compel us into the labors of acquisition. Our acquisitive faculties are forced into activity, and for a great portion of our time kept in action. Their development and growth are inevitable. Now if this tendency be allowed to go on unchecked and unmodified, the other faculties of

and subordinated mainly or wholly to the acquisitive faculties. Miserism is the natural and the inevitable result. The best human natures ever made would soon be ruined in that way. There are too many living examples of this in almost every community. Has God provided no remedy against this? If so, what?

Systematic giving is the natural and sufficient antagonism to this covetous tendency. It calls into activity another class of faculties—the benevolent group. These it develops and strengthens. The benevolent faculties yield to the same laws of growth; namely, systematic and appropriate exercise. Now if there shall be as much activity on the one side as on the other, if our giving shall keep pace with our getting, an equilibrium of forces will be maintained, and the proper balance of power will be preserved. In no other way can this most desirable result be secured.

It is a good thing, in itself considered, for the soul to be quickened in any of its natural faculties. Activity is better than stagnation. Living sensibility is to be preferred to stupidity. Receiving may be said to be blessed, because it quickens the receptive powers of the soul, and excites the acquisitive faculties. Giving must be more blessed, because it excites to activity another and a nobler class of powers, and stimulates the benevolent faculties. It does more than this, it restores the equilibrium of forces in the mind, and keeps all the faculties in joint harmonious and healthful co-operation. In the profoundest philosophical sense, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

If we examine the Scriptures carefully, we shall find regular proportionate giving enjoined. From the view of the subject just presented, this would seem to be called for to preserve harmony in the mind's activities. In the Old Testament a definite proportion is required, the first-born, the first-fruits, the daily sacrifices, the yearly festivals, the tenth of all increase. This was required of all in their proper portion. The language of the New Testament is not ambiguous on the same subject. It nowhere gives the slightest intimation that God has relinquished an iota of his original claim to the "tenth" for the support of public worship, though many have assumed that it is so. The apostle commands the early Christians to lay aside on the first day of the week "*as God hath prospered every one.*" The idea of a proportion is conveyed frequently by the writers of the New Testament.

The necessity for giving is laid deep in the human constitution, and wrought into the very foundations of our being. The abundant op-

portunities for giving, which present themselves to every one, are merciful provisions for promoting the most important self-interests. When the opportunity is afforded, the one needs the effect of giving quite as much as the other needs the gift. The poor who does not receive will suffer less than the rich who will not give. John Wesley's advice, "Get all you can, and then give all you can," was not only practically wise, and thoroughly Scriptural, but profoundly philosophical. It precisely meets the necessities of the moral constitution.

In this light of the subject, we can easily see what dangers necessarily attend the increase of wealth. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition; for the love of money is the root of all evil." In view of this so imminent danger no wonder that the sacred writers are so earnest and so frequent in their warnings against deceitfulness of riches, and in their exhortations to give constantly and liberally. The danger is all counteracted by prompt, cheerful, and proportionate giving. However blessed it may be to receive, it will always be more blessed to give. The one brings danger and responsibility, the other removes danger, satisfies responsibility, and secures a reward.

Another blessed effect of giving, is *its influence on the growth of the soul in grace*. In counteracting the natural tendencies to covetousness it prevents evil, a great evil it is true, but that is not all, its influence is also quickening and healthful to the soul's growth. Avarice, which giving so happily antagonizes, tends to belittle the soul; not only to hinder its growth, but also to contract its noblest powers. Its rain is as a chilling blast, a biting frost, a dreary Winter, where neither the richness of fruit, nor the full glory of blossoms can appear. Giving scatters the wintery clouds, lets in the sunlight upon the soul, and pours the breath of Spring upon its faculties. It diffuses the only atmosphere in which the choicest plants of the soul can grow. We instinctively apply the epithets "little soul," or "great soul," as we find men niggardly, or liberal. How every body praises and loves the great-souled giver, while the meanest of people heartily despise and denounce one whose soul has shrunk by avarice to Lilliputian dimensions! According to Scripture, "the *liberal* soul shall be made fat." Thus we have the highest authority that

giving alone can push out the powers of the soul to their utmost limits of rotundity, fullness, and beauty.

Growth in the Christian graces—such as love, peace, gentleness, patience, and brotherly kindness—can not be experienced without Christian giving. Who has ever known of an instance, where man, woman, or child has advanced in holiness without a corresponding increase of the spirit of benevolence, promoted by liberal giving? This is a practical question, and may be tested both by experience and observation. Many professing Christians of the present day journey, spiritually, more slowly than the Israelites traveled to their promised Canaan. While many other things may combine to hinder progress, probably there is no cause so general and influential as the neglect of proportionate giving.

To fly well, faith must have in exercise its two wings—these are natural to it—*prayer* and *almsgiving*. The angel said to the devout Cornelius, “Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.” His faith had two wings—ours should have the same. Giving as one has means and opportunity, is as important as praying. Prayer, to be acceptable, must have its companion. We have no warrant in the Scriptures to believe that prayers from a soul that never gives ever come as a memorial before God. There can be no increase of religion without an increase of love. How can love increase its volume or its power without exercise? How can it exercise itself freely and fully without giving? It is impossible. Is it desirable to have grace? then we must receive. Is it important to grow in grace? then we must give. It is, therefore, in this view of the subject, “more blessed to give than to receive.”

The blessedness of giving will appear from another point of view. It calls into exercise the noblest powers of the soul, and imparts the highest type of religious joy. Receiving brings with it a feeling of obligation, and a sense of responsibility. Some want may be gratified thereby, and a measure of happiness will ensue. There is, however, a higher, sweeter, holier pleasure when one voluntarily puts into exercise his own active powers. See the boy as he sits by the hearth, eating his favorite cake or pie; he has received; he is gratifying his appetite; he is happy. But follow him as he goes out with ball or kite to play among his fellow-boys; he takes a delight in exercising his limbs and his skill higher and greater than in receiving or eating his sweetest meal. So there is a higher pleasure in voluntarily exercising our own active faculties, than in having our receptive powers excited by the gifts of others.

Giving excites voluntary activity in our highest, noblest faculties. Love is the highest principle. “God is love. He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.” Giving in the proper spirit is love in exercise, love at work. God’s love induced him to *give* his Son to die for us. Christ’s love induced him to *give* himself for us. God, exercising infinite love in gifts to his creatures, is infinitely happy and perfect. We in loving become like him. It must, however, be loving “in deed and in truth,” and manifesting itself in giving. It is more blessed to give than to receive, because it brings to the soul a higher and purer joy.

The labor of giving at first may be attended with some difficulty and some pain. The pain will be caused by a resistance from some habit or feelings that ought not to exist. Surgical operations are generally painful, but many bravely submit to them for the good which they expect to follow the operation. All that is painful, or unpleasant, or even reluctant, soon gives way to the habit of systematic giving. The practice, in a little while, becomes exceedingly pleasant. There is no limit in this life to the increase of the pleasure of giving—like the path of the just, it shineth and increaseth more and more unto the perfect day. The habit of giving is a well-spring of joy to the soul. Every one may have that well in his own heart, and draw from it at will the living water.

It is more blessed to give than to receive as it respects future rewards. In receiving we lay up nothing; we have the opportunity, but may fail to improve it, as many people do. When one gives in the right spirit, he lays up treasure in heaven. When we receive, treasure is put into our hands; when we give, we cast our mite into the treasury of the Lord—he keeps it safe for us in the bank of eternity.

In all the above respects it is more blessed to give than to receive. Giving counteracts the natural tendencies to covetousness, while we are engaged in the labor of securing the means for supplying present or future wants. It promotes our growth in spiritual grace, and the healthful development of all the mental faculties; it exercises our highest and noblest powers, and brings to the soul its purest and sweetest joys; it lays up for us the most enduring treasures in heaven; it promotes, at the same time, all these interests.

The Scriptures open to our view another line of advantage, an increase even of wealth in this life, as well as the wealth of heaven. This we shall not explore in this article. Enough has been presented to convince the thoughtful that it is far more blessed to give than to receive.

## THE ANGELIC OBEDIENCE.

SCRIPTURE reveals, according to the infinite wisdom of God, what is necessary and salutary for us to know concerning the angels of heaven, and the prince of darkness and his servants; not to satisfy a morbid curiosity, or to indulge a sort of luxury of the imagination, but for our comfort and warning, to strengthen and animate our faith, as well as to increase our watchfulness and zeal.

Men have fallen into two errors concerning the angels, which may be characterized as the Gnostic and the Roman. The first introduces a speculative, metaphysical element, instead of resting satisfied with the Scripture teaching, in its sober and eminently practical character. The second introduces a superstitious and unscriptural element, by placing the angels in the position of mediators and intercessors.

Contrasted with the Gnostic error, admire the wisdom of Scripture. It is an evidence of its divine inspiration that it contains no elaborate angelology, but only gives us glimpses into the angelic world such as reveal to us those spiritual truths which we need at present, and which stimulate our service as well as our hope. All Scripture disclosures of this unseen world, given at great intervals of time, and interwoven with the history of redemption, are perfectly consistent with each other, from Genesis to the Book of Revelation, and, forming a most striking contrast to the pretended revelations of other books, furnish an important argument for the divine origin and character of the Bible.

To the Roman error, we oppose the truth that the man Christ Jesus is the only Mediator, and that we are nearer the Savior than the angels. The only invocation of angels mentioned in Scripture is in Psalm ciii, when David calls upon them, asking not their intercession, but, as standing on an equality with them, he encourages and exhorts them, in the fullness of his joy, to praise the Lord.

The Protestants perhaps err by not paying sufficient attention to this topic. Notice the frequent reference to the angels throughout Scripture. The Lord's prayer daily brings before us the obedience of the angels, and our relation to them as members of the one great family of our Heavenly Father. The awful and dark truth of Satan's power and influence requires the counterbalancing comfort and light of the doctrine of angels, whose sympathy and loving ministry encourage our hearts, while their example raises our standard.

Scripture teaches us that the angels are the ministering organs of divine government and

providence, so that both in nature and history the will of God is done by angelic agency. The Scriptures recognize the agency of angels in the whole life of nature, even in what we regard as ordinary and regular natural phenomena. The Book of Daniel teaches us that the kingdoms of this world are presided over by individual angels, who take a part in their history.

We are apt to lose sight of God's personal will, and to dwell exclusively almost on the secondary laws of nature. "Now, here Scripture interposes, and seems to tell us that all this wonderful harmony of nature is the work of angels. Those events which we ascribe to chance, as the weather, or to nature, as the seasons, are duties done to that God who maketh his angels to be winds and his ministers a flame of fire. For example, it was an angel which gave to the pool of Bethesda its medicinal quality, and there is no reason why we should doubt that other health-springs in this and other countries are made such by a like unseen ministry. The fires on Mount Sinai, the thunders and lightnings, were the works of angels; and in the Apocalypse we read of angels restraining the four winds. Works of vengeance are likewise attributed to them. *Nature is not inanimate, its daily toil is intelligent, its works are duties.*"

There is nothing in this view which for a moment conflicts with our scientific knowledge of natural laws. But it enables us to avoid the danger into which our increased knowledge of matter and its laws is apt to lead us, of forgetting the personal, living God, who even now rules and guides all things by his will, according to his wisdom and love, through the agency of spirits, who render him the obedience of freedom and intelligence. Instead of fixed laws, self-sustained and acting of themselves, we behold the will of God, acting through these laws by the agency of thousands of his unseen servants. And instead of explaining the Scriptural statements as poetical or allegorical modes of expressing what we view as merely natural and regular phenomena, we exercise more wisdom and humility by viewing these Scripture disclosures as revealing to us the true though unseen government of a living God in this world. Thus we believe the past, thus we realize by faith God in the present, and thus we expect in the future that the great changes in the material world will be brought about by the agency of angels at the coming of the Lord Jesus and at the end of the millennial reign.

How beautiful is this view of nature! "Every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is as it were the skirts of the

angels' garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven." But the very poetry of this view will be to some minds a reason for rejecting it as fanciful, so great is the difficulty of our regarding the ideal as the real, and reality as the highest and most beautiful poetry. We have forgotten that true idealism is nothing else but faith which sees substance, truth, that which is spiritual, eternal, and beautiful. The basis and source of poetry is not an imaginary and unreal world, but, on the contrary, the true and substantial world, toward which, among the semblances and shadows of our actual life, the mind of man is longing.

To do God's will is the delight of angels, and his will is his self-manifestation on earth. Angels are interested in the earth that God may be glorified, even as Satan and his servants are interested in it to retard the progress of God's kingdom and to obscure his glory. Hence we find that, at the first coming of Jesus Christ, angelic manifestations abounded, and at the same time the power of Satan and his legions was exerted on earth as it seems never to have been either before or since. Thus the angels appear to the patriarchs; through them the law is given on Mount Sinai; their guardianship and watchful care is known unto David; the birth of the Savior is announced by them to the shepherds of Bethlehem, as well as to Mary and Joseph. They ministered to Jesus after the temptation in the wilderness; an angel strengthened him in Gethsemane; angels announce the resurrection, and explain his ascension and visible return. Jesus Christ is the great center of their loving interest and service, even as he is the object of their adoration. For apart from these indications of Scripture, according to which Christ's death on the cross is connected with peace and harmony in heaven, it is in Christ crucified that angels behold the manifestation of God, and thus they worship with us the Lamb as it had been slain, they joyfully praise and extol the Son of God in our nature, exalted to be king and heir of all things.

Loving God and Jesus Christ, they rejoice over the repenting sinner, they minister to the heirs of salvation, they protect us in danger often unseen and unknown; they carry the soul into Abraham's bosom; they accompany Christ at his second advent, when he will be glorified in his saints. Then they shall separate the wheat from the chaff, and doubtless be the agents in the great changes which shall take place in the world. And after we have attained to the resurrection of the just, the Savior reveals to us that we shall be like unto the angels.

Thus God's Word reveals heaven, not as a distant place, separated and isolated from us, but near and in constant communion with earth; we behold clearly what Jacob saw in a dream.

As the angels obey, so on earth God's will is to be done in the age of which we speak; but we desire that *now*, while waiting for Christ, we also may be enabled to render such obedience to our Father. The obedience of angels is in humility and in perfect submission. They obey because God commands. Thus ought we to accustom and train our hearts to reverential obedience. While we experience that God's commandments are not grievous, and that Christ's yoke is easy, the authority of God is the foundation of all service. The Christian seeks to please his Heavenly Father; obedience brings glory to God, and a renewed assurance of our union with Christ.

The angels obey God, because they see his face continually. Their obedience is implicit, but not blind. God's authority is perfect light and love. Thus ought our obedience to be in knowledge and meditation; work is prayer acting.

The obedience of the angels, as we have seen, is very varied and comprehensive. Some watch over little children; some take charge of believers in danger; some seem to have assigned to their care mighty empires, and the various elements of the world. But their motive is always love to God, their object is God's glory. Thus may we serve the Lord in our daily duties, in our most common occupations, in every ministry of charity, in the conversation of social life.

As God is their center, the utmost harmony and union prevail among them. Thus they who serve the Lord are to serve him in brotherly love. In the building of the Temple no noise was to be heard. "When the angels are about to enter into the presence of the Most High," says a Jewish father, "they all stand back in modesty; one says to the other, 'Go thou first, thou art more worthy.'" What a commentary on the apostolic words, "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love, in honor preferring one another!"

The angels behold the glory of God in Christ. In him they see the manifestation as well as the central object of the Father's purpose. As they took the most profound interest in the Savior's life on earth, so they are now waiting for the marriage of the Lamb. Thus ought we in all our obedience to remember Christ, the Center, the Alpha and Omega, in whom we are loved, and in whom we are to be raised unto everlasting blessedness.

## The Children's Repository.

### DEBBY.

**D**EBBY was a plump, handsome, most respectable cat. She was more than respectable; she was a model to cats, and, for the matter of that, to little boys and girls. My Charley has learned many a lesson from her. I never knew that cat go caterwauling around the neighborhood in the course of my acquaintance with her, and I knew her before her eyes were open, and until they closed to open no more. You will perceive that I do not believe in that semi-immortality that is claimed for cats. Debby, I am sure, never lived but that one life, or it would have been recorded in story. I have said Debby never went caterwauling, and this, I am persuaded, out of pure respect for the comfort of the neighborhood. This was only in keeping with her general course. I never knew her inflict pain except in the pursuit of her legitimate avocation—that of catching rats and mice. She never tortured her mice, after the manner of other cats—tantalizing them with hopes of escape, etc. She had the gentlest, most humane way of putting her teeth through their chests.

Again, I have seen those young gluttons, the Spring Shanghais, in a circle around Debby's plate of "scraps," reaching over her shoulders, hopping over her back, perching on her head, and finally crowding her away. And I know Debby was very fond of Spring chicken, and that she was not afraid of those long-legged, long-necked Shanghai chicks. She might have dined off one every day. That she did not was from conscientious forbearance. Indeed, I think there was something even higher than this in Debby's nature. As an illustration: I had a little orphan bantam chicken, which I put to sleep one cool Spring night in a basket behind the kitchen stove. The next morning Maria, the cook, called me to see Debby. There she was, coiled in the basket, and snuggled up close to her was the little banty, his head tucked between puss's fore legs. And thus they slept every night until the weather grew warmer, and banty grew more feathery, and more independent, and more ungrateful. I've known Debby to keep away the Shanghais while her protégé pecked greedily away at a dish of tidbits, never once putting her own nose to the plate.

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I've seen our baby, great, lusty fellow, get this patient cat in his arms, and squeeze her until I half expected to see her tongue start from her mouth; or pull her tail until I was apprehensive of its dislocation. Yet I never knew that cat to scratch or bite the young savage. She would remonstrate with the most amiable of mews, or, at the worst, would gently tap her tormentor's hands, the claws being buried in the velvet fur, as though she thought some body ought to teach him better, and yet remembered that he was an irresponsible creature. Yet Debby was not without spirit. She sometimes got her back up; I've known her spit fire at Rover, until even that superior brute would be provoked into a snarl.

Besides being philosophically amiable, Debby was a tidy puss. I never knew another cat wash its face so often. When almost any other would have been sitting under the stove sleeping away its existence, you might have seen Debby industriously polishing her white face with her velvet brush. I often commended her tidiness to little Charley, and this pleased her, I know. She would look up in my face, and give the most grateful mews. Could she have smiled I'm sure she would. It always seemed to me a pity that cats can not smile and laugh. In a playing kitten there is something incongruous between the face so stolid and the rest of the animal frolicking and rollicking.

Mousing and ratting is the chief end of a cat, and Debby had no difficulty in finding her sphere. She early discovered that to be happy and respected, a cat must be useful. She learned that to him that hath shall be given. I take credit to myself for helping her to this important conclusion. Whenever she caught a rat or a mouse she would bring the trophy and lay it at my feet; and instead of sending her off to dine on her rat or mouse, I would reward her with a dish of nice milk, leaving her at liberty to present her game to some lover or cat neighbor.

Debby had another recommendation; she had good health. I never bought a penny's worth of catnip for her in my life. I think she despised a fitty cat. No, that is too hard a term; Debby was too thoroughly amiable to despise a living creature, but she held fitty cats in strong disapprobation. My neighbor had one of these. It was "taken" once while I was

there spending the evening. It went up like a rocket, and with such a whiz and sputter as an ambitious rocket might have made. It struck the wall within a foot of the ceiling, at an angle of forty-five degrees, rebounding at about the same angle. Then it disappeared through the door as though it had been shot from a cannon. "She'll never come back," said my neighbor's husband; "the impetus with which she went out of that door will carry her so far that she'll never find her way back."

But she did come back, and this brings me to the curious part of my story. No sooner had she entered the house, and taken her seat by the stove, than Debby, who had accompanied me on my visit, and had witnessed the cat fit, marched with a stately stride to the offender, and I never saw any other cat ears get such a boxing as hers received at Debby's paws. And it was funny to see the poor possessed cat tuck down her head during the boxing, and look so shame-eared, for you know the cat's ear is its most expressive organ; it frowns with its ears, and with them indicates its satisfaction.

And now, after what I have told you of the domestic virtues and amiable qualities of this cat, you will scarcely be prepared to believe that Debby was a hero, or heroine, if the grammarians be exacting. In process of time—but first I ought to tell you about Charley's discovery. One day I had given him a lunch of cold chicken and biscuit. He began calling, "Debby! Debby!" for he always shared his lunch with her. But Debby did not appear. He went to all her favorite napping-places and mousing-coverts, but she was nowhere to be seen. Finally he climbed the steps to the barn-loft. From a basket in the corner he heard such a chorus of mewings and movings as launched him into the wildest speculations as to what cat phenomenon was about to present itself. Rushing to the investigation, he discovered Debby and five kittens. Gathering them in his apron he rushed off to the house, Debby following, and meekly remonstrating against this wholesale abduction of her family. Rushing up to his Aunt Jane he emptied the whole crying, squirming mass into her lap, exclaiming, pantingly, "Debby's got five kittens; I found them in the barn-loft."

"Take the dirty things away," cried Aunt Jane, thinking of her clean lawn dress.

"I'm sure they're not dirty," said Charley stoutly. "Such a tidy cat as Debby would n't have dirty kittens. I'm going to make them a nice bed in the bath-room. I'll put them in the clothes-basket till I get the things."

I went out to see Debby's kittens, and then returned to my sewing. Presently I heard Charley calling out, "Why, Debby is eating up her kitten! You, Debby, put that kitten down! You wicked cat! 'Scat! drop that kitten! Why, she's eaten up all her other kittens! What a wicked mother!"

I went out and explained that Debby was no cannibal; she had merely taken back her kittens to their native place in the loft.

So, you see, Debby suddenly found herself called to feed six mouths instead of one. I think any human mother would have gone frantic at such an accession to her responsibilities. But Debby's energies and resources were equal to the emergency. As the kittens grew more lusty, and the mother-milk became insufficient, she showed unwonted zeal and industry in ratting and mousing. And when she had cleared the premises of rats and mice, she entered upon a very curious course. If there is such a thing as the transmigration of souls, the spirit of Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, must have dwelt in Debby. Every day or two she would betake herself to the woods, and never failed to come bouncing in to her babies with a flying-squirrel, or rabbit, almost as large as herself, slung proudly over her shoulder, and held by her teeth. The first rabbit she captured she brought to me. Laying it at my feet she looked up in my face mewing most imploringly. I knew she was begging for milk, her usual reward; but when I offered it she refused to touch it, running back and forth from the dish to her kittens, until I took it to them, when she began lapping the milk with them.

It was funny to see Debby train a kitten to mousing. She would conduct it into a closet, where she would establish it and herself in a sheltered corner behind a box or basket. Then she would close her eyes, and kitty would do the same, Debby every few minutes peeping from under her lids to be sure that the kitten was playing sleep properly. When she heard the patter of mousie's feet, and the fitting opportunity had arrived, she darted like lightning upon him. Then taking her victim to an open space she would call the kitten. When all things were ready the mouse was released, and the kitten was required to recapture him.

And now if I have succeeded in portraying the virtues and heroism of this remarkable cat, you will scarcely be reconciled to the manner of her death. Her life closed ingloriously. My husband brought home, one Spring day, a fine string of bass. Being without a girl, the cleaning of the fish naturally fell to my hand. In a cross mood at the thought I went to the kitchen.

There I found that my husband had been at work at the fish. Man-like, he had the heads and scales all over my bread-board, while the fish he had put in the bread-pan; and I must set bread that night. This state of things did not improve my humor. I went to find another vessel for the fish, and when I returned there was Debby on the table with her teeth in one of the finest of the bass. Unfortunately the griddle-lifter was at hand. I seized it, cried 'scat, and let it fly at poor Debby. It struck her at the base of the brain; she bounded into the air, whirled over, and over, and over, and was dead!

Of course I did n't mean to strike her. That was the first time in all my life that I ever hit any thing that I threw at. It seems like a horrid dream, that this hand of mine which has so often fed and caressed the subject of this sketch should be guilty of her blood; and it appears the more strange when I consider the occasion of her death—a liking for fish. I have often remarked, with sympathy, a cat's great fondness for fish, while it is utterly disqualified for capturing them, having a fear of water and a hearty aversion for it. So I had always conscientiously remembered Debby whenever we had fish. The stealing of that bass was the first wrong of which I ever knew her guilty.

#### HOW TO BE LOVED.

**A** LITTLE boy and little girl, if you want to be loved by your mother and father, by your teachers and playmates, cultivate the virtue of unselfishness. Try and forget your own wishes in remembering what would please them. Each trial in this struggle over self will be easier than the last; and before you are aware of it the pleasure of pleasing others will be the greatest joy of your life. You will win love on every side; for love grows by kindness, and you will soon be the happiest child in your whole circle.

Do n't you remember when you brought your sick mother the bowl of strawberries which had been given you for your own eating? What a sweet and loving smile illuminated her gentle face! And do n't you know that the pleasure it gave you is renewed in your memory every time you see a dish of the delicious fruit?

Do n't you still feel the grateful smile and hear the low "thank you" of poor Jane Miller the day you divided your candy with her? You know how poorly she was clad and how the stylish girls were always laughing at her awk-

ward appearance. That was a noble act, and required all the more courage because others were cruel toward her. Our Father never forgets such acts, you may be very sure. "Inasmuch as ye did it to these little ones, ye did it unto me."

And not only will our Father love and reward you, but all your school-mates will love you better for being kind to the unfortunate. The very girls who scorned her will respect you for your act, though they may not show it at the time. Moral courage, like physical courage, will always be respected. And that poor girl will remember your kindness all her life, no matter if she lives for fifty years, and some day it will be returned with interest.

Tommy, do you remember the little boy you helped last week when that wicked Bob Wright was teasing him so cruelly? You know you threatened to tell good Mr. Lampton, who lived near, if he did n't let the little fellow alone. Well, Tommy, I met little Charley's father yesterday. He bade me thank you, and say that he considered you a noble boy, and he would not forget you. This afternoon he sent you this pair of handsome skates—for he says boys love a present of this kind better than a book. It shows that they are understood. And he says he is sure you will never go skating without your aunty's knowledge. And I know it too, Tom.

Now you see that kindness almost always meets its reward. It makes one more happy and beloved, any way, if you received no other compensation.

"To do to others as I would  
That they should do to me"—

this is the safest rule on all occasions, and is the surest road to the hearts of your parents, teachers, and friends. And the way to their hearts is the true path to happiness.

This little home-love may begin to seem tame and tasteless after a while. You may grow restless and longing—anxious to go out into the great world, where, in your glowing imagination, honors and wealth will flow in upon you like rain. But if you do go out and, after years of toil, and struggle, and temptation, find the vision a deception and a snare—then you will turn back to this very love with longing, hungry heart, as to the truest happiness of earth.

Trifles make up life, as drops of water a river, and grains of sand the gleaming miles of sea-shore. But love is not a trifle. It is the one great necessity of the human heart—as necessary to its fullness and content as food is to that of the body.



You all know that poor Robinson Crusoe, when he had nothing else to love, tamed the goats and made pets of them. What a joy it must have been to him to have the love even of dumb animals on that lonely island! And you have always heard of the love that "old maids" have for cats. This is only natural. Cats are more affectionate and better suited for house pets than any other animals; and a woman must have something to love, as well as a little boy or girl. So you will see how precious a thing love is; and he or she who gives the most to others is sure to receive the most in return.

#### A TRUE STORY.

**I**N the field back of my house and up the hill are two nice springs. From one I draw water to my house through pipes, while the water from the other goes to my barn and a neighbor's house. The water runs very swiftly because it runs down hill. It is far easier to run down hill than it is to run up.

The pipe enters this spring, not at the top of the water, nor at the bottom either. If it were at the top, the scum would get into the pipe, and a floating bug now and then. If it were at the bottom, dregs and sediments would get in. So the pipe goes in about six inches below the top of the water.

One morning there was a gay young frog about half as big as my thumb—too big for a tadpole, too small for a wise frog. He could go just where he pleased. He did not have to float with the bugs, for he knew how to dive. He did not have to stay at the bottom with the dregs, for he knew how to swim. So he kicked out his little hind legs and swam all around the spring, doing very much as he pleased.

One day he saw the little round black hole of the pipe, where the water was running in quite freely. He wondered where it led to. He put his nose in and felt the water pull, and was a little scared and backed out. But it was such a funny feeling to be sucked that way; it felt kind of good round his nose, and he swam up and looked in again. He went in as much as half an inch, and then the water got behind him and he was drawn all in. "Here goes!" said he; "I shall see what I shall see!" And along he went with the water, till he came to where the pipe makes a bend for my barn—a sharp bend, straight up. As the water was quiet there, he gave a little kick and got up into a still, dark place, close by the barrel where the horse drinks. "Well," said he, "it's a snug place here, but rather lonely and dark."

Now and then he thought of the spring, and the light, and the beautiful room he used to have to swim in, and he tried to swim back against the stream. But the water was on him or running by him swiftly, and he had no room to kick in the pipe. So every time he started to go back to the spring he would work hard for a few minutes, then get tired and slip back to the dark place by the barrel.

By and by he grew contented there. The water brought him enough to eat. He shut his eyes and grew stupid, stopped exercising and got fat; and as he had no room to grow very big in the pipe, he had to grow all long and no broad. But he grew as big as he could, till at last he stopped up the pipe.

Then I had to go out and see what was the matter, for the horse had nothing to drink. I jerked away the barrel, pulled out the little plug, and put a ramrod down; felt a leathery, springy something, and, pushing, down it went, and out gushed the water. What was that? I thought. So I pulled out the big plug, and put down an iron ramrod and churned it two or three times, and then let the water run, and out came a great, long, bleeding frog.

I could n't put him together again. Any thing that gets sucked into the pipe and grows up there, has to come out dead and all in pieces. I wondered how such a big frog could get into so small a pipe. Then a wise lady in my house told me. "Why, he went in when he was little and foolish, and grew up in there!"

I can not get that poor frog out of my mind. He was so like some young folks that I have seen. They frolicked up to the door of a theater, or they stood and looked into a bar-room, or they just wanted to go to one ball, or got out behind the barn to smoke a pipe, or went off sleigh-riding with some gay young fellow without asking leave—or some way put their foolish noses into a dark hole that looked funny, and led they did n't know where. Pretty soon in they go. When they want to go back they can't; and they grow bigger and wickeder and all out of shape in that dark place. If they do come out at last, they are all jammed up, or knocked to pieces, or sick or dying, or else dead. When I see them in their coffins, I hear folks ask: "How came he to throw himself away in that style? What made him drink himself to death? How happened she to go off to infamy? How came he to be a gambler?"

Then I shall answer as the wise lady told me about the frog: They went in when they were little and foolish, and grew up there. A bad habit hugs a man tighter, and jams him out of shape worse, than my pipes did that poor frog.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**THE BEST STIMULANT.**—There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which, apparently, knows no waking in its house of clay, and the window-shutters are closed, and the door is hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and are very willing to fancy clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulse dance to it through all the myriad-thronged halls in our house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us, with all his old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with "moonlight, music, love, and flowers?"

Love itself is the great stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these miracles; but it is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug-store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulants—the stimulants we use, but require the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpse will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing music, and the thoughts galloping. But the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with the wildest revelry more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may be—into which the sky-lark happiness always goes singing.

**CONSTANCY OF LOVERS.**—We can imagine no greater mistake in life than for a man or woman to preserve an apparent constancy in action after affections have gone away from the person to whom they were pledged. It is a burlesque of honor, and a violation of truth; and yet it is the sacrifice which many an ardent lover demands. His sweet mistress promised to marry him one quiet Summer evening when a sudden access of affection made them picture the future as if it could only be a repetition of the

present. It was a beautiful picture, doubtless, and in the faith that it would become reality, they gave each other tender assurance of constancy, and swore to be husband and wife. Now some three years are over and gone, and the lover returns to claim the promised prize. During his absence the girl has grown to be a woman, and she has acquired very different notions in the world. In spite of herself—in spite of all those little vigils, and tokens, and duties by which a woman may preserve the memory of a man—the old love has insensibly faded away. She regards with dismay his return. Her first impulse is to meet him, for both their sakes, to release her from the engagement. Then, again, she shrinks from the pain she knows she will inflict upon him. She shrinks, also, from lowering herself in his opinion and the opinion of their friends, who will look upon her as a heartless and faithless creature, unworthy of the patient devotion with which he has labored for her and thought of her during that long separation. Very probably some strange notion of duty will prompt her to go and sacrifice herself to this pledge, which is now a mockery and a delusion. Even suppose she musters up sufficient courage to tell him that, during these years, she has come to think differently, and that she is afraid her affection is not such as should subsist between husband and wife, he is likely to overcome her scruples by his vehemence. Does she love somebody else? he demands. No. Has she any thing to find fault with in him? No. Then is not this strange notion merely a whim, a caprice? Will not use and want revive the old love, even should it have partially faded? Has he not sufficient love to make their union a happy one? And so forth, and so forth—the venerable protestations which lovers, from time immemorial, have uttered. Add to these his declaration that, if she does not marry him, she will break his heart and ruin his life; he will blow his brains out, or enlist as a soldier, or do something equally wild and unnecessary. Trembling, excited, and deeply commiserating her lover's plight, the girl resolves to remain "constant." She meets him at the altar, and promises what she knows she can not perform. She enters her new sphere of life with little hope, if not with downright aversion; and the consequence of that act may involve two lives in misery. Yet she has shown herself a miracle of constancy, and the world will applaud her good conduct.

**COURTESY TO WOMEN.**—That women do not receive the same amount of attention in England as they do in the United States, is true. There it is a positive cultus, exaggerated, as cults generally are, by fashion, superstition, or caprice. Its exaggeration is fatal to its beauty. When male courtesy ceases to provoke gratitude or reciprocity, it ceases to perform its intended functions. When attentions are extorted as a right, their flavor and spirit are gone. When two gaunt women take up a position of blockade by the chairs of two inoffensive men, and one draws out, "I wonder how long we're to be kept standing," and the other draws in reply, "I do n't know what's become of men's gallantry," the immediate capitulation of the besieger is a tribute to female pertinacity, not to sentimental tenderness. Yet it was from a feeling of tenderness to the imputed helplessness of woman that the code of chivalry arose. Woman was supposed to be weak and powerless, and the help of man was dictated by the precepts both of Christianity and of generosity. Had the earlier ages known the institution of strong-minded, middle-aged females, of strange attire, voluble tongue, and exacting demeanor, it is probable that the code of chivalry might have been modified.

As it is, a law made for the protection of the most charming has been confirmed to the advantage of the least interesting of the sex; and it is much to the credit of American men that, in their own country, they exercise a traditional gallantry even under the most unpleasing conditions. Perhaps neither they nor the objects of their attention know how much their practice is influenced by the discipline of ancestral Puritanism. We suspect that in England the sort of gallantry exhibited by the Cavalier and non-Puritan world was often any thing but respectful; and that true courtesy, like cleanliness and punctuality, was among the special virtues of a lowlier and sterner class. It certainly is the case that, if one wants to find the most wide-spread and profound courtesy to women nowadays, one must look for it not among the "polite" French or the refined Italians, but among the descendants of the American Pilgrims, or among the cultivated representatives of English Puritans.—*London Saturday Review.*

**THE REPOSE OF FLOWERS.**—Almost all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The common daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's-eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others close their blossoms at different hours toward evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes forever at four in the afternoon. It begins to expand its magnificent, sweet-scented blossom in twilight; it is full-blown at midnight, never to open again with the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens until after sunrise. So says a celebrated English author who has devoted

much time to the study of plants, and often watched them during their quiet slumber. Those plants which seem to be awake all night, he styles "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

**THE DISCIPLINE OF DIFFICULTY.**—"Who will roll us away the stone from the sepulcher?"

God gives us difficulties in work the most sacred. Here was a difficulty, and Mary and her companions, in dealing with it, suggest the way in which we should deal with our difficulties.

Difficulties are not meant to prevent our going on with our work. There was the stone: they knew it was there; but they went on to the sepulcher. Difficulties, like the weights on a clock, are not meant to paralyze, but to keep us going; and further, they should be stepping-stones to higher things. The child at school is asked to master the difficulties of multiplication, not that he may be puzzled, but to enable him to go on to division.

Difficulties are meant to throw us Divine assistance. And God will help us in two ways. 1. By removing the difficulty when it is beyond our own power to do so. Here the stone was "very great," but when they looked it was rolled away. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Our difficulties would be halved if we did not anticipate them. 2. Not so much by removing the difficulty as by giving us grace to bear it; not so much by lightening the burden as by strengthening the bearer. Remove the thorn, prays the apostle. The answer is not removal, but grace sufficient. Peter was not kept from Satan's temptation; but the Savior prayed for him, and the disciple's faith did not finally fail. Only let us work up to the difficulty; God will then, not before, either help us through or make a way for our escape.

**HOW TO JUDGE BOOKS.**—Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may, after all, be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to bate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled your imagination with what is loathsome, or shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of its effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page. Throw it into the fire, young man, though it may be the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should

be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case.—*Southey.*

**A MODEL MOTHER.**—My mother was one of those gentle, soft-spoken, quiet little women who, like oil, permeate every crack and joint of life with smoothness. With a noiseless step, an almost shadowy movement, her hand and eye were every-where. Her house was a miracle of neatness and order—her children of all ages and sizes under her perfect control, and the accumulations of labor of all descriptions which beset a great family where there are no servants, all melted away under her hands as if by enchantment. She had a divine magic, too, that mother of mine; if it be magic to commune daily with the supernatural. She had a little room all her own, where, on a stand, always stood open the great family Bible, and when work pressed hard, and children were untoward, when sickness threatened, when the skeins of life were all crossways and tangled, she went quietly to that room, and, kneeling over the Bible, took hold of a warm, healing, invisible hand, that made the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

**HONOR YOUR BUSINESS.**—It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or his calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy their comfort in their work; or they change their business, and go on miserably shifting from one thing to another, till grave or poor-house gives them a fast grip. A man should put his heart in every thing he does. There is not a profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing his business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected like all other human pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-stirring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations; for God has given us imagination, not alone to make some poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things.—*Economist.*

**THE DYING NEVER WEEP.**—It is a striking fact that the dying never weep. The sobbing, the heart-breaking agony of the circle of friends around the death-bed, call forth no responsive tears from the dying. Is it because he is insensible, and stiff in the chill of dissolution? That can not be, for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of his mother, sister, or brother, in still conscious affection.

Just before expiring, he calls the loved ones, and, with quivering lips, says, "Kiss me!" showing that the love which he has ever borne in his heart is still fresh and warm. It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for earthly sorrows, too transcendent for weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier things, with the Father in heaven and his angels. There is no weeping in that blessed abode to which he is hastening.

**MAN AND WOMAN.**—The honored and beloved wife, the beloved and cherished daughter, not only never ought, but never does, feel discomfort in dependence. She has no desire to renounce serfdom or to break chains; for there is no serfdom to renounce, no chain to break. Probably she seldom thinks of it at all; but, if she does think of it, she thinks only how much happier is her lot, who is nourished through the ministry of love, than her neighbor's, whose life is only a thankless round of buying and selling. Far distant be the day that shall make it otherwise. Far distant be the day that shall send girls out from their father's roof to make their own way in life, as boys make theirs. Immeasurably farther that day that reckons it no reproach to the husband for the wife to feel her dependence upon him an unpleasant thing. Badly as women do man's work, men do woman's work still worse; for it is a far more complicated, intangible, and indefinite thing. Women themselves do it not too well, largely because our imperfect civilization has as yet kept them bound so closely to the rougher toil of man. But if women, having been so long dragged into that arena as straggling, struggling prisoners, shall now organize their forces, and voluntarily march in with intent to stay there as their fitting and final place—why, water will run uphill and fire will flame downward.—*Gail Hamilton.*

**LITTLE TEMPTATIONS.**—John Newton says: "Satan seldom comes to a Christian with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. 'There is no great harm in this,' 'no great peril in that;' and so by these little chips we are at first easily lightened on, and at last the green log is burned. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

**MISERY AND SIN.**—While there is so much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to lull himself to sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and self-enjoyment, in which there is but one supreme Adam, one perfect specimen of humanity, namely, himself. He ought to go out and work. Nay, even a woman has hardly any right in these days to sit and dream. The life of action is nobler than the life of thought.—*Miss Mulock.*

## Contemporary Literature.

**A COPIOUS AND CRITICAL ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY.** *By William Smith, LL. D., and Theophilus D. Hall, M. A. Royal Octavo. Pp. 754. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

A thorough English-Latin Dictionary has been a desideratum in the work of teachers and students, and Dr. Smith has done another good service to education by producing this complete and perfect volume. We do not wonder that he found a vast amount of time and labor necessary for the preparation of the work. Nearly fifteen years have been expended in completing the Dictionary. There was no existing English-Latin Dictionary from which any considerable amount of help could be derived, and such as were in existence were meager in extent, confused in arrangement, and often imperfect in examples and references. Dr. Smith did wisely in adopting an entirely new plan, with new examples and illustrations. Every article in the book is the result of original and independent research. Great pains have been taken in classifying the different senses of the English words, so as to enable the student readily to find just the word he wants. Where there are several Latin equivalents, these are kept quite distinct, and synonyms are distinguished by short explanations. Each meaning is illustrated by examples from the classical writers, generally given in both Latin and English. To the volume is appended a very full list of proper names. The work, we doubt not, will be cordially received as supplying a long and deeply felt want in our schools and colleges.

**THE INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE.** *By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL. D. Ninth Edition. 8vo. Pp. 1151. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is a new and enlarged edition of a valuable medical work which has long been before the medical profession, and highly appreciated. Dr. Paine was at one time our instructor in the departments of medicine which he so ably represented in the University of the city of New York. We well remember his learned, thoughtful lectures, and the battles which he used to fight in favor of "vitality" versus materialism and mere physical philosophy. Professor Paine is a physician of the old school. He wages unremitting war against the modern chemicophysical school of philosophy, especially in the application of its principles to medical practice. He denounces the modern doctrine of "debility" and the consequent general resort to stimulants, and insists on the sound philosophy and good practice of the old system of blood-letting. We could not help thinking often that the two schools are at opposite extremes, and

that truth lies just between them. Man is not simply a complicated chemicophysical machine, but a living organization; yet both chemical and physical laws have much to do with his well-being in health, and his restoration in disease. The vital powers are not created nor controlled simply by certain chemical affinities, nor are they absolutely independent of them. The volume is full of learning and philosophy; its author is unquestionably one of the first medical philosophers of the age, and his *Institutes* can not fail to be a rich treat to both the medical student and practitioner, to those who adopt and those who reject his doctrines.

**ON THE GENESIS OF SPECIES.** *By St. George Mivart, F. R. S. 12mo. Pp. 314. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is a most thorough and successful review of Darwin's theory of "natural selection" as the origin of species. The author is a distinguished English naturalist, and the volume before us is a reprint from the London edition. It has created quite a stir among English scientists. The author treats Mr. Darwin with courtesy and candor, admits his great services to science, and the plausibility at first sight of his theory of natural selection which lies at the basis of the whole Darwinian system. He then proceeds, with evident mastery of the subject, to suggest objections and to produce facts in opposition to natural selection, which leave the theory hardly any thing to stand upon. He admits, it is true, that to a certain extent natural selection exists and acts; but he maintains that in order that we may be able to account for the production of known kinds of animals and plants, it requires to be supplemented by the action of some other natural law or laws as yet undiscovered; also, that the consequences which have been drawn from evolution, whether exclusively Darwinian or not, to the prejudice of religion, by no means follow from it, and are in fact illegitimate.

It should be stated, however, that Mr. Mivart does not wholly deny that natural selection acts to some extent in the organic world. But its action is not supreme, as Mr. Darwin makes it, but is only secondary and subordinate to other forces. Mr. Mivart undertakes to prove, and we think does prove:

That natural selection is incompetent to account for the incipient stages of youthful structures.

That it does not harmonize with the co-existence of closely similar structures which are evidently of diverse origin.

That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually.

That the opinion that species have definite though very different limits to their variability is still tenable.

That certain fossil transitional forms are absent, which might have been expected to be present.

That some facts of geographical distribution supplement other difficulties.

That the objection drawn from the difference between species and races still exists unremoved.

That there are many remarkable phenomena in organic forms upon which natural selection throws no light whatever, but the explanations of which, if they could be attained, might throw light upon specific organization.

Mr. Mivart, in short, maintains that the development of species has been brought about not wholly by natural selection, but by an internal power which has controlled and continues to control the universe—in other words, by Divine power.

There will be found quite a similarity in the mode of replying to Darwinianism between the articles which Professor Jewell is furnishing for our pages, and the doctrines of Mr. Mivart. But it is only the coincidence of thinking naturalists, Professor Jewell having written his articles before the appearance of Mr. Mivart's volume.

WORKS OF REV. L. L. HAMLINE, D. D. *Edited by F. G. Hibbard, D. D. Volume II. Miscellaneous Writings. 12mo. Pp. 495. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.*

This second volume of Bishop Hamline's works contains forty-eight "Sketches and Skeletons," five Addresses, and seventeen Theological Essays. Whatever may be said in general of sketches and skeletons of sermons, these of the late Bishop Hamline are very much more than a mere "assemblage of dry bones, unsightly and unseemly." They are full of thoughts and suggestions, and in many instances present the very marrow of the sermon. The editor has done well, we think, in selecting these sketches, and addresses, and essays for a second volume, rather than matter of more literary character, which perhaps might more interest the general reader, but which would far less exhibit the mental and spiritual characteristics of the author. The editor gives a good reason for this selection, too, when he says, "When it was considered that the venerable author was a minister of the Gospel, a bishop in the Church, and an illustrious pattern of personal and ministerial purity and fidelity, it appeared to be more in propriety of character that he should, as far as possible, appear in, and speak from the pulpit." The editor well says, too, "Perhaps nothing could more truly and justly exhibit the mental order, but, above all, the uncompromising and earnest piety of the saintly author, than the strictly evangelical character of his themes. Spiritual religion was the home of his soul." And, again, we can not better express our judgment of this volume than by quoting from the editor: "For suggestiveness, for original and profound thought, for the purpose of mental quickening of the reader, for the sharpening of the intellect, for finished specimens of argument, forensic, metaphysical, theological, and popular, for practical and spiritual truth, few books of its proportions surpass it."

FRESH LEAVES IN THE BOOK AND ITS STORY. *By L. N. R., Author of "The Book and its Story," "The Missing Link," etc. 12mo. Pp. 500. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

The author of this excellent volume has made his initials well known through the admirable books, "The Missing Link," "Life Work," and especially "The Book and its Story," of which the present work may be considered a sort of continuation. "Fresh Leaves" will prove a timely contribution to a want now felt by all real Bible readers. It is not enough in our day to read the Bible alone; much must be known about the Bible, as well as of what is in it. To supply this necessary information is the purpose of this volume. It has been issued for those who wish to be presented, when they sit down to read the Bible, with some thoughts and facts about each of its books, which shall help them to read it intelligently, not merely as a duty, and to perceive the bearing of its various parts upon each other. The facts are conveyed in a clear and simple way, and will give such additional charm to the Bible facts that the reader will be led to further search of the Holy Scriptures for spiritual profit. It will be a useful book also for Sunday-schools and Bible-classes. It is copiously illustrated.

WESTWARD BY RAIL: *the New Route to the East. By W. F. Rae. 12mo. Pp. 391. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

Mr. Rae is an excellent letter-writer. He is a sensible, appreciative Englishman, making the tour across our continent from New York to San Francisco. His observations were originally contributed in letters to the London Daily News. Here they are entirely rewritten, enlarged, and converted into book style. He is a good observer, intelligent and impartial in his views and opinions. To the reader who has not yet made this wonderful railway journey the volume will give an accurate notion of the vicissitudes to be encountered, and the pleasures to be enjoyed; the details will be found both instructive and serviceable. The chapters on the valley of the Great Salt Lake and the Mormons will be found to differ in many respects from those of some other writers, yet they seem to be just, free from mere romance, and valuable in their facts and suggestions.

MUSINGS OVER THE "CHRISTIAN YEAR" AND "LYRA INNOCENTIUM." *By Charlotte May Yonge. 16mo. Pp. 431. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.*

Miss Yonge, the famous novelist, appears here in a new rôle, and, we think, a much better one both for herself and her readers. She was for many years a constant visitor to Hursley Vicarage, and an intimate acquaintance of the gifted, pious, gentle John Keble. She could not help being a profound lover of his pure and saintly character, and an admirer of his devout songs and lyrics. In this volume she treats of both. She gives us first "gleanings from thirty years' intercourse with Keble," and gatherings

from the pens of other friends, from all of which we get a very full and charming picture of the life of John Keble, whom we at once recognize as a saint, a poet, a scholar, and a godly pastor. The bulk of the volume consists of "Musings" over the sacred songs of "The Christian Year" and "Lyra Innocentium."

**A HAND-BOOK OF LEGENDARY AND MYTHOLOGICAL ART.** *By Clara Erskine Clement. With Descriptive Illustrations.* 12mo. Pp. 497. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a very desirable contribution to our knowledge of the old historical and legendary persons, places, and facts which have found their way into the field of art. Without such knowledge it is impossible to understand or appreciate the works of the old masters. The book has originated in the way by which nearly all really valuable books have been made. It is born of the author's own necessity and experience; it is a hand-book of reference both for the reader and the traveler. It is very full and complete, extending from ancient Egyptian, Greek, and Roman art and story down to the latest date. It will be found a very convenient book in the department of information of which it treats, a kind of lore

not very valuable in itself, but yet which has played so important a part in the world that every intelligent person must read up in it.

**THE DAISY CHAIN; or, Aspirate. A Family Chronicle.** *By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc.* Two Volumes. 12mo. Pp. 314, 309.

These are two very neat volumes in continuation of the works of Miss Yonge, which the Appletons are now republishing. It is one of the author's purest and best; being a family story, a record of home events, large and small, during those years of early life when the character is chiefly formed, and is an attempt to trace the effects of those aspirations which are a part of every youthful nature. It will instruct young people and interest those who are older.

**HARRY AND HIS PONY.** *By the Author of "Little Kitty's Library."* 18mo. Pp. 180.

**FAITHFUL ROVER.** *By the Same.* 18mo. Pp. 174.

**LONELY LILY.** *By M. L. C.* 18mo. Pp. 110. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

These are good little volumes for Carter's Fireside Library.

### Editor's Table.

**DEATH OF BISHOP CLARK.**—We are again called upon to record the visitation of death in the high places of our Zion. Our beloved Bishop Clark fell asleep in Jesus on Tuesday evening, May 23d. Our heart is stricken with this great loss. We are astounded by this strange providence. For the third time within a very little more than a year, death has visited our Episcopal Board, and another of the chief shepherds of the Church has been called from labor to reward. We are confident that it is great gain to him; but we feel that it is an immeasurable loss to us. A greater loss has not fallen on the Church for many years. Bishop Clark was far more than an ordinary man, far more than an ordinary Bishop. The Church, judging from all human probabilities, had reason to expect from him many years of eminent service. We rejoiced exceedingly when in 1864 the General Conference placed him in the Episcopal office. We knew his eminent qualifications for the position, and then had good reason to anticipate for him a long life. He at once took a high place in the Episcopal Board, respected, beloved, and even revered by his colleagues in the high trust. The whole Church soon saw and felt his power and value. He took his place in the Conferences with the dignity, ease, and official skillfulness of a veteran in the work. From the day of his ordination he was wholly consecrated to the high trust which the Head of the Church had committed to him. He was ready for

every service, prepared for every sacrifice, submissive to every cross, apparently living but for one purpose, that of filling to the utmost extent the duties of his office. He was, perhaps, too great a worker. Perhaps if he had more carefully guarded his working power it might have endured longer. And yet we feel that "a good man's steps are ordered of the Lord," and that he was not left to act without discretion and judgment in this matter of continued devotion to his work, even down to the point when he fell in the Master's service. We loved him too much and appreciated his services and judgment too highly to blame him even in this regard. If any mistake was made it was in attempting the superintendence of nine Conferences during the Fall of 1870, in nine successive weeks, being already in seriously impaired health.

We write of our dear Bishop as of a personal friend. For more than twenty years we have known, and honored, and loved him. He was a noble man, one of the most complete, symmetrical, well-balanced men we have ever known. His manhood was round and full, with no striking salient points, but with an admirable completeness of character attained by but few men. In every relation of life he was a true man; a loving husband, a faithful father, an unswerving friend, a true patriot. Upon his first introduction into the Conference, he took high rank as a preacher of the Gospel. His reputation as a pastor

was excellent; all the interests of the Church were faithfully looked to, and his sermons were prepared with great care. His sympathies were ever enlisted in behalf of the poor, and in him the oppressed and the suffering found a ready and true friend. As a preacher he was not profound, but always thoughtful, sober, and earnest. He cared more to be useful than to shine; but his printed sermons are models of clear and careful exposition, of sound doctrine and of effective appeal. They were designed for the edification of his auditors, and no one could hear him deliver them in his own impressive manner without feeling the force of his words.

As a writer he was clear, but his style is somewhat heavy. Though fond of the lighter graces of literature, he seldom introduced them into his sentences; but one could always understand his meaning, and there was a directness and point in all that he wrote. What he lacked in the imaginative faculty he made up in the industry and skill with which he worked over and incorporated old materials. His genius was not invention, but study. Possessed of an excellent understanding and an acute judgment, he never talked *around* a subject, but always *to* it. Besides a large number of books which he edited, he is the author of "Elements of Algebra," 1842; "Mental Discipline," 1847; "Death-bed Scenes," 1851; "Life and Times of Bishop Hedding," 1855; "Man all Immortal," 1864; "Sermons," 1868, together with several occasional lectures and discourses published in pamphlet form. His contributions to the Church periodicals and secular prints would make several volumes more.

Bishop Clark was always a genuine hater of slavery, though he was never an agitator. His position in the Conference on this question was moderate though firm; but upon the adoption by Congress of the noted "compromise measures," including the atrocious Fugitive-Slave Law, he did not hesitate to denounce them as iniquitous and not binding upon the consciences of Christians. In the preachers' meeting of New York city he offered a set of resolutions condemnatory of that enactment, which passed that body with great unanimity, but afterward became the occasion of violent discussions and divisions.

His cast of mind was such that he was ill-fitted to be a politician. There was no craft in his manner or his speech. His friendships were hearty and true; and though he may have appeared reserved and cold to strangers, those who were admitted to his acquaintance knew the warmth of his heart and the value of his counsels. They could always tell where to find him. If he had no disclosures to make to those outside of his own circle, he had no concealments. What he was once he was always. He was dignified, courteous, and pure. His life was spotless and his death serene.

Our readers will find a very excellent outline of his life, up to the time of his ordination as Bishop, in the January Repository for the year 1865. From that we condense the following facts:

Davis Wasgatt Clark was born in the island of Mount Desert, Hancock county, Maine, February

25, 1812, and died at his residence in Cincinnati, May 23, 1871, aged fifty-nine years and three months. When he was about sixteen years of age a great revival of religion occurred in his native place, under the ministry of the Rev. R. C. Bailey. Deeply convicted of sin he sought for pardon, and while praying in a retired place the witness of the Spirit was vouchsafed to him. His mother was made a partaker of saving grace at the same time, and they together were two of the thirteen persons who constituted the first Methodist society in that locality. This gave a new bias to all his thoughts and desires. It had been his intention to follow the sea, but this interposition of Providence gave a new direction to his life.

At the age of nineteen he left home to seek an education. He worked his way through to college, and entered an advanced class in the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, from which two years subsequently, in August, 1836, he was graduated in the full classical course.

Immediately upon leaving college he was employed as a teacher in the Amenia Seminary, Dutchess county, New York. Here he remained seven years, the first two at the head of the mathematical department, and the remainder of the time as principal. He was eminently successful as a teacher, and during his charge at Amenia he witnessed several gracious outpourings of the Divine Spirit upon the pupils of his school. About the time of his accession to the principalship of the Amenia Seminary he married Miss Mary J. Redman, of Trenton, New Jersey, who, with five children, still survives him.

In the Spring of 1843, when he was thirty-one years of age, he was admitted on trial in the New York Conference. His first appointment was to Winsted, Connecticut, where he remained two years. The next two years he spent in Salisbury. In 1847 he was stationed in New York city, where he remained four years. In 1851 he was sent to Poughkeepsie, and in the Fall of 1852 he was chosen editor of the Ladies' Repository in this city—an office which he held, by two subsequent re-elections, until he was ordained Bishop in 1864.

Throughout life Bishop Clark was identified with the educational interests of the Church. Besides being elected President of three several universities, he was a member of the Boards of Trustees of the Wesleyan Female College in this city, and the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, and was President of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Between the years 1864-68, in the performance of his official duties as Bishop, he traveled over 65,900 miles; presided over 42 Annual Conferences; visited Oregon and California; organized the Nevada, Holston, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama Conferences; ordained 746 ministers, and stationed 4,612. In his diary of 1869 we find this record: "Reached home weary and worn. My Spring campaign is now closed. I have presided over seven Conferences, and traveled 9,000 miles." In the Fall of that year he again started out on his Episcopal tour, presiding over five



Conferences. In 1870 his Spring Conferences were five; but owing to the death of Bishops Thomson and Kingsley, although in an enfeebled state of health he undertook the presidency of *nine* of the Fall Conferences.

At the close of the Spring Conferences of 1870 it became painfully evident that his health was giving way. At the urgent solicitation of friends he visited the haunts of his boyhood home in Maine, and there with his family spent about two months. With the change his health and spirits were much revived. He returned from his Summer vacation with flattering prospects of ultimate restoration to health. Then, if at all, rest might have saved him; but the Fall Conferences were at hand; two of his colleagues had fallen; his earnest soul felt that he dared not stop; he went forth on his work, attending nine Conferences during nine consecutive weeks. He came home prostrated. A Winter of suffering such as but few knew any thing about followed. In February he rallied a little, and the Spring Conferences were at hand. Against the remonstrance of his physician he started out on his Spring tour. His devoted wife accompanied him on this last tour of labor; he presided over the Kentucky Conference, Lexington, West Virginia, Pittsburg, and New England. At the Pittsburg and New England Conferences he needed aid. His heart seemed set with unquenchable longing on reaching and presiding over the New York Conference—the birthplace of his ministerial life and labors, his Conference home. The desire of his heart was granted. He met with his old-time friends, opening the Conference with the affecting hymn, doubly so under the circumstances—

“And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face.”

He consecrated the elements and administered the Sacrament to the Elders. After an affecting little address, in which he referred in affectionate terms to his old Conference home, and his beloved co-laborers therein, and alluded to the sad changes wrought upon him, and some of them, by time and care, he called Bishop Simpson to the chair, and left the church—never to return—never again to resume his official duties—the volume of his earthly labors closed—*forever*.

For about ten days his life seemed to be trembling in the balance, when he again revived a little and ventured on the journey home to Cincinnati, which he reached on the 19th of April, announcing to his children and friends that he “had come home to die.” So it proved, though he lingered amid the fluctuations of disease for a little more than a month longer. This was a precious month; its days and nights were filled in that sorrow-stricken household, with beams of heavenly light, with visions of heavenly hope and joy. A few of these sacred scenes we must give to our readers, drawn from the record made by a loving and competent hand.

April 23d, the first Sabbath after his return to Cincinnati, he said, “To-day is Sunday, is it not? I never again expect to go to Church till I enter

the Church triumphant above. . . . How time delays, and yet it hurries fast enough! The summons do n't trouble me—do n't trouble me. If God would only come—and yet I do n't know that I ought to ask for one pang less. It is all right—all right.”

Later he repeated—

“When for eternal worlds we steer,  
And seas are calm and skies are clear:”

and, turning to his eldest daughter, he said, “Sing it.” While she sang, he joined with a clear voice in the lines—

“I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.”

When reduced very low he frequently said, “What a strange outcome of life this seems to me! And yet not stranger than it may be to all of you. God sees not as man seeth.” And then he repeated many times: “The Lord is my refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Amen and Amen!”

On the 25th of April there was a decided change in the Bishop's condition, so that flattering hopes of his ultimate recovery were entertained. This favorable change continued for almost two weeks. One day his wife said to him, “Does it not seem a long way back to health and active life?” “Yes,” he responded, “it would have been shorter and brighter the other way.”

Most of the time his mind was perfectly clear on every point, and he conversed freely and with almost his wonted vigor. To one of the ministers, who watched with him one night, he repeated the greater part of a poem of Otway Curry—“The Great Hereafter”—always a favorite with him, telling the volume of the Repository in which it was to be found.

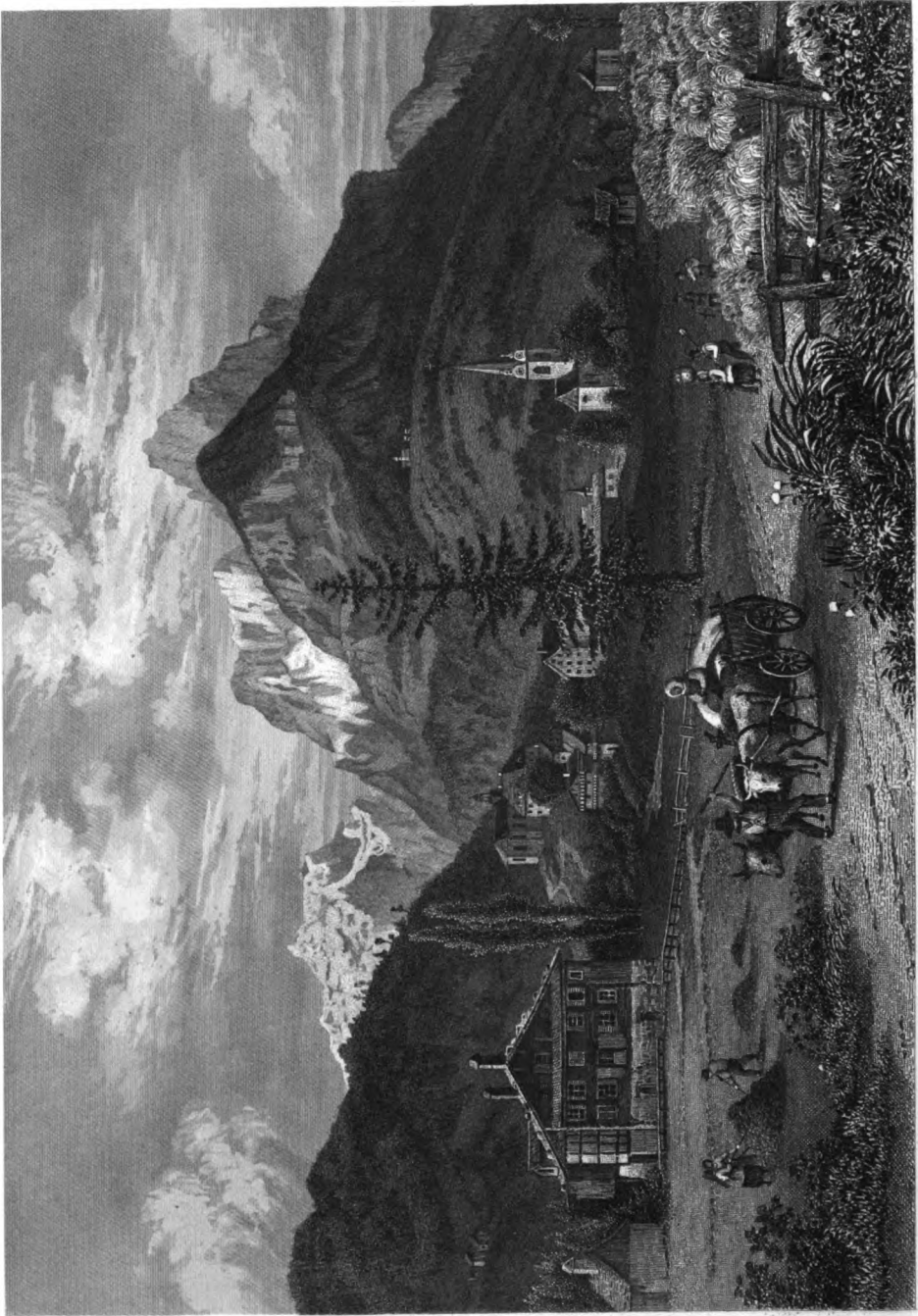
During these weeks many beautiful expressions fell from his lips—a precious treasure to those who heard them.

At one time he said to his wife, “I don't want you to be troubled about me, but rejoice and give thanks. It will all be well. If there are any indications that the end draws near, make no effort to detain me. Let me depart and be with Jesus, which is far better.”

On Friday, May 19th, when sight and hearing were apparently gone, he put out his hand to the members of his family gathered around him, and the tears rolling down his cheeks, imprinted a kiss upon the lips of each one; a mute but eloquent farewell. Just at twilight he suddenly roused, and though he had not spoken more than a sentence for nearly two days, he said feebly but distinctly, “Tireless company! tireless song!” He paused for a moment and then added, “The song of the angels is a glorious song. It thrills my ears even now.” Pausing again he spoke with renewed strength, “I am going to join the angels' song. Glorious God! blessed Savior! bless the Lord, O my soul! bless the Lord, O my soul!” and sank into an unconscious state, from which he never roused till the glad messenger came and ushered him into the gates of heaven.

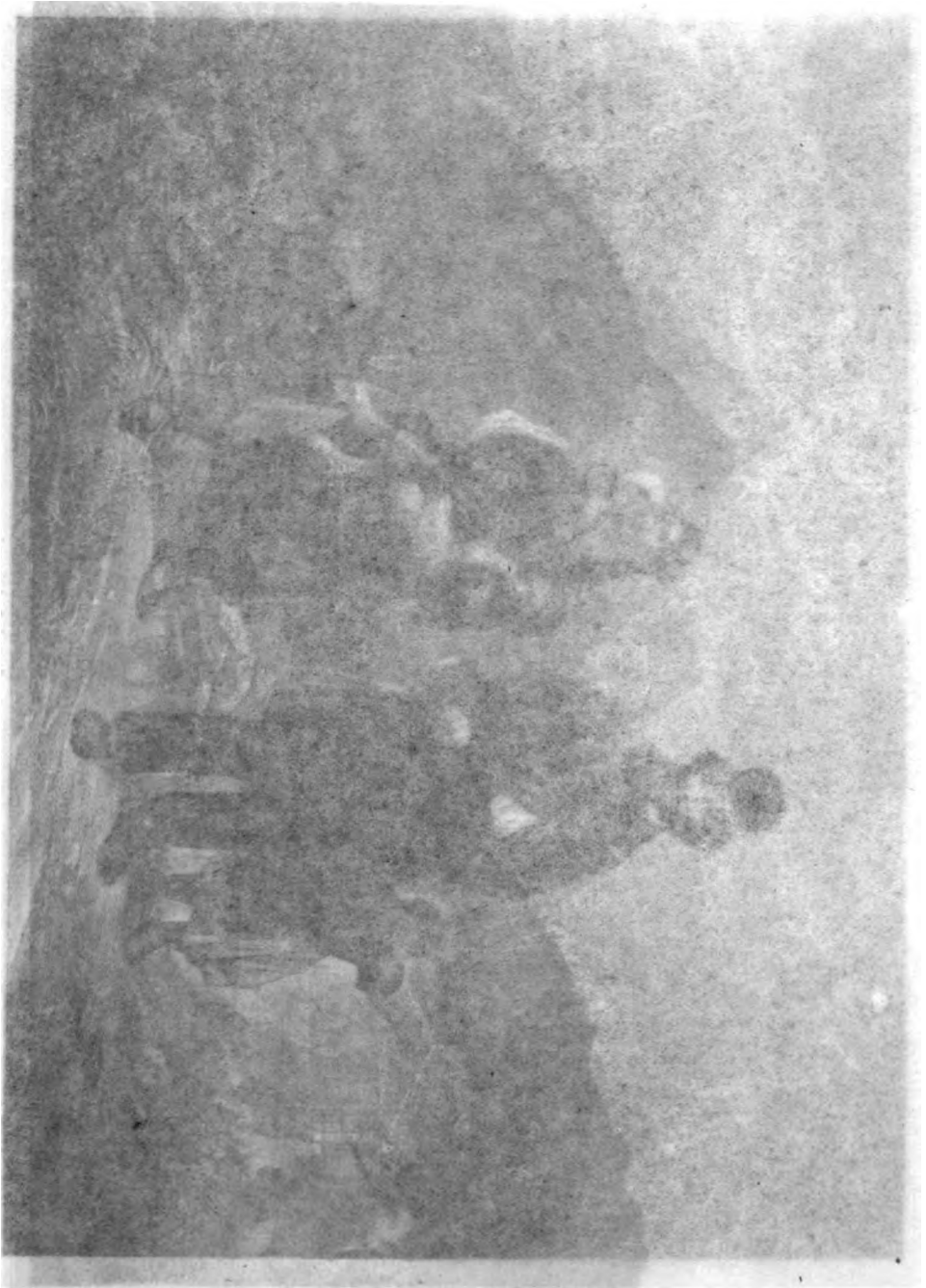
So fell asleep in Jesus one of the noblest men American Methodism has yet produced.



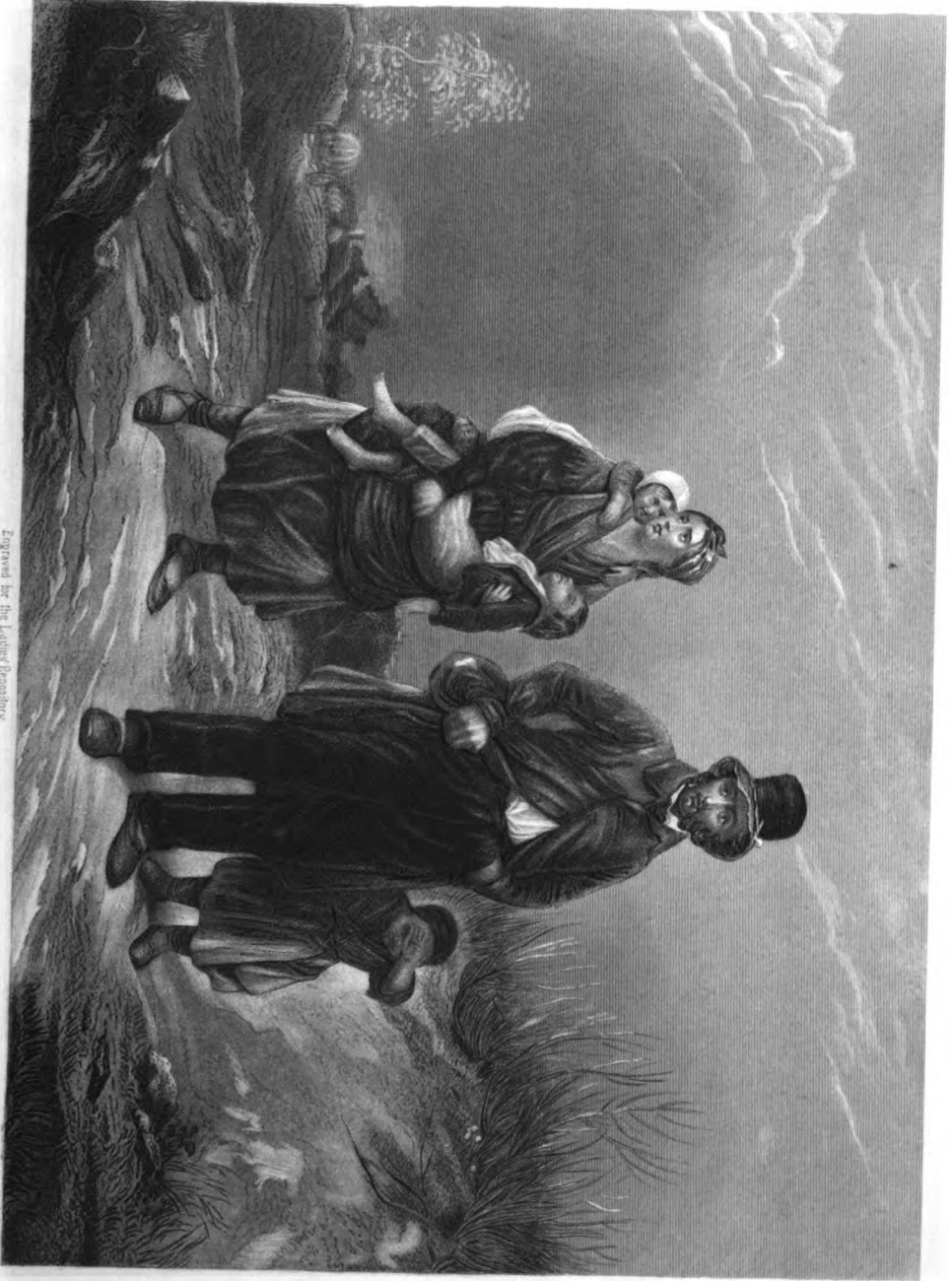


L. S. 444. 1874

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Engraved for the Latter Day Saints

THE MASTHEAD





THE  
LADIES'  
REPOSITORY.  
1871.

August.

ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

SECOND PAPER.

**R**EMEMBERING the wretched state of uncertainty there is attaching to the term "species," and what has been said in regard to the question of time, let us turn to the evidence by which the hypothesis of Mr. Darwin is supported. As we have already said, the evidence may be divided into two classes. One belongs to the past, geological; the other to the present, or historic period.

The whole evidence, however, may be included under the head of variation. This may be effected by external or internal circumstances or causes. Under the head of external circumstances favoring or causing variation we may mention climate, food, and the various circumstances connected with procuring it, etc. Under the head of internal circumstances would fall this so-called "tendency" to progressive development. But whether external or internal the result is variation, in the aggregate from some lower to some higher form, at least so says the "hypothesis." Then,

1. *Such evidences as are afforded by the present order or state of organic nature.*

The proof under this head is of two kinds, natural and artificial, or experimental. But it may all be considered, as already said, under the simple head of variation. This fact of variation is one of the plainest in nature. But whether by it we can explain how a higher species is derived from a lower, is a question. There are many ways by which variations are brought about. For example, by crosses. These may be either natural or artificial. Now we do not speak of crosses between mere varieties, but between species, if we know what they are. The crosses between mere varieties are beside

our case, unless it could be shown as a matter of fact, new species had been obtained in this way. We speak indeed of hybrids. But what is a hybrid? We will be told it is the offspring of a cross between two different species, as between the horse and the ass, the hybrid in this case being what we call a mule. But here comes in one out of a multitude of bad consequences, arising from an imperfect understanding as to what a species is. If you get a cross between two different species, which all would agree to call species, the hybrid is sterile, as in the case of the mule. But if you get a cross between what some would call different species, and others different varieties, your so-called hybrid may be fertile. Plainly, these two cases are not alike, still some use them in reasoning as if they were.

Now in the case of crosses several material circumstances have never been satisfactorily explained by the supporters of the "Darwinian Hypothesis." Among these we would mention: Why crosses between generally admitted species are as a rule sterile. Why crosses between mere varieties are as a rule fertile. Whether fertile crosses between doubtful species do not mark them as simply permanent varieties. How we shall explain the total impossibility of getting fertile crosses between some closely allied species, as the horse and ass, or of getting a cross of any kind between others, and more especially when it is remembered that the embryos of most animals appear to begin much alike. Whether undoubted hybrids, if fertile, can maintain themselves through successive generations without the aid of, and without relapsing toward the parent stocks. These are not new questions, but until they are satisfactorily answered, which they never have been, they are good as new ones. Doubtless we shall be told,



because we have not toiled in this department as long as Professor Huxley or Mr. Darwin, we are thoroughly incompetent as judges in the case. This is a common way of stopping the mouth of inquiry as well as ignorance. But in all humility, we announce ourselves ready to discuss the question in detail when it appears necessary to do so.

Again, variation is brought about by selection, both artificial and natural. We may speak of the latter more at length if it shall seem necessary below. Variation of either kind we gladly admit, but challenge the proof that any species—or whatever else you may call them—as distinct from each other as oaks from pines, or the pea from the bean, or as wheat from oats, or dogs from monkeys, or as monkeys from men, have ever varied, so as to transmute, gradually or otherwise, dogs into monkeys, or monkeys into men.

Then as regards hybrids, in a state of nature they are exceedingly rare. But suppose it were otherwise, the fact of hybridism explains nothing really, especially if the hybrids are sterile. Because before hybridism can come into play you must have two distinct species at least to begin with. The difficulties of the case are all over before you can invoke its aid. The fact of variation is admitted; the only real point in controversy is as to the limits within which it operates. These limits, if such there be, when they are ascertained will be the defining lines of true species. Need we insist that until they are discovered there can be no sound accord in discussion?

Occasional monsters or "freaks of nature" do occur, but beyond these we have found no cases, even in Mr. Darwin's writings, that show a "transmutation" to have been effected between individuals or classes of animals as distinct from each other as monkeys from men. But farther: the variations that have been brought to pass among plants and animals under domestication, are generally such as can only take place in this way. They are rarely or never found in nature. But in the "Darwinian Hypothesis" variations under domestication are employed in reasoning as if they were variations truly natural. But beneath or beyond all such subordinate considerations, we remark that natural or artificial, or any other kind of selection, whether in the past or present, can not account for the origin of species. It only accounts for the preservation or perpetuation of this, or the destruction or disappearance of that form, or species, or variety, or type—only this and nothing more. It leaves wholly untouched the question as to how this form or that came to be

what it was and is. The whole weight of selection misses the point at issue. This is no mere verbal quibble or vain objection. If any one can really see more in this case of natural selection in behalf of the "origin" of species, we should be obliged to them to point it out.

2. We here turn to a consideration of the geological evidences of the truth of the "Darwinian Hypothesis." We do not propose more than a glance at some of the salient features in the case.

Here again, as in the former case, we look for evidence of variation. This geological side of the question is a peculiarly happy one. It has never been tampered with by either the friends or foes of the "Darwinian Hypothesis." It tells an impartial tale without fear or favor. It is quite as impressive in its silence as when it speaks; as potent and as much deserving of attention in its negative as in its positive moods.

Now what evidence is there from this source that classes as distinct from each other as men from monkeys have ever been transmuted by "variation" from the lower into the higher? The transition from one class to another must have been gradual, and the distinct claim is that it was so. Now it is an old objection, we know, that this impartial, imperishable record ought to show some of the transition links, or intermediate terms in the progression, but old or new it has never been answered, and it can never be except by finding the missing links. This is not a question of opinion but of fact. The opinions of all the scientific men in the world are worth nothing in the face of such powerful negative testimony, none the less so because negative. It is hardly necessary to reiterate what every one knows, that such links have never been found. The only possible explanation that can be given in regard to their absence is, that they never existed. If they had existed no reason can be given why they should now be absent when the remains of the groups they connected are so abundant. We can not understand how the supporters of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis can pass along so cheerfully and complacently as they do over or past such an obstacle as this. They assert in the most hopeful and confident manner, though they have not been found, these connecting links will be some day. This may not be done in Mr. Darwin's day, and may not be, indeed, for several hundred years to come; but, strong in scientific truth, they can afford to wait. We assert, not one solitary case has ever been found in the geological record that truly and directly supports Mr. Darwin's hypothesis as to the "origin of species."

We now turn to another difficulty that has always stood in the way of accepting this hypothesis. It can not be denied, and it need not be, that there is an instructive and interesting increase in the number and complexity of types, as we ascend the geological series, from the oldest to the most recent formations. We now put out of sight the question as to whether the true chronological order of formations has been accurately determined. But the point I now call attention to, is not the order of types, but their persistence. The most perfectly graduated, progressive order in the types of organized beings—if it were shown, as it never has been—could not do more than lend a strong presumption in favor of the “Darwinian Hypothesis,” or against the “special creation hypothesis.” The case would be conformable to either view.

The fundamental postulate in the “Darwinian Hypothesis” is that of a “tendency to progressive and continuous variation and modification from lower to higher forms in the plant and animal kingdom.” And it is not the “tendency” simply, but the fact, that is insisted on.

Now we do not know whether it may have appeared to many others as it does to us. But the more we try to reconcile the postulate above mentioned, with the fact of persistence of types, the more irreconcilable do they seem.

We have said the fact of persistence. What evidence have we that types have persisted during the long lapse of time, since the earth first became peopled with living beings? On this point we had already collected evidence, when we fell in with Professor Huxley's address before the Geological Society of London, and which is published in the recent volume entitled “Lay Sermons and Addresses.” In it we found certain statements which we employ instead of our own. 1. Because they are so much more full and satisfactory, and because of the acknowledged ability of Professor Huxley. 2. Because they are from the most conspicuous supporter of Mr. Darwin's views. But here they are:

“We are all accustomed to speak of the number and the extent of the changes in the living population of the globe, during geological time, as something enormous; and indeed they are so, if we regard only the negative differences which separate the older rocks from the more modern, and if we look upon specific and generic changes as great changes, which, from one point of view, they truly are. But leaving the negative differences out of consideration, and looking only at the positive data furnished by the fossil world from a broader point of view—from that of the comparative

anatomist, who has made the study of the greater modifications of animal forms, his chief business—a surprise of another kind dawns upon the mind; and under this aspect the smallness of the total change becomes as astonishing as was its greatness under the other.

“There are two hundred known orders of plants; of these not one is certainly known to exist exclusively in the fossil state. The whole lapse of geological time has as yet yielded not a single new ordinal type of vegetable structure. (Hooker.)

“The positive change in passing from the recent to the ancient animal world is greater, but still singularly small. No fossil animal is so distinct from those now living as to require to be arranged even in a separate class from those which contain existing forms. It is only when we come to the orders, which may be roughly estimated at about a hundred and thirty, that we meet with fossil animals so distinct from those now living as to require orders for themselves; and do not amount, on the most liberal estimate, to more than about ten per cent. of the whole.

“There is no certainly extinct order of *Protozoa*; there is but one among the *Cœlenterata*—that of the rugose corals; there is none among the *Mollusca*; there are three, the *Cystidea*, *Blastoidea*, and *Edrioasterida*, among the *Echinodorms*; and two, the *Trilobita* and *Eurypterida*, among the *Crustacea*—making altogether five, for the great sub-kingdom *Annulosa*. Among vertebrates there is no ordinarily distinct fossil fish. There is only one extinct order of *Amphibia*—the *Labyrinthodonts*; but there are at least four distinct orders of *Reptilia*; namely, *Ichthyosauria*, *Plesiosauria*, *Pterosauria*, *Dinosauria*, and perhaps another or two. There is no known extinct order of birds, and no certainly known extinct order of mammals, the ordinal distinction of the ‘*Toxodontia*’ being doubtful.”

Proving the extinction of species or orders has of course no direct bearing, if any, on the question of their origin. Such statements are valuable only for our present purpose, when they enable us to see how few species or orders have become extinct, as compared with those that persist. Now as regards those species or orders that have persisted, Professor Huxley says, referring to the observations of another:

He stated, on the authority of Dr. Hooker, that there are carboniferous plants which appear to be generically identical with some now living; that the cone of the oölitic *Araucaria* is hardly distinguishable from that of an existing species; that a true *Pinus* appears in the *Pur-*

becks, and a *Juglans* in the chalk; while from the Bagshot sands, a *Banksia*, the wood of which is not distinguishable from that of species now living in Australia, had been obtained.

Turning to the animal kingdom, he affirmed the tabulate corals, of the *Silurian* rocks, to be wonderfully like those which now exist, while even the families of the *Aporosa* were all represented in the older Mesozoic rocks.

Among the *Mollusca* similar facts were adduced. Let it be borne in mind that *Aricula*, *Mytilus*, *Chiton*, *Natica*, *Patella*, *Trochus*, *Disceia*, *Orbicula*, *Lingula*, *Rhynchonella*, and *Nautilus*, all of which are existing genera, are given without a doubt as *Silurian* in the last edition of the "*Siluria*," while the highest forms of the highest *Cephalopods* are represented in the *Lias* by a genus, *Belemnontentis*, which presents the closest relations to the existing *Loligo*.

The two highest groups of the *Annulosa*, the *Insecta* and the *Arachnida*, are represented in the coal, either by existing genera, or by forms differing from existing genera in quite minor peculiarities.

Turning to the *Vertebrate*, the only *Paleozoia* *Elasmobranch* fish, of which we have any complete knowledge, is the *Devonian*, and carboniferous, *Pleura Canthus*, which differs no more from existing sharks than these do from one another.

Again, vast as is the number of undoubtedly *Ganoid* fossil fishes, and great as is their range in time, a large mass of evidence has recently been adduced to show that almost all those respecting which we possess sufficient information, are referable to the same subordinal groups as the existing *Lepidosteus*, *Polypterus*, and sturgeon, and that a singular relation obtains between the older and younger fishes; the former the *Devonian* *Ganoids*, being almost all members of the same suborder as *Polypterus*, while the *Mesozoic* *Ganoids* are almost all similarly allied to *Lepidosteus*.

Again, what can be more remarkable than the singular constancy of structure preserved throughout a vast period of time by the family of the *Pycnodonts* and by that of the true *Coelecanths*—the former persisting with but insignificant modifications from the carboniferous to the tertiary rocks inclusive; the latter existing with still less change from the carboniferous rocks to the chalk inclusive?

Among reptiles, the highest living group, that of the *Crocodylia*, is represented at the early part of the Mesozoic epoch by species identical in the essential characters of their organization with those now living, and differing from

the latter only in such matters as the form of the articular facets of the vertebral centra, in the extent to which the nasal passages are separated from the cavity of the mouth by bone, and the proportions of the limbs.

And even as regards the *Mammalia*, the scanty remains of *Triassic* and *Oölitic* species afford no foundation for the supposition that the organization of the oldest forms differed nearly so much from some of those which now live as these differ from one another.

"It is needless," he continues, "to multiply these instances. Enough has been said to justify the statement, that, in view of the immense diversity of known animal and vegetable forms, and the enormous lapse of time, indicated by the accumulation of fossiliferous strata, the only circumstance to be wondered at is, not that the changes as exhibited by positive evidence have been so great, but that they have been so small."

After these remarkable statements, Professor Huxley takes each great division of the animal kingdom, and in a more summary but not less satisfactory manner, reaches the same conclusion as in the former case, which we here present in his own words, not only for its truthfulness, but because of its applicability to our question:

"These examples might be almost indefinitely multiplied, but they are sufficient to prove that the only safe and unquestionable testimony we can procure—positive evidence—fails to demonstrate any sort of progressive modification toward a less embryonic or less generalized type in a great many groups of animals of long-continued geological existence. In these groups there is abundant evidence of variation—none of what is ordinarily understood as progression; and if the known geological record is to be regarded as even any inconsiderable fragment of the whole, it is inconceivable that any theory of a necessarily progressive development can stand, for the numerous orders and families cited afford no trace of such a process."

Or further on and more comprehensively he sums up the whole matter:

"What, then, does an impartial survey of the positively ascertained truths of paleontology testify in relation to the common doctrines of progressive modification, which suppose that modification to have taken place by a necessary progress from more to less generalized types, within the limits of the period represented by the fossiliferous rocks? It negatives those doctrines; for it either shows us no evidence of any such modification, or demonstrates it to have been very slight; and as to the nature of

that modification, it yields no evidence whatever that the earlier members of any long-continued group were more generalized in structure than the later ones."

Can it be possible these are the utterances of Professor Huxley, who wrote his "Origin of Species" and "Man's Place in Nature," in the direct interest of the "Darwinian Hypothesis?" Can it be possible he is unaware of the logical consequences of these honest, fervent statements in relation to the "Darwinian Hypothesis?" Could any more convincing and emphatic negation of that hypothesis be given? Can it be said after this that "the geological record as a whole" supports the hypothesis in question? Can we esteem the bearings of this great fact of the persistence of types on the "Darwinian Hypothesis," through untold ages in time, and in spite of the remarkable mutations the earth has manifestly undergone since the first fossiliferous rocks were deposited, and in spite of numberless variations—can we esteem it a slight matter? Whatever others may say, we say *no*. To our minds this hypothesis derives not the slightest real support from the geological record. Aside from the great classes of evidence already referred to, what have we that can lend real help to the "Darwinian Hypothesis?" None, so far as we know, except such as may be derived from comparative anatomy. We have just quoted a deliberate expression from Professor Huxley, made from the stand-point of the comparative anatomist. But, however interesting this kind of evidence may be—and it is among the best—we are prepared to say it does not exceed, if it equals, in logical value that already referred to.

We do not undertake to assert the "Darwinian Hypothesis" may not prove true in the future. But we do assert, without the slightest fear of successful contradiction, that as the evidence now stands the hypothesis not only is unproved, but has to face a mass of counter evidence, positive and negative, which there seems to be no other way to conciliate or satisfy except by a bodily surrender.

THE great means of guarding against the errors which surround us, is the diligent, obedient, devout study of God's Word. Errors in doctrine, errors in practice, errors which are floating in the atmosphere in which we live, and which nothing but familiarity with God's Word, and having our minds impregnated with it, will preserve us from imbibing. Only let us remember that it is not merely head-knowledge that we want, but such as is needed by the heart.

## DOWN IN A COPPER MINE.

FOR a week or more I had been wandering about in the strange, wild region of the upper peninsula of Michigan, usually known as Lake Superior. First I had spent a few days at Negaunee and Ishpeming, among the iron mines, where some of the richest ores are found, and some of the best metal in the world is made; where the supply seems inexhaustible, and where, though most of the ore is sent away to be manufactured into pigs elsewhere, yet the small number of furnaces now in operation in the immediate vicinity consume in the aggregate the fuel furnished by forty-eight acres of average wood-land every week. From Negaunee I had gone to Marquette, down the inclined plane of the railway, descending a thousand feet in about thirteen miles. A steam-boat sail by night brings us with the early morning to the long, narrow, crooked inlet known as Portage Lake, lying low down between two ranges of hills which crowd close together as if grudging room for the lake, which, nevertheless, manages to spread itself out pretty broadly in places, and to stretch itself so nearly across the Kewenaw Peninsula that the government is constructing a canal at the westerly extremity to connect it with Lake Superior, and so make a short cut for vessels and steamers doing business in these northern waters. A stop of two days at Houghton and Hancock, villages of some importance, and fastened somehow curiously on the sides of the hills facing each other, with the narrow lake between, had begun to familiarize me with the copper mining business, as here we just fairly enter into the copper region. There are some half a dozen large mines in the immediate vicinity, and others not far off. From Hancock to Eagle River is a not very long day's ride, but over a fearfully rough road most of the way in rude coaches, but with good-natured though not very pious drivers, who are yet very generous in offering to treat their passengers at every little log tavern where they stop to water their horses and quench their own thirst. The country is not thoroughly subdued, and has a kind of defiant air, as if it considered itself, on the whole, superior to any civilization which had yet invaded it. We passed through several mining settlements, most of them now abandoned; for out of more than a hundred mines that have been opened and worked, only about a dozen are now in operation. The demand for copper is comparatively small; and though the deposits here are probably richer than almost anywhere else in the world, yet the expense is so great that it requires a very rich

mine and excellent facilities for working to be profitable. It is pitiful to see dilapidated and tenantless settlements around the unworked mines, upon some of which hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended. In going a few miles some hundreds of these comfortable block-houses, constructed by the companies for the miners' families, are seen without an inhabitant.

The Calumet mine, near which we stopped for dinner, is a comparatively new mine, and is one of the richest and most profitable in the world. The copper here is not, as in most of the mines, found principally in large masses, but diffused nearly uniformly through the rock, the latter yielding an unusually large per cent. of the pure metal. This mine with the Hecla near it, and two or three others, are probably the only ones at present which are paying any profit to their owners.

The last few miles of our ride furnished us with an interesting contrast to the previous experiences of the day. The roads became hard and smooth, and toward night an opening in the ridge, on the south-west side of which we had been traveling all the afternoon, afforded us a picturesque passage out toward Eagle River and the western shore. It was a magnificent spectacle; the waters of Superior apparently as boundless as those of the ocean; the sun declining rapidly and almost touching their surface, making them glow like molten silver, while the little hamlet, with its dilapidated and weather-beaten appearance, yet seemed to say it has a "mission," which it will accomplish as soon as the Government gets the rocks out of the harbor which it is trying to improve.

At the hotel I found Tom D., a junior in our college, with a buggy to take me to his father's, at the central mine several miles away. It was a delightful drive up over the long cliff again, with the wild picturesque country below us, and the great inland sea stretching away off to the western and northern horizon. I had a hospitable welcome at Captain D.'s, and most agreeable entertainment, both in the family and among the many objects and scenes of interest in the vicinity. The central mine is in the moderately elevated and nearly continuous range which forms the backbone of the Kewenaw Peninsula, which juts out into the lake in a northerly and easterly direction from the main land. It is only a few miles from the outermost point. The mine itself is one of those moderately prosperous ones which, by economical and careful management, is kept in good condition, pays good wages to its employés, and yields a good, fair, steady profit to its owners. The company owns all

the property in the vicinity. It builds neat, cheap, but comfortable and convenient block-houses—that is, of hewn logs—for the miners' families, for which they pay a reasonably low rent. There are, on the average, about two hundred and fifty men employed. The wages, in 1868, of those who worked under ground averaged about \$52.50 per month, while those who worked on the surface averaged a little more than \$44. They pay each a certain sum every month for medical attendance; there is also a benevolent fund for the sick or otherwise unfortunate to which all contribute. All the supplies of every kind are furnished at the company's store at a slight per cent. in advance of the actual cost. It will be seen that while the wages are pretty good, the cost of living is not high, and there are very few families who are not in a comfortable condition. Most of the miners are Cornish men from England, but there is also a considerable number of Irish, Germans, Danes, and Swedes, with now and then a Yankee. Captain D. is the superintendent of the under-ground work, or the mining captain. It had been my desire all along to go down into a mine, but for one reason or another I had been prevented till the last of my visit. At Hancock they told me I had come in a bad time. Here at the central the friends had represented the undertaking in a discouraging aspect, and it had been put off from day to day. The last day of my stay had come, and it was then or never with me, so I determined it should be then. I got up in the morning sick, weak, and dizzy. The day before Tom and I had gone out about ten miles to visit a beautiful region in the vicinity of Lac La Belle. While there we had climbed up the ridge, which here grows more precipitous, and had also ascended a prominent elevation which springs up above the general range, almost the highest point on the peninsula, affording, in a clear day, a grand view of the land and of the lake on both sides, and the far-off northern shore in British America. The enterprise was something more than we had bargained for. Losing our way, we had got entangled in a vast maze of fallen trees cut down to make an outlook from a station near by, and which formed an abatis which would have been the delight of a defensive army in time of war. It was a fearful place to get into, and nearly impossible to get out of. We barely escaped by patient and painful persistence, suffering some in body, raiment, mind, and moral character. The view, after all, was not what we had hoped; the thick, smoky condition of the atmosphere narrowing our horizon to a small circumference, giving us little more than

the marvelously beautiful little lake opening out into the great inland sea, and some square miles of rude but picturesque wild country. Then, too, we had been assaulted by an army of the most villainous, and blood-thirsty, and utterly remorseless mosquitoes I ever saw. They became a multitudinous torment. The handkerchiefs with which we tried to brush them from us were stained with blood, as were our foreheads, necks, and hands. When we stopped to partake of the luncheon Tom had thoughtfully brought along, they massed their forces and came down upon us with tenfold energy. They were hungrier than we were. We did not eat so much as we were eaten. We surrendered at discretion, and were escorted down the mountain and sent under a strong guard back to the central mine, very much dilapidated and quite sick. Even a night's sleep had not cured me: and but for my determination to get an inside view of the copper business, I should hardly have thought of leaving the house for the day. As it was I dared not tell my friends of my condition, lest they should interpose new obstacles.

About nine o'clock, with Tom and Captain D., I went to the building at the entrance of one of the shafts. There are four of these; two vertical, opening from different points in the side of the hill; one horizontal, beginning well down toward the foot of the hill; and one "incline," running at an angle of about thirty-two degrees, on which, when completed, it is proposed to put a "man-engine," to go up and down with persons and things.

To go into the mine it is necessary to put on the miner's garb. I accordingly took off my own clothes and got into a good thick pair of drawers, over which I drew on stout duck trowsers. I also put on a good warm undershirt and over it a coarse loose jacket. Then a pair of heavy and capacious boots at one end of my person, and at the other a thick, clumsy hat, which had evidently seen service both as a covering and a helmet, and was thoroughly incrustated with a coating of clay and grease, completed my array. A tallow candle, with a ball of plastic and adhesive clay rolled around the lower end, so that in ascending and descending the ladder it might be readily fastened to the hat, was placed in my hand, and I was in the full uniform of, and no doubt was as prepossessing as, the average miner.

The captain opened a door and a very modest hole in the ground appeared; also a ladder, upon which he easily swung himself and bade me follow. The ladders are firmly fixed, their rounds made of iron, wet, and cold, and muddy

to handle; but they must be handled; for it is too late to shrink from dirt when you have once made up your mind to go into a mine. The ladders are not very long; but it is like going down into a well of small diameter, and when you get to the bottom of it, going on down into another, and then into another under that, and so on. The walls are dark and glistening around you and dripping with moisture, and every way unrelenting. After going down thirty or forty feet we are at the "adit." From this they begin to reckon the "levels" downward. These are horizontal cuts—some of them half a mile long, and on the average from four to six feet square. They are parallel to the adit and directly under it. There are ten of them, having a nominal distance of ten fathoms between them; though I believe the real distance is on the average considerably more. The tenth level is about eight hundred feet below the main entrance.

After walking along the adit for a good many rods, we began again to descend, now a long ladder and now a very short one; sometimes for a while in a level or passing along in it; now standing upright, and then crouching almost to the ground; here clambering over high piles of broken, jagged rocks with great difficulty, and there pursuing the track of a veritable underground railroad, which has, however, none of the poetry, nor the romance, nor yet the sort of stern facts, we have been accustomed to associate with the name—albeit the facts are stern enough connected with this and others like it. By the time I had gone down the first few ladders I felt very weak in my limbs, and a certain uncomfortable feeling in my head and chest made me a little apprehensive as to the result of my undertaking. Once or twice I thought what an interesting situation I should be in if I should get down to the bottom of the mine and then find myself too sick and too much exhausted to climb up again. Still I was too much interested to allow these thoughts to trouble me.

It was not till we were nearly half-way to the bottom of the mine that I saw much work going on. There and at other places further on, some men were conveying the rocks and dirt in cars along the tram-way to the junctions of the vertical shafts with the levels, where the material would be emptied into the great "skiffs," to be raised to the surface by steam-power, and there to be sorted, and so much of it as could be made profitable prepared for the stamping-mills, or shipped in mass. Others were putting in the "lagging" or massive wood-work—timbers, props and stays, both to keep the rock from

falling in at the side, and to keep the stones and dirt from rattling down uncomfortably overhead—to both of which disagreeable liabilities the miners in these formations are exposed. This wood-work is also used for supports to the “stopes” into which the men work from the levels above, and for the “shutes” down which they slide the rocky fragments into the cars that run along the levels. Some were engaged in drilling and blasting their way to extend their levels or sinking the vertical shafts or the “incline” still deeper. We did not always go down the main shafts in passing from one level to another; but sometimes down what are called “winzes,” made partly for ventilation and partly for convenience of passage from place to place. At one point the miners were hauling the large metallic masses by means of systems of pulleys, slowly and tediously to a convenient place for working. Others still were cutting the huge unwieldy fragments into pieces that could be handled. Some of these masses of nearly pure copper weigh more than a hundred tons. They have to be cut into smaller fragments by a very slow and laborious process with cold chisels. The mass can not be broken like iron and other ores. Three persons usually work together at one cutting—two holding the chisel, while the third strikes with the sledge. A furrow of perhaps three-quarters of an inch, taking out a thin chip, is first made across the surface, and this is deepened by a continued process, till the mass is cut through.

I ought to say that the mines of Lake Superior, unlike those of almost any other locality in the world, furnish the copper in masses or diffused in small quantities through the rock—not in chemical combination with any other substance. With a single exception, I believe, no *ores* of copper are found in all this region. Some of the masses are of enormous size. When I was at the mines there had recently been detached in the Phœnix, not far from the Central, a mass, most of it pure copper, weighing, it was estimated, more than five hundred tons. It would probably take a year or two, with all the force that could conveniently be put upon it, to cut it up so that it could be lifted out of the mine and prepared for transportation. The pieces when shipped are frequently very large. I saw one on the wharf at Eagle Harbor which weighed nine tons, and there was very little but pure metal in it.

It was after much toil that I reached the lowest “level,” literally the “last ditch.” It is between eight and nine hundred feet below the entrance of the principal shaft. The miners are still sinking the shaft and preparing to

make another level below the tenth. I was very weary, yet not much more so than when I had gone one or two hundred feet. The temperature is not so much lower down deep in the mine than at the surface, as I had anticipated. At most of the places where we examined the thermometer, we found the mercury standing at 65 or 60 degrees. The lowest point indicated was where there was a strong draft, and there it was 55 degrees.

As toilsome as I had found the descent, the ascent was much more so. I soon grew painfully weary and much out of breath. I was often compelled to sit down and rest. Even so, I found myself staggering as I walked along, and that, too, where staggering was not a very safe thing to do. After much climbing, interspersed with much resting, my companions, who were accustomed to this kind of work and not needing the respite, good-naturedly and patiently waiting my slower motion, we reached the “forty-fathom level” three hundred feet below the surface. We traveled along this till we came to the incline, which considerate Captain D. thought I had better try “just for a change.” This, it will be remembered, runs straight from the surface, crossing the levels at an angle of thirty-two degrees. Up this we began to toil. The first part of the way it was indescribably rough. Great heaps of broken rock and loose dirt have to be clambered over, none the less difficult for lying between the great timbers of the yet unfinished incline. It was doubtful if we had gained much by the exchange of the ladders for this formidable “hill difficulty.” But I consoled myself with the philosophy of Sambo, who prophesied in a certain case that whichever of two roads the travelers took, they would not go far before they would wish they had taken the other.

Still my strength held out, and in good time we reached a point whence there were better facilities for traveling—a plank floor with brackets of plank nailed on for steps—though still steep and slippery. Looking up from this point I saw away off in the incalculable distance a glimmer of light, like the moon trying to look through a thin place in a thick cloud on a stormy night. I was reluctantly made to believe that it was the opening at entrance to the mine; but the distance seemed so immeasurable that I could hardly accept the theory. But applying myself laboriously to the ascent, I found the surface of the earth not so far away as it had seemed; just as I suppose the earnest Christian absorbing himself in his legitimate Christian work finds heaven nothing like so far away as when he is looking lazily and longingly

for it and nothing else. It seemed good to sit down and breathe the upper air once more.

A considerable proportion of the material taken out of the mine is pure copper. The larger masses, when cut up into pieces convenient for hauling—that is, weighing from a few hundred pounds to a few tons—are hauled away to be shipped. Smaller fragments are also picked out of the debris which is being continually brought up. Much of the rock is, of course, worthless, but a large proportion of what is left after the mass copper is culled out is sent to the stamping-mill to be pulverized and washed. The “stamps” are enormous pestles worked by a kind of trip-hammer arrangement. Each pestle weighs more than half a ton, and the force with which it comes down on the helpless rock grinds it to sand. There are four pestles in a set, and about a dozen sets. When they are all, or even half of them in operation, the din is quite equal to that of which the Cyclops are accused. The rocky fragments are let down through a kind of hopper from a bin behind the stamps, and are crushed between the latter and an iron floor beneath. A stream of water runs over the floor, carrying away whatever is ground off by the successive blows of the pestles into a vat, where the heavier portions containing the copper sink to the bottom, while the lighter and worthless sand is washed away. The former are taken up and exposed to successive washings by means of an ingenious apparatus, the more worthless material always passing off with the water till the comparatively pure copper dust remains, which is put up in barrels to be sent away to the markets or the furnaces.

In the central and most of the other mines in the vicinity the percentage of copper in the rock subjected to the process of stamping is small, not more than about two and one-half per cent. I think. If there were no mass-copper it would not pay for working. In the Calumet Mine, where the copper is not found in masses at all, but pretty uniformly distributed through the rock, the metal averages about nine per cent. This is accounted the richest mine in the whole region and perhaps in the world.

The following are the statistics of the central mine for 1868, as given me by Dr. Whittlesey, resident physician: Product, 1,077 tons and 859 pounds; yielding copper weight, 80.25 per cent.; or, of marketable copper, 900 tons and 942 pounds; sold at an average per pound of twenty-four cents. Receipts, \$434,326.56; expenses, \$304,914.91; net profit, \$129,411.65. There was a dividend of \$3.50 per share—par value of share \$25—leaving a large reserve.

This makes the investment here a pretty good one, giving an annual profit of some fourteen per cent. But it must be remembered that this is one of the only four or five that yield any profit out of more than a hundred that have been opened and worked, some of them at enormous expense.

## BEWARE OF MOLE-HILLS.

### CHAPTER I.

“**H**EAR me, what a tiresome day! I’m sure the hours seem twice as long as usual. Why do n’t it stop raining?” and Mrs. Montfort yawned, looked out of the window at the cloudy sky, and yawned again.

“I declare,” said she, “there goes that woman again in the same identical old brown dress, which looks as if it had been worn half a century at least. Every day she passes, armed with parasol or umbrella as occasion may require, a veil over her face and a book in her hand. And there’s another poor, forlorn-looking creature just behind her. How fast she walks! it really tires me to watch her. Well, I’m very sure I should n’t like to go tramping at that rate through rain and slush on such a day. Why, how cold it is getting!” and the lady turned shivering from the window.

Drawing a softly cushioned chair up to the fire, she sank into its tempting depths with another yawn. Taking up a book she sought to interest herself in its contents; a few pages only were perused, and the volume thrown half contemptuously upon a table beside her.

“Pshaw! I should go to sleep over that dull thing. Harry need n’t bring me such books, for I won’t read them,” and the pretty mouth assumed for the moment a very defiant expression.

“Well, what next? O dear, what a bore such horrid weather is! One can’t go out, and, of course, for the same reason nobody comes. By the way, I wanted so much to drive down to Craig’s to-day to examine the new styles for trimming, for really I am at my wits’ end in regard to that very thing. There’s my new blue silk still at Madam Emmett’s waiting for the trimmings, and every thing I’ve seen seems so very commonplace. I wonder if my new magazine has come.”

She arose and, touching the bell, summoned to her room a pleasant-looking girl, who entered quietly and stood waiting for the lady’s orders.

“Jane, has my fashion-book come yet?”

“No, ma’am, not yet,” replied Jane.

“How provoking! Do throw on your cloak



and hat, then, Jane, and run down to Clay's store and get me one; I must have it at once."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl, glancing dubiously out of the window at the dashing rain.

A few moments later and she was wending her way down the street, retaining her footing with difficulty, for it was now sleeting fast.

"I wish fine ladies had something else to do than sit over the fire and think about the fashions. Fine day to send me out in the driving rain and sleet on such an errand, and me just getting over such a terrible cold too. There, it will be a wonder if I do n't get my neck broke before I get back," added the girl, catching hold of an open gate, as her feet gave evidence of slipping from beneath her. "That's the second time I have just saved myself from a fall. How I am ever to get back again is more than I can say, for it's growing worse and worse, and every drop freezes as it falls. Ten to one there won't be a thing in the book worth looking at when she gets it," and the poor girl went on, slowly and cautiously, till the store was reached. Procuring the book she started on her homeward route. She had gone but a few steps before she again slipped, and would have fallen had it not been for the strong arm of a gentleman who was just in the act of passing her. Looking up to thank him, to her surprise she met the kindly eyes of Mr. Montfort.

"Why, Jane," said he, "what induced you to go out on such a day as this? You should not have done so; it is really dangerous."

"I did n't come for my own pleasure, sir," replied the girl rather shortly, for she was beginning to feel rather unkindly toward her mistress for subjecting her to such danger and inconvenience.

"You did not? Where, then, are you going?"

"Going home now, or at least trying to. I was sent to Clay's on an errand," said she.

"By Mrs. Montfort?" asked he.

"Yes, sir."

"Then the errand must have been an important one."

"Yes, sir, very. My mistress was in need of a fashion-book," replied the girl.

Mr. Montfort bit his lip. "Your mistress was not aware of the condition of the streets, of course. I will send you home, however, in safety. Tell your mistress I shall probably be late this evening, as important business will detain me," he said as he hailed an omnibus and put her in, adding, as he paid her fare, "there, now, you can ride to the door."

Mrs. Montfort thought the girl gone a long time, and was half inclined to be angry with her.

"I declare, it is getting dark, and she has not come yet. Any one else could have walked the distance half a dozen times over. I hope there's something new out. I'm tired to death of the old styles remodeled. Won't it be splendid if I can get mine done before Mrs. Morris has a chance to wear her's! Why do n't that girl come?" and again she walked to the window. As she stood there the front door of a house just opposite was opened, and a lady stepped out and glanced hastily up and down the street. It was a pleasant face, with speaking eyes, and a half-smiling, half-anxious expression about the lips. Stepping back again she stood just inside the open door, sheltered from the rain, yet exposed to the cold, damp air of the rainy evening. A tidy-looking girl came out of an adjoining room and, approaching the lady, threw a shawl over her shoulders. With a smile and a word of thanks the lady drew it around her, and the girl laughed knowingly as she disappeared again. A moment later a gentleman opened the gate and ascended the stone steps. A bright look passed over the fair young face waiting at the door, and the gentleman held up a finger and shook his head, as if reproving her for waiting in the cold. She looked up in his face as she told how anxious she had been, since the walking was so dangerous. Bending down he kissed her, and throwing an arm around her drew her into the hall, and the front door was closed.

"Pshaw! what nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Montfort, who had watched this little scene from her window. "I declare it quite sickens me. Every day, Winter and Summer, she meets him at the door with just such a smile and tender greeting as that, just as if he was still the lover and not the husband. Harry and I got over all that nonsense long ago, and I'm sure they have been married longer than we. Dear me, what a fuss he makes over that child!" she added, as she looked into the cheerful, pleasant parlor where the father tossed up a curly headed little fellow, who laughed and crowed in a perfect glee, while a little girl, two or three years his senior, leaned upon her mother's knee, laughing gayly at little brother's merry pranks. "Well, well," said the watcher across the street, "they do seem happy after all. Mr. Gillmore always appears so full of life and good spirits; there's a kind of sunshine about him that does seem rather pleasant, though they are sometimes a trifle loving and correspondingly simple. It's a long time since Harry and I indulged in any thing of that sort. There's precious little gallantry about him now, and home seems to have become merely a place to stay when

there are no others open to him. He is polite though as ever, even more so if possible—in fact sometimes so frigidly ceremonious that his manner chills me. I've tried to equal him in that respect, but do n't think I succeed very well; it really requires too much of an effort, and I am naturally indolent. Well, it's too late now to change matters; and yet it might have been different if our little Willie had lived. Harry might have loved home better then," and the lady's eyes glistened for a moment with tears, as visions of a little grave arose before her, and her thoughts reverted to a time when her husband did love home, and they were very happy. Wherefore the change? As she turned from the window an omnibus drove up and paused before the door. "What can that mean?" exclaimed she, again looking out. "I do hope we are not to suffer the infliction of a visit from some country cousin."

To her great amazement Jane stepped out and entered the gate, and the vehicle rolled on down the street.

"Upon my word, if that is n't putting on airs! Where on earth can that girl have been, I should like to know," said Mrs. Montfort indignantly, resuming her seat by the fire.

Jane went to the kitchen to hang up her dripping garments, and sat down beside the stove a moment to dry her feet before proceeding to Mrs. Montfort's room. Scarcely had she settled herself comfortably in a warm corner before the violent ringing of the bell startled her.

"Ah! my lady is in great haste for the fashions," exclaimed Jane, starting up to answer the call.

As she turned to leave the room a look of blank dismay spread itself over her face.

"O, that book, I have lost it after all," she cried, searching for it among her wrappings.

"You did not have it when you came in," said the cook.

"Then I must have left it in the omnibus. I laid it down, and do not remember taking it up again. O dear! Mrs. Montfort will be so angry. What shall I do?"

"Of course she will be angry, you may depend upon that," replied the cook with a knowing look.

A second ringing of the bell called the girl at once to her mistress' room. Jane tremblingly obeyed. A glance at Mrs. Montfort's face was enough to convince her that she was both angry and impatient.

"What is the meaning of this delay, Jane?" asked she in a severe tone.

Jane began to excuse herself by giving an account of the slippery condition of the streets,

which forced her to walk slowly. She related how she had unexpectedly met Mr. Montfort just as she was about to fall, and how he had put her in the 'bus for safety.

"Ridiculous! for that short distance, a great, stout girl like you. But where is the book?"

Now came the hardest part of the poor girl's task, and with difficulty she stammered forth the story of its loss.

In her anger Mrs. Montfort quite lost sight of her dignity, and after heaping considerable abuse upon the girl, ordered her from her presence, saying, "And I've a great mind to send you out for another this very night."

"And I would n't go if you did," muttered Jane under her breath as she left the room.

It was considerably past the usual hour for tea when Mr. Montfort made his appearance, a circumstance which did not tend to improve his wife's temper. There were no pleasant words of greeting awaiting him, nor did he appear to expect any thing of the kind. The meal passed in an uncomfortable silence, neither making the least effort to please or entertain the other. After tea they returned to the parlor. Mrs. Montfort threw herself languidly upon a sofa, while her husband drew his chair up to the fire, and was soon apparently engaged in the contents of the book which his wife had that afternoon thrown carelessly aside.

"Have you looked over this new work yet, Julia?" asked he at length, turning toward the quiet figure upon the sofa.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Very interesting, is n't it? Something so new and fresh about the style."

"On the contrary, I thought it exceedingly old-fashioned and positively stupid," said she.

Mr. Montfort made no reply. Turning again to the book he was soon deeply interested, regretting the while that his wife was not pleased with it, and thinking what a pleasure it would be to read it aloud, pausing now and then to exchange thoughts in regard to some particular portion worthy of special attention.

"I wish," thought he, "that she had a higher appreciation of these things, it would be such a pleasant source from which to draw mutual enjoyment and improvement."

An hour passed on, and the book was laid aside.

"Ah! you have grown weary of it too, I see," said Mrs. Montfort with an air of triumph.

"By no means; I think it a work of unusual merit and exceedingly interesting, and really believe you would agree with me, if you would but read enough to gain a clear insight into the character of the book."

"In my opinion it is not worth the effort," said she.

"I only laid it down, my dear, to tell you of some news I received to-day from home. You know mother has been talking a long time about visiting us, and she writes me that she intends coming next week."

"Which is a piece of very unwelcome news, I assure you," answered the lady tartly.

"A circumstance deeply to be regretted, though of little avail in this case," he replied, bowing gravely.

"You know your mother does not like me, and my own feelings toward her are of the same character. Of course the visit can not be pleasant, and you should have known better than to invite her," retorted she.

"You forget she is my mother. I shall never cease to show her the attention, consideration, and love which is her just due, and shall at least expect my wife to act as becomes a lady in her own house toward her guests."

"As for that, Mr. Montfort, be assured I shall put myself to very little extra trouble."

"And that, as a matter of course, will improve matters wonderfully," replied Mr. Montfort coolly.

"It is quite immaterial to me either way," said she.

A chilling silence ensued. Mr. Montfort soon retired to his library, where his evenings, when at home, were usually spent, and Mrs. Montfort sought her own room, sighing half regretfully over the shadows which daily grew perceptibly darker, enveloping their home in a chilling atmosphere of gloom and depressing sadness, yet incapable of understanding or averting the cause.

Jane, in the mean while, sat in the kitchen still brooding over the language her mistress had used to her, declaring at the same time her intention of looking out for another home as quickly as possible. Cook too had her grievances to relate, and began casting about in her own mind as to whether it would not be best to provide herself with a new situation also. Was that a well-ordered, happy household?

The expected visit, though not again alluded to, was by no means forgotten. Mrs. Montfort felt that it would be exceedingly embarrassing to be left without help at such a time, and be obliged in consequence to wait upon the old lady herself; nor was she blind to the fact of her own incompetency to manage the affairs of her household. As for procuring others to take the place of the dissatisfied domestics, that was a thought too appalling to be harbored for a moment, and Mrs. Montfort turned from it with

a feeling of dread, saying, "It is too much trouble, I can't think of it," and accordingly cook's wages were raised, while Jane rejoiced in the possession of one of the lady's cast-off silk dresses, and the matter was thus glossed over for a time.

The following week the elder Mrs. Montfort arrived. Her son met her upon her arrival in the city and conducted her with all kindness and attention to his own home, where she was received by her daughter-in-law with frigid politeness. The kind old lady felt rather uncomfortable and ill at ease, and but for the pleasure of seeing her son would almost have regretted coming to so inhospitable a home. Indeed, had it not been for him she would scarcely have remained an hour beneath its roof; for his sake alone she resolved to shut her eyes to her daughter-in-law's coolness and intentional slights, and accordingly affected a blindness and indifference to them which she was far from feeling. She tried to seem at home, at least when her son was present, but seldom entered the parlor when he was not there, preferring the quiet of her own room during his absence. His wife never intruded her company upon her, and seldom paid her any attention save when necessity or common politeness required it. A great portion of her time was spent in scenes of gaiety and frivolity in which her husband took no interest, and the estrangement widened between them, becoming daily more apparent and impassable.

Mr. Montfort was quiet and gentlemanly, never once retorting angrily to his wife's sarcasms, always showing her the politeness and attention which he felt was due to her position as his wife: and yet in that careful regard for outward formalities, in that very politeness and deference there was a something so cold, so bleak and chilling, that it seemed sufficient of itself to freeze every spark of warmth and love from out a woman's heart. Ay, just as surely and truly as neglect or harshness might ever do. Mrs. Montfort, the elder, looked on with pain. That each was unhappy she was sure, and she longed to make peace between them, yet felt powerless to take a single step toward such a result, knowing that neither understood the other, and both were too proud and high-spirited to permit interference from a third party. She knew too that Julia was prejudiced against her, having once overheard a remark she had made, to the effect that she was not intellectually a suitable companion for her son. Julia never forgave her, nor evinced the slightest friendliness for her after that. The old lady had never before visited her son, though he

often went back to the old home to spend a few happy days with his mother.

One clear, cold morning the young wife sat listlessly in her room idly turning over the pages of a new novel. Her wandering thoughts refused to be chained down to the subject before her, though the book was one with which at another time she would have been delighted. There were moments, however, when she felt that life was very unsatisfactory and very different from that to which she had looked forward before her marriage. These feelings came more frequently of late, and usually asserted their power after a glance at the happiness so apparent in the home across the street. She would sometimes sit beside her window in the gathering darkness, and watch for the coming of the husband almost as anxiously as the wife herself, only for the sake of witnessing the meeting between the two; and though with her lips she would often say, "What nonsense! how foolish!" yet deep within her heart arose a craving for such kindness, and an insatiable yearning for such true affection. At times, even then, she would turn away exclaiming half petulantly, "How simple! why should I grow sentimental now? Away with such thoughts." And yet again and again would they make themselves heard, and as often would she find herself at the window looking longingly upon the lively, joyous group in the parlor opposite, contrasting its brightness with the quiet, stately grandeur of her own, where every thing wore a cold, forbidding look, as if in keeping with the hearts and daily lives of the possessors. Such were her thoughts one cold Winter morning as she sat alone in her room. The sudden ringing of the door bell aroused her from the reverie into which she had fallen.

"Some caller, I suppose," exclaimed she. "Well, any thing for the sake of being relieved from these somber reflections. I'm really growing too sensitive and sentimental, and the time for these things has passed. I must overcome it," and a deep sigh followed the words. Jane entered and handed her mistress a card. Glancing at the name, the lady smilingly hastened down stairs to welcome the friend who was waiting. She was always very affable to company, and had won quite a reputation for sociability and hospitality among her friends, but Jane rather rudely styled this "company manners."

After chatting for some time upon various subjects, the visitor suddenly exclaimed, with animation, "By the way, my dear Mrs. Montfort, did you notice that tall lady dressed in black who sat in Doctor Mitchell's pew last Sunday?"

"Yes, I noticed how gracefully she walked down the aisle and took her seat, but I did not see her face. The family all seemed to show her a great deal of attention. Have you any idea who she is?"

"Yes, I was introduced to her at Professor Wilson's a few days since. She is some relation to Doctor Mitchell, a niece I think, and has come to make a visit of some length. Her home is in some distant city; I can not now remember just where. She is very pretty, and seems a perfect lady. I have taken a wonderful fancy to her, in fact, and think I will call on her. What say you? Shall I have the pleasure of your company?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Morris, if you design calling upon her I shall be pleased to accompany you; but you have not yet told me her name?"

"True, but really I could not now if I would, for it has escaped my memory entirely. Very odd, too, for I know it well."

"You will probably be able to recall it by and by. But when shall we go?"

"As soon as possible. Mrs. Mitchell desires her friends to call, for of course she wishes to make the visit a pleasant one. You know it is natural for us all to wish to do all we can to make strangers feel at home, especially among those of our own circle. I love to entertain strangers so."

Mrs. Montfort winced as she thought of her mother-in-law in her lonely room upstairs, of whose presence in that home scarcely any one was aware.

"Well, then," said she, "let us go to-morrow. I will drive down for you at three, and we shall then have time to call on this stranger, and stop also at Mrs. Blake's a few moments, and then go from there down to Madam Emmett's to inquire about the newest styles, as I have a couple of dresses to be made."

"Your suggestion is a very good one, but really I must be off; so now, my dear, adieu till to-morrow," and the lively little woman kissed her hand to her friend as she tripped gayly down the marble steps.

Very pretty and stylish did Mrs. Montfort look upon the following day, arrayed in the new silk and warmly wrapped up in her velvets and furs. Quite conscious of this fact, it was with a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure that she turned from her mirror and left the room.

As she reached the hall below, a soft voice said, gently, "Are you going out, Julia?"

"Yes," was the brief reply, and her eyes met those of the old lady who stood at the parlor door. Something in the pleasant, motherly look touched her, and almost against her will she

turned back to say, "I shall return in time for dinner."

The elder Mrs. Montfort smiled and nodded pleasantly.

"It is very cold," she said. "Are you warmly dressed?"

"O yes, thank you, I shall scarcely feel it," and she swept past her and walked down to the carriage.

As she rolled away the old lady looked after her, saying, "How strange! I never knew her to say 'thank you' before; it is so unusual for her to make use of such an expression that I really am surprised. How pretty she is, and how pleasant and lovable she might be if she would!"

Driving at once to the residence of Mrs. Morris, who was waiting, the two ladies proceeded to Doctor Mitchell's. Entering the parlor their cards were sent up, and in a few moments Mrs. Mitchell appeared, accompanied by her visitor. She greeted the callers with lady-like grace and ease, and turned to introduce her niece.

To the utter amazement of all Mrs. Montfort suddenly sprang forward and, grasping the stranger's hands, drew her to her, exclaiming, excitedly, "My dear Ella! my long-lost friend, can this indeed be you!"

"O, Julia! Julia! how delighted I am to find you again!" was the answer as the two were clasped in a warm embrace. Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Morris meanwhile stood by, gazing in silent surprise upon the strange scene.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### "THE PLEASURE-GROUND OF THE NATION."

**C**OLORADO is fast becoming the pleasure-ground of the tourist and the Mecca of the invalid. Here come old travelers, Alpine adventurers, and the sight-seers of all nations, to pronounce the development of the picturesque in our mountain scenery excelling the famous views of Switzerland. They ride, and tramp, and climb, and fish; camp out and cook their own dinners; wear rough clothes, get fat and jolly, and go away in love with the mountains, the parks, the lakes, and rivers. They promise themselves another Summer's vacation amid the cool freshness of the evergreen hills. And the invalids overwhelm us; they fill the hotels, they crowd the baths, they make pilgrimages to the hot springs, they gulp in health with the Alpine breezes, they guzzle down quarts of mineral water, they make themselves horrible and ab-

surd, but they get well or very much improve, and go away in love with Colorado. When we consider that hundreds of tourists have visited this country during the past Summer, and also that this is the first year they have had the accommodation of the two great Pacific railroads, we must conclude that this is destined to be the pleasure-ground of the nation; that from here to the shores of the western ocean are piled the wonders of the world, are buried the riches of Golconda and the Indies, are grouped the most intoxicating beauties of scene that ever artist dimly caught through the glamor of his most utopian dream. We must conclude that Saratoga, already rather *passé*, will be exchanged for the invigorating springs of Idaho City, or the hot fountains of Middle Park, or the cold soda springs of Colorado City, that bubble up with sparkling gusto under the very brow of that old storm-ridden, bald-headed giant, Pike's Peak; that Niagara will give place to Shoshonee; that the hundred places of resort, crowded with cant, and fashion, and dissipation, where women go to flaunt their gay silks and muslins, and men to display their elegant equipages, and both to build up, perhaps, a falling fortune by skillfully angling for matrimonial game; where the days are frittered away in nonsense, and the nights worse than wasted, in tiresome and demoralizing dances, intoxicating drinks, and flirtation, will be given up—these places where people go avowedly to enjoy the beauties of Nature and God's pure country air, but where there is really nothing natural and no comfort—for the free hills and valleys of the glorious West, there to drink in life, and health, and hope with every breath of air, to revel in wild magnificence under the ennobling influence of these grand, majestic views, to grow better and wiser studying the vast mechanism of the universe under the blue of highland skies, lulled to peace by the tinkle of the water-fall, the sougning of the pine-tops, the rush of the never-tiring river; to forget the hackneyed chat of the worldling, the carping tongue of fashion, to drift into a new life of freedom and sweetness.

Colorado especially is fated to become a Summer resort. So many charming scenes present themselves to the admiring eye, so many magnificent pictures burst unannounced upon the vision in every ride or ramble, that the excursionist coincides with Bayard Taylor in his verdict on Colorado, and names it the "Switzerland of America." The atmosphere is so peculiarly dry and free from all miasma that it is very healthful, and furnishes such a tonic to the system that, coming in from the "States"

tired and weary on the night train, you feel able to walk to the foot hills in the morning enjoying with keen zest the fresh breeze careering down from the cloudy ranges. The water is cold and clear, and bubbles out, sparkling from every other ledge of rock upon the road. To the weary, heated, surfeited denizen of the distant town, I can imagine no pleasanter change in the broiling days of August than a dash into the cool, spicy, mountainous forests of Colorado.

Leaving Denver, that gem in the green setting of the plains, the traveler enters the mountains by the "Golden Gate," an opening between two mighty hills and the mouth of a cañon, through which winds the road to Central City, the mining emporium of Colorado and the second city in the territory. The cañon is for the most part narrow; on either side tower lofty mountains, crowned with pines and piled with overhanging rocks. A rapid stream brawls over the great white bowlders in its bed, and ripples and rings all the way along the cañon just beneath the road. The track ascends by a steep grade to the summit of the "Guy Hill."

Here a magnificent panorama presents itself before the eyes of the enraptured traveler. Backward his eye roves over the dark-green hills, growing lower and less until they merge into the wide green sea of the "Plains." Far as the eye can reach stretches this weary waste of land, growing blue and dim in the distance, till, at the far, faint line of the horizon, one fancies he can catch the white gleam of his native village and the glitter of the church spire at home. Turning, there billows before him the piny crest of innumerable mountains, and far over along the line of the distant west tower the rugged, snow-slashed peaks of the Snowy Range, looking distinct and near in the clear, transparent atmosphere. He looks down and sees the road descending the steep rocky walls in a zigzag course, with abrupt turnings cut out of the solid rock, or built out, with rude masonry, from the mountain's side, hundreds of feet above the bed of the stream, that dashes, and roars, and frets itself into foam on the sharp crags and precipices below; thus he watches the road as it climbs down the tier of hills, until far beneath it wanders along the deep cañon, a mere thread between the frowning bastions of the mountains. It seems strange to his unaccustomed eyes that these wild regions are traversed by good roads, these precipices scaled by graded causeways, these yawning chasms spanned by strong bridges, excellent wagon-roads hewed out for miles in the sides of these rocky walls. He is awed by the stu-

pendous works of the Creator; he stands in silent admiration amid the original grandeur of nature. He hears the singing of the wind in the pine-tops, the rush of the cascade along the craggy gorge; he feels alone with the master-works of God. But behold! here is the track of Civilization and the work of the laborer beneath his very feet. Soon the romance is dissolved and the sublimity fallen, for he is nearing Central City, and the crashing of the stamp-mills breaks the sacred silence of these vast solitudes. Black-Hawk, Central City, and Nevada are three towns under separate city governments, but merging so into each other as to make in reality but one town. They are situated on Clear Creek in a straggling line of over three miles along the gulches. Central City, the middle town, is the most important, being the county-seat of Gilpin county, a flourishing place, and the center of business in the mountains. There is an extensive gold and silver district lying in and around Gilpin county, and ore is brought from all parts of the territory for treatment at the great Reducing Works of these towns. A great number of the most famous gold lodes of Colorado are in this vicinity, and at an early period of the mining here there was an immense deal of gulch mining done in these parts; in fact, the whole face of the country is scarred, and seamed, and dug up, so that, in the most uncomely and inconvenient place for a city, the exigencies of a mining community have built these towns, containing many thousand inhabitants, and concentrating in their midst all the bustle and stir of a great metropolis. The gulches are narrow and mined into all manner of ugliness; accordingly the streets are narrow and crooked, with buildings perched in inconceivable places. Still there are large and elegant blocks on the business streets, pretty residences along the cañon, a sharp air of enterprise and the rush and excitement of a great mining center. These towns have numerous large stamp-mills for crushing out gold and silver ore, vast reduction and smelting works, and a brisk market for the produce of the "valley" farmers.

Here our traveler becomes interested and amused in his observations among mines and miners, mills and furnaces, gold and silver, in this burrowing community. Then with a return of the old enthusiasm he joins himself to some pleasant party—for Coloradians are great excursionists, and enjoy their own scenery and privileges intensely—and plunges off into the grand old woods. He visits the Middle Park and enjoys the hot bubbling soda baths; he catches the glossy speckled trout from the

shining rivers that glide through that Eden of beauty; he hunts in North Park; he revels in the sylvan beauties of South Park; he ruralizes and bathes in the hot mineral springs of Idaho; and last, but grandest of all, he drops into the "Garden of the Gods," where lie grassy plateaus like the lawns of an English lord, threaded by streams of silver, shaded by monuments of white glittering rock hundreds of feet high, and standing about in great numbers, catching the sun on their white, ragged forms, and flashing it back in splinters of light upon the bosoms of a dozen limpid lakes. Right over against the southern sky is Pike's Peak, and near by the soda springs of Colorado City, said to be the most beneficial bath for consumptives and dyspeptics in America.

Here I will leave my tourist, for I know he can not soon forego the pleasures of this rural paradise.

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### LOVE GIFTS.

FROM time immemorial the most usual love gifts have been rings, bracelets of hair, flowers, birds, scented gloves, embroidered handkerchiefs, and such like articles. Autolycus had in his "peddler's pack"

"Golden quiffs and stomachers  
For my lads to give their dears."

In ancient Greece pretty birds were generally love gifts; caged birds were sold in the market at Athens for that purpose. Among the Romans rings were exchanged; and this custom seems to have prevailed in all ages and every country. Chaucer describes Cressida as giving Troilus a ring with a "posy," and receiving one from him in exchange, and Shakspeare frequently alludes to such tokens. The rings that "Portia" and "Nerissa" present to their betrothed husbands play a conspicuous part in the last act of *The Merchant of Venice*; and in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* "Julia" says:

"This ring I gave him when he parted from me,  
To bind him to remember my good-will."

Swinburne, in his "Treatise on Sponsals," gives the following reasons for the ring being the chosen emblem of true love: "The form of the ring being circular, that is, being round and round without end, importeth this much, that mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from the one to the other as in a circle, and that continuously and forever." In the most remote ages the ring or circle was used as an emblem of eternity; in Egypt and Greece a usual form of emblematic circle was the serpent with its tail in its mouth, and this form has been frequently adopted in rings and bracelets.

The custom of breaking a gold or silver coin between lovers is also very ancient, and may probably have been derived from the old Athenian symbol. A piece of metal or wood was cut into two parts, one-half being retained by the native of Attica, the other given to a stranger whose acquaintance he had made. The bearer of the symbol, whether one of the original parties or only a friend, was entitled to all the rites of hospitality from the owner of the other half. Not to acknowledge this duty was considered scandalous and a crime. Coins were no doubt subsequently used because of the facility of recognizing the token by the device. A "bowed" or crooked piece of money was preferred as a love token, being considered more lucky. These broken coins, pledges of love, are frequently referred to in poem and story.

Strutt mentions small embroidered handkerchiefs among the love favors in vogue in England in the olden time. They were about three or four inches square, "wrought round about," with a button or tassel at each corner, and another in the center. Some were edged with narrow gold lace or twist, and then folded so that the middle might be seen; they were worn by accepted lovers in their hats or at the breast. These were so fashionable in Queen Elizabeth's days that they were sold in the shops at from sixpence to sixteen pence apiece.

Camden, in his "Ancient and Modern Manners of the Irish," speaks of lovers presenting their mistresses with bracelets of woven hair; and among Northern nations a knot was a symbol of love and fidelity. The origin of the expression "true love knot" is not from true love, as might be supposed, but from the Danish *Trulofa fidem do*—I plight my troth.

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### GENTLE WORDS, LOVING SMILES.

THE sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
'And eyes grow bright and watch the light  
Of Autumn's opening hour;  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the Summer-time,  
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art;  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But O, if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!





## EVENING REVERIE.

WHEN weary of companionship  
Of sublunary things,  
With little duties in each nest  
Like birds with folded wings;  
When shadows close the eye of day,  
Hushing the heart in prayer,  
As safe within the evening's bay  
Our little barks we bear,  
  
Our little bark, with freightage dear,  
Anchored another even,  
Perchance o'er shoals or breakers drear  
By winds adversely driven;  
And over all and up the while  
A spirit glance we cast,  
If so the All-inspiring smile  
Be with us to the last;  
  
Then from each toil and struggle won  
By hopes that can not die,  
Thoughts, up the golden ladders run,  
To see the lov'd on high.  
O, in these ever-cloudless lands  
Dear friends again we meet,  
And feel the clasp of loving hands,  
The welcomes low and sweet!  
  
A mother's tender voice we hear  
Soothing each earthly pain,  
A father's faith and counsel clear,  
Making the way more plain;  
Life's trial path, whose long rough road  
Their own dear feet had press'd,  
Ending within the blest abode—  
God's soft and peaceful rest.  
  
How blest within that happy place,  
From broken circles fair,  
To find each dear, familiar face,  
The gather'd household there!  
Fond youthful ones, whose sandal'd feet  
Beside our own had sped,  
Making our way with music sweet,  
Till we had wept them dead.  
  
They and the pilgrims, lov'd and old,  
Who bore the burdens long,  
Greet us again with harps of gold,  
And love's eternal song;  
While in the light of tender dreams,  
That faded long ago,  
Amid the rosy-tinted gleams  
Where flowers undying grow,  
We catch the lisping baby tones,  
The robes of burnish'd white,  
Of our lost little angel ones,  
Close by the Infinite.  
  
O, thus in mystic visions bright,  
Soft as the evening's breath,  
We glide up to the fields of light,  
Above these scenes of death;

And so with heavenly music thrill'd,  
And faith's uplifting strain,  
Love that the earth had sadly chill'd,  
Grows pure and sweet again.

"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED  
UNTO YOU."

KNOCK, the door shall open wide,  
Christ himself waits just within,  
Christ, thy Savior crucified,  
Waits to bid thee enter in.  
  
Knock, O; kind shall be thy fate;  
Safe, at last, from doubt and fear;  
Trust the promise—do not wait—  
Find a joyful entrance here.  
  
Long and dark thy way hath been—  
Seek a respite from thy woe;  
Knock, the burden of thy sin  
Only Christ himself can know.  
  
Only He who long ago  
Bore it, sinless, on the tree;  
Now he waits his love to show,  
Opening wide the door to thee.  
  
Fear not, now his heart divine,  
Filled with tireless tenderness,  
Knows the grief, the guilt of thine,  
Feels thy sorrow, yearns to bless.  
  
Knock, unbidden com'st thou not,  
See the blessed promise stand.  
Kinder than thy longing thought,  
He will reach his welcoming hand.  
  
For thy doubt will give thee peace—  
For thy guilt his saving grace.  
All thy anxious care shall cease  
When thou shalt behold his face.  
  
He will give for darkness light,  
For thy weariness his rest,  
Grant thee favor in his sight,  
Make thee with his presence blest.  
  
His the name for all our woe,  
Only name on earth, in heaven;  
Knock, and plead it—thou shalt know  
For thy saving it was given.  
  
Gracious, full of pity he,  
Trust, O trust, his faithful word,  
Knock and it shall opened be;  
Pray, thy lightest prayer is heard.  
  
Heavenly mercy—matchless grace,  
Only knock and intercede,  
Only pray and seek his face,  
He will answer all thy need.  
  
All thy need and all thy pain,  
All thy sorrow, all thy sin—  
Peace and pardon thou shalt gain—  
Knock, believe, and enter in.

## "LOST."

## A TRUE HIGHLAND STORY.

## CHAPTER II.

THE glory of the Autumn slowly faded into Winter, and early in December came a grand present to Katie, from Neal, in Canada. It was a very fine sable fur boa, which was duly exhibited to the whole village, and created an immense sensation and a great deal of talk. Katie prized the boa beyond every thing, and regularly every Sabbath appeared in the kirk with it round her neck. It was so large, that to most people it would have been exceedingly unbecoming; but Katie was on so large and grand a scale, that it suited her well, and our Katie, as her mother said, "looked every inch a leddy."

One evening, shortly after this, Archie met Katie by the burn side, in great trouble about his mother. Mrs. M'Dougal, who lived in a village about ten miles off, was taken dangerously ill, and had no one to nurse her. Archie could not be spared from the sheep by his master, and his mother was too poor to be able to afford a nurse, so she depended totally on her neighbors' kindness.

The poor fellow was in such evident distress, that Katie, after a moment's thought, began, "Archie, I'll go mysel', and see what I can do. Nancy will see to the kye; and, gin mither 'll let me, I'll go, and be glad to."

"Katie, ye're the best lassie ever was in this world—the best and the dearest. I aye kent it o' ye."

Mistress M'Kelvie was glad for Katie to go; and, with her shoes in her hand, her gray plaid round her, and her boa over her arm, she crossed the hills to Invermay, Donald and Archie walking the first five miles with her.

Poor old Mistress M'Dougal, who had not seen Katie since she was a child, recognized her at once, and was overjoyed to see her; and willingly Katie took up her abode in the tiny place, and nursed and attended to her wants, in her own simple, tender way. Once Donald came over to see her, and report of the progress of things at the farm. After a fortnight's weary nursing, Mrs. M'Dougal was so far on the road to recovery that she needed no nursing, and Katie once more took her shoes in her hand, her gray plaid and boa, and set off over the hills—wild, bleak hills, looking dark and lowering in the Winter-day's light, but to the mountain girl's sight there was nothing unusual in their aspect; and, barefooted, she trudged bravely on, with her plaid wound gracefully

about her, singing snatches of old Gaelic airs, to the accompaniment of the wild winds.

The long, weary road was at length coming to an end. Her cows she could see, in their usual place at the entrance of the glen; the very farm, too, in the far distance. She would go home and write to Neal, tell him how his grand present had arrived and been received—her beautiful boa—her boa! Where was it?

Neal's boa, which was over her arm when she left Invermay. It was gone! She must have dropped it in the heather. Stupid, careless body, she had been to drop it; but she must, of course, turn back and look for it. If she searched for a month, Neal's boa should not get lost.

Turning back, she came face to face with James Fullarton.

"James, is it you? Where hae ye been?"

"I hae followed ye, Katie, from Invermay. And so ye've been staying with Mistress M'Dougal, ye'r new joe's mither. An' ye'll see if I dinna write mysel' to Neal and tell him. But where are ye goan, Katie?"

"I've lost my beautiful boa, that I had fra Neal, in Canada, on the hills, an' I'm awa to search for it. Did ye no come across it, James—ye came after me?"

"No, I didna. But, lassie, dinna gae back to the hills; it's unco nasty, wild looking. The boa's no worth it."

"Will I no!—I'll search till I find it. I'll no come hame without my Neal's boa."

"Then gang ye'r ways."

And James Fullarton, greatly enraged, turned toward Inverdoon; while Katie again began to climb the weary hill.

Right and left she searched, knowing pretty well the path she had come by. At the top of the hill, where Invermay lay on one side of her, and Inverdoon on the other, the first small flakes of snow blew into her face.

All the way back to Invermay, to Mrs. M'Dougal's house, she went. No vestige had been seen or heard of the boa; and, weary and disheartened, she took her way home again.

The snow-storm had thoroughly begun by this time, and was falling thick and fast; but bravely the high spirit pushed on, for long undaunted by it, but gradually the sickening fear crept in, and she was loth to acknowledge to herself she knew not where she was going.

Groping about became perfectly useless. At length, utterly worn out, and finding a great rock, she sat under the shelter of it, drawing her plaid tightly round her.

James Fullarton had been met in the village by Donald M'Kelvie, whom he told he had seen

his sister on her road home across the hill. Great consternation prevailed in the farm when, as the snow-storm and the night came on, Katie had not made her appearance. Donald was dispatched to ask Fullarton if he was sure he had not mistaken, but James was sure he had seen her, and known her quite well.

Guy and Donald went out with lanterns, and cried out at the top of their voices. No answer came back through the snow, and they were forced to return, as it would have been madness to proceed in their search.

No one went to bed that night at the farm. James Fullarton had been twice to hear whether she had returned; but finding she had not, he declared she must have returned to Mistress M'Dougal's, at Invermay.

Shortly after dawn it ceased snowing, and James Fullarton and Donald M'Kelvie set off across the hill to Invermay, to see whether Katie had returned there, while news was anxiously awaited at the farm.

In course of time their figures were seen returning; friends and neighbors were waiting about for them, some expecting to see Kate return with them.

As the two young men advanced without a word, there was that in their whole expression and every movement that, before a word could be spoken, Guy, throwing both arms in the air, cried, "Ma bonnie bairn's lost in the snaw!"

There was a fearful silence for a while, and then, slowly, Donald announced that Katie had left Mrs. M'Dougal's house the morning before, and had returned later in quest of her boa, which she had lost, and against all persuasions she had insisted on returning home through the snow.

A party was immediately formed to search for her; in fact, the whole village turned out to follow the heels of the searchers.

All day they searched without discovering a vestige of her, poor broken-hearted Guy leading the search. They separated in different directions, the more thoroughly to search the wild moor-side. Archie, almost mad with grief, had been indefatigable all day. At length, however, when almost despairing of finding her, a gray plaid, half hidden behind a rock, met his eye, and with a loud cry he was beside her.

It was in the sunset hour they found her, when the cold Winter's sun glinted out for the few moments across the snow; and what a sight it shone on!—bonnie Katie M'Kelvie, crouched behind the rock, with her plaid tightly grasped round her, stiff and dead—cold as the snow which had killed her in its frozen embrace.

O, cruel, cruel snow! what a night's work had

it wrought! Could the storm but have stayed its icy fingers but one little hour, the brave girl would have been in sight of home, and a fair bright young life spared.

The agony of that scene on the hill-side was beyond all description, and perhaps the most appalling moment of all when, in a burst of grief, James Fullarton drew from his pocket under his plaid a sable fur boa, which he threw on the white snow beside the dead girl, saying, "And for that the puir lassie lost her life. She asked me if I had seen it, and to play her a trick I said, 'No, an'—an' I had it in my pocket a' the time.'"

The anger, rage, and horror which this speech created was immense, and Guy had to interfere to let him take his miserable way from them unmolested, by reminding them of the presence of the beautiful dead face whose eyelids had forever closed over the bright loving eyes.

They tenderly gathered the cold form with the long hanging tresses of wet raven hair, and carried her and her treasure home together.

Winter had come to Guy M'Kelvie, and bent his tall form and taken from the brightness of his eye and the gladness of his heart.

It was in the sunset hour they carried her along the burn side, past her cows, and in the wee church-yard, under the shadow of the hills, they laid her, in the gloaming, in her grave, gone in the full strength of her youth and beauty.

Other feet tread the burn side to fetch the kye hame: her sweet Gaelic call is still, and the Winter's snow and the Summer's sun alike rest on a green grave, around which the bluebells hang their heads, and the sweet sturdy heather blossoms. The birds sing over it, the burn babbles beside it down to the loch—beside lost Katie M'Kelvie, the bravest lass in Inverdoon.

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### RAIN.

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How gently cometh down the rain!  
 Shut out from earth, the day-god sleeps;  
 And each full cloud now sadly weeps  
 Its tribute on the springing grain.  
 Tears! tears from Nature's eyes,  
 Those rain-drops seem which fall to earth;  
 They call the fruits and flowers to birth  
 And bid their perfumes sweet arise.  
 Quiv'ring on every leaf; they seem  
 Like glittering pearls or costly gems,  
 Which flash in eastern diadems;  
 Or on the brow of beauty gleam.  
 They come from heaven, to cheer the thirsty plain,  
 But soon, on sunbeams, they fly back again.

## TAPESTRY AND CARPETS.

IT is in India, that cradle of humanity and garden of the decorative arts, that the art of tapestry had its birth. It is under the tents and in the palaces of the vast heap of ancient kingdoms which we call the East, that, during the long repose of an all but vegetating existence, women's needles for the first time traced representations of birds, flowers, and sometimes imaginary scenes, upon cloth. It was as much to meet a necessity as it was to indulge luxury that the workman's shuttle learned to weave carpets which were soft to the feet of the master as the skins and furs of rare beasts. Nowadays, carpets and implements of war are what chiefly remain of the fabulous splendors of Eastern rajahs. A Russian traveler relates that when these rajahs passed through a town, in ceremonies of state, cashmere shawls of great antiquity and rare beauty were spread out before their horses' feet for them to tread upon. A carpet, as coarse as a plait of reeds, is the sole furniture of these wandering and itinerant jewelers, who work gold with the hands and instruments of fairies. It is on a carpet that the fakirs, with their legs bent under them, and themselves immovable, converse night and day with Nature. It is on a carpet, more or less valuable according to his means, that the Mussulman turns his face toward Mecca to say his prayers.

Judging by the price that rich Asiatics set upon it, in periods which are to us prehistoric, we can imagine the perfection to which tapestry, worked by the hand or woven by the loom, was brought. Homer often makes mention of it. When danger seems first to threaten Troy, Hector says to his mother: "The most elegant and the largest veil thou hast in thy possession, that which thou lovest best, spread out on the knees of glorious-haired Minerva. . . . He had no sooner uttered it than the queen herself descended into the scented chamber where were kept veils artistically worked by the Sidonian women, which the godlike Paris had brought from Sidon." The one she selected was the finest in the variety of its embroidery; "it shone like a star."

In the glass cabinets of the Egyptian Museum of the Louvre are exposed, among the articles from the collection Clot-Bey, fragments of tissues which demonstrate, according to the opinion of connoisseurs, the first use of a low-warp (*basse-lisse*) loom.

In his "Metamorphoses," Ovid relates, without appearing to fathom its hidden meaning, the combat between Pallas and Arachne; it is

a fable which Greece had certainly borrowed from Asia, and which signals the traditional jealousy the artist feels with regard to a too clever workman. Arachne was Lydian; her father was a workman of Colophon, who was celebrated for the beauty of his purple dyes. When Pallas, provoked by Arachne, reveals herself, "they both sit down, and stretch the threads of the double warp upon a light frame; they fix them; a reed divides them; started by their fingers, the shuttle slips and forms the web; then they consolidate the work by inserting a comb, whose teeth they pass between the threads of the warp." This is exactly the way in which the tapestry workers of the Gobelins go to work. Like them, also, the two rivals work in shades melting from one color to another, mixing "threads of gold with prepared worsted of Tyre." They also work personified scenes; austere Pallas chooses for her subject the deplorable fate of human beings who venture to compete with gods; while the imprudent Arachne represents the gallantries of Olympus. At last they both surround their picture with a border; the one with a wreath of flowers intertwined with ivy-leaves, and the other with olive-branches.

A clever traveler named Jean Lagrange writes: "The carpets of Smyrna and Caramania are woven by women's hands. When a child is old enough to hold a shuttle, she is given worsted of all colors; and between two trees are stretched the cords that are to form the warp. Then she is told: 'It is for you to make your own dowry.' For her guides she has only the innate feeling of the beauty of outline, and the sorting of shades, and the tradition and the example of her companions. The work is slowly continued. Each successive week, month, and year, marks the growth both of the work and of the worker. When childhood is over and womanhood has set in, the carpet is generally completed; and then two masters, two purchasers, present themselves; the one carries off a carpet and the other a wife."

The art of tapestry seems in ancient times to have been altogether monopolized by the towns of the center of Asia and of the sea-coast. Their produce was exported into Europe in merchant vessels from Tyre, which smuggled it much as Cleopatra smuggled herself into Cæsar's presence, rolled up in a carpet and carried on the back of a slave. The cataclysms of the Roman Empire must have inflicted a fatal blow upon it. Strong armor, horses, and thousands of slaves were the luxury of wandering conquerors, and when the general desolation consequent on their successive invasions



A FALCON CHASE.

(Arras Tapestry at the Castle of Arroué.)

was abated, the Western world arose, having itself adopted the barbarous manners and customs of its conquerors.

How and at what period did the art of tapestry make its way into France? This is a question which historical critics have failed to answer satisfactorily. It was, without doubt, through the Saracens, who, after crossing the Pyrenees,

reached the very heart of France, and probably, too, by Byzantine workmen who had accompanied the mosaists under Charlemagne's predecessors.

A charter mentions that a Bishop of Auxerre, whose death occurred in 840, "ordered some carpets for his church;" toward the year 890 we find that the monks of the Abbey of Saumur

manufactured some themselves; thus also with regard to Poitiers, Reims, Troyes, Beauvais, Aubusson, Valenciennes, Tours, and Arras. But as early as the fifteenth century the carpets and tapestries of Arras were pre-eminent. The Italians themselves, who admire them, have adopted the term "Arazzi" to designate historical tapestries. Nevertheless this superiority of French industry was slow in manifesting itself, for, in 1260, the produce of the looms of the "makers of Sarrazin carpets" belonged only to the Church, the nobility, and the King. On the other hand, the "tapis nostrez," which in all probability were purely national, both in make and appearance, were the property of the gentry and middle class.

It matters little how the loom and the secrets of dyeing the wool were imported and taught. The fact which most strikes one is the sentiment of general harmony with which this French middle age, much abused when compared with the Italian Renaissance, took possession of tapestry for decorative purposes. In the church it was a softer echo of stained glass. When suspended to walls and columns on the occasion of State festivals, it endowed their time-faded pictures and paintings with an extraordinary degree of brilliancy. It instructed the ignorant poor in the historical episodes of the New as well as the Old Testament. René d'Anjou bequeathed to the "Church of Monsieur St. Maurice d'Angers"—in 1461—his tapestry of the Apocalypse, comprising seventy-five subjects, on an alternately red and blue ground; they are still the chief ornament of that cathedral.

In feudal castles tapestry formed, as it were, a new page in a large book of miniatures, translations for those who could not read the "histories" or legends, then popular, suggesting well-known hunts and festivities, recounting celebrated tournaments or famous battles, giving grave lessons too in morality and propriety. A series of Valenciennes tapestries describes in three chapters, with clear and touching simplicity, the incidents of a falcon chase. The Museum of Cluny exhibits the "Bataille de Jarnac" and the "Bataille de St. Denis," done from life—*portraits au naturel*—at Orleans may be seen the triumphant entry of Jeanne d'Arc.

Tapestry, up to the end of the fifteenth century, satisfied the soberest principle of decoration. This it accomplished by the juxtaposition of flat tones; by very sharply defined expressions of countenance in the figures wrought, and by a grave dignity in their attitude and a still folding of their draperies; it grouped them,

and placed them in a high style of perspective, one above the other, in order that the eye might easily embrace the general effect of the scene; it simplified, as much as possible, the gradations of color which aerial perspective demands; in a word, it avoided as much as possible, either by the multiplicity of its colors or by the disposing of its lines, "making a picture," and isolating itself from the wall, which it hid without pretending to displace it, and it completed the furniture without appearing to overpower it. For this reason, however severely time may have bitten into them, the tapestries of that period have preserved a singularly harmonious character, and even where the subject is no longer discernible, a combination of subtle lines and hues remain, which is still remarkably decorative.

We will refer the reader, who may wish to be further convinced, to that magnificent Flemish hanging of the reign of Louis XII, the "History of David and Bathsheba," at the Museum of the Hotel Cluny, and which covers the sides of the large square *salon* on the ground-floor. Although it was originally made, it is believed, for the Court of France, it has successively belonged to the Duke of York, to the Marquis Spinola, and to the family of the Serras of Genoa. Indeed, the principles of that period were of a broader sort, at least those of the French, and especially the German and Flemish painters. The religious compositions of Lucas von Leyden, for instance, might undergo without risk the transition from the panel to the loom. A tapestry after Van Eyck has recently been discovered at Rome in the possession of a private family, and it has been restored with the most scrupulous care. Mons. Alfred Michiels has described it minutely in his conscientious work, the "History of Flemish Painting." It is rich in silver cord and silk. There is the Virgin Mary with her Divine Son on her knees, while nine angels are adoring him and praising him, together with four shepherds, the donor, and a distant view of his native town, etc.

Italian art, though not that of the earliest years, effected a change in all this. Nothing short of the genius of Raphael and the respect which attaches to his works, can reconcile us to accepting without protest the revolution he effected in designs for tapestry. Were not the arabesques he composed with so sweet a revival of antique taste about them sufficient? and what was the necessity for transforming tapestry into a sort of shallow fresco? We know that Raphael was commissioned by Leo X to complete, by a series of ten designs for tapestry, the Sistine Chapel, of which Michael Angelo



THE HISTORY OF DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

(Flemish Tapestry of the reign of Louis XII. At the Museum des Thermes et de l'Hôtel Cluny.)

had decorated the dome. These designs, ten in number, were carried out at Arras in a tissue of silk, yarn, and gold. They reached Rome in 1519, only a few months before the death of the great master who had composed them. There

they excited universal enthusiasm, and Vasari declares "that they seemed to be rather the work of a miracle than that of men's hands." Raphael had selected his subjects from the Acts of the Apostles, to which, however, he added

the "Coronation of the Virgin" for the altar-piece, which occupies the farther end of the chapel.

England now possesses seven of these cartoons. They have, however, been wetted and faded; perforated, too, by the needle of the copier, carelessly stuck to a coarse common paper, and, worse than all, they have been touched up with an indifference, or a pretension, which is positively harrowing; nevertheless, they show, like those fragments of an antique torso which time has not altogether obliterated, the wise and powerful touch of a great master and decorator. Rubens discovered them lying rotting in a wooden box, and cut up in narrow strips for the greater convenience of the tapestry-workers who copied them. In 1630 he prevailed upon King Charles I to purchase them, and he caused them to be placed in Whitehall. Later on Cromwell persuaded the State to buy them for the sum of three hundred pounds, and after other misadventures too lengthy here to recount, they were put up in one of the rooms in Hampton Court Palace. They are now to be seen in London at the South Kensington Museum, to which the Queen has graciously lent them. Some very fine photographs of them were taken a few years ago by order of Prince Albert.

Tapestries from these cartoons were exhibited in the year VIII of the Republic—this fact is but little generally known—at Paris, in the Court of the Palais National des Sciences et Arts, that is to say, in the Court of the Louvre, in conformity with the first article of the anniversary fête of the foundation of the Republic. They had then first arrived from Italy. The government officers at Rome had purchased them for France at the sale of the Pope's household furniture and effects. To these were added some of the finest produce of the Gobelins, from designs by Jouvenet, Restout, Le Brun, and Coppel. We do not know whether they still form part of the crown furniture and effects, or whether, notwithstanding their having been purchased, they were returned to the Allies at the fall of the First Empire.

We have at the present moment in Paris, in the rooms devoted to designs and drawings of the Italian school, four large cartoons for tapestry, by Giulio Romano. If they be inferior to those of Hampton Court as to their conception and execution, they are, at any rate, worthy of forming a point of comparison with them. They are painted in distemper: one of them, the "Triumphal March," is taken from a "History of Scipio" which belongs to the Cavagnac family, and was recently exhibited at the private gallery of the club of the Rue de Choiseul. The

three others, the "Prisoners," the "Stormed City," and the "Triumph," form part of the "Fruits de la Guerre," bitter fruits of which humanity is not yet tired. . . . The "great tapestry of Scipio," made in France toward the year 1534, and composed of silk and worsted heightened with gold, obtained for a long time the admiration of strangers; it was still in existence in the catalogues of the Crown, in the middle of the seventeenth century. Since then it has disappeared. Happily the "small tapestry of Scipio" still exists. It consists of ten pieces, in lengths of seven ells. The hanging which represents the "Fruits de la Guerre" was copied at the Gobelins in the reign of Louis XIV.

In his "History of English Painters," Mr. A. Cunningham relates how these four splendid cartoons of Giulio Romano re-entered France, after having been sold, doubtless as rubbish, by the tapestry-workers, when they had done with them.

The miniature painter, Richard Cosway, a great amateur of drawings and curiosities, was one day visiting the Louvre with his wife. He was surprised to see the bare and naked appearance of the walls, and said, "Maria, my cartoons would look well here, and, to say the truth, they are almost a necessity." He greatly esteemed them, and had refused a considerable sum offered him for them by Russia. Notwithstanding this he offered them to the King in 1785, who accepted them, and graciously sent him in return a complete collection of Chalcographic engravings, together with four handsome pieces of Gobelins tapestry representing the "Adventures of Don Quixote" after Coppel, which were valued at 14,210 francs. These Richard Cosway generously presented to the Prince of Wales.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century Flemish tapestries in the Italian style were still in great favor. Monsieur Armand Baschet, an erudite lover of art, has published the correspondence between Guido Bentivoglio, the nuncio at Flanders in 1607, and Cardinal Borghèse, on the subject of a purchase of tapestry, which, in the opinion of these impatient amateurs, was not settled with sufficient promptitude.

Had it been a question of annexing a new province to the Papal States, or of obtaining the admittance of miscreant souls into heaven, they could not have written more frequently, more anxiously, or more pressingly! Bentivoglio had just purchased for the Cardinal Montalto a tapestry originally made for King Philip II, from the designs of "a valiant



painter," when the letter of his "illustrious lordship" arrives, requesting him to lose no time about this matter. He expounds his "project" for another tapestry hanging, which is about to be carried out at the same tapestry-makers, representing scenes in the "History of Samson."

"It was designed," he writes, "by order of Henry II, King of France; but by reason of his death and the kingdom's troubles, the work was never begun. The painter was from Malines. Though born in France, he spent many long years in Italy, where, by imitating the valiant artists of that time, he acquired a high reputation. This design is of singular beauty, and betrays great power of invention; it is full of very large figures endowed with an extraordinary majesty." The whole of this "History of Samson" consisted of twelve pieces, all about five ells in height, without the border. What a grand effect must these "histories" have produced on the walls of the Italian palaces of the seventeenth century, so pompous and rich, and yet so stately!

But to return to our prelates. Later on, Bentivoglio offers the cardinal in Italy "a hanging in six pieces, suitable for one whole room. They represent different gardens in perspective of an effect most elegant and gracious." These are very like what are still known under the name of "des verdures," which are made at Beauvais. Later still, in 1617, when made nuncio to France, he discovers new ones. "The colors of these are of the brightest, enriched with a good deal of gold; the border is especially beautiful, as much from its singularity as from its richness of design, for it is almost entirely of gold. All the figures are life-size, and represent the 'Fables of Diana.' Their actual possessor asks sixteen thousand 'scudi' for them, and protests that he has refused twelve thousand."

What, again, has befallen this series of the "Fables of Diana?" No one knows. But this border, "almost entirely of gold," would suggest the possibility of their having been burned for the sake of their ashes. Rather this, than that they should have fallen the prey to rats' teeth or to the ragman's back!

In truth, these were the last flourishing days of tapestry. In halls and state rooms, the dimensions of which were already growing smaller, it began to make way for the less costly stamped leather. The taste for this style of decoration was passing from the aristocracy and higher class to the lower middle class. Thus it is that in the "Amour Médecin," when Sganarelle asks his friends and neighbors to

suggest a remedy that will cheer his daughter Lucinda, Monsieur Guillaume says: "If I were in your place I would buy a fine hanging of tapestry 'de verdure,' or with figures, and I would suspend it in her room, to enliven her mind and raise her spirits." We know that Molière was very fond of that style of decoration, for several "verdures" figured in the catalogue of his effects after his death.

A rapid glance at the history of the Gobelins manufactory will bring us on to our time.

The first of the Gobelins, who established himself at Paris, was called Jean, and came, it is said, from Reims; this was toward the end of the fifteenth century. He prospered rapidly, and his son Philibert bought a great deal of land on the narrow banks of the Bièvre, the then abundant and limpid little river to which Rabelais, in his *Pantagruel*, assigns so amusing an origin, and which has now become an insignificant and almost stagnant stream. Its waters were in those days supposed to possess particular virtues for the dyeing of yarn; probably the chief virtue actually lay in the ability of the workmen's hands; in any case, the colors are now as brilliant and as fast as ever, although they have only been dipped in the waters of the Seine or in that of some deep well.

By that time the Gobelins had made an enormous fortune; one of them, Antoine by name, became the Marquis of Brinvilliers; his wife was the famous poisoner who decimated the court and the town alike. Later on they handed over their establishment to the brothers Cannaye, who occupied the opposite side of the river. These imported from Flanders workmen who worked the high-warp loom under the direction of a man named Jean. Still later, when Colbert purchased the Hôtel des Gobelins, properly so called on behalf of the King, it belonged to a councilor of State named Deleu; but the adjacent buildings continued to form a manufactory for dyeing and making tapestry, under the direction of a man named Glück, a native of Holland.

It was Francis I who, to meet the immense demand for the ornamentation of his royal palaces, first thought of uniting in one center the fabrication of those tapestries which were carried out after the designs of decorators brought by him, or sent for, from Italy. This center he established at Fontainebleau, under the direction of Philibert Rabou, superintendent of his buildings, and of the architect Sébastien Serlio.

Under Henry II Philibert Delorme took the direction of the royal factory, another of which was established in the "Hôpital de la Trinité," in the Rue Saint-Denis at Paris. Henri Leram-

bert furnished it, as well as the manufactory of Tours, with designs.

Henry IV, notwithstanding the persistent opposition of Sully, who would fain have had France concentrate its forces solely for the advancement of agriculture and industry, protected the art of the tapestry-worker regally. He summoned to him some of the cleverest Flemish hands, and when the Hôpital de la Trinité in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine was vacated by the expulsion of the Jesuits, the manufactory was removed to it, and thence to the Palais des Tournelles, thence to the Place Royale, and to the galleries of the Louvre, and lastly it settled down at the Gobelins in 1630, under the direction of Messrs. Raphael de la Planche and Charles de Comans.

In 1662 Louis XIV and Colbert united in this establishment, which since that time has scarcely altered its physiognomy, all industrial centers working exclusively for the King; tapestry, dyeing, embroidery, jewelry, foundery, engraving, cabinet-making, etc. In 1663 Charles Le Brun was placed at the head of this huge establishment, in whose hands it made rapid strides.

These fine tapestries, which were made from his "Histoire d'Alexandre le Grand," and from the battles and sieges of Van der Meulen, are well known; also the rich frame-work of flowers and fruits with which Baptiste Monnoyer surrounded them. The apartments at Versailles and Fontainebleau still retain some splendid specimens of the magnificence of the "Sun King." At the Elysée there is the strangest copy of Raphael's "Judgment of Paris." The goddesses are draped à la Montespan, while Paris is capped with a wig à la Louis XIV. Nevertheless, these were always pictures copied as literally as possible, and, as it were, frescoes in worsted. The finest of the series is that of the "Four Quarters of the Globe," taken from models of animals, fruits, and plants, by Desportes.

Jean Berain, an able designer, and later on Claude Gillot, the master of Watteau, brought tapestry back to surer principles, for a time at least. Those compositions in which monkeys are gambling in the midst of intertwined boughs, where the seasons are seated on chimeric and impossible thrones superintending grotesque combats, have many a time given pleasure to French taste, which always demands a clear subject, and which has an intelligent appropriation of the Oriental tradition, and that is to entice and fix the eye with a pleasant interlacing of lines.

Boucher—who was at one time at the head

of the Gobelins—and his pupils successively painted for that manufactory as well as those of Beauvais and the Savonnerie, pastoral scenes so brilliant and so fresh, and yet simple, as never to have been surpassed. But, by a manifest error of tastes, they made shepherds walking straight down the wall, after sheep decorated with lilac favors, or else thus engaged they were made to recline on the horizontal seats of sofas and chairs, so that—and indeed it is still too often the case in our day—one is made to sit on a pigeon house, or step into the wavy waters of a sea-port.

It was error sufficient to copy too literally the figures of persons or trees, upon a surface which a gust of wind would displace, or one fold sever in two; in this, however, there is a conventionality to which the mind, with a slight stretch of imagination, gets easily accustomed; but how great a mistake it was, to sprinkle the ground with ready-made bouquets, or with panoplies! One finds one's self at every moment, when walking on these large Savonnerie and Aubusson carpets, on the point of thrusting one's feet against a roll of leather, or crushing a basket full of cherries.

Nowadays the manufactories of the Gobelins and of Beauvais, which, after being divided, have returned to one direction, have given up copying pictures made entirely with a view to being pictures—such, for instance, as the "Massacre of the Mamelukes," by Horace Vernet, or the "Holy Family" of Raphael. Artists are required to draw special models, of which the composition is simple and the drawing clear. In so doing a great economy of time is gained, and consequently of money, to say nothing of infinitely more satisfactory result. The effect produced does not lie in the multiplicity of colors, but in their intrinsically good quality, and especially in their correct juxtaposition. The most distinguished decorator which the manufactory has yet possessed is Monsieur Chabal-Dussurgey, of Lyons; he was a man of great intelligence and rare artistic merit. He only painted flowers and ornaments, but these he did with incomparable correctness and simplicity.

The Persian carpet which is now in the possession of Monsieur de Saint-Seine, is one of the finest samples of splendor and Oriental fabrication, of a period which answers to that of the French Renaissance. It is supposed to have come from the harem of Constantinople. It is like a page, woven in silk, out of those Persian manuscripts, the characters of which are in themselves of the most subtle and ingenious design, and as harmonious and warm as



PERSIAN CARPET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Collection of the Marquis of Saint-Seine.)

a Venetian picture. The dominating color throughout is a brilliant yellow, deep and intense as the inside of a ripe apricot. Where the light catches it, it glitters like a lake under the rays of the setting sun; while in the shaded parts it has a depth which is only comparable

to the shadow of a nugget of gold. It contains about twenty different colors, so clear and distinct that they are easily counted—yellow, black, white, two or three different blues, two or three reds, greens, and grays.

This is the style in which, in our day, orders

should have been given to the first artists of our generation, and especially to colorists. The price of the work would certainly not attain that of the dull and tasteless pictures which have come out of that celebrated manufactory, and it would set to the manufacturers an example that they would be sure to follow. What elegant and brilliant compositions of this sort a master like Eugène Delacroix would have furnished us with!

The Gobelin tapestries and the carpets of the Savonnerie are worked with a high-warp loom. The warp is generally of worsted, and is vertically stretched on two cylinders, technically called in French "ensouples." The threads running parallel and level with each other are alternately passed over a glass tube of about an inch and a half in diameter, called the "bâton d'entre-deux," or inserting-pin; and that which is called "le bâton de croisure," or crossing-pin, so that one-half of the threads, relatively to the worker, is in front and the other half behind. The weft is rolled upon a wooden shuttle which terminates with a point at one end. This they call "broche," or *spindle*.

"In order to make the tissue," writes the late director of the Gobelins, Monsiur Lacordaire, in his excellent notes on that establishment, "the workman takes a spindle filled with worsted or silk, of the requisite color; he stops off the weft thread and fastens it to the warp, to the left of the space to be occupied by the color he has in hand, and then, by passing his left hand between the back and the front threads, he separates those that are to be covered with colors; with his right hand, having passed it through the same threads, he reaches to the left side for the spindle, which he brings back to the right; his left hand then, seizing hold of the warp, brings the back threads to the front, while the right hand thrusts the spindle back to the point whence it started. This going alternately backward and forward of the shuttle or spindle, in opposite directions, is called in French two 'passées,' or one 'duite.'"

In order to introduce a new shade of color, the workman takes a new shuttle. He cuts his thread, stops it off, and lets the preceding shuttle and thread hang from the wrong side of the work, which is the side on which he works. At each successive "duite" he collects with the pointed end of his shuttle the weft threads of the portion of work already completed. This first compression, however, is insufficient, and only temporary; after placing a few of the above "duites" in juxtaposition, one above the other, the operation is completed by combing the weft down from the top to the bottom with

a large ivory comb, the teeth of which fit into the threads of the warp, which are by this means all brought to their place and hidden.

In order to make the outline of any given subject to be represented, and to know when to pass from one color to another, the workman is guided by a black line traced on the warp from a transparent paper, on which has previously been traced the model to be copied. This line is made visible on the right as well as on the wrong side of the warp, so that the artist has it before him all the while he works, whether he sits at his post or whether he leaves it, to judge of the effect from a little distance. This is for the outline. The picture is always placed behind him.

The colors, however, are not placed suddenly side by side without intermediate tones. The intervals which separate the "duites" irregularly, in order to avoid a look of patchwork or mosaic pavement they would present, are called "hachures."

Unfortunately, but we only speak from an artistic point of view, the recent chemical researches, instead of being carried in the direction of the brightness and fastness of colors, have been occupied chiefly to discover a greater number of them.

A chromatic circle has been obtained which consists of several thousand semi-tints, that is to say, all the possible gradations of color which, for example, separate yellow from blue in passing through all the varieties of green.

It was done with a view to meet the requirements of the painter's palette, which painter, while he creates his picture, is the last to think of the dilemmas and puzzles he is inflicting on the tapestry-workers, whose business it is to reproduce it in worsted. Toward the year 1812, however, a head workman had the happy inspiration of replacing the intervals of one shade with intervals of two shades combined; that is to say, to use a double thread of pink and green, for instance, to produce a gray tint, and red and blue to form a lilac. This plan is now almost the only one adopted. It by no means assures the durability of the color, however, and serves for little else than to produce a sort of general harmony, gray and dull, dear to the school of David, but eminently calculated to inspire all beholders with melancholy.

This is not the Oriental way of proceeding; they understand too clearly that harmony springs, on the contrary, from the apparent contrast between two distinct colors. Mons. Chevreul has clearly demonstrated this in a work on the theory of color, a summary edition of which ought to be ranked in the classical

library of all educational establishments both for girls and boys.

The carpets of the Savonnerie essentially differ, both in method of execution and in result, from those of the Gobelins, properly so called. The workman sees the right side instead of the

reverse of his work. It is a velvet pile, instead of a smooth surface. The loom is of the same shape, but of much more considerable dimensions. The worsted threads are bound around a sort of cutter—*tranche-fil*—or iron stick of very small diameter, which terminates like the



THE HARE AND THE PARTRIDGE.  
(Specimen of the Tapestry of Neuilly.)

blade of a sharp knife; this occupies a horizontal position on the work, and is used to carry in succession a series of uniform small rings of worsted produced by the repetition of the stitch; when one cylindrical portion of the thread-cutter is covered with these rings, the blade is

drawn out in order to cut them, and thus to form a double row, light and close, of short up-standing bits. These are knit together and kept firmly in their position by means of a thread of hemp, which is placed after each row, and tightened with an iron comb. They are

shorn with large scissors with double bent handles, so that they may present a perfectly smooth and even surface. In large carpets, that thickness, which for the sake of an image one might compare to a thatch, is about half an inch deep. For those carpets of current use, such as bedside rugs, it is little more than one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The delicacy of this last operation may easily be imagined. The carpets from Smyrna have in this respect a degree of regularity and suppleness which even the Gobelins are far from attaining.

Real Savonnerie carpets have become extremely rare, for notwithstanding their very great solidity of fabrication, it must be remembered that they are but intended to be trodden under foot. The "Mobilier de la Couronne" possesses some which date as far back as the first years of the Savonnerie.

The imperial manufactory of the Gobelins is one of the institutions which represent so beautiful and interesting a period of the past, that, notwithstanding its only relative usefulness, it is entitled to honor and respect. Its produce is a produce of the State. Louis XIV sent out to the King of Siam, to the Czar of Russia, and the King of Prussia, carpets and hangings of great value. In 1855 France presented the "Massacre of the Mamelukes," which had cost about forty thousand francs, to the Queen of England. In olden days, too, noblemen could give orders for tapestries such as modern fortunes can no longer afford. The State, therefore, in order to give occupation to those artists whose studies produce masterpieces, appropriates all its production either for the furniture of palaces, or for wall decoration. One chance still remains for this manufactory, that of placing itself in connection with the requirements of the public; it must renounce all literal reproductions of pictures, and, following the example of Beauvais, which is still under one and the same management, devote itself to purely decorative subjects. It would be well, too, if its productions were given a place in the yearly exhibition of pictures, as was done indeed until within a few years of this time. In 1835, and in 1838, at the picture exhibition, the public had an opportunity of admiring, and with justice, the Gobelins tapestries after Rubens, which Louis Philippe later on caused to be placed in the long gallery of the Palais de Saint Cloud.

Subject, in its turn, to those laws of mechanical advance toward perfection which has transformed nearly all modern branches of industry, the imperial manufactory of the Gobelins will, of necessity, have to simplify the style of its

looms, for assuredly carpets and wall hangings, trodden under foot, or suspended on furniture for daily use, meet the demands of a kind of luxury and comfort which have alike become indispensable. The dull color which absorbs the light is useful in setting off the quality of material and the softer tones of flesh. We frequently meet with pieces of tapestry, faded, it is true, by long exposure to light and air, in the studies of painters, whose eyes are keenly impressionable. Painted paper is but a coarse fac-simile of them.

The average prices of the Gobelins are almost unapproachable. The city of Paris has lately given, to the private manufactory of Sallandrouze, at Aubusson, an order for a complete series of decorations for the Salle du Trône of the Hôtel de Ville.

There still remains to be seen what the tapestry of the future is to be. Both in France and in England a thousand fruitless attempts are being made to arrive at extreme cheapness, but these have resulted only in extreme absurdity; for instance, the plan of gumming felt on to calico! The solution will probably be the substitution of the Jacquart loom, or some analogous combination, to the high and low warp looms. This ingenious method produces a stuff, a kind of reps rather than any thing else, but the appearance is the same, and the material itself is infinitely stronger. A carpet of worsted is woven as if it were a piece of woven silk. A manufactory which, for some years, has been established at Neuilly, has greatly distinguished itself at recent exhibitions. The principal economy obtained rests in the fact that when once a given subject is mounted it may be reproduced over and over again, whereas at the Gobelins each piece is an independent work, and unique in its way. In the Neuilly tapestry, which, as we have already said, is a literal application of the Jacquart loom, the model mounted and set as if for a French shawl or for a piece of figured stuff, as it were, writes itself out under the hand of the worker, after traversing the cylindrical holes of more than several thousand sheets of pasteboard, a combination which is at once very simple and very complicated. The chief outlay on the part of the maker rests in the first arrangement of these pasteboards, which may, in a complicated pattern, attain and even exceed the sum of ten thousand francs. But this first groundwork gradually decreases in value, in the process of reproduction, so that the tenth reproduction will only be worth one thousand francs, and so on. It is a democratic and social loom.

This enables that influential entity called

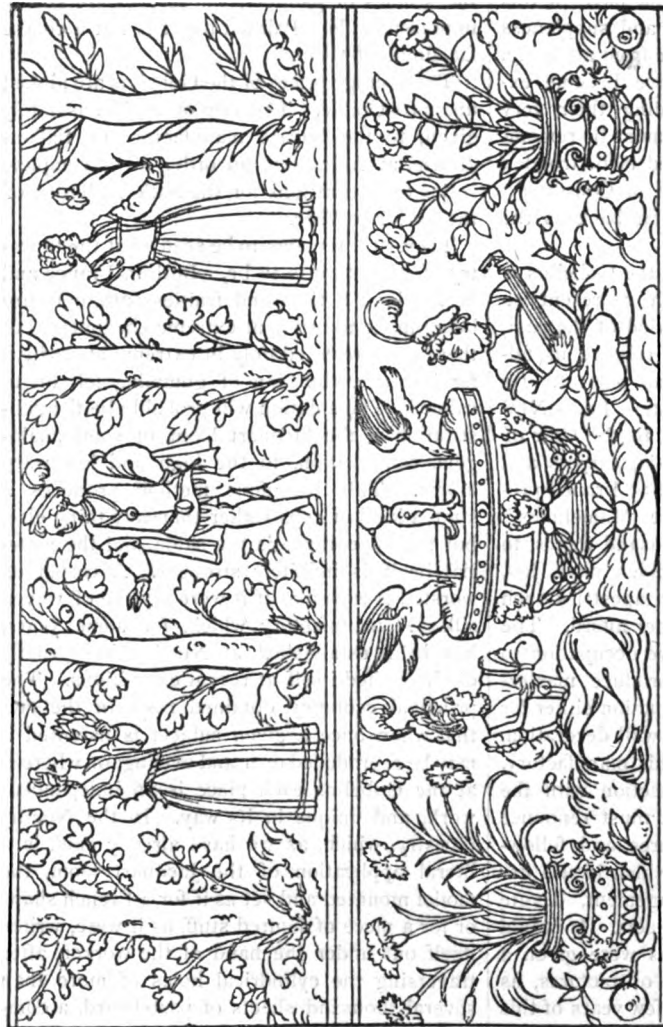
society, generally to order the covering of a whole suit of furniture for a sum equivalent to what, in the seventeenth century, the Duke of Northumberland or the Prince de Condé must have paid for one sofa or about six chair-covers. So it is that in the year 1862 France produced fifteen millions of francs' worth of carpets. Smyrna exports double that amount in value, and England, where domestic houses are so

the liberty of his natural state he has been untiringly seeking to disguise the walls of his prison-house with representations of the splendors of a palace, or the freshness of a landscape.

Let us devote one or two lines to the subject of tapestry worked by hand with a needle, and to those Italian books, printed for the most part at Venice in the course of the sixteenth century, containing patterns for embroidery, lace,

transferring, point-lace, hand worsted work, etc. The combinations they present are always in the best of taste, and are generally easy of execution. These volumes, which are much in requisition and esteem with great amateurs, have become exceedingly rare, like every thing that has passed from the hands of children and women to those of artists. Their titles were in the elaborate and mannered style which was fashionable in the Italian literature of that period: "La Fontaine des Exemples," "La Glorie de Minerve," "Le Jardin des Modèles," "Le Triomphe de Vertu," "Le Festin des Belles Dames," etc. It is the desire of being useful to some one of our fair readers which leads us to give the accompanying illustration; if we broached the subject of hand tapestry we must needs have mentioned the Bayeux tapestry, and called it "Tapisserie de la Reine Mathilde," but such is not our intention.

The tapestry worked by stitches with a needle,



PATTERNS FOR HAND NEEDLE-WORK. (Taken from a Venetian Work by Giovanni Ortani, 1567.)

comfortable, fifteen millions also, importing the same amount.

Here must terminate our notes on tapestry, which has shared the fate common to all humanity, and succumbed under the fatal law of successive substitutions. It succeeded to mural painting, and to mosaic ornamentation, and was supplanted in its turn by gilt leather, and painted wood, and lastly painted paper super-vened. Ever since the day when man forfeited

forms a part of embroidered produce. The best Italian or German painters have disdained not to furnish patterns. Some of these are extant, both by Leonardo da Vinci and Albert Dürer. The Florentine Raffaello del Garbo—1466–1524—pupil, friend, and fellow-worker of Filippo Lippi, made a number of designs for the *Ricamatori*, those able embroiderers who, by mixing gold thread with silk, produced such gorgeous altar-cloths and sacerdotal vestments.

THE BROKEN COLUMN.  
A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

## CHAPTER I.

IT is now many years ago that, tired with the excitement of an unusually busy day, I set out in the cool of a lovely July evening to take a stroll in the suburbs of the town in which I reside. So unusual, however, was it for me to do so, as advancing years and the cares of business generally unfitted me for the fatigue of an evening walk, that, at first, I felt somewhat at a loss in what direction to turn my steps. But recollecting a description I had recently heard of the beauty of a new cemetery, which about two years before had been opened in the neighborhood, I determined to walk that way. I had, to be sure, little taste for the idea of such modern innovations, as I considered them. For I felt that their tendency must be to supersede the solemn associations of the quiet old church-yard, where, under the rank grass of centuries,

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet slept."

The cemetery I found beautifully situated on a rising ground, bounded on the south by a deep ravine, through which murmured a rapid mountain stream, a belt of pines clothing the precipitous sides of the valley, while behind rose a tract of moorland scenery, and green swelling hills stretched away in the distance. At the upper or north-west boundary it commanded a prospect of such unusual beauty that, though familiar with the scene from other points of view, I paused on gaining the summit, at once to rest and gaze on it with admiration.

A thick plantation of natural copse-wood skirting the brow of the hill, and forming a boundary to the cemetery, from the nature of the eminence, here intercepted all view of the country between it and the broad estuary or frith, so that, though I stood within little more than a mile's distance of a busy and populous sea-port, the shipping and streets of which I could see by turning eastward, the western aspect of the river seemed that of a beautiful highland lake, with its background of lofty mountains towering into the evening sky, and now lighted up with the golden glow of a gorgeous sunset. And the extreme solitude of the scene, thus shut out on all sides but one from the sight of human habitation, seemed in unison with the solemn associations of a place of sepulture.

The beauty of the scenery having diverted my thoughts from the cemetery itself, I now turned to take a survey of its grounds. I could

not fail to be struck with the number of monuments erected; for though so recently opened, it seemed as if a large proportion of the dead belonging to the neighboring town had already been consigned to its dust. But who so rapid in his work of havoc as the dread Destroyer? The monuments were of various device, from the gorgeous obelisk and memorial urn to the simple cross or plain head-stone, distinguished only by its inscription recording the name and age of the slumberer beneath. But the latter were by far the rarest, the general characteristic of the monuments around me being highly ornamental, and indicative, to my mind at least, of a pitiful amount of vanity on the part of surviving friends and relatives, in a place where, of all others, such an unbecoming feeling of display is least excusable.

Again, my mind naturally reverted, as a striking contrast to this scene, to the quiet ancient church-yard of a neighboring country parish, where slumbered the dust of many nearest and dearest to myself. And I could not help feeling that, with its old yews and cypresses shading the simple head-stones scattered amid the turf, and seeming, in their melancholy uniformity, to resemble the roll of the prophet, "written within and without with lamentation, mourning, and woe," it seemed a more fitting receptacle for the mortal part of frail humanity, than this beautiful flower-garden, with its gay parterres, shrubberies, and architectural ornaments. It may suit the frivolous taste of our light-hearted continental neighbors to deck their places of sepulture, and hang *immortelles*—vain mockery!—on their tombs. But surely, to sober reason, it should be evident that all such attempts to modify the gloom of what may be called Death's dominions, are futile, if not sinful. For, as an unmistakable evidence of the primeval curse, one woeful consequence of "man's first disobedience" and lapse from innocence, I feel assured that it was never the intention of God that death temporal, as a punishment for sin, should be divested of its terrors.

Such were my reflections as I passed through this scene, rendered to me more than ordinarily sad, even apart from its inevitable associations, by the display of human vanity it afforded. And the sounds of gay light-hearted laughter, which arose ever and anon from many youthful groups of persons strolling through the walks, though seemingly in keeping with the intention of the designers of such cemeteries, appeared to me strangely incongruous in a grave-yard.

But a somewhat more somber feeling seemed to distinguish a youthful pair with whom I came up in a walk so narrow that it was im-



possible for me to pass without unwittingly overhearing part of their conversation. They were the last of a party of four, consisting of two young men and two girls, walking in couples. Of the foremost I could observe little, except that the gentleman wore a naval uniform; but the appearance of the last, who walked slowly and immediately before me, that of the young man especially, was too striking to escape my attention and interest. Every movement of his fine, tall, well-proportioned figure was characterized by an easy grace; and his open, handsome countenance, as I could discover when he turned it toward his fair companion in speaking, beamed with intelligence and animation. Of the girl I could only perceive that her slight, fragile form suited well with the gentle expression of her sweet face, as she looked up timidly, yet confidently, to her companion. Their conversation, which of course only reached my ears in snatches, and in which he took the lead, was apparently suggested by reflections, in one respect at least, similar to my own.

"How absurd, how almost ludicrous," he said, "are those grand ornamental monuments, erected generally, I dare say, to persons of whom it is no breach of charity to suppose that they owe such distinction to no lofty virtue, or noble deed, but to the acquisition of a little of the 'gold that perishes,' though in this respect at least its influence may be said to survive them. To me those costly tombstones are at once ostentatious, vulgar, and unmeaning. There is just one suggestive device among the whole, and it, I must say, I admire." And he pointed, as he spoke, to a broken column. "Can any thing be more appropriate?" he continued, stopping to read the inscription commemorative of a career cut short in early life. "So much do I like the idea, you must promise me that if—;" and stooping down he breathed some low words in the ear of his companion, which, from the tone of the exclamation she uttered in reply, I concluded related to his own death.

"O, do not, I beseech you," she said, "anticipate any thing so sad. I hope you will live long enough to make such a monument most unsuitable for you."

"I hope so too," was the rejoinder; "but we can not tell what may happen." And again the rest of the sentence was spoken in a whisper.

Feeling that it was unbecoming in me to intrude on their private conversation, I had turned, though somewhat reluctantly, to get out of their way by retracing my steps to another part of the grounds, when an irresistible im-

pulse tempted me to stop and address the last speaker.

"Young man," I said, "while thinking of that which only can affect the mortal body, will you pardon me for asking if you are equally anxious that your immortal soul be prepared to meet that solemn event which involves interests compared with which all earthly concerns are as nothing?"

The young man started, and a deep flush rose almost to his brow. He seemed annoyed at my question, disposed to regard it as intrusive, and, as I thought, at first somewhat inclined to resent it.

"Are you in the habit, in this part of the world, of addressing such questions to entire strangers?" he asked, rather haughtily. "For in the country from which I come"—he spoke with an unmistakably English accent—"such is, I can assure you, unusual, if not unprecedented."

I instantly hastened to apologize, by explaining, as best I could, the sudden impulse under which I had spoken, prompted, as I assured him, by an earnest desire for his best interests; adding, "You must pardon me. I am an old man, and gray hairs sometimes claim strange privileges in addressing words of warning to the young. And we have Scripture warrant for doing so, as the wise man tells us, 'a word spoken in due season, how good is it!'"

The angry flush passed at once from his fine open countenance; and holding out his hand to me in the frankest manner, he begged my pardon in turn for his hastiness, promising to think over what I had said, and even to try and profit by it.

And after a few general remarks on the beauty of the surrounding scenery, in which his companion timidly joined, we wished each other "good-night." And parting with, I doubt not, mutual good wishes—at least I know mine for him were entirely so—they joined the rest of their party, who now came back to meet them. And together descending the hill, they went on their way, and I saw them no more.

#### CHAPTER II.

On my return home I related the adventure to a nephew who resided with me, being employed in my business; and from the description of the young Englishman, whom he recognized as an acquaintance, he was able to give me such information as my deep interest in him rendered very welcome. He told me that he had come to the town about three months previously, as chief engineer on a new line of railway then in course of construction, and that

he was universally esteemed at once for his business talents, for the courtesy of his manners, and for his high moral worth. The young lady who accompanied him, he concluded, from what I said of her, to be the daughter of a merchant in the place, one of the leading shareholders in the railway, to whom young Howard, for such was the stranger's name, had letters of introduction; adding that, from their intimacy and his frequent visits to the house, it was generally reported that they were engaged to be married. The gentleman in naval uniform, he told me, was a cousin of Howard's, at present on a visit to him; and his companion probably a younger sister of Miss Mowbray, Howard's betrothed. He also informed me that, having frequently met young Howard, he had formed the highest opinion of him; and, with my permission, would gladly bring him as a visitor to my house.

Ever anxious to promote the innocent pleasures of this youth, the orphan child of a beloved sister long dead, I at once gave him the desired liberty, and I looked forward with considerable interest to the prospect of improving my acquaintance with one who, during our brief meeting, had made an unusually favorable impression on me. How natural now, considering his position, seemed his resentment, at the tone of my address! For, with the sweet hopes rising within him in his attachment to that gentle young girl, the solemn realities of death, when thus forced on his notice, must have appeared altogether repulsive, its poetical and ideal associations alone worthy to occupy his imagination. Yet, from his altered demeanor subsequently, I cherished the hope of still making the desired impression on his mind, when opportunity should favor me. But my hopes were doomed to disappointment; previous engagements, generally at the house of his betrothed, being pleaded as an excuse when my nephew repeatedly invited his cousin and himself to spend an evening with us.

Thus about three weeks passed without my again seeing him.

At the expiry of that time, I sat one lovely evening at the window, which commanded an extensive view of the frith, my house being situated within a short distance of the shore. The weather being oppressively hot, I felt no inclination for walking, and contented myself with gazing on the mirror-like surface of the river, now glowing under the beams of a glorious sunset. It presented a gay and busy scene, the water being unusually crowded with vessels of various descriptions. Yachts and pleasure-boats of all sizes were gliding softly over its

calm bosom; stately ships were being towed out to sea; and smaller boats were being either impelled swiftly by rowers, or lay at anchor while their occupants were engaged in fishing.

No sounds broke the stillness of the Summer air, save the farewell shouts of the sailors in the outward-bound ships, as they unfurled their sails preparatory to departing; the soft cadence of voices singing in chorus in the smaller boats; the plash of oars, the ripple of the waves on the shore, and the vesper song of the birds in my garden close by. But these were all of so soft a description, that the faint combined murmur was not sufficient to prevent a certain drowsiness from gradually creeping over me.

Suddenly I was aroused from my half-slumber by a sound something between a shout and a wail, which seemed simultaneously to arise from the united voices of hundreds in the numerous boats; and, starting up, I looked in the direction whence it came. There was a sudden and simultaneous rush of all the rowing-boats toward one particular spot in the track of a large steamer which had just passed, and which I conjectured must have been connected with some disaster, but whether from the fall of some one overboard, or from a collision with some smaller vessel, I could not discover. But the first surmise I at once dismissed as impossible, when I saw the steamer, instead of stopping, glide rapidly down the river; so I concluded that its crew must have been quite unconscious of whatever had occurred; and, from the boats all crowding and forming a circle round a certain point, I now felt satisfied that one must have been upset.

On hastening down to the shore I found, from some persons standing there, that such also was their conclusion. But, from the crowded state of the water, it was impossible to ascertain the fact, far less to discover who might be the unfortunate victims of the accident, for whom the men in the other boats seemed searching. There was nothing for it but to wait with patience till some one should come ashore to satisfy our anxious curiosity.

I remained thus on the watch till the short twilight—for it was now the beginning of August—had deepened into darkness, and feeling satisfied that no information was to be obtained by remaining there longer, I returned home. When I reached it I sat for some time anxiously awaiting the return of my nephew from business, in hopes that he might be able to inform me of what had happened; but ten o'clock, the usual hour of his home-coming, passed, and it was nearly eleven before he made his appearance.

His extreme paleness, and the sad expression of his countenance, at once told me that he was the bearer of disastrous tidings. But I was hardly prepared for the shock my feelings sustained, when, without waiting to be questioned, he exclaimed, "O, uncle! you can not think what a sad calamity has happened to-night. The Liverpool steamer, in passing, has struck down a little boat, and it is supposed, indeed generally believed, that young Howard and his cousin were in it, and have been drowned."

It was a moment before I could recover from this startling announcement, so far as to inquire the particulars of this sad catastrophe. And, with a slight indefinable hope that there might be some mistake, I also asked upon what grounds he believed that it was really Howard who had perished.

Alas! these were too strong to admit of almost a shadow of doubt as to the unhappy fate of the unfortunate strangers. For my nephew stated that some of their intimate companions had met them on their way to the river, and had seen them embark in a small boat which they had hired for the purpose of fishing—a sport which they sometimes pursued of an evening. He added, that having heard a vague report of the accident, he, with some of his friends, had gone to the place at which Howard and his cousin were in the habit of landing. But instead of meeting them, as they had half hoped to do, they had been told, to their dismay, by some of the crews of the other boats, that theirs was really the one that had been sunk, and gave such a description of the two young men, its occupants, as to leave little doubt of their identity.

To describe the thoughts that crowded into my mind at hearing of this mournful catastrophe, would not be easy. My brief interview with young Howard, the interest he had excited in me, the place of our meeting, and the strange coincidence of my having overheard a part of his conversation, which had impelled me to address him in words of warning, all rushed upon my mind at once, and I felt dizzy and bewildered.

Could that brief warning have sunk into his mind? Had it been blessed to produce the salutary effect I intended? And had his promise of thinking of what I had said been fulfilled? or had my words passed from his recollection unheeded amid the more pressing, and, perhaps, dearer interests by which he was surrounded? Questions of awful import—never to be solved till that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest!

And as, in mental vision, I recalled the handsome manly form, the glowing cheek, the sparkling eye of the ill-fated youth, I could scarce realize the thought that so much fair promise had been already blighted, and that a young life had been so suddenly quenched in the darkness of premature death!

Truly may we say with the Psalmist: "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity," Ps. xxxix, 11; or, with Job: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Job xiv, 1, 2.

For some time I sat conversing with my nephew, who seemed at once much struck and mournfully affected by the sad event. I failed not to utter, with the hope of making a salutary impression on his mind, such lessons, trite indeed, yet solemn, as it naturally suggested. And when we each retired to our apartment for the night, the impossibility of dismissing it from our thoughts occasioned to both many sleepless hours.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE YEAR.

IT was January. There had been a frightful snow-storm. The snow flew in whirling eddies through the streets and alleys. The window-panes were covered with it—it tumbled in great masses from the roofs of the houses—it covered the coaches and horses, and it was only very slowly that they could make their way through the heavy mass of snow that lay in their path.

But at length the storm was over, and toward evening the wind became still; the heaven looked as if it had been made higher, cleaner, and clearer; the stars seemed to be "brand-new," and were very clear and bright—and O, how it froze, so that every thing cracked, and the crust on the top of the snow grew so hard that in the morning the sparrows could walk upon it. They hopped about, now up, now down, where the paths had been shoveled, but they could find very little to eat, and they were very cold.

"Piep," said one to the other, "this they call the new year; but this is even worse than the old; for that matter, we might just as well have kept that; I am very discontented and I have very good reason for it."

"Yes, only a little while ago the men were

running about and shooting in the new year," said a little freezing sparrow, "and they were almost beside themselves with joy, because the old year had gone away, and so I was glad, too, for I hoped that we should then get warmer days; but nothing has come of it—it freezes harder than ever. The men have made a mistake in the reckoning of time."

"Indeed they have," said a third, who was already very old and gray-headed, "they have something which they call a calendar—something of their own invention—and every thing must go by it; but it does n't, for all that. When Spring comes, then the year begins; that is the course of nature, and I reckon by that."

"But when comes the Spring?" asked the others.

"It comes when the stork comes; but with him it is very uncertain, and here in the city there is no one who knows any thing about it. Out in the country they know better. Shall we fly out there and wait for it? There one is so much nearer to the Spring."

"Yes, that may all be very well," said one of them, who had been hopping about a long time, and had chirped without really saying any thing. "I have some conveniences here in the city which I fear I should miss out there. Around the corner here is a great house in which a man-family lives, who had the very sensible idea to fasten to the wall of the house three, yes, four flower-pots, with the large opening inside toward the wall and the bottom outward, in which is cut a hole large enough for me to fly in and out. There I and my husband have a nest, and from there have all our little ones flown. The man-family have really arranged it all, only that they may have the pleasure of seeing us, otherwise they would never have done it. They scatter bread-crumbs, only for their own pleasure also, and we get our food in that way; it is just as if it were meant for us. And so I believe that I will remain, and my husband will also remain; although we are really very discontented, but we remain."

"And we fly out into the country to see if the Spring be not coming," and then they flew.

And out there in the country it was real Winter—it was two degrees colder than in the city. The sharp wind swept over the snow-covered fields. The peasant, with great mittens on, sat in his sledge and beat himself with his arms in order to bring out the cold. The whip lay in his lap, the lean horses ran so that they steamed, the snow creaked, and the sparrows hopped about in the sledge-ruts and nearly froze. "Piep! when is the Spring coming? This lasts quite too long!"

"Too long!" It sounded away across the fields, from the highest snow-covered hill, and this might be the echo which they heard, but it might also be the voice of the strange old man who sat up there in wind and storm on the highest summit of the snow-drifts. He was entirely white, like a peasant in a white frock, with long, white hair, white beard, very pale, and with large clear eyes. "Who is that old man up there?" asked the sparrows.

"I know," said an old raven, who sat upon the fence-pole, and who was humble enough to see that before the Lord we are all only little birds, and who, therefore, joined the sparrows, and gave them an explanation. "I know who the old man is. That is Winter, the old man of the last year; he is not dead as the calendar says. No, he is rather the guardian of the little prince Spring, who is coming. Yes, Winter carries on the government. Hu, it is really hard for you, you little ones!"

"Yes, is it not exactly what I said?" answered the smallest one; "the calendar is a mere whim of the men, which is not according to nature. They should have left that to us—us who are more delicately made."

And so a week passed—several weeks passed. The forest was black, the frozen snow lay firm and looked like molded lead. The clouds—no, there were no clouds—there were damp, ice-cold mists which stretched away over the land. The great black crows flew in whole flocks without a cry. It was as if every thing were asleep. Then a sunbeam glanced over the lake, and it gleamed like melted tin. The snow-covering upon the hill did not glisten as it formerly did, but the white form, Winter himself, still sat there and looked unchanged toward the south. He did not see at all that the covering of snow was sinking away, as it were into the earth, that here and there a little grass-green spot came to light, then the sparrows warbled, "Quivit! quivit! now comes the Spring."

"Spring!" it sounded away over field and meadow, and through the dark-brown forests, where the moss already shone fresh on the tree-trunks; and from the south the first two storks came flying through the air. Upon the back of each was a lovely little child—a boy and a girl. And they greeted the earth with a kiss. And wherever they set their feet white flowers grew under the snow. Hand in hand they went up to the old ice-man, Winter, and in saluting him, threw themselves on his breast, and, at the same moment all three had vanished, and the whole landscape had disappeared also—a thick, damp fog, very thick and heavy, hid every thing. Soon it began to blow. The wind

rose, rushed swiftly off, and chased away the mists—the sun shone warm; the Winter had gone; the lovely children of the Spring sat upon the throne of the year.

“This I call the new year,” said the sparrows. “Now we get our rights again, and at the same time amends for the cruel Winter.”

Whichever way the two children turned there shot forth green buds on shrubs and trees—there also the grass grew higher and the corn-fields always greener and greener. And, round about the little maiden strewed flowers. She hid a profusion of them in her bosom. It was always full of them, even while she generously scattered them. In her rash zeal she shook a whole flower-snow over the apple and cherry trees, so that they stood in full splendor, even before they had yet any green leaves.

And she clapped her hands, and the boy clapped, and thereupon birds came forth; one could not tell whence, and all twittered and sang, “The Spring has come!”

It was lovely to look upon. And many a dear, aged mother came out of her door into the sunshine, stirred about, looked at the yellow flowers which shone over the whole meadow just as they did in her youth; the world was young again; “It is, indeed, very beautiful out here to-day,” said she.

The forest was still brownish green—buds on buds, but the wood-roof was out very fresh and fragrant, the violets stood in great plenty, and there were anemones, dandelions, and buttercups—in every grass blade there was sap and strength; it was a beautiful carpet to sit upon, and on it sat the two young children of the Spring, held one another by the hand, and sang, and laughed, and grew more and more.

A gentle rain fell from heaven upon them—they did not mind it—the rain-drop and the tear of joy mingled in one. Bride and bridegroom kissed each other, and at the same time the forest put forth its leaves. When the sun rose all the woods were green.

Hand in hand went the bridal pair underneath the fresh, hanging foliage, where only the sunbeams and shadows lent a change of color to the green. A maidenly purity and a fresh fragrance was in the delicate leaves. Clear and brisk the brook and rivulet rippled through the velvet-green sedge and over the party-colored stones. “There is and always remains an eternal fullness,” said all nature. And the cuckoo called, and the lark sang, and this was the beautiful Spring, though the meadows had still fur mittens over their flowers; they were still so very prudent, and that is tiresome.

And so days and weeks passed; the heat

became very strong—hot waves of air swept through the corn, which was growing all the while yellower and yellower. The water-lily—the white lotus of the north—spread her broad, green leaves upon the surface of the woodland lakes, and the fish sought shelter beneath them. Upon the windless side of the forest, where the sun burned upon the wall of the peasant's hut and the full-blown roses were heated through, and the cherry-tree hung full of juicy, black, almost sun-hot cherries, sat the stately wife of Summer, she whom we have seen as child and bride; and she looked toward the dark, rising clouds, which, like waves mountain high, dark blue and heavy, were lifting themselves higher and higher. They mounted from the horizon, then, like an inverted sea, turned to stone, they sank lower and lower toward the forest, where, as if by magic, every thing was dumb; every breath of air had died away, each bird was silent; there reigned a solemnity, an expectation in all nature, while every-where on all roads and paths, persons in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, were hastening to gain a shelter. Then, all at once, it lightened, as if the sun were breaking forth, glaring, dazzling, singeing every thing—then it grew dark again in rolling rumble. The water poured down in streams; it was night, then again it was clear; it was first still, then a tumult of noise. The young brown-feathered reed in the marsh shook among long waves, the branches of the wood were hidden in watery mists, darkness came and then the light—stillness and then thunder. Grass and corn lay beaten down as if swimming away, and as if they would never again lift themselves. Suddenly the rain became single drops, the sun shone, the fishes leaped above the water, the gnats danced, and upon a stone out in the salt, lashed sea-water sat Summer himself; the strong man, with brawny limbs, with wet hair, made young again by the fresh bath, he sat there in the warm sunshine. All nature was renewed, every thing round about stood rich, strong, and beautiful. It was Summer—warm, glorious Summer.

Lovely and sweet was the fragrance that rose from the rich clover-fields; the bees hummed, the birds sang, and on all the grass blades, and all the leaves of the trees and shrubs, the water-drops gleamed like pearls.

The evening sky glittered like gold, richer and brighter than any church dome, and the moon shone between the evening red and the morning red. And this was Summer-time.

And so passed days and weeks. The white sickle flashed in the corn-fields, the branches of the apple-tree were loaded with red and yel-

low fruit; in great masses hung the fragrant hops, and beneath the hazel-bushes, heavy with clusters of nuts, rested the Summer with his earnest wife.

"What riches!" said she; "fullness of blessing every-where, and all good and home-like, and yet, I do not myself know why, I have a longing after—rest—sleep—I know not the word for it. Now they are plowing again upon the field. Men would always gain more and more! See, the storks are coming in flocks, and are following the plow from afar, the bird of Egypt who bore us through the air. Dost thou remember about it, when we two, as little children, came from far into the land of the North? We brought flowers, glorious sunshine and green woods, which now the wind has ill-used—they are becoming brown and dark, like the trees of the South, but they do not bear, like those, golden fruits."

"Wilt thou see them?" said the Summer, "then, be glad!" and he raised his arm, and the leaves of the wood turned red and gold—there came a splendor of color over all the forests. The rose-thickets brightened with flamed fruit, the boughs of the elder drooped with great, heavy, black-brown berries, the wild chestnuts fell ripe out of their dark-green husks, and within the wood bloomed the second time the violets.

But the queen of the year became all the while stiller and paler. "It blows cold," said she, "the nights have cold mists. I long for the—land of youth!"

And she saw the storks flying away all together, and she stretched out her hands toward them. She looked up to the nests which stood there empty, and in one of them grew a long-stemmed wild-poppy, and in another the yellow hedge-mustard, as if the nests were there only for their shelter and protection, and the sparrows came up there.

"Piep! where has the house-family gone? They could not bear that it should blow on them so, and therefore they have left the country. A pleasant journey to them!"

And yellower and yellower grew the foliage. And leaves fell upon leaves. The Autumn storms blustered. It was late harvest-time, and upon the yellow bed of leaves lay the queen of the year, and looked with tender eyes toward the shining stars. And her husband stood beside her. A gust of wind came and sent the leaves whirling into the air. They fell again, and the queen was gone; but a butterfly, the last of the year, was flying through the cold air. And the damp mists came—the icy wind and the long, dark nights. The sovereign of the

year stood with snow-white hair, but he himself did not know it, he believed it to be snow-flakes which fell from the clouds. A thin covering of snow was spread over the field. And the church-bells rang for Christmas-time.

"The Christmas-bells are ringing," said the sovereign of the year. "Soon will the new ruling pair be born, and I shall have rest—rest among the shining stars."

In the fresh, green fir-wood, where the snow lay, stood the Christmas angel, and consecrated the young trees which should serve at his festival.

"Let joy be in the room and under the green boughs," said the old ruler of the year. Weeks had changed him into a snow-white old man. "The time of rest is coming to me—the young couple of the year, obtain now the crown and scepter."

"Thine, however, is the power," said the Christmas angel—"power and not rest. Let the snow lie upon the young grain to keep it from the cold. Learn to bear it, that homage be offered to another, while thou art yet the sovereign. Learn to forget thyself, to see and yet to live! The hour of freedom is coming when the Spring comes."

"And when is the Spring coming?" asked Winter.

"Spring comes when the stork comes." And with white locks and snow-white beard sat Winter, ice-cold, old and bowed, but strong, high upon the snow-drifts of the hill, and looked toward the south, as the former Winter had sat and looked. The ice cracked, the snow creaked, the skaters glided over the white lakes, and ravens and crows saw not the least breath of air stirring upon the white ground. And in the still air Winter pressed his hands together and the ice became heavy and thick upon the land. Then the sparrows came again out of the city and asked, "Who is the old man up there?"

And the raven sat there again—or a son of his, just like him—and he said to them: "That is Winter, the old man of the past year. He is not dead, as the calendar says, but he is the guardian of the Spring, who is coming."

"When is the Spring coming?" asked the sparrows—"then we shall have a good time and a better government. The old one is good for nothing."

In still musing, Winter nodded to the leafless, black woods, where the trees with their naked branches stood stately in the most beautiful forms, and while he slumbered the ice-cold mists sank in heavy clouds. The sovereign dreamed of his youth and of his manhood's

strength. And at the break of day the whole wood was glorious with frost. It was the Summer dream of Winter. But the sun thawed the frost from the branches.

"When comes the Spring?" asked the sparrows.

"The Spring!" sounded as an echo from the hills where the snow lay. And the sun shone warmer and warmer. The snow melted and the birds twittered, "Spring is coming!"

And high through the air came the first stork; the second followed. A lovely child sat upon the back of each, and they sank upon the open field, and the children kissed the earth, and they kissed the still old man; and, like Moses upon the mountain, he vanished, borne away by the misty clouds. The story of the year was ended.

"That is all right," said the sparrows; "and it is also very beautiful, but it is not according to the calendar, and so the calendar is false."

#### EXCURSION IN THE AMERICAN "NORTH-WEST."

THE Canadians and half-breed "packers," or "voyagers," as they call themselves—who are thinly scattered along the frontiers of civilization and throughout the wild interior, from the shores of the great lakes down to the Mexican republics—have many good points in their character, and are deservedly lauded by such men as Ruxton and other explorers, who have tested their endurance of hardships, and their steadiness and fidelity in time of danger. But the stranger requiring their temporary services merely to pass from one settlement to another, as in our case, where their good qualities are not so likely to be brought into play, will find them extortionate in their demands, and, if they are not allowed to do just what they please, sulky and obstinate in their behavior. The rate of wages in the West being so high—even the ordinary day laborer receiving at least two dollars—they can not be engaged under two dollars and a half a day, and, as they also exact *back fare* to the place whence they start, their cost is by no means inconsiderable. Being paid in this manner, it is naturally their interest to make the journey last as many days as possible, and unless they are sharply looked after they are apt to avail themselves of every pretense for delay. Although many of them understand what is said in English, Canadian French is their proper language, and they invariably use it in preference; and, indeed, the majority of them—as is usually the

case with races of French origin—can speak nothing else, unless it be one of the Indian dialects. They carry very heavy burdens, often weighing from sixty to ninety pounds weight, and it is said even more.

The mode of portage is rather peculiar. A long, thin leather strap, widening into a broad belt in the middle, is laid upon the blanket which lies on the floor ready for packing. The broad belt is placed projecting over one end of the blanket, and its two ends laid along lengthways about a foot or so distant from the sides and parallel to them. The sides of the blanket are then folded over the thongs, and the articles to be carried laid atop, so that when the whole is rolled up together a sort of bag, with a mouth at each end, is formed. The thongs can be pulled until each mouth is drawn quite tight, and the whole appears just like a short, fat pillow-case, of which the leather thongs form the strings. The broad belt, which is kept outside and connects the two strings, forms a loop, which is hung over the forehead, and by which the burden hangs suspended on the back. The packers usually stoop very forward as they walk, and often carry a stick in each hand, and thus throw much of the weight on their arms.

Leaving Superior shortly after midday, we crossed the Nemadji River in a wretched ferry-boat, and on the opposite side quickly found ourselves in the forest. The path, such as it was, struck due south along the right bank, crossing occasionally small streams running into the Nemadji. The ground was very wet—often partly under water—and the way continually obstructed by fallen trees, which rendered the walking by no means light work. Until actually inside a primeval forest, it is not very easy to form a correct idea of what it is like. The trunks stand so close to one another, the brush or undergrowth is so thick, the trees fallen in all directions from old age and from the violence of the wind are so numerous, and the whole is so thickly matted together, that it is a much more difficult task than one would suppose to advance a few feet in any one direction; and it is impossible even to see more than two or three yards into the interior. The path which we were following, although dignified by the name of a "Winter road," and said to be traversed by sledges over the snow at that season of the year, was by no means well marked in every place, and it was often difficult for the inexperienced eye to discover which way it went.

Every now and then we came to a recent "windfall"—or area occupied by fallen trees—

of several hundred yards in breadth, and then we had to use hands and feet, and clamber, as best we might, through the branches of the large trees which obstructed the way. These windfalls often extend over a considerable space of ground. One tree in falling usually brings down half a dozen others, and so it goes on, just like the rows of soldiers of a child at play. During our first day's march, which came to an end about seven or eight miles from Superior, the forest was nearly entirely composed of deciduous trees, embracing many of what the Americans call "hard woods," but none of them of very great height or striking dimensions. There were several species of oak (*Quercus*), walnuts and hickory (*Juglans* and *Carya*), chestnuts, horn-beans, (*Carpinus Americana* and *Ostrya Virginica*), and several birches, among which we particularly noticed fine examples of the paper birch (*Betula papyracea*), from which the Indian canoes are made. There are, however, always a certain number of pines intermixed, and, in particular, spruces (*Abies alba* and *A. nigra*), the branches of which come in very conveniently for bedding when one sleeps in the woods. Animal life is certainly not very abundant in this country. Carrying a gun, and constantly on the lookout for any thing which came across the path, and pretty well acquainted too with what was likely to be found, I could make but a very poor catalogue of beasts and birds falling under observation. During our first day's progress the only thing we secured in the shape of game for the pot were three pigeons and an unfortunate robin.

The second and following days, being a little further removed from habitations, we found the tufted wood-grouse (*Tetrao umbellus*)—which is always known as "partridge"—tolerably abundant, and never failed in obtaining a sufficient number of them and of pigeons to furnish a very palatable addition to our salt pork

and biscuits. When, however, we emerged from the woods into the sandy pine-barrens which here divide the prairie lands from the forest, we found another and larger species of grouse—the sharp-tailed grouse (*Tetrao phasianellus*). This fine bird is known by the name



STEAMER ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

of "pheasant," and in parts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the North-West generally, takes the place of the true prairie bird (*Tetrao cupido*), which occurs in such great numbers in the prairies of Illinois.

When whizzing over one of the several rough lines of railroad which traverse the "Prairie



State," connecting the important city of Chicago with the Mississippi, numbers of prairie birds rise, startled at the approach of the train, and, as they sink again into the deep heather a hundred yards off, recall to the traveler's mind the black game of Scotland, though it must be allowed that there is little similarity between the vast expanse of uniformly flat prairie and the rugged mountains of the northern portion of our island. Both the tufted grouse and the sharp-tailed have a habit which seems somewhat strange to an English sportsman, though manifestly advantageous in the way of assisting him to fill his bag. When disturbed, if prevailed upon to take flight, they nearly always alight high up in a tree, thus giving one a fine opportunity of making a "pot" shot, of which, I confess, I never disdained to avail myself. But their general practice is to escape by running, and it is not always easy to make them rise.

As for other birds—besides those just mentioned as good for food—though constantly on the watch, I observed but very few species while passing through the thick forest. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to see how birds can exist at all in such a mass of tangled woods; and those which were seen were mostly met with in the partially cleared spots. The squawk of the blue jay may often be heard: he seems at home every-where; and the Canadian jay (*Perisoreus Canadensis*) occurs more sparingly. In the pine districts families of a black-headed titmouse (*Parus atricapillus*) are always to be found, often mixed with gold crests (*Regulus satrapa*), all busily engaged in searching for insects among the branches, and repeating their shrill call-cries, just as in a European forest. The creeper (*Certhia Americana*) is rather scarce, and resembles our bird in habits as closely as in general appearance. In a clearing I shot a pair of the hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*) and a sparrow-hawk (*Accipiter fuscus*), and one of the swamp-sparrows (*Ammodromus palustris*) was common in the wet places.

These, I think, were the only birds observed during the first two days of our walk. On the second day the ground began to rise a little, but hardly perceptibly, and the pines became more abundant. Some of the white pines (*Pinus strobus*) were of towering height and immense size. This magnificent tree furnishes a great part of the "lumber" which is cut in large quantities on the branches of the Upper Mississippi, for the supply of the cities on the lower part of the river, and, indeed, of the States generally.

About three hours after starting we came to

a clearing where was the shaft of a deserted copper mine. The trap-rock, which runs along parallel to the southern shore of Lake Superior, dividing the "Potsdam sandstone" of the coast from the primaries of the interior, is rich in native copper throughout its length. There are now said to be no less than from two hundred to three hundred companies working mines along this region with more or less success. From the "Cliff Mine," belonging to the "Boston and Pittsburg Mining Company" at Eagle River—which is, according to Mr. Jackson, the United States geologist, one of the most remarkable known for its native copper—one of the masses extracted was fifty tons weight, and estimated to yield ninety per cent. of refined metal. Here, however, we were quite at the extreme west end of the copper-bearing trap, where it thins out and ultimately disappears. A little beyond the mine we arrived at the banks of the Rock River, a confluent of the Nemadji, falling in a fine gushing torrent over a rocky precipice, and joining the main stream in the valley beneath. Here again was a clearing and a "claim," and when Superior is become a populous city, this, I have little doubt, will be the usual mountain resort, in the Summer, like the house on the Catskills to the citizens of New York, or the island of Mackinac to the inhabitants of Chicago.

After our usual midday's rest we took a trail running up the right bank of Rock River, and pursued it for several hours. Toward evening we reached a spot where the course of the stream turns away to the right, and encamped, this being the place where we were to leave the water running northward into the great lakes, and across the water-shed, until we reached the streams flowing southward into the Mississippi. This we accomplished next day, after walking about twelve miles over roughish ground, chiefly through hard woods—beeches and maples. During this forenoon's journey not a drop of water was to be found, and the sun being hot, and the walking very laborious, owing to the great number of windfalls, we suffered from thirst. There is nothing like a chain of mountains, or even land much elevated, to indicate a water-shed. The whole route traversed, from one stream to the other, seems to the passer-by hardly to be distinguished from a flat surface, and is certainly not raised many feet above the respective waters. Tamarack Creek, the first water reached on the other side, where we struck it, was flowing very sluggishly toward the St. Croix, of which it is a confluent. Lefèvre informing us there were fish to be caught, we set to work with sticks and strings, and

some fish-hooks that H. luckily had with him. It quickly appeared that we had met with an unsuspecting species of the class *Pisces*, that paid little regard to the vileness of our tackle, and we secured such a number as, though they were small in size, made us an "elegant" supper. They seemed to be a species of *Leuciscus*.

Packing up our traps to start, we were astonished at the sound of human voices, the only ones we heard save our own during the first three days' march, and up came a party going the opposite way. They proved to be engineers returning from a survey of a new "town" on the St. Croix, from whom we were glad to learn that there were Indians encamped at the mouth of the Yellow River, so that there was every probability of our obtaining canoes for the descent. One of the engineers was accompanied by an Indian squaw, probably a half-breed, but ugly enough for a pure Chippeway. She carried a large surveying instrument, which her lord and master informed us weighed seventy-five pounds—not a bad sort of helpmate for this country.

Descending by the course of Tamarack Creek we crossed several tamarack swamps, one of which was upward of a quarter of a mile in breadth. They are covered with a very soft, thick, sponge-like moss, saturated with water, into which we sank above our knees. The tamaracks, or larches—*Larix Americana*—are the only trees which grow upon them, and these generally have a rugged aspect, and are covered with gray moss, looking as if the situation did not agree with them. These swamps are the favorite retreat of deer—*Cervus Virginianus*—which, however, we were never fortunate enough to fall in with. Here we found the very singular pitcher-plant, or saddle-flower—*Sarracenia purpurea*—not uncommon. The curious cup formed by the involution of the leaf was always filled with water, which seemed pure and good to the taste. I did not observe insects in them, as is sometimes said to be the case.

Another beautiful flower we observed common in the swampy places in the woods was a species of *Impatiens*, or jewel weed, very like our European *Impatiens noli-me-tangere*, which is so common in Switzerland. We stopped for the third night on the banks of the Tamarack Creek, at a place where the path crosses it by means of some fallen trees from the right bank to the left, and thought ourselves very lucky in finding the remains of an old encampment with a rough shelter of spruce boughs still standing. Before arriving we had some two miles back struck the "State-line," which forms the bound-

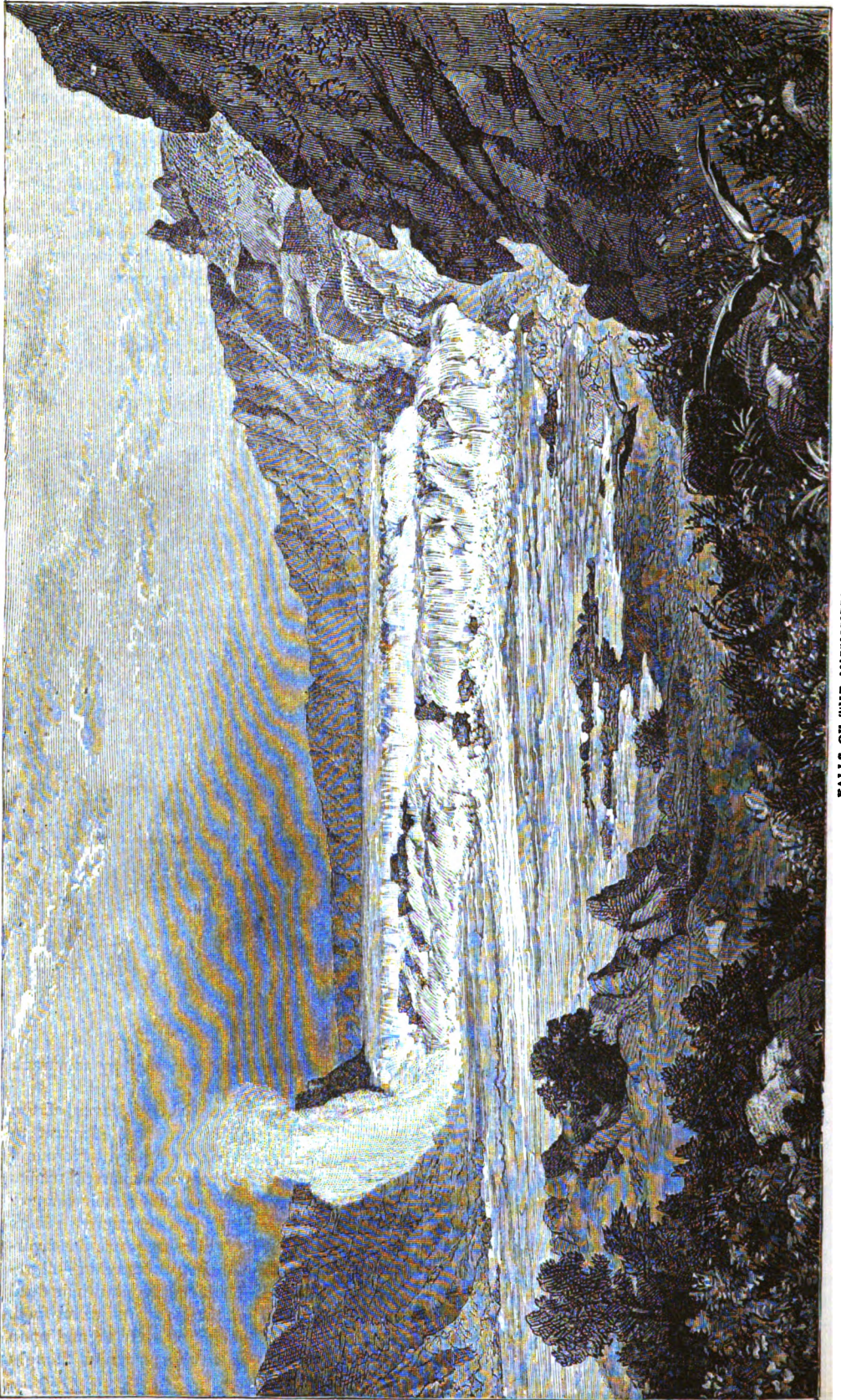
ary between the State of Wisconsin and the (then) Territory (now State) of Minnesota, and we continued along the same line next day for some distance. Here the aspect of the country changes entirely, as we had passed the forests and entered upon the region of "pine-barrens." The "pine-barrens" are pine forests, which, for ages past, have been overrun by fires made by the Indians for the purpose of clearing portions of the country, and creating more space for hunting. They now present the appearance of a tolerably open country much varied with belts of pines, and in many places, especially along the sides of the rivers, thickly wooded; the



PILEATUS WOODPECKER.

bottoms are frequently occupied by tamarack swamps.

The soil is composed of the leaves of the deciduous pines, and is hard and pleasant to walk on, though somewhat slippery. Here and there solitary large pines, with charred trunks and leafless branches, rise among their younger neighbors, evidences of the destructive effects of the former fires. These trees are the favorite resort of a large black woodpecker—*Dryocopus pileatus*—which seems to find their dead wood particularly productive of its insect food. It is a shy bird, like most of its tribe, and upon any one approaching "with murderous thought



FALLS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

intent," quickly moves away in undulating flight to a fresh tree. A few hours' walk brought us to the crest of a slight elevation, whence in front, in the valley beneath, we were gladdened by the sight of a noble stream, the St. Croix, rolling down its clear waters toward the Mississippi. To our right, fringed with thick bushes, ran Tamarack Creek, entering the St. Croix about a mile further down. Near the banks of the former stream lay a small log hut, which, we were informed by our guides, was the only building yet erected in the town of "Nichidona," through which we were now passing. A backwoodsman, who emerged from the hut as we passed, informed us that he was at present the only inhabitant!

We kept to the right, crossed Tamarack Creek, startling some Summer ducks—*Aix sponsa*—from their repose in the trees over the water, and, after passing another mile down the right bank of the St. Croix, arrived at a large, strongly built log hut, called "Bishop's Camp"—now deserted. These "camps," as they are called, are formed by the lumberers on the banks of the rivers in this part of the world for residence in Winter. They come up in large parties, under a foreman, and fell the large pines growing in the neighborhood, and drag them, by means of oxen, on to the ice, with which at that season the rivers are covered. When the ice breaks up in the Spring, the lumber descends, and is fished out at the saw-mills lower down, where it is converted into boarding of all sorts.

As one spot becomes exhausted, by the cutting of all the finest trees, the lumberers move on to another; but such is the extent of the country covered by forests in Wisconsin, Western Michigan, and Minnesota, that it must be many years before the supply becomes in any degree diminished. The logs belonging to the different lumberers are marked with distinguishing letters or numbers, and an account is kept at the saw-mills of the timber sawn belonging to each proprietor. Although much of it descends without stoppage, the quantity of logs which stick on the banks, in the shallows, and in the frequent branches of the rivers, is something enormous. The whole shore often seems to be lined many rows deep with logs, and, on passing a branch dry, or with little water in it, except when the river is high, timber of all shapes and sizes may be seen lying heaped up in enormous masses. The lumberers pray for a flood to wash it down, which, it may be truly said of them, "leads on to fortune;" but much of the timber never moves again at all, and rots where it lies.

Just below "Bishop's Camp" we crossed the St. Croix by a ford, the water being up to our middles at the deepest part, and the stream about one hundred yards in breadth. Hence two hours' walk through the "pine-barrens" carried us across the arc formed by a bend of the river, and brought us again to the St. Croix, just at the mouth of the Yellow River, a fine confluent rolling in on the left bank. As we had been led to expect, we found the commencement of a settlement here, in the shape of a party of workmen building a wooden house. They had already a tolerably good hut roofed, in which we were immediately invited to take up our quarters. This embryo settlement, which had been already mapped out into streets and squares—on paper—and christened by the name of "Gordon Town," is certainly in a very favorable situation as regards locality; and should the proposed Superior Railway pass by it, as is likely to be the case, will without doubt turn out a good speculation to the land company to which it belongs.

The Yellow River, at its discharge into the St. Croix, has a considerable fall, quite sufficient to furnish extensive water-power when a dam is erected. The ground rises gently from the river, but to a considerable height, facing the south-west, and during the beautiful Summer and Autumn, with the ever-cloudless sky which prevails in this part of the world, the prospect from behind "the town" to one looking over the broad rolling river on to the deep woods which fringe the opposite bank—belonging to Minnesota—is extremely pleasing. The soil is said to be productive, but I am rather inclined to doubt whether this can be really the case, except on the alluvial ground in the bottoms, and close to the river banks. We are here still upon the primary rocks, which continue as far down as Taylor's Falls; and the pine-barrens do not give one the idea of great fertility.

We rested a day here, and explored the surrounding country, visiting a neighboring lake, and attempting in vain to catch fish.

The "boss"—as the workmen call their foremen—treated us with great hospitality, and at night gave us the post of honor next to his side, on the hay, on which we slept; but the snoring of the backwoodsmen, and the barking of the Indian dogs, who came prowling about to see what they could get, made it difficult to sleep. One of the principal articles of food provided was the grain called Indian rice, which, when boiled, becomes very glutinous, and is certainly a much nicer food than ordinary rice. It is from this grain (the *Zizania aquatica*) that the "rice lakes," "rice swamps," etc., of

so frequent occurrence in the North-West, are named, the true rice (*Oryza sativa*) only ripening further south, in the Carolinas. The settlers procure it from the Indians at a price of about two dollars a bushel. The *Zisania* grows in great

abundance in water from six to nine feet deep in the small lakes in this country, rising to nearly the same height above the surface, and, when ripe, presenting the appearance of a large luxuriant oat-field. The Indian squaws gather it in their



CAMP IN A PINE FOREST.

canoes, and, after drying it, beat it with sticks to get off the husks. It is usually eaten boiled, with molasses or butter.

While we were exploring the neighborhood of Gordon Town our voyagers negotiated the purchase of a bark canoe for us from some

lodges of Chippeways, who were encamped hard by. The Indian title having been what the Americans term "extinguished" in Wisconsin, these poor creatures are now, I believe, intruders in their own country, and are liable to be "transported" at any moment to certain

"Indian reservations" on the upper Mississippi. There were only women and children at present at the lodges, the "braves" having all departed on a grand hunt, at which they would probably seize the opportunity of taking a few scalps from their hereditary enemies, the Sioux, if they should happen to fall in with them. The ladies proved to be keen hands at a bargain, and sold us a very old and leaky canoe for eight dollars, after which they demanded an additional payment for paddles. As, however, the transaction was managed between our voyagers and the "savages" in the Chippeway language, no doubt it was merely a matter of arrangement between them how much we should be made to pay for the joint benefit of the "vendors" and the "agents of the purchasers."

Early next morning we left Gordon Town in our canoe, making the "boss" a present of money to the amount of what we supposed our board had cost him, which, as we were told, was all that was expected. Old Lefèvre took his place in front, with his legs doubled under him and paddle in hand. H. and I sat side by side on our plaids and blankets in the middle of the boat, it being barely broad enough to hold us. Coté placed himself in a similar position to Lefèvre at the stern. Off we started, shooting rapidly along where the water was deep and the passage easy to be found, but continually obliged to go slowly over the shallows and among the logs, and sometimes choosing an "impassable" branch, when we had to return. When we stuck fast in a shallow our voyagers stepped out into the water and lifted us over. The greatest precaution is requisite in canoe traveling to avoid the sunken logs and rocks, as a fracture is very easily made in the thin bark which forms the boat, especially in an "ancient craft" such as ours. The river winds about through a country much resembling what we had quitted; pine forests, varied with open spaces, and the river fringed with hard woods. The stream often divides into different channels, and unites again, leaving islands in the middle. Upon one of them we took up our quarters for the night, just below the mouth of a fine confluent on the right bank called "Wood River," having made about thirty-five miles in eight hours' paddling.

We had passed several other confluent from each bank, the largest of which is known as "Clam River" and "Kettle River." A smart shower of rain coming on about the small hours this night, rather disturbed our slumbers. All were wet through except old Lefèvre, who, as we discovered next morning, had judiciously retreated under shelter of the inverted canoe. We resuscitated our fire, and dried ourselves,

and were off again soon after daylight. As the day advanced, and the sun rose, it became very close and hot, and the wind, which was dead against us, began to rise. Our voyagers told us there was a thunder-storm coming up the valley. Four hours after starting we reached the mouth of "Sunrise River," where a solitary farm-house and some cultivated fields showed us that we were drawing near to civilization. Leaving our men to put some resin on the seams of the canoe, which had been leaking fast, we approached, and requested something to eat, for our provisions were very nearly exhausted. An old lady was in the house, and a fine family of sons, such as a settler would wish to have, and most hospitably they entertained us. They were from "down East," like most of the Americans in the North-West, and told us that they were doing well, much better than in Massachusetts. The soil was fertile, and crops good, and a market not far distant.

H. gave our hostess an acknowledgment in the shape of two dollars, which she said was too much, and insisted on returning us one. After this we made another attempt to continue our journey; but the wind blew so hard against us, and the boat was so leaky, that after two hours' struggle we were compelled to pull ashore again. We were luckily close to the new "Government road," as it is called, which is a clearing of about twenty yards in breadth through the forest leading straight to Taylor's Falls. The canoe was stripped and turned adrift, and we set out to walk the remaining nine miles through one of the very heavy thunder-storms which are so common in the Summer and Autumn in the valley of the Mississippi. At Taylor's Falls the St. Croix descends by rapids and broken falls from the plateau of the great primary region of northern Wisconsin into the prairie region beneath, and becomes navigable for small steamers down to its entrance into the Mississippi at Prescott. Like all stations at the head of navigation, Taylor's Falls is a flourishing place. We found a hotel—"The Chicago House"—which, after sleeping in the woods for a week, and walking three hours in the dark through a thunder-storm, seemed quite luxurious. Taylor's Falls is about four hundred miles by steamer above Dubuque, in the State of Illinois, whence an uninterrupted railway communication of nine hundred and sixty miles leads to New York.

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OPPORTUNITIES to do good create obligation. He that has the means must answer for the end.

## HOW STEPHEN BAGLEY BECAME A DRUNKARD.

## II.

ABOUT seven years after this, I went to visit some relatives in the village where they lived, and spent a part of my time with the Bagleys. On first meeting Stephen I was shocked at the change in him which these last years had made.

He looked stupid, and bloated, and besotted now. It seemed as if the last traces of manhood were being blotted out in him. I learned, in the neighborhood, that he would often remain intoxicated for weeks together, sometimes in some low den away from his home, neglecting all business, giving himself up entirely to drink.

How coolly we look on at our friends rushing to certain ruin and make cold comments! "It is only a question of time with them," we say, without using the effort we might to arrest their steps. "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Prudence looked old, and weary, and dispirited now. There were lines of gray in her hair. Her face had acquired a fretful expression, her voice a querulous tone. But she did not speak to me of Stephen's habits at this time. I thought it strange.

Stephen had had a sober interval of several weeks. He often did so, raising the hopes of his friends only to dash them again by a return to his old habits. He came in, one evening, where I was sitting alone, in the parlor. I never should have thought of speaking to him upon the subject of his fall, but he struck into it boldly himself.

"Mary," he said, "you find me changed. I want to talk to you about it. I know you would not have thought once to see me as I am now; I would not have believed it of myself. Had any one suggested the possibility of such a thing, I should have answered as Hazael did. I know I am degraded. I am so in my own eyes, as well as in those of others. I am not going to attempt to justify myself. I know I should have been stronger—more manly—but I am going to tell you of some of the influences that brought me to my present degraded state. You know I am a little nice about my food. I like to have it come to table in good shape and well cooked. Some people can thrive on almost any thing that will fill up. I can't. It's partly habit, perhaps, but mostly nature. I probably inherited from my mother a nicety in this respect. Habit, I said; for you know my mother was an artist in her cookery. I think every woman should be. If they knew the importance of well-

cooked food, not only to health and comfort, but to morals even, they would be. They would not spend all their artistic skill on dress, and the piano, and things of that sort.

"Prudence don't seem to understand this. She is constituted differently, and thinks it is being difficult, fault-finding, notional, if one is at all fastidious about food.

"Now, so far as the mere pleasure of eating is concerned, I would have given it up rather than contend about the matter, but sometimes I felt so weak when I went about my work—such an unsatisfied, all-gone feeling, that I was unfit for any thing. I spoke of this to Prudence, and she regarded it as a whim.

"I never shall forget the first dram I took, urged on by these feelings—driven—for I had never been a frequenter of dram-shops for the company to be found there, or for the drink. One night we had a supper—well, much such a one as you have often seen here—worse, I think, than any you have ever seen here. There was nothing on the table cooked as it should be, not a single article—not even a piece of bread, for that was sour.

"I picked about a little, as you have often seen me do, and then took my hat and went out. I had not been well for two or three days, and I went along down the street with a weak and weary feeling in body and soul. I had designed going to my shop again to finish a piece of work I had been engaged upon, but I had no heart to go. I thought I would go into the saloon near my shop and get a plate of oysters. I went in, but Eldred—the saloon keeper—said they were out. He was expecting a new supply when the train came in, in about an hour.

"I sat down on a bench by the window, with a discouraged, listless feeling. I did n't seem to care what became of me. I did n't care to go to my work. I did n't want to go home.

"Pretty soon I saw, from the window, Jo Eckels coming up the street, with his jaunty step and cheery face. I almost envied him. He came into the saloon, went up to the counter, and asked for a drink of 'something strong.' He was in the habit of taking it regularly, to keep his spirits up, as he said, by pouring spirits down.

"After he had tossed off his bumper, as he said, and sung a fragment of an old drinking song—

'Your mountain sack, your Frontenac,  
Tokay, and twenty more, sir,  
Your Sherry and Perry, that make men merry,  
Are deities I adore, sir'—

he turned round to me, 'Stephen,' he said, 'why do n't you follow my example? You see

how merry I am. Do look in that glass there and see how woe-begone you look. Why, you might sit for the picture of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. Come, let me prescribe for you just for this once. If those megrims do n't go flying away then never trust me again.' 'Jim,' he said to the boy behind the counter, 'fill me a glass.' Jim did as he was bidden, and Jo took the glass and brought it up to me. 'Now, Stephe,' he said, 'you know I am your true friend. Just drink this for my sake, just this once. There's a potent spell in it. I'll warrant it to send all those blue-devils hovering round you, flying away in a "*presto begone*," and he held it to my lips.

"'Not the whole of it, Jo,' I said, taking the glass. 'I could n't bear it; I'm not used to it, you know.'

"'Better for you if you were,' he said, as I raised the glass and drank off about half its contents; 'better if you took a dram now and then, as I do. Why, you need it, with your temperament; it's nerve food. Your nerves get worn and want renewing every day.'

"He carried back the glass, and then came and sat down beside me. We fell into conversation. Jo had such a cheerful spirit it was contagious. When we had talked about half an hour by the little clock on a shelf before us, the empty, weary feeling had left me, what with the stimulus I had taken and the mental stimulus of Jo's companionship.

"It was growing dusk now. Jo got up and clapped me on the shoulder, 'My medicine has worked like a charm, old boy,' he said; 'I've been watching its effect. Why, you do n't look like the same fellow you did when I came in. Any one might imagine you'd had a fortune fall to you all of a sudden, you've brightened up so wonderfully. Now I hope you'll have confidence in your physician and allow him to prescribe still further. Come with me into the back room, and let's take a game of cards to while away the time till the oysters come, that you say you are waiting for. You and I have n't taken a game together for a long time. Let's take one for "*auld lang syne*."

"I had played cards, but never in a saloon. I felt as if there was something degrading about that. But when he challenged me in his free, playful way—and Jo was the prince of good fellows, only a little reckless—I rose and followed him into the back room, where there was a table and cards ready, and a pleasant fire glowing in the grate, for it was a cool evening.

"We sat down and played—I do n't know how long—until the boy came and told us the oysters had come, and asked how we would

have them cooked. We told him, and he took them to Mrs. Eldred, the proprietor's wife. They occupied rooms back of the saloon, and she was a capital hand at cooking oysters.

"'Here, you, sir,' Jo called after the boy as he went out, 'bring the oysters right in here when they are cooked. We do n't want to change our quarters again.'

"'Yes, sir,' the boy said, and went on.

"Well, we got our oysters, and we had another dram, Jo singing,

'We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.'

and we sat quite late, playing and talking, Jo filling up the intervals with snatches of song. I went home refreshed in body and spirit. The weary, languid, dispirited feeling had all gone, and I felt hopeful and strong. No need to detail, to follow the steps of my downward course from this point. I found the truth of the adage, 'Easy is the descent to hell.' I went occasionally at first to this place, where I had spent so pleasant an evening, for a dram, and good cheer, and lively company, and went home exhilarated and refreshed. Then I went oftener, staid later, drank deeper, and went home sometimes in a state of beastly intoxication. Prudence expostulated and recriminated, scolded and pleaded by turns. I was influenced sometimes by her entreaties to stay at home for an evening, but she had lost the power over me she once had.

"I was sensible whither my habits were leading me, but I did not seem to have power to resist temptation, especially as the cause at home, that had first driven me to these habits, still remained in full force.

"Now I have made a resolve not to 'touch or taste' for six months. If I can succeed in this, I hope to for a longer time, and then perhaps I shall escape entirely from the demon that has had me in his clutches so long."

I will pass to the last scene in the drama. It was enacted in this way. I told you how degraded Bagley had become; how for weeks he would remain intoxicated; that he had been taken from the gutter by friends, and carried home or to his shop; that sometimes he would remain away for days at some vile den—there were several of these in the village where he lived. Then there would be intervals when his manhood would assert itself; when for months he would be steady and sober, and attend to his business, and his friends would have hopes of his reform; when he would talk of himself in his drunken state as of another person, expressing his abhorrence of that phase of his existence—feeling that he could never sink so



low again. But again the craving would return so strong he could not overcome it, and he would sink beneath it. At the time of which I have been speaking he remained sober about six months. He seemed so much like his former self in this lucid interval, as it might be called, that the hopes of Prudence ran high, though they had often done so before and been dashed. He looked more like his former self. His self-respect seemed to have returned in a great degree. Since he had fallen into these degraded habits he had acquired an abject, down look, so different from the air of manly dignity that had before characterized him. Now he held up his head, and his walk, and the expression of his face, indicated that he began to believe in himself again. He showed less irritability at home, and seemed more like the genial Stephen of other days.

Prudence took more pains to please him and to be pleasant. For years she had been peevish and fretful. But the lightness of spirit she felt in the prospect of Stephen's reform showed in her manners and in her face. The prospect seemed brightening for their future happiness. Imagine, then, her feelings when, one night after she had taken particular pains to get a supper to suit him, and had dressed herself in a way that suited his taste—she had begun to see the influence of these little things—imagine the feeling of disappointment, of horror that overcame her, as she stood at the door watching his coming, her face arrayed in smiles, to see him come reeling up the street, waving his arms about to keep himself from falling. She stood as if transfixed till he reached the gate. She looked at him with a stony horror in her eyes as he fumbled at the latch, and then opened the gate and staggered toward the house. He reached the step. She did not move. He pushed back his hat, and looked up at her with a drunken leer. Then, with a thick utterance and a silly laugh, he made some complimentary remark upon the dress she wore. Then reaching out his arms toward her, he said, "Ye look so pooty I mus' kiss ye," staggering in his speech as in his gait.

With a look of disgust upon her face she put out her arms with a sudden motion, and with all her force she pushed him backward. He fell heavily upon the stone walk. His eyes closed; a deathly pallor overspread his face. She screamed and ran to him. She fell upon him.

"O, Stephen, have I killed you?" she cried. "O, Stephen, do open your eyes, or I shall die. My dear husband! O, heaven knows I did not mean to hurt you."

A man was passing—a neighbor—Mr. Ames. I called to him, then drew the weeping wife, almost frantic now with horror and remorse, from the body. I led her into the house, and placed her, almost fainting, upon her bed, so weak now she had no power of resistance.

Mr. Ames called another neighbor to his assistance and bore Stephen, still insensible, into the house and laid him on a sofa in the sitting-room. Then they sent for the village doctor. He was absent. He had gone a few miles into the country to visit a patient that was dangerously ill. What was to be done? The doctor's wife thought he would be back in the course of an hour, so there was nothing to do but to wait.

I had given Prudence a soothing potion, for I was fearful she might go into hysterics, and she had fallen asleep. In the mean time Stephen roused from his stupor. He seemed perfectly sober. He raised himself and looked about him. He put his hand to his head and looked inquiringly at Mr. Ames, who stood by his side.

"You fell; you were stunned," said Mr. Ames.

Stephen looked at him fixedly for a moment, as if trying to recollect something, then he fell backward and closed his eyes again. Tears forced themselves between the lids, and his lip trembled like a grieved child's.

I wondered if he was conscious of the violent repulse his wife had given him. He opened his eyes again and looked round, as if searching for some one. I stood beside the sofa then. I thought he was looking for his wife. "Prudence," I said, "was so overcome by seeing you in an insensible state that I made her go and lie down to recover herself. I gave her a soothing potion, and she is asleep." A look of relief came into his face. It is because he thinks Prudence cares for him still, I thought. He put his hand to his head.

"Does your head ache?" Mr. Ames asked.

"Yes," he said.

"The doctor will be here soon, I think," said Mr. Ames, "then perhaps he will give you something to relieve it."

"O, I am my own doctor," he said. "I do not want any doctor." He had read medicine before his marriage, but did not incline to its practice, yet usually prescribed for himself or family when ill. "There's a little chest of medicine in that closet there. If you'll bring it I think I can select something that will relieve me."

Mr. Ames brought it, and set it in a chair beside him. Stephen opened it, and took a phial from one corner. He put it to his mouth and drank off the contents.

"That will relieve me, I think," he said. "That will make me easier. I could sleep quietly now. I will go to my bedroom and lie down on the bed," and he sprang up.

"Your wife is lying in your bedroom; perhaps you had better not disturb her," said I. She had been subject to hysterics, and I was afraid she might have an attack then. That was why I put her to sleep.

"No, I will go upstairs," he said, when I spoke of her. "If she should ask for me tell her I was my own doctor. Tell her I took a dose that made me better. I do n't want the doctor," and he laughed strangely as he went toward the chamber door, hurrying, looking behind him as if escaping from some foe.

"The fumes of the liquor he has drunk have n't altogether left his brain yet," Mr. Ames said, after Stephen disappeared up the stairs. "The best thing for both of them is to sleep."

He then said he must go home and let his wife know where he was, and attend to some necessary affairs. He would come back in an hour or so. He hoped the doctor would be there by that time. He went away. The doctor did not come. Mr. Ames came back in about an hour. Prudence had not waked. Stephen had not come down. Mr. Ames thought it would be best to go up and see him. He ascended the stairs softly, and went to the room where Stephen lay to see if he still slept. One glance at his face was enough. He was sleeping his last sleep.

We never knew what he took. No examination was made. Prudence could not bear it. We thought he took some fatal draught purposely. We kept the circumstances of his death to ourselves for the sake of Prudence. Mr. Ames advised it. People knew that he had fallen, but supposed it to have been in a fit.

No need to detail the painful closing scene. When the last rites were over, and Prudence resumed her customary duties, she was a changed and stricken woman. The horror was constantly upon her that she had caused her husband's death. She secluded herself from society, busying herself with household cares, and eking out a slender subsistence for herself and child by sewing.

When I last saw her, about two years after the death of her husband, she looked like a woman of sixty, though she was only thirty-seven. Her hair was quite gray. Deep lines were planted in her face. Her form was bowed and shrunken. She lived but for her child. She tried to do her duty by him, to atone for the past as far as lay in her power. For some time before her husband's death she had tried

to learn and do her whole duty by him. It was too late. His habits had become too confirmed, the appetite for stimulants he had cultivated too strong to be easily overcome.

Now I felt that all this wretchedness might have been prevented by a proper degree of enlightenment as to home duties, as to what it is the province of a wife to perform, added to a knowledge of hygiene, of the relation of food to temperament, and the importance of its proper preparation to health of body and mind.

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### DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

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"Go, from my presence! haste thee, go!

Nor ever in my palace door

Thy hateful visage vex me more,

Thou harbinger of death and woe;

Or, if there's power beneath yon sky,

Thou by these hands shalt surely die."

And Pharaoh's eyes blazed forth in wrath,  
Like meteors in their fiery path.

He turned—that glorious man of God,

Secure beneath his sheltering wing—

And left the presence of the king;

Still bearing in his hands the rod

That had such fearful wonders wrought.

These farewell words the tyrant caught,

"Well hast thou said, I'll leave thy door,

And thou shalt see my face no more."

"My arm's not shortened," said the Lord;

"My hand shall show its cunning now.

Speak to the host of Israel, thou;

Bid them attend unto my word;

And with firm faith and hopeful heart,

That they make ready to depart;

Proud Egypt yet my power shall know,

And she shall let my people go.

Let each one from his neighbor take

Jewels of silver and of gold;

With garments rich and manifold;

What if thy foes it poorer make,

'T is only what they're owing thee

For years of faithful toil; and see

That all is ready for thy flight,

My words are sure, my ways are right.

And when all things are ready made,

Take thou a kid as white as snow,

That doth no spot or blemish know;

Its pulsing tide of being shed,

With hyssop branch haste thou to pour

The crimson flood above thy door;

A pledge that I may surely tell

Where all my trusting children dwell.

For I, with fierce and mighty sword,

Shall send an angel forth to-night,

The stern Death Angel in his might,

Who's swift to hasten at my word,

And execute my firm commands ;  
 Who will not rest nor stay his hands,  
 Until he visits every spot  
 With death and woe, where this is not.

And Egypt, from its quiet sleep,  
 Awaking with to-morrow's sun,  
 Shall view the dreadful deed that 's done,  
 And only waken but to weep ;  
 And cries shall sound from shore to shore,  
 As never rent its walls before.  
 King Pharaoh yet my power shall owe,  
 And he shall let my people go."

All things are ready for the flight ;  
 The kid is slain, the blood is shed,  
 And glistens on each door-post red,  
 A thing of joy to Israel's sight ;  
 Mysterious token, formed to be  
 The type of death and liberty.  
 And with strong faith and trusting heart,  
 God's people wait the word, Depart.

That night the glorious sun went down  
 On Egypt in its joy and pride ;  
 The purple from the waters died ;  
 The stars the calm blue heavens crown ;  
 Glad laughter filled the ambient air,  
 And mirth re-echoed every-where,  
 While throbbing hearts and blithesome feet,  
 Kept time to music's witching beat.

And dark-eyed mothers, in their arms,  
 Soothed tenderly their babes to rest,  
 And on their brows fond kisses pressed,  
 And clasped about their throats the charms,  
 To awe the demons of the night,  
 And sat and called up visions bright  
 That 'neath Fate's misty curtain shone,  
 What time their babes to men were grown.

Fair maidens with their lovers walked  
 Within the moonlight's mellow calm,  
 Through scented groves of spice and balm,  
 And of a golden future talked  
 That smiled within their horoscope,  
 All radiant with the star of hope ;  
 Then breathed good-night with hearts so light,  
 To some, alas ! a long good-night.

And Pharaoh, from his regal throne,  
 Mid purple sheen and diamond's glow,  
 Smiled grandly down on all below :  
 All power was his, who dared disown.  
 "Proud Israel yet my slaves shall be ;  
 Whose will but mine that sets them free."  
 Thus boasted he in conscious strength,  
 Nor saw the shadow's awful length.

The music ceased, hushed was each street,  
 And over palace, hut, and hall,  
 Sleep let her silken pinions fall,  
 And Egypt lay in dreamings sweet  
 Of joys that with the light should come.  
 O, was the voice of Mercy dumb?

Where did the pitying seraph wait  
 That did not warn them of their fate?

God, in the fullness of his love,  
 To erring men at first comes down ;  
 He shows the splendors of his crown ;  
 He bids them seek his grace to prove ;  
 He tarries long, he gently pleads ;  
 Each wound in love and pity bleeds ;  
 Till, tired at length, he lifts his hand,  
 O, who can then his wrath withstand?

On noiseless pinions at his word—  
 That word no mortal may undo—  
 An angel cleft the fields of blue,  
 With lifted hands and flaming sword,  
 And entering palace, hut, and hall,  
 That messenger of death let fall  
 On prince, and beggar, noble, slave,  
 And none were near to help or save.

The babe, while yet its mouth was warm  
 With moisture from its mother's breast,  
 And rosy in its cradle nest,  
 Grew icy cold—as when in storm  
 Of sudden wind, and rain, and snow,  
 Some early blossoms smitten low—  
 And slept in death, its soft sweet eyes  
 Upturned with look of sad surprise.

The lover, with that cherished name,  
 Upon his lips e'en in his dreams,  
 Yet thrilling with her eye's fond beams,  
 Touched by that fierce sword's scorching flame,  
 Groped blindly for the dear one's hand,  
 To lead him through the strange, dark land,  
 That now his feet unwilling tread,  
 Then shivered, sighed, and soon was dead.

And mother, father, brother, son,  
 With love and hatred in their heart,  
 Felt swift and sure the with'ring smart,  
 And suddenly their lives were done :  
 One breath in life, and hope, and trust,  
 The next were gathered to the dust ;  
 One moment slumbering, free from care,  
 The next, O, pitying angels, where ?

On, on he went, from door to door,  
 Throughout that sinful darkened land ;  
 Nor stayed the sword within his hand,  
 Until the dreadful task was o'er ;  
 Till one lay low within each home,  
 To whom the morn would never come.  
 Each threshold felt his presence dread,  
 Save where the blood-drops glistened red.

Next morn the sun looked down and smiled,  
 As radiantly as e'er before,  
 But sounding 'long the Nile's fair shore,  
 Were shrieks, and groans, and curses wild ;  
 With moanings, like the deep sea's moan,  
 O'er friends beloved forever gone,  
 From palace, tent, and hut, and hall,  
 Where Death had held high carnival.

O, purple robes! O, diamond's glow!  
 How false, how pale your splendors now!  
 O, boastful king with haughty brow,  
 In dust and ashes lying low!  
 With pallid cheek and tearful eye,  
 To Heaven now lifting up the cry,  
 "Stay, stay the hand that's wrought this woe,  
 And I will let thy people go!"

Six hundred thousand from that camp  
 Of men, and women, children fair,  
 With gold and jewels rich and rare,  
 Went out that morn with joyful tramp;  
 From Egypt's chains forever free,  
 Went out to home and liberty,  
 While she, poor city, bowed her head,  
 And wept and wailed her murdered dead.

Thus God, who's ever with the right,  
 Avenges all his people's wrong;  
 Justice and might to him belong;  
 The years are his, the day and night;  
 He lifteth up, he maketh low;  
 He sends the kiss and then the blow;  
 On doubting Egypt pours his wrath,  
 While trusting Israel glory hath.

#### CAPTAIN JOHN CLEVE SYMMES.

**D**URING the first quarter of the present century the interest in Polar explorations was scarcely less absorbing than it has been for the last twenty years, in which the story of the voyages of Sir John Franklin, and the chivalric daring of Kane and his companions in search of the noble Englishman, have held in thrall young and old in thousands of households. One readily recalls the names of Ross, Parry, and Mackensie, and others scarcely less famous who, preceding Franklin and Kane, won renown by plunging fearlessly into the unknown and inhospitable but still alluring regions of the far North. In all the past the discovery of unknown lands and peoples has had a strange fascination for a class of men of marked intelligence and courage. The broad expanse of blue sea, untrodden paths in the wilderness, desert wastes of land and snow with all their perils and privations, have charms for these men that we of quiet ways and common ambitions can not understand. Some of these explorers have been dreamers and enthusiasts, searching for fountains of eternal youth and mines of gold and precious stones, or had aspirations for kingly power; others were led on by the noble ambition of building up the kingdom of Christ by converting heathen nations from their idolatry. They have always been ready to aid the great commercial and scientific leaders in working out their hopes and plans, or proving the

baselessness of their hasty theories. We are indebted to them for much of the progress of which modern civilization justly boasts. One by one the early physical theories of the earth on which we live have been overthrown, and we now stand on the threshold of explorations into the polar regions, in which a citizen of the United States, Dr. Hall, hopes to give us the final facts of the earth's surface.

Many of these theories of the earth's surface have been fanciful and grotesque, and their authors coveted in vain the opportunity of proving their faith. One of these more marked than any other of modern times in these respects was first announced in print from the city from which we now write. The face of the author was familiar to many still living, and his body sleeps quietly in the old burying-ground at Hamilton, Ohio. We refer to Captain John Cleve Symmes and his curious theory of "Concentric Spheres," and an opening at the poles by which men could pass into the interior of the earth. Dying, he believed that time would prove his fancies true, and place his name beside or above Newton's. This dreamer and his startling or curious theories will be the subject of this paper.\*

In the Spring of 1818 the good people of St. Louis were interested and amused in turn by the following circular:

No. I.

#### CIRCULAR.

Light gives light to light discover—*ad infinitum*.

ST. LOUIS, (*Missouri Territory*.) }  
 NORTH AMERICA, April 10 A. D. 1818. }

*To all the World:*

I declare the earth is hollow and habital within; containing a number of solid concentric spheres, one within the other, and that it is open at the poles twelve or sixteen degrees. I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the hollow, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking.

JNO. CLEVE SYMMES,

*Of Ohio, late Captain of Infantry.*

N. B.—I have ready for the press a treatise on the "Principles of Matter," wherein I show proofs of the above positions, account for various phenomena, and disclose Dr. Darwin's "Golden Secret."

My terms are the patronage of THIS and the NEW WORLDS.

I dedicate to my wife and her ten children.

I select Dr. S. L. Mitchill, Sir H. Davy, and Baron Alexander von Humboldt as my protectors.

I ask one hundred brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia, in the fall season, with reindeer and sleighs, on the ice of the frozen sea; I engage we find a warm and rich land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men, on reaching one degree northward of latitude 82°; we will return in the succeeding Spring.

J. C. S.

\* In the preparation of this article I have been greatly indebted to my friend Robert Clarke, Esq., of Cincinnati. He kindly furnished me with the proof-sheets of a biographical sketch of Captain Symmes that will appear in the second volume of "M'Bride's Pioneer Biographies." This work will shortly be published by the house of which he is the senior partner.

Captain Symmes was well known among the best and most intelligent citizens of St. Louis, and was highly esteemed even by those who had no faith in his theories. He had his family residence for a number of years at Bellefontaine, the old United States military post some sixteen miles above the city, on the banks of the Mississippi River, which post was superseded years ago by the present well-known Jefferson Barracks. His family connections were of the best, for he was the nephew of the Hon. John Cleve Symmes, the first judge of the North-Western Territory, and one of the most honorable names in the early history of the West. Their ancestors came to New England in 1634, "in the same ship with Ann Hutcheson and John Lathrop." The "Captain" was born in New Jersey in 1780, and having received a good English education, entered the United States army, in his twenty-second year, as ensign. By regular and well-earned promotion he reached the grade of captain in 1812. During the war that was then pending he served faithfully and with distinction, retiring from the army in 1816. The greater portion of his military life was spent in the South-West.

On returning to civil life he engaged in furnishing supplies to the Government troops stationed on the Upper Mississippi, at the posts established to protect the frontier against the Indians. This was a favorite employment in those days, but venturesome, requiring the highest executive abilities, and only in rare cases leading to fortune. Honesty did not always seem the best quality for success. It is not at all strange that Captain Symmes's enterprises did not yield him a fortune.

At the time when his first circular was published he was in the strength of his manhood, and is described as of middle stature and fairly proportioned; face somewhat small and oval, and attractive blue eyes that gave indication of a mind absorbed in speculation. Earnest and of great simplicity, he was remarkably sensitive in all matters of honor, having fought a duel with a brother officer when stationed at Fort Adams, on the Mississippi River, below the town of Natchez, in 1807. His voice was not good, nor did he succeed as a speaker, although frequently speaking in his later years before mixed audiences. Men of ability were readily attached to him, and he was greatly beloved by all who knew him well.

The late Col. M'Bride, of Hamilton, Ohio, who was his devoted friend and disciple, and published a small volume in 1826 in exposition and defense of his theory, describes it as follows:

"According to Symmes's Theory, the earth, as well as all the celestial orbicular bodies existing in the universe, visible and invisible, which partake in any degree of a planetary nature, from the greatest to the smallest, from the sun down to the most minute blazing meteor or falling star, are all constituted, in a greater or less degree, of a collection of spheres, more or less solid, concentric with each other, and more or less open at their poles. . . .

"According to him, the planet which has been designated the Earth is composed of at least five hollow concentric spheres, with spaces between each, an atmosphere surrounding each; and habitable as well upon the concave as the convex surface. All of these spheres are widely open at their poles. The north polar opening of the sphere we inhabit is believed to be about four thousand miles in diameter, and the southern above six thousand. . . . Although the particular location of the places where the verges of the polar openings are believed to exist, may not have been ascertained with absolute certainty, yet they are believed to be nearly correct, their localities having been ascertained from appearances that exist in those regions: such as a belt or zone surrounding the globe where trees and other vegetation—except mosses—do not grow; the tides of the ocean flowing in different directions, and appearing to meet; the existence of volcanoes; the 'ground-swells' in the sea being more frequent; the aurora borealis appearing to the southward; and various other phenomena existing in and about the same regions, mark the relative position of the real verges.

"According to this formation of the sphere, a traveler or navigator might proceed true north any where west of the highest point of the verge, say on the continent of America, until he came to the verge. The meridian on which he was traveling would then wind along the verge to the right, until he arrived at the ninth degree; and by proceeding south, in the same direction, he would arrive at the coast of Siberia, without going far into the concavity of the sphere, and without knowing that he had been within the verge.

"Each of the spheres composing the earth, as well as those constituting the other planets throughout the universe, is believed to be habitable both on the inner and outer surface; and lighted and warmed according to those general laws which communicate light and heat to every part of the universe. The light may not, indeed, be so bright, nor the heat so intense, as is indicated in high northern latitudes—about where the verge is supposed to commence—by

the paleness of the sun, and darkness of the sky; facts, which navigators who have visited these regions confirm; yet they are no doubt sufficiently lighted and warmed to promote the propagation and support of animal and vegetable life."

We have culled these passages which give a general idea of the theory, which had been wrought out by Captain Symmes during a course of many years, until, when the circular was issued, it had mastered his whole life, and was to give cast to all his remaining days. Many of his arguments were too abstruse for the satisfaction of the general reader. He argued the truth of his theory from Newton's law of gravitation, of which he considered it a more definite exposition. The appearance of the planetary worlds, he supposed, gave him the strongest assurances that he could not be in error. Saturn and his rings, Jupiter and his belts, the spots on the disks of the Sun, Venus, and Mars, were phenomena that could be accounted for scientifically only by accepting his system. He did not doubt that he had penetrated the secret of the plan on which all the heavenly bodies had been constructed. But there were also terrestrial appearances and facts upon which he relied as valuable confirming evidences. The migration of animal life in the arctic regions, to which all polar navigators had called attention, tended to sustain his theory. Shoals of fish came from the north, darkening the waters by their presence, in the Spring season; great droves of reindeer came down from the same region in March or April, and returned northward in October; the same periods and direction of movement marked the innumerable fowls of the arctic seas. We now account for these movements of animal life by our theories of an open sea; but he was satisfied that they came from quiet waters, serene skies, and luxuriant vegetation within the hollow earth. The stately reindeer and enormous white bears, so far surpassing in size those of the temperate regions, led him to "conclude that there are more salubrious climates and better countries within than any we have yet discovered without."

Copies of circular No. I were addressed to every institution of learning in the United States, and to nearly all of our distinguished men then living, for he wished to obtain a universal indorsement and co-operation in his enterprise to head an expedition which should penetrate the interior of the earth and bring back proof that would not fail to convince the most skeptical. The learned societies of Europe had the circular before them. The learned

Count Volney presented it to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, but they refused to give it a moment's consideration. It met with no better fate in England. The only point of discussion seemed to be whether it was an adventurous criticism of philosophical vagaries, or whether the author was not a proper subject for the lunatic asylum. Jest and levity met it on every side; but what annoyed its author more was, that men were not willing to join him in argument, so ridiculous seemed his theory. I well remember when a boy, in Cincinnati, that "Symmes's Hole" was the synonym of absurdity. But undaunted by such a reception from the public, the first circular was followed by others and newspaper articles, in which he stoutly maintained the correctness of his views, sustaining himself with the reflection that many others who had given the world new ideas had been treated with corresponding neglect and contempt.

In 1819 he removed from St. Louis and made his residence at Newport, Kentucky, and in the following year, finding that he made slow progress in the use of his pen, he determined to enter the field as a lecturer. At Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Zanesville in Ohio, and at Lexington and Frankfort in Kentucky, large and intelligent audiences were assembled who gave him a respectful attention. The attraction of the lecture was the novelty of the theme, and then the honesty and earnestness of the lecturer commanded attention and respect. But few were won to his side or had the courage to confess that they sympathized with him. Especially he failed to convince men of wealth, from whom he hoped to obtain the means to fit out an expedition to the polar regions. As a last resort he determined to solicit aid from the National Government and the States. So in the year 1822 he addressed a petition to the Congress of the United States setting forth his views at length, and his belief that the nation would derive great honor, and possibly profit, by the verification of his theory. Congress was therefore urged to fit out an expedition consisting of two vessels of two hundred and fifty or three hundred tons burden, with supplies and men, for a voyage of discovery. It was his desire to command and be responsible for the success of the undertaking. This petition was presented to the Senate by Colonel R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky. A motion to refer it to the Committee on Foreign Relations was lost, and, without much delay, it was laid on the table. In the following year he tried again to gain the attention of Congress, but utterly failed. He now turned to the Legislature of Ohio, asking

them to approve of his enterprise and recommend Congress to furnish him with the means to prosecute a voyage of discovery in the North. His petition was read, and then its further consideration was indefinitely postponed. Shortly afterward, and, as it were, to cover the sting of his defeat, a benefit was given at the Cincinnati Theater, to furnish funds for the polar expedition. On this occasion a poetical address was recited, written for the occasion by the late Moses Brooks, who had then quite a reputation in the West as a poet.

About this time the Russian Government, which had taken great interest in polar discoveries, was fitting out an expedition, at great expense, under the direction of Count Romanzoff, a distinguished patron of science. Captain Symmes applied, through our minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, for permission to accompany the expedition. The application was cheerfully granted, but he was unable to procure a proper outfit, and had to abandon the project.

Still hoping for success, in the Fall of 1825, accompanied by a young lawyer of Ohio who was a convert to his views, he set out to make a tour eastward, intending to lecture at all the considerable towns on the route. His health *was* beginning to fail, and he was forced for a *time* to return home. But in the following year he was again in the field, and lectured at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, passing into Canada. But his labors, and the excitement, and discouragements of his plans—for everywhere he was ridiculed or looked upon as a lunatic—preyed upon his health, and he reluctantly sought rest among his friends in his native place. As soon as he was sufficiently restored he turned homeward, broken down in spirit. He had moved his family to a farm near Hamilton, Ohio, and his great desire was to enjoy the sympathy and consolation of those who loved him. He was so feeble when he reached Cincinnati that he was removed with great difficulty to his home, but with tender care. On the 29th of May, wearied and worn out by the ten years of anxiety, disappointment, and toil which he had borne with wonderful patience, he fell asleep in death.

His oldest son, who still lives near Louisville, Kentucky, erected a monument over his remains, which is still to be seen. It is an upright block of freestone, surmounted with a hollow globe open at the poles. On the block are the following inscriptions:

"Captain John C. Symmes, a native of New Jersey, died in May, 1829, aged forty-nine years and six months.

"Captain John Cleve Symmes was a philosopher, and the originator of 'Symmes's Theory of Concentric Spheres and Polar Voids.' He contended that the earth was hollow and habitable within.

"Captain John Cleve Symmes entered the army of the United States as an ensign in the year 1802. He afterward rose to the rank of captain, and performed daring feats of bravery in the battles of Lundy's Lane and sortie from Fort Erie."

Captain Symmes deserves a tender remembrance, and his friends never failed to cherish his memory, and regret that his last years were so full of cheerless mortification. Had the opportunity been afforded him to penetrate the polar latitudes, his faith and courage would have made him one of the boldest adventurers, and he would scarcely have failed to return with useful information and the broader and more truthful views that are now held by intelligent men. No man of his day had studied the subject more thoroughly, and his plans for penetrating the icy North were those that later explorers have adopted with advantage. But his theory has so many of the elements that are woven into childish Munchausen stories, that few men could consider it with any degree of seriousness. But the men who so readily discarded them were for a time deceived by Locke's famous "moon hoax," which had as little common sense to recommend it, and which was less susceptible of proof. For many of Captain Symmes's surmises have been proven to be well founded, but they do not in any wise establish his theory.

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## THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

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### THE WIFE.

IT has not been our design hitherto merely to eulogize the institution of marriage, or to attempt to meet the tide of error and disaffection that is at present sweeping over it by throwing around it an illusive veil of fine word-painting. We claim for it divine authority and sanction. It is enough for us that God chose it and appointed it as the best and happiest state for man and woman in this life, and that all experience proves that God did not make a mistake. It is no more perfect in accomplishing its full purposes here than are other divine institutions that have to work their way in the midst of human imperfections. Our object has been simply to indicate the nature and obligations of this divinely appointed relation of men

and women, to point out its duties, to discover, if possible, how to make it still more happy and still more powerful for good, and especially to direct attention to those rocks and quicksands on which the happiness of so many has been wrecked, and to indicate the trail of that serpent which in our day is crawling into so many homes, filling the air with its poisonous breath. We shall not depart from this method and object in the present chapter. We shall not attempt to eulogize the wife, but to point out her duty, or rather to learn, so far as we can, the true character, position, and work of the real wife.

It is not about woman, as such, that we are now writing. With the questions of "woman's rights" or "woman's work" in her simple character and relations of a woman we have just now nothing to do. When a woman chooses to become a wife she ceases to be simply a woman; she becomes something more; she has lost, and she has gained; she has given up some things that pertained to her as an independent woman that she might gain some other things that she could not possess in her individual character. What may a woman do? is one question. What is a wife? and what may a wife do? are very different ones. We would answer the first by saying, she may do whatever she can, whatever comes within the range of her capabilities, mental, moral, and physical; she may pursue any study for which she has the talents; she may follow any business for which she has the capability; she may learn any trade for which she has the skill; she may secure and exercise any office which she has the ingenuity to obtain; she may enter into competition with men in all the pursuits of life, subject only to the disabilities which nature has placed upon her, which no discontent can change, and which no legislation can modify. But when this same independent woman becomes a wife she voluntarily assumes new relations and new duties—relations which God has created, and duties which he has enjoined. If she insists on maintaining the prerogatives that belonged to her as a woman, or determines not to accept the obligations and duties that come with marriage, she ought to decline to enter into this relation; otherwise it is attempting to be a wife and not a wife at the same time.

Wifehood is something real, positive, well-defined; if you please, it is a business, a profession, quite enough to occupy the heart, the head, the hands of any woman who enters into it; it is hard for any one to pursue two professions at the same time. Right here lies the mistake of many; the wife, by becoming such,

yields her individual independence; she can not both give it and retain it; the wife has already chosen her life-work, a great and onerous life-work; she can not pursue it and also another at the same time; she has already entered into a most important partnership, demanding her time and capabilities; she can not at the same time expend these capabilities outside of this partnership. As a single woman she may choose her own life, teaching, trade, law, medicine, matrimony; she chooses matrimony, and her life-work is before her; she needs no other. There is nothing gained by complaining that it is somewhat different with man; that he can choose matrimony and a trade, or business, or profession. The simple fact is that man's duty is to provide for his home, woman's duty is to make it; by marrying he becomes all the more an outside worker; by marrying she becomes an in-door worker; when he marries he assumes the obligation of labor and business; when she marries she no longer can pursue outside labor and business. When the necessity of outside pursuits comes upon the wife by calamity, or by the husband's idleness or neglect, surely it is not "woman's right," but woman's wrong.

Surely the duties and responsibilities of wife and mother are occupation enough for any woman, and the restless discontent now so prevalent in many places must arise either in those households where there are but few family cares, or where ambition or the fascinations of society and fashion make these duties unacceptable. And surely, too, it is hard to conceive of any higher, more important, or more blessed occupation than that found in the cheerful acceptance and loving discharge of these wifely and maternal duties. For these woman is pre-eminently adapted; her vocation in this direction is impressed on every part of her being; here she can have no rival; here she reigns supreme. And yet, we repeat, it is altogether a matter of choice with her whether to enter into this sphere of life or to remain in the independence of single womanhood. We do not say that all women should marry, or that marriage is the only vocation for woman; but we claim that when she chooses to marry she voluntarily accepts the relations and duties of the wife, and thereafter has no right to cast them off, or substitute others for them, or to be forever complaining that they are what they are.

But, whatever may be our human notions about it, marriage is what the Creator made it; not a perfect state, that in this life is impossible; not a perfectly happy state, for that we are not yet prepared; not a state of ease and rest,



it is full of employment, cares, and responsibilities. But it is the most perfect, most happy, most safe, and most restful mode of life for both men and women in our present mortal state; it is the Creator's judgment of the highest and best human estate.

Christian marriage has been the great benefactor of women, and it is a sad thing to find so many willing to speak slightingly, some even bitterly, of the Book that has elevated them to the highest position they have ever attained in this life, because it prescribes certain duties and enforces certain limitations that conflict with their theories. That the Bible is right and these so-called reformers are wrong is evident from two very obvious facts; first, that the Bible theory of marriage has been working through the generations as a divine benediction to both men and women, purifying the former, liberating, protecting, and defending the latter, nourishing them into honor, strength, and beauty; secondly, that the theories of our modern domestic reformers are producing a rapidly increasing harvest of discontent, social discord, domestic jealousy and strife, culminating in a fearful list of divorces, separations, infidelities, and murders, the theories themselves having already in some quarters run into wild extravagance and fanaticism. Surely the true and sensible women of our day are not ready for the subversion of our long-tried domestic relations and institutions by the social anarchy which must result from the theories of certain restless leaders out of whom pride and ambition have destroyed all genuine womanly feeling. The great battle against true marriage is fought against the duties and limitations which the ordinances of God throw around it, its enemies forgetting that these very restraints and limitations are what make it the beneficent institution that it is. It is exactly as these restraints grow less that marriage becomes less and less a bond of society, less an institution of security and happiness to both men and women. Remove its restraints and we descend at once from Christian to pagan civilization. Nor should women forget that these restraints are after all more numerous in their application to husbands than to wives.

Often as the story has been told, it will be well to look again at the character and position of the wife as determined by the Bible and Christian civilization in contrast with other states of society, and also with the theories of our modern domestic reformers. To appreciate this contrast more fully we must remember where the Bible found woman. It was not in Eden, where God had placed her, the compan-

ion and helpmeet for man, for there was no Bible in Eden. The Bible began to be made about twenty-five hundred years after this, eight or nine hundred years after the terrible catastrophe of drowning a world which had already become so corrupt that God could no longer endure it—a corruption the chief element of which was that men and women had already forgotten their true relations toward each other, and had polluted themselves on the face of the earth. The Bible, with its revelations and new restraints from God, broke in upon the world when men and women had again forgotten themselves and their mutual relations, and sensuality, and impurity, and polygamy, and concubinage were almost universal; when Egypt and Assyria were the great empires of the world, and God's laws, ordinances, and institutions developed themselves as great antagonisms to man's errors, and follies, and impurities, and crimes.

When God began to speak to men women had sunk to the position of vassals, of slaves, or mere instruments of man's pleasure; they were no longer his companion, were but seldom admitted to his society, were not permitted to participate in his social or religious enjoyments. This condition of vassalage and inferiority is still perpetuated where the Bible and the lessons of God are not known. Throughout all heathendom even yet, man refuses to recognize woman as his equal or companion, excludes her from his society, from his business, from his religion. In Persia, in India, in China, where we find the highest forms of unchristian civilization, woman is the mere slave of labor or instrument of pleasure. The poor man's wife is employed to till the fields, or fish upon the waters, to bear burdens on the street, or is hired out at the husband's pleasure to labor for others. The rich man's wife is used to adorn his home, just as he would use a caged bird to sing for him, or hang up pictures to ornament his chamber, and the greater the number he can afford to maintain, the greater is the ornamentation. And what is a striking fact is, that the higher we ascend into the social spheres of society in these unchristian empires, into the wealthy, literary, and official grades of society, the more complete do we find this degradation of women. They are excluded from all those advantages, accomplishments, and enjoyments to which their very position would entitle them. They receive no education whatever; they are shut out even from religion itself; they are never seen in the temples attendant upon the worship, and if they have need of the offices of religion, they must steal away alone in the intervals of public wor-

ship to take counsel of a priest. Even in Mohammedanism, that highest reach of paganism, they are excluded from participation in the rites and ceremonies of religion, and are only assigned a place in Mohammed's Paradise as the instrument of pleasure to man. Such has been universally the melancholy history of woman's destiny when left to mere human plans and devices. No form of civilization away from God's ordinances, no mere human ethics, or theories, or reforms have ever raised her out of this position of degrading inferiority. In society left to itself women can not and men will not change this unequal and unjust relation of the sexes.

Here the Bible found her. At one stroke, by a law and institution of God found among its first utterances, the Bible placed her side by side with man, as bone of his bones, and flesh of his flesh, his equal and companion, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, the participator of his immortal destiny, the helpmeet for him, worthy of his companionship and love. God's ordinance gave her an equal destiny, embraced her in the counsels and provisions of his grace and love for the race, and made her an equal partaker in the promises, hopes, and experiences of the Gospel. The Bible is, far above all human theories, the supreme constitution of "Woman's Rights." Yet that same word that lifts her from the horrible pit, and establishes her feet upon a rock, and puts a new song in her mouth, carefully defines for her, as it does also for man, her true character, position, and work, as woman, wife, and mother. The Bible simply recognizes her true nature, and assigns to her her true work, a work for which she and she only is qualified by the nature and capabilities which God has given her; that work is the sublime mission which is implied in the motherhood of the race. It is impossible to conceive a grander or more important one. It is easy to substitute for it some glittering trifles, to supplant it by some specious and illusive fancies of other spheres and other work; it is easy enough to complain of some of the hardships and of the sacrifices which this mission imposes on women; still, we repeat it, it is impossible to conceive a grander or more important work for human beings.

The Bible leaves woman free to accept or decline this mission; but having chosen to accept it, God's ordinance prescribes its conditions and its duties. The heavier ones he has made to rest on the husband. To fulfill her high office of wife and mother, she needs a home, a quiet, separate retreat, where she is chief in influence and controlling in character;

she needs exemption from the pressure of outside cares; she needs supplies for herself, her children, and her home. God has made it the husband's duty to provide all these for her. These, we claim, are pre-eminently "woman's rights;" the right as wife and mother to be exempted as far as possible from care, and anxiety, and labor, other than such as belong to her own office and work. The unmarried woman may exercise all the rights, if you please so to call them, of self-maintenance, and may if she chooses enter into the strifes and struggles of business and place; but she who consents to bear the responsibilities and perform the labors of wife and mother, must be exempted from these outside demands, another meeting and discharging them for her.

So God has seen it and ordained, and has appointed the husband as the head and provider of the household, and the wife as the mother, the teacher, the maker of the home. As we understand it, this is the subordination, and the only subordination taught in the Bible. It is the subordination of order; it simply expresses the necessary relation of husband and wife; it is an order of things necessary to enable each to fulfill the duties assigned to them separately. The place of the husband, then, in God's ordinance, is that of headship, as the responsible representative of the family and provider for it; that of the wife is entirely equal in character and importance in the sight of God, but subordinate in office. She is the helpmeet, a companion, a counselor, a co-worker, a participator in the labors, joys, sorrows, successes, and disappointments of the home. "Man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man;" nevertheless, "man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man." It is impossible to express better than the apostle has here done that mixed state of mutual endearment and dependence, and yet of official subordination and order which constitutes true marriage.

This true subordination implies no inferiority in the wife, and imparts no unjust powers to the husband. The submission of the wife is by no means a submission to wrong or oppression, any more than the authority of a husband is the authority of a master and tyrant. His authority is measured precisely by his duties as a husband and father. Over the wife he has no other power; apart from these relations he is to her only a man, she is to him only a woman. A wife's subordination is measured also by her relation of wife and mother. Her submission is for the good and welfare of the home. His authority is parental; her submission is that of

reverence and love. He directs in order that he may have the ability to provide; she obeys in order that she and her household may be provided for, and the home preserved in peace, and harmony, and well-being. This appointment of God is therefore founded on the highest philosophy and the first principles of human nature. It can never become obsolete, or cease to be binding. The apostle again seizes the exact idea when he says, "Husbands love your wives, as Christ loved the Church;" and "let the wife see that she reverence her husband." The true wife's submission will grow as naturally out of this loving reverence as the fruit grows out of the flower; and the woman who marries a man without feeling for him this loving reverence, makes a sad mistake which can scarcely result otherwise than in future sorrow, if not misery. And, by the way, the man that so acts in his domestic relations as to destroy out of his wife's heart this ideal of his worth and excellence that she has lovingly revered, has broken the vase and scattered to the winds the precious aroma that would have poured forth as incense to hallow and bless all his married life.

The chief exercise of this authority of the husband lies in the direction of his responsibilities and duties as provider of the household. It is his right to regulate the home, determine the place of residence, fix the style of living, dress, etc. All these are to be regulated according to his means and circumstances. In this spirit the wife of the clerk, the mechanic, or laborer, should not aspire to live after the style of the man of wealth. The wife of the moderate business man should not expect to ape the style and equipage of the millionaire. The young bride just commencing with her husband the career of life should not aspire after the surroundings of the old-established man of business, whose capital is secured and whose income is ample. In all these things the wife should patiently, willingly, and lovingly submit to the circumstances and the resources of her husband. The wife who complains to her husband because she can not go to as much expense as some other women, can not live in a house as showy, have furniture as beautiful, and dress as richly as her neighbor, is at once mean, ungenerous, and cruel.

There is a serious fault just here in American society, a fault almost peculiar to our country, and which undoubtedly springs, not necessarily, but naturally from our leveling and equalizing institutions. In theory in our country we are all free and equal, but we forget that in reality, in the practical circumstances of our

life, this is not true; yet in despite of our positive inequality in circumstances, we strain every nerve to produce a sort of external equality and uniformity in our style of living, our dress, our habits, etc. How much evil, moral and social, and how much destruction of happiness and real prosperity spring from this silly attempt it would be easy to show. Young men, who are quite as much to blame in this respect as young women, decline to enter into the marriage state, because his bride will demand a more costly style of living than he can provide for, or, which is quite as likely to be the case, because his own foolish pride will not allow him to begin life in less than the costly style of his employer whose fortune is made, and who is about ready to retire from life. The young girl is left unmarried, and the young man is left to the dangers and temptations from which a neat little home of his own would effectually preserve him. As a result, in many cases, a pressure that drives often to misery and sometimes to vice, rests on unmarried girls, and hosts of young men yield to the temptations around them, and are swept away in the current of corruption and sin. Or two young hearts marry, the pride of the husband determining him to ape a style which his income does not warrant, or the young, impatient wife demanding it of him. Then come discontent, complainings, or, worse still, crime on the part of either husband or wife. The cure for all this is simple. Let the young man cast away his foolish pride and be willing to begin life as his father began it; and let the young bride cheerfully, and lovingly, and submissively accept his lot and portion. Dearer by far will be the home that their own economy, and industry, and patient waiting have worked up into a home of comfort, or luxury, if you will.

#### DONATION VISITS.

It is a simple ethical principle that the payment of an honest debt is in no sense a charity. And well would it be for their ministers if some of our Churches better understood this.

Are donation visits expedient? This is a question more easily asked than answered, since the answer involves not only latitudes and longitudes, but modes and tenses. In some farming communities it is difficult to raise the stipulated salary in money. In such cases, if a fair contract is made in the beginning, inclusive of these visits, and it is so understood that the pastor is not hampered by them, there may be no serious objection to the arrangement. Yet

if a minister accepts a call, with the expectation of receiving what is equivalent to a certain sum of money in the various articles thus donated, he is very likely to be disappointed.

Suppose three or four barrels of apples and as many of potatoes, with a proportionate amount of other vegetables, are an ample supply for a minister's family. Yet at one of his donation visits, it so happens that, as these articles are unusually plenty, barrel after barrel of the two former is rolled into his cellar, and uncounted quantities of beets, carrots, turnips, and onions are emptied into its corners and arches, making heaps huge enough to supply some little Fifth Avenue hotel—while in the kitchen bags of dried apples are scattered around in the same masterly profusion.

Then, as it happens to be "butchering-time," fifteen or twenty farmers who have been killing beef, bring each a nice roasting-piece, and as many who have been killing pigs, each a piece of fresh pork—these various contributions, according to parish computation, making up the stipulated sum.

The minister's eye, well satisfied, surveys the prospective roast-beef as so much of contribution to his physical forces. But the sight of that goodly row of spare-ribs, though it would have put Charles Lamb into ecstasies, is just the least bit in the world embarrassing to the pastor's wife, since she does not consider surfeiting on fresh pork particularly desirable in a sanitary point of view.

Now what is to be done with this superfluity of good things? It is not in the parson's line to go into market with them. So he must either let a part of his stock spoil, or dispose of it in trade, with great trouble and perhaps greater sacrifice, or devote it to those who, in these commodities, are needier than himself.

I am no better off for possessing a set of blacksmith's tools which I know not how to use. And if a retired tailor, or shoe-maker, or carpenter, takes it into his head to bring, as his offering, his implements of labor, I am not one farthing the richer. Nor will a gold-headed cane, or an elegant silver pitcher, help me to pay for a cord of wood or a barrel of flour for which I am in debt. So when the avails of a donation visit are estimated at a certain value, we need to inquire what they are worth to the minister.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a pastor as he unrolled a gorgeous pair of slippers suggestive of Joseph's coat of many colors, and the fifth pair that had been presented him—"Dear me! if it were only a new pair of boots!"

However equitably disposed a people may be,

there are unavoidable difficulties connected with any such mode of settlement. And it should be remembered that, with wise management, money would go considerably farther than many of the articles given. A wide margin, therefore, should be allowed for this difference.

There are aspects in which these visits are of doubtful tendency, if not a positive evil; as, for instance, where a salary has been whittled down to the very tiniest point, and a donation visit is got up as a cover or pretext for this injustice—a sort of salvo to the uneasy parish conscience.

For a minister to receive a call on a meager provision for his support, with a sort of intimation that it shall be made up in *presents*, is a grievous offense to his self-respect, to which no man ought to submit. Not for a single moment should one be made to feel under obligation for what are his righteous dues.

How many tears of vexation have been shed at the inconsiderateness sometimes evinced in such matters! Wrote a minister's daughter to her mother: "Why is it, when father's salary is the merest pittance, that our people must bestow their donations in such a way as to make us feel that we are *objects of charity*? giving a little tea or sugar, or a piece of cheese, with an air as if conferring some great favor, and collecting a few dollars and cents by passing round a hat in our presence? It makes my cheeks burn for shame that they have no more feeling than to treat us as if we were beggars."

Ah, do not thus pour the gall of bitterness into your minister's cup. Such humiliating dependence is a gross indignity; and not only so, but it sometimes operates as a sore temptation to a pastor, offering a premium to silence when he knows he ought to speak. Not that he would mind for himself; indeed, he may have something of that old Lutheran valor which would lead to the discharge of duty in the face of as many devils as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses. But when a man's family is half-starved that is another thing, and even a brave soldier may be pardoned for faltering here.

To make the case more specific, suppose that in the parish there is a rich and large-hearted, though somewhat conceited and irascible man, whose annual offering is a handsome sum of money. Now, the question of the minister's sending away his son to school during a certain year turns on his receiving this accustomed amount. But it so happens that as to the temperance movement or some other moral question said parishioner may take a different view from his pastor. If the latter feels called upon to make a public expression of his opinions,

this man takes offense, withholds his usual offering, and the poor boy must stay at home. It is easy to say what one *ought* to do in view of such probabilities, but it is not always so easy, even for a resolute man, to do it.

Considering that parish feelings are such an uncertain quantity, a minister ought not to be subjected, for his regular support, to their fluctuations or hap-hazards, and on no account should any thing affecting his daily bread be allowed to interpose a temptation to remit his outspoken faithfulness. If it is out of the question for you to raise the stipulated amount in money, and you are honestly intent on making up the deficiency, a delicate consideration will enable you to do it in an acceptable way.

Human nature is liable to strange freaks. I have heard of people, well-meaning, but not remarkably intelligent or open-handed, who somehow retain a feeling of ownership in what has come from the parish to the parsonage. If the donated bonnets, or sacks, or dresses, or chairs, or carpets do not happen to be used precisely according to their notions, they feel aggrieved, and do not scruple to grumble about it. They "do n't want to see *their* money misapplied." Do you suppose the inmates of the parsonage are ignorant of this grumbling? Think what an unsavory pill it must be to them! You commit wrong enough in making them eat the bread of dependence, without imbittering it by such reproaches.

It is a great art, that of making presents so as not to cost more pain than pleasure. One man will give twenty-five cents as if it were a hundred dollars, and another man will give a hundred dollars as if it were twenty-five cents. You may have had bestowed on you a costly gift in such a charming way that you not only feel no burden of obligation, but almost fancy that you have obliged the donor. This is "giving like a prince."

Again, you may have been made positively uncomfortable, if not angry, by some trifling present which you could not well refuse, simply from the grand air in which it was bestowed. There is scarcely any thing harder for a sensitive person to endure than this patronizing. If, therefore, it is worth while to have donation-parties, it is also worth while to seek out the most welcome modes of conducting them, and where they are planned for the purpose of eking out a scanty stipend it is all the more important that they be managed with the nicest sense of propriety.

In your commendable design of making up a purse for your minister's family a little Yankee tact will help you to a more delicate and agree-

able way of accomplishing it than passing a hat or plate in their presence. And a little Christian consideration will prevent your carrying any thing to the parsonage simply because it has been lying round your house, and nobody wants it, and you are glad to get rid of it. If you wish to express your interest by some gift, be sure to get what you know will be of service, even if you have to exercise considerable ingenuity in finding this out.

There is no reason, in the nature of things, why donation or surprise-visits, as they are sometimes called, may not only be exceedingly pleasant, but productive of the best results, both to pastor and people. The instances are not infrequent where this has proved the case. But such results are more likely to follow where an adequate support has been provided, and these visits are simply the tokens of an affectionate interest or the overflow of good-will rather than a substitute for an equitable support. Under circumstances of this kind, as expressions of appreciation for your minister, they serve as a grateful encouragement to him in his labors, besides proving a substantial assistance.

But, be these donations great or small, it is the fashion nowadays to proclaim them to the world. Whether designed as a tribute to pastor or parish, the expediency of such proclamation is somewhat questionable. "If unable to pay a large salary," says the "Easy Chair," "and you occasionally make up a purse, why not make it a point of honor that nobody mentions it in the newspapers? What is the object? It is the glorification of the generous society that presents the purse. It is *not*, as somebody claims, a beautiful public tribute of respect and regard for their minister, for he knows, and they know, and every body knows that the sole public impression is that poor Blank must have been very sore pressed indeed when he is eloquently grateful for fifty cents, or a new hat, or a coat, or whatever it may be. The whole ceremony is Mrs. Grundy's attempt to eat her cake and have it at the same time."

THERE is a perpetual frost in the pockets of some wealthy people. As soon as they put their hands in them they are frozen and unable to draw out their purses. Had I my way I would hang all misers, but the reverse of the common mode. I would hang them up by the heels, that their money might run out of their pockets, and make a famous scramble for you to pick up and put in the plate.—*Rowland Hill.*

## THROUGH THE WATERS.

THE shadow of a great grief has fallen upon the homestead, a shadow dark and heavy, for last night the death-reaper entered there and gathered the ripest soul from the household sheaf, pure and gentle sister Lucy.

In an upper room, where no sound of life may reach her, sits poor, desolate Lillie, alone with her sorrow. The years of her little life stand out before her now, for this last fearful blow has swept away the mists that were gathering over them. Dark years they are, dark and terrible years; and looking at them with her clouded vision, she can not see that the light has after all been greater than the darkness. Her childhood, the days that should have been only bright and joyous, were overcast by a heavy shadow, for when Lillie had scarcely more than learned how deep and rich is a mother's love, that mother, always frail and slender, drooped wearily under her burdens, folded her tired hands and lay down to rest in that long dreamless sleep that left her children motherless. The loss of this tender and loving parent was a bitter grief to the little circle, and Lillie, child as she was, moaned and pined as if her little heart were broken.

Then her father and brothers put their arms tenderly about the drooping child, and her sister, older by several years, sought to be to her both sister and mother; yet still was there a great unanswered yearning in her orphaned heart, striking its bitter roots out through her whole life. Years passed; the grass was waving high over the lowly grave, and Lillie Earle was just budding into a beauteous womanhood when the fearful cry of war rang through the land, and many home hearths were desolate. Robert Earle was among the first to answer the startling call—brave Robert Earle, the eldest of the group, and their hearts' strong reliance. Another followed him, and then another, till three had gone, and only one was left to comfort the poor old man and his weeping daughters. There were sad and anxious hearts there, eagerly watching the tidings that came from the battle-field—hearts that in a little while were wounded afresh, for Robert had fallen when the strife grew hottest, and they brought his mangled body and laid it down under the willow-tree where the mother was sleeping. The night grew dark about that shattered band, and the cloud that settled over them deepened and broadened in a single hour when the terrible list of the "slain in battle" was read by the fireside.

A wounded soldier, yearning for the touch

of a dear one's hand, for the sound of a loved one's voice, alone and dying—God pity those fallen heroes. There is an unmarked grave under a Southern sun. It is only one of many, but the spot is as sacred, and thoughts of it are as grievous as if there were no other grave in all that land, for a household treasure is buried there.

To George, the lonely brother who remained at home, this was a fearful shock, under which his feeble health gave way, and after a few anxious, painful months he too faded from their sight.

Closer together were the hearts of the sisters drawn in these troublous days, and, sharing their burdens, they each were comforted. Clinging to her sister, as the tender vine clings to the tree of firmer growth, Lillie developed into a character of rare loveliness, blessing the sad hearts at home with the verdure of her sweet young life.

It was in these days that there shone across her pathway a ray of blissful sunlight, warming her soul and making all the world seem wondrously bright and beautiful. A young man, the son of a noble father, and himself the embodiment in her eyes of all that was manly and excellent, wove about her the magical charm of love, and with all the devotion of her ardent, affectionate being did she pay homage at this glowing shrine. A thrill of joy quivered through those radiant days, filling her soul with bliss and imparting to her life a sweet and beauteous meaning, for this new-born passion was the spirit that glorified every duty and gladdened every hour, while she lived only for him who was her girlhood's honored ideal.

But the spell was not to last, for in a little while the man whom she adored proved false to the sacred trust, and poor, wronged Lillie Earle was left to wail in the anguish of a disappointed, unrequited love. Her heart pierced through and through by the poisoned darts of an unutterable woe, her life crushed under the leaden weight of an overwhelming grief, the trembling maiden bowed in speechless agony before this cruel blast.

In those hours of rayless gloom it was her angel sister who had pointed out the first beam of light that gilded the tempest clouds, who had whispered to her the forgotten promises, the comforting words of him who "knoweth our feeble frame," who had led her back into the light of the father's changeless love, standing near to hold up her faltering faith. And now the fond sister who had shared with her all these burdens, whose presence had been the light of so many a dark passage, the inspira-

tion of so many a weak hour, her guide and comforter, sister Lucy, had left her to struggle on alone through the chilliness and gloom, all alone. It is no wonder that her life seemed to her like a burden which she could not bear, that all its woes returned upon her with a stifling weight, that shrinking back the words, "I can not; it is too much for me," fell from her lips. Wildly were the white hands clasped over her heart, wildly, as if to repress its convulsive agony; then a rapid step fluttered across the room and passed out to the chamber of the dead. Long time did she kneel there with bowed head, while the dark surges rolled over her soul, and the bitter waters well-nigh choked her, for not then would she be comforted, not then would she hear the voice of her Father, saying, "I love thee"—no, not then. The pitying moon rose up and threw its pale beams in through the chamber window, and like a sacred halo they rested on the cold features of the dead, revealing the holy, peaceful smile, the sweet face, beautiful even in death. A spirit presence hovered near, and unto the soul of the stricken maiden were borne whisperings of peace and comfort.

Looking upward, she seemed to see her sister, clothed in radiance, standing in the unutterable light of the glorious beyond, and knew that she had forever passed out from the darkness of earth's chilling night, knew she could never feel again the cruel breath of earth's piercing winds. "Nay, not alone," fell upon her troubled spirit, "not alone, for I am with thee always, in every trial, in each dark and lonely hour, bringing strength to bear life's burdens, and the peace which passeth human understanding. Never shalt thou be comfortless." Tremblingly she breathed, "Thy will be done," and into her soul there streamed a ray of heavenly light, mellow and subdued. A fresh baptism came to Lillie Earle in that holy hour, a fresh anointing for her life work, and she went forth with a firmer step, a clearer eye, and a stronger hand. A funeral train wound slowly out to the village church-yard, and then turned away, back to a desolated home.

The days that followed came heavily to Lillie Earle; but though her feet grew weary, and her heart was sometimes very faint, she faltered not, for she was leaning on an arm of unfailing strength, learning to reckon the comfort of her dear ones and the approval of God of more value than any earth-born pleasure. Ever listening to the Master's call, it is Lillie who carries joy to many a dark and comfortless abode, peaceful tidings to many a troubled heart, light to many a benighted traveler; and it is Lillie,

patient and loving, who is the brightest sunbeam in her father's house, the sweetest light that beams upon the home hearth. Fondly the old man looks upon his child as she goes on living her pure life for the good of others; and he blesses her for her devotion to his comfort and happiness, for the smile that steals from the lonely hours their heaviest weight, for the cheering presence that weaves a bright thread through the tissues of every day.

And when her burdens seem too great, when her life rises before her like a fearful specter, and the ghastly forms of her lost treasures, her buried hopes and joys, make her tremble and turn pale, when her strength fails in the conflict, then her soul stays itself upon the sure promises of her ever-present Comforter, and, sheltered near her great rock of refuge, the tempests sweep by and she is unharmed, the winds beat wildly against her and she is not moved. Brave, noble Lillie Earle! Patiently and well is she learning her life lessons, faithfully performing its duties, bearing its burdens trustingly. And thus is she proving the truth of those gracious words which come to us ringing through the long ages of the world's sin and misery, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned."

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#### TRIED.

AH, my life's gold must be refined  
In the furnace God's own hand doth tend;  
So drossy the gold, so pure God's mind,  
The purging's slow and long to the end.

And though the pain may not be told  
In such fiery trials, sharp and sore,  
Yet while aught earthy dims the gold  
God will not ope the furnace door.

Earth's harvest-field is broad and white,  
The Master's lab'ers are but few;  
Must I wait here till my gold grows bright  
While there's so much to do?

Truth's foes on earth's wide battle-field  
Seem mustering for the final fight;  
Must I wait here till my sword and shield  
I learn to use aright?

O, fond, weak heart! Why dost thou swerve?  
Why fret because the way is straight?  
Knowest thou not they also serve  
Who only stand and wait?

And when thou hast been fully tried,  
Then, clad in the whole armor bright,  
Made strong by being purified,  
Thou shalt go forth to fight.

## The Children's Repository.

ROBERT BLYTHE;

OR, THE COLLIER BOY'S GRATITUDE.

**I**N a colliery village near Newcastle-upon-Tyne there lived a boy called Robert Blythe.

He was his mother's only son, and she was made a widow when the boy was ten years of age, her husband having been killed in the neighboring colliery. He was soon after sent to work in the pit, as there was nothing else for him to do, and it was necessary for him to earn his bread. When our story commences he had been a little over a year at this laborious occupation.

In coal mines they work in gangs; that is, about half a dozen men and boys go in a certain direction and there labor together. One day Robert Blythe was working with four men in a certain part of the mine, when suddenly there were indications of a strong escape of fire-damp. A retreat was immediately made for the main shaft; for this fire-damp, as it is called by miners, is very dangerous. It is a certain gas which comes from the coal, and is not only highly inflammable, but quickly kills a person who breathes it. Therefore when the miners, in this instance, were aware of the presence of fire-damp, they knew that their only safety from being killed by it was to get to the main shaft of the pit.

When they reached this place they found that several other gangs of men had run from their places of work in alarm, and were now calling loudly to the men on top to be taken up to the open air.

All at once one of the men with whom Robert had been working exclaimed, "Where's Bob Blythe?" In the excitement of the moment he had been forgotten. The men looked at one another in consternation, and the man who made the exclamation, whose name was Philip Baybut, immediately started back to seek the boy. None of them followed him, however, but got to the surface as quickly as they could. Philip groped his way back, with his safety-lamp held before him. When he got about half-way to the spot where he and his companions had been at work, he saw Robert lying on the ground apparently lifeless. To pick him up in his arms and put him on his shoulder was the work of an instant. Then he made his way

as quickly as possible to the pit mouth, and was shortly drawn up to the bank.

It was a hair-breadth escape for Robert Blythe; another minute longer amid the suffocating fire-damp, and it would have been fatal to him. As it was, he only slowly recovered when he got into the fresh air, and was able to walk home.

He never forgot his brave preserver, for he knew that Baybut had endangered his own life to save his; and he often revolved it in his mind how he could ever repay him. However, he never could see his way out of the difficulty. What could a poor lad give in recompense for the saving of his life!

Many years after this occurrence Philip Baybut and Robert Blythe still worked together in the colliery. But he had never solved the question how to pay his preserver. He had loved him and watched for every opportunity to do him a kindness, so much so that Baybut used to say to his wife that the boy had repaid him time and time again for what he had done for him, by his gentleness and studied kindness; but Robert never saw it in that light.

However, an opportunity did come to test young Blythe's gratitude. One day, for some reason or other, he had not gone down into the coal-pit, and was sitting at home by the fire, when suddenly he heard a great uproar and commotion. He ran to the door and saw men and women running in the wildest excitement toward the colliery. He needed no more to tell him what was the matter. There had been an accident. In a moment he was at the mouth of the pit. Here he heard that there had been an explosion in the mine. Men were being hoisted up as quickly as possible. As each company arrived at the surface, anxious ones pressed forward to recognize among them father, husband, or son. When the last had come there were still some missing. There were twenty or thirty men still in the pit!

"Who will go down!" was cried; and Robert Blythe was the first one to answer, "I will."

Several more now volunteered to descend in search of the missing men. When they got to the bottom they went in the direction where the explosion had been. The pit was still full of smoke, so that they could hardly grope their way along over the masses of rubbish that had



been shaken down—earth, blocks of coal, and beams that had been used to prop up the earth above.

At length, however, they managed to reach the spot where the accident had happened. Here and there they saw the corpses of the missing men, and tears came to those rough men's eyes as they recognized here a fellow-workman and there a companion. Several they found horribly bruised, but still living. These they conveyed to the bottom of the shaft, and had them drawn up. How anxiously Robert scanned the face of each man they found, in order to recognize Philip Baybut! At last he saw him, half buried under rocky fragments. They disengaged him as quickly as they could, and carried him to the pit shaft. There he became conscious enough to recognize Robert.

"It's all up with me now, Bob," he said faintly.

"Not yet, Philip; you are not so badly hurt, are you?" replied Blythe.

"Very badly; is she up there?" said the poor fellow, meaning his wife.

"Yes," answered Robert.

"Then do n't send me up; it will all be over in a minute or two, and I could not bear to see her take on."

The man sank back exhausted on Blythe's breast, whose tears fell fast. Presently he seemed to revive a little, and spoke with trembling lips these words:

"Bob, this will be a hard blow to Lizzy and the children. I hoped, please God, to see the little ones able to take care of themselves; but it was n't to be. Give my love to them, Bob, and tell them my last thoughts were of them: Lord have mercy!"—

He could not finish his sentence; his spirit had departed.

Robert Blythe laid him gently down, and went again to the sorrowful work of seeking for the dead and dying.

When they had done all they could and came up out of the pit, leaving the dead below till morning, covered up, it was night; but still the anxious faces of women gleamed in the light of the fire that burned on the bank. They had seen mangled and dying husbands brought up, recognized and carried away. But their own husbands had not come up.

Among them was Lizzy Baybut. She rushed toward Blythe when she caught sight of him. Her face was very pale, and her eyes red with weeping.

"Is he not coming up?" she cried.

"Never again!" said Robert.

The poor woman gave a sharp scream and

would have fallen, but the young man caught her in his arms. They took her home, where she lay all night long insensible. Toward morning she began to show signs of returning consciousness, but it was only to exhibit indications of a wandering mind. Thus she continued all that day and the next, so that they began to fear her mind was gone forever.

Robert Blythe now found an opportunity of repaying the debt he owed to Philip Baybut. He stood by the helpless widow and her fatherless children. He got his mother to attend on the sick woman. Every day, after he had done his day's work in the coal-pit, he went to the house of Mrs. Baybut to inquire after her health.

It was a long time before she got well. When she did, and began to think of her future, she could not see any other way than to put her three youngest children in the poor-house. They were too young to earn any thing, and she could not support them all by her labor alone. She told this resolution to Mrs. Blythe, Robert's mother, and the latter told it to her son when he came home at night. After he had heard it he sat thinking for a long time; then suddenly taking his head from off his hand, on which it had been resting, he exclaimed, "No, it must not be!"

"What must not be?" inquired his mother in astonishment, for she had forgotten all about the subject of conversation.

"They must not go to the work-house," answered her son; and without another word he got up, put on his hat, and went out.

He was away about an hour. When he returned there was an expression of quiet satisfaction on his face.

"Where have you been?" asked his mother.

"To see Mrs. Baybut," was the reply.

"What for?" said she.

"I will tell you, mother. Mrs. Baybut says that with four or five shillings a week, in addition to what she can earn, she would be able to keep all her children at home, so I have promised to allow her five shillings weekly while I am in work. You know it does not take all I earn to keep the house going. We can spare five shillings a week on a pinch. I should be an ungrateful fellow if I saw the widow of Philip Baybut want, when to him I owe my being here to-day."

The old woman got up from her seat, crossed to where Robert sat, put her arms round his neck and kissed him. "You have a noble heart, my son. God bless you!" With this she passed out of the room.

Robert Blythe did not break his promise; he handed the widow weekly the sum he had prom-

ised, and not only this, but whenever sickness or other misfortune came into the house, he was ever ready to lend a helping hand. Nor did he cease his giving his help until it was no longer needed—until, in fact, the children had grown big and strong, and able to provide for themselves and their now almost helpless mother. Such was the quiet, unobtrusive heroism of Robert Blythe, the collier, which, in the eyes of Him who weighs human actions, was worthier than many whose names are well known to the world.

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BY THE FIRESIDE.

HOW merrily the flames danced and leaped in the large old-fashioned grate! What bright little jets of gas fizzed, and fumed, and spirted from the great blocks of coal, and went out suddenly in a puff of smoke, to burst forth again brighter than ever, and light up the happy group clustered on the hearth-rug! How the warm light glowed on Gerald's chestnut locks and small, pale face, on Anna's rosy cheeks, and Dot's arch face as she peeped over my shoulder! It lingered lovingly on Ella's sunny hair and graceful little figure, and glanced here, there, and every-where—from the top of Willie's shiny black head down to his equally shiny black shoes, as he fidgeted and jumped about after the usual manner of little boys.

"Aunt Ella, will you tell us a story?"

"Well, darlings, when your mamma and I, and your other aunts and uncles were children, we lived in a large house close to the sea; and there was a long narrow strip of garden at the back of the house, with beds cut in the grass and a path down the middle—did you ever see a garden like that, dears?—and at the far end a high wall and a little green door in it; and when you opened the door you came out on a large stone terrace or rampart, rising straight up from the sea, and an iron railing at the edge to prevent little people from falling over and breaking their necks; and there were steps from the terrace to the shore, and great rocks, and sea-weed, and—"

"Aunt Ella!" shouted the five children in chorus; "why, that's like *our* house and *our* terrace, and the garden, and rocks, and all."

"And so it is, children. You live now in the very same house where I lived when I was a small child. And in those old days we were very like you, children; we played, and shouted, and learned our lessons, and were sometimes punished, too, just like you."

"But you were never naughty, were you, auntie?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say we were often naughty and idle. We used to bathe in Summer, of course, and splashed and dashed about like little fishes every day. The only drawback to our complete enjoyment was, that we were not allowed to carry our beloved dolls into the water with us for the usual 'three dips and out again.' Once and once only we succeeded in bathing them, and you shall hear how that came about.

"One sunny morning in midsummer your Aunt Alice woke me—we slept in the same bed in a little room we had to ourselves—by saying that she could not sleep any longer; it was *so* hot, and the room was *so* light, and Dicky, our canary, was singing *so* loud, 'and would n't it be nice to get up and run about!' I was only too glad to be stirring, so up we sprang, and amused ourselves at first by jumping in and out of bed, and throwing the pillows at each other."

"O, auntie!" exclaimed my sedate little namesake, horrified.

"We grew tired of that at last, and began to play with our dolls, whose cradles always stood at the foot of our bed. Then we peeped out of the window. It was a glorious morning, without a cloud in the sky or a breath of wind, and the sea looked as smooth as glass, and temptingly cool and blue.

"Would n't it be awfully jolly to be out in the garden!" said we."

"Mamma says 'little girls ought n't to say 'awfully jolly,'" whispered saucy Miss Dot in my ear.

"You're quite right, Dot; they ought not; but I told you auntie was sometimes naughty when she was a little girl.

"Suppose we go out just for one minute," suggested I. So we thrust our little bare feet into our slippers, and, with our dolls clasped tightly in our arms, stole on tiptoe into the hall. We held our breaths to listen. Not a sound—not a stir in the house—every one was fast asleep. The first stroke of the clock in the hall striking four nearly frightened us out of our senses; but as there were no other sounds, we took courage, and crept to the back door. We managed with great difficulty to turn the key in the lock and slide back the bolt; the door flew open, and we were free.

"Panting, breathless with excitement, with flushed cheeks and beating hearts, we stood half terrified, half delighted, expecting every moment a rush of enraged nurses, and instant capture and punishment. But as the blinds in

the nursery windows were drawn safely down, and not a living creature in sight, we felt reassured, and made a bold dash down the garden at the top of our speed, Aunt Alice's golden curls shining in the sunlight, and my thick mop of chestnut hair flowing like a mane over my shoulders.

"Through the green door, on the terrace you know so well, chicks, and down the steps we rushed, and never stopped till the rough stones on the shore forced us to go more slowly.

"A bright thought suddenly struck Alice. 'Could n't we bathe the dollies?'

"O, yes! that would be nice.'

"Accordingly we sat down on a rock, dry and warm from the sun, and proceeded to undress them, earnestly entreating 'Miss Florence' and 'Miss Violet' to be good children, and not to cry or be frightened. With one hand holding up our little white night-dresses, and the other grasping tight hold of dear dolly's arm, we waded through the clear, transparent water, and then, what dipping—what splashing—what peals of joyous laughter—what an overflowing of life and happiness!

"At last we thought it time to go back to the house; so, thrusting our little wet, sandy feet into our slippers again, we made another race up the garden, crept noiselessly into the still, quiet house, and got into bed again.

"Once safe in bed, I had time to think of my doll. Alas, for poor Miss Florence! every atom—every trace of paint had been washed off by the salt water! She was minus a mouth, without any eyebrows, and her cheeks were a sickly white, instead of a beautiful rose-color! But worse than all, the calico with which she was covered had torn in several places, and the bran was pouring out upon the floor.

"And now, children, you see your Aunt Alice and I had done what we had long wished to do. We had had our own way, and defied the authority of our elders. No one had found us out; there was not much chance of our ever being punished for our disobedience, but what had been gained by it? Do you think we were the happier for it? Quite the contrary. All day long the knowledge of our naughtiness weighed like lead on our spirits. We started whenever the word 'doll' was mentioned by the other children, afraid lest the miserable condition of Miss Florence should be discovered. To do us both justice, I must say that the idea of telling an untruth about the matter never entered our heads for a moment.

"At last we could not bear the concealment any longer, and we agreed, after much whispering and consultation, to confess our wrong-

doing to our kind, indulgent mamma. How relieved we felt when, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness, we had told her all, and listened to her gentle words of warning and reproof! Her grief at our wildness made us more than ever ashamed of ourselves, and we earnestly resolved to 'turn over a new leaf,' and to be better children for the future."

### DISOBEDIENCE.

By the gate of the garden near the wood,  
A brother and sister together stood.

"Beyond the gate you are not to roam,"

Their mother had said as she quitted home;

But, tired of playing within the bound,

Frank opened the gate and they looked around;

"O, Jessie," he cried, "how I long to go

To play for a while in the wood below!"

"But, Frankie, what did our mother say?"

Said the little one tempted to go astray,

"She thought in the wood we might be harmed,"

Said Frank, "but we need not be alarmed;

There is nothing to hurt us; and O! just see

That beautiful squirrel on yonder tree!"

And away ran Frank to the green retreat,

While Jessie followed with flying feet.

They chased the squirrel with laugh and shout,

They gathered the flowers and played about,

And then, as they feared it was getting late,

Returned unhurt to the garden gate.

No questions were asked, and nobody knew

What Frank and Jessie had dared to do,

Till Saturday night, as they sat alone,

Frank to his mother the truth made known.

"But, mother," he said, "tho' we went in the wood

We got no harm as you thought we should;

Into the water we did not fall,

Nor did we injure our clothes at all."

"My son," was the answer, "it may be so,

Yet something you lost in the wood, I know;

Think well, and then tell me," the mother said,

As she laid her hand on Frankie's head.

"My knife, my ball, and my penny," thought he,

"I have them all safe—and what could it be?

I know," at length he said with a start,

"I have lost the happy out of my heart!

I have not felt easy since then," he sighed,

"And I could not be merry, although I tried.

Mother, I am certain not all my play

Made up for the loss that I had that day."

Frank's tears fell fast as the Summer rain,

But the happy came back to his heart again,

As he to his mother his fault confessed,

And her pardoning kiss on his lips was pressed.

Dear children, remember this simple lay,

For if in forbidden paths you stray,

Though you seem unhurt, and your fault be hid,

You will lose a treasure, as Frankie did.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**THE OLDEN TIME PREACHING.**—If the trumpet was somewhat monotonous, it gave no uncertain sound. If the manner was not oratorical, it was decidedly energetic; it had not much respect for weak nerves. The old preachers thought that people who were indelicate enough to open their hearts to Satan, and insensible enough to disregard the love of Christ, might be handled without gloves. We confess we are much of the same way of thinking. The refinement that prefers sin to holiness, that clasps the devil's hand instead of God's, that upholds the animal over the spiritual, is not a refinement of the soul. That is coarse and gross, as the Lord described it, and often is not susceptible to any other fear than that of bodily pain. If we take away the threat of hell-fire, as we are insensibly doing, we deprive many refined people of the only part of the Gospel which could yet affect them. There was a rude and savage way of preaching punishment, a cold-blooded, horrible way, like that of Jonathan Edwards; but the reaction has carried us to the other extreme, and in looking at the effect we have not much to boast of. People trembled, and fainted, and forsook their sins under Edwards's horrible sermons. The worst men in the community were dispossessed of the devil by the preaching of the early Methodists. Felix was not made to tremble without good reason. He had no doubt whom Paul meant when he reasoned about purity, and justice, and God's swift and terrible judgments. Paul thought that a refinement that permitted Felix to live with Drusilla and to oppress the people, was not worth softening the Gospel for.

**FAITH AND THE BIBLE.**—He whose heart is rebellious and proud will see a host of objections to the Bible, which do not exist for the true-hearted, simple, earnest believer. The Word of God must be taken as a whole, and, as a whole, I do not hesitate to say that it will always present irresistible claims to the belief of the honest and diligent inquirer. The truth is there, and he who is really seeking for the truth will find it there. For him in whose heart real faith exists the Bible is, indeed, a perfect revelation of God, stamped with the impress of his mind in every page. No objections can unsettle the belief of the true God-taught Christian. Neither the ingenuity of a Strauss nor the eloquence of a Rénan can affect him, for he knows that the

Bible is true. The message sent by God in the Bible has changed his nature—has made him child-like and humble, instead of proud and disobedient—has made him pure instead of impure—has made him to love righteousness instead of vanity and sin—has made him to follow in the footsteps of Christ and his apostles, instead of in the footsteps of Satan and the children of the world. How, then, can the Bible be untrue? Can a bitter fountain produce sweet waters? Can a lie give birth to a truth? Can delusion or imposture produce righteousness, and purity, and peace? Herein does the simplicity of the humblest and most ignorant Christian set at naught all the wisdom of the most intellectual and learned unbeliever. There was, indeed, a truth of unspeakable profundity in the simple answer of that unlettered believer who, on being asked how he knew that the Bible was true, replied, "How do I know that the Bible is true? By its effect on my own heart."

**THE POWER OF THE INNER LIFE.**—On a Winter's day I have noticed a row of cottages, with a deep load of snow on their several roofs; but as the day wore on, large fragments began to tumble from the eaves of this one and that other, till, by and by, there was a simultaneous avalanche, and the whole heap slid over in powdery ruin on the pavement, and before the sun went down you saw each roof as clear and dry as on a Summer's eve. But here and there you will observe one with its snow-mantle unbroken, and a ruff of stiff icicles around it. What made the difference? The difference was to be found within. Some of these huts were empty, or the lonely inhabitant cowered over a scanty fire; while the peopled hearth and the high-blazing fagots of the rest created such a warmth that grim Winter melted and relaxed his gripe, and the loosened mass folded off and tumbled over on the trampled street. It is possible by some outside process to push the main volume of snow from the frosty roof, or chip off the icicles one by one. But they will form again, and it needs an inward heat to create a total thaw. And so, by sundry processes, you may clear off from a man's conduct the dead weight of conspicuous sins; but it needs a hidden heat, a vital warmth within, to produce such a separation between the soul and its besetting iniquities, that the whole Wintery incubus, the entire body of sin, will come spontaneously away. That vital warmth is the love of God abundantly

shed abroad—the kindly glow which the Comforter diffuses in the soul which he makes his home.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

**INTIMACY WITH CHRIST.**—It is the wisdom of life, as well as its joy, to be always feeling this great need of Jesus. A true Christian feels that he could no more live for an hour without Jesus than he could live for an hour without air, or under the water. There is something delightful in this sense of utter dependence upon Jesus. It is our only rest, our only liberty in the world. It is the bondage of our imperfection, that we can not be directly and actually thinking of Jesus all day and night, yet it is astonishing how near we may come to this. Our very sleep at last becomes subject to the thought of Jesus, and saturated with it. It is part of the gladness of growing older, not only that we are thereby drawing nearer to our first sight of him, but that we feel our dependence upon him more and more. We have learned more about him. We have had a longer and more varied experience of him. Our love for him has become more of a passion, which, by a little effort, promises at some not very distant day to be dominant and supreme. The love for Jesus never can be ungrowing. In our physical life, as we grow older, we become more sensible to cold and wind, to change of place, and to alternations of the weather. So as we grow older in our spiritual life, we become more sensitive to the presence of Jesus, to the necessity of him, and to his indispensable sweetness. A constantly increasing sensible love of our dearest Lord is the safest mark of our growth in holiness and the most tranquilizing prophecy of our final perseverance.—*Faber.*

**ANTICIPATION OF DEATH.**—How peacefully and gently God deals with those who put their trust in him! What catastrophes are turned aside—what swelling judgments spend their force before they reach our tabernacle! I have found, in all my personal experience, that God's discipline is different from man's, and from what our haughty and vindictive nature would lead us to expect. He makes use of time. He returns in the cool of the day. He teaches by many lessons. We have learned but little since the last time; but he repeats his admonition again, making allowance for our small parts and reluctant wills. The old obstacles are still in the way; our vision is not wholly cleared; distressing temptations have still power—but he does not tire. Our education lasts through life. When he might have put us to shame—we even expected him to cast us off—he has not done so. He has watched over us in our waywardness. When slighted and forsaken he has come again to our rescue in the time of need. "As a father pitieth his children," and has still a yearning place in his heart toward his absent prodigal, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Having long experienced this mercy and tenderness, we come to know him. He will manage our death for us, as he has managed our other affairs, without shock or alarm to the remaining or departing. He holds us up perpetually, and will do so

especially in a moment to us so critical. We shall wonder, when he has borne us through, how slight a thing that great operation was. Like many things we have known, formidable in apprehension, but easy in experience, our next hour after the transition will be as natural and provided for as any hour we have known.—*From the "Diary of a Scotch Lady."*

**DEAD, YET LIVING.**—The cedar is the most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in the grain and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards; all but immortal itself, it transfuses its amarantine qualities to the objects around it. Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterward.

Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Knox, Melville, and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and a school in every parish. Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in its *Pilgrim's Progress*. Baxter is dead, but souls are quickened by the *Saint's Rest*. Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of the Olney Hymns. Eliot is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits who, phoenix like, have started from the funeral pile? Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sunday-schools go on.—*Rev. G. Hamilton.*

**LIVING EPISTLES.**—Christians are living epistles to be read. The world reads them every day. How important that this living Gospel, which walks, and trades, and stirs about in public places, should be correctly printed! Yet how many of these living epistles have been printed from battered type, from mixed fonts, on spotted paper, and in dim ink! But after all, orthodoxy is safer in the consecrated heart than in the theological library. Evangelism is an upright, open-eyed, warm-handed, advancing thing, not the flat flimsiness of a mere programme, to be written and put away on the shelf for safe-keeping; it is always alive, alert, and growing; it is not dead Latin, but vital mother-tongue in this country; it is not steeped to church, cadenced in ritual, or robed at the altar, so much as hearted in living people, and radiated in work-day duties.

**THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.**—It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noblest gift of God, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world, in tears and in despair. Not in the brilliant saloon, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library, well-fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth, green lawn, or a broad expanse

of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more frequently in adversity and destitution, amid the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contentions, and in the deep gloom of uncheered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birth-place, and in scenes like these, unpropitious and repulsive, wretched men have labored, studied, and trained themselves, until they have at last eliminated out of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual legislation.

**SAFETY IN ACTIVITY.**—A traveler was crossing a mountain height alone, over almost untrodden snow. Warning had been given him that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path. But with the deepening shade and freezing blast at night, there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself, in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off the fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate his foot struck against something that lay across his path. No stone was that, although no stone could be colder or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body half buried beneath a drift of snow. The next moment the traveler had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his hands, and chest, and brow, breathing upon the stiff, cold lips the warm breath of a living soul, pressing the silent heart to the beating pulse of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself life, and warmth, and energy. He was a man again, instead of a weak creature succumbing to despairing helplessness, drooping down in dreamless sleep to die. "He saved a brother, and was saved himself."—*English Hearts and English Hands.*

**A MOTHER'S GRAVE.**—Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet and treading with holy reverence; where common words of pleasure are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each other; where vows have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. O, how the thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through immeasurable space to visit them! But of all the spots on the green earth none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we have loved and cherished. Hence, in all ages, the better portion of mankind have chosen the loved spots for the burial of their dead, and in those spots they have loved to wander at even-tide to meditate and to weep alone. But among the charnel-houses of the dead, if there be one spot more sacred than the rest, it is a mother's grave. There sleeps the mother of our infancy—she whose heart was a stranger to every feeling but love, and who could always find excuses

for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.

**PHYSICAL EFFECT OF LAUGHTER.**—Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription—a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.

**THE CANDLE IN THE GUNPOWDER.**—I have read a thrilling story of a merchant who was one evening celebrating the marriage of his daughter. While the guests were enjoying themselves above he chanced to go to the basement below, where he met a servant, carrying a candle without a candlestick. She passed into the cellar for wood, and returning quickly without the candle, the merchant suddenly remembered that during the day several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar, one of which had been opened. Inquiring what she had done with the candle, to his amazement and horror, her reply was, that not being able to carry it with the wood, she had set it in a small barrel of "black sand" in the cellar.

He flew to the spot; a long, red snuff was ready to fall into the mass of powder, when, with great presence of mind, placing one hand on each side of the candle, and making his hands meet at the top over the wick, he safely removed it from the barrel. At first he smiled at his previous terror, but the reaction was so great that it was weeks before he overcame the shock which his nerves had sustained in that terrible moment.

There are candles in many a barrel of gunpowder to-day. Many homes have already been blown to ruin by them. There is a candle in the cellar of the wine-bibber. It burns brighter with the added fuel of every cup he drains, and before he is aware, all hopes of this world and of the next will be blown up with ruin more complete and terrible than gunpowder can bring.

There is a candle in the cellar of the liquor-dealer, burning slow, but surely. He who is dealing death to others will yet be startled by a sudden blasting of his own peace, when the anger of God, restrained no longer, shall fall upon him in a moment and consume him.

## Contemporary Literature.

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL. *Translated from the French of M. Ernest Naville, Author of "La Vie Eternelle," "Le Père Celeste," etc. By John P. Lacroix, Professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University. 12mo. Pp. 330. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

We have scanned but not yet thoroughly read this able work. Without our commendation it will be welcomed by all who think on these great problems of life and the universe. The profoundest and saddest of all is this problem of evil. Its full solution has not yet been found, not even by this most recent writer, and probably never will during our earthly existence. There are some "secret things that belong unto God," and it seems to be his will that for the present they should remain concealed. There was a time when we thought it exceedingly important that a theodicy or scheme of the divine administration, which would make plain and thoroughly vindicate the ways of God in his own universe, should be developed by Christian thinkers and writers. As we grow older we are rather feeling that since God himself in his wisdom can afford to wait through the ages with "clouds and darkness round about him," and has chosen to do so, perhaps it is more pious and greater wisdom for us to wait also, resting on the assurance he has given, that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." Nevertheless, we welcome such books as the one before us. The ability of the author to deal with these grave questions is unquestionable, and the spirit in which he approaches them is admirable. His style, too, is most excellent; profound as are the questions with which he deals, he reduces them to the greatest possible simplicity, so that every reader can thoroughly understand just what the writer means, and can see clearly the problems that are before him for solution. This simplicity and perspicuity of style grows out in part from the circumstances under which the lectures were written. They were delivered to the public, first of Geneva and afterward of Lausanne, during the Winter of 1867-68. As the audiences were large and of all classes, it became necessary to discard the terms and formulas of the schools, and to clothe his matter in a style intelligible to all. But in doing so he has not failed to grapple with the most obscure phases of the problem, nor has he evaded any of the difficulties. The reader, we are assured, will join with the just and beautiful conclusion of the translator, who has so ably and thoroughly done his part of the work: "On laying the book aside we are enabled to look on humanity with more confidence and hope, and we are pretty sure to go to our daily toil with a more cheerful contentment, realizing, in a higher sense than Fichte meant it, that our existence is not vain and purposeless, but that we are each a real

link in the endless chain of being, and that if we but faithfully fulfill the humble duty that falls to us individually, we are then actual co-workers with God, working for the good of all men, as, in his plan, all should be working for the good of us."

THE PRINCE OF PULPIT ORATORS; *A Portraiture of Rev. George Whitefield, M. A. Illustrated by Anecdotes and Incidents. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley. 12mo. Pp. 400. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

Every reader knows perfectly what to expect in a life of George Whitefield, and most of our readers are acquainted with the earnest, warm, eloquent way in which the author of this volume says things, telling even old things with a terseness and zest that make them seem quite new. No one could better appreciate the heroic life of Whitefield than our friend, Rev. J. B. Wakeley, and his reasons for drawing this portraiture of the "Prince of Pulpit Orators," in addition to the numerous lives and memoirs that have already appeared, are so naively told, and we so heartily accept them, that we reproduce them. "I have written this book because 'I took a notion' to do it, believing it would do good, and at the suggestion of no one; so if it has defects I alone am to blame. . . . It is a century since the Prince of Pulpit Orators expired, and all his contemporaries both in Europe and America have passed away. Of the thousands who listened to his matchless eloquence not one remains to tell the story.

"The present seemed to me to be an appropriate time to give to the memory of Whitefield a kind of resurrection, to reproduce him, to bring him out in a new and more attractive dress—and here is the result. The reader will find it a condensed story of Whitefield, the cream of his history, the marrow of his biography, an epitome of his life and character, illustrated by striking anecdotes and thrilling incidents. His whole history is chivalrous and romantic, far surpassing fiction. There is nothing like it in the history of the Church or the world. It stands alone, without a parallel. The reader may inquire, 'Is there any thing new that is true, or any thing that is true that is new, that has not been said many times before concerning Whitefield?' Suppose there is not. Do you ask, 'Why, then, do you repeat the story?' I answer, Because it is worthy of repetition every day for a thousand years, and the Church and the world need it, and will grow the wiser and better for it. But let not the reader conclude that we have nothing in this volume but the same old story; for, while there is considerable of the old there is also much that is new, the writer having had access to rare documents that enrich Whitefield's history."

THE REVELATION OF JOHN; *With Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical.* By Rev. Henry Cowles, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 254. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Dr. Cowles has shown special abilities in dealing with the prophets of the Old Testament. Having finished these, at the earnest solicitation of many of his admirers, he brings his abilities and experience to bear on this most difficult of all the books of the Bible. He approaches the work with great scholarship, good common sense, and a practical and devotional spirit. His style and method are simple, and the volume will be examined with equal interest by pastors and people. His effort to interpret this wonderful book does not lie in the line of the many commentaries which have been made on it, and is not a mere repetition or collection of what we already have. Indeed, there is but little reference in the volume to what other commentators have done. He aims only to evolve the laws of interpretation applicable to this book out of the book itself and out of the history of the times in which it was written. His method is interesting and his results new and striking. The introduction is a valuable paper, reaffirming with strong proof the authorship of the apostle John. At the end is appended a dissertation in which the author vigorously attacks the theory that "day" in prophecy means "year."

LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. *Written by Himself. In Three Volumes. Vol. I.* 12mo. Pp. 380. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Of illustrious birth, of large scholarship, of capacious mind, connected with many high offices, concerned in most of the great public events that have occurred in Europe during the present century, the life of Lord Brougham written by himself will prove one of the most valuable contributions to the history of the times that could be given to the public. The biography is but a small part of the work; but his recollections of men and movements, his criticisms on politics and events will prove exceedingly valuable and interesting.

THE OGILVIES. 12mo. Pp. 421. THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. 12mo. Pp. 528. OLIVE. 12mo. Pp. 428. Each, \$1.50. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

These are three additional volumes of the complete works of "Miss Muloch," which the Harpers are issuing in neat and uniform style. We have often spoken of the excellences of Miss Muloch as a writer of fiction. Along with great purity, simplicity, and naturalness, she writes with great power. Her plots are natural and true to life, but always of sufficient interest to hold the reader while she conveys to him the life-lessons she aims more particularly to teach. "The Ogilvies" is her first effort at book-making; she very tenderly dedicates it to her mother. The reader can easily see how she grows in power from this beginning up to "The Woman's King-

dom," and "A Brave Lady." Her aims are always high and pure.

BENCH AND BAR: *A Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities, and Amenities of the Law.* By L. J. Bigelow, Counselor at Law. With Portraits and Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 532. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A greatly enlarged edition of a book that has already had many readers. The public will not let this rich book of the scintillations of the brightest intellects be monopolized by the lawyers. The author has collected his incidents from a wide range, beginning with the Lord Chancellors of England, and closing with anecdotes of the "Western Bar."

STORIES AND TALES. *By Hans Christian Andersen, Author of "Wonder Stories Told for Children."* Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. 532.

FROM FOURTEEN TO FOURSORE. *By Mrs. S. W. Jewett.* 12mo. Pp. 416. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens.

A very excellent test of a story-writer for children is how his stories are appreciated by adults. A first-class story for a child is of equal interest to a pure-minded, generous-hearted man or woman. We have all been children. A good child's story carries us back to our childhood. We love to be reminded of it, to be re-introduced to it, to live it over again, to enter into its simplicity, its imagination, its wonderment. Hans Christian Andersen has stood this test, and it is the secret of his popularity as a story-writer. We doubt if many of his books enter into a reading family without being read as well by the older as the younger members of the family. "From Fourteen to Fourscore" is an autobiographical story of an ordinary human life, with just about such incidents as fall to the common lot of human beings. It shows how large a book, and, indeed, how interesting a one, too, can be made out of an uneventful, common, every-day life.

THE TWO GUARDIANS; *or, Home in this World.* By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. 12mo. Pp. 338.

BEECHCROFT. *By the Same.* 12mo. Pp. 303. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Miss Yonge is a writer much after the style and order of Miss Muloch. She writes from a Christian stand-point. Her stories all have a high moral aim; they teach lessons and illustrate them by scenes drawn from human life. The stories are generally of ordinary life, with its small daily events, its pleasures, and its trials. The heroine in the "Two Guardians" is intended to set forth the manner in which a Christian may contend with and conquer this world, living in it, but not of it, and rendering it a means of self-renunciation. The lesson in "Beechcroft" is, that feeling, unguided and unrestrained, soon becomes mere selfishness; while the simple endeavor to fulfill each immediate claim of duty may lead to the highest acts of self-devotion.



**LITTLE MEN:** *Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys.* By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," etc. 16mo. Pp. 376.

**A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN: HANDY VOLUME SERIES.** 16mo. Pp. 302. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

The fame of "Little Women" carried "Little Men" into a wonderful circulation as soon as it was issued; its own interest will keep it long before the public. It is brimful of the qualities which made the former volume so successful. Her boys and girls are fresh, hearty, and natural, and the author fulfills the condition we laid down above, for her book may be read alike by parent and child. "My Discontented Cousin" takes off the churlish grumblers at human life with sharp thrusts.

**DOWN IN A SALOON; or, the Minister's Protégé.** By Mrs. Mary Spring Walker, Author of "Both

*Sides of the Street.*" 16mo. Pp. 274. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

The young people who read Mrs. Walker's charming book of "Both Sides of the Street," will remember her graphic power as a describer of scenes of sorrow and distress, and her ability in picturing character to the life. The same powers will be seen in this excellent book. It will fascinate by its incidents, and instruct by its lessons and examples. A good book for home and the Sunday-school.

**EAGLE CRAG.** By the Author of "Golden Ladder Series," etc. 16mo. Pp. 203.

**FRANK AUSTIN'S DIAMOND.** By the Same. 16mo. Pp. 196. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

These are two more volumes of the "Drayton Hall Series," consisting of stories illustrative of the beatitudes. Excellent books.

### Editor's Table.

**HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.**—The women of the North-West are moving in earnest and in the right direction toward accomplishing for their sisters the opportunity and facilities of more thorough education. The North-Western University at Evanston opened its doors to women. It was very soon found, as we knew it would be, that simply opening the way for the entrance of ladies into college and university classes would not meet the case. To a large extent the education of men and women is the same, and may be conducted for both by the same methods. But there is a point where they must diverge; the final education of woman must be different from that of man; she must have those accomplishments and qualifications which are adapted to her character and work as a woman. The ladies of the North-West understand this, and are arranging to supplement the generous movement of the North-Western University by organizing a college for ladies in connection with the University. This college is to be under the control of a woman's board of trustees, and is to provide instruction in those departments essential to a complete womanly education, but which are not found in the University course. Thus the ladies can pursue in the University a thorough course of education in the departments common to men and women, and at the same time acquire the branches taught in the college for women. Convenient boarding advantages must also be provided for the lady students. To meet these wants the ladies have adopted the following plans:

**FIRST.** The erection and furnishing of a commodious building, where young ladies preparing for and engaging in university studies may enjoy the advantages of a Christian home. **SECOND.** The establishment of a supplementary course of instruction, in order to

which it is proposed to endow the following departments and professorships, in which special instruction will be given, in addition to what is furnished by the University: 1. *The Presidency.* For this position the trustees have secured Miss Frances E. Willard, a lady of fine talents, ample experience, and enviable reputation as a successful educator. Miss Willard also brings to her work the results of several years' travel and observation of educational methods in Europe. 2. *The Department of Modern Languages.* 3. *The Department of Fine Arts.* 4. *The Department of Music.* 5. *The Health Department,* in charge of an experienced lady physician, who will give lectures on anatomy and hygiene, watch over the health and superintend the gymnastic exercises of the young ladies. 6. *The Home and Industrial Department,* in which will be taught, as far as practicable, the home sciences and arts, cooking, household management, plain and fancy sewing, dress-making and millinery, and other industrial arts. *Courses of Study.*—From the branches included in the departments above mentioned, together with those afforded by the University curriculum, several parallel courses will be arranged, in which some of the studies will be made elective, and in which a certain degree of proficiency in the modern languages or the fine arts will be regarded as equivalent to certain of the higher classical and mathematical studies, and suitable diplomas and degrees will be conferred on all who shall complete these courses of instruction.

It will be seen from the foregoing plans that the design of the ladies' college is strictly supplemental. No inferior course of study is proposed; it is intended to prolong rather than shorten the school days of our young ladies; to supersede the fashionable entrance upon social life by giving them constantly

and naturally the advantages of society all through their school years.

To those who sincerely desire the higher education of women, this enterprise commends itself by weighty reasons. While it is true that many colleges and universities are now nominally open to women, it is equally true that, without special provision for convenient and economical residence, and for such studies as they may wish to undertake not found in the University curriculum, the advantage is often more apparent than real, more nominal than substantial. Aside from this, young ladies coming to a university with none of their own sex among its instructors to counsel them, sympathize with and help them, can not be said to enjoy advantages equal to those which are offered to young men. The Evanston College for Ladies seeks to make these special provisions, and to aid the North-Western University to accomplish its nobly undertaken task, the higher education of women; to furnish to the young ladies a home, ample for their accommodation and sufficiently tasteful to render their university life attractive and pleasant.

To raise money for the erection of buildings is manifestly the first and most important work to be accomplished. The town of Evanston has presented convenient and spacious grounds to the college, on condition that a suitable building is erected within two years. For this purpose the trustees ask the friends of the enterprise to contribute fifty thousand dollars. Careful calculations show that such a building as is absolutely necessary can not be completed and furnished for less than this sum, and if the Trustees have not misinterpreted the significance of the "new departure" in the interest of women, this will not be thought too large.

It is proposed to properly commemorate those who, by their contributions, aid in this most worthy undertaking. Any one giving \$25,000 may select the name by which the building shall be designated. Appropriate methods have been devised for incorporating in the building, public and permanent record of the names of all who assist by their benevolence in its erection.

In order to enter as soon as possible upon an efficient execution of the designs, they have rented the building and adopted the school heretofore known as the "North-Western Female College." The next scholastic year will open on September 13, 1871, under the auspices of the Evanston College for Ladies, in this building, which, however, will be used only until the new and permanent buildings of the Ladies' College are ready for occupancy.

**BOSTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.**—The Annual Report and Catalogue of this vigorous institution is on our table. It shows health, strength, progress, and a determination to attain and maintain the highest rank of a theological seminary. Eighty-one students have enjoyed its advantages during the past year. A full and strong faculty, and a number of eminent lecturers in special courses await the coming of the students of the next year. An admirable digest

of the statistics of all the theological institutions of the country for 1870, is a valuable paper in the report, and shows our own denomination to be in a healthy and progressive state in this respect. The prospects are still brightening that before long the Seminary will be permanently located in its own building. Professor Patten by his faithful labors has secured nearly the whole of the \$100,000 of endowment, which is the condition on which an honored and well-known patron of the school has agreed to erect the buildings at a cost of not less than \$100,000, and in a few months it is expected the corner-stone of the Seminary's future home will be laid. At present the Trustees have secured the whole upper portion of the spacious new building erected by the Boston Wesleyan Association. This provides a most convenient and central location in the very heart of the city. It is within twenty feet of the Music Hall on the one side, and on another is equally near the shrine of New England Methodism, the old Bromfield-Street Church. The rooms, both for students and for school exercises, are all that could be desired. The terms of admission are generous and well adapted to the necessities of the varying circumstances of the student. The accommodations provided for them are commodious and comfortable, and the student is enabled to reduce the cost of his living to a very low figure. The only charge made by the Seminary is one of six dollars a year toward incidental expenses. All ordinary instructions, the use of dormitory, library, etc., are entirely gratuitous. Cases of sickness and special necessity are also generously provided for by benevolent friends of the institution.

**USELESS WORK.**—There is a kind of slavery to which women of a certain class subject themselves which is not much spoken of. We do not allude to fashion or wealth, which are the tyrants of many, but to needless work, which is the tyrant of the middle classes; the merciless master that overtakes the nerves, overworks the muscles, denies the body proper exercise, the mind proper food, and brings the youthful matron to premature invalidism and an early grave. In the farm-house home of a young and well-to-do couple we should certainly expect health, refinement, and cheerfulness; but we find rooms strictly clean, adorned with home-made carpets and rugs, the chambers abounding in quilts of toilsome patchwork, and countless tidies of numberless careful stitches. We find the large dairy well cared for, and all the minutiae of housekeeping faultless, and all this the work of one woman. What wonder that the mistress of this home, and the slave to all this neatness and display, is usually thin in flesh, melancholy in mind, sour in temper, nervous in manner, and ill in health! She takes no time for rambles over woods and fields, or rides over breezy hills, or for fresh and interesting books that would keep the body strong and the mind cheerful; and by the time several children have added to her needful and needless work, she grows a fretful invalid, and sinks, while yet young, to her only rest—the grave.

And we have observed in village homes of the

middle classes that the house which was most scrupulously neat, most profusely ornamented with fancy work, whose presses were fullest of elaborately trimmed under-clothing, had a pale-faced invalid for a mistress, who could not walk a mile, or converse an hour, or write two pages, or enjoy a hearty romp with her children.

Wherever the tyrant useless work enslaves the wife and mother, there are few books, uncultivated children, no enjoyments, no health, no heart home. How much better for the village matron to walk, to visit the poor, to enjoy life, to educate her children! How much better to have the farm-house without carpets, or patchwork, the rooms disordered even, and its mistress rosy with health and cultivated in mind! How much better for any home to have its adornings of painful stitches fewer, and its rooms and furniture not too nice for boys' romping and girls' amusements! How much better to have the garments plain, and the mother's strength, and love, and advice blessing these sons and daughters in mature life, instead of all this excessive striving for order and neatness; this constant bowing down to love of display a few years, and then—the empty chair, the new grave on the hill-side, the motherless flock in the broken home!

**THE GOLDEN AGE FOR YOUNG MEN.**—This is an age of wonderful activity and progress in all the arts of social life, all the natural sciences, the enlargement of literature, and the increasing influence of sentiments uttered in public addresses or issued from a teeming press. In our own country there is also a wonderful accession to population from foreign countries, consisting of a mixed multitude, diverse in nationality, language, private manners, mental habits, and religious faith. Thus our population is far from a settled condition; not turbulent, indeed, but swaying to and fro, rushing into new channels, and spreading over unoccupied tracts like the inbreaking ocean. No man can know the full characteristics of the nation that is yet to spring out of these diverse elements when they shall have been commingled into one blood, and their various tongues become assimilated into one truly American language. The grand resultant national life must differ from any thing the world has yet seen.

This state of things imposes a sacred and weighty responsibility upon the Christian Church. Her future position, and her power to elevate and save depend very greatly on the clearness with which she discovers her mission, and the courage with which, at the present time, she enters upon it. First of all, the Bible must be rendered a well-spring of life and happiness to every community and family of the land, and its blessed truths made the fundamental principles and the crowning glory of our civilization. The infusion of divine truth must save science from unbelief, literature from immorality, and our common manners from godlessness. Are there changes in population and new districts opening where, a few years since, only wild beasts and savage men held possession, and the car of the successive seasons

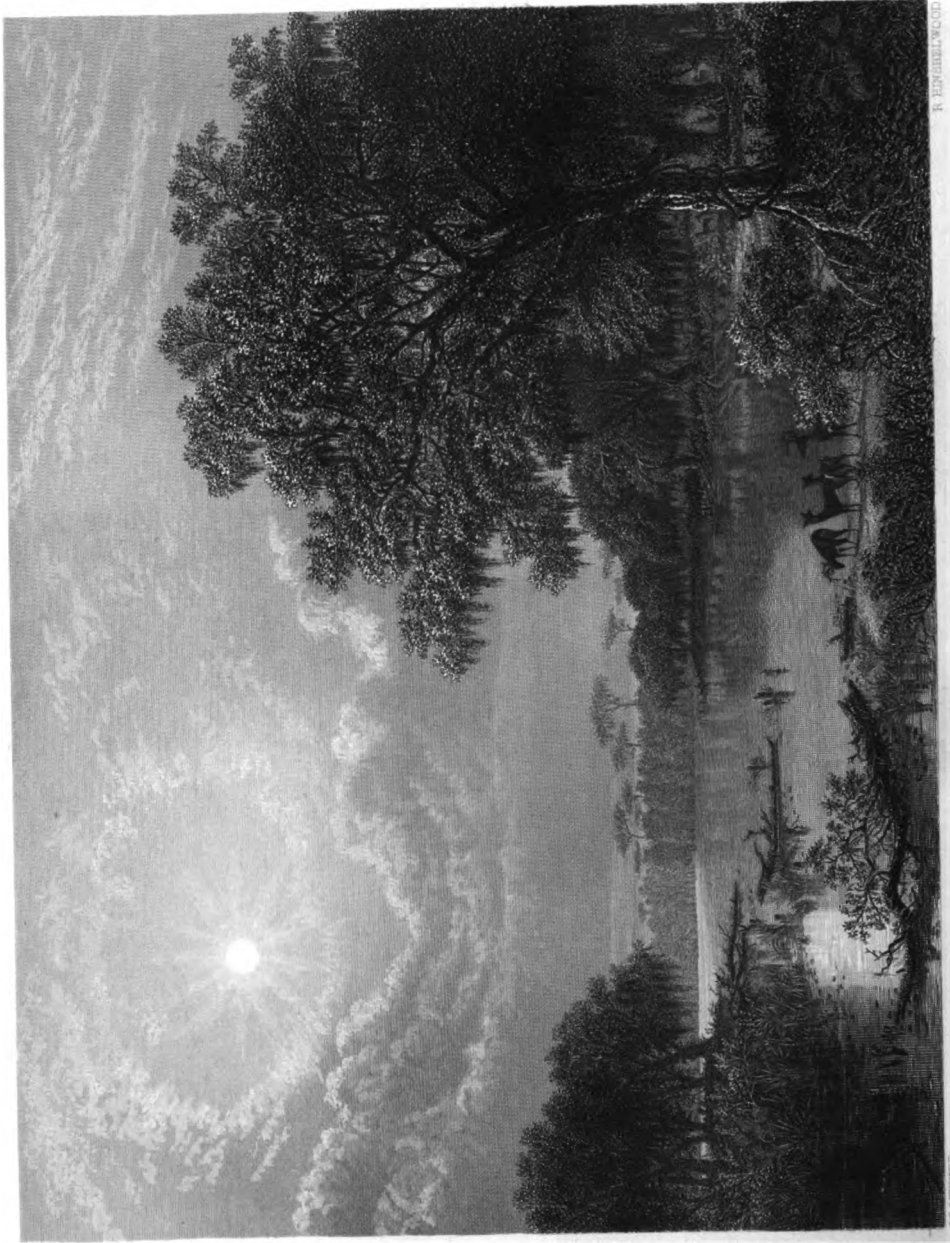
rolled unnoticed over the unbroken prairies? The Bible must be given such districts, for if our various, and often antagonistic, social elements, are to be assimilated into a God-fearing, law-abiding, country-loving people, where the school-house and the tasteful and truly evangelic church shall not only enliven the landscape, but enlighten and bless the population, the Bible, and the power which centers in it, must go forth now to win its triumphs, and lay in morality and religion the deep foundations of our national greatness.

We can not now speak of what ought to be done by Christian minds in the fields of science, of literature, and of the arts, of what ought to be done in the defense of the truth assailed by Satan and the world; nor yet what ought to be done in the great missionary enterprises of this age, by which civilization and Christianity are pushing their way in ever-widening inroads into heathen lands and securing there permanent and powerful establishments.

In all these great interests dependence is, of necessity, placed chiefly upon young men. They alone have the needed physical vigor, the faculty of accommodating themselves to the ever-changing conditions of the world, and of the work to be done in it; they can gather up and wield with best effect the results of the more recent discoveries. They, with ardor undamped by disappointment, can battle most hopefully and therefore most courageously in every field. And they, in social life, in business connections, and in the Church of Jesus Christ, must be the especial reliance of our country in this crisis of her history. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth! and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth! but be sure to "rejoice in the Lord" that thou mayest "rejoice evermore."

**THE POOR POPE!**—If Pius IX was not bound to consider himself a martyr, he would be grateful to the Italian Government for the kind provisions made for his dignity and comfort, if not for the manner in which he was relieved from the responsibility of civil office. The law recently passed by the Italian Parliament declares the Pope's person sacred and inviolable; constitutes any attempt against it an offense punishable like a similar attempt against the king; gives him the same honors every-where in Italy that are due to royal rank, and maintains the privileges paid him by Catholic sovereigns; permits him to have guards and palaces; pays him 3,225,000 livres annually, free from taxation; excepts his residences from visitation by public officials, and the records and other spiritual papers of the pontifical offices from seizure; gives foreign envoys to the Papal court all the immunities of regular ambassadors; exempts seminaries and other institutions in Rome, and its suburbs, from the supervision of the school authorities of the kingdom; concedes to the clergy the right to assemble; relieves bishops from taking the oath of allegiance to the king, and denies any appeal from the spiritual acts of the ecclesiastical authorities, while religious liberty is preserved by acknowledging no compulsory sanction to these acts.





R. EDWARDS/WOOD

J. B. BROWN

# THE SAVANNAH

THE SAVANNAH











# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1871

September.

## LA BRIANZA; OR, THE VILLEGGIATURA.

**S**OLDONI, in one of his comedies, represents Signora Costanza, a lady of fashion, as selling two pairs of sheets, one Flanders table-cloth, and two dozen napkins, in order to purchase a new dress for the *Villeggiatura*, while Vittoria, ambitious of creating a furor during this fashionable season, attempts to effect a loan with Paolo, her man-servant, who is already in arrears for six months of his salary.

Though this may savor somewhat of the extravagance of comedy, yet, so far as it relates to a fashionable mania, it is substantially true at the present day. What the watering-place is to the American *beau monde*, the *villeggiatura* is to the Italian.

I dare say that this village life is not so relishing to the foreigner as to the native, though I am inclined to think one reason may be, that he ordinarily rents his villa, instead of owning it.

Now an Italian villa "To Let" is a palatial structure with a vagabond air, which is christened a palace, but looks like a prison. There is a gateway fit for a triumphal arch, or worthy of a king's palace, with the number of the narrow *vicolo* rudely expressed upon one of its marble columns in the most primitive characters, with the reddest of paint. Then comes a court or a garden, occasionally well kept, but generally, on the *laissez faire* principle, allowed to keep itself. The legitimate result is a tangled undergrowth of iridescent flower and sweet-scented shrub, rioting in tropical luxuriance; just what you would have expected in Eden if Adam had been a shiftless gardener. There are fountains without water, which appears to be their normal condition, though the *padrone*

assures you that they were once in running order, but the supply-pipe is stopped up and he has not had time to repair it; to which you mentally add, "And never will." There are deserted fish-ponds where sundry generations of frogs make night vocal, if not musical. There are pedestals where once were statues, with an occasional weather-stained, moss-grown torso as a melancholy memorial of departed glories. The gods of Olympus have abdicated. Neptune has lost his trident, Ceres her cornucopia. Here is old Triton minus his sea-trumpet, and there a sylvan faun without his tuneful reed.

And yet over and above all this Nature throws an inexpressible charm. How the grasses and the grape-vines exult over the ruins of the beautiful mosaics! How the oranges and lemons luxuriate in the golden sunshine! How the venerable fig-trees stretch out their great benevolent arms and shower down their grateful benedictions! The stately funeral cypress nods majestically. The compassionate ivy clings lovingly to the moldering ruin as if in very charity; while the somber olive, knotted and gnarled, seems consciously imbued with a portion of the Divine sorrows of Gethsemane. There is something solemn and impressive in all this, the strange solemnity that characterizes ruin and decay.

Then, too, there are artificial grottoes that you would dare affirm had been built by the great Architect himself—beautiful vistas terminating in fountains, or statues, or frescoes, with another vista, it may be, in perspective, along which your eye travels for leagues beyond the garden wall—broad and shady terraces commanding such glimpses of sky and sea, with marble slab or rustic seat at every commanding point, so that even the most inveterate loungers

may not lose a single feature of the charming landscape. And now comes the villa. Grated windows and heavily barred doors frown upon you from every side. Water-pipes ramble along the walls, over the doors, and across the windows in the most erratic manner. There is a lightning-rod, perhaps, admirably adapted for attracting the electric fluid, but making no special provision for it thereafter. Why should it? In Italy the lightning knows how to take care of itself. The chimneys, instead of standing upright at once, creep timidly along the roof, from the cornice to the ridge, like so many centipedes, and there erect their smoky crests as if taking their future bearings; while, here and there, a supplementary stove-pipe thrusts itself out of a window, or through a faded fresco or beautiful pilaster, in a way that, to say the least, is very unbecoming.

You look in vain for the knob to the door-bell. Presently you see a rusty wire or superannuated clothes-line running along the exterior wall, which you pull at a venture, uncertain whether it will procure you admittance or give you a shower-bath. Should there happen to be a bell at the other end, a servant girl eyes you through a port-hole, seeing but unseen, like Æneas in the cloud. If the inspection is satisfactory there is a mysterious click and the door flies open. On entering, you cast a furtive glance behind it, expecting to see the porter, but see instead another wire or rope running along the interior wall to some point in those upper regions not far from the port-hole. If it is night, an invisible head pops out of an upper window in answer to your summons, and sings out, "*Chi c'è?*"—who's there?—and, if the response is calculated to inspire confidence, there is the same mysterious click. But your difficulties have just begun. It is dark as Erebus. There is no friendly hall lamp

"To light you on your dim and perilous way."

To be sure you can strike a light with a match if you have one, or you can wait for the servant to descend several flights of stairs, if you have the patience and are not afraid, or you may commence the ascent on all fours to be quite sure that you are not going down cellar. In any case, you will most likely be out of breath when you arrive at the top; for the Italians, in the construction of their houses, go upon the principle that every landed proprietor owns from the earth's center to the stars.

You are repaid, however, for the ascent by being introduced into a suit of rooms that are really palatial. Here are frescoes worthy of a Cornelius or an Overbeck—*salons* of which

knightly revelers would have been proud as banqueting halls. Marble, marble every-where! marble steps, marble balustrades, marble seats, marble floors—the same rude wood-work and rough iron fastenings, the same old air of elegance and discomfort every-where. Here is a grotto—a grotto in a palace—where you may imagine yourself cool in dog-days, and thus economize your ices; here is a meridian room, where you can tell the hour for luncheon without a chronometer, and travel with the sun in his annual journey through the constellations. And last, if not least, here is a private chapel, with Virgin and child, altar and crucifix, candle and *prie-dieu*, devoted by some heretical Protestant to the profane uses of a lumber-room.

Ten days' leave of absence, and away for the mountains! The *Villeggiatura* is just in its prime. Summer is ripening into a mellow Autumn. Every body has the villa fever, and we too have become a not unwilling victim to the prevailing epidemic.

In these days when we have become so familiar with steam as a post-horse, and the lightning as a courier, there is nothing very novel in a railroad ride; and yet railroading in Italy is not without its agreeable surprises. In many respects you are at once transported back to the middle ages, and sometimes farther. You see agricultural implements, such as you would expect to find in an illustrated edition of Hesiod's Works and Days; the most primitive of carts, laden and dripping with the purple vintage, to which dun-colored, meek-eyed oxen are attached in the most primitive manner; peasants thrashing out their corn with antiquated flails or treading the wine-press with bare feet and naked legs, blood-red and wine-stained, though otherwise in a state of nature, if not of original purity. This primitive method of expressing the juice of the grape, they tell us, greatly improves the quality of the wine, as the naked foot does not crush the grape-stone, to say nothing of the added flavor and bouquet.

Besides, such a railroad ride is not without its practical suggestions. Locomotives without cow-catchers, and cultivated fields without fences—this is certainly an advance upon our Western economics, where cattle perambulate at pleasure, with a charter broad as the prairies—where geese are enfranchised with a yoke, and where, it is even said, the pigs of thriftless farmers are so lean and attenuated that they must submit to the unpleasant operation of having knots tied in their tails to prevent them from crawling through their miserable worm fences.

He who should succeed in abolishing fences

in America, together with the customs which now render them necessary, would prove a public benefactor. What an amount of labor and capital is thus uselessly expended! Now a Western farmer's first and greatest care is to surround his farm, be it large or small, with a fence, as a standing protest against the frequent raids of his neighbor's live stock. It would be an interesting and valuable contribution to statistics—which I propose leaving to some enterprising statistician—to make an estimate of what it is going to cost to fence in the United States, including Alaska, and then run a partition line between every man's quarter section. To this might be added a further estimate of how much less it costs to fence a porker *in*, than to fence him *out*.

Besides, in an æsthetic point of view, one may well entertain serious doubts with regard to the civilizing tendencies of cattle and swine allowed to run at large, uprooting and destroying every green and goodly thing.

And then these solid stone bridges, these splendid viaducts, this admirable contrivance by means of which each train telegraphs its own approach to the several stations—the frequent guards with signal flags and horns, stationed all along the line almost within speaking distance, what a homily they would read American railroad managers, who are contributing so much toward keeping down an excess of population in the States!

It costs something, too, to enjoy such a luxury here among the Apennines. These interminable tunnels, where the anvils of Vulcan ring with such a deafening uproar, represent an enormous expenditure of brain, muscle, and money. How Italy can afford such railroads, some of which, as the Cornice running from Genoa to Spezia, are nearly one-half tunnel bored through solid rock, is a marvel to travelers.

Descending into the plain, thick rows of salwos and Lombardy poplars bespeak the humidity of the soil. In the more elevated and drier localities, the mulberry flourishes in great luxuriance, and yet does not appear to interfere in the least with the undergrowth of ripening grain, for, when the latter is approaching maturity, and needs the sunlight and heat, the foliage of the former is being rapidly consumed and converted into silk in some neighboring cocoonery. You would not say that the long rows of stripped and naked mulberry-trees contributed particularly to the beauty of the landscape, and yet you would not fail to be struck, nevertheless, with their apparent solicitude and self-sacrifice for the welfare of the humbler undergrowth of millet and maize. The flat and

marshy plain of Lombardy with its wonderful system of irrigation, every-where intersected with transverse and longitudinal cuts and canals, gives one an impression of extreme fertility and apparent unhealthiness, but then if they breed malaria and intermittents, they produce also luxuriant meadows which soon re-appear in succulent sirloin steaks, yellow heaps of golden butter, and towering pyramids of the celebrated Parmesan and Stracchino.

As we neared Milan a bevy of peasant girls with short skirts and wooden sandals were rollicking with a party of soldiers just outside of the city walls. My impression was that they had taken their first lessons in maidenly modesty from some dashing trooper, and acquired their notions of propriety and morality in the unfriendly atmosphere of a barrack.

The cathedral! My evil genius has been tempting me for the last half hour to commit the indiscretion of attempting a description of this eighth wonder of the world, as Manzoni styles it. It is true I might give dimensions in linear or square feet. I might enumerate the details of the architecture, of façade and dome, turret and spire, aisle and transept, altar and choir, monolith and intercolumniation, even to the elaborate fretwork of the roof, or the ornamental details of the flying buttresses; but is not all this written in Murray? In the presence of the ages, of this wonderful pile with its three thousand statues, and niches for half as many more, details appear profane. There it stands, as it has stood for centuries, ever approaching completion, and never completed, its golden tints mellowed by age, and yet ever renewing itself in the freshness of eternal youth and immortal beauty. How discords harmonize in these grand old cathedrals! the nasal chanting and genuflections at the high altar, the responses of the choir, the whisperings of the confessional, the thunder peals of the organ, the chattering of thoughtless tourists, the mechanical harangues of *cicerone*, the tinkling of bells, and the muttering of *pater noster*; and yet all this does not appear to disturb in the least the intermittent devotion of the Catholic worshiper, nor would it seriously disturb yours; for amid these ample breadths and airy heights there dwells eternal harmony.

Milan is the Paris of Italy. And here was the seat of the fickle goddess, Fashion, before she transferred it to the gay French capital. Mediolanum, the old Roman city of the "half-fleece sow," in process of time, became Milano, the city of milaners or milliners.

And Monza is her Versailles. Here Prince Umberto and the Princess Margherita are enjoy-

ing the *Villeggiatura* and spending their royal honeymoon. The associations of the place are full of inspiration for the princely pair, and we doubt not that the beautiful and amiable Margherita will emulate the virtues of the good Theodolinda, to whom, according to tradition, Pope Gregory, in acknowledgment of her noble qualities of mind and heart, presented the celebrated iron crown.

Stopping to dine at a hotel, which shall be nameless here for fear that Murray may get it into the next edition of his guide-book, we found the eggs both bad and dear. When the waiter, in white cravat and dress coat, presented the bill, which he held very daintily between the tips of his fingers, I took occasion to call his attention to this singular fact. But who ever found an Italian servant without a ready and plausible excuse for the greatest atrocities committed in his humble sphere? So in this case, the waiter very ingeniously, and half confidentially explained this remarkable coincidence on this wise:

"Those eggs are dear, signor, because they're half chickens—*mezzo pollastri*."

Not having seen it before in that particular light, I quietly acquiesced in the payment of the bill, consoling myself with the thought that if they were dear as eggs they were correspondingly cheap for chickens, though I was not altogether able to suppress a latent preference for an edible that was more decidedly "one thing or t' other."

From Monza to Monticello you take a carriage. I think I must have selected my driver from a hungry crowd of clamorous competitors for the post, because he and his turn-out appeared, on the whole, to be the most picturesque. A straw hat shaped like a barley-mow, and illustrated with a peacock's feather, set off to good advantage a face that would have been worthy of a brigand. His horse was as fine a living illustration of Don Quixote's Rosinante as I ever remember to have seen, while what he called his carriage—*carrozza*—was precisely what you would have expected of the parson's "one-horse shay" just before it reached the final crisis of a general breakdown. The rope harness was elaborately embossed by unskilled workmen, that in the hands of such a cynic as Diogenes, and minus the feathers, would have answered to Plato's definition of a man.

It had been raining almost incessantly for the last ten days, and was raining still. Before starting our driver brought out a bundle of straw, tucked a wisp or two of it under the headstall of his horse's bridle—I suspect to keep the animal dry—the remainder he ar-

ranged upon his seat and sat upon it, I suppose to keep himself dry. And thus we drove off in magnificent style from the railway station, right in the wake of one of the prince's carriages with outriders in livery, which, to my mind, in an artistic point of view, suffered materially from the contrast.

The weather in Italy, as elsewhere, is the unfailing introduction to a conversation; and so our driver, by way of breaking the ice, remarked, "*Piove sempre*." (It rains always.)

This certainly was nothing new. That mythical personage, the oldest inhabitant, of whom we have heard so much and seen so little, is very positive that there has been nothing like it since the Deluge. But being in a social and somewhat inquisitive vein, we accepted this friendly overture, and knowing how much nearer people seem to come together who call each other by their Christian names, and not wishing to appear so impertinent as to ask, or so ignorant as not to know, we were in a quandary. At length we decided that if it was not Baccicia\*—John the Baptist—it ought to be, as that appears to be the characteristic *soubriquet* hereabouts of every Italian peasant you do, not know. So we called him Baccicia, and as he took to it kindly we proceeded to ascertain his personal views on a great variety of subjects.

In truth, the distinctive life of a people must ever be sought for and studied among its peasantry. The city everywhere approximates, more or less, to Paris. In the busy commingling of foreign elements it loses its peculiar characteristics. Its language, customs, costumes, its social, political, and religious life are all modified, if not transformed. These, if found at all in their native purity, can only be found among the rural population.

"*Piove sempre!*" screamed a parrot as we rattled through one of the many villages which were strung along the road like beads upon a necklace. All the world was under an umbrella. And even this poor disconsolate bird had caught up the querulous refrain of universal complaint. At length, Yankee inquisitiveness and Italian vivacity succumb alike to the relentless rain. Vitalized interrogation points grow monosyllabic. The peacock's feather droops mournfully, and the mercurial Baccicia, his elastic spirits gone down to zero, sits there upon his nest of straw, silent and contemplative, like some venerable hen in the act of incubation.

Just before reaching Casate, Rosinante cast a shoe, which required half an hour and the combined efforts of four men to replace it. We

\* Pronounced Batchetcha, like a sneeze of three syllables.

mention this, not by way of intimation that our sorry steed was either restive or vicious, but as a striking illustration of the cheap and super-numerary character of human labor in Italy. Baccicia held the bridle-bit, No. 2 supported the hoof; the farrier-in-chief fitted the shoe and drove the nails, while No. 4 grasped and lazily switched the tail, doubtless from the force of a habit acquired during the fly season, but for which there was now no manner of use, as the rain came pouring down in torrents. After three years' residence in Italy, I have yet to see the first Italian farrier shoeing a horse without one or more attendants, one of whom invariably holds and engineers the horse's foot. He has yet to learn, like his Yankee *confrère*, to supplement his hands with his legs.

As silent spectators of this interesting scene, ranged along a garden wall at regular intervals, on the opposite side of the little square, were certain ridiculous statuettes in terra cotta, whose enormous heads were out of all proportion to their diminutive bodies, and which otherwise were executed in a *bizarre* style of art, that would have reflected credit upon the bass-reliefs of an old Norman cathedral.

Baccicia, either to make up for lost time or inspired by a score or more of handsome eyes that peered from open door and window, or it may be from a professional pride of horsemanship, which is by no means peculiar to the Italians—and which is ever ambitious of cutting a fine figure when conscious of feminine observation—our driver, I say, from some one or all of these considerations, straightened himself up in his seat, gathered up the lines, and after flourishing his whip in most magnificent style, gave Rosinante a terrible cut in the only tender locality that still remained to the superannuated animal. There was a sudden lunge forward, a simultaneous snapping of one of the rope traces, which were never intended for such a sudden strain, and we were brought to an ignominious stand-still. Then followed shouts of derisive laughter, interspersed with occasional hisses, an ovation which every body seemed to relish more heartily than he for whom it was specially intended. The peacock's feather trembled visibly. Baccicia, paralyzed with rage and mortification, hesitated a moment, as if uncertain whether he could do justice to the occasion, and then—"Sac-r-r-a-men-to!"

You know how an Italian can roll the r when he is decidedly angry. It comes out as from a catapult, and whizzes like a sky-rocket. I had often heard this imprecation before, but never pronounced with such decided emphasis, nor had I ever before comprehended its real signifi-

cance as thus abbreviated, until I heard Baccicia, as, in a transport of rage, he belabored the poor Rosinante about the head and ears with the butt-end of his whip, culminate in this terrible climax of malediction: "*Corpo di Baccho! mori senza il sacramento!*"—body of Bacchus, may you die without the sacrament!

We began to think we should not see the Brianza in the plenitude of her beauty, but a moment after there was a rift in the heavy overhanging cloud, and a great golden bar of sunshine projected itself along the broad and noble avenue, transforming the dull gray road into a radiant zone of light, and illuminating the dripping foliage above and around us with such magical effect, that each separate leaf, with its pendulous rain-drops, flashed in the sunlight like a magnificent emerald surrounded with brilliants on either side. The white hawthorn hedge bursts into wild and precipitate song; as if its hidden orchestra, hitherto silent, or only chanting a low miserere, but now exulting in the gladdening ray, had suddenly broke forth in some grand oratorio, while the beautiful Brianza, slowly emerging from the dissolving mists into the expanding sunshine, and every-where glistening with rain-drops, appears all the more lovely, like a beautiful woman in tears.

La Brianza is generally understood to include the hilly district between the Adda and the Lambro, extending from Lecco to Monza, and on the west of the Lambro, from Arosio to Como, and then skirting along the sub-alpine spurs, stretches from the Lake of Como to Lake Lecco. The district takes its name from the Monte di Brianza, upon whose summit, in the olden time, a signal bell sounded out the tocsin of alarm, and, like the signal fires of the Baradello, roused the neighboring population to arms on the approach of a foreign foe. It is the favorite Summer resort of the Milanese gentry and nobility, and, what some readers will care more to know, produces the finest silk of Lombardy. It is a secluded spot, around which whirls and eddies the tide of foreign travel, but which has hitherto preserved a comparative innocence of tourists and guide-books, and, as we shall soon see, of first-class hotels. Those dear, delightful guides, bound in red muslin, in which so many travelers make the tour of Europe, reading descriptions of what they never see, are here almost unknown. And yet the Brianza is none the less delightful for all that. Your first impression is, that you are driving through some vast and beautiful park, with its splendid avenues of plane-tree and horse-chestnut, and hedges of the *carpani* and white hawthorn; the finely varied landscape, dotted with

villas and sparkling with spires, with groves of the oak and elm, cypress and fir in the foreground, and the blue hills and snow-capped mountains beyond; and if you ever recover from your first impression, then it is all this and something more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE SUPERINTENDENT'S STORY.

“IT down, sir, and make yourself comfortable. Sorry I can't offer you a cigar, but our rules, you know, forbid smoking.”

We had just entered the little office of the “Egyptian Powder Manufacturing Company.” An hour's sight-seeing tour about the mills, with my present *vis-à-vis*, the obliging superintendent, for guide and expounder, had quite reconciled me to the slight railway accident which had detained me in the village. The next train was not yet due, and I lingered, loth to part company with my genial new acquaintance, who was, in his way, as pleasant a study to me as the unfamiliar machinery and processes he had so carefully explained. In stature he was almost colossal, with a corresponding muscular development and massive head. Even his features, when in repose, seemed to partake of the heavy expression of his general physique, and a stranger was quite unprepared for the swift play of shrewd intelligence and human sympathy, which softened and lighted every outline when he spoke.

He had been in the establishment, as he told me, since the age of fifteen, having entered as a charcoal-burner, and for twelve years had been in charge of the works. The evident reciprocal sympathy and respect between master and workmen, with the total absence of any thing like affectation or condescension in his pleasant manner toward all, interested me in no small degree as showing a nature unspoiled by promotion, and storing in the memory of its own earlier experiences a sinking fund on which to base that discriminating judgment necessary to its broader relations.

“Do you have many accidents?” I asked.

“Well, yes, a good many men have been blown up here, first and last.”

“Do you never feel afraid for yourself?”

“Afraid? Never!” with an odd smile. “It's with handling powder like any thing else. There are certain regulations; if these are followed all is safe enough. But if a man is disposed to be careless, the sooner he gets his life insured the better for any body who happens to be dependent on him.”

“I took one poor fellow to the city last week to see a surgeon. He begged so hard to go that I had not the heart to refuse, although I knew well enough it could be of no use. I expect to hear of his death any day, and a hard thing it will be to break to his old mother. Jack is her only child, and she came down here from the backwoods on purpose to be with him.

“I was at dinner when the flash came, and rushed out just in time to see him run from the mill, and sink down rolling and screaming. The boys got his burnt clothes off, and rubbed him all over with a mixture we always keep on hand, then they carried him home. Strange how some of these people show their grief! After the first shock his mother did not speak a word. There was nothing that she could do for him, and she sat down by the bed—she must be seventy years old—and lit her pipe, and rolled out such heavy clouds of smoke that one could scarcely see her face, but every minute or two a big tear rolled down and fell upon the floor. I tell you, sir, 't was a desperately hard thing to look at!

“Another man was blown up at the same time who only lived three hours after. He kept crying out that he was freezing. It is almost a sure sign of death when they complain of cold—the effect of the saltpeter in the blood. The strange thing is, that they keep their senses to the very last. This man had been married only four weeks. He had been working in the refinery before, where there is no danger, but the work is harder. He came to me and asked for a place in the black mill. ‘I can give you one,’ I said, ‘but I do n't know as I want to, Joe.’ But he urged it until I let him go in. He told his wife that he was in no danger, and when he was dying that seemed to trouble him more than any thing else. Over and-over he would say, ‘It's a judgment on me because I lied to Jenny.’”

The door opened a little way, and two very bright eyes peered in from beneath a mass of yellow curls.

“Come in, Dicky,” called my companion, and in answer to the summons a beautiful boy of some three or four years bounded in, and, springing upon his knee, began an eager investigation of his pockets. The result of the search seemed eminently satisfactory, and while the little fellow sat contentedly munching sundry sweet spoils, the superintendent encircled him tenderly with his arm, and turned again to me.

“This youngster belongs to the whole ‘Egyptian,’” he said. “Not a man in the place would see a hair of his head harmed. Tell the gentleman your name, Dick.”

"Richard Andrew Greyson Egyptian Powder Company," answered the child, with the air of repeating a well-conned lesson.

"Well done," cried the superintendent, patting the child's chubby shoulders, with a great, heartsome laugh. Then, in response to my inquiring look, he said, "I might tell you a long story, full of sentiment and all that, as any you can find in books, and better than some of those, for being all true."

"I wish I might dare to trespass so much more than I have already done upon your time and patience."

"My time is unusually free this morning. A gentleman with whom I had an appointment has failed to appear. As to patience," he added with a smile, "we need not take that into the account, since it has suffered no draft.

"It must be—let me think—six years ago last June that Dick Greyson came to the mills. A straight, handsome young fellow he was, with a heart as warm as ever beat in a man's breast. I took a strong liking to him from the first. Indeed, I do n't know why I have lived a bachelor all these years, if not because it's my way to distribute the sort of feeling that other men have for some woman, on, here and there, a quick, impulsive young fellow like Dick, who needs somebody older and steadier than himself for a friend. Dick was generous to a fault—if that's possible—the coat on his back, or the last cent in his pocket, was always at the service of any body who needed them, and he would have fought to the very death in defense of weakness and helplessness in man or beast. I do n't so much object to a spark of fiery temper even in a powder-mill, if it's of the honest sort that only blazes out against what is really mean and cowardly.

"But to go on with my story. Perhaps you noticed a little brown cottage just at the turn of the road as you came down?"

"With a sweet-brier trained over the front window?"

"Yes, the same. Little Ruth Fairly, the village seamstress, used to sit at that window with her work day after day. There was never a sweeter-faced, softer-voiced girl than Ruth, but—there's always a but in this world, sir—she was a hunchback. Yet there was something very bright and picture-like about her as she sat in the open window, with her canary's cage hanging outside, the sweet-brier falling in scented wreaths around her, and her white hands flying in and out with the needle like birds. Every body that went by had a word for Ruth, and she would nod and smile back to them with such a light in her brown eyes, and

the prettiest color in her cheeks. One scarcely noticed her shoulders as she sat sewing, for her hair fell over them in long, heavy curls. It was only when she stood up that you saw what a poor little thing she was—only about so high," measuring with his hand. "But, as I was saying, many a tall girl would have given more than one of her inches in exchange for Ruth's sweet face, and the good, brave, little heart that neither money nor wishes could buy.

"The poor child was quite alone in the world. With a little money left her by the aunt who brought her up, she had bought this bit of a house. She must have a slip of garden to stand in, and a roof of her own over her head, she said, when she came to ask me two or three questions about the title. Ruth was a born freeholder—come of a race to whom *home* meant something more than rent paid quarterly in advance.

"Work was plenty and pay good, and unless you noticed a queer depth in Ruth's eyes, that made them different from other peoples, you would hardly suspect that she was conscious of any peculiar trouble.

"I chanced to be by when Dick Greyson first saw her. She came down to the mill to speak to one of the hands about some work she was doing for him. The man was out and Dick volunteered to find him. She thanked him in her bright, gentle way, and as he stood looking down at her, his eyes said as plainly as any words, 'If you ever want any help call on me!' I smiled to myself—it was so like Dick. He could not have been himself and not a friend of such a woman as Ruth Fairly.

"But the time came when I did not find it so easy to smile. Dick's boarding-house was just beyond Ruth's cottage, and day after day as I passed, I saw the handsome young fellow stop and lean for a minute or two, or longer, over the white palings in front of her window, talking in a pleasant under-tone, and tossing back his curls in his boyish way. At first the needle flew as usual, but I noticed by and by that Ruth's hands would fall in her lap, a rapt expression come into her eyes, and the color deepen in her cheek like the heart of a rose.

"Then sometimes on a moonlight Sunday evening I would see them walking together, she, poor child, scarcely reaching to his arm, and he bending down to her as he talked, with that sort of chivalric deference which always takes a woman's heart by storm.

"I was sure that Dick meant all right, but I was sore troubled for Ruth's sake. I could not bear to have her hurt, as I felt she must be, if this went on. The little thing that had borne



her hard lot so cheerfully—it seemed too bad to have love come into her life just to be wrenched away from her, when she had learned how sweet it was. Her face changed wonderfully in those days; it almost frightened me sometimes. Have you ever watched one of those night-blooming flowers that they grow in the hot-houses? The leaves uncurl right before your eyes, trembling as if they were alive. Ruth's face grew brilliant with the intense life in it.

"Perhaps you think it strange that I noticed all this, but I can not help seeing, more than breathing. I felt as if I must say or do something, but what I did not know.

"At last—it was one Sunday—I passed Ruth's window on my afternoon walk. A pot of hyacinths had been standing there for several days, and I had more than once stopped to admire them—red, white, and blue growing together, after one of her patriotic fancies. To-day one color had disappeared.

"'Why, Ruthie,' said I, 'where's the blue? You've spoiled your colors!'

"She laughed and blushed, giving me some evasive answer. I walked on, but had scarcely turned the corner before I met Dick, with the missing hyacinth in the button-hole of his best coat. He nodded and would have passed me, but I took his arm and pulled him around, 'Take a little turn with me, Dick,' I said.

"I felt troubled and looked so, I suppose, for he glanced at me and his face sobered.

"'Is anything the matter, Mr. M.?' he asked.

"'The matter is, Dick,' said I, 'that I wish you would put that back where it came from'—I pointed to the flower—'or, better still, that you had never taken it away.'

"He turned crimson and flashed a quick, almost angry glance at me. It was only for an instant, then his old manner returned, with a little mingling of nervous diffidence, and he said,

"'I have been wanting to talk with you, sir. Ruth and I are going to be married.'

"I could scarcely repress an exclamation of dismay, to which I would not for the world have given utterance. Here was the knot cut in the only way that could save little Ruth's peace, and yet I was dissatisfied; the two seemed so mis-mated. If I could only have been quite sure that there was any thing more than Dick's chivalrous pity at the bottom of it all. He was just the man to rush into this sort of thing with his eyes shut. But Dick was waiting for me to answer. I gave him my hand.

"'Dick,' I said, 'you could not find a sweeter wife on the round earth!'

"'I know it, sir—God bless her!—and you, too, sir!' said Dick, choking down something

like a sob, and we walked on a little way in silence.

"'Dick,' I said at last, 'when is it to be?'

"'I do n't know yet. You see, sir,' he said, with his frank, boyish laugh, 'I'm waiting to get ahead a little.'

"'It will be a long time if you wait for that, my poor boy,' I thought, though I did not say so. There was not a lazy hair in Dick's head, but it was not in him to lay up any thing.

"Well, all went on smoothly enough, and I began to think that I had given myself a great deal of anxiety for nothing.

"One Sunday night Dick came into Church with Ruth and another girl whom I had never seen before. The three sat down in one of the side-pews opposite me, and the sermon being over-dull I found it more interesting to study a new face between whites than to listen. This one was very pretty—a real doll's face, all pink and white. The odd thing about it was what you might call its receptiveness—it seemed made to be always *taking*, with nothing particular to give back. Every look was like an appeal to be loved, and kissed, and taken care of. No force or depth in it, but a great deal of that innocent dependence that winds itself around a man's heart, soft as a ribbon but strong as steel bands.

"After that two girls instead of one used to sit sewing at the cottage window, for the stranger was Lilly Rand, an old friend of Ruth's, come to learn the trade of a dress-maker.

"'O, sir,' said Ruth to me, 'it is so nice to have Lilly with me! You see we went to school together when we were bits of children. I did not half know how long the evenings were before she came. I do n't mean that she shall leave me again, at least till'—and Ruth ended the sentence with a laugh and a blush.

"Not long after this I was taken with a fever, which left me so weak and indisposed to rally, that the Company gave me a few months' leave of absence, and I went up among the mountains and stayed all through that Summer and the early Autumn.

"It was a balmy October evening when I came back, and the first person I saw as I walked along the street, after leaving the depot, was little Ruth. She was a little in advance of me, but I recognized her figure, and, quickening my step, soon came up with her. She seemed very glad to see me, but as the first glow of pleased surprise faded from her face, I felt some indefinable change in her. She seemed older, and there was something set in the lines of her mouth, as if she had held the lips firm over some great, silent pain.

"'We've all missed you, Mr. M.," she said.

"'Not you, little Ruth, I am afraid.'

"'Yes, indeed, sir! Why not?'

"'Somebody would hardly let you miss any one very much, would he?'

"I was looking at her as I spoke, and it was not too dark for me to see that every vestige of color dropped out of her face in an instant. I thought she was going to faint, but she recovered herself by a strong effort, and said with the ghost of a smile,

"'That's all over sir.'

"'All over! confound him!' I burst out with sudden, blind indignation.

"Little Ruth drew herself up; for one instant she seemed straight and tall.

"'Do n't speak so to me of him!' she said sharply. Then, as if fearing she had wounded me, she held out her hand with a beseeching gesture.

"'Forgive me, Mr. M. I must seem very ungrateful; but it was all my fault—that is—I mean—it was I who broke off.'

"'You!'

"'Yes, sir. You see,' she went on, speaking rapidly, 'I love Dick as I would a dear brother, and so I told him, but the other was a mistake. It's all right now, and he does not think hard of me, though he called me fickle at first.'

"Poor, poor Ruth! that constrained double look was not at home on her true face. Should I let her think, ostrich-like, that she had hidden her secret from me, or should I cruelly drag it forth, in the forlorn hope of helping her afterward?

"'Ruthie,' I said, 'I do n't ask you to tell me any thing unless you wish it, but what you said just now means nothing. We both know that.'

"She looked up into my face and burst into tears.

"'O, Mr. M.! I do love him! I could die for him. I was so blind once as to think that I might live for him, that my great love might make up to him for—what I am not, Mr. M.' She glanced over her shoulder with a painful flush. 'But it could not be. I knew it after—after Lilly came. He never wronged me by a look, Mr. M.; he was kinder to me than ever, and when I told him I had changed my mind he begged me with tears in his eyes to marry him. But it is n't pity we want, Mr. M.—*we!*'

"'Ruth, my child,' I said, struggling against her sure insight, 'such morbid fancies are not like you. You are making yourself and Dick miserable unnecessarily.'

"'They are to be married in a month,' she answered in a low, quiet voice.

"After that there was no more to be said.

We were close to the cottage gate; Lilly stood waiting in the doorway. I was glad Dick was not there. I did not blame him, but I could not have seen him then.

"'Why, Ruthie, you are so late,' I heard her say when I had pressed my little friend's hand for a silent good-night. Ruth reached upward and drew the fair head down to her own; there was nothing but love in her face. I looked back once, and saw her still standing there, with the moonlight gathered like a glory above her forehead.

"Lilly had no home to be married from—she was an orphan, too—and she and Dick stood up together in the little church. A pretty bride, so every body said, but I could not look at her, with that little gray figure so near, whose patient fingers had stitched the wedding finery with her own heart-strings.

"Lilly was not used to housekeeping cares, so she brought all her small troubles to Ruth. More than half Dick's home comforts he owed to Ruth's tireless toiling and planning.

"Autumn came round again, and Dick came to me one morning with happy tears in his eyes. There was a boy at home,' he said, and Lilly doing well."

The superintendent paused, and when he spoke again his voice was low and sad.

"One week from that day, sir, the mill in which Dick worked blew up. I can never forget the sight of that poor shattered wreck of so much strong, beautiful life, which was laid tenderly down by pitying comrades on the low bed, from which it would be removed so soon to a lower, but, thank God, a painless rest.

"In the next room lay Lilly in strong nervous spasms, and an old woman sat beside the fire with the babe in her arms. Suddenly the outer door opened, and the men fell back. It was Ruth. She seemed to have flown, there was such a sense of resistless motion about her, yet she was not hurried or breathless; her face was pale, and her great brown eyes like flames. She went straight to the bed without a tremor or shiver.

"'O, Ruth!' It was Dick's voice, a tone of relief breaking through its wailing pain.

"'Yes, Dick.' She knelt down and put her hand on his forehead. He looked with a weary effort toward the closed door which could not keep out the sound of his wife's screams of agony, then at the little unconscious bundle in the nurse's arms, then once more with eager, heart-breaking appeal, into those eyes gazing down upon him with love unutterable.

"'Yes, dear, I know. I will take care of them.'

"A wonderful light came into the dying eyes.

"Ruthie."

"Yes, Dick."

"Pray."

"O, sir, I'm not a praying man, but if ever a human soul takes hold of God, then he came down into that room. The men were sobbing all around like children, but that clear young voice went up without one break or quiver, and on its strong wings poor Dick's freed soul must have passed through the gate of heaven.

"For many weeks the poor young widow's life hung on a thread; no ministry less faithful and tender than Ruth's could have saved her. But as strength slowly came to her feeble body, it was too plain that she would never have her mind again. As soon as she could be moved Ruth took her with her baby to her own home. She is harmless and sweet-tempered, clinging to Ruth, and grieving like a little child over an hour's separation.

"But it is in this boy that Ruth's life is bound up. He is the image of his father. The company mean to send him to college, eh, Dicky?" to the child who was playing now on the floor at his feet.

The little fellow looked up with a puzzled air, but his face cleared in a moment.

"Ask mamma Ruthie," he cried triumphantly, and resumed his block building.

"Bless me, sir!" said the superintendent, looking at his watch, "you have barely time to catch the train. Call again when you happen this way. A pleasant journey, and good-day."

#### PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—ST. CLOUD.

HERE is scarcely a boulevard, or street, or municipal building in Paris but teems with strange, weird memories of the past, many of these possessing such terribly dramatic force and interest that we shrink back appalled from the retrospect, and yet ever return by an almost supernal fascination toward them.

It will not be inappropriate at this time to select a few of these historic shrines from the aggregate mass, and place them before the readers of this magazine. How many have been rudely transformed by the heavy scourge of war from artistic symmetry to unsightly mutilation, or how many devoted to utter destruction, as in the case of time-honored, royally favored, picturesquely beautiful St. Cloud, we can not tell; but while the remembrance is still fresh upon us of what these places were, it may be pleasant to linger about their historic precincts, trusting that Ichabod may never be

written upon the stately palaces, the venerable temples, the glorious parks of sunny France.

Perhaps of all incongruous epithets, as locally applied, is that of the immense open space lying between the Champs Elysées and garden of Tuileries, and styled La Place de la Concorde. In its center stands the famous obelisk of Luxor, that magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite, presented by Mahommed Ali Pacha of Egypt to the French Government in 1832, the removal of which prodigious mass being considered a miracle of engineering skill and perseverance. The Oriental pillar stands out even amid the splendors of modern architecture as a grandly mystic record of brain achievement in the twilight ages. The golden sunlight falls brightly over the marble palaces, over the artistic colonnades, and the tread of gay promenaders is always echoing cheerfully about its paved ways, and yet we must ever recall the Concorde as the chief Gethsemane of French soil.

Its first baptism of woe occurred in 1770, at the grand display of fireworks in honor of the marriage of the Dauphin, Louis XVI, to Marie Antoinette, when a rocket accidentally exploding produced a panic by which 1,200 persons were trampled to death, and 2,000 more were frightfully injured.

Twenty-three years subsequent to this event the fatal guillotine, that Italian curse, was set up on prolific French soil within this square of concord. There were spread around this hideous instrument, as if in mockery at the sacrifices offered upon its altar, the royal palace, with its plates and roof of burnished gold, the radiant and spacious Champs Elysées, and the magnificent gardens of the Tuileries. Here sat the weird knitters, like so many fates around the scaffold, counting twelve hundred and thirty-five heads as they fell into the basket below. Within the year of its inauguration the head of Louis Capet was severed by its envenomed stroke, and, what appears to be the refinement of French cruelty, the king was executed directly under the windows of his own palace, only the tasteful gardens which his own hand had adorned separating him from the yellow façade of the Tuileries.

This tragedy was enacted in the pleasant month of June, and when the Autumn leaves were falling the Queen, Marie Antoinette, was bound to the plank, the beautiful neck was brought under the fatal groove down which the polished knife was to glide. One long shout of "vive la Republique" rent the air then as it rends the air now of this changeful empire, and the dissevered head was raised on high by the executioner as a welcome spectacle to the as-

sembled multitudes, the life martyrdom of this daughter, wife, and mother of kings was over—a woman whose personal charms Lamartine thus describes: "Her beauty dazzled the whole kingdom. She was of a tall, graceful figure, a true daughter of the Tyrol. The natural majesty of her carriage destroyed none of the grace of her movements, and there was expression in her every attitude. Her light-brown hair was long and silky, and her forehead indicated great delicacy and thoughtfulness of soul, while her clear violet eyes completed a loveliness that filled up our every ideal of perfection." It was here that the noble and lovely Madame Roland, the saintly Madame Elizabeth, the heroic Charlotte Corday, were executed, and on this fatal spot the wicked Philippe Egalite, Duke of Orleans, the tyrant Robespierre, and a hundred of his associates met the just reward of their crimes. After the occupation in 1815 by the English army, and on the Restoration, the name was changed to Place Louis XV, and in 1826 to Louis XVI, but the old title was restored after the Revolution of 1830, and since then the ceremonies by which the Republic of 1848 was proclaimed have been held here.

Turning away for a brief season from the brilliant boulevards and gay promenades of the city proper, let us go by railway, by omnibus, or steamer, as you please, to the ancient Château of St. Cloud, which lies just at the gates of Paris, and in fancy gaze upon it, as if the terrors of mortal conflict had never fallen over its rare perfection. There are but few mournfully dark associations connected with this stately French beauty, as it has been for centuries a peaceful oasis amid stormy revolutions and fearful change. The Château stands on an eminence overlooking the River Seine, as also with extensive views of the Bois de Boulogne, the Arc de Triomphe, and the green line of the Champs Elysées, so that whether by day or night, whether watching the solemn river rolling onward to the ocean, or strolling in the moonlighted avenues surrounding the palace, there is beauty every-where and at all times.

St. Cloud is said to have derived its name from Clodoald, the grandson of Clovis, who, escaping from his uncles, Clotaire and Childbert, the murderers of his brothers, hid himself in the wood covering the hill, with a few followers. From this nucleus sprang the village of St. Cloud, which to-day possesses no special object of interest, but is simply a collection of plain, unpretentious buildings. The place was given by Clodoald to the Bishops of Paris, who made it their country-seat, connecting it by a bridge with the Paris side of the river, and

being obliged to fortify the place strongly against outside enemies.

Indeed, St. Cloud suffered from various attacks by the English, Armagnacs, and other belligerent nations, having been several times taken and burned. But it survived all these adversities, and became at length the favorite residence of the royal family, who purchased from a wealthy banker. "The Mansion," as it was called, and which the architects of that time transformed into the splendid palace of to-day. Here Francis I reveled in pleasure, and Catherine de Medici gave her entertainments. The Dukes of Orleans were its possessors also until 1785, when the Château was purchased by Marie Antoinette for an immense sum of money. Although a regal mansion and place of resort for kings and their consorts for a long series of years, it does not seem to have attained its high popularity until this reign, yet from henceforth its records are marked ones. It was in the Palace of St. Cloud occurred, in July, 1790, that celebrated meeting between Marie Antoinette, the dying champion of a dying monarchy, and Mirabeau, the first man of the Revolution. In a sequestered leaf-embowered grass plat there still remain the marble vase and stone seat which marked the triumph of this sweet, sad-faced woman, the queen, over the great tribune of the people, who could never be humbled by any fear or threat from royalty, yet was vanquished by Marie's trembling supplication, "Save us! save us, Mirabeau!" The haughty Mirabeau knelt at the feet of his sovereign, and vowed to save the throne from destruction, but failing in his endeavor went down in that onslaught which he had been so instrumental to inaugurate.

The possession of St. Cloud by Napoleon I on his return from Italy, was his first decided step toward the throne. This magnificent abode of ancient grandeur became the favorite residence of himself and Josephine, and it was repaired and most gorgeously fitted up for their reception. The splendid saloons were richly embellished, and every trace of the simplicity of the First Consul here disappeared. The sword and the uniform were replaced, in these glittering halls, by the gold-embroidered dress, silk stockings, and chapeau bras of the old régime.

There were reception days, audience days, great and small levees, at which were assembled all that France possessed of rank, name, and fame. Here the ambassadors of all the powers accredited at the Court of the First Consul appeared in full dress.

Just as in the days of the old monarchy, on every Sunday, and at every festival, solemn

mass was said in the chapel, and it was in this palace that Cambacérés and the Senate repaired when requesting Napoleon to accept the crown and, as Emperor, to ascend the throne of France. St. Cloud had the honor first to hear that France, wearied with storms and divisions, decided, with her five millions of voters, for the hereditary imperial dignity in the Bonaparte family, thus creating a fourth dynasty. At this château also his civil marriage with Maria Louisa was celebrated, and, in so brief a space afterward, it was here that the capitulation of Paris was signed and the palace occupied by the allies.

Here Louis Philippe delighted to find a Summer retreat with his family, sheltered for a time from the weary anxiety of his more regal state; and it was at St. Cloud that he paused for a moment when flying from Paris in 1848.

However brilliant and celebrated the previous sojourn of kings and their courts at this charming retreat may have been, none has ever surpassed that of Napoleon III and his lovely Empress Eugenie, in all that constitutes the exquisite refinements of royal or social life. This château was peculiarly a favorite with the Empress, not only because of its extent and beauty, but that it afforded a respite from the restless, dissipated, and, sometimes, over-anxious Winters at the Tuileries, that gloomy pile of royalty, which the poor young Dauphin Louis XVII is said to have called, with bitter weeping, "that dreadful, great, dark house." Here there was freedom, a little stillness and solitude, where the caroling of birds only was heard amid the thick foliage, and where the blessed sunshine lighted the broad halls of the château. The ladies in waiting could sweep through the fragrant apartments in light, airy, Summer costume with merry laughter and cheerful singing, forgetful of the cold formalities of the city palace.

But we need dwell no longer on this theme, for its every scene of sorrow or of gladness is buried away among the things that were, and that can never return again. The festivities, the receptions, the banquets, the select friendly dinners, the brilliant soirées, where the aristocracy struggled for the honor of being received, are over. The steep, light, graceful façade of the palace, that looked upon centuries-old parks and avenues, the roof decorated and richly carved, the vestibule supported by marble columns, the inner walls, where was so rare an embellishment of sculpture and painting, have disappeared.

Within the apartment that Napoleon Bonaparte enriched for his own use and pleasure

with trophies from other lands, exploded almost the first shell thrown in the recent fatal bombardment, that so mutilated and disfigured the grand old palace. All its treasures of art were shattered, among them the splendid Venetian mirrors brought by Bonaparte from Italy, and where alone they are manufactured, with scarcely a fragment left; the heavy folds of velvet, gold embroidered, from Florence, in rooms whose every arch and every marble pillar was an incrustation of splendor and artistic beauty, have left no memorial of their existence, and thus has passed away forever the ancient glory of this right regal Château de St. Cloud.

#### THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

IT seems strange, at first thought, that there should be a cluster of islands resting on the bosom of the Atlantic, like a set of emerald gems on sapphire seas—so singularly beautiful, so pleasant to be visited, so salubrious in climate, so comparatively high to principal points of the United States coast—and yet these islands be almost a *terra incognita* to the citizens of the States. But when the matter is considered at second thought, it is not so strange as at first it appeared. Because the islands, though many in number, are small in magnitude, so that the navigator has sometimes missed them, even when he desired earnestly to find them; and again, they are English islands, with forms of government and institutions, with manners and customs of society not exactly to our habits and likings; then, until comparatively recently, they had hardly been of any relative importance to us; and, finally, because though not practically far off—as distance and time are now measured, or rather destroyed, by our modern modes of travel—yet they are really farther off from any surrounding lands than almost any other portion of the globe is—St. Helena being possibly the only exception to this remark, which, by the way, is said to be much like to the Bermudas, in scenery, climate, and other particulars.

But there are reasons, at the present writing, and daily growing in number and importance, why these pretty islands should become better known to the citizens of the States.

In the first place, it was the "Virginia Company" that, in 1612, took possession of the islands in order to help the "Jamestown Colony"—under charter from King James I—of which something more may be said anon; in the second place, it became very evident in the late "great rebellion," that the Bermudas are

of prime importance for blockade-running, and for other purposes, in case of war between the United States and any other power, especially an outside one; in the third place, the early crops of onions, potatoes, and tomatoes, raised in the fruitful vales of the Bermudas, are annually so enlarging that the New York market, through the speedy transmission by steam-ships, is becoming well supplied with these vegetables, fresh from the gathering, before they can be possibly secured from the nearest points south; in the fourth place, in the projects now in mind, if not yet actually on foot, the islands are likely to become the central resting-place of telegraphic lines, stretching from Europe and the United States across the Bermudas to various parts of the West Indies; and, in the last place—as the preacher sometimes says—the pleasant scenery, the salubrity, the comfort to be had and enjoyed in the islands during the Winter months of northern inclement climes, do make the Bermudas most desirable to be known and visited.

When the rude northern Winter is approaching, with its freezing breath, and ready to shake from its dull wings innumerable snow-flakes, the invalid and those not warm-blooded begin anxiously to ask, "Where, at no great distance away, can we find the sunny skies and balmy air which have been taken from us for a season?" And one of the best answers would be, in the Bermudas, which you can reach, across the arm of the Gulf, in a few days by steamer. Go there and stay, if possible, amid their soothing scenes, till in the Spring-time you may exchange the breath of the orange, and beauty of the oleander, and love-notes of nest-building birds, for the bloom of the peach and the cherry, and the sweet voice of the bluebird on this side the water.

The record of the discovery of the islands is rather a romantic one, as we read it. In 1515 a Spanish vessel, the *La Garza*, commanded by Juan Bermudez—from whom the group of islands continues to take its name—and having on board the illustrious Gonzalez Oviedo—historian of the Indies—was on a voyage from Old Spain to Cuba. The vessel was run within cannon-shot of the fair islands, and the captain and officers, judging them to be uninhabited, were about to land and make observations, and let loose some swine, whose increase might prove serviceable to future wayfarers, when a strong, contrary gale arising, the ship was "sheered off" and put to sea again; not, however, before the historian had amused himself greatly with the various spectacles of natural history presented, in particular the contests

between the flocks of screaming gulls and the motions of the strange, glittering flying-fish.

The Spaniards do not appear to have undertaken any possession of the islands, though Philip II granted them to one Ferdinand Camelo, a Portuguese, who only went so far in improving the royal donative as to land, in 1543, and carve out, on the broad face of a high cliff, the initials of his name, and the year of grace current, to which, after the superstitious usage of the times, he superadded the figure of the cross, for the pious purpose of keeping away from his acquisition "roving heretics" and "roaring devils." The writer of this visited the romantic spot on a genial day of last Winter, riding by pleasant windings from the northern to the southern shore. Whether the devils at large had been kept away by the sacred figure inscribed might be a question; but it seems as though "the prince of the powers of the air" had been there repeatedly with wind, and wave, and pelting rain; for the carving on the face of the rock is much effaced; and as concerning "the roving heretics," neither the fear of Camelo nor of the cross had kept them away; for they have scribbled their names or initials in every variety of character all around the original work, until the early memorials of the thoughtful Portuguese can scarcely be distinguished from the vulgar marks of the Browns and Smiths of degenerate ages!

It was through storm, and mutiny, and shipwreck that the "vexed Bermoothes," as Shakespeare calls them, were first introduced to the English public. Henry May and Captain Lancaster were two roving Englishmen, who sailed for the East Indies in 1591. They scoured the seas adjacent to the coasts of Sumatra and Malacca, and made there some valuable captures. "Doubling the Cape," they attempted returning homeward in 1593, but becoming greatly distressed for want of provisions, were fortunate in discovering the little island of Mona, at which they obtained a partial supply of their needs. Shortly afterward a French armed ship joined them, commanded by La Barbotiere, who kindly relieved their still pressing necessities. Parting from the polite Frenchman, our heroes steered for Cape Tiburon, in Hayti, and on the way fell in once more with the French ship. To their second application for stores, La Barbotiere could make, out of his own deficiency, but a faint response. The sailors, however, of the English ship, believing that the Frenchman's plea of scarcity was but feigned, and that May, who conducted the application for relief, was in collusion with the French captain and enjoying good cheer on

board with him, untroubled about their distress, mutinied and formed a company, agreed together to seize the French pinnace and then, if possible, to capture the ship herself. In the former object they succeeded, but immediately after one of the number revealed the secret of the conspiracy to Barbotiere. He, in seeming ignorance of any dangerous movement, invited May and Lancaster to dinner with him. What was their surprise, on reaching the deck after a cheerful entertainment, to find the vessel in motion and sailing away at full speed. The French captain then revealed to his guests the secret conspiracy which had been discovered to him, and after a consultation the English ship was overhauled by the Frenchman, an accommodation was effected, and Lancaster returned to his own vessel, which was soon headed for England, while May remained with the French captain and ship. These soon sailed for Laguna, taking the usual course by the Bermudas. Strict watch was kept while there was any apprehension of danger; but at noon, on the seventh day of December, the pilots declared the ship twelve leagues beyond the islands and all peril passed; the men, therefore, called for the allowance of wine due them, according to the sea custom of the times, and throwing overboard all fear or care, gave themselves up to carousing. At midnight, however, in the midst of the jollity, the ship struck one of the coral reefs that surround the islands with such violence as made it evident she must speedily sink. In this dreadful situation, as the rock seemed high, it was hoped it formed part of the mainland. Meanwhile a small boat was put out, to which was attached a hastily constructed raft. Room, however, was thus provided for not more than twenty-six persons, while the crew alone of the ship exceeded fifty. In the wild struggle that ensued, and while the vessel was sinking fast, May looked on in despair, thinking it would be in vain for him to attempt entering either conveyance, as in that case he would be instantly pushed overboard. But at this crisis Barbotiere proved himself a true friend in the time of need. He shouted to May, for life or for death, to leap into the boat. This May did instantly, and "it pleased God," says he, "to make me one of those who were saved to his mercy and glory." The whole of the next day they were beating about on the glassy sea, beneath the burning sun, dragging the raft after them, and reached not the shore until almost dark. Tormented with thirst, they now groped about almost despairing of finding any water; but at last, to their great relief, one of the pilots discovered a hollow rock filled with rain-water,

from which they drank with abounding thankfulness. The morning light revealed the islands covered with a dark forest of cedars. The shipwrecked mariners could not accept the idea of making them their abode for life, and, therefore, set immediately about constructing a bark which would be able to convey them away to some English settlement. Happily for them, the carpenter's chest had been saved; with the tools they began cutting down cedars. On making a voyage to the ship they found the shrouds still above water, and bearing them away turned them to use as tackling for the new vessel. For pitch they took lime, which they made adhesive by an addition of turtle oil, and forcing this mixture into the seams, the hot weather almost immediately dried it, until it became as hard as stone. In five months' time a vessel of eighteen tons had been constructed, in which they resolved without delay to set sail. On the deck they placed, on each side of the mast, two large chests containing a good supply of water, and thirteen live turtles were to help out the supply of food. On the 11th of May they found themselves joyfully free of the islands, and bent their course toward Newfoundland. On the 20th of May the adventurers reached Cape Breton; there, taking in wood, water, and ballast, they sailed for the larger island, where, finally, the Englishmen found accommodation on a ship bound for Falmouth, and the Frenchmen were received on board a ship of their own nation. May and Barbotiere parted firm friends, their friendship having been cemented by mutual labors, dangers, and sufferings; and the former reached England in August, 1594, to tell the tale of his shipwreck and adventures to wondering listeners.

But it was owing to another tempest that the Bermuda Islands were brought effectually under view of the English, and that directly in connection with American colonization, at the time in full activity.

In 1609 an expedition of nine ships and five hundred men was sent out to Virginia, commanded by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport. The passage was favorable till the thirteenth parallel of north latitude was reached, when the ships were overtaken by a frightful tempest. The vessels were completely separated, each taking its own course. The principal one, in which were the above gentlemen, seems to have been involved in the thickest of the tempest. "The sky," says a quaint historian, "poured down not rain but rivers. Fury was added to fury; one storm urged on another more outrageous. Our clamors were drowned in the winds, and the winds

in thunder; the sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven." But all this seemed as nothing compared to the discovery that water had accumulated in the hold to the depth of five feet. All hands were now called to the pumps to labor for life, and though there seemed no hope of ultimate success, yet "so dear are a few lingering hours of life to man," that they zealously worked to the last. The governor and admiral took their turns, and gentlemen who had never had an hour's hard work in their lives, now toiled with the strongest, "their minds helping their bodies." Amid the utter darkness, a light like that of a small star flickered among the masts and shrouds, inspiring superstitious terror; but it was only an electrical phenomenon usual in the circumstances. But the water still gaining on them, they determined to fasten down the hatches and commit themselves to the mercy of the waves. Some of the gentlemen drank to each other, according to the manners of the day, "a last leave before meeting in a more blessed world." At this critical instant Sir George Somers, who had been anxiously watching, by day and by night, cried out, "Land, land!" There was a running to the spot, and as the morning was breaking the very trees on shore could be seen waving in the gale. Exertions were now redoubled; and lighting providentially on the only safe entrance, they reached to within less than a mile of the shore. Here the vessel, being happily wedged between two rocks, was preserved from sinking till the whole company of one hundred and fifty persons, with a great part of the tackling and provisions, was safely landed.

Having established themselves upon the islands, which turned out to be the Bermudas, they found food in abundance; hogs were plentiful and in good condition, for it was the season of the cedar berries, and they slaughtered them in great numbers. At other seasons turtle abounded. Some of the bays were swarming with mullets and excellent pilchards, and rock-fish and craw-fish were daily taken. Birds were equally abundant and various, so that the historian adds, "The whole party fared very well."

After a time Gates and Somers caused the long-boat to be decked with the ship's hatches, and sent Raven, the mate, with eight men, to Virginia to bring shipping for their conveyance. Strict watch was ordered to be kept and fires lighted on all the heights; but though these directions were strictly observed, and many an anxious look cast for the space of two months, they did not make their appearance. The

chiefs, therefore, determined to set about preparing a new pinnace with such materials as the islands afforded. The only ones they could procure were cedar-wood, a barrel of pitch, one of tar, and cordage saved from the wreck.

There was a good ship-carpenter, but great difficulty was found in commanding the services of the crew, among whom the bonds of discipline had been much relaxed. To induce them to persevere in their labors, Gates and Somers set the example of laboring with their own hands. Their utmost exertion, however, did not prevent disturbances and conspiracies. Two men in particular represented that the colony had come out in search of *easy and plentiful subsistence*, which could nowhere be found in greater perfection and security than here; while in Virginia its attainment would be doubtful and attended with many hardships. These arguments wrought so powerfully on the great body of the men, that had it rested with them, they would, doubtless, have lived and died in Bermuda.

About the 8th of March, 1610, more than eight months after the shipwreck, the pinnace was completed—forty feet long, nineteen broad, and measuring about eighty tons. The other vessel, built under the superintendence of Sir George Somers, was only twenty-nine feet long and measuring about thirty tons. She was fastened entirely with wood, having only one piece of metal in her—an iron bolt in her keel. To prevent leakage, the seams of the two vessels, like those of May and his companions, were smeared over with a mixture of lime and tortoise oil. The vessels were called the "Deliverance" and the "Patience." During the stay on the islands two children had been born; the one was christened Bermudas and the other Bermuda.

Before leaving, Gates caused a cross to be made from the wood of the wreck, which he secured to a great cedar. In the heart of the cross was an inscription on a copper plate, describing what had happened to the shipwrecked colonists.

On the 10th of May they sailed from the islands with a fair wind, but before reaching the open sea the vessel struck a hidden reef, which fortunately was broken by the force of the ship, but did not break her. On the 21st they descried land not far from Cape Henry, and on the 23d anchored in front of Jamestown. Lord Delaware, on the report of Gates and Somers, determined to form a settlement in the Bermudas, from which supplies might be obtained for the Jamestown colony.

This task was undertaken by Somers, who



sailed on the 19th of June, 1610, in his own cedar vessel, in company with Captain Argall, afterward Governor of Virginia. Contrary winds carried them northward, where dense fogs inwrapped them, so that the vessels became separated, and Argall returned to his station, but Somers persevered and reached the Islands, only, however, to die of age, anxiety, and exertion. He exhorted his companions to continue their efforts on behalf of the plantations and to return to Virginia; but alarmed at the decease of their leader, they embalmed his body and sailed for England. The name of "Somers" was at this time, out of respect to Sir George, given to the Islands, but they have not continued to be called by it.

An extraordinary interest was excited in England by the recitals of Captain Matthew Somers, nephew and heir of the deceased knight. The usual exaggerations were published and heightened by contrast with the dismal ideas formerly prevalent. It was said that this dangerous and enchanted place, which had been shunned as a Scylla and Charybdis, was really the richest, most healthful, most pleasant land ever man set foot on!

These reports, together with the advantages of the place to their plantation, induced the Virginia Company to procure an extension of their charter, so as to embrace the Bermudas within their limits. This was granted by King James I, and dated 12th of March, 1612. They shortly afterward sold the Islands to one hundred and twenty gentlemen, who detached themselves from the Virginia proprietors and formed a company under the name and style of "The Governor and Company of the City of London, for the Plantation of the Somers Islands." A grant was easily obtained from the King, according to which the land was to be divided into four hundred shares of twenty-five acres each, while the surplus was to remain public at the discretion of the Company. On the 28th of April the first ship was sent out, with sixty emigrants, under charge of Mr. Richard Moore, first Governor of the colony.

They were blessed with a favorable voyage, and on the morning of the 11th of July came in view of their desired islands, and landed on the south side. Thus was formally commenced the colonial government of the Bermuda plantations.

It has been well said, that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder, is to see a proud man. But pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities; it is like the boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

### THE ANGEL PATIENCE.

THERE goes a silent angel  
O'er all this earthly land,  
A messenger of comfort,  
He comes at God's command;  
Heaven's joy his rapt face weareth,  
Its peace is in his breast,  
A talisman he beareth  
Against the world's unrest.

O, follow thou this angel  
Whate'er thy steps betide,  
His hand will truly lead thee,  
His wisdom safely guide.  
He'll teach thee how God's chosen  
Win gain from bitterest loss,  
And heaven's bright crown awaiting,  
Bear meekly earth's rough cross.

He soothes to still submission  
The wild, rebellious breast,  
And turns to tender sadness  
Life's anguish and unrest.  
He comes, a form of blessing,  
In sorrow's deepest night,  
And throws athwart the tempest,  
Heaven's own celestial light.

He chides not at thy weeping,  
O, soul, with grief oppress;  
He does not blame thy longing,  
But hushes it to rest.  
And when thy tried heart doubteth  
And questioneth God's love,  
He smiles and softly whispers,  
"All shall be well above."

He gives not to thy question  
An answer swift and sure;  
His motto is, "The haven  
Is near at hand—endure!"  
And so he walks beside thee,  
Earth-weary, troubled soul,  
With eye and heart fixed steadfast,  
Upon the sure, blest goal.

### LONGINGS.

O, how lonely this world looks to me!  
Every hill, every valley and tree,  
Though robed in a beauty that others may see,  
Has a lonely and sad look to me.

O, how lonely this world looks to me!  
And I'm eagerly longing to see  
A world where no blight falls on blossom or tree;  
O, how bright will that world seem to me!

O, how dreary this world looks to me!  
And I strive mid the darkness to see  
Some promise of light, and if any there be,  
O, my God, let it shine upon me!



## ON THE MOUNTAINS.

AT early dawn we climbed the height,  
 'T was in the mild September ;  
 Each star flung down its mystic light  
 As some decaying ember ;

While pale and wan the fair moon hung  
 Upon the breast of morning,  
 Like one who to her idol clung  
 In spite of all its scorning.

Chill blew the winds through dark ravines,  
 And moaned as if the gladness  
 Had left sweet Nature's magic scenes  
 Forever unto sadness.

And from their beds of frozen snow,  
 Along the rugged alleys,  
 The brooks went sobbing down below  
 In quest of pleasant valleys.

Around, above us, and beneath,  
 Sublime and yet so solemn,  
 Where snows had hung their glittering wreath  
 Rose many a lofty column.

Far, far beyond the clouds they rose,  
 So rough, so grand and hoary,  
 As if they fain would interpose  
 And catch the hidden glory.

And others in a rugged heap,  
 Deep chasms beetling over,  
 Like brawny giants fast asleep,  
 The skies their only cover.

And others still like temples vast,  
 By weird, wild spirits haunted,  
 And where, when rains were falling fast,  
 They solemn masses chanted.

No tuneful warble of a bird,  
 Nor zephyr's gentle sighing,  
 The deep and awful stillness stirred,  
 Nor echo's soft replying.

In silent awe we trod the snow,  
 Strange thoughts our bosoms thronging,  
 While to the valleys far below  
 We turned with fervent longing.

When, suddenly athwart the gloom,  
 Like love when first awaking,  
 Or joy into a darkened room,  
 Where hearts with grief are breaking,

A flush stole o'er the highest peak,  
 In rosy splendor glistening,  
 As blushes o'er a maiden's cheek  
 When love's fond whispers listening.

From peak to peak it sped along,  
 In all its warmth and brightness,  
 But paused the beds of snow among,  
 And kissed their crystal whiteness.

Till, they so bleak and cold before,  
 In those dark mountain closes,

A smile of Summer beauty wore,  
 With hue of Summer roses.

Adown each bare and storm-swept steep  
 It flung its radiant glances,  
 And o'er each rough and rugged heap  
 It sped in merry dances.

It caught the pine-trees in its arms,  
 The pine-trees sad and solemn,  
 And decked them with a thousand charms ;  
 It tinged each frowning column

With colors, lovelier far than art  
 Might ever hope to treasure ;  
 It thawed the frozen rocks apart  
 That laughed for very pleasure ;

It sought the courses of the streams,  
 And touched their dimpled faces,  
 And lent the glory of its beams  
 To add unto their graces ;

Into the haunts of birds it crept,  
 And set them all to singing,  
 And winds that moaned and wildly swept  
 Like vesper bells were ringing.

And spots that seemed but fitted where  
 Grieved souls might mourn their losses,  
 Now smiled in robes of beauty rare,  
 Of mingled flowers and mosses.

It charmed the frost from out the air,  
 And set the ice in motion,  
 And warmth and brightness every-where  
 Swept onward like an ocean.

O, wond'rous change ! we saw as if  
 In beatific vision,  
 And climbed each range and rugged cliff  
 As if 't were fields Elysian.

And with the birds, and brooks, and breeze,  
 That forth their praise were voicing,  
 Our hearts struck up their tuneful keys,  
 And too went out rejoicing

To Him whose glorious hands unfold  
 Such fair and sweet creations,  
 And from the heart's pure altar's gold  
 Accepts its glad oblations.

O, Power Divine ! O, Love Supreme !  
 From deep celestial fountains,  
 O'er darkened souls thy splendors beam  
 As sunlight o'er the mountains.

And night departs, and grief and gloom,  
 While o'er Death's solemn portal  
 Fair asphodels and lilies bloom  
 In loveliness immortal.

— — —  
 IMMORTAL ! Ages past, yet nothing gone !  
 Morn without eve ! A race without a goal !  
 Unshortened by progression infinite !  
 Futurity forever future ! Life,  
 Beginning still, where computation ends !

## MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

IN olden days June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. That unimpeachable authority, the registrar-general, tells us that May is in these later days a favorite marrying month in England, so that one matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naught that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw; another declares—

"From the marriages in May  
All the bairns die and decay;"

a third pronounces, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive;" while a poet, complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings:

"May never was the month of Love,  
For May is full of flowers;  
But rather April, wet by kind,  
For Love is full of showers!"

But if old sayings ruled the world, there would be no marrying at all, for a very old one avers that no man enters the holy state without repenting his rashness before the year is out; unless, indeed, every body determined, like the old Norfolk farmer, to cheat the adage by waiting until the very last day, and wedding on the 31st of December.

In times gone by candidates for connubiality were obliged to study times and seasons. The Church would not allow them to marry just when they felt inclined. "Marriage," says the register of Norton, "comes in on the 13th of January, and Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday; from thence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until the 13th of January." That those concerned might better remember the rules, somebody put them into rhyme, running thus:

"Advent marriage doth deny,  
But Hilary gives thee liberty;  
Septuagesima says thee nay;  
Eight days from Easter says you may;  
Rogation bids thee to contain,  
But Trinity sets thee free again."

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocents' Day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. Joseph's Day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hymen's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent!" and there are good people among us still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten wedders deserve to find it so.

We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them—on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in "*The Book of Days*"—that there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to go into join-hand; namely, seven in January; three each in February, March, May, and December; two each in April, June, July, August, September, and November; and one in October; so that January is the worst, and October the best month for committing matrimony; the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th; February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 19th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th; and December 15th, 16th, 17th. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

"Monday for wealth;  
Tuesday for health;  
Wednesday the best day of all;  
Thursday for crosses;  
Friday for losses;  
Saturday no luck at all."

Friday is generally considered an unlucky day in England; but in France the country lasses look upon the first Friday in the month as peculiarly favorable, if not for the actual ceremony, at least for determining who will be one of the principal actors in it. Before getting into bed, the curious damsel raises one leg, and plants it against the foot of the bed, hoping by this simple action to induce the patron of bachelors, good St. Nicholas, to show her in her sleep the counterfeit presentment of her destined husband.

Young ladies should abstain from listening to any one whose surname begins with the same letter as their own:

"To change the name, and not the letter,  
Is a change for the worse and not for the better;"

and they would do well to take the precaution of placing their initials in conjunction with those of any admirer they incline to favor, and ask, like Malvolio: "What should that alphabetical position portend?" for if, of the united initials, any word can be formed, they may be

certain the owners of them will never be happy together.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has once been fixed. In Sweden it is believed much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads, or beside a closed gate, upon his wedding morn. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last admiring glance at the looking-glass after her toilet is completed; but she may gratify her vanity without danger if she leaves one hand ungloved until beyond temptation. To meet a priest, dog, cat, lizard, or serpent on the way to church—to look back, or to mount many steps before gaining the church door, are alike ominous of future unhappiness; and, according to north country notions, it is courting misfortune to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the churchyard; or to go in at one door and out at another. The weather, too, has a good or bad influence upon affairs; happy is the bride the sun shines on, and, of course, the converse is equally true. Chamberlain, writing to his friend Carleton in 1603, tells him how the wedding of their mutual acquaintance, Mr. Winwood, was celebrated to an accompaniment of thunder, lightning, and rain that was ominous enough to have startled a superstitious man, which, luckily, Winwood was not, so "he turned all to the best," like a loving groom and a wise man. Evil portents may scare the happy pair even after the knot has been tied. "When the bride-maids undress the bride," says Misson, describing the marriage merriments of England, "they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her; nothing will go right! Woe also to the bride-maids if they keep one of them, for they will not be married before Whitsuntide, or till the Easter following, at soonest!" Where the Scottish custom is followed of the newly wedded couple being welcomed home by the husband's mother meeting them at the door, and breaking a currant bun over the head of the bride before her foot crosses the threshold, it is thought a very bad omen if the bun be, by any mistake, broken over any head but that to which the honor is due. If a bridal party ventures off dry land, they must go up stream; should they be foolhardy enough to go down the water, either the bride, the bridegroom, or one of the bride-maids will infallibly feed the fishes. Spite of the faith in there being luck in odd numbers, it is a belief in the north of England that one of the wedding guests will die within a year unless the party counts even. Another comical idea is, that whichever of the

two, bride or bridegroom, goes to sleep first upon the wedding night, that one will be the first to succumb to death.

The only omens we know of tending to encourage adventurers in the great lottery of life, are the meeting of a wolf, spider, or toad on the way to church, and a cat sneezing within the bride's hearing the day before the wedding; but, fortunately, there are many ways of insuring happy fortune. In the Highlands of Scotland the malicious influence of warlocks and witches used to be kept at bay by preventing any unlucky dog passing between the couple on their way to church, and by taking care the bridegroom's left shoe bore no latchet and buckle. By using gray horses in the bridal carriage, the same good purpose is effected. Swedish bridegrooms sew garlic, chives, and rosemary in their wedding garments to frustrate the evil designs of the trolls and sprites; and the attendants on the lady carry bouquets of the same herbs in their hands; while the bride herself fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to any poor wayfarers she espies as she goes to church, every piece she gets rid of averting a misfortune; the gift, however, is of no use to the receiver, since, if he eats it, he thereby brings the misfortune upon his own head. Manxmen find a pocketful of salt equally efficacious. The brides of Elba go bare-headed to church; and while the ceremony is proceeding, the happy man puts his knee upon the bride's dress, preventing evil spirits putting in their undesired presence and whispering words in the bride's ear which would render the priest's prayer for fertility utterly inoperative. Women married at Jarrow need no prayers to make them joyful mothers of many children, that end being attained by sitting themselves down in the chair of the Venerable Bede as soon as the parson has done his part. In some parts of England good luck is supposed to be insured by a friend making a hen cackle in the house of the wedded pair. In China they have a curious ceremony, believed to be a never-failing means of making a marriage turn out well for the lady. When she has taken her place in the sedan in which she is to be carried to her future home, her father and mother, or other near relatives, hold a bed-quilt up by its four corners in front of the bridal chair. Into this one of the bride's female cronies tosses, one by one, four bread-cakes—the gift of the bridegroom's family—sending them up high in air; while the lady most concerned in the matter repeats without ceasing certain sentences invoking happiness upon herself and spouse, to which the company respond with the Chinese equivalent for "Amen."

## The Cornish well of St. Keyne possesses

"The quality—that man and wife,  
Whose chance or choice attains,  
First of this sacred stream to drink,  
Thereby the mastery gains ;"

but in Sweden, the damsel ambitious of ruling her lord as well as his house, can attain her wish by merely contriving to see him on the bridal morning before he sees her; or, failing in this, she has yet another chance at the last moment, by putting her right foot before that of the man when they approach the altar.

The lately revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly wedded couple for luck is a very old one. In the Isle of Man the shoe is thrown after bride and bridegroom as they leave their respective abodes; but the ceremony is generally performed elsewhere upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honeymoon trip. In some parts of Kent the shoe throwing does not take place until after they have gone; when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practiced too in Yorkshire and Scotland. In Germany it used to be the rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests, who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being held destined to be speedily married and settled. In England the bride, from between the sheets, threw her left stocking over the shoulder of one of the company, the person upon whom it fell being marked out as the next individual to be married. In some places the threshold is kept warm for another bride by pouring a kettleful of hot water down the door-steps as soon as the bride and bridegroom have taken their departure; the fancy being that before the water dries up another match will be made up, or "flow on," and that it will not be very long before another wedded couple passes over the same ground. In Prussia the method adopted of invoking blessings on a newly married pair used to be the more expensive one of smashing crockery against the door of the house in which they were domiciled.

The breaking of a wedding-ring is an omen that its wearer will soon be a widow. A correspondent of "*Notes and Queries*" found this fancy current in Essex a few years ago. A

man had been murdered in that county, and his widow said: "I thought I should soon lose him, for I broke my wedding-ring the other day; and my sister, too, lost her husband after breaking her ring. It is a sure sign!" Such superstitious notions are far more prevalent than one would suppose, and the school-master will have to work hard and long before they are entirely eradicated.

## A FIRST VISIT TO ROME.

RECENT events have added, if possible, to the interest that must ever attach to all that relates to Rome. It is seven years since I first entered the Eternal City, but the memory of that visit remains fresh, and invests with a double charm the page of history last unfolded. There seems to be always an indefinable something about the first impression of a place that can never be renewed. A new country, a new city, a new village even, has charms which are taken in at first sight, and that can not be perceived on any subsequent visit. How much more with such a place as Rome—"the city of the world"—which seems a distinct entity from the date of school-boy's study, and to which so many look as the goal of European travel! Such it seemed to me at the date named, when, weary of the olive groves of Provence, I turned toward Italy, and wended my way nearer and nearer to the capital, for which she then hoped, and has at length attained. "All roads lead to Rome," says the proverb, and, once fairly launched on the continent, without an urgent call home, the traveler is likely to find it true.

The route I selected has been often described—through sunny Provence, along the shore of the Mediterranean; the whole length of the lovely Riviera; from Nice—weeping bitterly at being sacrificed to France—along the Ligurian coast to Genoa, rejoicing in what Italy had accomplished, though not without lively sympathy for Nice and Savoy. From Genoa two friends and myself took a night's sail to Leghorn, in order to visit Pisa and Florence. From Leghorn to Civita Vecchia is another night's sail, during both of which we enjoyed the loveliest weather. So calm and smooth was the sea, so bright and clear the moon reflected in its depths, so mild the temperature on those February nights, that two of us spent nearly all the time on deck, instead of retiring to our berths. In adopting this route we had made our contrast somewhat less distinct. We had, as it were, left but gradually behind us the almost unintelligible Provençal,

as the dialects became less harsh and more distinct, then falling into the lisping Tuscan, with its pure grammar, before we entered the land where the full Roman articulation gives perfection to the Italian language.

At Civita Vecchia we gained our first experience of Papal government, and, if the custom-house of that port continued its oppression, every traveler will be glad that Italian officials have taken the reins. All our trunks were mercilessly emptied; clothes, books, papers, all personal effects, were tumbled pell-mell on a counter and inspected by those terrible coast guards. A small photographic album belonging to one of our party was seized by one officer, and every portrait carefully examined. Queen Victoria, Napoleon III, and others passed muster; family portraits, after consultation, were pronounced innocent; but toward the end of the book was Garibaldi's likeness, which was forthwith confiscated, as were also some other trifles. There being numerous passengers, this precise examination of the luggage hindered us several hours, which we had to pass in a shed, dignified by the name of custom-house, but scarcely fit to lodge a drove of cattle.

Nor was this the worst of it, for the delay caused us to arrive at Rome late in the day, which was again the cause of fresh disaster. In fact, on reaching Rome, we could not get a carriage at the railway station, and so were obliged to take an omnibus to the hotel, where our rooms, for which we had written in advance, were let, as it was not expected we should come so late. Thereupon commenced one of the most vexatious employments a man can have—the search for a hotel in a crowded city. For two hours and more did we drive from hotel to hotel, from house to house, in hopes of finding at least bedrooms to let. All in vain; every decent house was full. Was not to-morrow the Carnival? At last the Hotel de la Minerve, for the modest sum of two guineas a day, fitted us up a couple of bedrooms, to which, weary and worn as we were in mind and body, we were too glad to retire as soon as a comfortable bath, a little repast, and a cheerful fire had soothed our troubled nerves. Sleep did the rest, and next morning at breakfast we could smile at our woes, rally each other on the fortitude we had displayed, determine that we must see the Carnival before we entered on a study of ancient Rome, and that even our yesterday's treatment by the city of which we had dreamed so much should not drive us away until we had feasted our eyes on the gems of art that adorn her.

Stepping down into the square from our hotel,

we do not observe the dirt, of which so many travelers tell us Rome is full. This is a clean, open part, but we had caught some glimpses in our yesterday's drives. On our right is the temple of Minerva—now the church of Minerva; it is closed, so we pass on, by the fountain, out of the square. The houses here are lofty, the streets not very wide, the wind rushes wildly along them, and one can only keep warm in the sun.

A little further on—I saw the ancient roof from my bedroom window—is the Pantheon. What a portico! Four-and-twenty Corinthian pillars, looking as if they still defied the centuries. We step inside this circular temple to admire its marble columns and its wondrous roof, with the great central aperture, twenty-six feet in diameter. How could such a pile have been placed? How could it have stood so long? There are sixteen altars round the Church, for Rome has turned Agrippa's Pantheon into a church—St. Mary of the Martyrs. In the eleventh chapel repose the remains of Raphael, on which one remarks that the Pantheon still carries out its original destination, for it contains the ashes of the god of painting. Churches every-where—that is understood at Rome—so we are not surprised, when we leave the Pantheon, to find on our way that we must pass another a few yards off.

We enter St. Ignatius for a moment, to contrast its modern structure with the ancient, then pass along by the Roman College to the Corso. There the Carnival has already begun. And what is this supreme *fête*? We find a great concourse. Spectators line the balconies, masqueraders walk along the street, or drive in open carriages. The people in the balconies are pelting those below with *confetti*—supposed to be sugar-plums, but generally consisting more of flour and plaster of Paris. The people below do their best to return these salutes in kind, but those above have the best of the position. Every window of every story all along the Corso has its balcony, and most of them are decked out in gay coverings of crimson velvet, and thronged with fair spectators. French soldiers and Papal troops kept order by constantly parading among the masqueraders, a few of whom were dressed in character, as for a masked ball; but the majority were simply arrayed in a white garment, night-dresses being evidently often utilized for the occasion.

With high hilarity of a boyish type, the game continued to nearly five o'clock. Then came the event of the day—the race of riderless horses the whole length of the Corso. A

squad of soldiers must first clear the way. See here! a long troop marches by to the sound of those hideous French kettle-drums. Then come Pontifical horsemen and some of the Pope's guard of nobles. More soldiers—more horsemen! Many take their places along the route to keep all clear. Signals of fife and drum! a great church bell rings out above the hum—one, two, three, four, five. As the last stroke sounds a cannon booms over all—silence—a momentary pause, and the "wild horses" rush past us in a moment. Poor thin brutes they seemed, as, terrified, with bits of tinsel tied to their ears and flanks, they galloped by, to the shouts of the people behind, along the only open way—the narrow road lined with thousands of spectators. As soon as they have passed, the people are all moving, and there is no longer a thoroughfare. The *fête* is adjourned until night, when there will be more masquerading; it will be renewed again to-morrow and the next day.

"And this is your boasted Carnival—this your modern Rome," exclaimed one of our party, and then proceeded to grow fierce over the matter. "This is the amusement provided for men and women by a paternal government of priests—this the pabulum provided in lieu of liberty—this amid the almost speaking relics of the time when Rome was the world! How are the mighty fallen! Shades of Cæsars and tribunes, see what manner of men occupy your city!" The member of our party who thus cried out had come to see old Rome, not new, and had, as the reader knows, suffered sadly for coming just at Carnival time. A native told us that the Romans do not keep the Carnival. It is foreigners, he declared, who make the *fête*, and chiefly English and American; and many faces betrayed unmistakably their Anglo-Saxon blood. "But is it well," urged our English sympathizer with Italy, "that while Romans hold aloof, for political reasons, Englishmen should countenance such childish exhibitions amid the tramp of the protecting legions of France?" Then he ventured on a prophecy: "Surely Rome will one day rid herself of these foreign soldiers! How low has she fallen, for the accursed Gaul to be forever parading her streets! Would that the lictors would rise from the dead and grind the bayonets to powder!"

There was some excuse for this outbreak. Nowhere is the din of useless arms so constantly heard. Morning, noon, and night, the bugle, fife, and drum used to assail the ears in Rome, as if the inhabitants needed warning every ten minutes that the garrison was ready for action. In every street bodies of armed

men were to be met marching to martial music, and every-where else officers, sub-officers, and soldiers off duty formed a large proportion of the saunterers. In fact, in our evening chats, we came to the conclusion that Rome was inhabited chiefly by soldiers, priests, and beggars. The third class we looked upon as the product of the two others—the consumers but non-producers. "Parasites of society," said one, "variegated locusts," said another, and wondered which is the most objectionable—too many soldiers or too many priests, for a population to support.

Modern Rome has hitherto occupied a fair share of our description; still, ancient Rome has not been overlooked. And here it may be remarked, that on first walking about Rome one of the most peculiar features that strikes one is the strange manner in which the past and present are intermingled. The life and buildings of to-day flourish amid the ruins, and constantly arrest attention by their incongruity. You may drive out beyond the walls, and—perhaps close by their ruins, or in some distant, sunny spot—your attention is recalled from reveries of what has passed here ages ago, by a lively company of Romans at the game of bowls you have seen played in every Italian village you have visited. This frequently happened to our little party, though for my own part I was far more struck by the singular sight of a cobbler, engaged at his work beneath the shadow of a magnificent ruin. Nothing could be more suggestive than this busy old man mending shoes for modern Roman peasants, apparently unconscious of the interest attached to the ancient relic he had appropriated for his workshop.

I turned from this scene to find the same strange mixture of new and old at every step. At every turn are churches, in most of which some service is going on. Coming out from a hasty glance at St. Magdalen's I was shortly confronted by the Antonine Column—that glorious vestige of old Rome, covered all the way up with reliefs of the various victories of Marcus Aurelius, and (another incongruity) surmounted by a statue of—St. Paul! I wandered on a little further, and came upon the ruins of the old Temple of Neptune, with its façade of wondrous proportions surmounted on colossal columns; and this ruin I found degraded by Pius IX to a custom-house. Entering the gates and looking up, one is astounded at the massiveness of the marble block, and wonders how it could have been brought hither, how raised so high, how remained so long.

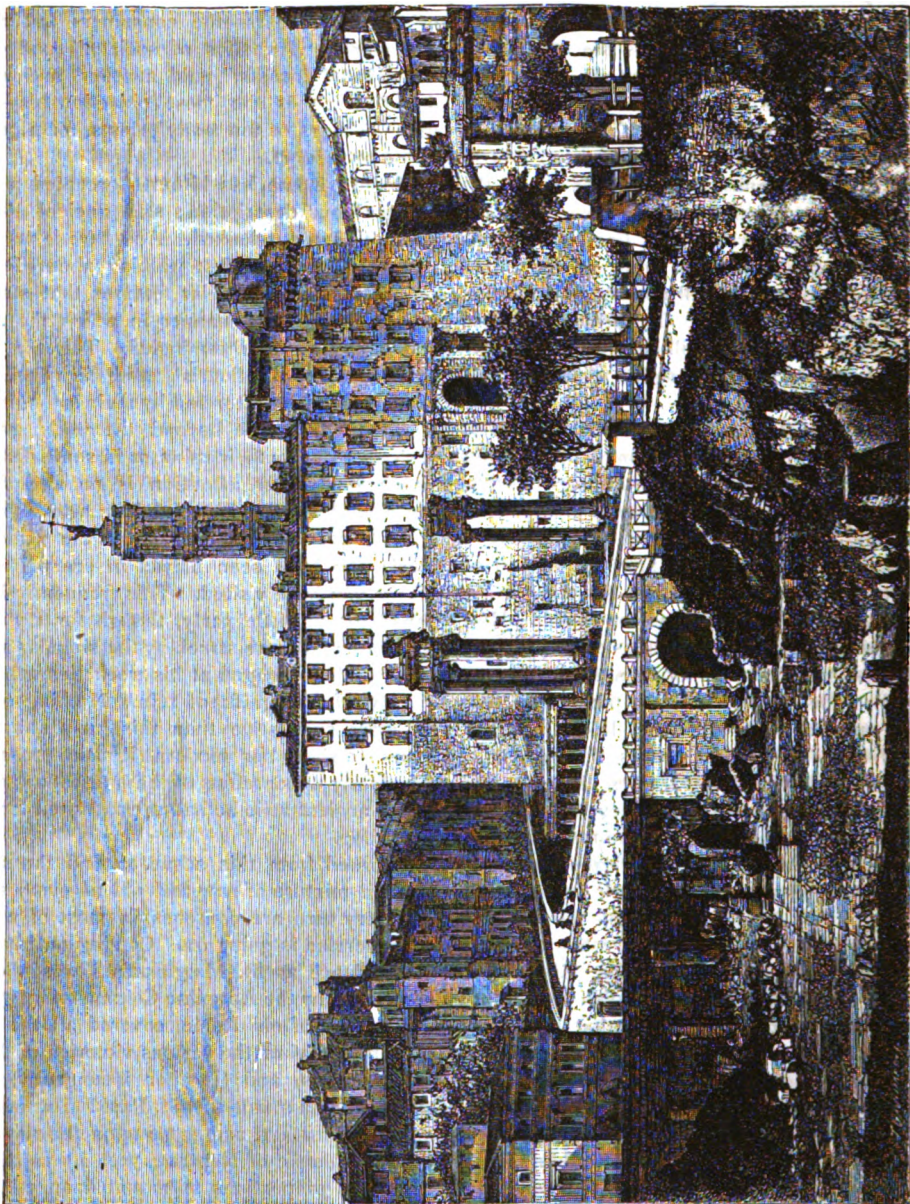
If another example were needed of the same



commingling of past and present, the old fish-market would furnish a very apt illustration.

But we will take a glimpse at old Rome, or rather at that central spot which monopolizes attention when we speak of it. The Carnival over, we were able to gratify our taste by a

deliberate exploration, taking a carriage and *cicerone* to facilitate our first essays. "To the Forum, coachman;" and soon we reach the open space, excavated, as it were, below the level of the street; and, leaving our carriage, wander among the majestic broken columns,



VIEW FROM THE FORUM.

and gaze at Trajan's pillar, rising from the midst like that of Antoninus, but, with all its associations, even more interesting. The reliefs extend to the top. About 2,500 figures, all *chefs d'œuvre* of sculpture, combine to celebrate here Trajan's victories. The pillar itself

is of the Ionic order, and composed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, rising to a height of more than fifty feet. On the summit—strange incongruity again—is a bronze statue of St. Peter, which was placed there by Pope Sixtus V in 1590.

And here is the Capitol—the center, as it were, around which the S. P. Q. R. gathered a force that seems still to linger in the very letters. The Capitol lies between the Forum and the modern city, as if designed to hold its ground as the center of Roman history. We may wander backward and forward at will. We walk into the court-yard of the Senate, and note the remains of the colossal statues; turn into the Museum to gaze a moment at its Venus, its Dying Gladiator, its sarcophagi, and busts of emperors, philosophers, and senators. We are in the very center of artistic Rome. It should be stated that the Piazza di Campidoglio, or *Place du Capitole*, is a kind of open space or terrace, in the center of which stands the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which has so long been the theme of admiring artists. The terrace is reached by a staircase dating from 1536, guarded by statues of Castor and Pollux. It is behind this, so to say, that the senate-house raises its majestic form. Unwilling to mix modern with ancient Rome too much, we gave the go-by on this occasion to the church and monastery of the Jesuits, and bestowed but little attention to Ste. Marie of the Capitol, or the *Ara Cæli* and its white marble staircase; but descended again to the Forum, to meditate further on the few columns, which seem to speak almost as eloquently as the old Romans who were once so familiar with them. Turning to the left in the descent from the monastery to the Capitol, we reach the under-ground prison where Jugurtha died, one hundred and six years before the Christian era, in which the accomplices of Catiline were executed, and where also perished the cruel minister of Tiberius.

Our guide tells us that in this horrible, damp prison, St. Paul and St. Peter were confined by Nero; and, undeterred by our evident doubts about St. Peter having ever been at Rome, assures us that the two apostles here baptized forty-nine martyrs, with water from a fountain that miraculously sprang from the wall of the dungeon.

We pass out, and leave many vestiges of Rome as we go by the Temples of Antoninus and Faustina, of Romulus and Remus, of Peace, of Jupiter Tonans, of Venus and Rome. Resuming our carriage, we pass the arch of Septimius Severus, with much of the carving clear, and reach the most colossal ruin of all—the Colosseum. We drive round this stupendous structure, and at every step seem more to wonder at its massive ruins. And this is the remnant of the work of Vespasian's 30,000 prisoners! this the great amphitheater, where 100,000 spectators might see the early martyrs of our

faith devoured by wild beasts! Climbing a little among the ruined walls, though forbidden by the guard, we almost came to grief in our vain efforts to take in the vastness of the proportions; but, escaping from the fall of loose material we have started, we come quietly round another way, and then, walking across the circle to estimate its diameter, are arrested by the cross erected by Papal authority, and the inscription promising many days' indulgence to the faithful who salute that cross.

But, wonder as we may, we must still pass on, for every-where there is much to be seen. As the day is fine, we resolve to drive out into the country. Here we stay a moment to gaze at the arch of Titus, and then to the still finer one in honor of Constantine, which is in the best state of preservation of all these triumphal arches. We drive on then to the Celian Hill, on the summit of which is the mother church of the Catholic world—*urbis et orbis mater et caput*—St. John of the Lateran, San Giovanni del Laterano—the gift of Constantine to Sylvester I, magnificent inside and out, and giving some idea of Christian Rome in its grandeur. Here it is that the Popes take formal possession of the supreme power, and that they confer the imperial crown. The great façade presents five arcades of two stories, with open galleries, above which rises a covered gallery, with its great statue of the Savior, about twenty-five feet in height. Statues of the twelve apostles—some twenty feet in height—adorn the gallery. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect of the interior of this edifice, its architectural beauty, or its riches in sculpture. Between the antique green columns are twelve niches for the marble statues of the apostles, and these are surmounted by oval mosaics of the twelve prophets. The imagination dwells long on the richness of this great Catholic temple, which defies all description. We pass out to note on our right the *Scala Santa*—the sacred steps which the faithful mount on their knees, and which appear considerably worn by the thousands of devotees who have performed that pilgrimage. Thence we drive into the Campagna by the new Appian Road, with its

“Arches on arches—miles on miles extending”—

of ruined aqueducts. We stay at St. Stephen's, but can not enter, so wander about to observe the old roof, arch, or pile that every here and there peeps out from the soil; sweep with the glass the wide Campagna toward the Latian hills where lie Tivoli and Frascati in sweet repose; talk with a Roman shepherd lad; while away some time in the balmy atmosphere; and return by

the old Appian and Latin Ways, conversing of Horace—who here was so teased with the early specimen of boredom—and the other celebrities who trod these paths and made them classical ground.

The entrance to the tomb of the Scipios is by a mean door in the Appian Way. It is a damp, cold atmosphere one breathes on entering where the arches have had to be supported, and, notwithstanding guides, the visit seemed to us not worth the disagreeables encountered. The only other point of interest I stop to name is the entrance to the Catacombs. These have too often been described to need another word. We close our day by driving to see another gate or two of Rome.

The reader will, perhaps, have had enough of Pagan Rome, and think it time to give a word to the Christian city; and here St. Peter's, as a matter of course, demands our special recognition. On a first visit the great temple of Michael Angelo overwhelms by a combination of grandeur and beauty. The vast area of the piazza, surrounded by colonnades of pillars in triple rows; the two fountains in the center, and the obelisk; then the great domed pile without—combine to give some anticipation of the still more astounding interior, where the filling up with beauty seems, at first sight, to diminish the grandeur of art. The mosaics that rival oil paintings, and might be mistaken for them, the sculptures, the pillars, the altars, the great dome—the all in all—so far surpass description as almost to afflict the beholder with a heaviness from which there is no relief, save escaping from the effort to grasp the *sout ensemble* by forcing the attention to the parts. From St. Peter's one should go direct to the Vatican, and thus compare the oil paintings there with the mosaics over the altars, that are copies of them. But who can tell in a few lines of such treasures—of Raphael's masterpieces, or even his frescoes, and the other glories of this center of art? How shall we barely imagine the great sculpture gallery?—a long vista of speaking statues—from which, after weeks of study, the mind, perhaps, dwells most on the group of the Nile, the Apollo Belvidere, Jupiter Capitolinus, the Gladiators, Ceres, Hygeia, Minerva.

Let us escape from the treasures which are too much for us. On the way back from a visit to the Protestant cemetery, the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and of the baths of Caracalla, refuse to be passed without admiration, and then we come upon the strange hill, Testaccio—all rubbish and wine stores under it—of which no explanation seems quite satisfactory.

We return by a ruined gate, and now have to cross the bridge, Ponte Quattrocapì, where we can best see the division of the yellow Tiber, and the island thereby formed, and note how St. Peter's dominates the Leonine City.

In speaking of places outside the walls, a word should always be reserved for the great church of St. Paul. Originally built by Constantine, it was destroyed by fire in 1823. Two years after, it was begun to be rebuilt, and has been proceeding ever since. Some Romans said to me, "Let the Pope finish it; 't will make a splendid house for the Italian deputies." It is next to St. Peter's in size and splendor, is in the form of a Latin cross, and supported on eighty columns of polished granite. Medallions of the Popes occupy niches all around, and rich mosaics at every turn arrest the eye. The baldachin is supported by four colossal columns of alabaster. There is an altar covered with malachite; the floor is paved with pieces of rare marble and red Egyptian granite.

Such is a slight sketch from one's first impressions of the Eternal City.

#### MY FIRST EXPERIENCE.

I AM not about to give you an account of the first incident in my earthly history. I am not competent to do so. Though I have every reason to believe that I was present at my own birth, yet my recollections of what then and there took place are not wanting in distinctness but wanting altogether. Hence when I propose to give an account of my first experience, my words are not to be taken literally. How they are to be taken will be understood by the reader, if he will exercise a little patience and practice a little perseverance. If one writes so as to be understood without effort on the part of the reader, how is he to get a reputation for profoundness? and what discipline will the reader receive?

More than forty years ago, a father in one of the interior townships of Massachusetts consulted with himself—he never consulted with any one else—respecting the disposition he should make of his second son—the writer of this article. The father was the owner and cultivator of a farm. His first-born son took kindly to plowing, and planting, and hoeing, and mowing, and stone-wall making, and wood-chopping, and colt-breaking, and other operations inseparably connected with labor.

The second-born took very little interest in those operations. In fact, he may be said to have had a natural though not hereditary aver-

sion to manual labor of all kinds. He was sent to school Summer and Winter till he was nine years old. He was then sent during the whole of the Winter till he was twelve years old. He was then sent for such a portion of the Winter term as intervened between the freezing of the soil in the Fall to its thawing in the Spring, till he was fifteen years old. He was then expected to labor on the farm during each secular day in the year, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and fast days excepted.

As has been more than intimated above, he had an aversion to manual labor. The stern authority of the father had a powerful influence over his muscles, but very little over his mind.

The father at length became satisfied that his second son, for whom he had got a mortgage on the Brockway farm, would never get his living "by work." Hence something must be done with him. The reader will notice the use of the preposition *with* instead of *for*.

The result of the consultation above alluded to was that I should go to college. This was in accordance with my most vehement but unexpressed desire. In those days the desires of children were not taken into account. Those who did not exhibit a certain amount of "faculty," were sent to college, with the object patent or latent of making ministers of them. This practice did not tend to render the atmosphere of college over-stimulating, or to elevate the standard of attainment.

It was settled that I was to go to college. To "fit for college," the phrase then in use, I was sent to the minister—a large, stern, impassible man, who met all human beings with the same solemn manner, who uttered the denunciations of the law and the promises of the Gospel in the same tone. He was a fair technical scholar, and not a bad teacher, so far as related to the verbal form and syntax of the Latin and Greek languages. He never made a remark with reference to the formation of mental habits. His duty was to require me to study so many lessons in Latin and Greek. He did it, and I have no doubt felt peace of mind in view of it. I have since learned that he is or was a representative of a large class of so-called teachers.

I went to college. Dear reader, did you ever go to college? If not, I am sorry for you, not because you do not know quite as much, perhaps more, than if you had gone to college, but because you do not know how it feels to go to college. That I hold to be the principal advantage. Though it is long, long ago since I was admitted freshman at — College, and woke up two hours before daylight the next

morning for fear of not hearing the bell for prayers, I have a very vivid recollection of my feelings in that portion of "life's morning march," and could describe them, but to what purpose? The aged insurance broker, my class-mate, do n't care about those feelings; he can't take a risk on them. The venerable judge, another class-mate, so famed for the uprightness of his decisions, has long since forgotten his early tendency to disturb the rest of feathered bipeds, and has no wish to live over the "unrelenting past." The reader cares nothing about the feelings of a green boy from the country, and wishes I would hurry on to detail that "first experience." So I will.

I had passed my first year in college, and had found that it was not "all my fancy painted it." In place of the "divine" literary atmosphere I had expected, I found an atmosphere of vile tobacco smoke often flavored with New England rum—a liquor now obsolete, owing, I am told, to the prevalence of brandy. Still it was not a bad place for study, if one had a disposition for that exercise. He had control of his own room; that is, he could lock his door, and it was only occasionally that an entrance would be forced. The teachers generally were no great hindrance to progress. One actually gave impulse and direction to our minds; but his connection with the college did not continue long—cause or causes unknown. It was stated by way of implied censure, that his recitation-room was never broken into and put in disorder; that he never reported any absences to the Faculty. The probable inference on the part of the "grave and reverend seigniors," his colleagues, was, that he neglected his duty. What faithful, able, successful mind-power ever failed to receive insult at the hand of those who felt benefited by him?

We students in our simplicity thought that a feeling of enthusiastic respect guarded his recitation-room, and the magnetic attraction of his recitation prevented unnecessary absences.

Soon after I had become a sophomore, I was standing with a group of students in front of one of the college buildings when an obnoxious professor passed. I did not then, nor do I now, know why men who are incapable of commanding the respect and esteem of those whose characters they are to aid in forming, should have a place in college. A good officer may have a transient run of unpopularity, but permanent unpopularity would indicate permanent unfitness.

Just as the back of the professor was turned on us, I saw a student prepare to throw a ball at him. I involuntarily raised my hand by way

of silent remonstrance. At that instant the ball was hurled, striking the professor on the head. He turned quickly and saw my uplifted hand. He made no remark.

In the evening I was summoned before the Faculty. The President remarked, while I remained standing in his presence and that of three professors and two tutors, "We are sorry to have you before us under such unpleasant circumstances. Your conduct has hitherto been so unexceptionable, and your diligence in study so commendable, that we should be disposed to pass over a slight offense; but yours is of too grave a character."

"Will you inform me what my offense is?" said I.

"You do not need any information, young man," said the insulted professor.

"I do not know that any apology for so flagrant an insult to a college officer could be received," said the President, in a tone indicating a hope that an apology would be offered.

"I have no apology to offer. I have insulted no officer."

"Do not add falsehood to your crime," said the professor. "You were not called before us on suspicion. I myself saw the act."

I now understood the whole matter. He had seen my uplifted hand, and inferred that I threw the ball. In his passion he had confounded inference with perception.

"I did not throw that ball," said I deliberately, yet in deep passion.

"You did," said the professor.

I turned to the President, and said, "That fellow asserts what is false."

"You may go to your room," said the President.

I went, and was soon surrounded by my class-mates. It was proposed that all present should certify to my innocence over their signatures, but there was a college law forbidding the appending more than two names to any paper relating to college affairs; besides, I foresaw that if they exonerated me they would be compelled to name the guilty one. I had hope that he would be manly enough to confess, but I knew less of human nature then than I do now. I was so deeply angry at the injustice I had received that I cared very little for future consequences.

The next morning after prayers the President announced from the desk that L.—meaning the writer—had been directed to study in the country for two months. This was the form of rustication, a punishment much in vogue in those days. I then called on the President for direction. I was told to repair to the Rev. Mr.

Strong, of Hixbury, and he handed me a sealed letter of introduction to Mr. Strong.

Hixbury was a day's journey's distance by the stage. Railways had not then been invented. Early the next morning the stage drove up to East College, and, in the midst of three cheers for myself and three groans for the professor, I set out on my journey. It was a pleasant day in the early part of October. There were three passengers besides myself. None seemed disposed to converse. As we passed over a good road, by orchards, and corn-fields, and meadows green, my mind grew calm, and before we reached Hixbury I had made up my mind to regard my rustication as an interesting adventure. Just before sunset we came in sight of the village, which consisted of a church, a tavern, a store and post-office combined, a blacksmith's shop, and half a dozen dwelling-houses, one of which was Mr. Strong's.

"I suppose," said the driver, bending from his perch and twisting his long body so as to be able to look inside the coach, "you want to go to the minister's."

I gave a nod, which he answered by a crack of his whip, and soon drew up before the minister's door. Mr. Strong was at home. I was shown into the study, and was courteously received. Having read the letter I handed him, he looked at me for a moment, as though he would read my thoughts. As he seemed to expect me to break the silence, I proceeded to make a plain statement of the whole matter, ending by mentioning the conclusion I had come to in the stage, that I would submit to the sentence, and, having recovered my standing, take a dismissal.

"If your statement is true, as I have no doubt it is, they will find out their mistake and recall you. In the mean time I will try to make the time pass as pleasantly and profitably as may be."

He then took me into the dining-room and introduced me to his wife, sportively remarking that she would not find it necessary to lock up the spoons. The joke did not strike me as a very original one, but I was grateful for the confidence it implied. For the first time I learned the value of confidence bestowed as an educating power.

I began my studies the next morning. My Greek lesson was in Thucydides. I prepared it with great care, expecting Mr. Strong to ask me such questions as I was accustomed to hear asked in the recitation-room. We were there called upon to render a sentence into English words, and to give the form and syntax of the

Greek words composing the sentence. Mr. Strong asked few questions relating to forms and rules of syntax, but many relating to the thought. He pointed out the difference between rendering and translating, called attention to the nice discrimination needed in order to express in English the exact shades of thought contained in the text, taught me to infer from the structure of the Greek language the character of the Greek mind. In a word, he showed that the study of language was valuable as a means of exercising in an admirable manner all the powers of the mind. At the close of the first recitation I felt thankful to Professor D. for his stupidity and passion. For the first time I got a true idea of the object of study—an idea not always possessed by those who possess diplomas. But this, valuable as it was, is not the first experience which I sat down to relate. I was soon on familiar terms with Mr. Strong and his wife. I wished I had been rusticated for a year. I wrote to several earnest men in my class advising them to get rusticated, provided they were sure of being sent to Hixbury.

One evening, about four weeks after my arrival in Hixbury, in attempting to translate a sentence I met with a difficulty which led me to go to Mr. Strong for assistance. It was the first time I had done so. I found he had another pupil. A young girl about sixteen years of age was reciting in Virgil. Mr. Strong seemed annoyed by my entrance, and said, "Please call in about half an hour and I will attend to you. I am engaged now." I retired, but not till I had taken the young girl's photograph. I returned to my room to contemplate the photograph, which bore a marvelous resemblance to the "bright ideal of my dreams." In about half an hour Mr. Strong came to my room, answered the question I had to propose, and remained for some time conversing respecting my studies, but making no allusion to his pupil whom I had seen below.

The next day I made some inquiries respecting his method of teaching Virgil. My question caused a smile, but elicited no remark respecting his pupil. It occurred to me that I might see her at church on the Sabbath. In those days all the people and a good many dogs went to church, or to meeting, as they phrased it. I sat in the minister's pew, which was partly under the pulpit. Its occupants faced the congregation, hence I had a good post for observation. I did not see her. She was not present. I am afraid I did not follow Mr. Strong's advice with reference to exercising the attention.

Despairing of other methods of finding out

any thing about my fellow-pupil, I had recourse to Mrs. Strong. I boldly asked her who the young lady was, what kind of a lady she was, what she intended to do, and other questions, prompted by a laudable curiosity and desire for knowledge. She answered all my questions without hesitation, and in the most satisfactory manner. I learned that the name of the original of my photograph was Julia Hale; that she was an orphan without any relatives; that she lived with Mrs. Woodman, an invalid of limited means, and spent most of her time in taking care of her; that she redeemed a little time for study; that Mr. Strong was her teacher, and regarded her as possessed of one of the finest minds he had ever known; that she was pursuing her studies for the purpose of becoming a teacher. Encouraged by Mrs. Strong's frankness, I ventured to ask her to invite Miss Hale to tea that I might see her. She expressed a willingness to do so, but assured me that Julia was too bashful to accept the invitation.

The parsonage began to be enlivened with frequent calls from young ladies, some of whom staid to tea. Fortunately for me they never happened to call during my recitation and study hours. I began to receive invitations to social gatherings, and though sorely loath to leave my books I always went, in hopes of meeting my fellow-pupil. I met her once or twice, and exchanged a few words with her. They were very commonplace, but produced evident embarrassment on her part and mine. I noticed that, notwithstanding her beauty, she was not the object of much attention. Her dress, though neat, was very plain and inexpensive even for those times.

One day Mrs. Strong invited me to take a walk with her. She gave me a basket to carry, and led me to the house occupied by the widow with whom Julia lived. Julia came to the door in her working dress—a very plain one indeed. She blushed a deeper blush than I ever saw before. I put out my hand. She could not refuse to extend hers. I fear, if the truth was known, that it received a stronger pressure than it had ever received before—a pressure that did not seem to have the effect of restoring the circulation to its normal condition.

I was soon after invited to a large party at Squire Green's. He was the great man of Hixbury, and his two daughters stood at the head of society. I looked in vain for Miss Hale. She was not present, and I heard a remark made to the effect that she had not been invited. Miss Melissa Green had said they must stop somewhere, and if they included Miss Hale they must include every body—a

very improper thing to do in a democratic land. While the Misses Green were doing their best to entertain "the collegian," a sudden impulse seized me to leave the party and call on Miss Hale. It was with great difficulty that I avoided being detained by force, but I succeeded in making my escape, and was soon at Mrs. Woodward's door. Julia answered my knock, and received me with less embarrassment probably than if Mrs. Strong had been with me, and with a smile which I immediately photographed and have kept to this day. I spent an hour with her. We did not talk a great deal. We were not at all sentimental. We were not literary, but we enjoyed each other's society. The next day I asked Mrs. Strong if she thought Mr. Strong would have any objection to my calling occasionally on Miss Hale. She thought not, provided I did not neglect my studies. Accordingly I took occasion to call the next evening, and very soon "occasionally" came to mean every evening. My lessons were not neglected, though the contents of Mrs. Strong's candle-box diminished more rapidly than previously. I do not think she thought it worth while to mention it to Mr. Strong.

My three months were at an end. I begged permission to remain to the end of the term. Mr. Strong said it was my duty to return to my class. I called to bid Julia good-by. I found great difficulty in stating the fact that I was to leave the place the next morning. When announced, the effect was much greater than I had anticipated. It was very late before I returned to Mr. Strong's that night. I had to answer a great many objections to a proposition made by me, and when they were answered, or the objections were silenced, I had still great difficulty in rising to go, and when I finally rose to go the difficulty was greatly increased by a pair of fair arms thrown around me, and the words "do n't leave me," soon connected by "do n't forget me," whispered in my ear. I returned to college. The students wondered at my cordial bearing toward Professor D. In truth, I liked him better than I liked any one in the Faculty.

Now you have had an account of my first experience. Was it my last? Yes. Julia is still me, me—in an enlarged and improved edition. She still bears a wonderful resemblance to the photograph taken forty years ago.

EVERY act of self-denial will bring us its own reward with it, and make the next step in duty and in virtue easier and more pleasant than the former.

#### THE PEOPLE OF INDIA.

THE census of India, lately taken, shows that there is in that country a population of 212,671,621 souls—nearly six times as many people as there are in the United States. This vast aggregate of human life is very far from being, as is generally supposed by outsiders, a unity in race, language, religion, and customs. On the contrary, nowhere else will you find more diversity and antagonism—such sharply cut lines of distinction in all respects—as among that wonderful population over which the English standard waves in the gorgeous East, and which we call "British India."

The descendants of the original possessors of the soil no longer cultivate its fruitful plains; they must be sought for away in the depths of its vast forests and jungles or on its lofty mountains. Nearly 3,000 years ago the Hindoo people, then a beef-eating, liquor-drinking race of warriors, left the Valley of the Indus for the richer regions of the Ganges, and driving the feeble aborigines before them, seized their broad lands and made them their own forever. Wealth and ease brought enervation, and when, eight hundred years ago, the conquering hordes of the Moslem came pouring through the Hindoo Koosh, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, they saw themselves confronted by a population more numerous than they had ever before faced in any land which their crescent had overrun. Adapting themselves to circumstances, where their usual alternative was impracticable, they took those Hindoo kingdoms in detail and contented themselves with a nominal subjugation and a yearly tribute from each, instead of their usual policy of enforcing conversion to their creed at the sword's point. The "mild Hindoo" showed too plainly to his conqueror that perseverance in this attempt would involve annihilation to one party or the other, so the Mohammedan had to abate his iconoclastic rage and content himself with the milder trophies of holding and governing the fairest and wealthiest empire which this creed has ever conquered.

By making almost a monopoly of education, and putting his own creatures into the positions of trust and power, while the Hindoo was kept to the cultivation of the soil and the duties of trade and labor, the Mohammedan foreigner made up in good measure during the seven hundred years of his despotic rule for the disparity of numbers; and so a feeble minority controlled the Hindoo races during those long centuries from the time of William the Con-

queror till Clive fought the battle of Plassy in 1756, and thus struck the first great prop from beneath the Mogul throne.

During all this long period the Hindoos and Mohammedans maintained their diversity, and with a mutual distrust and hatred, that never ceased even for a day, they were as far as ever from any unity or amalgamation when England entered the country, as they were when Mahmoud, of Ghizni, first conquered Delhi from its Hindoo sovereign. While the nations of Europe tended to unity, and fused their tribes and clans into homogeneous peoples who came to glory in a common faith and father-land—there stood those hundreds of millions of hostile men, and while age after age went by, their sharp outlines of race, religion, language, and nationality were as distinct and keen as ever. To-day in India you see the difference they have so jealously and so long maintained, in the very physique, the dress, the faith, and the phraseology of the passer-by.

The diversity of race is shown in the presence of the Coles, the Tats, the Santhals, the Tartars, the Shanars, the Mairs, the Karens, the Afghans, the Paharees, the Bheels. In religion we have the Mohammedans, the Hindoos, the Budhists, the Jains, the Parsees, the Pagans, the Christians; while in nationality, there are the Bengalees, the Kohillas, the Burmans, the Mahrattas, the Seikhs, the Telugoos, the Karens, and many others.

India is thus a *congregation of nations*, a crowd of civilizations, customs, languages, and types of humanity thrown together with no tendency to homogeneity until an external civilization and a foreign faith shall make unity and common interest possible by educating and Christianizing them.

We are now able to present the nearest approximation ever made to the real numbers of these wonderful people, from a census taken by the English Government last year, and from the further aid of missionary reports and other authorities, which enable us to furnish the most recent and reliable civil and religious statistics of the Indian Empire. A few items are necessarily approximations, but they come as near to accuracy as is now possible.

India has an area of 1,577,698 square miles; it extends nearly 2,000 miles from north to south, and 1,900 from east to west. Her annual imports and exports amount to \$577,000,000, her tonnage to 4,268,666 tons, and her revenue to \$249,646,040, all gold. The country is divided into British districts, 221, and feudatory States, 153, with a population of 212,671,621.

The average density of this population to the square mile is 135 persons. But in Oude and Rohilcund—the mission field of the Methodist Episcopal Church—the density is 474 and 361 respectively, and is, therefore, the most compact population in the world—England having 347 and the United States only 26 persons to the square mile.

As to race, this vast multitude of men is divided as follows:

The English Army.....	58,000
Europeans and Americans—civil, mercantile, and commercial life.....	89,585
Eurasiacs—the mixed race.....	40,789
Asiatics.....	212,483,247

In religion the native population is distributed, as nearly as we can approximate them, into

Parsees.....	150,000
Jains—Heterodox Budhists.....	412,000
Protestant Christians.....	450,000
Roman Catholics.....	878,961
Karens—in British Burmah.....	500,000
Budhists—in British Burmah and Ceylon.....	2,230,000
Seikhs—in the Punjaub.....	2,000,000
Aboriginals and Outcasts.....	11,000,000
Mohammedans.....	35,000,000
Hindoos.....	179,000,000

There are a few Jews, Chinese, Portuguese, French, Americans, Nestorians, and others in the land, but of these we make no mention here.

The vastness of this wonderful country may be further illustrated by the amazing number of languages spoken throughout its wide extent; and it must be remembered that these are living languages, separate and distinct from each other, so that even the characters of their alphabets have no similarity, no more than the Greek letter has to the Roman. Nor do I include dialects of tongues or languages of limited and local use, but only those which are well known and extensively employed. Of such there are not less than *twenty-three* languages spoken in the various provinces of India. They are, 1. The Urdee—the Hindoostanee proper—the French of India, the language of the Mohammedans, of trade, etc.; 2. The Bengalee, spoken in Bengal and eastward; 3. The Hindee, used in Oude, Rohilcund, Rajpootana, Bundlecund, and Malwah; 4. The Punjabee, in the great Indus Valley; 5. The Pushtoo, in Peshawer and the far west; 6. The Sindhee, in the Cis-Sutlej States and Sinde; 7. The Guzerattee, in Guzerat and by the Parsees; 8. The Cutchee, in Cutch; 9. Cashmerian, in Cashmere; 10. Nepaulese, in Nepaul; 11. Bhate, in Bootan; 12. Assamese, in Assam; 13 and 14. Burmese and Karen, in Burmah and Pegu; 15. The Singhalese, in Ceylon; 16. The Malayalim, in Travancore and Cochin; 17. The Tamul, from Madras to Cape Comorin; 18. The Canarese, in Mysore and Coorg; 19. The Telooogo, in Hyderabad and thence to the east shore; 20. The Oorya, in Orissa; 21. Cole and





HINDOOS.

Gond, in Berar; 22. Mahratta, in Bombay, Nagpore, and Gwalior; and, 23. The Khassiga, in the north-east. Add the English and there are *twenty-four living languages* ostensibly spoken in India to-day! Nor is this all—the great classics of the leading tongues, the ancient Pali, the Sanscrit, the Persian, and the Arabic, are studied and used by the scholarship of India, because they hold the venerable treasures of their voluminous literature, and are as important to their faiths as sacred Greek is to Christianity.

Compare India with Europe, leaving out Russia, and she has more states, more languages, and more people. The principal tongues of Europe are the English, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, German, Russ, Polish, Turkish, Greek, Dutch, Danish, Swede, Norwegian, and Finn—fifteen. There are—according to the census of 1861, in Europe, fifty-two states, fifteen languages, and 198,014,432 people; in India three hundred and seventy-four states, twenty-three languages, and 212,483,247 people, giving India more states, languages, and population than all the great Western nations combined!

To understand India, what she is, and what was the force and importance of her great

Sepoy Rebellion, and what will probably be her relation to Christianity and to that splendid future which awaits her, the reader needs to understand and bear these facts in mind.

In original race the Hindoos are beyond question Caucasian, and closely allied to the Celts, who first populated the British Isles. Their features and forms are as regular as our own. Indeed, the pure Hindoo has a fine mold, a beautifully chiseled head and face, and a well-shaped nose. He must have been originally white, for, in addition to his origin, we have the statement of his sacred books that his god Indra, after expelling the indigenous barbarians, "bestowed the fields on his *white-complexioned* friends."

Of course, his southern migration from his native Caucasian mountains, his peculiar mode of life, and the character of his food have made changes from the original type, and added a shade to his complexion; and this is equally true of the foreigner who followed him to India long afterward, the large-boned, hard-featured, and more massive Moslem. In speaking of India we may consider the Hindoo and the Mohammedan as representing the inhabitants, the others being too insignificant in numbers to influence the aspects or conditions of society.

In color now the people of India are nearer to the Arabians than to any other race that I had the opportunity of seeing—a warm olive color, with black hair and eyes, and regular features. The ladies are usually a shade lighter than the men, and those of high rank pride themselves upon their approximation to a fair complexion. There are said to be rare instances of real beauty in some of those zenana homes, the eye, the face, the form having a delicacy and harmony of the richest character, and all set off to the fullest perfection that dress, and jewelry, and elegant movement can add to the personal graces of the fair lady. If to these charms the light of education and the sanctity of a saving faith were added, India's daughters might well compare with the highest types of womanly loveliness on earth.

In size the people of India are somewhat below the Anglo-Saxon stature. This is especially true of the female portion, and is partly accounted for by their early marriages, which give their women no chance for development ere the cares of housekeeping and maternity

are laid upon their youthful and delicate frames. The men make a better exhibit. To assist the reader in forming an idea of their appearance I have had two photographs engraved, one presenting the appearance of the Hindoos, and the other the Mohammedans.

The group first shown are Hindoos—a teacher with pupils around him in the usual methods of instruction. The clothing is scant according to our ideas, the chin is shaven, and the usual mode of sitting—in a land where they discard all chairs and sofas as artificial—is that here represented. The teacher, being a professional man, has his head uncovered. The "pagree" on the heads of the others, like Oliver Goldsmith's bureau bedstead, is required

"A double part to play,"

being a turban for the head by day, and a sheet to cover the whole body at night. For this latter purpose it is usually sufficient, as the object sought is not warmth, but protection from the mosquitoes and the light of the moon. They dread the rays of the moon on an uncovered



MOHAMMEDANS.

head or face, believing that it exposes them to lunacy.

The other group are Mohammedans. The reader sees at once a difference of race here; not the mild, submissive-looking Hindoo, but the self-asserting, turbulent, and fanatical Mohammedan. He religiously preserves his head and face from the razor, and his drapery is more abundant. These three men are "Mouleries," of Rohilcund, and are just such men as those whom our missionaries have to meet and answer in the bazaars—men full of craft and logical subtilty, who hold women to be not only their natural inferiors, but who dare to teach that they are essentially vicious, and, as such, that education would not only be thrown away, but that it would become a weapon of mischief in their hands, and should, therefore, be kept out of their reach. But, in heaven's great mercy to those whom they have thus long crushed down so systematically, while men like these thus sit and argue over their Koran, modern India has begun to move without them, and they are in danger of finding themselves and their vile principles and prejudices left behind in the march of her progress and the redemption and elevation of her daughters.

The dress of both races is loose, flowing, and light, adapted to the climate, and allowing the freest use of the limbs. The usual color is white, save what is added for full dress or ornament on special occasions, or what may be requisite in the cooler season for warmth. The wealthy classes manifest considerable taste in the arrangement of their robes, and delight to set themselves off to the best advantage. In the opinion of the writer there is no costume anywhere that will do more justice to a splendid face and form than that preferred by the Hindoo gentry. "Christian" dress would be no improvement to them in any respect. One of the most charming sights of the future will be to see a Christian congregation of ladies and gentlemen in India dressed in the simple and elegant, "clean and white" robes of their country, with their brilliant black eyes and graceful forms and countenances made radiant with the light and loveliness of personal sanctification and joy. "Haste, happy day!"

The people of India are very fond of titles, are punctilious to the last degree as to points of precedence, and they manifest an external courtesy probably in excess of all other people. Nawab and Rajah are titles equivalent, the former being a Mohammedan and the latter a Hindoo title. They both express kingship, though often applied to those who are merely nobles or chiefs. Maha—great—is usually

prefixed to Rajah when a reigning sovereign, either protected or semi-independent, is designated. Among the middle class of society we meet the title Lalla, which is applied to men of the Bemyahs and Writer castes, and to Brahmins who know only Hindee. Those Brahmins who add a knowledge of Sanscrit have the title of Pundit. Those who know and teach Persian, usually Mohammedans, are called Moonshes. Those who are acquainted with English and act as English writers are called Baboos. Indeed, this term is applied to most respectable natives in Bengal, and is somewhat equivalent to our English "Esquire."

Their acts of courtesy toward all whom they consider their superiors, religious or civil, are constant and highly deferential, and some of its forms are really very impressive and beautiful. If "the high soul of courtesy" were only associated with these utterances and elegant movements the intercourse of society there would be simply perfection. But the value of courtesy is not to be measured by its expression to those deemed our superiors. The genuine virtue is seen rather in our kindly conduct toward those below us in position. How superior to Hindooism is that divine rule of Christian courtesy—"condescend to men of low estate!" How far they seem from comprehending that self-forgetfulness and sweet simplicity of "humbling himself as a little child," or that dignity of service where, after the example of the Master and Lord, we would willingly "wash one another's feet!" But this is the genuine gentility of the heart, a creation of Christianity, and one of its most blessed peculiarities.

The character of the people of India, notwithstanding all that may be said in its favor under this aspect of courtesy of language and action, and what may be, and no doubt is, mild and tender in its domestic life, exhibits too painful evidence that it is not what it seems to be. "The mild Hindoo," under which aspect he was represented to our fathers before honest and candid men had an opportunity of judging his real nature, no longer misleads the opinion of the world.

The essential cruelty and heartless indifference of the system, even of its earliest history, is too plainly seen in the sanguinary penalties of Menu's ancient code, characterized by Sir William Jones, the translator of the Institutes, and a very lenient critic, who remarks: "The punishments of the Hindoos are partial and fanciful—for some crimes dreadfully cruel, for others reprehensibly slight." Their doctrine of retaliation as a rule of punishment, and their practice of mutilation, of which I have

seen some fearful examples in India; the inhumanity of their judicial and military proceedings; their utter absence of institutions for the relief of the tens of thousands of the lame, and blind, and the lepers who infest their highways; their legalized infanticide and suttee; their deified crime; their treatment of woman; the hellish deeds of "the Sepoy Rebellion"—all exhibit the tiger nature beneath that plausible exterior, which would not turn back or relent at the sight of blood or the spectacle of horrible atrocities.

The character that is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good works, without partiality and without hypocrisy," is formed only by a religion that "is from above," and that religion and the character it creates the Hindoo much requires, and by Heaven's mercy will yet receive, and then his admirable external courtesy will be the expression of his inward soul as it yields to the heavenly impulse to love and "honor all men."

I have frequently been questioned in regard to the duration of life in India—whether the men and women are long lived, etc. Such questions are not easily answered, vital statistics being hard to obtain and imperfect at best. Any thing in the shape of a census is abhorred by the people, not only because they fear that the requisition for the figures may intimate some new form of taxation, but more especially because they resent all questions that refer to the inmates of their dwellings, and wonder what concern it can be to the Government what may be the names or ages of their wives and children. Of course the more enlightened are above these wretched prejudices, and are willing to aid the English magistrates to obtain the requisite facts.

My impression is that the women of India are short lived. The disadvantages at which they are placed must tell upon them. Womanhood is so cheap there, the system of social life so exacting, and their miserable ignorance and prejudices in regard to accepting medical aid from one of the other sex so inveterate, that the ladies of that land must be used up very fast, and it is very likely that there are but few of them that ever reach a hearty old age.

The men have a much better chance, and we often see venerable old gentlemen sitting together as "elders" of their towns and villages. To the credit of the Hindoos it must be allowed that they pay great deference to age and office, and their old men receive much respect. If true religion were added to their gray heads and long, white beards, what "a crown of glory" would many of them wear! Yet, after

all, in view of the immense population of the country, I think the death rate is high in India among both sexes, and that but few of them see length of days. The piety that would promote soundness of mind and physical purity, sanitary regulations, and measures to avert and mitigate disease and epidemics, that would ameliorate their home life and elevate their personal habits, and bring in intelligence and science to improve and bless them by a perpetual deliverance from the anxiety and care of caste food and cooking, and sanction their enjoyment of the wider range of nourishment which God has provided for them—all would tend to their health, development, and enjoyment, and by consequence promote their longevity.

The Hindoo chronology and divisions of time are very singular and even whimsical. They hold to four great ages of the world called Yugs. Each of these Yugs is inferior to its immediate predecessor in power, virtue, and happiness. These divisions are denominated the Satya, the Treta, Dwarper, and Kali Yugs, whose united length amounts to the prodigious extent of 4,320,000 years. Yet this sum of the ages is but a Kalpa, or one "Day of Brahma," at the end of which this sleepy deity wakes up to find the universe destroyed, and which he has then to reconstruct anew for another "Day" ere he again goes to sleep. The Satya Yug, they tell us, lasted 1,728,000 years, and was the age of truth—the golden age—during which the whole race was virtuous, and men lived to be 100,000 years old, and attained the stature of "twenty-one cubits"—thirty-seven feet—in height. The Treta Yug lasted 1,296,000 years—this was the silver age, using the same figures as the Greek and Roman poets—during which one-third of the race became corrupt, the human stature was lowered, and its life shortened to 10,000 years. The Dwarper Yug extended to only 864,000 years—their brazen age—when fully one-half the race degenerated, and their height was brought down further, and their lives limited to 1,000 years. The Kali Yug is the one in which we now live, and is regarded by them as the last—the iron age—in which mankind has become totally depraved, and their stature reduced to six feet, and their life limited to one hundred years. This Yug, according to them, began 4,950 years ago, and is to last exactly 427,050 years longer, which will close this Kalpa or "Day of Brahma."

They assert that one patriarch called Satyavata, or Vaivaswata, had an existence running the whole period of the Satya Yug—1,728,000 years—that he escaped with his family from a

universal deluge which destroyed the rest of mankind. He is regarded by Indian archæologists as being the same person as the seventh Menu, so that Colonel Tod remarks, in his "Annals of Rajasthan," that all the oldest traditions "appear to point to one spot, and to one individual in the early history of mankind, when the Hindoos and the Greeks approach a common focus; for there is little doubt that Adnath, Adismard, Osiris, Baghes, Bacchus, Menu, Menes, designate the patriarch of mankind, Noah."

The "Night of Brahma" is held to be of equal length with his "Day," and that in the life of Brahma there are 36,000 such nights and days. At the end of each "Day" there is a partial destruction of the universe, and a reconstruction of it at the close of each "Night." During this long night sun, moon, and stars are shrouded in gloom; ceaseless torrents of rain pour down; the waves of the ocean, agitated with mighty tempests, rise to a prodigious height. The seven lower worlds, as well as this earth, are all submerged. In the midst of this darkness and ruin, and in the center of this tremendous abyss, Brahma reposes in mysterious slumber upon the serpent Ananta on eternity. Meanwhile the wicked inhabitants of all worlds utterly perish. At length the long "Night" ends, Brahma awakes, the darkness is instantly dispelled, and the universe returns to its pristine order and beauty.

This amazing chronology further states that when these 36,000 "Days" and "Nights"—each of them 4,320,000 solar years in duration—have run their course, Brahma himself shall then expire amid the utter annihilation of the universe, or its absorption into the essence of Brahm. This they call a Maha-Pralaya, or great destruction. After this Brahm—the original spirit—who had reposed during the whole duration of the creation's existence, awakes again, and from him another manifestation of the universe takes place, all things being reproduced as before, and Brahma, the creator, commencing a new existence; each creation being co-extensive with the life of Brahma and lasting over three hundred billions of years—311,140,000,000 years. The people of India believe that thus it has been during the past eternity, and thus it will continue to be in the eternity that is to come, an alternating succession of manifestations and annihilations of the universe at regular intervals of this inconceivable length.

Trevor has remarked that the present age—the Kali Yug—being 432,000 years, the other three Yugs are found simply by multiplying that number by two, three, and four respectively.

The number itself is the title of the sum total of the four Yugs. The "divine year" being computed, like the prophetic, at "a year for a day"—counting 360 days to the year—is equal to 360 ordinary years; and these multiplied by the perfect number, 12,000, make 4,320,000 years, the sum of the ages, and a Kalpa or "Day of Brahma."

He supposes that, as this chronology is too absurd for literal reception, it must have been originally designed to express a sort of arithmetical allegory expressing the character rather than the duration of the periods referred to; while the descending ratios of 100,000, 10,000, 1,000, and 100 may indicate only the gradual shortening of the term of human life since the creation of man, as the corresponding proportions of the virtuous and the vicious denote the spread of moral evil, till in the present age "they are altogether become filthy." This theory I leave to the learned reader, having introduced the topic chiefly to illustrate the mental characteristics of the people of India, and to show into what vagaries the human intellect, albeit highly cultivated and subtle, can be drawn in the day-dreams of a people on whom the light of revelation never dawned. "Professing themselves to be wise they became fools" indeed.

Their divisions of time are singular: 18 Nimeshas (twinklings of the eye) are equal to 1 Kashta; 30 Kashtas, to 1 Kala; 30 Kalas (48 of our minutes), to 1 Muhurta; 30 Muhurtas, to 1 day and night; 1 month of men, to 1 day and night of the Pitris (ancestors); 1 year of men, to 1 day and night of the gods. The Hindoos have 4 watches in the day and the same in the night; these are called *pahars*, and are 3 hours long, the first commencing at 6 o'clock morning. The day and night together are also divided into 60 smaller portions called *gharees*, so that each of the 8 Pahars consist of 7 1-2 *gharees*. They have 12 months in the year, each month having 30 days. Half the month, when the moon shines, is called *Oojeala pakh*, and the other half, which is dark, they call *Audhera pakh*, and these distinctions they recognize in writing and dating their letters. They count their era from the reign of Bikurmaditt, one of their greatest and best kings, the present year of their era being the 1,934. The Mohammedans date their era from the Hegira, or flight of Mohammed from Mecca, which took place in A. D. 622; this is therefore their 1,249th year. Both of these will yet give way when they receive the faith of Jesus, which will lead them henceforth and forever to date, as we do, from the year of our Lord Christ.

## SUNLIGHT, STARLIGHT, AND CLOUD.

THE word "nature," signifying "about to be born," suggests to every thoughtful student something beyond the veil of sense and sight. Every thing around us is awaiting a natal hour, in which there shall come forth to the sincere soul some truth, absolute and eternal. To this bright consummation revelation helps the heart, and fills the world with the beauty and excellency of God. The problem of "the restitution of all things," is well-nigh solved when the humble and contrite heart looks up into the heavens and out upon the earth, and appreciates their mystic lessons. As Keble has put it in the *Christian Year*:

"Two worlds are ours; 't is only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee every-where."

In taking up, therefore, the subject of *Sunlight, Starlight, and Cloud*, we will not content ourselves with what is "seen and temporal," but go on, as far as Scripture shall enable us, to the unseen and the eternal. We will not content ourselves with the *sunlight*, be it ever so brilliant and captivating, whether seen in the day, as it pours its flood of glory over the world; or, seen reflected as moonlight in the night-watches; we will not content ourselves with the *starlight*, and all its golden beauty, the jewelry of a far-off home; we will not content ourselves with the *clouds*, whether lying in their countless "flocks" around the shepherd-sun, or, receiving on their "fiery flanks," the too fierce rays that are darted down to earth, and might endanger man; or, blackening the whole heaven, and covering as with a pall man's dark and gloomy spirit; or, in the breathings of departing day, when, like shadowy coursers, they become long and fleet, fleeing away to the crimsoned west; we will not content ourselves with such visions only, but ask what such visions are designed to teach? Is there any thing beyond the sunlight to which it, as a good angel, is intended to lead us? Is there any consolation beyond the twinkling stars? Is there any lesson in the cloud-flocks, and cloud-palaces, and cloud-gloom, which the spirit should descry?

The purpose, then, of this paper, is to present a few analogies from the firmament, a few of those spiritual lessons which may be read by all in the glories of the sky. It will be expedient, before entering upon them, however, to

have a clear conception of the symbolic significance of all these celestial objects, so that in cases where the lesson is a compound one, it may be at once appreciated.

Now, the *Sun* is taken in Scripture as the symbol of Jesus Christ. One or two passages will prove this: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." In prophecy, again, he is spoken of as the Sun of Righteousness: "But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." In apocalyptic vision, also, it is said of him, "His countenance is as the sun shineth in his strength." John viii, 12; Matt. iv, 2; Rev. i, 16. The *sunlight*, consequently, is a symbol of the light which Jesus sheds upon darkened man—"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." Psalm lxxxix, 15.

But the sunlight has a nightly manifestation; moonlight, as science teaches, is but the sun's reflected splendor. We might expect, accordingly, that in the sacred symbolism, the moon will be regarded as the emblem of the Church, or the individual believer, receiving light from Christ, and reflecting it upon a darkened world. And so it is; for Scripture speaks of the Church, and by consequence of the believer, as "fair as the moon." Song of Sol. iv, 10.

The *starlight*, again, has a similar significance. Stars are symbols of the good and true, who seek to light their fellow-men home to God. Hence it is said, that in the right hand of Christ are seven stars—Rev. i, 16—which are the symbols, according to the context, of ministers; while again the idea seems extended to all who labor to save souls: for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Daniel xii, 3. The starlight, consequently, is the symbol of the light which the true and the good are ceaselessly shedding, by their holy lives, upon the darkness of the world, "until the day dawn and the day-star arises."

While the *clouds* symbolize whatever interposes itself between men and the heavenly lights, either in the way of *mercy*, as a shelter from excessive brilliancy and heat, as when God is represented as spreading "a cloud for a covering," as well as the fire to give light in the night—Psalm cv, 39—and which we shall see was a symbol of our Lord's humanity; or, in the way of *judgment*, in which case the clouds are symbols of our sins and God's wrath—"Your iniquities have separated between you

and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." Isa. lix, 2.

We are now in possession of the keys of our analogies, so that we can open the doors and pass on. And truly it is to enchanted chambers that they lead us, chambers not built or furnished by common hands, for he that built these things is God. We shall begin with the sunlight:

1. The sunlight is *constantly passing down to earth*. The tide of light is ever on the flow, it never for one moment ebbs:

"An endless sea,  
That flows but ebbs not, breaking on the shore  
Of this dark earth with never-ceasing wave."

*Bonar's Hymns, Vol. I.*

And though we do not always enjoy his beams, because cloud or earth may intercept them, we feel that the sun has not ceased to shine, but that he is bright as ever beyond the clouds, or the western hills, and is in fact a ceaseless worker. And is not this to teach us about the better Sun which has arisen upon darkened souls? Christ's beams, so joy-inspiring, are constantly darting down to man. He is ever shining; and it is because we allow the earth to turn us away from him, because we allow the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches, to rise like thick clouds above us, that we miss his light and our own personal joy.

2. The sunlight *respects not persons*. It shines alike on prince and peasant. It is as gay in the corner of a cottage, as in the corridors of a palace. It is as willing to paint with heaven's own beauty, the wild flowers in the woods, or the geranium in the workman's window, as the camellias and other exotics in the conservatories of a queen. It enlivens the lark, as he rises with the dew on his breast, until he becomes a sightless song, just as gladly as the eagle that soars nearer to the sun. And if a stone or other shade, cast carelessly by man, prevent a tiny flower from becoming strong in the sunlight, we are accustomed to lay the blame where it is due, we never think of blaming the constant sun.

And is not this to teach us that the better Sun, Jesus Christ, is in his shining no respecter of persons either? On poor as well as rich, on Pagan, and Papist, and Protestant he shines. Wave after wave of light is laving our very feet. And if in such circumstances some do not profit by his beams, denying them to themselves, or denied them by the malice, or cunning, or indifference of others, surely we shall not dare to say there is any respect of persons with the Lord! Shall we not rather read in the book of nature the same words as are given us in

revelation: "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life?"

3. The sunlight is *ever silent*. There is no blowing of trumpets at sunrise, no brag, no advertisement; conscious of power, and with excellent dignity, the orb of day steals over the eastern hills and enters his empire. He is robed in unostentatious power—God's protest daily against noisy, boastful, and ambitious man!

And is not the silence of the light to teach us about Him whose voice was not heard in the streets, who did not strive nor cry? about him whose work was done so meekly, silently, unostentatiously, the entire contrast to the sensationalism of his own and every succeeding age? Yes, and it is to teach us about a "kingdom that cometh not with observation," that steals silently over human hearts, like "the gathering moss," and to which, if we ourselves belong, we will always prove faithful and true in doing our work, not in and for the world's eye, not with music and loud-sounding timbrel, but in and for the eye of the great Task-master, and amid the unheeded music of the spheres! It is not the loudest worker that is the best; the greatest work has been done in the silence, and its history written only in the book of the Lord's remembrance!

4. The sunlight again is *the source of all earthly power*. It is now generally admitted that power comes from the sun; that the heat which now drives our railways, our mills, our ocean steamers, is nothing but warm sunlight which has been treasured up for ages in the trees of the early time, which now compose our invaluable coal-beds. In fact, coal may be regarded as embodied sunbeams, as an imperial "savings-bank," where the superfluous riches of the distant past have been treasured to meet the exigencies of to-day.

And is this not to teach us that every particle of spiritual life and heat that the Church now enjoys, came originally from Him who is the Sun of Righteousness? What are the books of the mighty dead, whose warm and illuminating thoughts are cheering the Church in the sojourn below? Are they not the spiritual coal-beds out of which our mining ministers, and Sabbath-school teachers and students, are extracting what is needful to enlighten present darkness, and keep out the cold? And whence did the thought come to these mighty men, which they have thus treasured up for us? It came, so far as it was heavenly and eternal, from Jesus Christ; their sunlight has thus become ours. And if we have got directly any sunlight ourselves that might illumine or warm

others who may follow us, we are bound, according to our opportunity, to treasure it up and bequeath it to them. But in all these things the one lesson is what the Lord taught the disciples—"without me ye can do nothing."

5. The sunlight, again, is *ever pure*. It may expose to view earth's crimes, pollutions, miseries, but it is never tainted by them. It may light up the battle-field, with all its horrible carnage; the gaming-table, with all its unholy excitement; the house of infamy, where creatures made in the Divine image show themselves to be worse than the beasts that perish, yet it is pure and unsullied all the while. It may show, but it never contracts, defilement.

And is this not to teach us about Christ—how he passed through temptation scatheless; how he had converse with even publicans and harlots, and yet came uninjured out of it; how he tabernacled for better than thirty years with sin, living in Nazareth for the most part, a perfect citadel of crime, and yet was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; how all he did was to show to men their sin by his own pure sinlessness, and point them to a better and happier way?

We pass now to *Moonlight*, which, we have seen, is only reflected sunlight, and to the lessons it is designed to teach. The moon, it will be remembered, is the symbol of the Church, or the individual believer, and the moonlight consequently of the light shed upon the world by the individual believer, or by the collective body, the Church. We are now leaving the day for the "beauteous, mystic night," and all its "moon-lit mysteries."

1. The moonlight is *variable*. We all know more or less about the moon's *phases*—how she passes from the little rim of light on through her quarters till she is full, and then steadily wanes until she is dark again. There is no such constancy about the moonlight as we have with the sunlight. The natural darkness of the moon blends almost always with the light from the sun, giving but an imperfect reflection to the earth, so that when we read about the "lesser light to rule the night," we begin to note that hers is at best but an imperfect reign.

And is this not intended symbolically to teach us at once the imperfection of Churches and of individual believers? There is in the Church variability, "the shadow," most assuredly, "of turning." There has not been "full moon" always in the spiritual firmament, but the glory of one age of the Church has been followed by the darkness of the next. There has not been the constant, steady shining; the night has been

often darker than it need have been, but for sinful man. We have only to consult Church history to make this lesson plain.

But to turn to the variability of the individual believer for a little, there are one or two points of interest that demand attention. The moon, it must be remembered, is sometimes only *apparently dark*. Lying between the earth and the sun, one side is really light, but it is not the earthward side. This is the case just before new moon. And does this not suggest to us the thought, that a believer may be bathed in the sunlight of a present heaven, while the world may know nothing of it? Oftentimes when bereavement, for example, comes upon a child of God, the world imagines that all is dark and desolate in the tried spirit, whereas behind the mourning there may be a serenity, and light, and peace, passing all understanding. Like the pillar of cloud, he is darkness to the Egyptians, but a fiery, cheerful light to the eyes that are watching from afar.

Yet there is a *real* darkness attaching to the moon, which has its counterpart in the Christian life, when the earth comes right between the sun and the moon, and the latter suffers a "total eclipse." And is this not to teach that if, as believers, we allow the earth and the concerns of it to get in between us and him who is the Sun of Righteousness, then gloom and misery must be the result? "The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches" will, if we are not watchful, cast their dark shadow over our spirits, and shut out the cheering beams of the better Sun.

But even when the Christian is not in darkness, the light he sheds upon the world is variable in the extreme. He waxes and wanes most curiously. To-day, perhaps, he is all radiant with holy joy, his face shining like that of an angel, while to-morrow it will most likely be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" and care, while the day after, all may be bright once more. Such changes, while undesirable and to be avoided, should not surprise us.

2. The moonlight is *unsatisfying*. We accept it thankfully in the absence of the sun, but we rejoice always to think that it is prophetic of the day. The true relations of things can not in all cases be then perceived; it is at best but a temporary expedient until the real light has risen. May not the rapture of lovers, in the pale moonlight, be due to its prophetic character? Does it not correspond thoroughly with their feeling, longing as they are for the bright and real day?

And is this not to teach us how *unsatisfying* all the holiness of the saints must prove apart



from that of Christ? There is a void left by all "hero worship; this light from mere man is moonlight at the very best; only the light from him who is God as well as man is fit to satisfy us; it is *sunlight* in which men may see light. "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

But there are nights without even this "pale moonlight," in which, however, there are other orbs greeting us from afar—

"To show through moonless skies that there is light in heaven."

From the sunlight and the moonlight, therefore, we are led to the *Starlight* and its lessons. And when we contemplate the stars, we can appreciate a great writer when he says, "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe, and adore, and preserve, for many generations, the remembrance of the city of God, which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile." Now "these envoys of beauty" are symbols, as we have seen, of those earnest workers, who, in the dark night of the world, seek to show to men on pilgrimage the path to the land of eternal promise. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

1. The starlight is *exquisitely blended*. Though made up of mere specks of light, there is harmony throughout the whole. Poets are constantly asking us to listen to the harmonies among the stars, "that each to other in its motion sings." They tell us of

"The chiming spheres  
By God's own finger touched to harmony."

And surely we would do well to learn the lesson of harmonious co-operation from them. One star differeth from another star in glory, yet each in its separate sphere doth "but fulfill the beauty of the whole." Sown by the Master-hand at creation over the azure field, each is in its fitting sphere, helpful and harmonious there. There is no conflict among them, no rivalry, no envy; all is earnest, loving, joyous harmony, every star blending with its mates to give to man the surpassing beauty.

And is not this to teach us that, as workmen for one Lord, we have all our starry sphere assigned us, and therefore need not and should not imagine that any other one can either occupy our place or interfere with our shining? In the firmament of mind, the stars are sown by the self-same hand as in the firmament of nature; and if one star differeth from another star in glory, shall minor stars complain and

aspire to be "the gayer, brighter thing that wantons near?" No, no; envy and jealousy amid the workmen, argue forgetfulness of the existence and arrangements of the Master. The countless myriads of stars have their sphere and their power given them. "He calleth all by their names," and not a star, tiny though it be, but has from him its place, its glory, its power. So is it with earnest workers now, so will it be in the resurrection of the dead.

2. The starlight is *universal*. England is not the only star-lit land: China, Africa, Hindostan, yea, all kingdoms and countries, not to speak of any sea, are lit up by similar glories to those that shine above us.

And is not this prophetic altogether? For when we think of many lands, in which there is a firmament of mind, where a few stars only are shining to give them light in the night—about one hundred missionaries, for instance, shining down upon China's four hundred millions—we begin to wonder and to fear what the issue of all this will be; but then should we not say to our doubting hearts, that such lands as China have as rich a *natural* starlight as we have ourselves, and that God will yet give them as rich a *spiritual* starlight; that ere the day dawns, every land will have its mental firmament as richly studded as its natural firmament, even with those destined to shine forever and ever?

3. The starlight is *steadily changing*. Some stars have disappeared in the memory of man, and the whole panorama is steadily, though almost imperceptibly, shifting. Our solar system is not a boat at anchor in an azure haven of perpetual rest; the anchor has been lifted long ago, and we are drifting slowly across the universe. Some of the stars have gone out of the field of vision, like the light of some sister ship that passes ours on the ocean. Or, they may have burned out, or changed rapidly their place, gone away to shine in some other part of the great universe of God. It is then perfectly possible; when we remember that some of the stars are so far away that the light has taken ages to travel to us; that some of these stars now seen by us, whose light is now entering our eyes, may be gone long ago to another sphere, in which they are now shining, watched, it may be, by earnest eyes, eyes not so "wild as ours."

And is not this to teach us about steady, ceaseless change in the firmament of the Church? Is it not to illustrate how stars in "the world of mind" are going out as far as our eyes are concerned—we shall see their face no more, only that they may shine in a brighter world; and

how some stars are shedding light in two spheres at once, their light still traveling down to us, while they themselves have begun their shining in the firmament of heaven?

4. The starlight follows the sunlight. Steadily from east to west, in "the track of the golden day," are the stars proceeding, following the sun most patiently, and marking his path with uncounted gold. And is this not to teach us that the only true stars in the firmament of life are those who are following him who is the Sun of Righteousness? Only then can we hope to lead others into the true and the joyful day.

5. The starlight is invisible during the day. We must not suppose that there are no stars during the day-time. Were we to descend a mine and look up the long dark shaft, we would see stars glittering in the day just as at night. But the sun has, with his superior glory, quenched their comparatively tiny light, so that we admire him only. As Herbert daintily expresses it—

"The sun still shineth there or here,  
Whereas the stars  
Watch an advantage to appear."

And is this not to teach us about the state of things in heaven, when the night of earth will be over, and everlasting day be come? Then shall all the stars of earth, these mighty, truthful men, pale their fires before the glory of the Sun of Righteousness. They shall still shine, yes, forever and ever, but their glory will be well-nigh lost in the glory that excelleth, the glory of Immanuel himself. "The Lamb is the light" of the heavenly city.

And now for a few thoughts about the Clouds that intercept the sunlight, moonlight, and starlight from our gaze.

1. Consider the "cloud-palaces." Borrowing the term, and some of the thoughts, from Mr. Ruskin, in his noble last volume of the *Modern Painters*, I wish at this point to give the subject of the clouds the spiritual significance to which I firmly believe it is entitled. Now, by cloud-palaces we are to understand not these dark and gloomy visitors which come like a pall over sun, moon, and stars, reminding us of judgment, but those clouds that flit over the sky as fair as the virgin snow, receiving upon their vaulted roofs the fierce rays of the Summer sun, and looking like marble palaces, only more lovely by far than any palace earth ever knew. And it is as well to notice in passing, that "the balancing of these clouds" has not yet been explained upon scientific grounds, but remains one of the secrets of the Great Architect, which his children have yet to unravel.

Of what are these palaces the symbol? A captive people once passed, we are told, through a great and howling wilderness to freedom and rest in Canaan; and while they marched under a burning sun God, we are told, "spread a cloud for a covering, and fire to give light in the night." The meaning of this evidently is, that the Shekinah cloud spread itself over the mighty host, so that they were not overpowered by the heat. That pillar of cloud and fire, cloud without, visible alone in the day; fire within, glaring out in the night, was, as we know, the symbol of the Divine presence. But of what presence? A symbol of God as manifested to man; not, of course, a symbol of the invisible essence, in other words, a symbol of God manifest in the flesh. Are we not, then, warranted in concluding that the compound pillar—fire and cloud—was the symbol of the compound person who should afterward appear, the fire symbolizing the divinity, as the cloud the humanity, of the Lord Jesus Christ?

Hence the lesson of these cloud-palaces is clear. As they shelter us from the heat, and tone down the excess of brilliancy, they are emblems of the humanity of Christ, which at once revealed God to man, and sheltered him from his wrath. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." And so when we see these cloud-palaces, so exquisitely beautiful, fitting above us and gilded by the sun, we are to remember One who is fairer than the children of men, whom God hath blessed forever; and as these same clouds are "combed out" by the rude winds and finally disappear, we are to think of that same Jesus who was taken up from us into heaven, and who shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven!

2. Consider the cloud-gloom. We come now to consider those other clouds, dark, lurid, terrible, that often shut out from our vision the "kindly lights of heaven." Their history is plain: they rise out of the earth, they grow out of the oblations which the oceans, seas, and rivers, the pools, the lakes, and the moist earth offer to the sun. Sometimes they hang right over their birthplace; at other times they are wafted by the winds from some distant watery waste.

And does this not present to us symbolically the entire philosophy of Christian gloom? It may come through ourselves—that is, may be self-imposed. For, as an old writer says, "The brightest day hath its clouds, the purest gold its dross; the most refined soul hath some leess of corruption." The body may by its weakness

have sent up, like the damp earth, a cloud to obscure the better sun. Many a gloomy hour, in which we feel there is a cloud between us and Christ, is due, not to spiritual declension at all, but to bodily disorganization, and we may be worrying ourselves with a fruitless self-examination and analysis, when the gloom, the dark cloud, has really risen out of the clay.

But, again, the backslidings of Christians do project over the secret sun many dark clouds. A little sin, like the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which the prophet's servant saw from Carmel, rises in the spiritual firmament, and it soon grows until the whole heaven is black with clouds and wind. Our iniquities have separated between us and our God, and our sins have hid his face from us that he will not hear. We may have been allowing earth and the things of it to take a greater hold upon us than is meet, and so out of the soil of our own unholy hearts the black cloud has arisen.

Yet in such a case let us not despair. Nature gives symbolically the remedy as well as the evil. The Lord will, if we ask him, blot out as a thick cloud our transgressions, and as a cloud our sins. Isaiah xlv, 22. Now, how is a cloud dispelled? The wind rises, and, by its power, erases it from the face of the sky. And there is a wind that bloweth where it listeth, which will arise at the bidding of true prayer, and, blowing over the firmament of the soul, will cause all such shadows to flee away. By the Holy Spirit's gracious breathings we may all come out of the gloom of our backslidings into the peace and joy of unclouded day.

One other lesson from cloud-land. Dark clouds may be wafted over us, coming through no fault of ours. In other words, gloom may arise from affliction. The breath of God's Spirit may have blown the clouds of trial and distress over us, and we may imagine all these things are against us. But if we only wait the cloud will descend in blessing so abundant as to make up for all. "The Lord's favor is as a cloud of the latter rain;" yea, "he establishes the clouds above," and "by his knowledge the clouds drop down the dew." "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain." Prov. xvi, 15; viii, 28; iii, 20; Zech. x, 1. So grace may come through a cloud. It may not be amiss for us to pitch our tents, like true Israelites, under it, that we may receive the grace and guidance needful for an entrance into the promised land!

And so we have considered Sunlight, Starlight, and Cloud, and found some precious lessons in them. The El Dorado of truth is near

to every patient, thoughtful soul. Nature has myriad voices for her true children about the spiritual and lasting life. Let us never be deaf to them, and though some of her music, on account of our sin, must be plaintive and sad, yet if we take kindly to her teaching there will soon be other voices greeting us, voices "above the stars heard," and they are singing now, and will be singing when we happily join them, the song which none but the redeemed can sing—"Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth."

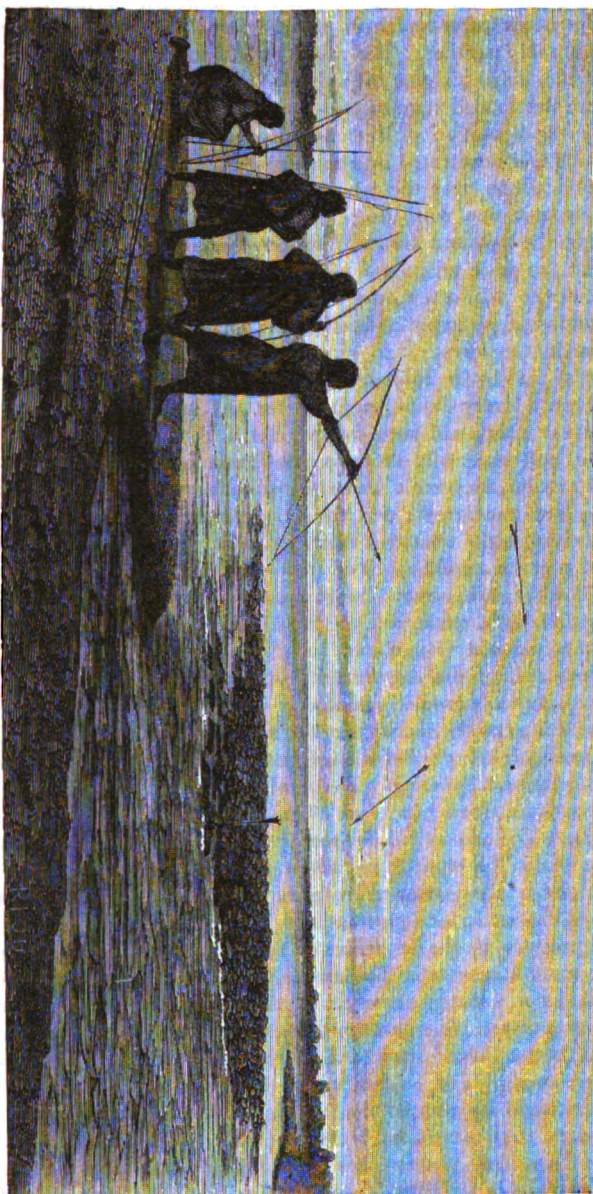
"THE CATTLE OF THE SOLIMOENS;"  
OR, THE FRESH-WATER TURTLE OF THE AMAZONS.

THE head-quarters of the large edible turtle of the Amazons lie in the upper part of the great river system which fills the equatorial plains of South America. In the lower course of the river, at least for five or six hundred miles from the mouth upward, where the stream, three to seven miles broad, flows rapidly down a broad valley hemmed in by hilly ranges, the turtle is met with but very rarely. When met with, it is only as a straggler from the upper river, and it does not deposit its eggs or assemble in great bodies. The same may be said of the great cayman—*Jacare nigra*—the manatee, and several of the larger fresh-water dolphins. All these large and remarkable aquatic animals are characteristic of the waters of the Upper Amazons, where the slower current and the countless sluggish back channels and chains of lakes form a domain well fitted for their development. The upper part of the great river flows through a nearly level plain, about a thousand miles in length from east to west, and four hundred miles in width from north to south. It may be said to commence on the eastern side, near the mouths of the Madeira and Rio Negro, and to extend to the foot of the Andes. Over the whole district the land is covered with a dense, impenetrable, and lofty forest; the slope is very gradual and slight from west to east, and still more slight in a transverse direction toward the main river. Owing to this, perhaps, and to the great and almost constant rain-fall, with diminished evaporation, the courses of the rivers are exceedingly winding, and the waters collect at intervals into sheets of water, with frequent areas, large as English counties, choked up with lux-

ariant marsh vegetation. In such a region, lying near the equator, with a high and uniform temperature—about 80° Fahrenheit—there is no cause for wonder at the abundance of large and strange forms of aquatic life. Of these the most useful to man is the large edible turtle.

This animal is of a tolerably regular oval form, measuring, when full grown, about three feet by two. Its upper or dorsal shell has very little convexity, and its legs are short; it is, therefore, unable to right itself when by force or accident it is thrown on its back. The horny covering of its shell is thin and of a dull blackish hue, and altogether it presents a very different appearance from the marine turtle, so much prized by our city *gastronomes*, and so often exhibited alive in the windows of our chief dining-houses. Its flesh is white, tender, and good-flavored, and those who have tried both give the preference to the Amazonic turtle for richness of taste, although in the wild region, where alone it can be had, the trial has to be made under the disadvantage of lack of all those additions afforded by the spices, butter, variety of herbs, and other resources of a civilized *cuisine*. The Indians and other inhabitants of the Upper Amazons rely upon it as their chief article of animal food throughout the year, the absence of grass land in the whole region having hitherto prevented the introduction, or at least the increase of cattle. It has, however, other uses to them of not less importance. From the very oily eggs they prepare a thick, pure oil, or liquid butter, which they use for lamps and as fat to fry their fish and bananas. This is an article of exportation

TURTLE SHOOTING.



the dry season, when the waters of the river and lakes are low, the stores of turtle have to be kept in the villages in little ponds, which each householder excavates in the garden at the rear of his house. The turtle—called by the inhabitants, with justice, "O gado do Soli-

moens," that is, the cattle of the Solimoens, or Upper Amazon—is connected, therefore, in many ways with the daily life and habits of the scattered population of this remote semi-aquatic region. Let us endeavor to follow their proceedings in hunting the animal and preparing oil from its eggs: .

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We will commence with the beginning of the dry season—a short spell of time in this watery wilderness, when the clouds no longer distill their daily showers, and the great river ebbs from the shores of the village ports with the steadiness of a great annual tide.

Toward the end of June a few clear bright days occur, after seven or eight months' constant rainy weather. The villagers, half-starved by the long scarcity of animal food, arising from the flooded state of the country, note with joy the cessation of the rise of the waters, which had penetrated by a thousand creeks and ramifications over the whole land, cutting off communication with the plantations, and enabling the fish and turtle to scatter themselves over too wide an area for the success of the fishermen. In a few days the waters ebb; the muddy and swampy land dries up; trees blossom in the forest; and swarms of migratory birds pass over to new feeding or nestling places. Every body prepares for the turtle harvest which will soon follow. As a general rule, and especially at the commencement of the season, they are obtained by shooting with the bow and arrow; and the first care of the villagers is to re-string their powerful bows, and prepare a good stock of arrows.

The bow is a powerful instrument about seven feet in length, made from the hard, horny wood of a tree called "Pao d'arco," a lofty, handsome forest-tree, of the *Leguminosa* or pea family. The only tools used in fashioning it are a common knife and the incisor tooth of a large rodent animal (*Calogenys Paca*), the latter used for scraping and finishing. The cord is made of the twisted fibers of a plant allied to the pineapple. The arrows are five feet in length. For the shafts the wonderful "arrowgrass" of the borders of the Amazons supplies a ready finished material, for lightness and strength unsurpassable by the resources of the most consummate human art. The grass grows in large patches on swampy shores, to a height of fifteen or twenty feet; the part used for the arrow is simply the flower stem, and is therefore free from knots. The feather wings of the arrow are secured by neat cotton thread, spun by the women. At the tip an ingenious loose spear-head has been contrived to meet the peculiar requirements of turtle fishing. The point is made of the best steel, and is fixed into a peg of hard wood; this peg fits into the hollow at the tip of the arrow, and a fine and strong twine connects the two, the twine, some twenty fathoms in length, being neatly wound round the end of the shaft. By this arrangement the turtle, which, of course, can not be killed by

an arrow, is pierced in its dorsal shell by two or three successive arrows, and pulled up to the surface by the lines, after it has dived toward the bottom with the loosened steel tips adhering to its shell.

Well, the village blacksmiths, who alone can make the steel points of the requisite shape and temper, are very busy during these days. The men get out their old fishing nets and mend them; caulk and repair their canoes; and as soon as their wives can prepare a supply of mandioca meal, to serve as their main-stay in the way of vegetable food, they are off to the unfrequented parts of the river.

The turtle inhabits almost exclusively the waters of the main river of the Upper Amazons, and the creeks, back channels, pools, and lakes connected with it. In the tributary rivers it is much less common; and, in fact, those tributaries which have clear or dark waters, unlike the main stream, which has turbid, clayey water, are almost destitute of this valuable animal. The settlements, both Indian and civilized, however, are almost all situated on the banks of clear water, affluents, and lakes, owing to their immunity from mosquitoes, and consequently it is often a long boat voyage to reach the uninhabited places where turtles abound. The principal channel of the main stream has an average breadth of about three miles, but this channel in scarcely any place constitutes the whole river. Most frequently islands, or chains of islands, divide it into two or more broad arms, each a mile or two in width; and there are besides inland arms, or loops, called in the Indian language "Parana-miris," or "little rivers," which leave the main stream, and rejoin it again lower down. Some of these, of course, are of short extent, but several are hundreds of miles in length, and themselves become the receptacles of large tributary rivers. In all these branches and inland arms, as well as near the mouths of every tributary flowing from north or south, there are large expansions of water, some only a few miles in area, others of the dimensions of lakes, with blank sea horizons in place of the opposite shore. The lakes arise from the slight slope of land on either side toward the central channel of the river. The main river has generally a powerful current, and the waves rise high in the sudden squalls which are liable to occur at all seasons. The banks present every-where the most inhospitable appearance. In very few places, for seven hundred miles, is there a spot which could be fixed upon as a promising site for a town. A vertical cliff of clay or earth, falling in masses, with all the superincumbent vegeta-

tion, wherever the set of the current sweeps in that direction, is the principal feature met with.

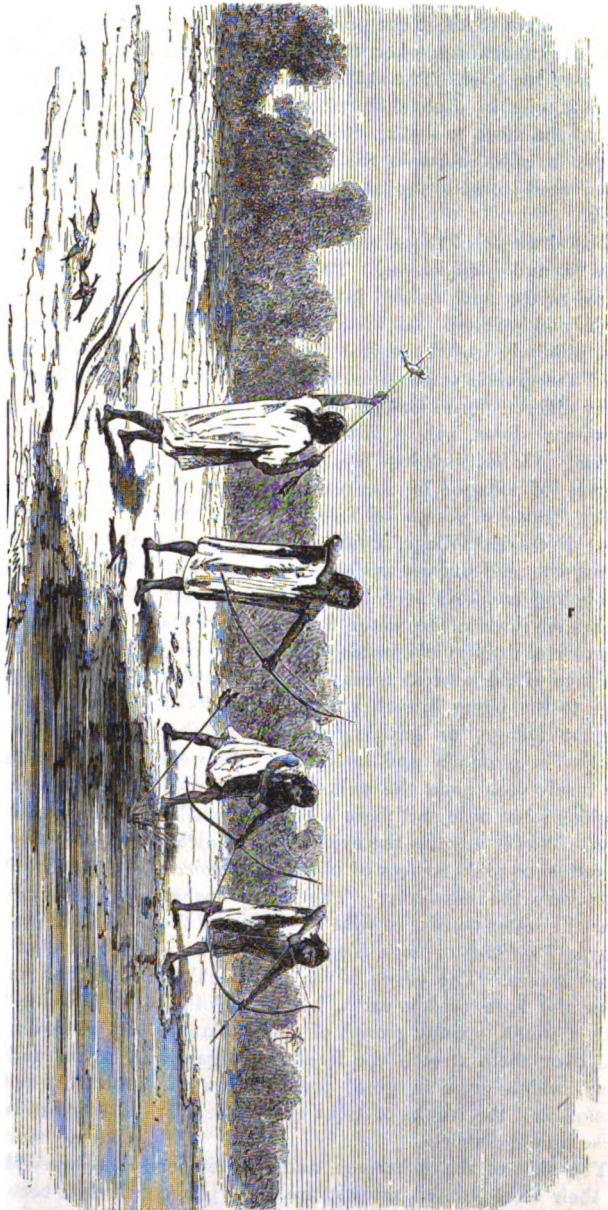
In the flood season—March to July—the waters of the river have risen about forty feet above low water; they are then nearly on a level with all the less elevated parts of the earthy banks, and pour through the numerous water-courses and depressions into the interior of the land, filling the half-dried pools, and converting, in some places, whole districts into a net-work of inland waters. At this time the turtles are living in these interior pools, feeding and fattening on the fruits that fall from the trees. As soon as the first signs of desiccation appear in July, they warily escape by the nearest outlet into the main river. At least this happens to all those with whom the instinct of pairing is operating. The others—the very old and the young in all stages—remain in the pools, where, cut off from escape by the drying up of the channels of exit, they are found, sometimes crowded together in dense swarms in the diminished water, about the middle of August.

The first excursions of the villagers are made to these inland pools; and as the same spots are not equally favored by the turtles from year to year, it is necessary first to explore the forest, and find out the best places. Many of the knowing ones leave the village slyly, unknown to their neighbors, and return in a few days with a boat-load of turtles, keeping the locality of their successful search as a secret for their own benefit. The price of a moderate-sized turtle, in the times before steam-boat navigation and increased trade raised the prices of all articles of food, was about a quarter of a dollar—not very dear for fifteen or twenty pounds of delicious meat. Since then the value has increased to about two dollars.

The situation of some of the larger pools, which annually yield a greater or less number

of young turtles, is more generally known, and parties of the towns-people are formed to visit them, and chase the animals under fair, neighborly conditions. They embark at the villages in their separate light canoes, glide down the smooth waters of the tributary on which their

INDIANS SHOOTING FISH.



quiet homes are situated into the turbulent main river, and, after one or two long days' journey, arrive at the fishing grounds. By this time the surface of the Amazons has sunk some twenty feet below the outlets to the lakes; a convenient spot has therefore to be sought for mooring the

canoes and forming a rough encampment on the river bank. Here rude shelters are quickly erected, by fixing stout poles in the light soil, and forming a roof of the broad leaves of palm-trees. When all is ready, the smallest of the canoes are hauled up the steep bank, a road is cleared with cutlasses through the entangled forest, rollers of short cut poles are laid down, and the canoes run over the ground to the banks of the pool. The skilled fishermen then embark, one in each skiff, with an Indian or boy at the stern to steer. Some of them erect stages in tripod form in the shallow waters to stand upon; others station themselves on the bank.

The situation of these turtle lakes and pools is wild and picturesque. They often cover many acres, and ramify into many winding nooks and harbors. All around rises the glorious, infinitely varied tropical forest; scattered amid the greenery are groups of palm-trees of many different forms—some with massive, erect columnar stems, others with light, gracefully curving shafts, bearing aloft their nodding plumes of foliage; in the rear are the more bulky, rounded forms of forest-trees of the most diversified foliage, amid which the voices of parrots and toucans are heard, or troops of gamboling monkeys seen leaping from branch to branch; while the water frontage presents a luxuriant drapery of climbing plants, covering the face of the nearest trees, from the water's edge to the upper branches, with a curtain of elegant foliage, or hanging from projecting boughs in garlands and streamers. Flowers are rarely seen amid the uniform bright-green clothing; but here and there a brilliant scarlet passion-flower attracts the eye, or long panicles of yellow or pink flowers of climbing *Combretaceæ* vary the monotony. The lower bushes near the water consist of wild fruit-trees of the guava (*Psidium*) or inga (*Inga*, fam. *Leguminosæ*) genera. The edges of the pools seldom show the bare muddy earth, but are clothed with a tough, spongy growth of marsh plants; and over them stretch the fronds of gigantic ferns, which grow in great profusion on the ground and the trunks of trees every-where in these humid districts.

The skill of the fishermen, and the temper of their steel-pointed arrows, are soon put to the test. Although the calm surface of the pools at first shows no indication of animal life, signs of turtles are presently seen in winding lines of disturbed water; the indications are followed by the canoes in various directions, the steersmen paddling stealthily, and all voices hushed. Presently the snouts of the animals

peer above the surface, when they rise to breathe the indispensable air; the convex portion of the shell next emerges; the bow of the fisherman is bent, and an arrow is quickly seen quivering in the bony covering. An experienced fisherman does not hesitate to shoot at a distance of seventy or eighty paces, although he prefers a nearer shot. It is on this account they erect the stages in the middle of the pool; for the wary animals can not be reached so closely in canoe as from a spot where the marksman remains stationary and motionless. A long shot, however, tests their skill; and they have a pride on these occasions, at the commencement of a field-day, in displaying their ability. The arrow, describing a parabolic curve, has to be elevated; and as there is no "sight" to guide the marksman, the nicety with which he calculates the distance and the degree of elevation is astonishing. They seldom miss; on the instant that one arrow has told, a second is let fly, and the light skiff is paddled forward with the speed of lightning. The concussion loosens the arrow-points; the shafts remain floating, with the attached cord unreeling at a great rate as the wounded animal dives along the bottom. The shafts secured, however, the fisherman takes his time about the finishing of his work; he gently hauls in the lines together, the animal is brought up, and helplessly laid on his back in the bottom of the canoe.

All the party are thus employed, and at the end of the day's work they return to the encampment on the banks of the river. Here some of them vary the day's sport by shooting fish with the bow and arrow, as represented in the engraving. For this a different kind of weapon is necessary—a simple steel point, long and fine, with a barb at the base. A quick eye, and some practice in calculating the amount of refraction in the water, are required for success in this kind of fishing, and these very few Indians, or half-castes of the villages, or even boys above the age of fourteen, are without. At sundown the hearty and well-earned meal is enjoyed, and then smoking, and rum-drinking, and story-telling are kept up far into the night. The sport is continued the next day, but not with so much success, as the turtles become more wary after one day's persecution. Sometimes it becomes impossible to get near an animal at all, and then netting is tried with a long stout dragnet. To work with this all must get into the water, and, as these pools abound with alligators, leeches, and spiteful-biting fishes, it is a mode of fishing not much resorted to.

As the dry season progresses the declining river lays bare the extensive sand-banks which

form in tranquil waters at the upper and lower ends of islands, and on which the turtle annually deposits its eggs. Some of these banks are many miles in length by a mile or two in width, and form gently undulating surfaces, with their highest parts lying twenty or thirty feet above the surface of the river when at its lowest point. They vary in the fineness of the sand of which they are composed, and, as the turtles choose only the finest, the number of favorite banks is somewhat limited. The principal sand-banks—or "prayas," as they are called—lie between Coary and Tabatinga on the Upper Amazons, the best of all being near the mouths of the rivers Jurua and Jutahi, in the wildest and most thinly inhabited part of the whole of this interior region. Another peculiarity is that the turtles will lay only in the higher part of the banks, and at a great distance from the water—a marvelous case of instinctive foresight, for it is by this only that they secure a good chance of the eggs hatching before the flood season, commencing in November, might inundate the nests and destroy the progeny of the year.

The mother turtles, having escaped from the inland pools, congregate in the tranquil waters and bays near the sand-banks, and watch their opportunity of crawling on to the sands in safety. But they are so timorous that the passage of a few canoes in these parts at this juncture would infallibly drive them away to other remote places; the villagers, therefore, every year elect one of their number as head man or governor of each "praya," who establishes guards near the bank, and punishes any trespasser with fine or imprisonment. If, notwithstanding all precautions, the animals are scared away, and can find no other suitable sand-bank, they deposit their eggs at random along the muddy shores of the river, and the product of the season is lost. A steamer passing over the spot at this time would ruin the turtle season; but the tranquil waters in which they congregate fortunately lie out of the main track of river navigation. The guards appointed by the head men proceed to their posts about the middle of August, and establish themselves quietly in a sheltered corner of the bank, near the forest that covers the island, erecting a rude observatory on some tall tree, reached by a ladder made of bush ropes. From this they watch the progress made in ovi-depositing, and report to the authorities in the villages.

The turtles choose a clear, calm night about the end of September, and, all being favorable, clamber out of the water by countless thou-

sands. The clean white sand swarms with their black coats of mail, a sight best seen at sunrise, when, their task being accomplished, they all hurry back to the water. Crawling for about half a mile, they commence excavating holes in the sand to the depth of three or four feet. The first comer for each hole goes the deepest, and lays her eggs, about one hundred and twenty in number, and lightly covers them over with sand; another succeeds in the same hole, and then another, rarely more than three in each hole. The holes lie pretty close together, and when the whole work is done large patches of disturbed sand are seen on the bank, each of an acre or two in extent, marking the site of the deposit. Three or four nights suffice to complete the whole work. The guards then dispatch one of their number to the village to report, and the governor of the "praya" thereupon posts notices on the church door, appointing all the villagers to meet at the bank on a certain day to excavate the eggs simultaneously.

The event is regarded as an annual holiday by the villagers. The men take their whole families, including their household pets—tame monkeys, parrots, tortoises, and so forth—and embark in the great family canoe, which is sometimes a commodious vessel of eight or ten tons, furnished with two masts, and called a "Cuberta." Families of Indians, civilized and wild, take part in the harvest. It is the mid-summer of the year. The sun shines in a cloudless sky, and a gentle, cool breeze blows from morning to night, tempering the fierce heat of the vertical sun. It is the season of plenty, of frolic, love, and courtship, leaving its trace in numerous weddings, which come off in the village between the end of the turtle harvest and Christmas. The young men take their fiddles, flutes, and guitars, and the cabins of the canoes are well stored with *cashaca*, or cane-brandy, to stimulate the enjoyment of the time.

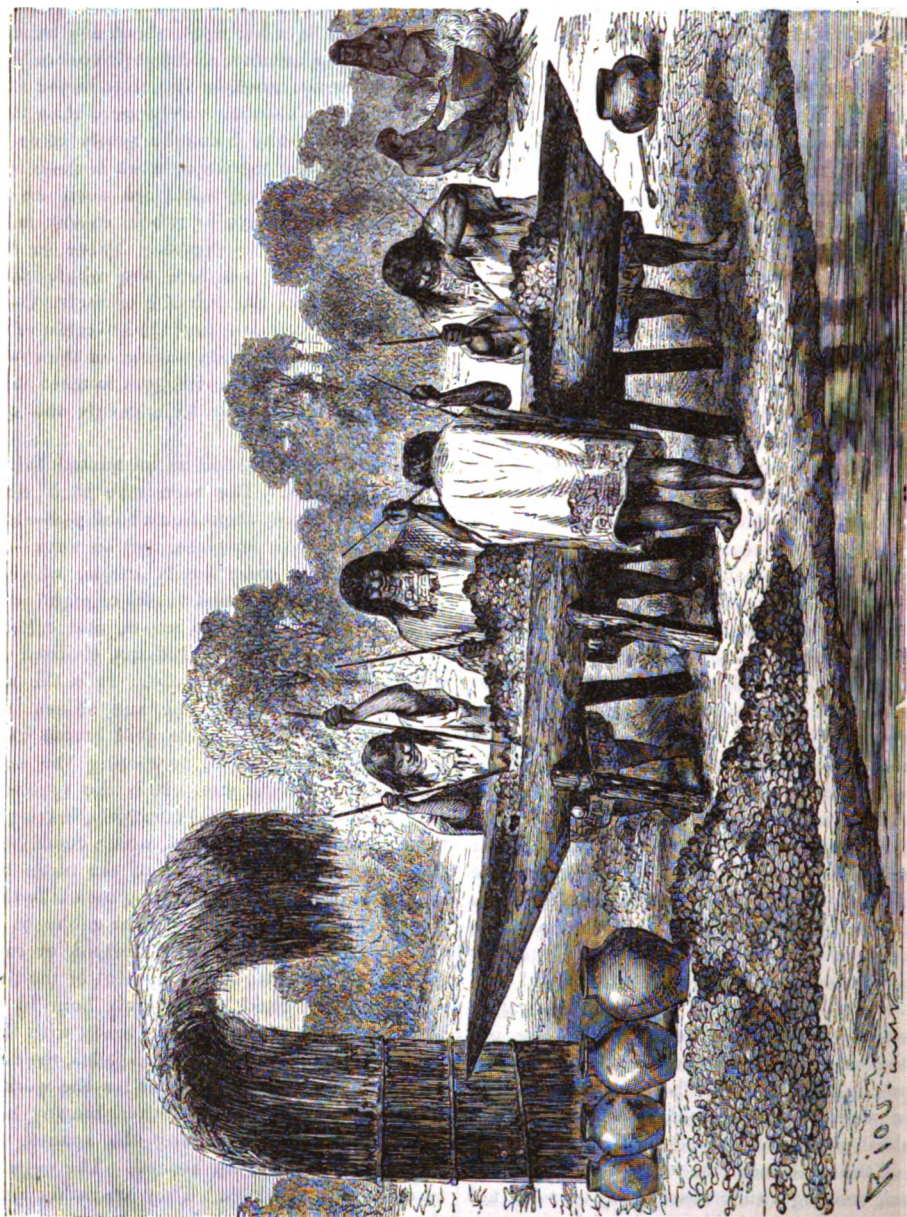
On the day fixed, at an early hour in the morning, all the people being ready with their wooden paddles, to be used as spades, the beating of drums gives the signal for the work to commence, and several hundred brawny arms are soon at work, wielding the spades, and showering the sand all around. The eggs are turned out by myriads. They are rather larger than a hen's, much rounder, and about twice as heavy; the skins are flexible and leathery, but perfectly white. Each family keeps its heap apart. At five in the evening the signal beats for the cessation of the work. It is resumed again in the morning, and continues until the whole sand-bank is thought to be exhausted.



A large "praya," however, is never exhausted of its eggs; this is proved by passing canoes in November, just before the rising of the waters, finding hundreds of young recently hatched turtles crawling down to the water.

The excavation finished, the preparation of

the oil commences. The eggs are thrown into an inverted canoe and mashed with wooden prongs. Sometimes this process is not thought quick enough, and naked children jump in and crush the dirty mass with their feet, making a pretty figure of themselves with the yolk be-



INDIANS MASHING TURTLE EGGS.

spattered all over them. The buttery contents are then left for a day or two exposed to the heat of the sun, which brings all the oil to the surface. This is afterward skimmed off by means of ladles made of large clam shells tied to the end of long rods. Meantime fires are lit,

and the huge family caldrons slung over them, into which the oil is poured to be purified. This being at length completed, the neat produce is stored in earthen jars, or in hollowed logs of wood, for conveyance to the village.

The whole affair lasts, on a first-class sand-

bank—"praya real," or royal praya—about a fortnight. The place resembles a rude village wake or fair. Lines of tents and encampments, with all the paraphernalia of a household, stretch along the banks of the river for a long distance, and canoes of all descriptions, from the light open skiff of the fisherman to the schooner of the down-river trader, are anchored or moored near the shore. At night the glimmering fires light up the great solitude of river and forest, and laughter and the tinkling of *violins* are heard as accompaniment to the hoarse snort of caymen and other aquatic monsters, or the deep "hough" of the jaguar in the neighboring woods. The poorer classes sell their oil at once to the traders, and many spend the proceeds in jollification before the fortnight is over.

The period of the deposit of turtles' eggs varies according to the season; for the seasons vary in the tropics almost as much as they do in our own uncertain climate. Nominally, the period of lowest water is reached about the end of September; and although there is a spell of rain and rising water in November, the sand-banks are not laid under water again before March. Sometimes, however, the dry season is a failure; frequent rains fall, and the river reaches a low point only in October, to rise again in half flood in November. If the turtles did not choose the highest parts of the highest banks to deposit, they would probably become almost extinct in a few generations, from natural causes. This habit, however, entails the great inconvenience of a long journey from the water to reach the place of their deposit, a journey evidently painful to such heavy aquatic creatures, with clumsy, short, webbed feet. Four hundred miles higher up the river, the dry season falls a full fortnight earlier than in the neighborhood of Ega and Coary, and the turtles deposit their eggs accordingly.

The eggs laid about the end of September are hatched between the middle or end of November, those lying deepest in the holes being of course the latest. Immediately the young turtle, born with its breast and back plates of tolerable solidity, escapes from the egg, it bites its way through the superincumbent sand, and makes its way straight for the water. Many hundreds are devoured before they reach it by vultures and after they are in the water by alligators. Nevertheless, sufficient escape to keep up an enormous population of turtles in these waters. It is calculated, from the number of eggs annually collected for the manufacture of oil, that the progeny of at least 400,000 turtles is destroyed by this means alone.

Vol. XXXI.—14\*

"GO FORWARD."

"Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."

Go forward! 't is the Lord's command;  
Though thou canst see no way,  
Trust the wise guidance of that hand  
That never leads astray.

Go forward! in obedience go,  
Nor question why nor how;  
Let all thy doubts and fears lie low,  
In sweet submission bow.

Go forward! 't is Jehovah's voice—  
This should sufficient be  
To make thee hasten and rejoice,  
Since thus he honors thee.

Go forward! hinder not his love  
From working good through thee;  
He sees and judges far above  
What human love can see.

Go forward! though the sea rolls deep  
Between thee and the land,  
His is the power, and he will keep,  
Thee safely in his hand.

Go forward! lo, the waves shall part  
At thy advancing tread;  
And all the faintings of thy heart  
Shall turn to joy instead.

THE FLEETING GUEST.

YOUTH dwells in Eden lands, in bowers elysian,  
Where cloudless skies in starry splendor shine;  
And as Hope paints the future to his vision,  
The world is heaven to him and man divine.

The zephyrs in his path strew fragrant roses,  
All nature smiles, the earth is wondrous fair,  
And a gay bird from morn till twilight closes,  
Pours forth its carol on the balmy air.

List while ye may; for siren tones are calling  
The beauteous guest away o'er land and stream;  
Ah, might he stay, eye, ear, and heart intralling!  
That bird so sweet-voiced is our youthful dream.

Alas, alas, with heavy, drooping pinion  
The real comes, the light-winged dream has flown;  
We woo in vain, from Fancy's far dominion,  
The transient guest, fitting from zone to zone.

Yet why so sad? To other ears he's singing,  
Others entrancing with his siren lay;  
To us the years far nobler gifts are bringing,  
Than dreams that flit like morning mists away.

Though ne'er again returns that bright ideal,  
A better guest remains, a grander song;  
The dream has fled, O Soul! the earnest real,  
The true, the good are thine thy whole life long!

## SHORT CHAPTER ON HANDS.

**B**EAUTIFUL hands! They have a magic of their own! How prized by those who possess them, how coveted by those who do not! The poets love them, and sound melodious praises to soft, shapely palms and rosy finger-tips. The world—whom we know the poets lead—the world praises them, too, and hence the painstaking among all who would be admired to render and preserve this prominent organ fair to the sight and pleasing to the touch.

We, too, love beautiful hands; we are with the poets there. But here we admit that our taste in this matter is somewhat peculiar, being founded on that old proverb, "Handsome is that handsome does."

Show me a hand that challenges my admiration. Granted, if you will, that it be small, and smooth, and dimpled, its ivory whiteness set off by twinkling gems. Let it understand full well the poetry of motion and the witchery of touch, whether the fingers be dancing airily to their own sweet music on piano or guitar, or waving with dreamy languor their jewel-spangled fan, or holding with masterful grace the reins of a prancing steed; but, before I pronounce it a beautiful hand, let me see it, not in the crowded drawing-room only, or, faultlessly gloved, on the gay promenade.

Let me follow it through all its home ministries, and learn the works in which its fair owner employeth it when the world is not there to see. Is it never bathed in the May-dew at the dawn, clasping instead the airy nothings of dream-land? In the arcana of the toilet does it sometimes lace the silken bodice or the dainty shoe over the marks of negligence and haste? Is it rarely applied in relieving the cares of the burdened house-maids? Do the young brothers and sisters sometimes feel its angry impress upon their tingling cheeks? Does it never rest, laden with benefactions, on the door-latch of the sorrowing poor? Does it know how to point its Pharisical fore finger at the soiled forehead of an erring sister woman? In a word, with all its marvelous grace and culture, does it pass on from day to day, unthoughtful and unskilled in waking from the harp of life those thousand nameless harmonies that make woman a sacred word, and home the heart's own heaven? If so, then, that hand is a failure. Selfishness is branded in fiery letters upon its vestal surface, deformity lurks beneath its patrician outline.

Let it pass from my sight, and show me rather the uncouth palm of some lowly daughter of the people, toiling day by day in the homely service which love exalteth, for the

dear sake of parents, or husband, or children, with now and then a kindly turn for the yet poorer poor, and I will press such a hand reverently as that of one who holdeth queenly rank in the realm of true womanhood. Thus much for my ideal on this point. Is it not also thine?

But there is many a hand sacred and dear to me from some special or personal association, as, for instance, the hands of my few spirit-kin, leal and tried, which I grasp after a long absence; the hand of a child-friend, laid in mine with the faith that belongs alone to life's halcyon morning; or the brave, maimed hand of a soldier of our Republic, his badge of the legion of honor, won in the battle-ranks of freedom, where right contended against gigantic wrong; and O, there is a beauty that floods my eyes with sad and yearning tears when I see a father's hand laid softly on a daughter's shoulder.

But am I wandering? It may be so, for there are by-paths in memory which lure my thoughts full oft into their funereal shades. I will return.

Dear sisters, wherewithal shall we render our hands fair and comely in the high ideal sense? Let us shield them well from the defiling contact of heartless deeds. Let us bathe them each day in the "balm of a thousand flowers" of odorous kind offices. Let them be plentifully adorned with those diamond drops that fall from the eyes of soothed sorrow. Above all, let them often be clasped in contrite prayer to the Infinite. So shall they be dignified with a beauty which age can not shrivel or labor mar.

True, they may not gleam and dazzle like hers who queens it in marble halls, but the Hand that was pierced shall grasp them in a brother's greeting, and count them worthy to gather amarantus in the morning of the resurrection.

## THE BROKEN COLUMN.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

## CHAPTER III.

**N**EXT morning the truth of the report regarding the loss of the two young Englishmen was placed beyond doubt by the recovery of their bodies. For several days afterward little else was spoken of but the sad catastrophe, and the impression made by their untimely fate throughout the community seemed at once deep and universal. The despairing grief of young Howard's betrothed was much descanted on, together with the deep sorrow of those who had worked under him at the railway, and by whom he was much

loved and respected. Then the deepest sympathy was expressed for his widowed mother, who, on hearing of her sad bereavement, had come to take a last look and shed tears of unavailing sorrow over the cold remains of her last surviving child. Of his cousin comparatively little was spoken, for his parents were in India, and, as a recent visitor, he was, of course, less known in the place. But doubtless he was equally dear to his own family, and tears as bitter would be drawn forth when the tidings of his fate should reach them in that distant land; and, in token of the regard in which he was held by his shipmates, some of them came from Portsmouth, where his vessel then lay, to pay the last duties to his remains. Poor Howard was carried shoulder-high by his workmen to the grave, in that very cemetery where I had so recently met him for the first and last time, and "great lamentation was made over him." His cousin was buried by his side.

I shall never forget an eloquent and touching sermon by which the pastor of my own Church sought to impress upon his young hearers a solemn lesson drawn from the sad event which had excited so much interest in and cast such a gloom over the community. As a good and faithful man, ever anxious for the spiritual instruction of his hearers, zealous in the discharge of his duty, and unwearied in his efforts to advance the cause of his Heavenly Master, he never allowed an opportunity by which he might hope to impress saving truth to pass unnoticed. He selected for his text those words from Hosea xi, 4—"I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love"—and from them he delivered a discourse which, judging by my own feelings, I am sure must have thrilled the hearts of his audience, particularly the young among it. He spoke of the various means by which our merciful and gracious God, instead of driving us away by terror, seeks to draw us to himself "by bands of love." In illustration of this he dwelt on the blessings of redemption as offered to us in his holy Word through the merits and mediation of Christ the Savior, on the bounties of his providence, giving us all the temporal blessings we enjoy, "rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness," and many other tokens of mercy and loving-kindness too numerous to mention here. "And not only so," he continued, "but even in what we look upon as the sad, often the mysterious events of his providence, does he not evince his love and tender mercy toward us by overruling these as warnings to arrest some in a career of sin and folly, making them pause to consider, and awakening others from spirit-

ual deadness from the dread of similar calamities befalling them, often when they are least prepared?" He then, in the most solemn and touching strain, alluded to the sad catastrophe by which two young and promising men, in the midst of life and usefulness, had in a moment, "in the twinkling of an eye," been summoned from this scene of time and sense, and called to meet their Judge.

After describing the scene and manner of their death, the calm repose of the mirror-like Summer sea, the quiet enjoyment of their pursuit, the probable absence from their minds of any apprehension of danger, the sudden capsize, by which, in an instant, they had been hurried into eternity, and the deep sensation caused by their fate through the whole of a large community, he added: "To the careless, the dissolute, and profane among my hearers, what an awful lesson does this read! Think not that the fate which befell those young men is unlikely ever to be yours. In the midst of your noisiest mirth, your most unthinking, perhaps unhallowed revelry, in a moment 'the handwriting on the wall may be seen,' and the bolt of vengeance from a justly offended God may descend in any form upon you. Repent, then, without delay, and 'flee to the stronghold as prisoners of hope.' 'Escape for your lives, lest ye be consumed.' Take refuge in the only surety, the peace-speaking blood of the all-atoning sacrifice. To all, whether young or old, careless or serious, this sad catastrophe, dark and mysterious as it now appears, may be fraught with momentous issues. In that awful moment when sudden destruction came upon them no rope was thrown to these hapless strangers, no effort of any kind was made by the instruments of their fate for their delivery. But in the infinite mercy of God their untimely fate, if the deep impression it has doubtless made upon your minds be rightly improved and followed up by true repentance, may prove as 'bands of love,' drawing you upward and onward to himself, and to that eternal inheritance which he hath laid up for all who, by 'patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality.'"

As I said, the impression made by this solemn address was one not likely to be forgotten, and the accessories of its delivery were in themselves sufficiently striking. Toward its close the shades of twilight had begun to gather around the venerable Gothic church where we were assembled, and a breathless silence, broken only by the earnest, pleading voice of the preacher, reigned throughout the

"long-drawn aisles" and among the vast audience in the crowded pews, and in the "dim religious light" stealing in through the stained windows, and amid the shadows of the massive pillars, might be seen many a young head bowed down in sorrow and humility; and doubtless many a tear was shed, and even sobs suppressed, as the venerable white-haired pastor uttered those solemn words of warning and of encouragement.

Scarce one of the young hearers of that discourse is now to be found in the place where it was delivered. Some have died at home, some survive in distant lands, some have fallen in battle or by pestilence, and others have perished in the ocean, and now

"Their graves are scattered far and wide,  
By desert, shore, and sea,"

but the impression produced by that heart-stirring address the Day alone shall declare.

A few weeks afterward, in the dim twilight of a somber evening in September, I accompanied my nephew, at his request, to the cemetery, where he informed me a monument had been erected by his companions in business as a grateful tribute of respect to the memory of young Howard, and to that of his cousin, who shared his last resting-place. The sear leaves of Autumn rustled under my feet, and the place seemed to wear an aspect of deepest sadness, very different from that which it presented on that memorable Summer evening when I first met Howard as I approached the spot where he now lay buried. It was situated on the slope of the hill, lying southward, and within the precincts of that "consecrated ground" set apart for the members of the Episcopal communion.

So much had other more absorbing interests connected with his sudden removal from this scene of things effaced from my mind all recollection of his remarks on the kind of device he had expressed his preference for on the occasion of our brief meeting, that I had formed no idea regarding the style of his monument; but at once a vivid recollection of his choice returned to it when I beheld "a broken column" actually rising above the place where his remains had been interred. I afterward learned that his betrothed, out of respect to his desire, little anticipating, when it was uttered, how soon she would be called upon to fulfill it, had asked to be allowed to choose this design, urging his request as a reason for hers. It was said, also, that she sent a handsome subscription along with it, but this had been respectfully declined, as they wished to be themselves the sole contributors. A simple inscription was

engraved on it, recording the names and ages of the young men, with a notice of the manner of their death, and an intimation that it had been erected to their memory by Howard's grateful, attached, and sorrowing workmen.

And here rest these two youths, cut off in their prime—let us trust in the prospect of a joyful resurrection to life eternal, when Christ our Savior "shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired of all those who believe."

### REVIVALS.

TRUE religion consists in union between man and God. It implies the full discharge of human duty, and the free bestowment of the divine blessings. Whatever lessens the intimacy of that union, or interrupts the gift of those blessings, creates a necessity for a revival of true spiritual life in the souls of men. The necessity of revivals comes not from any arbitrariness in our Heavenly Father as to giving or withholding his spiritual favor. He is ever more willing "to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him than we are to give good gifts to our children." On the other hand, the necessity of revivals is found in the proneness of men, however exalted in the divine favor, to relapse into coldness, formality, indifference, and unbelief. Such states of mind and heart grieve the Spirit of God, and bring upon their possessor spiritual barrenness and death. When by repentance and a renewal of faith and love they are put away, and the return of the Holy Spirit's influence has re-awakened spiritual life in the soul a revival has taken place. When we consider the enduring mercy of God and the travail of the Redeemer's soul in behalf of lost men, we can see no reason why the true light should not be continually spreading without ever receding, or why the spiritual power of the Church should not be continually augmenting without ever declining. But when we consider the unfaithfulness of men, the seductions of the world, and the oppositions and temptations of the devil, we see the explanation but not any justification of the fact that the light of even true religion has often been dimmed and intermittent, and has as often needed re-kindling by revival influence.

The term revival is relative in its significance. There may be a revival in the experience of an individual or in that of a Church. Revival influences may be experienced in different degrees corresponding to the depth of languor or torpidity from which an individual or a Church is aroused, and also corresponding to

the light of zeal and purity to which they are quickened. In an absolute sense the idea of revival seems limited to those who have previously enjoyed a greater or less degree of divine grace in their hearts; hence to the pious and to Churches, and not to the ungodly and the world. But as the names of causes are sometimes given to their effects, and as a common and legitimate effect of revival in a Church is the awakening and conversion of sinners,\* so the term revival has come to be commonly applied to religious awakenings among the ungodly.

But even in this case the term seldom lacks applicability, since few of the ungodly have not at times more or less cherished the strivings of the Spirit. The Old Testament Scriptures record numerous examples which illustrate these principles, extending from patriarchal times down through Jewish history to the days of Malachi. The preaching of Noah before the Flood and of Ezra after the Babylonish captivity are notable instances of active measures for the religious awakening of those who had forgotten God and neglected his worship. Indeed, Jewish history is full of lapses from the Divine favor through hardheartedness and disobedience, and of partial restorations through the means of grace belonging to that dispensation. Several of the monarchs of Israel were made instrumental in restoring to paths of righteousness the feet of an unstable and erring people. The reigns of David, Solomon, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, and Josiah were successively distinguished as witnessing a somewhat general return of the apostate nation from its false ways and enjoying manifestations of the restored favor of God. In periods of disobedience and chastisement we find that the heart of pious Jews was specially drawn forth in prayer for revival influences. Thus the Psalmist exclaims, "Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease. Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee? Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation." Ps. lxxxv, 6. "Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine upon us; and we shall be saved." Ps. lxxx, 19. The prayer of Ezra for the Divine favor was mingled with confession. The prophet Habakkuk's prayer for a revival, "O Lord revive thy work," is happily familiar to all Christians, and is often re-echoed by every devout heart.†

Many of the prophecies abound in revival phraseology, and in glorious promises which were to be fulfilled under the Christian dispensation. In fact, Christianity itself may be con-

sidered a revival and enlargement of whatever of true religion was embodied in Judaism. The entire ministry of Christ was of the revival type. He preached repentance and promised the forgiveness of sins. He required those who would be his disciples to come out from the world, to deny themselves, and to take up their cross and follow him. Emphatically did he enjoin upon Christians the world-wide extension of his truth, requiring them, as an ever-binding duty, to be "the salt of the earth," the "light of the world," and to let their "light so shine that men may see their good works and glorify their Father which is in heaven." As "children of the light," they were, like the wise virgins, to keep their lamps trimmed and burning, and to seek to "turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Christ." The promise of "the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost," was also definitely associated with this duty of Christ's disciples. "If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." John xiv, 15, 16. "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." John xvi, 7, 8.

Thus it may be seen that the Divine plan for the extension of true religion contemplated an increase in the efficiency of the successive dispensations, until in Christianity it developed active spiritual agencies in full harmony with what are now called revivals. It was no part of that plan that Christians or Churches should alternate between action and inaction, languishing from time to time in order to be revived again. On the contrary, it was made their duty and their privilege to be "always abounding in the work of the Lord," reaching forth unto those things which are before, and pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Nothing can be more instructive on this subject, both as to God's will and human duty, than the teachings of the great revival at Jerusalem following the resurrection and ascension of our blessed Savior. The period was one of sorrow and deep gloom. The infant Church now bereaved of its visible head seemed on the verge of discomfiture. Powerless in itself, and surrounded by obstacles innumerable and apparently insurmountable, and yet impelled by

\* See Psalm li, 13. † See also Isa. lvii, 15; Hos. vi, 1-3.

the obligations of duty, what could it do? What but to wait upon God in fervent and importunate prayer? The followers of Christ might have been tempted to betake themselves to flight, to hide away from the murderers of their Lord, and to conceal their griefs in mountains or desert places. But no, their ascending Lord had "commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father." Acts i, 4. In fulfilling this command they instituted special religious services, in fact, a protracted meeting. Special and protracted religious services had been common among the Jews, such as the feast of the Passover, the feast of the Pentecost, the feast of Tabernacles, and the feast of Expiation. The idea, therefore, was not new, but in Christianity it received a new application. Those who have only been accustomed to regard the scene of the Pentecost as an integral event without considering the significance of its details, may profit by a brief analysis of the narrative so summarily given in the opening chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

1. The first form of the special services instituted was that of a prayer-meeting protracted during eight days. It was attended by all the members of the Church, apostles and brethren, men and women. "These [the eleven] all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." Acts i, 14.

Notwithstanding prayer and supplication constituted the leading exercises of this meeting, yet time was allotted to exhortation and the transaction of Church business. "In those days Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples" and spoke to them of the fulfillment of Scripture, and of the necessity of appointing a witness of the resurrection to take part in the "ministry and apostleship from which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place." Then followed the appointment of Matthias.

2. Consequent upon the period of waiting was another of special *divine manifestation*. "When the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place, . . . and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

3. The next phase of these services was that of *Christian activity*. They all "began to speak" "as the Spirit gave them utterance." The fact that they spoke with other tongues was incidental to their peculiar circumstances—a miracle of the introduction of Christianity which did not need subsequent repetition.

As a result of their zeal in speaking in various tongues "the wonderful works of God,"

"the multitude came together" "to hear and inquire" "what meaneth this?"

4. Preaching—a more full and specific declaration of Divine truth—now became the great and principal agency for the double purpose of instructing inquirers and awakening the impatient. As a result of preaching "they were pricked in their hearts," and said, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Preaching proceeded to teach them the duties of repentance, faith, and baptism, and also to exhort them to instant decision, saying, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation."

5. Consequent upon this series of means glorious results followed. See Acts ii, 41, 42.

In the last verse referred to we have the portraiture of a revived and an enlarged Church. Succeeding verses show that Church in its legitimate form of action and blessed with corresponding and increasing results. See Acts ii, 46, 47.

The record of this initial revival of the apostolic Church was doubtless designed to be instructive to all future ministers and Churches, both as to the mode and spirit of Christian work for the salvation of men. Although not appointed as a rule of all future action, it certainly serves as a general indication of the measures adopted by the apostles in planting and training the Churches of their day. The further record of the Acts shows somewhat different modes of procedure, growing out of the different circumstances of the Gentile communities in which there was no pre-existent Church. In such communities preaching was usually the initial means of awakening, and yet not separated from prayer. The apostles, and Paul in particular as the apostle of the Gentiles, relied upon the constant co-operation and fervent prayer of the Churches from which he had gone forth as a means of preparing his way and of aiding his efforts.\* To the Church at Rome he wrote, "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." To the Church at Corinth his request was, "Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons, thanks may be given by many on our behalf." The Ephesians he exhorted to pray always for all saints, "and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds: that therein I may speak boldly, as I

\* See Romans xv, 30; 2 Corinthians i, 11; Ephesians vi, 19, 20; Colossians iv, 3; 2 Thessalonians iii, 1.

ought to speak." To the Colossians he wrote, "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ." To the Thessalonians, "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you." By reference to the passages indicated it may be seen that each additional Church planted by the apostles was trained to become an active spiritual agency, not only for the furtherance of the Gospel in its own community, but also in the regions beyond.

The inspired narrative shows in various forms that the apostles did not confine their evangelical efforts to the Sabbath day, or to any particular place or routine of service. In upper rooms, in the temple, by the way-side, in prisons, in synagogues, on ship, by the side of the river, indeed, wherever they had or could make opportunity, they lifted up their voice to call sinners to repentance. On one occasion Paul preached till midnight. At Ephesus his first special effort in the synagogue continued "for the space of three months, disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God." Finding a change of place expedient he withdrew from the synagogue and commenced "disputing [or discussing religious truth] daily in the school of one Tyrannus. And thus continued by the space of two years." Acts xix, 8, 10.

Not only did the apostles find continuous religious services expedient, but the Churches of their day evidently joined with them cordially from time to time in daily efforts for the salvation of men and their own religious improvement. This is incidentally shown in reference to the Pentecostal revival, in connection with which it is stated that they continued "daily with one accord in the temple, and the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be [were] saved." In Acts xvi, 5, it is recorded, "So were the Churches established in the faith, and increased in number daily." The Bereans "received the Word with all readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily."

In the light of these and kindred examples it may be seen that the New Testament Church as a whole, and in its various branches, was not organized for ceremony, but for prayer and work, and that it recognized its work and, with some lamentable exceptions, performed it faithfully, for the glory of God and the salvation of men. Thus it was that with the Divine blessing it prospered and prevailed over the most formidable opposition, and rapidly extended its influence to the chief nations of its day.

Had the Scriptural theory and practice con-

tinued in the ascendant, who can tell how soon a pure Christianity might have been established to the very ends of the earth? But, alas, the Church, in its next historical phase, became corrupted at this very point, and sought to extend itself by political rather than spiritual agencies, by an alliance with the State rather than by humble dependence upon God, and, like the backslider in heart, the ancient Church was "filled with its own ways." Happily we live in better times, when the Scriptural idea of revivals has been restored to the Church, and has become a great agency of its prosperity. Let us, however, be warned by the fatal experience of the ancient Church against attempting to improve upon God's plans for promoting the salvation of men.

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## THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

### VII.

#### THE WIFE.

HOME is the kingdom of the married woman; here she rules in a pre-eminent sense, and as we look upon home as the most beautiful, attractive, and important place on earth, so in assigning to the great majority of women the beautiful and important office of wife and mother, or creator and preserver of home, we are by no means assigning to them an inferior or unimportant place in the economy of our earthly life. Let no woman, then, think it an undignified position when God has placed this department of life and the world in her hands; let her rather understand its true importance, and thankfully accept the duties which are always inseparable from places of high trust. She can not carry this high responsibility without self-denial, sacrifice, and toil. They that would truly reign must be willing to serve. By its very nature the life of a wife and mother is one of entire unselfishness; by its very constitution it is a life of ministry to others; it approaches nearer to that voluntarily accepted life of our divine Savior, who came into the world "not to be ministered unto but to minister," than any other human life, unless it be the consecrated life of the minister of the Gospel. It is not a strange thing, as some think it, that so much should be said and written of the duties of wives, and comparatively so little of that of husbands. In domestic happiness the wife's influence is much greater than that of the husband; in fact, the whole comfort of the household depends on her jurisdiction, and even the husband himself is greatly determined in character by the influence of the wife. It is



an old proverb that "a man is what his wife will let him be," and although not entirely true, the proverb has truth enough in it to show the popular judgment as to the powerful influence of that woman whose life at home is like a prevalent spirit pervading all things in the house. The wife's influence is a subtle, pervasive, and continuous thing; rising up, lying down, going out, or coming in, she is there a constant influence, a beloved presence. To her husband others have to gain access, she has a perpetual audience; she touches all the springs of his life; therefore among all the influences that act upon him none can be compared with that of his wife. A man may be good in spite of a foolish woman, but the chances are greatly against it; a man may be bad notwithstanding the presence of a discreet and excellent woman; but unusual temptation or great depravity will be required to effect such a result. The same pervasive influence reaches the children of the home; to them, too, the mother, not the father, is a constant presence molding their lives. It is no wonder, then, that with regard to all domestic matters the counsels and the exhortations are given to the wife rather than to the husband.

We shall, therefore, follow in the footsteps of many others, and even in this day, be bold enough to enter into some details, and proffer our advice to wives and mothers. It is quite probable we shall have but little that is new to offer, for we confess that our ideal of the true wife was drawn for us several thousand years ago. Though the world has made great progress in many things since the book of Proverbs was written, it has yet made no improvement on the perfect picture of "the virtuous woman" as drawn there. Carefulness, personal attractiveness, kindness, economy, industry—every thing to make home happy, pure, comfortable, and beautiful are here ascribed to the woman whose "price is far above rubies."

The wife has won, and the first duty is to hold the affection of her husband. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." Nothing contributes more to domestic happiness than the possibility of this mutual trust. And remember that this possibility is to be learned after marriage; it is to come as one of the outgrowths of home experience; the wife and the husband must both learn from intercourse with each other, from the daily events and acts of their married life, that they can trust in each other. Many expect every thing from love itself, whereas love is only the genial soil in which the graces and blessings of wedded life are to grow. He that loves is ready to trust,

but trust itself is based on experience. Let your husband learn early in your wedded life that you are worthy of his unhesitating trust and confidence. The basis of this is truth; show yourself true in all the duties and relations of your married life; practice no deceptions; depend upon no illusions; be open, candid, frank, confiding; have nothing to conceal. Let your husband soon learn your wisdom and discretion; let him see your devotion and skill in managing your home and his; be careful for your husband's interests; show your disposition to manage well the economies of the household; let him see that you are quite as much concerned for the success and prosperity of the family as he is.

To win this trust of the husband's heart is something more even than to win the affection of the lover; it is love's ripened fruit; it is the wife's seal of faithfulness and her reward. The true wife will make her husband's love grow deeper and deeper as the months go on; the longer he lives with her, the more should he see to admire and love.

There are some most important things for maintaining this attractive influence over the husband that some women after marriage esteem lightly and therefore neglect. Among these is that modesty and delicacy of spirit and manners which is among the greatest charms of girlhood, and which was probably one of the most potent influences in gaining the love of him who is now your husband. Perhaps women are incapable of appreciating fully the power of womanly modesty and delicacy over men, just as men can not fully understand the charm of manliness over the heart of a woman. It is evidently this contrast between the sexes, which we can not better express than by the womanliness of the one and the manliness of the other, which is most powerful in drawing them together. In the true woman man sees something quite different from himself, and yet is drawn to it as something quite necessary to himself; he sees in her qualities which are weakest in him, and which yet are essential to a true humanity. On the other hand, the true woman sees a similar contrast to herself in the true man, and feels drawn to him for those qualities in which her nature is weakest. In her eyes he is a hero; in his she is little less than an angel. This is not mere story or fiction, it is nature. Some strong-minded women smile at it in our day, and are willing themselves, and labor to persuade others, to cast away this womanliness and to ape the characteristics of men. The same women would doubtless look with contempt upon the man who would cast

away his manliness and ape the characteristics of women. There is much sneering just now at all that is said of this modesty, gentleness, and delicacy of womanhood, and a consequent danger of underestimating its value and importance in the married life. But in spite of all sneers, let us say to the young wife, especially, it was by these qualities you won your lover, and without them you can not retain your husband. For a wife he wants a woman; for boon companions, coarse, bold, and dashing, he can seek elsewhere; and let me assure you that if he finds in his wife only a poor imitation of what he found before in his associations with men, the temptation will be very strong to leave the manly woman at home, while he seeks the real men elsewhere. Hold him to yourself by being a woman, a true, refined, delicate woman; that you can be to him; that nobody else in the world can be to him while you are his wife; that he can not find among men; that he can not find among disreputable women; that, in the sense in which you can manifest it to him, he can find in no female society, however excellent or refined. If he finds it in you he is yours beyond the power of all outside attractions; if he does not find it in you he is tempted to seek it elsewhere.

And just here, because we can not say it so delicately and beautifully, we quote from another words to clothe the thought that is in our mind: "To a high-toned man one of the sweetest attractions is that undefined and indescribable grace which floats like a cloud of beauty round a true woman; that maidenly reserve, yet that transparent frankness; that soul purity which lives and shines in every act and word, and yet does not know and never thinks that it is purity; which can never be put on; which is too ethereal for imitation; which once lost can never be regained; which is as far from prudishness as it is from immodesty; which a bad man hates and can not understand; which to a good man makes woman like an angel. This need not be lost in the unveiled freedom of wedded intimacy. The wife does indeed give all to her husband; but in that high and holy abandonment, not one grace that made up the pure beauty of her maiden life need be lost. No right-minded man would wish it otherwise; he sees and feels its sweet power as fully as ever; nay, it has a deeper hold upon him now, and shines with a calmer, steadier radiance; its magnetic influence reaches out, attracting him to her side, and all the more because the soul of whose beauty he is thus ever catching glimpses, is his alone."\*

\* Aikman.

Among these potent influences over a husband's affections is that of personal attractiveness. Nature has endowed woman with a powerful intuition in this direction, one that is exceedingly liable to become excessive in its action, but one which is in danger of becoming weak and inoperative during married life. Women instinctively love to be beautiful, and have a natural drawing toward those things which will add to their personal appearance and charms. And this is an instinct of nature, wise and good in itself, only to be condemned when it becomes excessive and extravagant. Cleanliness of person and neatness and attractiveness of dress as much belong to a true woman as the softness and delicacy of complexion and modesty of spirit which nature has given to her. And most men, with here and there a coarse exception, feel the power of this personal purity and neatness, and are gratified when they are able to provide the means for securing it to their wives and children. So natural and so strong is the admiration of men for this personal attractiveness in women that they are just as liable to become extravagant in furnishing means for its gratification as women are in indulging it. On extravagance we shall have a word to say hereafter. What we wish to say now is that it is evident that this personal attractiveness is one of the strong links between husband and wife, that it will not be overlooked by the true wife, and that it can be secured without extravagance. Indeed, a part of its charm in the wife is that it is not excessive, that the husband sees at once that her womanly taste and ingenuity has brought it about for his sake, without going beyond his income and ability. There is power in these little things, and a wise woman understands them. She knows that there is a difference in the feeling which a man has in meeting a wife in a slovenly, neglected condition, and in coming home to one whose neatness silently, but most eloquently, tells her husband how much she values his approbation, and how highly she respects his love. And yet there are times and circumstances when the wife must be about other duties than those of personal adornment. A wife can not and need not always be in fine array, and the true rule is for the wife to study and manifest the spirit of order and neatness, and the husband to excuse impossibilities and necessities, while he gladly accepts the tribute which the wife's spirit of neatness pays to his love.

Intimately connected with the personal attractiveness of the wife is the maintenance of moral and mental equality with her husband.

Often this is not an easy problem for the wife to solve. Her life is necessarily a more secluded one than that of the husband, and is ordinarily more filled with cares and anxieties, the thousand little things necessary for preserving the order and well-being of the home demanding almost the constant attention and time of the wife. Nor are these domestic matters of much value in aiding in mental discipline and culture. On the contrary, quite an ordinary, commonplace man, by his daily intercourse with the world, by contact with other men, by conversation, and by the attritions of trade and business, really finds quite a school for mental culture in his every-day life; while the man who is already a scholar, and pursues a professional life, by his very occupation is constantly enlarging in information and culture. Yet these two persons, the active, busy man, constantly sharpening in his wits and enlarging in his knowledge, and the secluded wife, occupied with a thousand little cares that rather tend to mental worry than mental culture, must keep within speaking distance. We say *must*, for domestic happiness is impossible with the existence of great disparity between husband and wife. And yet the problem is not so difficult of solution if both husband and wife will set themselves about it.

In the first place, nature comes to the help of the wife in this respect. Her nature is the more susceptible, and is more subject to the law of assimilation than that of the husband; the wife grows as he grows, and in comparative development she is generally found side by side with him; she goes up in society as he goes, and is generally found as ready to grace any position in which his success places her as he is himself. This has come about through their mutual intercourse, through their conversation, through their consultations on plans and purposes, through that beautiful and powerful law of assimilation by which persons, and especially persons of opposite sex, grow into likeness of character, and often even of person. The husband that would have his wife a good companion for himself must give enough of himself to her to bring about this assimilation; he must be with her, converse with her, talk of their plans and aims together, treat her as a partner in his life and purposes, and he will find she is growing as fast as himself. If he would have a genial companion in his wife, he must, as far as possible, secure to her the time and means for mental culture; he must raise from her, as much as possible, the burden of care and toil; he must bring into the house books, papers, pictures, and many other things that both make

the home more beautiful and all who live in it more cultured.

But the wife, too, must see the importance of this equality with her husband, and must determine to attain it and maintain it. She must insist upon devoting a part of her time to this direct end, mental improvement. A wife needs not be a blue-stocking; they are not usually the wives in whom men are very happy; literature is a calling; it is all right for women who have the call to pursue it, but it is no more every wife's duty to be a litterateur than it is for every husband to pursue a learned profession. But what every true wife ought to aim at is to have her mind fairly cultivated, abreast with the knowledge of the day, and active enough to meet responsively the approaches of another active and intelligent mind. It is astonishing how much reading, not merely of novels and fiction, full of nonsense and emptiness, but good, useful, solid reading, can be accomplished by a very busy housewife and a faithful mother with many little ones around her. Have a good book always at hand, and you will be surprised to find how many opportunities present themselves in spare moments to read it, and will be still more surprised to find at the end of a year how much you have read, and what mental strength and elasticity you have acquired. And in this day the wife finds a great friend and helper in the daily paper, and in the really valuable periodicals into which so much knowledge is condensed into a small space. Those were beautiful and true words of Madame de Maintenon to the Princess of Savoy on the eve of her marriage: "Neglect not to make your mind a fit companion for him whose companion you are to be through life. Personal charms may please for a moment, but the more lasting beauties of an improved understanding can never tire. We are soon weary of looking at a picture, though executed in a masterly style, and she who has only beauty to recommend her has but little chance of meeting a lover who will not grow indifferent to a mere portrait, particularly when its colors are faded by the subduing hand of time. Then it is that modesty and sweetness of temper are particularly observed, and the loss of beauty will not be regretted by the man it first made your captive."

It is impossible to meet the responsibilities of wifedom without industry and economy. The true wife "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." If it is the husband's duty to provide for his household, it is as much the wife's duty to use his resources with economy and prudence. If she is under no obligation to econo-

mize at home, he is under no obligation to be diligent abroad. If she may be wasteful and extravagant in the family, he may be idle and reckless in business. Nor is mere economy and prudence the measure of a wife's duty here. The true wife can not be an idle woman. God made both men and women to work; and this is not a curse for sin, but is a duty devolved upon them while they were yet in the innocence of Eden. Well would it be for many sickly, nervous, fretful wives, if they had something to do, and were under the necessity of doing it. We have a serious fault in American society in this respect. How strange it is that in this land where the highest honor is placed on labor, and he is the true man who raises himself and builds his own fortune, labor on the part of women should be considered degrading, and especially that kind of labor which is peculiarly in the province of women, the care of the home! Even where the mother, born before these new notions became prevalent, and true to the traditions of her youth, condescends to labor occasionally, the daughters are frequently brought up in perfect idleness, take no bodily exercise except that of walking in fine weather, or riding in cushioned carriages. Domestic industry is too much out of fashion among modern wives—too much for real domestic happiness and comfort, too much for health of mind and body. Those who can afford servants can not bemean themselves, as they think, by domestic labors. The result is, too frequently, that ladies of this class lose what little health they started life with, becoming feeble in just about the same proportion as they become fashionable.

In this neglect of household cares American ladies stand alone. A German lady, no matter how elevated her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of mind and body alike. An English lady, whatever may be her position in society, does not neglect the affairs of her household, and even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, which she considers her imperative wifely duty. The queen herself is one of the most careful housewives and industrious women of her realm. A contrary course to this results in that lassitude and ennui of mind, and languor of body which is fatal to domestic cheerfulness and happiness; the wife either withers away in ill health, or rushes into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind. Home employment, too, is the most effectual antidote to those besetting sins of backbiting, enviousness, and gossiping. Yet, wherever it is practicable, the husband will find

it greatly to his interest and happiness, not to allow these household cares to multiply upon his wife until they become a drudgery, and she that should be his companion becomes merely his housekeeper. Give her timely help and relief; lift the burden the moment you see it bearing too heavily on mind or body; just as soon as your means will admit of it—and that will be long before you have accumulated what you would call your fortune—let her office and work be that of superintendent of home, as yours is that of superintendent of your business. You will be paid for all this in what is better than money, roseate health, cheerful spirits, a happy and lovable wife.

We must insist on the old-fashioned claim, that it is the wife's duty to be good-natured at home. It may be exceedingly difficult to maintain this at all times, but it is essential; the absence of it is fatal to the peace and happiness of the family; it is the vital breath of the household. To achieve it rests mainly on the wife, because the home is peculiarly hers. So Solomon describes an ideal wife: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." No trait of character is more valuable in a wife than this: it is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a sweet disposition! It is as sunshine shining on his heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the mind of the whole family. When it is found in the wife and mother, you find kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of all in the house. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling in that home. Few women are aware of the powerful influence of their words of gentleness, kindness, and encouragement over men. In many points these great, strong men are weaker than you; they have less patience, less endurance than you; they are more easily discouraged than you. Your smile and approbation, your gentle words and encouragement come to them like an inspiration. When your husband goes forth to the toils of the day, your smile and blessing are a far better stimulant than any bar-room or saloon can furnish him; and when he returns from the cares of the world, let him find repose and affection at home, and in its genial sunshine he will forget the storm without. Above all, a wife should be exceedingly careful in ministering blame and complaints with regard to his business, and murmurings that he is not more

successful. Most likely he is doing the very best he can; man's ambition to succeed is intense enough without any goading from his wife. His failures, his want of success, his embarrassments, his limited circumstances are stinging enough to him, and should never receive upbraidings from his wife.

But we must conclude this article with a glance at the wife in her relation of mother. Here she stands pre-eminent in her power to impress her own character, whether good or evil, on her children, and through them on society at large. Nor is this all; these little ones, like living links, connect her with the distant future, and through them, as through electric wires fastened to her heart and it the living battery, she may send her influence like a living stream far into the future. How powerful, then, is the influence of the mother! How deep, how early, how enduring her impressions on the youthful mind! What nobler or more important province of activity could possibly fall to the lot of human beings? Shame, shame on those women who, in their mad seeking after meaner things, would cast from them this sublime office and work! It is the mother's power not only to bless the little ones at her feet, so that they arise and call her blessed, but the future men and women, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers of the world, first nestle in her bosom, and play around her feet, while she in every look, in every utterance, in every lesson, molds their character, and daguerreotypes upon them impressions which will last forever. This is not fancy, nor is it exaggeration. The mother re-lives in the heart and life of her children. Cowper lost his mother in early life, when yet a little feeble inmate of the nursery, and yet that mother's image, her voice, her kindness, her lessons, were entamped on his soul. Long years passed by, and Cowper grew to be a man; in the full strength of his genius and manhood, hear his address to his spirit-mother. The whole of it is one of the most beautiful productions in the English language; we can quote only that part of it which bears on the point before us:

"Where once we dwell our name is heard no more;  
Children not thine have trod the nursery floor;  
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,  
'T is now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced—  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit or confectionery plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed  
By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;  
All this, and more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall.

All this, still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so till my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee, as ray numbers may."

Nor is it only these memories that live in the growing heart of childhood. Pious lessons, elements of truth, principles of religion and morality, are all like seeds sown in a fertile soil, which must and will germinate and grow in the future. The devout Richard Cecil thus records his experience: "Nothing used to impress upon my mind so strongly the reality and excellence of religion as my mother's counsels and prayers. Frequently she retired with her children to a private room, and, after she had read the Bible with us and given us some good instruction and advice, she kneeled down with us and offered a prayer, which, for apparent earnestness and fervor, I have seldom known equaled. These seasons were always pleasant to us, and sometimes we looked forward to them with impatience. My mother seemed to me then almost an angel, her language, her manner, the very expression of her countenance indicating great nearness to the throne of grace. I could not have shown levity at such times; it would have been impossible. I felt then it was a great blessing to have a praying mother, and I have felt it much more sensibly since. Those prayers and counsels time will never efface from my memory. They form, as it were, a part of my very constitution."

Here, then, is a vast sphere of usefulness and activity for the Christian wife and mother, and, though the husband and father is to be her helpmeet here, and may not transfer his parental responsibility and duty to the wife, but should ever co-operate with her in this momentous work, yet her position here is supreme, and it is pre-eminently her work to train her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

CHRISTIAN love bindeth us to pray for the remission of our sins, so for the remission of the sins of others; also for those who by infirmity are at any time overtaken with sin. And prayers of this kind made by the faithful shall be heard, that we may be excited the more to desire the prayers of one another, and the more ready in love to put in practice this duty.

## BEWARE OF MOLE-HILLS.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. MONTFORT was the first to recover herself sufficiently to explain. Seating herself upon a sofa, she drew her friend down beside her, and, still holding her hand in her own, she turned to the two wondering ladies, saying, half apologetically, "I do not wonder at your astonishment. I thought I was about to meet an entire stranger. Judge, then, of my feelings at seeing before me a dear friend of other days, for whom I have mourned as among the dead. In order to understand something of the nature of my feelings toward her I must refer briefly to my early life. I was an only child, with no brother or sister to love. My parents lived a very retired life, and I had but few companions. Only one was selected from among these whom I truly loved from the days of childhood to the present time. We were brought up side by side, sharing the same pleasures, engaged in the same studies and pursuits. As we grew older the attachment deepened, and in heart, thought, and feeling we were sisters indeed. A short time before my marriage this dear friend went with her parents to Europe on a visit to some relatives whom she had never seen. In a short time we learned that the vessel in which the family had taken passage was lost. To me this was a heavy blow, and O, how often have I mourned in secret for the dear friend of my youthful days! From the sad day upon which we received the tidings of the vessel's loss I have heard nothing concerning those who were numbered among her passengers. And now, after a separation of nearly four years, we have met again in this strange and unexpected manner." And she turned to look once more upon the friend beside her, who wept in the fullness of her joy.

"I, too, have my story to tell," said she. "Let me be brief, for the recital revives many painful memories. The vessel in which we sailed was wrecked, as reported, and my dear parents were among the lost. I, with a few other survivors, was picked up by a sailing vessel bound for another port, and we were consequently carried far from the point for which we had started. Upon learning of the fate of my parents and my orphaned condition I fell into a fever from which I did not recover for many months. The captain and his wife were kind-hearted, Christian people, and cared well for me, seeking not only to minister to my physical needs, but to raise my sad and drooping spirits, looking trustfully to the all-wise Father for

comfort and protection. After long delay, I at last reached my relations in England, with whom I remained until a short time ago, when I was recalled to my native city upon business relating to the property left by my father. I should have said before, however, that upon reaching England my first care was to write to this dear friend. Receiving no reply, I wrote repeatedly; but, not knowing of her marriage and change of name, together with her removal from the city where we had dwelt together so many happy years, my letters failed to reach her. How happy I am to meet her once again words can not express."

Time passed so rapidly that the duski-ness of twilight found the reunited friends still talking in Mrs. Mitchell's parlor. Rising at last to go, Mrs. Montfort found there was still so much to say she was reluctant to leave. Before she did so she exacted a promise from her friend that several weeks should be spent with her before she left the city, to which a ready assent was given, and Mrs. Montfort returned home rejoicing in the prospect of a visit from the friend she had loved in childhood's days, and accordingly, before a week had passed, Ella Wynne became her guest.

Ella Wynne was one of those pleasant, lively, industrious little mortals with whom it is such a pleasure to meet, fitting here and there, diffusing sunshine and happiness wherever she went. Sweet-tempered and unselfish, she was always ready to sympathize with her friends in joy or sorrow, and to aid any who were in trouble to find their way out into the blessed sunlight again if possible. She seemed a sort of gleaner in the great field of every-day life, ever finding something among the sheaves which to other eyes looked barren and useless. She was not really beautiful, in fact appeared quite plain in comparison with the brilliant Julia Montfort, but when one knew her well no thought of outward appearance presented itself, for her winning sweetness found its way to a place in the hearts of all.

Mr. Montfort welcomed her cordially to his home, and his mother at once took the motherless girl to her heart, saying she could not help loving her after an hour's acquaintance. Julia exerted herself to an unusual degree to make every thing pleasant for her friend. Several days passed away, and each greatly enjoyed the society of the other—old memories were revived, and the days of their early friendship thus lived over again. Ella could not but notice that Julia talked much more of the past than of the present, seeming really to avoid conversing upon that portion of her life following

her marriage, and she could not fail to perceive that somewhere within that home, which appeared so fair and beautiful, "a skeleton lay hidden away."

Being naturally a very close observer of human nature, she soon noticed the estrangement existing between Mr. and Mrs. Montfort, and felt sincerely grieved and troubled. Her kind heart yearned to do something which would dissipate the clouds, and bring peace and joy into the hearts that should ever be as one in purpose and feeling. She could not fail to notice also the change in her friend's personal appearance when at home. In her girlish days she had been very particular and even fastidious in this matter, but now she had grown negligent and careless, seeming to think it too much trouble to dress except for company. She frequently appeared at the breakfast table with uncombed hair, a mere brushing in front answering the purpose; and at one time during a rainy week, when visitors were not expected, Ella was quite surprised and pained at the negligence exhibited in this respect.

To Ella's request that she would sing for her, she only replied that music had long since lost its charms for her, and she was sadly out of practice. One evening, when company was present, the conversation took quite a literary turn, and various authors and their works were freely discussed. Ella noticed that Mrs. Montfort took no part in the discussion, answering evasively when called upon once or twice for an opinion. She saw, too, that a look of displeasure appeared upon her husband's face, and she felt that he bitterly regretted his wife's inability to carry on a conversation upon any topic reaching beyond the narrow limits in which she felt at home. A few days after this occurrence Ella entered Mrs. Montfort's room early one morning, and seating herself upon a low stool beside the easy chair in which the lady sat, in her pleasant, winning way exclaimed, "Dear Julia, forgive me if I appear rude and inquisitive, but I do want to ask a question."

"Well, dear, what is it?" she asked, turning a look of inquiry upon Ella's eager face.

"I want to ask if you are happy," was the unexpected reply.

A faint flush appeared upon Mrs. Montfort's cheeks as she quietly answered, in a low tone, "Happy, Ella, why do you ask? Do you fancy I am less so than others?"

"To be candid, Julia, I answer yes."

"In what way, Ella? do you trace it to any cause?"

"Yes, Julia dear, it seems to me your married life is not as happy as you anticipated; pardon

me, dear friend, and rest assured I do not ask from motives of idle curiosity. True interest in you and your welfare alone prompts the inquiry, for you know we are sisters. And now tell me truly, is there not an estrangement existing between your husband and yourself?"

For a moment Mrs. Montfort was silent, then, without raising her eyes, answered, in a trembling, half-reluctant manner, "I will not attempt to deceive you, Ella, nor will I evade a direct answer to a plain question. My husband and I have indeed become in a measure estranged from each other."

"And you are both unhappy, in truth, miserable, and yet too proud to acknowledge it even to yourselves; am I not right?"

"I can only answer for one," said Mrs. Montfort.

"And I think I can answer for the other. I am sure your husband is a very unhappy man, rendered daily more so by the wife who should be a comfort and a joy to him."

"Ella Wynne!" cried Mrs. Montfort starting up, while the hot flush of anger rose to her brow.

"Dear Julia, forgive me; I do not wish to wound you, nor to censure unjustly; O, believe me, I only want to do you good," and the pleading eyes looked up through tears to the stern face before her.

Mrs. Montfort was touched by the expression of loving-kindness and desire to help which beamed from the countenance of the girl beside her. She sank back into her chair again, exclaiming, sadly, "Say what you will, you can not make me more miserable than I am."

Ella took her hand caressingly in her own, saying, softly, "Dear friend, I could not but see that you were unhappy, and have partially divined the cause; and now must I stand idly by and see the distance between yourself and Mr. Montfort becoming greater and more clearly defined every day, and not make an effort at least to stay the coming evil?"

"No, Ella, no, you were always my best friend; do what you can for me now."

"And you will not be angry if I drag forward your own faults and shortcomings for inspection and perhaps correction?"

"No, I'll try not. If I am most to blame in this matter do not hesitate to tell me, but I doubt it. Now for the probing knife, my dear; use it freely; show me wherein I err so terribly," and the lady tried to smile, but almost sobbed instead.

"From what I have seen for myself," continued Ella, "I am inclined to think that this estrangement is not the result of any serious quarrel, but has been caused rather by what we

may truly call trifles—little differences of opinion too freely expressed, a disposition on the part of each to contest rather than to yield a point, and too little regard for the feelings of each other. Am I not right?"

"Yes, I must confess that you have judged correctly. I really can not tell just when or how the trouble began. I only know there were, as you say, little disputes over trifles, at least they appear but trifles now, though at the time we did not look upon them as such. He was too exacting, too resolute, and I proud and self-willed. It was my disposition, Ella. He should have borne with me more patiently, for I could not help it."

"But at the same time you, on your part, did not make any such allowance for the peculiarities of your husband's disposition, did you?" asked Ella.

"No, I never paused to think of that. How blind!"

"Then it occurs to me that you, too, were exacting; that is one point wherein you were wrong, you see, and he was probably just as much so."

"But, Ella, you have no idea how much I have had to bear; and you know I have never, from a child, been accustomed to having my wishes thwarted, or my will questioned."

"But had you no confidence in your husband? could you not persuade your will to give up something of former preference for his sake? and could you not believe he would not willingly give you pain?"

"But you do not know all; he is so imperious, so stern at times."

"And you so sarcastic, so cutting."

Again the flush of anger rose to Mrs. Montfort's brow, but with an effort she said, "Your knife probes deeply now; that is one of my failings, I confess; but, Ella, there is some excuse for me even in that. The coldness and studied neglect with which my husband has treated me of late has drawn forth all the worst traits of my character."

"And yet, Julia, he never fails to show you the attention and politeness of a gentleman, and you certainly know that cutting remarks by no means proclaim the lady," said Ella.

"It is that empty show of attention and politeness which annoys me beyond the power of self-control. I too often give vent to my vexations, while he, on the contrary, takes refuge in that stern, cold manner which chills me to the heart. You have no idea how unapproachable he is when entrenched behind that frigid thing which you term politeness."

"You do not understand me, Julia. I do not

refer particularly to the coldness of his manner. You probably understand that better than myself; but have you ever made an effort to overcome it?"

"I dare not; I could not if I would."

"Let me help you, Julia dear; I think I can show you a way which, if I am any judge of the human heart, will not fail, if persevered in, to bring about a favorable change."

"It is too late now. I have become an object of indifference to him; it is useless to try to fan the ashes of an expiring love into new life again;" the trembling voice and tearful eyes gave evidence of the hidden sufferings of her heart.

"Too late, Julia?" echoed Ella. "No, it is never too late to try to do right. Do your part at least. Have you lost your own affection for him?"

"O, Ella, Ella, can you who profess to know something of these poor human hearts of ours ask me such a question? Do I love him? O, I have tried not to love him! I have even forced my lips to say I do not love him, while deep within my poor hungry heart I cried in agony, O, my husband, love me—love me!" and the proud Julia Montfort bowed her head and wept bitterly.

Ella Wynne's tears flowed freely too as she murmured, "Thank God for that!"

"For what?" cried Mrs. Montfort raising her head, "for the misery of loving, but not being loved in return? No, no, I would I might quench the feeling forever!"

"O, Julia! Julia! you know not what you are saying; be calm, be persuaded; listen to me;" but the fountains of the woman's heart were broken up at last, pride had succumbed before the power of love and repentant regrets, and she wept on apparently forgetful of her friend's presence. Ella waited in silence till her grief subsided, then spoke gently and soothingly of a hopeful future.

"O, Ella!" exclaimed the tearful woman, "you do not know—you can not comprehend my misery. My husband has become indifferent, his mother has no feeling for me save that of positive dislike, I am sure, and my poor baby sleeps in his little grave far away; even his love was denied me. No one cares for me; I have lived a selfish, aimless life, and do not merit kindness or consideration from any one on earth."

"No, Julia, matters are not in so deplorable a condition as that, you"—

"Listen, Ella, I am not the Julia you knew and loved years ago. I am changed—O, how sadly changed! heart, mind, and daily life have all been perverted—in truth, my life of late has



been of twofold character; I have not even tried to live up to my own convictions of right and wrong. I may as well be honest; I have grown so weary, Ella, of dissembling. To the world and my family I have seemed but a gay woman, with no thought of any thing save self and personal gratification. I have even sought to persuade my own heart that it had no need of affection, but how useless it has been! I have reaped only misery and regret. I have made so many false steps; indeed, almost my whole married life has been made up of bitter disappointments; but it is too late to change matters now," and a weary sigh followed the words.

"I can not agree with you there, Julia dear; do n't doom yourself to a life-long misery while you have power to avert it. At least let us make the attempt; do, dear, let me help you."

"But how? I never can humble myself to him," and the eyes flashed again with the old fire, and the proud spirit again showed signs of rebellion.

"I do not ask you to do so, Julia. I only want you to cease acting a part, and be once again your former self, as in the days before these difficulties came."

"I should not now know how to go back to the old path, Ella; besides, I can not do it alone. He was kind and gentle then, but now so cold and forbidding, I can not venture to take even a step toward being to him all that I was once."

"One burden at a time, Julia dear," said Ella smiling; "do n't attempt to take them all up just now; do n't try to carry more than your own at present; do your part, step by step if need be; go forward as love and duty clear the way before you, pointing out your path moment by moment, day by day, and believe me it will not be long before your husband will be found entering into the work with you. Only try, Julia, only try."

"But where can I begin? what can I do?" asked the wife in a bewildered tone.

"Pardon me if I touch upon personal matters again, Julia. You know you have promised not to be angry. Do you know how very negligent and careless you have become in regard to your own appearance at home?"

"Pshaw! that's but a trifle, Ella; what does it signify?" said Mrs. Montfort carelessly.

"A great deal, dear friend; more, perhaps, than we are always aware of. No husband who has any idea of culture and refinement, likes to see his wife look as—well, say just as you did this morning, for instance, at breakfast; just as you probably will at dinner, provided no one

calls previously; be careful now," she added playfully, putting one little hand over Julia's mouth, "remember your promise."

"I am not angry, Ella, though I confess I would not allow such freedom of speech from any but your own good little self. In regard to the matter you speak of, it seems like a very small affair to me."

"Let us begin with the small things, then, and, my word for it, we shall not have many great ones to master."

"Well, then, I'll try to remedy that evil; and yet my friends agree in saying I dress well; what more can I want?"

"Yes, you dress well for others, Julia; but it would be still better to have some regard for your husband's approval also. Why not try to look well in his eyes at home?"

"He would not even notice it."

"Did he not notice it before this estrangement? Did he not even give you reason to believe he approved of your taste in dress before your marriage as well as after?"

"O yes, often; he was very observing then."

"Believe me, he is no less so now. And now, passing from the subject of dress, let me advise you to take more interest in the things which pertain to his comfort. Do n't leave every thing for Jane to do. She keeps his library in such disorder, and seldom puts things where they are likely to be found when wanted, and is not very respectful in her manner when spoken to in regard to it. Only this morning I overheard her declare that it was n't a man's place to interfere in household arrangements. She would receive it more kindly from her mistress. One other little matter and I am done for the present. Your music, so long neglected, why not resume it? is not Mr. Montfort very fond of it? did you not sing for him in the days of courtship?" added she archly.

"Yes, he enjoyed it then; but that was long ago."

"Not so very long, after all—scarcely three years."

"But I have no heart to play or sing now; I have lost my interest in all these things."

"Try it, at any rate, Julia; begin with this great object in view, regaining your husband's love, and be assured the old pleasure will be restored fourfold. As for intellectual improvement, there's always room for that. We should never cease to advance in this respect; we must endeavor to keep up with the times, and I believe it to be a wife's duty to study to be his equal in intellect. She can be if she will; and there are few who can not find time enough to pay some little attention to the matter, and by

so doing not only reap pleasure and profit themselves, but are able to entertain and benefit others."

"I believe you are right, Ella, and begin to share your enthusiasm upon the subject; but how is it that you have learned all this? Really you talk like a person of age and experience, while in truth you are not as far advanced in years as myself."

Ella smiled as she answered, "I have been thrown among so many different classes of people that I suppose I have learned something from all. The habit of contrasting one with another, and studying the peculiarities of each, has also been a prolific source of amusement and profit. And the desire to see every body enjoy all the happiness which can be derived from the great blessings which a kind Father has showered upon us, has often actuated me to speak freely, as I have done upon this occasion."

Ella Wynne's words made a deep impression upon Julia Montfort. She resolved to give up the listless, aimless life she had been leading, and though it did cost an effort, devote herself more truly to the interests of the one whom she had promised to love till death should sever the tie which bound them. She resolved, too, to read, and study, and practice, and by all means strive to become a companion and helpmeet of whom he should yet be proud.

At dinner she appeared in a pretty, neatly fitting dress, with her hair charmingly arranged, and her face wearing something of the girlish half-timid look of other days. Mr. Montfort looked around the little circle, and several times glanced from his wife to the door, as if in expectation of seeing visitors enter. Ella noticed it, so too did his wife, and a blush passed over her face, as with a feeling of shame she thought of the habit in which she had indulged, of coming to dinner just as she had to breakfast, except when company was present.

The next morning, to the great surprise of both Mr. Montfort and his mother, Julia came down in a tasty wrapper, looking as neat, fresh, and pretty as the most fastidious could desire. Ella cast a glance at Mr. Montfort's face, and was delighted to see the pleased smile which hovered about his lips, robbing them of their cold, repelling expression. Several days passed in this way; sometimes the wife felt discouraged and even tempted to fall back into the old way again, but Ella urged her to persevere, assuring her that she was making progress.

One morning as she came out of the library, where she had busied herself for nearly an hour in arranging her husband's books and papers

in the way she knew he liked to have them, she met him at the door, a look of surprise and perplexity upon his face. With a faint exclamation, she sprang past him and hurried to her room, where her excited feelings found vent in a flood of happy tears. He looked after the retreating figure a moment, then entered the room. Looking around, he discovered upon all sides signs of her presence; a new beauty beamed from the tastefully arranged pictures and ornaments, while the neatness and order of the furniture and books plainly told whose heart and hand had sought to please. He was both pleased and amazed, yet uncertain how to meet this new phase of character in his wife. They met at dinner, and each seemed silent and embarrassed, the conversation being carried on chiefly by the elder Mrs. Montfort and Ella Wynne, the former of whom had thought of returning before this to her own home, but the new kindness and even daughterly warmth of manner displayed toward her of late by Julia had induced her to prolong her visit. Several hours of each day were devoted now to music and the perusal of useful, instructive literature. In these pursuits Ella was both teacher and companion, instructing, helping, and encouraging. Of this Mr. Montfort was as yet ignorant. One evening, upon coming home rather earlier than usual, the sound of the piano fell upon his ear as he entered the hall. Thinking Ella was entertaining herself in that way, he passed quietly into the parlor, with the intention of listening unobserved to the music. Upon entering, however, he discovered, to his surprise, that the performer was not Ella, but Julia. Taking a seat in a darkened part of the room, he sat in silence as she sang song after song, all unconscious of his presence. At last she began a sweet, touching little ballad which she used to sing for him in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." Quietly he arose, and, passing through the room which divided them, stood behind her, joining in the chorus. The full, rich bass blended harmoniously with the clear soprano, touching a chord in the heart of the player which had long remained silent. Her own voice trembled as the sweet notes rose and fell, but she sang on to the end, scarcely knowing how she had power to go on under the excitement of the moment.

As the last note died away a strong arm was thrown around her, and a voice that she loved murmured brokenly, "Julia, my wife!"

"Dear husband," she answered, through tears, "let us forget the past; say that you forgive it all."

"Let the forgiveness be mutual, dear wife.

We have both erred, I more than you, for I should have been more patient and yielding, less exacting and more gentle. I will yet atone for all past wrongs if you but forgive and forget."

"Let it be mutual," she echoed; and O, how precious to them was the hour they spent in rehearsing the efforts each had made to regain the other's love!

"I have longed hour after hour, day after day, for a time like this," said he.

"And I have been miserable in thinking I had at last become an object of indifference to you," was her reply.

"And the whole trouble originated in trifles—little mole-hills which we, in our ignorance and blindness, construed into mountains of huge dimensions."

"How seldom one pauses to look at these little troubles in the right light until taught the lesson by some bitter experience!"

Ella Wynne came singing through the hall just then, and, thinking Julia was alone, she came in. Seeing and understanding at a glance the turn affairs had taken, she was about to withdraw hastily, but Julia called her to return.

"Here, my dear Ella, you behold the result of your teachings. Come, you have richly earned a share in our new-found happiness," and, drawing her friend to a seat beside her, she proceeded to recount how she had been instrumental in bringing about this reconciliation.

Ella's face was covered with blushes which Julia's warm praises called up, and she sought to retreat from the field, now that victory and peace had been proclaimed.

"No, Ella," said Mr. Montfort, "we can not let you go yet. We thank God for having sent you to us, and we will keep you as long as possible."

That evening was one of the happiest of their lives. All the joys and pleasures each had loved in the olden times were resumed, and three glad voices joined in anthems of praise and thanksgiving as they separated that night. Old Mrs. Montfort rejoiced in secret over the happiness of her beloved son, and many times that evening the spectacles needed to be taken from her tear-dimmed eyes in order that their glasses might receive a fresh polish from the cambric handkerchief in her lap.

The Winter had passed away, and the bright beauties of Spring were bursting once again into new life, before Ella Wynne was permitted to return to her home, and only then upon a promise being given of oft-repeated visits in future. Mrs. Montfort the elder was at last

persuaded to take up her abode permanently beneath their roof, and the presence of the dear old lady added much to the happiness of the little home-circle.

And now there were no more longings, no more tears shed in secret over the sight of the once-coveted happiness enjoyed by the family across the street. She can look into that brightly lighted parlor now, witnessing the husband's tenderness toward the wife with a smile, as she whispers, "I, too, have just such a wealth of love, and hope, and joy in my own home now."

One piece of advice she loves to impart to all her young friends; nor is it confined to them alone, for many who have long trudged onward over life's changeful way have made the path very rugged for themselves and others for want of just such a piece of salutary advice as Mrs. Montfort is able to give: Beware of mole-hills. Level them carefully, lest they rise into mountains you shall never be able to climb.

#### RECOMPENSE.

O SOUL! surveying life through sullen sense  
Of loneliness, or bitterness, or need  
Of any kind, lift but your languid lids  
From longing eyes that have not ceased to plead,  
And lo! the sympathy of sunny skies,  
Or the serenity of star-eyed night,  
Steals to the heart in still significance;  
Peace conquers pain, however long life's fight.  
Rebuking your recluse, rebellious heart,  
These messengers in their mute eloquence  
Reveal the truth, that tireless time contains  
For every ready one a recompense.  
Somewhere, somehow, deeper than Nature's smile—  
Which in itself should be enough to bless—  
An eager, earnest, sympathetic soul  
Will find, unsought, requiting happiness.  
In the progress assured by lofty aims,  
In the content attending kindly deeds,  
In the result of every noble act,  
Or great or small, fitting its special needs.  
Blinded, we grope beside the great highway,  
Where waiting work would strengthen weary hands;  
Falt'ring, our feet forget to forward press,  
Where duty beckons with divine commands.  
Haughty, we hold ourselves above all help;  
Humble, we sink beneath whatever soars;  
Afar from each the affection that would bless;  
Remote the resignation that restores.  
Sleepers, awake! See to it that before  
God's final fiat changes here for hence,  
Ye gain, in serving him, some holy hint  
If not of happiness, yet recompense.

## The Children's Repository.

### TRUE AND FALSE PITY.

FLORA did not wish to come down to tea with the family, and some anxious inquiries were made by her father after her.

"She is n't sick," said honest little Lotty. "She's been a crying."

"A crying," said mother with some concern. "What's the matter with the child?"

"I do n't know," said Lot; "but she's a reading a story-book and crying dreadful."

Mother looked annoyed as she said, "It's some of the nonsense Cousin Caroline has loaned her. It must be the last of it. Run up, Lotty dear, and tell her papa and mother wish her to come down to tea."

Flora felt a little ashamed of her red eyes, but all were so kind and pleasant, and no remarks were made about her appearance, so she made out a very good supper. It takes quite heavy troubles, real or imaginary, to take away a healthy child's appetite.

After supper Tom managed to draw from her the cause of her tears, and found out it was the tribulations of an imaginary heroine, whose sensible aunt would not permit her to run off with a beautiful young man, with great black eyes, and very pale, sad-looking face.

"O well, sis, I would n't cry," said sympathizing Tom. "She'll come out all right in the end: She'll have him, and settle down as happy as can be in such a sweet little cottage as Juno Jack's."

Flora gave a resentful glance at the mischievous Tom. As if her heroine could ever come down to live in such an old slab shanty as their poor colored washerwoman! She took the suggestion almost as a personal injury, and felt quite ready to cry again.

"Why, that's always the style, Flory. Do n't nine-tenths of them end with love in a cottage?"

"But not such a cottage as that," said Flora. "That's only a hut."

"I would turn over to the last chapter and see how they all come out, so as to have it off your mind, and then let it be the last of this kind of reading, Flora," said her mother. "I can not have you wasting your time and sympathies over such nonsense when the world is so full of real sorrows and troubles; you should learn to pity, and, as far as you can, to relieve."

Flora felt that her mother was almost unkind, but she was a peculiar mother in one respect—she was accustomed to be obeyed by her children.

Only mother and the children were gathered about the evening lamp, as business had called father out for a few hours. Aunt Maggie allowed herself to be importuned for a story, and at length consented. She settled herself very comfortably in the low rocking-chair, with her never-failing knitting work, and from her slightly pathetic tone the children surmised that her story might be rather sad and touching.

"It was twenty years ago, perhaps, that Mrs. Ardine moved into her pretty new cottage. It was furnished completely, and much of the furniture was new. A bright, new cooking-stove stood in the pleasant kitchen, and all its bright, new furniture was ranged in an orderly manner in the little 'store closet' just beside the chimney. All were pronounced as handy and convenient as could be, but as the mistress became familiar with the different pieces nothing pleased her so well as one bright little saucepan. It was lined with the whitest enamel, and the outside was durable block-tin. It was 'a jewel of a saucepan,' she often said, and in process of time it came to be called 'the Little Jewel.' It was an odd name, I know, to be applied to a cooking utensil, but then Mrs. Ardine was a very domestic woman, and had warm attachments for every thing about her. I do n't believe she had a nameless hen on her farm. For a long time Little Jewel maintained her place as her mistress's favorite. If a little dish of stewed fruit was needed there was Jewel always bright and ready to oblige. Many a delicious boiled custard and blanc-mange did she send up to the family table; for many a jar of delicious preserves were they indebted to this trusty servant. So tenderly was she cared for she was seldom intrusted to the care of a domestic.

"But one sad day Mrs. Ardine was absent, and the heedless girl in charge of the kitchen allowed the apples she was cooking to burn black in the pan. She was gossiping over the fence with an idle companion, and there was poor Jewel seething, and crackling, and charring over the red-hot stove. She would have got away if she could, but there was no help for her. Blacker and blacker grew the smoke that

went up from her spoiled fruit. Never had she sent to the table such a dish. It was no fault of Jewel's, but she thought little of that as the intense heat cracked and blackened her beautiful enamel. Would the careless girl never come? She did come at last, to find the white kitchen filled with smoke and the odor of burnt fruit, which was creeping and winding its way into every crevice and corner of the house. In her fright and haste she rushed for the pump with poor Jewel and plunged her into a bucket of cold water. This completed the mischief. If Jewel had possessed a heart to break it would have broken then. As it was, her beauty was all gone. Only an old blackened surface was left, full of cracks and spots. How sure poor Jewel felt of her mistress's pity and sympathy when she returned! She was sorry enough when she looked at her little pet, and chided sharply the careless domestic. But Jewel noticed at once her changed manner from that very evening. Instead of being placed in her accustomed niche on the top shelf, she was carelessly set away among the kettles. It would not have been so hard if it had been Bridget's work, but it was her mistress's own hand that placed her there. From that time on, every one looked coldly upon her. She was no more praised and petted. A new favorite, as near like her as possible, was brought home and placed on the shelf above her head. There seemed to be no remembrance of her past services. She sank to the lowest offices. Instead of dainty fruits and desserts she was condemned to boil onions.

"The old black thing is just fit for that," she heard her mistress say one day. "We will keep it for the purpose. I do n't like to cook them in a saucepan we use for any thing else."

"Poor Jewel! no wonder she sunk to the very floor at these heartless words.

"But one Winter's day cook let the onions boil dry, and poor Jewel was again brought to a white heat. A second plunge into a cold bath, then a sharp click like a shot, and there was a seam in poor Jewel's side which brought to a close all her usefulness.

"Good for nothing," was the verdict. "Set it in the wood-house for the present," and the poor thing was cast aside with as little ceremony as a billet of wood. The wood-house was only a low shed, with one side exposed to the weather. It was a cold Winter's night. The long icicles from the wood-shed eaves glittered in the moonlight, and the snow was piled all about it. There lay poor Jewel, as the night wore on, exposed to the bitter blasts. Never before had she been out from under cover at

night-fall. Now she was homeless and a cast-away. Never again would they take her back to the sunny kitchen, nor the bright, warm fire-side. All her faithful offices were forgotten. Neither master nor mistress, whom she had served so well, cared for her now. The bitter, biting cold grew more intense. It was midnight, and the driving snow began to fall, beating against her helpless form. Would nobody take her in? The clock tolled one, and the snow half buried poor Jewel in its icy folds." Auntie paused a moment and little Dotty sobbed out,

"Why did n't they take her in?" A tear was glistening in Flora's blue eye, and even Tom looked unusually sober.

"Because, my dear," said auntie in a cheerful tone, "she was only a burnt-up cracked old saucepan, and was n't of any use to any body any more."

The children drew a long breath and looked rather curiously at each other. Somehow they felt rather caught, they hardly knew why.

"It is always best, dear, to reserve our pity and sympathy until we are sure the object is worthy of it. There is nothing more absurd than to cry over the sorrows of a saucepan, unless it is the imaginary sorrows of some imaginary heroine of some improbable story. The world is so full of real misery that we can not afford to waste our pity on undeserving objects. I have often noticed, too, that those who seem the most pitiful over these imaginary woes, grow most hard-hearted toward real sufferers."

Flora was a sensible girl and easily understood the moral of her aunt's story. Indeed, the saucepan story passed into a sort of proverb in the household, and taught the children a very useful lesson.

It is well to sift the story carefully of idle beggars who come with pitiful tales to our doors. And we shall oftener go right than wrong if we utterly refuse to aid them, where they are strong and able-bodied, or where there are any traces of tobacco or strong drink about them. So, too, when they commence to play the part of Mr. Flatterwell. The humble poor who trust in God for daily bread are rarely sent forth to beg it from door to door. David said he had never seen it in his life-time.

IN reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste, an old lady of experience said: "My dear, when you have found a place where every body and every thing are always pleasant, let me know, and I'll live there too."

## THE YOUNG CONQUEROR.

**B**LESSED is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." Frank Lane, kneeling by his garret window, read these words slowly in the fading light. They were the last words he could see, and when he had read them he closed his book, and raised his eyes to the sky where the stars were coming out one by one. He raised his heart, too, beyond the stars, to the God who made them; then lying down on his little bed he fell asleep, murmuring, "To them that love him."

Frank was an orphan boy, taken from the parish work-house to help rich farmer Lee through harvest time. Farmer Lee had told him that if he did well he should leave the work-house entirely and live with him. Tomorrow would be the last day of the harvest, and he had not heard a word from Mr. Lee regarding his further stay. He could hardly bear the thought of going back to the work-house. Most of the boys who had been there with him as little children had long ago been taken away by different persons, but Frank was so small and so delicate that none of the robust farmers wanted him. He had a willing heart, however, and had worked faithfully through the long, hot days, much to Mr. Lee's satisfaction.

Morning came and the laborers went to the field, Frank with them. Though he felt very anxious to know Mr. Lee's intentions respecting him he dared not ask, and he received no hint. He worked on industriously all the morning, and above all the anxious thoughts in his heart rose the words he had read the night before. They came again and again, and once when Henry Lee spoke to him he was just beginning to say, "Blessed"—Henry laughed loudly. "I'm blessed if I know what you are mumbling about," he said, and walked away.

The day passed by, and at length the farmers heard the welcome call to supper. Frank went with them. He had had no opportunity of speaking to Mr. Lee, though they had worked in the same field. He did not know that the farmer had watched him closely, and was pleased with him. Tired and hungry, he entered the porch. He had just washed his hands, when he heard Mrs. Lee saying, "Henry, I wish you would bring me a pail of water." After a moment she spoke again, but Henry did not come, though he heard her distinctly. He was standing in the porch, shaking the blossoms from a clematis vine. Frank went into the kitchen and said, "Let me go to the well, Mrs. Lee."

Then taking the pail he went quickly away. Just then Mr. Lee came into the room. "What do you think of Frank Lane?" said he.

"I wish you would keep him, father," answered his wife. "He has saved me a great many steps since he has been here, bringing water and wood. He is neat. He wipes his feet before coming into the house. He is respectful, too. I wish Henry's manners were as good as his are. Then he is a Christian boy. Perhaps if he lives here he may do Henry good."

"Well," said Mr. Lee, "I do n't think much of preaching unless it goes with working, but I think his does. If he can do Henry any good I shall be glad, for the boy needs it enough. He grows more unruly every day. I will tell Frank."

At this moment Frank entered with the water, and Mr. Lee told him they had decided to keep him. His hearty "Thank you; you are very good," pleased both the farmer and his wife, and displeased Henry, who had heard all that his parents had said. "Unruly, am I," he muttered. "Any how I will not be taught by a pauper; he shall wish himself back in the work-house before he has been here long."

As the weeks went by Frank did not exactly wish himself back in the work-house, but he sometimes thought he should be happier in another family. Henry seemed to be improving outwardly, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee, attributing his improvement to Frank's influence, were very kind to the orphan boy. Out of his parents' sight, however, Henry teased Frank unmercifully, and made his work as hard as he could. He often threw sticks and weeds upon the newly swept walks; he often overturned the water pail that Frank had filled; and once he placed a stick of wood in his way when the poor boy was carrying two heavy pails of water, causing him to trip and throw the water all over the clean kitchen floor, and over his own clothes. Mrs. Lee reproved him sharply, but Frank did not complain, though he knew who had put the stick in his way. Many a time his aching limbs at night bore witness to the weary tasks he had performed during the day—tasks which had been made weary by his persecutor. But he was always patient and gentle. Somehow the verse about enduring temptation was always coming into his mind. He did not know what a tower of strength it was to him, nor how he was growing every day into the likeness of "them that love him."

Summer had come again, and it was the busiest part of the haying season. One evening Frank went to his room, tired and sad. Henry

had managed that day to bring reproof upon him from both Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and had ridiculed him to the farm hands till his tears flowed fast. The struggle had been very hard, and now the poor boy looked forward to a peaceful hour. As he entered his room he saw that some one had been there. His clothes had been torn down from their hooks. His pitcher had been overturned, and the water from it had flowed in a long stream across the floor. His bed was disarranged, and on turning down the covers he found some prickly burs beneath them. But all this he thought was nothing when he went to the table and saw what had been done there. Every thing on it was overturned; some of the leaves of his prettiest book were torn out, and his Bible was gone. He stood perfectly still for a moment; then angry words rushed to his lips. "He is a mean, wicked boy!" he cried, "how can he treat me so? I will go to Mrs. Lee directly and tell her." He turned toward the door. "It will grieve her so," he said, "and then Henry will be punished, and he will never love me. O, it is very hard!" Then a moment after, "Is this the way I endure temptation?" he said. Tears came into his eyes, and throwing himself on his knees, he prayed that he might be patient. Henry, standing outside the door to know how Frank would bear the new trial, heard his earnest prayers, and when his own name was mentioned with love, he turned away ashamed. "I did not believe he would take it so," he said. He half resolved to go and speak to Frank; then thinking, "May be he will tell of me after all," he went down stairs with the word of kindness unuttered.

It was nearly noon the next day, and all the farm hands were gathered together watching the operations of a new mowing-machine. Henry and Frank stood near each other. Henry had not spoken to Frank that day. He was trying to find courage to tell him that he was sorry for teasing him. Frank had been very quiet all day. His heart seemed filled with peace. The horses walked rapidly along, and the grass fell as the sharp, glittering scythes passed through it. All at once there was a cry of alarm. Little two-years-old Susie Lee stood just in the path of the machine. How she had come there no one knew. A few more steps of the horses would reach her. She did not know the danger, but stood smiling to see the long grass fall in such straight rows. Frank and one of the farm hands rushed forward. Frank was the quickest. He caught the child and threw her beyond the reach of the machine. The man caught her in his arms. There was no time for Frank

to run. The man on the machine had neither heard the cry nor seen the child. All the voices shouted to him to stop, and he checked his horses; but the cruel knives had passed over Frank, and he lay like a red, dying rose on the grass. They crowded round him. He had been terribly injured and had fainted. One of the men brought some water and sprinkled it on his face; another ran for a physician. He need not have done so; no earthly help could hold the life that was flowing away in that red stream. In a few moments Frank opened his eyes. Henry rushed forward and threw himself beside the dying boy. "Forgive me, forgive me!" he cried. Frank smiled sweetly. "Dear Henry," he said, "I forgave you long ago." Then his eyes closed, and murmuring "to them that love him," he passed away to receive the crown of life.

That night, when the body of the dead boy lay ready for burial, Henry told his parents all. Bitter were his regrets, unavailing his tears. No, not unavailing; for in that hour were sown the seeds of a love that, years after, was to bring him also a crown.

#### BEWARE OF THE WOLF.

YOU never need fear, little children, to meet  
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;  
Red Ridinghood's story is only a fable,  
I'll give its moral as well as I'm able:  
Bad Temper 's the wolf which we meet every-where—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,  
If you tell him a fault he gives saucy replies;  
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—  
Ah! Passion 's the wolf with the very large eyes;  
'T is ready to snap, and to trample and tear—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn  
About things with which she should have no concern;  
Such mean Curiosity really appears  
To me like the wolf with the very large ears;  
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness that 's like the wolf in the wood  
With the very large mouth, ever prowling for food,  
That eats so much more than for health can be good;  
That would clear a whole pastry-cook's shop if it could;  
That never a dainty to others will spare—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

Passion, Curiosity, and Greediness, each thus appears  
As a wolf with fierce eyes, a large mouth, or big ears;  
They bring to our nurseries fighting and fears,  
They cause bitter quarreling, trouble, and tears.  
O, chase them and cudgel them back to their lair—  
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**THE SILENCE OF GOD.**—The *silence of God*—what is it? Look at his commands and threatenings, and at what he is doing, and you will see. His voice was heard on Sinai, saying, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." But is it not true that men daily blaspheme that worthy name by the which ye are called? that there are many of whom it may be said, "He clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment?" And while this stream of blasphemy is flowing from human lips, does it not seem as if God took no notice of it—as if he had forgotten his threatening, and neither cared nor knew what men are doing? To use his own words, "Thou hatest instruction and castest my words behind thee: when thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker of adulterers: thou givest thy mouth to evil, and thy tongue frameth deceit; thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slanderest thine own mother's son—these things [besides many others forbidden in the Scriptures] thou hast done, *and I kept silence.*" How striking the thought! How wonderful Jehovah's forbearance! Men have denied his existence, defied him to execute judgment, and iniquity in every conceivable form has been perpetrated for ages, yet the silence remains unbroken. For nearly eighteen centuries there has been no visible manifestation of God's presence—no utterance of his voice as in Eden—on Sinai—in the desert—or on Judea's plains. But is God forgetful, or careless, or indifferent, respecting the treatment of his laws and the veracity of his statements? Nay, verily.

*The silence will be broken.* "Our God *shall come*, and shall not keep silence." He will yet "cause his glorious voice to be heard, and shall show the lighting down of his arm, with the indignation of his anger, and with the flame of a devouring fire, with scattering, and tempest, and hailstones." His voice will be heard calling his people to himself, and commanding his foes to destruction. His law will be vindicated, his veracity proved, his honor maintained. "Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest" as the two she-bears destroyed the forty-two children who mocked Elisha, so he "tear *you* in pieces, and there be none to deliver." The Lion of the tribe of Judah will arise from his lair. He "shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem: and the heavens and the earth shall shake: but the Lord

will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel." The silence of centuries will be terribly broken when the heavens shall be lighted up with the glory of God, and the despised Nazarene ascends the throne of universal empire. His voice will sound through the ages, and penetrate the deepest grave, and as the ransomed millions put on immortality, and give the royal salutation, "O King live forever," the hosts of hell will realize that God has broken earth's silence, and the import of these two sentences of the fiftieth Psalm will be fully understood by saint and sinner.

**INFIDELS.**—Before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they ever have done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Savior welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty Sufferer, detected at last the Monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be "remembered by him when he came into his kingdom;" they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs—or the maniacs, if the infidel will, for it does not help him—sat listening at his feet, and "in their right mind;" they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which he shed at the grave of Lazarus, not surely for him whom he was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity, for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners who could not, with Mary, fly to him and say, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother—brother—sister—had not died!" they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us not only as the proofs of his mission and guarantees of the truth of his doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of his character and are types of the spiritual cures his Gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulcher, where love and veneration lingered and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him who "brought life and immortality to light;" they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful Love wept so passionately and found him unbidden at her side—type of ten thousand times ten thousand who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consol-



tion in him "whom, though unseen, they loved;" they must blot out the discourses in which he took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which he declared himself "the Resurrection and the Life"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with child-like trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, they would see Him who is invested with the "key of the invisible world," "who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens," letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies—they must blot out, they must destroy these and a thousand other such things before they can prevent him from having the pre-eminence who loved, because he loved us, to call himself the "Son of Man," though angels called him the "Son of God."—*Henry Rogers.*

**THE CROSS OF CHRIST.**—The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven.

Those who by faith see the invisible God and the fair city, make no account of present losses and crosses.

Truly it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; it is the highway to glory; but when you see him in his own country at home you will think you never saw him before.

I find that when the saints are under trial and well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity conscience is a pope that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts. The cross is, therefore, as needful as the crown will be glorious.—*Rutherford's Letters.*

**ARE YOU THERE, MOTHER?**—A mother, busy with her household cares, was obliged to go into an upper room and leave two little ones alone for some time. So she gave them books and toys to amuse them, which answered very well for a time. But, by and by, the house seemed to grow so still and lonesome they began to feel afraid. So the eldest went to the foot of the staircase, and, calling with a timid voice, said: "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling," said the mother cheerfully. "All right," said the little one, more to herself than to her mother. So she went back to her plays for a time. After a while the question was repeated, with the same answer and the same result. O, how often in our loneliness and sadness here in the world, we forget that God still is overhead! But if we only send up our prayers to him, we shall not fail to get a comforting and quieting answer. Are you ever afraid, dear children? Learn this little verse to say over in such an hour, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." You need not fear in the darkest night or the wildest storm, for God is still overhead. Sometimes he sends the storms just to make us turn to him. It is a good wind, you know, that blows the ship into the safe harbor. So, every thing that makes us call upon

God and draw near to him is a blessing. "As one whom his mother comforteth," so the Lord will comfort those sorrowing ones who flee to his bosom for rest.—*Presbyterian.*

**CHRISTIAN COURTESY.**—Every man has his faults, his failings, his peculiarities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour; and if we were to resent them all, or even notice all, life would be intolerable. If for every outburst of hasty temper, and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. The very science of social life consists in that gliding tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see. So a Christian spirit throws a cloak over these things. It knows when it is wise not to see. That microscopic distinctness in which all faults appear to captious men who are forever blaming, dissenting, complaining—disappears in the large, calm gaze of love. And O, it is this spirit which our Christian society lacks, and which we shall never get till each one begins with his own heart.

**TIMID PEOPLE.**—It is the habit of some people to laugh at the terror which is experienced by others at the heavy thunder-crash, or the flashing lightning. This is both cruel and wicked, since the victim is no more to blame for it than for the color of his eyes and hair—in fact, like them, it is often hereditary. Such persons should be pitied and soothed, and allowed during these periods to be always near some one whom they love and confide in. More especially is this true of children, some of whom suffer more than words can tell from this, as well as from other causes of fear. Deal gently with such; it is the only way to eradicate their fears; ridicule and harshness will only confirm them. The child "afraid of the dark," should never be enforced to encounter it unattended and unwatched. Idiocy has often been the sad result of a contrary treatment. Let parents and teachers, then, be thoughtful in these regards.

**LITTLE CROSSES.**—Christ comes to us morning by morning to present to us for the day that is opening divers little crosses, thwartings of our own will, interferences with our own plans, disappointments of our own little pleasures. Do we kiss them and take them up and follow in his rear, like Simon the Cyrenian? Or do we toss them from us scornfully, because they are so little, and wait for some great affliction to approve our patience and resignation to his will. Ah, how much might we accommodate to the small matters of religion generally those words of the Lord, "Take heed that ye despise not these little ones!" Despise not thy little sins; they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties; they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility. Despise not little temptations; rightly met, they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial.—*Dr. Goulburn.*

## Contemporary Literature.

**THE CHRISTIAN PASTORATE: Its Character, Responsibilities, and Duties.** By Daniel P. Kidder, D. D., Author of "A Treatise on Homiletics," etc. 12mo. Pp. 569. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

We are always glad when we lay our hands on a book written by one of our own men that may become a text-book in our colleges and biblical institutes, or take its place among the books to be studied by those entering our ministry. In our own experience as a teacher we have met with not a little trouble and perplexity in the necessity enforced upon us to use in various branches text-books written by men who occupy in moral and mental philosophy, in theology, and in the practical working of the ministry, positions wholly different from ours; and we have seen, too, considerable perplexity created in the minds of candidates for our ministry, by the study of books in course prepared by men wholly unacquainted with our doctrines and usages. We think it is full time now that our learned men should be able to give to our schools and to our course of study all the books we need, and we hope soon to see the time when some books, now used, perhaps, from necessity, will be eliminated from our course of study, and their places supplied by text-books written from our stand-point in philosophy, theology, and the pastoral work. Dr. Kidder has been doing a good work in the department of the practical working of our ministry. Many excellent books on Homiletics and the Christian pastorate have been given to the world, but they were not written by "itinerants," and failed in many points of adaptation to the wants of an itinerant ministry. Dr. Kidder has grown up in our midst; has had experience in nearly all the departments of our itinerant ministry, and writes understandingly, and in profound sympathy with the Methodist itinerant. His books ought to be welcomed and studied by every one of our ministers. But they have a broader range than this, and will equally commend themselves to earnest ministers of all denominations. The present volume is a thorough study of the "Christian Pastorate" in its character, responsibilities, and duties. The author's opportunities for pursuing this study, his experience of thirty-five years in the ministry, his broad observation of pastoral labors here and elsewhere, his position as an instructor of candidates for the ministry, and his well-known abilities, are sufficient guarantees that this is an excellent book, and an examination of it shows that the author has here realized all that we would naturally expect from him. We find in it an excellent chapter on the minister in his domestic relations and on the pastor's wife, to which we propose to treat our readers in our next number. The book, we are sure, will at once become a standard

among us, and take its place in the course of study for candidates for our ministry.

**THE PARABLES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, Practically Unfolded.** By Rt. Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. 8vo. Pp. 382. Cloth, \$3. Morocco, \$5. Sold only by Subscription. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. Cincinnati: E. Hannafoord & Co.

A very precious book is this to have a place in the family; beautiful in all its mechanical appointments, elegantly illustrated, it is in this respect an educator and refiner of the household. But in its subject-matter it still far exceeds the beauty of the setting. The gems of our Savior's lessons—his parables—are the ground-work of the book, and practical expositions of them by a devout, evangelical, and scholarly minister make up the body of the work. The expositions are practical and popular; there is a deep spiritual meaning in each one of these similitudes, and this the author has successfully endeavored to develop with clearness and fidelity. The style is very clear and chaste, and the spirit of the writer is broad and charitable.

**REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES: A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations Made in the Years 1865, 1866, and 1867.** By Richard F. Bush, Late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition. 8vo. Pp. 529. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a very interesting book about an almost unknown region and people. The author accompanied the expedition engaged in surveying the route for the Russo-American Telegraph four years ago, and endeavors here to convey an idea of what he saw, heard, and endured during the three years of his sojourn in those cold, desolate, and undescribed regions, large portions of which had never before been visited by white men. He has described his scenes in a readable, comprehensible, and entertaining manner. The illustrations, which are many, may be relied on for accuracy, having been mostly taken on the spot by the author himself.

**THE HISTORY OF ROME, BY TITUS LIVIUS.** Literally Translated, with Notes and Illustrations. By D. Spillan, A. M., M. D. Vol. I. Books I-XX. Vol. II. Books XXI-XXX. 12mo. Pp. 747, 742. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Scholars and general readers will both welcome this excellent and complete translation of the noble old Roman historian, Titus Livy. Most scholars have tried to read him in the original, and most have succeeded in mastering a few books, but we presume it has been pretty generally left to professors and

translators to work their way entirely through. Yet no better or more entertaining historian ever wrote than Livy, and the non-reading has not been from lack of interest in the writer, but of time and patience in the reader. Well here it is, the whole thirty books complete, except the ten lost ones, the outline only of whose contents is given. The translation is, we judge, the best now extant, adhering as closely as possible to the original text, yet clothed in the neatness and perspicuity required by the English reader.

**HEAT.** By Jacob Abbott, Author of "The Franconia Stories," etc. 12mo. Pp. 306. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is the first of a series of books of "Science for the Young." Mr. Abbott is a very competent hand to prepare them, and the Harpers knew just how to issue them. The design and character of the series are thus stated: "Though it has been prepared with special reference to the young, and is written to a considerable extent in a narrative form, it is not mainly to amuse the readers with the interest of incident and adventure, nor even to entertain them with accounts of curious or wonderful phenomena, but to give to those who, though perhaps still young, have attained, in respect to their powers of observation and reflection, to a certain degree of development, some substantial and thorough instruction in respect to the fundamental principles of the sciences treated of in the several volumes."

**THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY, and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands.** By Lady Belcher. 12mo. Pp. 377. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

About forty years ago a little volume was published with this title, written by Sir John Barrow, and numbered in Harper's "Family Library." The work was favorably received, but was quite deficient in facts. Accidental circumstances have furnished the author, who is step-daughter to Captain Heywood, with more extended materials, and she is thus able to give in this volume a more connected and impartial narrative. It is a narrative of thrilling interest.

**THE PARENTS' GUIDE; or, Human Development through Inherited Tendencies.** By Mrs. Hester Pendleton. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 1 Vol. 12mo. \$1.50. New York: S. R. Wells. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

What America needs above every thing else to give a steady and substantial growth to her institutions is, *good mothers*, and it is the purpose of this book to furnish such information, and to give such counsel as shall contribute to an improved *motherhood*. Written in a terse, clear style, yet refined and almost delicate in the treatment of the difficult phases of the subject, it commends itself at once to the reader, and can not fail to be productive of lasting benefit. Written by an American lady of much experience and observation, it is especially adapted to American women, while American men, whose interest in the affairs of home life is scarcely inferior, will find its attentive perusal a profitable employment.

No more valuable work has been published for years in this particular field.

**PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY.** By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 16mo. Pp. 331. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mrs. Stowe needs no introduction to the reading world; her books are patiently waited for and then eagerly devoured. She very curiously prefaces this volume in the following style: "This story is not a novel, as the world understands the word; and we tell you so beforehand, lest you be in ill humor by not finding what you expected. . . This is a little common-place history about one man and one woman, living straight along in one little prosaic town in New England. It is, moreover, a story with a moral," and the author takes care to make the moral plain enough before she finishes the book. Novel or no novel, we are sure the reader will not be disappointed nor in ill humor with the author.

**THE AMERICAN CARDINAL.** A Novel. 12mo. Pp. 315.

**PAPERS FOR HOME READING.** By Rev. John Hall, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 365.

**MAX KROMER; A Story of the Siege of Strasburg.** By the Author of "Alone in London," etc. 16mo. Pp. 184. New York: Dodd & Mead. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These are three excellent books. The first comes to us without a name, but its authorship is well known. It is a vigorous exposition of some of the workings of Catholicism in this country. The "Papers for Home Reading" will be a blessing to the house in which they are read. The papers are on popular topics, and are fresh in their style. "Max Kromer" is a story of thrilling interest.

**THE FARM ON THE MOUNTAIN.** By Rev. F. Arnold. 16mo. Pp. 347.

**THE TWO LITTLE BRUCES.** By the Author of "Hungering and Thirsting." 16mo. Pp. 282.

**THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW, and Siaged by the Fire.** From the English. 16mo. Pp. 397. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Three good and beautiful books for the young, suitable for the home and the Sunday-school.

**CATALOGUES.**—Thirtieth Annual Catalogue of the Pennington Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, Pennington, New Jersey. Thomas Hanlon, D. D., President.—Twenty-Seventh Annual Catalogue of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, O. Lucius H. Bugbee, D. D., President.—Inauguration at Baldwin University, Berea, O. W. D. Godman, D. D., President.—Sixteenth Annual Catalogue of the Pittsburg Female College, Pittsburg, Penn. I. C. Pershing, D. D., President.—Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, 128 Second Avenue, New York. Dr. Emily Blackwell, Secretary.—Lippincott Female Institute, Charles-Street Avenue, Baltimore. I. A. Lippincott, A. M., President.

## Editor's Table.

**THE SABBATH AND THE CIVIL LAW.**—The Sabbath is a divine institution, and as such it will always be recognized and observed by all good people who fear and love God, both Jews and Christians; the Jew may still insist on observing the day of original appointment, the seventh day of the week, and the Christian, in grateful remembrance of his Lord's resurrection from the dead, may insist on the first day of the week, but both alike will consecrate to God one day in the seven, for his worship and for man's rest. While it is the appointment of God, yet the Divine Teacher tells us "it was made for man." Wise men in all ages, where the institution has been made known, have promptly recognized in it a most beneficent institution, promotive of man's highest interest both physical and spiritual. Nations, both Jewish and Christian, have readily seen the wisdom of enforcing its obedience on the people, and have enacted civil laws for its preservation and observance. Government, as a wise protector of the people's highest good, has always claimed the right of enforcing good and right things, and maintaining wise and beneficent institutions even against the wishes of the ignorant and vicious. All Christian governments have taken the divine institution of marriage under their care, and all have enacted laws enforcing the great moral principles of the Decalogue. We concede that governments are only concerned with the human and temporal side of these institutions; they have no power to enforce worship, or to command faith and obedience toward God; but they have the right to accept wise and good institutions in their social relations and enforce them upon the people. This has always been done, and always will be done.

In this country the Sabbath is a civil institution, as far as the civil law is concerned. It is recognized by our Government as a beneficent institution, promotive of health, peace, and good order, and, therefore, enjoined upon the people. The civil law commands rest, a cessation from business and labor; it does not command attendance on worship, or any manner of religious service. Most departments of labor and business promptly and gratefully accept this ordinance of the Government, and most of the people see at once the wisdom and beneficence of this arrangement. It is only those questionable kinds of business that are every day an infraction of law and good order, that feel oppressed by this ordinance; rum-shops, beer-saloons, beer-gardens, tobacco-shops, theaters, concerts, etc., rise up in indignation against the law that would suspend their operations on the Sabbath. Existing only by forbearance and patient toleration; nuisances at all times, and centers always of disorder, crime, and pauperism, it is nothing but the height of impudence to demand that they should have rights which are

denied to legitimate and reputable occupations. The merchant, the banker, the professional man, the mechanic, and the laborer, gladly close up their places of business and work, and accept from Government and from God this day of rest. From the saloons, and gardens, and theaters, we hear a perpetual howl of oppression when any attempt is made to demand that they too shall suspend operations one day in seven. Why should rum be sold on Sunday, and not broadcloth? Why should beer have a free market on the Sabbath, and not corn and oats? Why should the theater keep open doors, and not the auctioneer's room? We have often wondered that the people engaged in legitimate business, who close up their stores and shops every Saturday night as good citizens, have not long since risen in a perfect storm of indignation and demanded that these vile trades shall close on Sunday as well as their own places of business. It is quite probable the store-keeper, the mechanic, the laborer, etc., could make more money, for a time at least, by continuing their business seven days a week. Yet for God and the good of society they cheerfully yield the seventh to rest, recuperation, and good order. With consummate impudence the rum-seller and the saloon-keeper charge society with oppression and tyranny because she asks the same cessation from business, the same rest and good order from them!

These haters of the Sabbath, seeing at once that there is no possible argument for the continuing of their trades on Sunday while the legitimate and reputable business of the country is suspended, with characteristic impertinence demand that the Sabbath as a civil institution shall be done away entirely. Most of these demands come from a foreign element in our midst, and the demand is usually that our American Sabbath shall be transformed into the European Sunday. Would it be any great stretch of modesty for these adopted citizens to remember that the American Sabbath was here an established institution long before they came? or would it be any great straining of good feeling for them to have a little respect for the cherished institutions of the American people?

But what is this European Sabbath the American people are asked to substitute for their own? Simply no Sabbath at all. In some places the day is absolutely unknown as a day of rest even; and this is the end of the whole movement in that direction—to rob the people finally of a day even of rest and amusement. With the Sabbath once converted into a holiday, it does not require many generations to destroy the holiday and leave nothing. In Russia people are every-where busy at work in the fields; and the market-places in all provincial towns are crowded with peasants selling their produce as on

ordinary week days. The Sabbath desecration of Berlin is most lamentable. Sunday is like a common business day. Most of the shops are open and busily frequented, and most of the people wear their week-day clothes. To such an extent had this abolition of the Sabbath gone, that the Government recently took the matter in hand and forbade all business after nine o'clock, ordered all public work to cease, all shops to be closed and the windows covered. During the hours of religious worship no concerts, public assemblies, or processions of any kind are to be permitted, nor the playing of any kind of games or noisy amusements. What do our German citizens say to this reaction in the "father-land?" In Brussels all the shops, stalls in the streets, etc., are open on Sunday, and the every-day business of life no way interrupted. In Paris and throughout France Sunday is the chosen day for military reviews, the inauguration of public buildings and festivals, the day for excursions, balls, promenades, concerts, and festivities of all sorts. Just before the war a correspondent from Paris wrote, Paris is a city without a Sabbath. The laborer commences work very early, and on Sabbath as early as any other day. Workmen engaged on public works may be seen toiling on Sunday as if they had never heard that the Lord had blessed the seventh day and hallowed it. Is this the kind of Sabbath the poor man and the working man desire to have? Yet this is the European Sabbath, and this is always the final result of abolishing God's day of rest. An eye-witness writes, "The streets are scenes of activity and business; stores and shops with few exceptions are open; market men and women push their vegetable and fruit carts about and cry their wares; men jostle each other in the streets as they hurry to and fro; wagons and cabs with their loads rattle along the streets; by far the majority of the people take no notice of the day whatever, either for worship, or rest, or amusement."

England and Scotland only, of all European countries, are distinguished for the quiet, public order, and happy influence of the Lord's day, and they are equally distinguished for their civil and religious liberty, and for the superiority of the masses of the people. An eminent Frenchman was sagacious enough to see the connection between the two. Said Count Montalembert, a devoted Romanist, "Impartial men are convinced that the political education by which the lower classes of the English nation surpass other nations—that the extraordinary wealth of England, and the general well-to-do condition of her people, are clear proofs of the blessing of God bestowed upon this nation for its distinguished Sabbath observance." De Tocqueville attributed the health, good order, intelligence of the masses, and general prosperity of the people of our country, in a great measure to the same cause. "A European," he says, "can not see without astonishment the quiet of the Sabbath day, and no intelligent man can fail to perceive its wonderful influence upon the nation."

We are evidently face to face with this great issue,

and the question is now broadly thrust upon the American people, not simply of how far Sabbath desecration may be endured, but the absolute question of any Sabbath at all. We may as well meet it now in its broadest meaning, for this is what the enemies of the Sabbath mean and say: "The so-called Sunday laws and ordinances requiring men to refrain from common labor, and making it a penal offense to do acts on Sunday which are lawful on any other day in the week, and which do not interfere with the public peace or the rights and liberties of any body, must be considered an encroachment upon individual rights, incompatible with the spirit of our State Constitution and the American idea of personal liberty."

There is not an institution in the country enforced by law of which precisely the same thing might not be said. The cry that we are perpetually hearing of "the rights of conscience," "personal freedom," etc., is the sheerest nonsense, and yet our politicians and many of our people quail before it as if it was at once the end of all debate. Are we to have no institutions, no ordinances, no laws in this country, if they happen to touch somebody's "so-called" conscience, or obstruct somebody's licentiousness? No attempt is made in this country to enforce a religious Sabbath. Christians can not be made by force, and no mere ecclesiastical definitions of the Sabbath can be enforced on the people. But the American Sabbath is a civil institution, all the better that God gave it and sanctioned it; but the Government has to do with it as a humane institution, a necessity for man, a benevolent arrangement for man's good. As such it is protected by law in our country. The Government demands that every man shall have this one day in seven for rest, that no man shall compel his fellow-man to labor continuously. The law is humane, just, impartial, unsectarian. It is the poor man's friend, the laborer's protector. The masses of our people should be made distinctly to see and understand this. Many imagine that the determined friends of the Sabbath are interfering with their rights; that they are perpetrating a great wrong or injustice in preserving and enforcing the Sabbath. On the contrary the friends of the Sabbath design to secure and perpetuate one of God's own beneficent institutions for the multitudes. Do away with the laws of God and man on this subject, and how long would it be till the Sabbath would entirely pass away, and the poor man, the toiling millions, be left wholly without this period of intermission and rest? As we have seen, it is so already in most parts of Europe, and the people, instead of enjoying a day of rest, or even of amusement and pleasure, pursue their toil and are driven to their tasks on the seventh as well as on the other six days. We can not yield the American Sabbath. The multitudes of the people can not spare it, and their greatest enemies are those who, for sordid gain, or for unrestrained licentiousness, would deprive them of it. Let the people so understand it, and arise in their might for the defense and perpetuation of this beneficent institution bequeathed to us by our fathers.

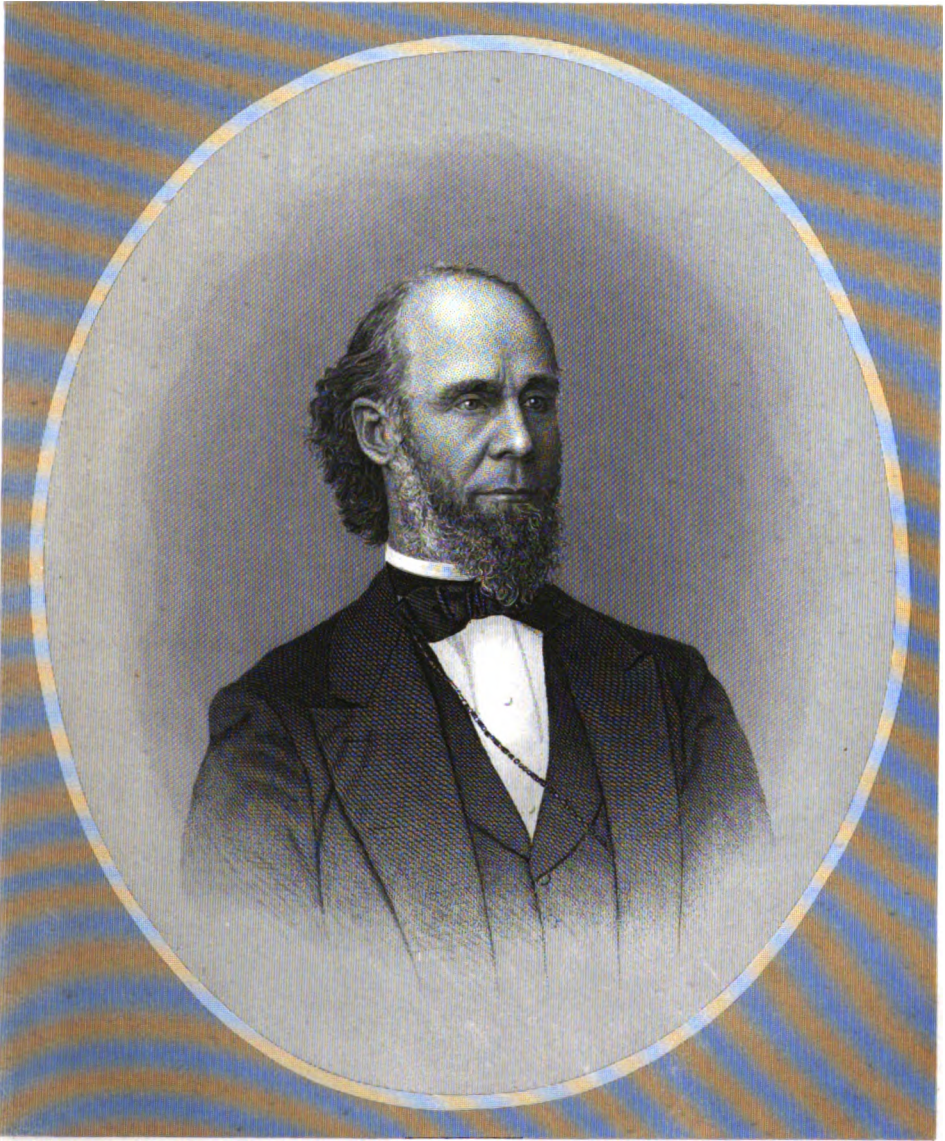
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W. W. WOOD

REV. DANIEL P. MUDD, D.D.

ENGRAVED FOR THE CHURCH, 1851



THE  
LADIES'  
REPOSITORY.  
1871.

October.

LA BRIANZA;  
OR, THE VILLEGGIATURA.

"CCOLA!"

"What, Baccicia?"

"Monticello."

"Drive me to the best hotel."

"There is but one, signor."

"Then, I suppose that is the best, drive me to that."

"Si, signor."

Baccicia, by dint of an energetic jerking of the lines, and a vigorous application of the whip, at the same time shouting *Ehi! Ehi!* finally succeeded in galvanizing a little spirit into the weary Rosinante, and shortly after drew up with a flourish before the village *Locanda*. There met us at the threshold, with her great bare arms akimbo, as fine a specimen of feminine rotundity as could very well be eliminated from forty years of conscientious consumption and assimilation of *polenta*, boiled chestnuts, olive oil, and other delectable articles of a peasant's diet. Hers was a face that somehow dawned upon you like the full moon. Not that it was beautiful, but round and rubicund, for I may as well confess that the Italian proverb, "*Bella ortessa, bella conto*, (Beautiful hostess, beautiful bill)," failed to excite in me the least apprehension. She had withal a certain familiarity of manner which, to a diffident person, was reassuring, so that I ventured to inquire for the landlord.

"*Eccomi!* (Behold me!)" and she drew herself up to her maximum longitude.

"Excuse me, signora," I interposed apologetically, as I glanced inquiringly in the direction of her husband, who was just then engaged in some culinary operation. He lifted his eyes timidly to those great brawny arms, that looked

as if they might enforce the mandates of her tongue, and said nothing.

"Accommodate yourself to a seat, I pray you," said the Amazon, after giving me to understand, by a significant gesture, that her husband was only the *luogotenente* or lieutenant of the establishment. This I accordingly did upon a wooden bench near the door, and from this stand-point began to study the situation.

On one side of the room there was a long kitchen range where the "*luogotenente*" was profoundly occupied in filling sundry orders for *polenta* and *minestrone*. Directly in front was a rude counter, upon which there was a heterogeneous collection of whatever might be serviceable in an establishment where kitchen, bar-room, baggage-room, and office were economically combined. Upon the counter, in the midst of *casseroles* of *polenta*, boiled chestnuts, and fried minnows seething in olive oil, were cabbage-heads, soup bones, chicken bones, dressed and undressed poultry, both living and dead, the raw material for prospective, as well as the *debris* of retrospective dinners. In the midst of all this there was a plain wooden desk, upon which lay the hotel register, where I modestly registered my name as a *Viaggiatore*, destination unknown. Thereupon, as a gentle reminder that dinner was now in order, I was invited into the *salle à manger*, a small room adjoining with a brick pavement and grated windows, that bore too close a resemblance to a prisoner's cell to be particularly appetizing.

In one corner of the room, seated around a table, was a party of four hunters, who were making themselves merry over the results of a day's campaigning in the shape of a large platter of *passerotti*, or small sparrows, which the Italians consider quite a delicacy. The merriment became boisterous, but not rude, for even

an Italian peasant is a native-born gentleman. There were flights of post-prandial eloquence, and sallies of bar-room wit and repartee, seasoned with the attic salt of the *trattoria*, which, if anglicized, would have bordered close upon profanity or vulgarity, but which, expressed with that native tact so peculiar to the Italians, seemed devoid of either.

This was supplemented by a game of *Mora*, that most popular of Italian games, for which all that is apparently necessary is a thumb and four fingers, and a pair of good lungs, but which, to be played successfully, requires no little skill.

"*Due! quattro! cinque! quattro!*" they shout simultaneously as they emphasize the numerals from two to ten, each throwing out energetically one or more fingers, and both attempting to anticipate the aggregate result.

"*Quattro! cinque!*" I was glad for once that I was a little hard of hearing.

I have a peculiar facility in forgetting proper names, so that, if about to introduce two friends, I not unfrequently find it necessary to postpone the formality until I can run through the alphabet to find the initial letters. But alas! in this particular instance, after running through from A to Z for the twentieth time, I could only recall the Christian name of my future host.

"Signora," addressing my landlady in the most approved formula of deferential Italian, "can your ladyship tell me where dwells the Signor Daniele-e-e?" prolonging the final vowel with a view of aiding my own memory, or stimulating her original suggestion.

There was that peculiar shrug of the shoulders, of which you have heard so much, with that supercilious raising of the eyebrows, and contemptuous elongation of the upper lip, which are its usual accompaniments.

"Signor Daniele who?"

"That I can not tell."

"Signor Daniele! Santa Maria! be it known to your lordship (a Lei) that there are more than twenty Signor Danieles in Brianza."

"But, then," I continued suggestively, "he has recently built him a beautiful villa."

"There have been a great many villas fabricated about here within the last year," *Ecco!*

The situation, though somewhat grave, vividly recalled an amusing reminiscence of my early boyhood, when one whose word was law, and whose commands admitted of no debate, exclaimed, one day in a flurry of excitement, occasioned by half a score or more of unmannerly, ill-bred porkers scampering about *ad libitum* over some choice flower-beds, "My son, run over to Mr. What's-his-name, and get his what-you may-call-it, quick."

I accordingly started, I knew not where, nor what for, but started nevertheless, casting back, however, a beseeching look at the paternal countenance, until I saw it gradually relax as the last pig's tail disappeared through a broken paling, whereupon I was forthwith relieved of my difficult mission by a characteristic, "There now, folderol, it's no matter."

The Amazon, seeing my perplexity, and possibly moved to pity, said soothingly, and with no little resignation, "Pazienza, what will signor have for dinner?"

I enumerated some of the esculents that I remembered to have seen lying about loose upon the counter, while she shouted out my order lustily to the "*luogotenente*," who echoed them back in the same nasal intonations with which they were given, to be quite sure that there was no misunderstanding.

Instead of furnishing the reader with the bill of fare, I will only add that a hungry, ill-bred dog disputed with me the right to the undivided half of a small chicken and a good many feathers. After a very decided remonstrance on my part in the way of sundry kicks, he left me in undisputed possession of the field, though I may add by way of extenuation for such apparently harsh treatment, that, as I was utterly ignorant of his Lombard dialect, this was the only intelligible manner in which I could appeal to his canine comprehension. Afterward, when he returned with a subdued aspect, and seemed disposed to respect my rights in the premises, I endeavored to make the *amende honorable* by throwing him the head and feet which remained among the fragments of the chicken, confident that if he were a sensible Italian dog he could not take the slightest offense, since the Italians consider cocks' combs as scarcely less a luxury than peacocks' brains or canary birds' tongues.

In truth, Angela, our cook—who, you will please understand, is an angel only in name—being a sort of epicure in her way, takes advantage of the simplicity of us *forestieri*, and reserves all such delicate tidbits for her own especial benefit, as all good cooks, I believe, are in duty bound to do. Not that Angela is wanting in Christian graces or lady-like accomplishments according to her acceptation of the phrase. She goes regularly to mass, has a professional hair-dresser, swears reverentially, tells the truth like an almanac, never forgets to allow herself a liberal commission upon her marketing, and, if she were not parenthetically good-natured when surprised into momentary unconsciousness of her liver, would otherwise be considered a model virago.

After dinner we sought an elevated point

from whence to obtain a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. This we found in front of the village church, toward which our heart warmed sensibly, when we read upon a rusty tablet, as the date of its construction, the magical numerals 1776. I think that thoughts of Bunker Hill and Yorktown must have entered as an important element into the magnificent prospect that lay spread out before us, it was so surpassingly beautiful and sublime. As the eye swept the horizon the whole range of the snow-clad Alps, from the Simplon to the Mt. Cenis, pass in stately review. Then following the blue range of the Apennines, it loses itself in the purple distance where rolls the Adriatic, and Venice the Beautiful floats shadowy, the unsubstantial fabric of some romantic dream. Then glancing northward and westward, you take in successively the Tyrolean Alps, the Resagone or Great Saw, and the bold and picturesque hills beyond the Piano d' Erba and the Wallasina, which, extending backward in successive ranges, present a continual series of vine-clad terraces. In the valley below there is a quartette of beautiful lakes whose music—if that be necessary—at this quiet twilight hour, is of the ethereal, fanciful, Pythagorean type. Just beyond, though not in view, is Lake Como. Within this field of vision lies the whole of Piedmont and the valley of the Po. The Alps, rising abruptly from the plain, present if possible a bolder aspect than in Switzerland, where Alps are piled on Alps, while the plain of Lombardy, stretching away into the dim distance until the blue expanse becomes a purple sea, reminds you of one of our own grand prairies that, with its stellar glories and illimitable azure, appears another firmament. And this is the garden of Italy, of a country whose mountains are marble, whose hill-sides are vineyards, whose valleys are gardens, whose swamps are rice-fields—a land flowing with oil and wine—rich in silks, and cereals, and mineral resources, and teeming with a population that, more than once in the world's history, have been its merchants, manufacturers, and mariners, if not its masters.

Shortening the axis of vision to the radius of the little village, we have a striking illustration of the principle in architecture, that ornament should contribute to utility. On a chimney top near by there is a marble slab, which is supported at one corner by a spiral column, at another by a small marble bust, that is certainly stained and smoky enough to figure in some ambitious art gallery as an antique, while the other two are supported by prosaic brick which, to say the least, do not breathe the spirit of antique art.

We returned to the *locanda* and spent the night. Though a highly imaginative poet might gather the materials for an epic from the experiences of that ill-starred night, when I think there must have been some fatal conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, we have not the remotest idea of rehearsing the *Æneid* of our woes. We hardly have the courage to indicate some of the innocent causes of all this, for fear that they may appear trivial to others, as they now do to us.

A small crucifix, with a death's head underneath, hung directly over the head-board of our bed, which, to a person of a nervous temperament and of Protestant proclivities, was by no means calculated to inspire pleasant dreams. Then there were sundry rats that held high carnival in the wooden loft just overhead. At first we were disposed to be belligerent, throwing first one boot and then the other forcibly against the wooden ceiling. There was a momentary silence, and then it was confusion worse confounded. We subsequently tried to cultivate amicable relations with our obstreperous neighbors by a cessation of hostilities, but might as well have attempted to establish a *modus vivendi* between a rat and a cat. Shortly afterward the rats were re-enforced by the mosquitoes.

There is a refinement of cruelty about the deliberate attack of a mosquito not to be found in Dante's fiery snow-storm. This only obeys the laws of gravitation and caloric. But a mosquito, instead of going straight to its work and drawing your blood with the scientific phlebotomy of a Dr. Sangrado, reconnoiters, maneuvers, gives you fair warning, then keeps you in terrible suspense. You hear it winding its little horn in the distance—it waxes louder, then fainter, until it gives you a full blast right in the ear. It makes a swoop and you think it has taken position, but no, it has only ricocheted. Again it returns, and now settles just upon the end of your nose. You softly raise your hand, but it is on the alert, and when you are ready to strike it has flown. It soon returns again to the attack; you raise your hand in advance, hold it over your face until it fairly aches, then bring it down at a venture, but it has suddenly changed its base. When this has continued for hours, you grow desperate. You slap your face, you box your ears, you bury your head beneath the bedclothes until you are compelled to uncover it again from fear of suffocation. At length you begin to doze from very weariness, and then your wily foe sucks your blood, while it infuses into your veins a subtle poison, that wakes you from your troubled

slumber, maddened with pain and thirsting for revenge.

Meanwhile we were meditating sundry reprisals upon the Amazon, who, we began to conjecture, was unwilling to tell us all she knew relative to the whereabouts of our friend. Perhaps if there were no intelligence office in the village, there might be a barber-shop; at any rate I resolved upon making application at the post-office, ostensibly for the purpose of inquiring for letters, but really with a very different object in view. The post-mistress, a dark-eyed, intelligent little woman, who, unlike our landlady, could have no sinister motives for concealment, or aided perhaps by a keener womanly instinct, at length brought our search for a friend under difficulties to a successful termination.

*"Hic stetimus tandem!"*

For fear of violating the rights of hospitality, we will only say of the Villa Cressini that, unlike an Italian villa "To Let," it was furnished with all the comforts and conveniences of a first-class English or American home, and I shall always be the happier for the many pleasant hours spent under its kind and hospitable roof. Ugo Foscolo used to say that it was impossible to study in the neighborhood of Como, for the beauty of the landscape always tempting you to the window, quite prevented you from giving proper attention to your book. I am quite sure of one thing, that a student should say farewell to his books before visiting the Brianza, and no one should attempt to describe it, unless he can put a check-rein upon his imagination.

It was a constant delight, from our chamber window, which commanded the whole Alpine range, to watch the ever-changing beauties of mountain, sky, and plain. Then, too, it was something of a feat worth speaking about, to rise with the sun in Italy. But this we did, and saw Monte Rosa catch the first morning ray, and then grow radiant with a dazzling whiteness, as peak after peak was successively transfigured by the descent of the golden baptism. But I think I enjoyed the sunset better, when the whole range of the snow-clad Alps grew roseate, as if suffused with blushes in the warm embraces of the ardent sun-god, and then changed color like a dying dolphin; when the birds were at vespers, and the *Ave Maria* came floating so pensively and yet so tenderly upon the calm evening air, as Nature whispered her maternal "good-night."

One could scarcely realize in contemplating a scene so quiet and peaceful, that the history of this beautiful Lombardy had been written on

battle-fields in blood, did not the too faithful memory recall the petty feuds and stormy conflicts of the past—Roman and Gaul, Ostrogoth and Roman, Lombard and Ostrogoth, Frank and Lombard, Guelph and Ghibeline; Antinomian orthodoxy crossing swords with Arian heresy, the legions of fifth Ambrose flaming with an unholy zeal to

"Prove their doctrine orthodox,  
By apostolic blows and knocks;"

petty Italian republics uniting, in the presence of a common danger, to fight a common foe, and then wasting their energies in fighting each other, until war and revolution became hopelessly chronic.

Near by is the Villa of Mombello, where the young Napoleon held his republican court in more than regal splendor, and then you think of Montenotte, where he won his patent of nobility, and then of Montebello, Marengo, and the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi, whose Duomo is distinctly visible in the clear morning light. Here and there the eye rests upon the fading outlines of a ruined castle with its moldering battlements, and then you think of the "good old times" when might made right, and the least a man could carry and be safe was a *coltellone*, or great bowie-knife; when personal controversies were not only settled with a buttonless rapier, but even a sovereign prince could replenish his exchequer by receiving twenty-five Venetian lire for every duel fought in the amphitheater at Verona; when such instruments of torture as the *manchini* were supposed to have some special efficacy in eliciting truth; when churches and monasteries became asylums for robbers and assassins; when the clergy were not amenable to the civil law, and the *cordon* of San Francesco was more potent than the civil sword, and when Giovanni Maria Visconti fed his bloodhounds with human victims, or Gilles de Retz divided his time between watching the agonies of tortured children and the singing of litanies before a crucifix. When you think of all this, you mentally thank God that the "good old times" are gone, never again to return.

One distinctive charm of the Brianza is the varied beauty of its scenery. It is Switzerland and Italy united in eternal wedlock. It is May coquetting with December—orange blossoms dallying on the verge of eternal snow. You have the boldness and sublimity of the Alps without their severity, the golden sunshine of the South without its sultriness. In the compass of a morning drive you travel through many lands. We remember such a drive.

"Now," said our host, "we are in Switzer-

land," and so we were. "Now we are in an American forest!" and it only needed the moss-covered trunks of several generations of fallen timber lying in primitive confusion to make the deception complete.

"And now we are in Italy!" and sure enough there was the entrance to Arcadia.

We were just returning from a picnic excursion to Le Conche di Paderno upon the rapids of the Adda—a spot that, for wild and picturesque beauty, reminded me more of the rapids of Niagara than any thing I have seen in Italy. In a philosophical point of view, a picnic is an approximation to a state of nature—a sort of informal protest against our modern civilization—a riot of the animal spirits in defiance of the fashionable proprieties—an insurrection of the nobler instincts against the respectable hypocrisies. There is a temporary triumph of fingers over forks, of greensward and moss-covered rocks over *lête-à-lêtes* and arm-chairs, where the voices of nature, as vocalized by bird, and brook, and water-fall, and blended with the merry shout and ringing laughter of woodland nymphs with floral coronets, supersede the operatic thrumming, elaborate millinery and fashionable nonentities of the drawing-room. An Italian picnic does not differ materially from any other that I know of, only you call bread *pane*, and cheese *formaggio*. There were the usual commonplace conjectures about the weather, an average amount of consumption of sandwiches, together with a fair display of gallantry and coquetry on the part of enamored swains and uncaged birds of paradise. And the children—blessed be the pattering of those little feet! There was one little nymph of fairy form and long flowing ringlets, light-footed as Camilla and graceful as a fawn, that pleased me exceedingly. If she had had her Uncle Tom, she might have sat for the portrait of the gentle Eva.

An important part of our host's programme was an excursion to Lecco and Como. Our driver, who, with his brilliant uniform of blue and scarlet, might have been mistaken for a dashing dragoon, was ready with horses and carriage at the appointed hour, and what is stranger still, so were the ladies. The sky looked threatening and, for a time, the weather was the staple of conversation. The day was a coquettish one, now tantalizing you with fair promises of sunshine, then frowning with clouds or sulky with mists. Our road lay through one of the most beautiful districts of the Brianza. We drive on over stone bridges, through groves of oak and chestnut, walnut and elm, past winnow and hay-cock—in sight of old monasteries

perched high up on the mountain side, and may be as near heaven as some of their inmates will ever get; in view of ruined castles that make you think of the Innominato, or Don Rodrigo, with their retinue of such precious villains as Nibbio and Griso—past beautiful villas in the midst of gems of landscape gardening—past houses of brick with roofs of tile, illustrated with sun-dials and decorated with the first-fruits of the harvest—past strong, well-built peasants binding up corn-stalks into bundles for fuel, or carrying great, profoundly deep baskets strapped to their backs, and filled with the products of the barn-yard, corn-field, or vineyard—past peasant women, active and robust, but not particularly handsome, with enormous silver combs radiating like a fan or turkey-cock's tail, while their top-heavy heads were apparently kept in equilibrium by a silver rod terminating in large silver balls, like the balancing-pole of a rope-dancer.

Meanwhile Monte Brianza stands sentinel at the mountain gorge formed by the impetuous Adda, while the Resagone gives the countersign. As we neared Lecco I thought of Padre Cristoforo, with his pallid face and beard of silver, and was glad that the race of devout, self-sacrificing priests, of which he is such a noble type, is not yet extinct in Italy. I think, too, I must have thought of Don Abondio, the Sancho Panza of curates, whose precious epidermis was of more value to him than unheralded deeds of the noblest charity. Nor could I quite repress an inquisitive glance into every open door and window in the vain hope of seeing some fair Lucia spinning at her *aspo*.

A dinner at the Golden Lion, at which the delicate *agone*, fresh from the lake, occupied the post of honor, was soon dispatched, and we strolled out into the public square. It was market-day. You know it is in the very nature of a market scene to be picturesque, and it certainly loses nothing in this respect by being in Italy. From this din and uproar we wandered into the silence and solitude of the cemetery. It was, as usual, a rectangular inclosure with high stone-walls, and a shrine or small chapel facing the main entrance. Rigid black crosses arranged rigidly in rows and flanked by mortuary lanterns, were surmounted by sheet-iron cherubs holding sheet-iron scrolls, bearing inscriptions, which, so far as I could judge, were fully up to the ordinary standard of epitaphian doggerel.

Neither pen nor pencil can adequately portray the beauties of Lake Como, so we leave it to others to "describe the indescribable." We saw it on one of those capricious days when the scenery exhibited itself in all its various



moods. As our little steamer "Union" sped along from one headland to another, the mountains advanced and retreated as in a formal quadrille, opening up new vistas and creating new surprises. At times the clear, placid lake, unruffled by a single ripple, seemed an inverted heaven, and then, as the great rain-drops came dancing down, its face became agitated and troubled as if the artillery above had suddenly opened its batteries with grape-shot and canister. Heavy, dark clouds hung threateningly overhead, or rested gloomily upon the huge flanks of the mountains, then lifting in broken masses and turning their faces full upon the declining sun, grow radiantly white and fleecy, as, coquetting for a moment with the grim mountain peaks,

"They lightly rise  
And scale the skies."

Lake Como is essentially cosmopolitan. Here all Europe brings its architecture and enjoys its *villeggiatura*. Italian villas and Swiss cottages appear equally native to the scenery, while the Gothic and Lombard, Norman and Cinque-cento fraternize familiarly as if unconscious of their unfriendly origin.

Here amid groves of the citron and cypress, and gardens where bloom the acacia and magnolia, amid hedges of myrtle, and parterres rich in all the colors of the rainbow, prince and poet, empress and opera dancer, prima donna and philosopher, annually seek to propitiate the baleful dogstar, and enjoy a short season of relaxation or repose, while the poor peasant, from his simple *chalet* perched high up the mountain side, like the nest of a bird in the cleft of a rock, looks down upon all this costly beauty and expensive pleasure and appropriates it as he does the goodly air and sunshine.

Beautiful for situation is Bellaggio! So we thought as we steamed around its precipitous cliffs and drifted into the full tide of travel. But, in truth, as we sped on past villa and village, mountain torrent and water-fall, headland and cove, terrace and garden, statue and column, over the clear, smooth surface of the lake, on either side a grand, colossal picture-gallery—the masterpieces of the Divine architect in *chiaro-oscuro*—one felt tempted to write at the foot of every page, as did Voltaire of his favorite Racine, "Beautiful, pathetic, sublime." For all this Autumnal beauty and short-lived gayety has its pathetic side as well; for has not the poet sung,

"How sad a sight is human happiness?"

And Como in Winter becomes a deserted banquet-hall, than which nothing can be sadder.

## ANCIENT NINEVEH.

IN the dim twilight of the world's early history cities, tribes, and nations appear, and then fade away more like the creations of fancy or romance than as earnest realities. Brief paragraphs, incidental references, the hurried dash of the pen of the historian, seem to have been all that was required to give the annals of empires or the record of ages. Yet brief as these paragraphs may be, they are not without interest. Shadowy as the wonderful events of ancient days may seem, they are full of instruction for the present and the future. What little is preserved of them from oblivion, though it may appear but as dust floating in the beams of the world's brighter light, is designed by Providence to teach men wisdom, to lead coming generations to love and fear God. Such is the character and such is the purpose of the pages we have of the history of ancient Nineveh, for many centuries the capital of the Assyrian Empire.

Its earliest mention is by the sacred historian, and then only incidentally in connection with the primitive dispersion of the human race. Nimrod, ambitious of extent of power, and apparently foiled in his attempts at rebellion in the land of Shinar, went northward into the land of Asshur and built four cities, of which Nineveh became the most renowned. Few cities of olden times acquired greater prominence. Before Athens or Rome was founded it had attained great size, wielded almost unlimited power, and achieved enviable renown for its accumulations of wealth and its works of art. It prosperously and with increasing splendor withstood the breaking waves of nearly twenty centuries, and then fell into hopeless ruin.

The name is thought to mean "Nin's abode," or "the dwelling-place of Nin." Some derive it from its founder Ninus, commonly denominated Nimrod. Others conjecture that it was given to the city in honor of "Nin," the chief deity in Assyrian mythology. The probability is that it was named after its founder, and that he, perhaps, while living, or after his death, was deified and became the chief object of the idolatrous hero worship of the ancient Assyrian people. Many of his successors in the empire seem to have borne the common title, to have made Nineveh their royal dwelling-place, and received the religious as well as civil and military service of the people.

A full description of the city is an impossibility at the present day. Scraps of sacred and profane history, and monumental remains, however, give some idea of its magnitude and splen-

dor. In the book of Jonah it is represented as a "great city," an "exceeding great city of three days' journey," and a "great city wherein are more than three-score thousand persons that can not discern between their right-hand and their left-hand; and also much cattle." If this passage be understood as a declaration of the moral and religious ignorance of the people in general—and the object seems to have been to impress the mind of the prophet with the fact that the true God was not known, and gross wickedness universally prevailed among the people of Nineveh—the population then numbered more than sixty thousand adult souls. At other periods in its history the inference is quite reasonable, from the massive ruins which mark its site, that its population far exceeded even this number. Other Hebrew prophets speak of Nineveh as a place of "graven images;" a city of "mighty men;" a city of "streets in which chariots shall rage—chariots with flaming torches" that shall "run like the lightnings;" a city having "gates of the rivers, palaces, and strongholds;" a city that had multiplied its "merchants above the stars of heaven." There is also mention made of the "lintels," "windows," "thresholds," and "cedar work of the proud city that said I am and there is none besides me." The Greek and Roman writers were familiar with traditions of the great size and unrivaled magnificence of Nineveh. Diodorus Siculus asserts that the city formed a quadrangle of 150 stadia by 90, or altogether 480 stadia—no less than sixty miles in circumference; that it was surrounded by walls 100 feet high, broad enough for three chariots to drive abreast upon them, and was defended by 1,500 towers, each 200 feet in height. According to Strabo it was larger than Babylon, which was 385 stadia in circumference. These traditions may have greatly exaggerated its dimensions, yet their prevalence at the time of those writers indicates something of its magnitude and splendor. They strikingly correspond with the circumference given of the city in the book of Jonah, the "three days' journey" of the prophet having reference to the Jewish day's journey of twenty miles. Of none of the edifices of the Assyrian capital do these old writers speak except the "tomb of Ninus," or the "Sepulcher of Sardanapalus," which is said to have stood at "the entrance of Nineveh."

By modern research and excavations interesting and wonderful remains have been found to exist upon the supposed site of this ancient city—sculptured tablets and works of art that have been deeply buried for centuries beneath piles of earth and heaps of rubbish. Over them

succeeding generations have erected small villages and mud-built forts; often planted their corn and barley, and reaped returning harvests, or allowed them to be overspread in wild luxuriance with grass and flowers, bred by the rains of returning Winters. These ruins consist of numerous mounds, situated on the east bank of the River Tigris, differing in size, and shape, and height. The principal groups are, 1, those opposite the modern city of Mosul, bearing the names of *Konyunjik* and *Nebi Yunus*; 2, those near the junction of the Zab River with the Tigris, called *Nimrud* and *Athur*; 3, those ten miles east of the Tigris, and nearly north-east of Mosul, called *Khorsabad*; 4, those five miles north of *Konyunjik* called *Shereef Khan*; and, 5, other mounds of greater or less importance at other points. The names given are comparatively modern, not dating back of the Mohammedan conquest. The ruins opposite Mosul consist of a "continuous line of mounds resembling a vast embankment of earth," where exist the remains of a wall, the western part of which embraces the two great mounds of *Konyunjik* and *Nebi Yunus*. The wall appears to have been originally faced with stone masonry 40 and 50 feet in height, and incloses an irregular quadrangle, whose four sides taken together measure a little over seven English miles. The Tigris, though now nearly a mile distant, formerly ran beneath the western wall. The north and south sides were guarded by deep and broad moats. The *Khosa*, a narrow but deep and sluggish stream, and two wide moats protected the eastern side, while an outer rampart of earth, in some places eighty feet high, completed a system of fortifications well designed to resist any hostile attack. The mound of *Konyunjik*, in the northern part of this inclosure, is irregular in form, 1,300 yards in length, and 500 yards in its greatest width, and attains in some places a height of 96 feet. *Nebi Yunus*, or the "tomb of Jonah," is of a corresponding height, and embraces an area of about forty acres. The ruins at *Nimrud* consist of a similar group of mounds, surrounded by an inferior system of defenses. The lines of walls embrace an irregular square, and contain about one thousand acres. The principal mound in this cluster stands on the south-west side of the inclosure, extends 700 yards in length, and is 400 yards in breadth; covers about sixty acres of ground, and rises cone-like to the height of about 140 feet. The ruins bearing the name of *Khorsabad* form a square about 2,000 yards each way, the principal mound being divided into two parts, one of which rises over thirty feet high. *Shereef Khan* consists

of a small cluster of mounds of no great size; and *Selamiyah* is an irregular inclosure on the bank of the Tigris, about 5,000 yards in circuit, and contains an area of 410 acres, but the earthen rampart which marks the place of the wall has in many places disappeared.

These ruins, containing treasures of ancient sculpture and art, lay undisturbed until the present century. Partial explorations have brought to view relics and records which throw much light on the dark pages of Assyrian history. In 1820 Mr. Rich, the political agent of the East India Company, was the first traveler who carefully examined any of them. His excavations were confined chiefly to *Konyunjik*, and resulted in obtaining "a few relics, such as inscribed pottery, bricks, cylinders, and gems." In 1843 M. Botta, French Consul at Mosul, made explorations at *Khorsabad*, and "discovered a row of upright alabaster slabs, forming the paneling or skirting of the lower parts of the walls of a chamber." This chamber was found to belong to an edifice of considerable size, in the ruins of which he discovered "the lower parts of a number of halls, rooms, and passages, for the most part wainscoted with slabs of coarse, gray alabaster, sculptured with figures in relief, the principal entrances being formed by colossal, human-headed winged bulls." Place and Fresnel afterward extended the excavations there, and made other and interesting discoveries. Mr. Layard, however, from 1845 to 1850, made the most patient and thorough explorations, and the result of his labors is both wonderful and useful. *Nimrud* and *Konyunjik* formed the principal field of his excavations. At the former place he discovered the remains of several distinct edifices, some evidently much more ancient than others. The basement of one of these was "a square of 165 feet, and consisted to the height of 20 feet of a solid mass of sun-dried bricks, faced on the four sides by blocks of stone carefully squared, beveled, and adjusted."

A full description of all the interesting objects brought to light by these excavations would far exceed our limits. Among his discoveries were slabs of stone, on which were various inscriptions and bass-reliefs, representing battle scenes, hunting scenes, and figures of people in different costumes; figures of lions, winged and human headed; a figure with the head of an eagle, the body and arms of a man, and the tail of a fish or a dragon; sphinxes; remains of arms, such as spears, arrowheads, swords, daggers, shields, and helmets; vases of glass, and urns of white alabaster; ivory ornaments and ornaments in copper; a sarcophagus of stone containing a

human skull entire; figures and forms in terra-cotta and pottery; parts of a throne; seals of agate and precious metals; a few detached statues; charcoal and charred wood; and, more important than all these, an almost perfect obelisk with four sides, flat at the top, sculptured on each side, containing between the bass-reliefs two hundred and ten lines of cuneiform inscription. From the "object-writing" thereon, of a king followed by attendants, a prisoner at his feet, eunuchs leading elephants, two humped camels, a wild bull, a lion, and various kinds of monkeys, the conjecture is not unreasonable that the monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of some country to the east of Assyria, perhaps on the confines of the Indian Peninsula, the native place of many of the animals represented in the sculpture.

In his excavations at the *Konyunjik* mound he found the remains of a palace still more marked and magnificent than any he had hitherto discovered. It seemed to have originally occupied nearly one hundred acres, to have contained more than sixty courts, many halls, some of which were 150 feet square; various rooms and passages, one 200 feet in length. The entrances were "flanked by groups of winged human-headed lions and bulls of colossal proportions, some nearly twenty feet in height." It is reasonably conjectured that this grand palace was the work of Sennacherib, the proud King of Assyria, 700 years B. C. At *Nebi Yunus* and *Shereef Khan* similar discoveries were made, though inferior in number and character of inscriptions and sculpture.

It is impossible at this day to determine in detail the plan of constructing the ancient Assyrian edifices, yet some idea is obtained from the existing remains of their magnitude and richness of decorations. The most important structures, those perhaps designed for the twofold purpose of temple and palace, seem to have been built upon artificial mounds, thirty to fifty feet above the level of the country around, and constructed with halls, chambers, and galleries, opening for the most part into large uncovered courts. It is evident, from the amount of rubbish and depth of soil above the alabaster slabs found, that these edifices had several stories, built of wood and sun-dried bricks, which, in the general decay, buried the lower chambers with their ruins, and thus preserved their sculptured monuments until the present day. As yet no windows have been discovered, and the manner of obtaining light for the internal apartments, as well as the character of the external architecture, can only be a matter of conjecture.

Sculptured stone slabs were evidently in abundance, and inscriptions were very profuse, and doubtless paintings were not wanting. Thus constructed and richly adorned, the edifices of Nineveh evidently displayed a magnificence truly impressive, a barbaric beauty not excelled by the buildings of any ancient nation. After the lapse of so many ages these remains of ancient art and civilization are brought forth from their hoary sepulchers, and the inscriptions, though not yet fully interpreted, throw a flood of light on the history of Nineveh, "that great city," and afford corroborative evidence of the correctness of the statements of the sacred writers when speaking of the Assyrian kings and kingdom.

Much diversity of opinion prevails as to the precise spot on which Nineveh stood. Nor can there be much cause for wonder at this when it is remembered that its complete overthrow occurred more than two thousand years ago. Tradition and history, however, have almost without exception pointed to the eastern bank of the Tigris, near its confluence with the Zab River. Herodotus speaks of it as having stood on the Tigris River. Strabo, Ptolemy, and Pliny concur in locating it on the eastern bank of that river. The mounds now supposed to occupy its site bore its name in the Middle Ages. Ruins, such as might be expected, are found on the east side of the Tigris opposite Mosul, and extending down that river nearly to the mouth of the upper Zab. All these testimonies point to one location. The chief difficulty, however, has been to determine which one of these clusters of mounds occupies the site of the ancient city, or whether they were not all included within its limits. By some authors each of the groups of mounds mentioned above has been thought to represent a distinct city, and one after another selected as the site of Nineveh. Its name has been limited to *Konyunjik*, and *Nebi Yunus*, the ruins opposite Mosul. Rawlinson was even disposed to exclude from its site *Nebi Yunus*. A fatal objection, however, exists against this conclusion. These two mounds taken together occupy too small a space—scarcely seven miles in circumference—for a city which, according to Strabo, was larger than Babylon, according to Diodorus Siculus had a circuit of 480 stadia, and according to Jonah "three day's journey," or sixty miles. The same difficulty prevents identification with either of the other groups. But if the four great mounds of *Nimrud*, *Konyunjik*, *Khorsabad*, and *Karamless* be taken as the corners of an irregular quadrangle, its dimensions will very nearly correspond with the de-

scription given by ancient geographers—150 stadia north and south, and 90 east and west, forming a circumference of 480 stadia, or about sixty miles. These boundaries will also afford dimensions in accordance with the manner of constructing ancient cities. They were not, as cities of the present day, composed of buildings compact together, but inclosed large areas of ground, parts of which were unoccupied by houses. Land enough was embraced in the limits of cities to furnish gardens, orchards, fields for corn, and subsist much cattle. It is true in regard to Nineveh, no great continuous wall, extending throughout the whole circuit of sixty miles, and including all the groups of mounds, has yet been discovered, and may never have existed. The large mounds may have formed the strongholds or fortified places, and doubtless included the residences of kings, their priests, and principal officers, and in times of danger or attack afforded places of refuge for the inhabitants. Between and around these the people may have had their dwellings, their orchards, gardens, and even fields of grain. The whole surface of the quadrangle gives evidence in scattered ruins of such a mode of construction; and even Rawlinson admits that each of these clusters of mounds may have formed part of "that group of cities which, in the time of Jonah, was known by the common name of Nineveh." The ruins at Nimrud seem to occupy the site of the original city. As the population increased its dimensions were enlarged. A new king or new dynasty, desirous of embellishing the capital of his kingdom, or of erecting a memorial to his name, may have chosen new sites for his palaces and temples, and thus added to the limits of the city until they attained the boundaries indicated by ancient writers.

The total disappearance of this proud city is one of the mysterious events in the world's history—an impressive memorial of Divine displeasure manifested against the wickedness of a people. Its buried remains are a sad comment on mere earthly glory. The Hebrew preacher, B. C. 850, for the sins of its people, threatened the destruction of Nineveh "in three days." Their speedy repentance delayed the coming judgment. Their turning to God, however, seems only to have been temporary. In a little over two centuries after the warnings of the prophet were uttered, the simoon of destruction came upon them, and that great city was left in ruins. In nervous language the prophets of Israel had predicted this calamity. "With an overcoming flood" one had declared God "will make an utter end of the place thereof.

The gates of thy land shall be set wide open unto thine enemies; the fire shall devour thy bars. There is no healing of thy bruise. The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved. Then shall the fire devour thee."

Diodorus Siculus states, in his narrative of the siege of the city by the Medo-Babylonian army, that an old prophecy existed "that Nineveh should not be taken till the river became an enemy to the city; and that in the third year of the siege, the river being swollen with continued rains, overflowed part of the city, and broke down the wall for twenty stadia; then the king, thinking that the oracle was fulfilled, built a large funeral pile in the palace, and collecting together all his wealth, and his concubines, and eunuchs, burned himself and the palace with them all; and the enemy entered the breach that the waters had made and took the city." The people were surprised in the midst of their debaucheries, the "last and fatal assault was made while they were overcome with wine." Nahum's predictions were literally fulfilled: "She is empty, and void, and waste. All they that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say Nineveh is laid waste." The picture of desolation, even more vividly drawn by Zephaniah, was realized: "He will make Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness. Flocks shall lie down in the midst of her. Both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it. Desolation shall be in the thresholds, for he shall uncover the cedar work. How is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in! Every one that passeth by her shall hiss and wag his hand!"

Not long after these predictions were uttered, though still the city stood in beauty and power, a confederacy of the Medes and Babylonians was formed against its power, and after a siege of nearly three years, about B. C. 606, Nineveh was taken and laid waste, "its monuments were destroyed, and its inhabitants scattered or carried away into captivity." Two centuries after, Herodotus, who doubtless passed its site, simply states that it "formerly stood" upon the Tigris. Xenophon, who, in the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, must have encamped on or near the place, describes the ruins very much as they appear at the present day, but seems not to have known its old name. The later Hebrew prophets, while they allude to "all the kingdoms of the world which are upon the face of the earth," speak not of Nineveh, and only refer to the ruin of the Assyrian Empire as an example of the literal and fearful fulfillment of God's

threatened judgments. The historians of Alexander, while recording his exploits in this region, with one exception, do not even allude to Nineveh, so complete had been its destruction. A small castle seems to have stood upon some portion of its site during the Roman period, bearing the "ancient traditional name of Nineve." After the Arab conquest a fort there was called Ninawi. A traveler in the twelfth century "mentions the site of Nineveh as occupied by numerous inhabited villages." Niebuhr speaks of "Nuniyah" as a village standing on "a considerable hill." At the present day tribes of Turcomans, Arabs, and Syrian Christians occupy small mud-built villages, and cultivate the soil around its ruins. The old canals of the plain are dry; flocks of sheep and herds of camels seek pasture among the mounds; the croak of the cormorant and the screech of the bittern may be heard in the surrounding marshes; the cedar wood has been uncovered by modern explorers, "and in the desolated halls the hyena, the wolf, the fox, and the jackal now lie down."

Such is the sad desolation that long since overwhelmed this grand city of ancient days—a city in whose palaces monarchs reigned, wielding powerful scepters; in whose halls were displayed the grandest achievements of ancient art; in whose marts merchants, numerous as "the stars of heaven," engaged in traffic and accumulated the wealth of the world; in whose streets was heard the busy tramp of thronging multitudes; in whose temples God was not acknowledged, but the behests of idolatry were most obscenely practiced; and from whose walls issued forth armies eastward and westward, a terror to the nations, the proud boast of their victorious leaders. More than two thousand years ago the startling announcement was made to the nations, Nineveh, that "great city," is fallen; it is laid waste. And now after reading its history, and wondering at its achievements in arts and war, we may turn away from the scene of all its former glory with the simple, sad reflection *that the grass for long ages has grown over its grave.*

It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful and yet salutary to think of, for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life, without sentinels of watchfulness and camp-fires of prayer.

## DESECRATION.

**H**UMANITY has its ebb and flow of feeling. A while ago bound in the prisoning chains of puritanic forms and monkish ceremonies—now each pulsation goes bounding wildly in its freedom. No shackles, not even the confining shelter from danger, will it brook, so thoroughly has it learned to hate its slavery. Like a very boy in his first vacation days, it runs wild in its exhilaration and lawlessness. Like a tired child, it will soon be calm again.

The world was becoming prudish and formal in its morals; in its spirit it was almost in its dotage. Great men saw it, and tried to waken into freshened life its lethargy. The world discovered how bound it was by custom and antiquity, by prejudice and narrow-mindedness, and in endeavoring to cultivate the habit of unbiased judgment, to encourage generous sympathies and charitable criticisms, to adopt a habit of free, independent thought and self-reliance, it unfortunately, but naturally, fell into the opposite extreme, the present liberalism of the age. Now, excessive charitableness often destroys all moral distinctions, and too daring and unguarded freethinking casts aside, in its haughty contempt, the accumulated wisdom of centuries, and trusts its own quick solutions of theory more than the long-drawn, practical lessons of history and experience.

But in nothing else may we notice more plainly the revulsion of feeling from the puritanic age, or recognize the extreme into which we have fallen in attempting to correct the faults of the past, than in the present spirit of desecration which manifests itself every-where. The veil of the Temple has been rent in twain and our feet unbound, that we might come still nearer to those places where the other world shines most brightly through the darkness and the mist of this—that, reverently hushing the din of the world within our hearts, the weird, awful echoes of eternity might be patiently studied for their strange revelations. But in the recklessness of our new freedom we have made the temple of God the house of merchandise where we see only the changers of money sitting, and hear only the altercations of the buyer and seller.

We are like children whose curiosity revels for the first time among the rarities of some closely guarded treasury; in all the temple of God we find no form of beauty so heavenly we dare not tear it in pieces to analyze its mechanism. We tear off the glossy surface every-where that we may see the rough substratum. With peering gaze we seek to look beneath the

glorifying haze which a loving reverence throws over all things, and with strange folly try to drive it all away with the imputation of sentimentality.

The world remembers its former abject servitude under tyrannous priests, and, from its tendency to run from one into an opposite extreme, its natural disposition now is to shun or despise God's messengers, though their lips have been "touched with a live coal from off a heavenly altar" and their message authorized by Him who sits supreme above all. It recollects the old prisoning monasteries, and in its childish fury it would often tear down even God's temples. We have hated the slavish pilgrimages to Mecca, and so we, as Hawthorne says, "go all wrong by too strenuous a resolution to go all right," for we will not notice the halo that glorious deeds cast about the dust of earth. We have despised the wicked worship of emblems, and we will not even accept their telescopic aid, looking through them into heaven, but lightly estimate forms, rites, and suggestive ceremonies.

Where now for us, whose practical spirit irreverently changes every fragment of Eden we can find on earth into a corn-field, a pasture, an orchard, or a mill-race—where are now our sacred places? Where are our Mount Sinais, which the thunderings of God's voice have sanctified, and our Mount Tabors where the humanity within us has been eclipsed by the divinity of our souls, and we have seen and talked with the glorious dead? Where are our Mount Calvarys, where the torture of pure hearts has bought our ransom from many a bondage, and our Mount of Olives which has been made sacred to us by angels strengthening us in our agony? All the world is fast becoming a common level, and alike to us.

There are no habits of life so sacred that they are not brought upon the public stage, a subject for ridicule. The most dignified, the most thrilling, and the most holy experiences are impertinently and rudely mimicked before us, and we laugh at our own portraitures. This habit of public desecration must take away, of course, much of the beauty and blessedness of life. It makes us blush at the love that spiritualizes our tedious home duties, and ashamed of the religion that sanctifies the dull minutiae of life.

We also see this tendency to desecration in the pernicious and contemptible parodies of the day, and in the odious burlesques so often forced upon our attention. The most exquisite beauty can not be suffered to remain as it is, but dust must be thrown upon every thing.

Nothing is left upon a pedestal. Every thing must come down to the common ground which is within the reach of the Vandal connoisseur of the present age, and share the fate of all the imperial treasuries of the past.

But in our religion most painfully may we recognize this fearful habit of desecration. God must come down and sit in our judgment-hall, his character, his motives, and his mercy be discussed. It has, too, become a prominent habit with many to exhibit their wit by impertinently and incongruously using amid scenes of gayety the words of Him before whom the beautiful cherubim veil their faces, and we smile complacently at such daring. With what horror shall we regard such mocking frivolity when we apprehend their awful meaning as the soul first gets out of its prison and sees realities as they are!

Even amid the solemnities of prayer we may recognize a feature of this irreverence. The formula of supplication is too often made up of ideas wholly inconsistent with a feeling of humility or reverent trust, and not infrequently accompanied by a self-complacent, dictatorial manner. And when God comes down and talks with us, we do not try with tabernacles to win him to a constant abode with us. We will not even listen to the voice, "Take off thy shoes, the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," and to our worldly hearts the "still, small voice" is only a good practical suggestion, to be heeded at our option.


Strange it is that God bears with us—as strange that we can endure our own lives, from which the sanctity and blessedness have been taken by our own ruthless hands.

The whole wide earth is God's temple. Our lives, which should be full of sacredness and worship, ought not by trifling, and worldliness, and desecration, irreverently to change this house of God into a house of merchandise, lest God shall drive us away, as he did the Jews, throwing down our tables, and casting out our treasures in disapproval. Our voices should throw into the soulful anthem Earth daily sings to God, no light ditties, nor a single discordant tone. Let earth be to us still the temple of our God.

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Do you pray for your children earnestly, constantly, believingly? Do you teach your children perseveringly, unweariedly, lovingly? Do you watch your children tenderly, patiently, solemnly? Do you make companions of your children, that they may walk in your ways, as you are walking in the ways of God?

#### WHO IS TO BLAME?

“ THE vanity and frivolity of woman,” said Francis Watson, as he sank into a rocking-chair in his cousin's cozy sewing-room. “There you are, Belle, over that mass of ruffling still. I believe you have been three days over it.”

“Yes, and a good two days' work still to be done on it if I work alone.”

“Now, Belle, do you think it reasonable for an intelligent girl like you to waste so much precious time in such folly?”

“I would n't if I could afford to hire a seamstress to do it for me.”

“Nonsense. Why must you have it done at all? Why not wear your dress more simple?”

“I would gladly, if I would not by it lose my place in society. I like to be noticed and conversed with, and asked out as well as any body.”

“But what person of sense would not think the more of you for being sensibly attired?”

“Not one that I know of but would think the worse of me. A few ladies might approve, but not one gentleman.”

“There you are certainly wrong, Belle. Don't the men almost universally, sensible men I mean, condemn this waste of time of the girls over so much fussing with their hair and their flounces?”

“Yes, in theory, but in society they show that it was only mere talk, by seeking out these fashionably dressed girls and giving them all the attentions. They look at plainly dressed wives and daughters with any thing but pleasure, and wish they could be induced to give a little more attention to dress. Did n't I see my very sensible cousin at a party last week devote himself to the most empty-headed butterfly in the room, just because she chanced to have the gayest wings of any one present? There were the two Miss Matthews, excellent, pious girls, just from Holyoke, and expecting soon to go on a foreign mission, who received no attentions except from a few elderly people. If they had come out in flounces and hunched-up overskirts, all ruffled around, they would have been quite distinguished.”

“Why, Belle, how you go on! I am sure those girls looked any thing but attractive. I did n't imagine they were going on a mission, or were especially well educated. I thought they were probably some country relations of Mrs. Edwards.”

“I do n't know that it would have been any thing against them if they had been. But you formed your opinion entirely from their plain, sensible dresses, that you are recommending to

me. You had no other ground for deciding, I am sure, as you did not exchange ten words with them."

"Now you come down so particularly, Belle, I must say I do n't like a dress too plain. There is a proper medium in every thing."

"Miss Lucie Clayton had about hit the medium, I suppose. I do n't think it took herself, and mother, and a dress-maker over a week to hem and plait the ruffles on her dress and over-skirt and basque."

"You astonish me, Belle. I thought she seemed very simply dressed in that pure white suit."

"That is just as much as you men know. It reminds me of a minister who took dinner here once, who had a very patronizing air. At the table we had a very elaborate dessert I had taken a fancy to try my hand at, and the young man seemed to fancy it, for he passed his plate three times. At the last, he said to his wife, 'This is a nice simple dish, why do n't you learn how, and often make it for us?' She had me explain the process, which quite astonished him, and the expense of it seemed still more to horrify him. It is just so with you men folks about the simple toilets you wish women to wear. They must be very simple, with only two or three rows of trimming, and a simple over-skirt, almost like an apron—nothing could be plainer; with the hair just put up in a net simply, with a few simple ringlets falling over it, and all that nonsense; but once you happen to be around and see these simple dresses made up, you are shocked at the waste of time and labor.

"I have tried the simple-dressing plan, sir, to my satisfaction. I went to a strange church once on a rainy Sunday, with a plain dress and my water-proof cloak. The polite sexton put me in a corner with the roughest people who came there to church. The next Sabbath being bright, I came in a good silk suit, new and fresh, and was taken up the broad aisle and given one of the front pews. It was not me, but the dress, that was honored, but it was pleasant for all that. The same spirit prevails all the way up and down in the ranks, and until men change their practice and make it accord better with their preaching, there will be no end of this extravagance and folly. I should dearly love to go back to the days of plain skirts. It would give me so much more time for reading and mental culture; so much more time for doing good to others, but I can't bear to be shut out from society. I know some good girls who have the moral courage to do it, and I honor them. But I do not know a single gentleman who does. They have their own resources, and can be

happy among themselves. I envy them, but am too much a slave to what folks will say to imitate them. So, Frank, I assure you that the fault lies mainly with your sex. Though you say you know nothing about these matters, can't tell whether a woman has on one or ten flounces, yet you go as straight as a line and pick out these highly dressed ones—of course always assuming that they are not gaudily dressed, as that is repulsive to most eyes—and bestow on them all your civilities. You admire these things without knowing or considering the vast amount of time, labor, and money expended in them. When you reform in your practice, ladies will change their styles, but not before.

"I have heard a gentleman who was loud against the fashions of the day, chide his wife for going out to tea with her plain black silk on, where other ladies were very fashionably dressed. He thought she might wear something a little more suitable, never reflecting how he had always inveighed against the making-up of these same suitable clothes. He wished for the effect without the expense and toil of making; as well sit in your rocking-chair on the railroad track and wish yourself at the end of your journey. I want you, Frank, to have a little more sense than the rest of them as you go with the world, and at least be consistent. Do n't talk against fashionable dressing until you are ready to set your face against it. Let your practice and precept hold together, and do learn to put the blame of this great extravagance and burden of work on the right shoulders. I wish every man had one of these dresses to make up, and I know he would soon change his views about their beauty."

#### THE PASTOR'S WIFE.\*

AS to the proper qualifications of a pastor's wife, it may be summarily said, that they should correspond in all important respects with those demanded in the pastor himself.

If any should think that this assertion places the standard too high, let him reflect upon, 1. The unity of character and influence contemplated by the marriage relation; and 2. The peculiar responsibilities and duties of the pastor's wife.

The first of these topics has only to be considered in the light of the Scripture affirmation, "they twain shall be one flesh," to make it evident that no one can succeed well as a pastor

\*From the "Christian Pastorate," by Rev. D. P. KIDDER, D. D. 1 vol., 12mo. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.



whose wife lacks the essential characteristics of the experience, knowledge, and character defined in the chapter referred to.

While this is not the place to discuss in detail the peculiar responsibilities and duties of a pastor's wife, it doubtless is the place to assert that both demand full exemplification in the following particulars:

1. A pastor's wife should be a model Christian woman, illustrating with religious fidelity all those traits of character which ennoble and adorn her sex.

2. As manager and head of the pastor's household, she should maintain a model home, adapted to her circumstances, and, if need be, to her trials.

3. She should be a true helpmeet of the minister in the many phases and departments of his work in which she can render him aid.

4. While she should not be forward, or feel herself neglected, if not put forward in Church enterprises, she should nevertheless qualify herself, and be ready, if occasion requires, to be a judicious and enterprising leader in those various forms of Christian activity in which ladies can act with propriety and efficiency.

Should the question be asked, What can be done when ladies have been induced to assume the position of ministers' wives without either the qualifications requisite, or any adequate idea of them? the answer is obvious and demands application in hundreds of cases. Every effort should be made by the ladies in question to attain the qualifications needed, and all possible aid should be rendered them on the part of their husbands for that specific object. In the majority of cases the faults existing are more attributable to the husbands than to the wives. Had the former been considerate and patient, and allowed sufficient time, the latter would doubtless have liked nothing so well as opportunities for special preparation for the duties and responsibilities upon which they are invited to enter, but which they were not previously authorized to anticipate. Great inconsiderateness is often displayed at this very point. Young men who have for long years been studying to prepare themselves for ministerial duty, seem to expect ladies to whom they propose marriage, to be ready for corresponding duties in the course of a few months. But worse than this, when marriage is consummated, they take no suitable measures to aid their companions in securing the adaptations, and making the improvement possible to them in their new positions.

Thus many a young minister, however inadvertently, has become actually culpable in neglecting to encourage in his wife those high

aspirations and studious habits which would have enabled her to keep pace with his own mental progress, if not even to quicken and lead it forward. At the same time, he has had his share of responsibility in imposing upon the object of his affections a heavy burden of family cares which she has been doomed to bear for the remainder of her life.

Reflection will enable any one to see that matrimonial partnership should extend, at least in spirit and sympathy, to every phase of practical life, and that unless it does in the pastoral sphere, instead of a perpetually increasing assimilation of character and qualifications, an endless divergence may take place that will be seriously prejudicial to both parties. It is scarcely possible to avoid such a divergence where one party is mentally progressive while the other is stationary. Hence, as every minister ought to be intellectually progressive, his wife, also, in her sphere, ought not to be behind him. And that she may not be, both minister and people are responsible to relieve her from unnecessary burdens, and to encourage her in all noble efforts.

No one will question the assertion that every married pastor ought to have a model family, in which not only neatness, order, and economy of household arrangements, but also Christian life and duty, are constantly exemplified. Such a family, in any community, will be a constant power for good. As a presiding genius over the arrangements and harmonies of domestic life, in the focus, as it were, of a religious community, the pastor's wife finds her primary and peculiar sphere of responsibility and influence. Not only is she expected to accomplish the usual tasks of a good wife and mother, but to see that her household is regulated with a controlling reference to her husband's personal and public obligations. If it is his duty to devote his mornings, and sometimes other hours, to study, it is her duty not only to avoid trespassing upon those hours, but also to protect him as much as possible from the interruptions of company, and yet to treat with courtesy all persons who may call. She should also be on the alert for opportunities in which to exert a happy social and religious influence in the Church and community. Innumerable are the ways in which womanly tact, under the control of Christian sympathy, fervent zeal, and a wise discretion, can aid and supplement a pastor's best endeavors to do good and build up the Church.

It is not to be denied or even doubted that both the pastor and his wife must encounter difficulties, and sometimes serious difficulties, in maintaining a high standard of family order,

government, and influence. Many are the inconveniences they suffer in the course of successive removals, and especially in the exposure of their children to so many acquaintances and often undesirable influences. It is not seldom that even the partialities of their friends cause them embarrassments difficult to be managed. Nevertheless, when their crosses are borne in the spirit of self-denial for Christ's sake, they usually prove to be blessings in disguise, or at least are, in the end, overruled for their good. With them as with others "'t is home where the heart is," and when their heart is deeply interested in the salvation of the community in which their lot is cast, they learn to toil cheerfully, and, if necessary, endure privations patiently for the sake of Him who hath called them to so great and good a work.

But with all he is called on to do for others, the pastor must never forget that his family is a part of his field of ministerial labor. In it he must offer daily the morning and evening sacrifice of thanksgiving and prayer. In it he must, not on the Sabbath merely, but constantly, preach by example as well as by precept, and in it he may hope to gather some of the richest and ripest fruits of his labor in the vineyard of the Lord. All these considerations combine to render the home associations of a pastor very sacred and precious to him, and all the more so when he is enabled to see that even with added cares and burdens his family becomes to him an agency of help to an enlarged and enlarging influence in the community in which he dwells. Certain it is, that in the bosom of his family, and amid the surroundings of wife and children, he learns to take views of human life far more real, and, consequently, better adapted to influence his opinions and teachings than if he dwelt in a cloister or in personal seclusion from the actualities of human society.

In conclusion of this chapter, it is proper to say, that if a pastor would have a model home, and make that home an agency of good to all who come within its influence, he must, on his part, be a model of all home proprieties and courtesies. It is not enough that he be polite and agreeable in other circles, or even command admiration in general society. He must also, where he is known best, be an example of all that is winning and lovely in his daily walk and conversation; manifesting to his wife and children, if he have them, a deep, tender, and constant interest in their welfare. What has been said with reference to the art of pleasing is scarcely less true of the art of doing good to those around us—"it lies chiefly in a constant attention to small and often indescribable things."

Not only should the law of kindness rule in his heart, it should also overflow from his lips in those kind words which never die. Especially, when a pastor's cares and anxieties weigh upon him, he should be on his guard against that gloominess and reserve, not to speak of petulance and irritability, which will inflict upon his friends the penalties of his official position. Rather by habitual geniality in his home scenes he should seek those agreeable changes in the current of his thoughts which will strengthen him for other scenes and sterner duties.

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### PATIENT CONTINUANCE.

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**L**IFE is a warfare. Paul recognized this fact variously and frequently. It is the underlying idea when he urges his son Timothy to fight the "good fight of faith," when he bids his brethren at Ephesus "put on the whole armor of God," and when he speaks of himself as having "fought a good fight." The warfare is not chiefly with carnal weapons; it is rather a contest of the soul against principalities, against powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places. But it is real and not merely seeming. The foes are not myths but entities. The struggle does not pertain to the imagination, it touches the most vital parts of experience. It calls for the highest forms of courage, and for the exercise of the wisest forethought and the rarest skill. Defeat here involves the most terrible calamities; a victory is the chief good and the supreme glory of a life.

If there be those who know nothing of this warring element in experience, it is generally because the moral nature has hardly waked into healthful activity. There is with them no high and definite aim. The moral movement is not toward the true and specific goal. The soul floats with the current, offering little resistance and uttering no decided protest. There is neither a plan nor a purpose worthy of one bearing God's image, summoned to be a laborer with him, and invited to share his eternal fellowship.

All the truly great names in history stand for heroic struggle. Sainthood is the product of earnest endeavor. Copyists of Christ's spirit and life have largely traversed the battle-fields where he met Satan, and their experience interprets his temptation, his tears, his sweat of agony, and his cry of desolation on the cross. Others, who live only on the surface, may escape all serious and impressive experience, but they who penetrate the depths of existence

know that all high success is wrested from opposition and that peace is the child of conflict.

Young, ardent, and untried souls often hope to conquer fully and finally by means of a single desperate charge. Their courage is of that sort which is impatient of delay and hopes to frighten opposition into flight or surrender by one bold dash. At the hour of conversion these throbbing and untaught natures are wont to imagine that the fight is over and the field thoroughly won. They flourish the rash boaster's plume and speak his triumphant words. They picture to themselves a stately march over a sort of Appian Way for the remainder of life, where the trophies of their valor are to appear on every hand, and where the conqueror's welcome is to ring out from the Celestial City's gates to cheer them onward and signalize their coronation.

But this illusion is soon dispelled. They find themselves in the same old world as before. The strongest currents of influence set against them and flow downward. The passions of the soul have life in them still. The plea of expediency against principle finds something responsive within. The foes that once fled re-appear and fling down their challenge. The magnetism of the earth is yet strong. The way of duty is toilsome as well as strait. Fidelity involves self-denial as well as satisfaction. The victory of to-day leads to a fresh battle-field to-morrow. The "well done" which approves our triumph is followed by a new order which points out a service of larger dimensions and requiring a higher style of courage.

In such a life a dashing bravery and a desperate charge will not alone meet the demand. The courage needed is that which is calm and enduring, not simply that which is spasmodic and aggressive. The furious assault must be followed by the fortifying discretion. Vigilance must supplement valor. One must know how to use victory as well as how to win it. In a word, *patient continuance* is essential to the triumph which wakes the "all hail" of heavenly voices and brings in everlasting security. The steady resolve is what wears out opposition. The faith that endures as seeing Him who is invisible is the faith that writes its history in such words as thrill us all through the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews. The soul that refuses to capitulate is the soul for whose coronation day the amaranth is being twined. The hope that refuses to be discouraged, even when the darkness is deepest, is the hope that maketh not ashamed and that shall find promise surely maturing into fruit. They who press the siege with unconquerable per-

sistence shall witness the strongest holds of sin falling like the walls of Jericho, and the upholders of iniquity surrendering to the tireless and patient energy which God's promise has inspired and sustained. They who never weary of well-doing, and never become distrustful under delays, and never faint amid the protraction of service, are sure to win their reward and reap their harvest. Their seeking for glory, and honor, and immortality is the main occupation of this lower sphere, and God takes care that the pledge of eternal life is fulfilled unto them.

It is this type of Christian character, suggested by the phrase, "patient continuance," that is specially needed to-day. It is that too which is greatly lacking in our Churches. The quietude of dullness and feebleness is abundant enough. Spasmodic ardor and resolute storming parties can be had perchance on demand, and these get the public eye and praise; but, while they have their ministry and their value, they are not the only nor the main things that are wanted. The vehement promise may be well enough if it springs from strong conviction, but the steady performance is the highest proof that a hero has entered the field of moral conflict, and that a true workman is busy in the Lord's vineyard. The heated talker, who details his plans and parades his undertakings, may arrest more attention and win the noisier applause; but the steady, patient toiler, who indicates what he is doing only by the multiplying furrows where he steadily drops and carefully covers the good seed, and by the sheaves which he silently and modestly bears to the garner, is often doing what yields the largest blessing to men, and puts the most grateful emphasis into the waiting approval of God. Whatever others may do or fail to do, such a soul shall not spend its strength for naught, nor find its expectation perishing, nor miss the reward promised by the great Master to those who endure unto the end.

This thought has its lessons of instruction and warning for those whose religion shows itself only in vehement spasms or periodical flashings of ardor; it has a word of hope and comfort for those who know much of brave conflict and little of restful peace and rapturous confidence; and it has a plain direction for those who are sincerely and earnestly asking how they may solve the great problem of life and carry a worthy record up to the last tribunal.

BASE all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this, never reckon the cost.



THE STORMY PETREL.

No halcyon for Summer seas,  
For vernal skies no bird am I;  
My carol is the fitful breeze,  
And Winter's storm my lullaby.

Fair ship, that shin'st a sun-kissed cloud  
Of canvas in the distant blue,

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Too brave the hopes your sails that crowd;  
Pass on—I am no mate for you!

And you, fond lovers, whisp'ring low,  
Or pensive pacers of the deck  
That dream of home, but little know  
The deep, and less its dangers reck,

Your airy phantoms weave! The night  
Is calm; upon the moonlit sea  
Your bark rocks careless; far from sight  
This flatt'ring eve my flight shall be.

Another morn may break ere long,  
And summon all to black despair,  
Another dance, another song  
Be yours—and then shall I be there!

A gleam of white 'mongst angry waves,  
A wail that 's drowned by madden'd blasts—  
I'll hover o'er your yawning graves,  
And ghost-like mock the dipping masts.

Then happiest when the sails are rent,  
When waves like mountains blind the stars,  
When shrieks and oaths with prayers are blent  
I haunt the roaring serf-strewn bars;

Or in mid-ocean, while the ship,  
Wave-smitten, groans alone with God,  
Rejoicing o'er their crests and trip,  
And tread the paths none else hath trod.

O, mother! when, on lowly knees  
In some calm home, thou nam'st thy boy,  
I watch him 'whelmed 'neath cruel seas,  
Nor doth his corpse my peace annoy.

His golden locks weed-tangled creep  
Through dark salt depths to silent sands.  
What care I? Softer hearts may weep,  
I heed nor tears nor pray'ful hands.

'T is mine, a bird of woe, to rede  
More caution to the careless keel;  
If the rash sailor earn his meed,  
No pity for his fate I feel.

And yet my very name speaks hope  
To drowning wretches—Peter's Bird—  
For Faith with wildest winds will cope,  
Faith walks safe, though the depths be stirr'd.

And sometimes in my lonely isle  
Do softer feelings to me come;  
And, plunging from my steep rock-pile,  
I, too, can taste the joys of home,

And, o'er my fledglings in my nest,  
With brooding wings, their love I knew,  
Who, when the night winds moan, ne'er rest,  
Whose fears in anxious prayers o'erflow.

#### AN AUTUMN WAIF.

Soft, dreamy lights the purple haze  
Sends quiv'ring o'er these Autumn days,  
The year hath dropped his toil and care  
A coronal of peace to wear.

The glory that the sunset weaves  
Hath tinged the verdant forest leaves;  
And kingly mountains, stern and old,  
Arise in crimson and in gold.

'T is as God's hand were resting now  
On Nature's throbbing heart and brow,

And as his voice did hush the streams  
From wayward wiles to quiet dreams.

The slumb'rous sweetness in the air  
Doth seem the breathing of a pray'r,  
Through heavenward paths my soul should stray  
Upon this glad and golden day.

And yet my thoughts on wand'ring wing  
Flit back to hills encrowned with Spring,  
Seek lands where Summer roses blow,  
And laughing, leaping fountains flow.

I long to pluck again thy flow'rs,  
That blossomed in departed hours;  
Though Autumn use her sweetest art  
Her falling leaves fall on my heart.

Like waves my mem'ries lave thy shore,  
O, past land, bright forever more,  
But ne'er returning bring to me  
One fairy bud or bloom from thee!

And wearily I turn away,  
E'en to the Winter, cold and gray;  
For golden Autumns only fling  
The shadow of a vanished Spring.

#### THE ROYAL GIFT.

A ROYAL gift—a year of time,  
With all its months, and days, and hours;  
With all its pride of hopes and joys,  
Its pleasures and its powers.

Set with an aureole of gems,  
Flashing with light supernal;  
Crystal and ruby—amethyst,  
Fair seasons—bright and vernal.

Skies, varying with a matchless art,  
Sun, moon, and starlights peerless;  
Calms, rare and radiant as a charm,  
Storms, sweeping wild and fearless.

A year, the sparkles of the morn  
In wondrous transformation  
Change more than thrice a hundred times  
To shadowy night's oblation.

For you with buds and flowers the Spring  
Fills Summer's fragrant fingers;  
For you the glory of the Fall  
And Winter's splendor lingers!

For you the loveliness of land  
And soft air's trembling motion;  
For you the grand magnificence  
And majesty of ocean!

These gifts unto one perfect end,  
Like the flowings of a river,  
Are all to make life beautiful,  
To give back to the Giver.

He has done every thing for you,  
Filled all the world with beauty;  
What can you render back to Him  
But life, and love, and duty?



A GROUP OF FAKIRS.

THE FAKIRS,  
THE RELIGIOUS GUIDES OF THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

THOUGH intending on this topic to reserve facts that would offend the eye, yet, nevertheless, one feels as though an apology were in place when undertaking to introduce such acquaintances as the above to the lady readers of the Repository. But what will they think when told that there are a hundred millions of their sex in India who have been trained, that so far from feeling any revulsion at the sight or approach of the originals, actually deem it an honor to perform for them even menial services, and who bow down before them as the highest exemplars of merit and holiness that they can ever know?

I had long been anxious to obtain a photograph of some of these "saints" of India, but was hindered chiefly by their decided unwillingness to sit for such a purpose. At length, through the aid of a friend at Almorah, these seven were induced, by the payment of a couple of rupees, to give us a ten minutes' chance to take them. They showed considerable fear and restiveness, dreading that the camera—being beyond their comprehension—might contain

something injurious or bewitching. The center fellow, with his hands up, betook himself to earnest prayer to his God, to preserve him during the operation from any evil effect, and the termination of the effort was a considerable relief to him, as also to the rest.

The other group, further on, is of a different class, and was obtained at Delhi without the trouble of payment, from the fact that being a *Yogee*, and therefore silent, he did not even condescend a look while the apparatus was fixed and the picture taken; but his attendant Fakir stood confounded, not knowing what was designed, and wondering if that machine, pointed at his abstracted master, was going to do him any harm.

Of all the curses under which India and her daughters groan, it may safely be said that this profession of the Fakirs is one of the heaviest and most debasing. The world never beheld a truer illustration of putting "darkness for light," than is afforded in the character, appearance, and influence of these filthy, ignorant, beastly looking men—fellows that in any civilized land

would be indicted as "common vagrants," or hooted out of society as an intolerable outrage on common decency. But they swarm in India, infest its highways, crowd its ghats and temples, creep into its homes, and lead captive its poor silly women, and hold the general mind of India in such craven fear that the courtly Rajah, riding in his silver howdah on the back of his elephant, and surrounded by his retinue, will rise from his seat and salaam to one of these creatures as he goes by.

The lawgiver of India, while so jealously providing for the seclusion of the ladies of the land, expressly relaxes the rules in favor of four classes of men—Fakirs, Bards, Brahmans, and Servants—in the following section of the code: "Mendicants, encomiasts, men prepared for a sacrifice, cooks and other artisans, are not prohibited from speaking to married women." (Sec. 360, chap. 8.) They can exercise their discretion how far they shall unveil themselves before them, though in their intercourse with Brahmans and Fakirs they are instructed that all restriction may be laid aside. They are as absolutely in their power as the female penitents of the Romish Church are in that of their priesthood, and even more so. The terrible consequences of the authority, intercourse, and example of such spiritual guides are but too apparent in the condition of the people.

This state of things has lasted for long ages past. Alexander the Great, in his invasion of India, 326 B. C., found these very men as we see them to-day. The historians of his expedition, Aristobulus and Ptolemy, as quoted by Arrian, give us accurate descriptions of them. The Greeks were evidently amused and astonished at the sight of these ascetics, and having no word in their language to describe them, they invented a new term and called them *Gymnosophists*—from *gymnos*, naked, and *sophos*, wise. The patient endurance of pain and privation, and the complete abstraction of some, with the free quotations of the Shaster *Stokes* and maxims of their philosophy by the others, led the amazed Alexander and his troops to designate them as "naked philosophers"—more literally so than by pictures here present, for—though in my possession—I did not dare to have those engraved whose nudity would have more fully justified the Greek designation. But they are still there, and of that class of them a few words farther on will be in place. Alexander's intimacy with them, was evidently too brief and occasional to give him any just idea of the profligacy of most of these wandering vagabonds, or what a pest they prove to be to the social life and morals of their country.

To attempt any general outline of their divisions, their rules, and special opinions, and discipline would be out of place here, and probably prove too much for the reader's patience, especially as there is so little that is "virtuous, lovely, or of good report" to relieve the sad description.

It may be enough to say that the word "Fakir"—pronounced Fakeer, with the *a* broad—is an Arabic term signifying "poor," or "a poor man," because these religious mendicants profess to have taken the vow of poverty; and in theory they hold themselves above the necessity of home, property, or money, realizing their living as a religious right from the people, and expecting entertainment and even indulgence wherever they come.

There are Mohammedan as well as Hindoo Fakirs, with a great variety of names and designations—*Sungasees*, *Pandarams*, *Kallendars*, *Yogees*, *Ghossains*, *Byragees*, etc. Some wander from place to place, some go on pilgrimages, and others locate themselves under a great banyan-tree or in the depths of a forest, in some ruined shrine or tomb, or on the bank of a river, and there receive the homage and offerings of their votaries.

Tavernier, and many other travelers, give plates and descriptions of these wretched hermits and self-torturers, and my own observation for many years enables me to attest the sad truthfulness of the representations. I have sometimes stood and looked at them in the wild jungle, miles away from a human habitation, filthy, naked, daubed with ashes and paint, and thought, how like they seemed to those wretched creatures whom a merciful Savior released from the power of evil spirits, and whom he so compassionately restored to decency, to friends, to society, and to their right minds.

Some few of these Fakirs are undoubtedly sincere in their profession of giving up the world, and its social and domestic relations, to embrace lives of poverty, solitude, mortification, and self-torture, or to devote themselves to a course of religious contemplation and asceticism. Others of them do it from a motive of vainglory, to be honored and worshiped by their deluded followers; while both of these classes expect, in addition, to accumulate thereby a stock of merit that will avail them in the next transmigration and hasten their absorption into Brahm. But no one who has seen and known them can doubt that the great majority of the Fakirs are impostors and hypocrites, indulging in gross licentiousness, while assuming the most sanctimonious airs, and thus imposing upon the credulity of a superstitious people, while they

live lives of laziness that, in their example and influence, are a curse to the whole land.

A glance at the picture will enable the reader more fully to understand the descriptions which follow. These wear some clothing, though not much. The hair of the head is permitted to grow—in some cases not cut, and evidently not combed—from the time when they enter upon this profession. It grows at length longer than the body, when it is wound round the head in a rope like a coil—as the gentleman with the big club on the left-hand side has it—and is fastened with a wooden pin. Having some doubts whether there really was not some make-believe in the huge roll, I questioned a Fakir one day about it, when, seizing the big pin, he pulled it out, and down fell the long line of hair trailing after him. It was all his own hair without any doubt.

But of the condition of those unkempt heads the less said the better. I leave all that "to the imagination of the reader." They belong to a fraternity who hold as a heresy the famous rule of the founder of Methodism, that "cleanliness is next to godliness." You stand and look at them, keeping, for good reason, at a respectful distance, and you see a human creature whose physical being, and each rag of his raiment, literally justifies the description of Holy Writ, "They are altogether become filthy." Daubed with an abominable unguent of cow dung and clay, or the ashes thereof, and the symbol of their deity marked in red paint upon their forehead and naked breast, their praying beads in one hand, and a club or staff in the other, they present an aspect of squalor and fierceness enough to frighten any lady save those deluded ones who, from early infancy, have been taught to bow down and acknowledge them as the saints of the Symteen—"the holy Fakirs of Hindoostan."

No greater contrast can be imagined than these filthy, ragged, absurd-looking wretches are to a pure, fair lady. Yet they are the religious guides of the female sex in India. Needs one wonder that women there are degraded when these are the clergy whose pastoral visits are counted an honor and privilege in their homes, when men like these have free access to them, and their poor, misdirected souls are trained to hold such monstrosities in veneration!

But even these in the picture are not the worst of the class. A large number of them engage in the most amazing manifestations of distortion, endurance, and self-torture. A few of these displays must be mentioned: One of them will lash a pole to his body, and fasten

the arm to it, pointing upward, and endure the torture till that limb becomes rigid and can not be taken down again. I saw one of them with both arms thus fixed, his hands some fifteen inches higher than his head, and utterly immovable. Others of them have been known to close the hand and hold it so till the nails penetrated the flesh and came out on the other side. Some will stand on one leg for years. A few never lie down, supported only by a stick or rope under their armpits, their legs meanwhile growing into hideous deformity and breaking out into ulcers. Mutilation is common, and so is mangling their bodies with scourges and knives. Sticking a spear through the protruded tongue or through the arm is very frequent, and so is hook-swinging—running sharp hooks through the small of the back, deep enough to bear the man's weight, when he is raised twenty or thirty feet into the air and swung round. Some lie in beds of iron spikes, others bury themselves up to the chin in the earth, while their ranks furnish many of the voluntary victims who fling themselves before the wheels of Juggernaut.

Beneath one of the noblest of the banyan trees of India, where a small temple to Mamaniva stands close to the trunk, might be seen a sight which one may well suppose could not be found out of the regions of torment. The place abounds with Fakirs in their various forms of penance and torture. One is sleeping suspended from a tree by a cord round his body. Another sits near him with both hands fixed immovable above his head, while a respectable woman, a devotee, is feeding him as an act of piety, for he never changes his posture or removes from the place. Beyond him again is a Fakir with expanded arms held horizontally, and now immovable. Then to the left you see a miserable creature on one knee, and a hand behind supporting himself; the other hand is in the air, and the face is up to the sun, the sight of the eyes already destroyed by the terrible gaze. Near him is another standing with four fires round him and the hot sun above, fulfilling Menu's rule of the penance of the "five fires." In a little cavern beneath the ground, covered over so that only one ray of light can penetrate, sits another in misery, while going across the area you see a Fakir whose mouth and nose are muffled up so that in drawing his breath he may not inhale the smallest insect in the air, and in his hand is a feather broom, with which he gently sweeps each spot on which he puts his foot, lest he should crush a worm or the tiniest creature. In that crowd of fanatics five of the men are literally naked, yet there are



ladies there, come either to minister to the mutilated or to consult and invoke these "saints," doing so with joined hands and great reverence, and often with costly gifts.

How beyond belief all this must seem to those who have never beheld such truly diabolical practices—for what else can we call them? But, alas! the evidence is only too abundant, and such names as Buchanan, Frazer, Linschotten, Mill, Sleeman, Martin, Heber, and scores of equally honorable and trustworthy travelers furnish the details, and leave the facts beyond question.

The object or motive of these penitential Fakirs we have already intimated. A few, most probably very few, may devote themselves to this horrible life under a sense of sin, which they would thus expiate, without the expectation, however, that any sense of heaven's forgiveness will ever reach their wretched hearts in this life, but hoping that the penance performed or the merit acquired will meet them in the new and improved conditions of their next transmigration, and thus the future load of existence be lightened somewhat of its present woe. But there are tens of thousands of them who take to the profession because it gives them a living off the public, and these are not specially severe in their mortifications.

A few, however, are animated by another class of motives. These hunger for fame; they have become Fakirs for the honor of the thing, are willing to suffer that they may be respected and adored by those who witness in wonder the amazing self-tortures which they will endure. "They do these things to be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward." Humanity is the same, whether it seeks its own glory in India or in Judea. There is an incident at hand which may be worth relating to illustrate this aspect of the subject, which was turned into verse by a humorous Englishman, and, being as modest a rendering as was practicable, we present it here.

One of these self-glorifying Fakirs, after graduating to saintship by long years of austerities and extensive pilgrimages, took it into his head that he could still further exalt his fame by riding about in a sort of sedan-chair with the seat stuck full of nails. Four men carried him from town to town, shaking him as little as possible. Great was the admiration of his endurance which awaited him every-where. At length—no doubt when his condition had become such that he was for the time disposed to listen to some friendly advice—a rich native gentleman met him, and tried very earnestly to persuade him to quit his uncomfortable seat and have

mercy upon himself. But here let Mr. Cambridge give the reasoning of the kind-hearted native and point the moral of the story. He says to the Fakir:

"Can such wretches as you give to madness a vogue?  
 Though the priesthood of Fo on the vulgar impose,  
 By squinting whole years at the end of their nose;  
 Though with cruel devices of mortification  
 They adore a vain idol of modern creation;  
 Does the God of the heavens such a service direct,  
 Can his mercy approve a self-punishing sect:  
 Will his wisdom be worshipped with chains and with nails,  
 Or e'er look for his rites in your noses and tails?  
 Come along to my house and these penances leave,  
 Give your belly a feast, and your breech a reprieve."  
 This reasoning unthring'd each fanatical notion,  
 And staggered our saint in his chair of promotion;  
 At length with reluctance he rose from his seat,  
 And resigning his nails and his fame for retreat,  
 Two weeks his new life he admired and enjoyed,  
 The third he with plenty and quiet was cloyed;  
 To live undistinguished to him was the pain,  
 An existence unnoticed he could not sustain.  
 In retirement he sighed for the fame-giving chair,  
 For the crowd to admire him, to reverence and stare;  
 No endearments of pleasure and ease could prevail,  
 He the saintship resum'd, and new larded his tail."

The reference, in the third line, as to "squinting whole years at the end of his nose," is a serious subject, and will be explained hereafter.

Sometimes Fakirs will undertake to perform a very painful and lengthened exercise in measuring the distance to the sacred city of Benares from some point, such as a shrine or famous temple, even hundreds of miles away, though months and even years, may be required to complete the journey. I had once the opportunity of seeing one of these men performing this feat. When I met him he was on the Grand Trunk Road, over two hundred and forty miles from Benares. He had already accomplished about two hundred miles—a crowd accompanied him from village to village, as men turn out here to see Weston walk. He was a miserable-looking object, covered from the crown of his head to his feet with dust and mud. He would lay himself down prostrate on the road, his face in the dust, and with his finger would make a mark in front of his head on the ground, then he would rise and put his toes in that mark, and down he would go again flat and at full length, make another line, rise, and put his toes in that, and so on for the weary hours of the day. When tired out he would make a mark on the side of the road, that he could safely find next morning, and then return with the crowd to the last village which he had passed, where he would be fêted and honored, and next morning would return to his mark and renew his weary way. I could not find out how much progress he usually made; it must have been very slow work, certainly less than one mile per day—and what weary months of hard

toil lay between him and Benares is apparent. These wretches thus choose and voluntarily lay upon themselves penalties that no government on earth would venture to inflict upon its most hardened criminals.

The outside world is not generally aware that even women have occasionally joined the ranks of these ascetics, but Bholonath Chunder verifies the fact and says: "Between the unpretending Brahman scholar and the ostentatious Sunnyassee there is a marked difference. The latter is all exterior, with his matted locks, his skeleton body, his tiger-skin garment, his trident and tongs, and his rosary of beads. The Sunnyassee pretends to personate *Siva*; the Bhoynubbee—female Fakir—pretends to personate *Sacti*. The latter takes a vow of celibacy, and is a Roman vestal or Catholic nun under another disguise. Very often, she is animated by a sincere and enthusiastic spirit of devotion. But the frailty of the sex masly times predominates over the fidelity of the votary. The young and pretty Bhoynubbee is not thought to be very steadfast to her professions. Happily, both Sunnyassees and Bhoynubbees are fast going out of vogue. It is now rare to see a woman who has renounced all pleasures, all property, all society, and all domestic affections, to pass on from city to city with a vermilion spot on her forehead, a cloth of dull orange on her body, a long trident in one hand, and a hollow gourd in the other. Hindoo female ambition is not exercised now to distinguish itself by sutteeism or a life of abstinence. Even this is progress, for which we are grateful.

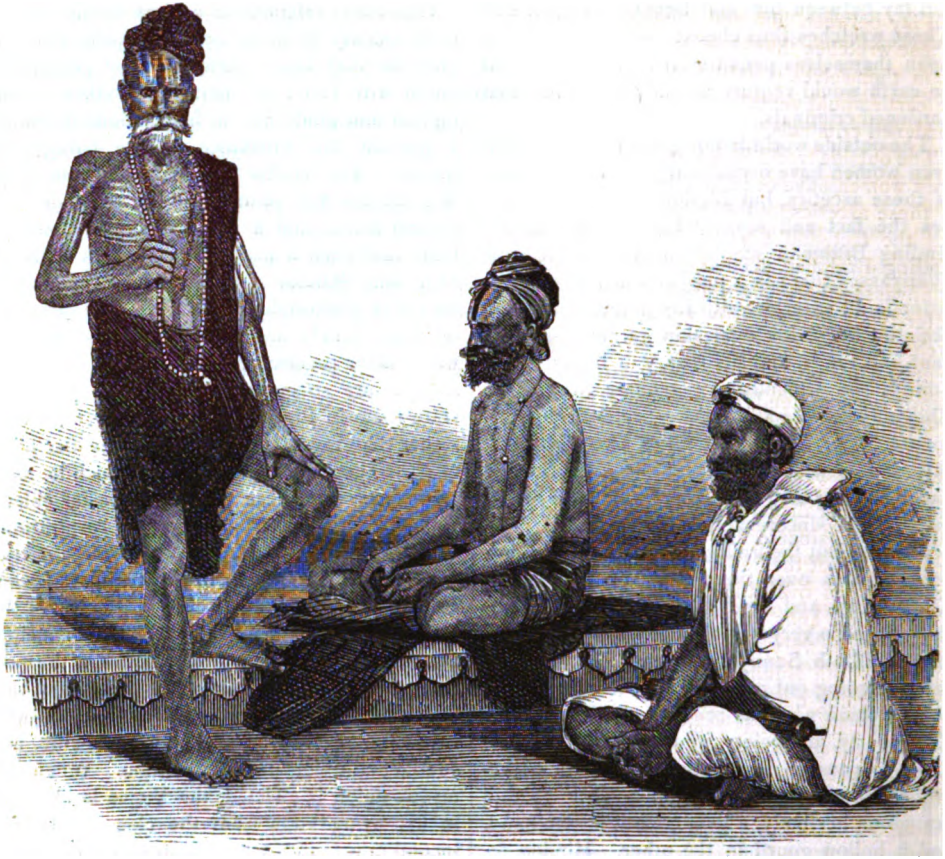
There is a further aspect of this subject, and one so singular and serious that the reader will be as much surprised at the alleged Divine law which requires it, as the sole and only path to moral purity and ultimate perfection, as she will be that men have ever been found who would undertake to conform themselves to the amazing and whimsical discipline by which it is to be attained. We may talk of self-denial and cross-bearing, but did the history of human endurance ever present any thing equal to the requirements of the following teachings?

In all the wide range of Hindoo literature it is conceded that there is nothing so sublime, and even pure, as the disquisitions contained in the *Bhagvat Geeta*—The Song of the Lord. This book is an episode of the celebrated *Mahabharata*, and consists of conversations between the divine Krishna—the incarnate God of the Hindoos, in his last *avatar*, or descent to earth in mortal form—and his favorite pupil, the valiant Arjoona, commander-in-chief of the Pandoo forces.

Arjoona is religious as well as heroic, and in deep anxiety to know by what spiritual discipline he may reach perfection and permanent union with God; the deity undertakes to enlighten and guide him in instructions of which I present the substance in the paragraphs quoted. The reader will bear in mind that *Yog* means the practice of devotion in this special sense, and a *Yogee* is one devoted to God, and such a man is the highest style of saint that Hindoo theology, or its *Patanjala* school of philosophy can know. The demands of these tenets and the amazing supremacy which their practice confers on such a devotee as this, are so extraordinary that I prefer to state them in Professor H. H. Wilson's words rather than my own. Describing the discipline of the Yogee and the exaltations which he aims at, he says: "These practices consist chiefly of long-continued suppressions of respiration; of inhaling and exhaling the breath in a particular manner; of sitting in eighty-four different attitudes; of fixing their eyes on the top of the nose and endeavoring, by the force of mental abstraction, to effect a union between the portion of vital spirit residing in the body and that which pervades all nature, and is identical with *Siva*, considered as the supreme being, and source and essence of all creation. When this mystic union is effected, the Yogee is liberated in his living body from the clog of material incumbrance, and acquires an entire command over all worldly substance. He can make himself lighter than the lightest substances, heavier than the heaviest; can become as vast or as minute as he pleases, can traverse all space, can animate any dead body by transferring his spirit into it from his own frame, can render himself invisible, can attain all objects, become equally acquainted with the past, present, and future, and is finally united with *Siva*, and consequently exempted from being born again upon earth. The superhuman faculties are acquired, in various degrees, according to the greater or less perfection with which the initiatory processes have been performed."

To assist the reader in more fully comprehending the teaching of this unique method of reaching "the higher life," as practiced by the most sincere and yearning of India's religious mendicants, I present a faithful sketch of one of the most celebrated of the Yogee order, whom, during my residence in India, I have seen in Delhi.

The Yogee is the central figure. The Fakir standing is his attendant, the man to the right is one of the Yogee's devotees or worshipers, come to pay him the usual homage, expressed



A YOGEE, OR SILENT SAINT OF INDIA.

by his clasped hands. The picture is from a photograph.

The saint is silent, engaged in the meditation and abstraction the rules of which we are going to present. His body is daubed with ashes till he looks as if covered with leprosy, and the red marks are on his forehead, as they are on the face, and breast, and arms of his attendant. He holds no converse with mortal man, nor has he done so for years. The Governor-General of India might pass by, but he would not condescend to look at him, nor deign a word of reply were he to speak to him. He is supposed to be dead to all things here below, and to have every sense and faculty absorbed in the contemplations enjoined in the following words of the Deity:

Krishna says to Arjoona, "The man who keepeth the outward accidents from entering his mind, and his eyes fixed in contemplation between his brows; who maketh the breath to pass through both his nostrils alike in expiration and inspiration; who is of subdued faculties, mind, and understanding, and hath set his

heart upon salvation; and who is free from lust, fear, and anger, is forever blessed in this life, and being convinced that I am the cherisher of religious zeal, the lord of all worlds, and the friend of all nature, he shall obtain me and be blessed."

"The Yogee constantly exerciseth the spirit in private. He is recluse, of a subdued mind and spirit; free from hope and free from perception. He planteth his own seat firmly on a spot that is undefiled, neither too high nor too low, and sitteth on the sacred grass which is called Koos, covered with a skin and a cloth. There he whose business is the restraining of his passions, should sit with his mind fixed on one object alone, in the exercise of his devotion for the purification of his soul, keeping his head, his neck, and body steady without motion, his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around. The peaceful soul released from fear who would keep in the path of one who followeth God, should restrain the mind, and fixing it on me depend on me alone. The Yogee of a humbled mind, who thus con-

stantly exerciseth his soul, obtaineth happiness incorporeal and supreme in me."

"A man is called devout when his mind remaineth thus regulated within himself, and he is exempt from every lust and inordinate desire. The Yogee of a subdued mind thus employed in the exercise of his devotions is compared to a lamp, standing in a place without wind, which waveth not. He delighteth in his own soul, where the mind, regulated by the service of devotion, is pleased to dwell, and where, by the assistance of the spirit, he beholdeth the soul. He becometh acquainted with that boundless pleasure which is far more worthy of the understanding than that which ariseth from the senses; depending upon which, the mind moveth not from its principles; which having obtained, he respecteth no other acquisition so great as it; in which depending, he is not moved by the severest pain. This disunion from the conjunction of pain may be distinguished by the appellation Yog, spiritual union or devotion. It is to be obtained by resolution, by the man who knoweth his own mind. When he hath abandoned every desire that ariseth from the imagination, and subdued with his mind every inclination of the senses, he may, by degrees, find rest; and having by a steady devotion fixed his mind within himself, he should think of nothing else. Wheresoever the unsteady mind roameth he should subdue it, bring it back, and place it in his own breast. Supreme happiness attendeth the man whose mind is thus at peace; whose carnal affections and passions are thus subdued; who is thus in God and free from sin. The man who is thus constantly in the exercise of the soul, and free from sin, enjoyeth eternal happiness, united with Brahm the supreme. The man whose mind is endowed with this devotion, and looketh on all things alike, beholdeth the supreme soul in all things, and all things in the supreme soul. He who beholdeth me in all things, and beholdeth all things in me, I forsake not him, and he forsaketh not me. The Yogee who believeth in unity, and worshipeth me present in all things, dwelleth in me in all respects, even while he liveth. The man, O *Arjoona*, from what passeth in his own breast, whether it be of pain or pleasure, beholdeth the same in others, is esteemed a supreme Yogee."

"The *Yogee* who, laboring with all his might, is purified of his offenses, and after many births is made perfect, at length goeth to the supreme abode. The *Yogee* is more exalted than *Tapaswees*, those zealots who harass themselves in performing penances; respected above the learned in science, and superior to those who are at-

tached to moral works; wherefore, O *Arjoona*, resolve thou to become a *Yogee*. Of all *Yogees*, I respect him as the most devout who hath faith in me, and who serveth me with a soul possessed of my spirit." (*Bhagvat Geeta*, pp. 46-51.)

Such is the clearest instruction and light that heathenism can give to aid the poor anxious heart that is feeling after God and purity. If this is their light, what must the darkness be! Not many members of this *Yogee* sect are thus stationary. Most of them move about among the people, and assume rights, and make demands for homage and reverence of the most imperious kind, while some of them dare, in view of their supposed sanctity and superiority to all external considerations, to hold themselves above obedience to law or the claims of common decency. I have myself seen one of them in the streets of Benares, when crowded with men and women, in the middle of the day, a man evidently over forty years of age, as naked as he was born, walking amid the throng with the most complete shamelessness and unconcern. And if it were not for the fear of the English magistrate's order and whip, instead of once in a while, hundreds of these "naked philosophers" would scandalize those streets every day in the year, and "glory in their shame."

It was one of these men sitting thus naked, filthy, and supercilious, upon the steps of the Benares Ghat, receiving the homage and worship of the people, that drew from Bishop Thomson that strong remark which made such an impression upon those who heard him utter it. I conducted him to other scenes, the nature of which he has but barely intimated, but all the natural and legitimate fruit of the system sustained by the profession and privileges of these self-righteous and insolent harpies who, under the names of *Yogees*, *Fakirs*, etc., have dragged their country down to that deep degradation, where sensuality is deified, and men and women are taught and trained to be religiously wicked.

The number of persons in these various orders all over India must be immense. D'Herbelot, in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, estimates them at 2,000,000, of which he thinks 800,000 are Mohammedan *Fakirs*, and 1,200,000 Hindoo *Fakirs*. Ward's estimate seems to sustain this. But the influence of the British Government and its laws, the extension of education and missionary teaching, are fast tending to the reduction of the number by lowering the popular respect for the lazy crew that have so long consumed the industry of the struggling people.

The expense of supporting them even at the lowest estimate—say two rupees per month for each Fakir—involves a drain of \$12,000,000 per annum upon the industry of the country—a sum far beyond what is contributed for the support of all the Christian clergy in the United States. But that is only a single item of what their religion costs the Hindoos. Before this come the claims of the regular priesthood, then the Brahmans, then the astrologers, encomiasts, etc., and then the beggars, which the system creates—and Ward says they, with the Fakirs, make up in Bengal about one-eighth of the population—all of whom are consumers, none of them producing any thing for the public support, nor doing one stroke of work to benefit any body; millions of men year after year sponging upon their fellows, and engendering the ignorance, the superstition, the vice, the mendicity, and sycophancy that necessitates a foreign rule in their magnificent land as the only arrangement under which the majority could know peace, and be safe in possession of the few advantages which they enjoy. Truly heathenism—and above all, Hindoo heathenism—is an expensive system of social and national life for any people. Error and vice do not pay, even on economical grounds. They are dearer far than are truth and virtue under any circumstances.

Welcoming to their ranks as they did every vagabond of ability who had an aversion to labor, before the introduction of British rule, these Fakirs, under pretense of pilgrimages, used to wander over the country in bands of several thousands, holding their character as so sacred that the civil power dared not take cognizance of their conduct. So they would often lay entire neighborhoods under contribution, rob people of their wives, and commit any amount of enormities. In Dow's *Ferishta*, Vol. III, there is a singular account of a combination of them, 20,000 strong, raising a rebellion against the Emperor Aurungzebe, selecting as their leader an old woman named Bistemia, who enjoyed a high fame for her spells and her great skill in magic art. The Emperor's general was something of a wit. He gave out he would resist her incantations by written spells, which he would put into the hands of his officers. His proved the more powerful for a good reason—a battle, or rather a carnage, ensued, in which the old lady and her Fakir host were simply annihilated. Aurungzebe met his general, and, the historian tells us, had a good laugh with him over the success of his "spells." Even as late as 1778 these militant saints thought themselves strong enough to measure

swords with English troops, attacking Colonel Goddard in his march to Herapoor. But the Colonel, though far more merciful than the Mohammedan general, taught them, by the sacrifice of a score of their number, they had better let carnal weapons alone; and though still saucy enough to the weak, they have ceased to act together in masses, or carry a worse weapon than a club in their peregrinations.

Usually each Fakir has a religious relation to the high-priest of some leading temple, and to him he surrenders some portion of the financial results of each tour at its termination. In view of this fact they claim free quarters in all the temples which they pass. Their wide range of intercourse tends to make them well acquainted with public affairs. They hear all that is going on, and know the state of feeling and opinion, and communicate to their patron priests the information which they gather as they go.

Unlike the beggars, they do not feign disease or misery to draw out your liberality; they demand the contributions of the people as a right—to be given, not from compassion, or charity, or the love of God, but as a religious offering for the benefit of him, who bestows it, and more especially in view of their holy character, and the vicarious power of blessing or cursing which they are supposed to possess. They have a bold front, and will give you to understand that it might be dangerous to displease them.

*Romanism* has borrowed largely from heathenism, but what are candid men to think of a system which can and does still adopt the *role* of unprincipled vagabonds like these to accomplish her purposes? Her missionaries assume their character, don their livery, wear their badges, and trick themselves out in their paint, and crosiers, and robes. They thus live and act a lie in the concealment of character and the compromise of truth in order to make their proselytes.

Romish missions have long been open to this fearful charge to which they have been led by their fatal principle of accommodation. The Jesuit missionaries adopted the dress and habits of the Bonzes in China, and of the Fakirs and Yogeas in India. It is enough to name Robert de Nobilibus in this connection. Swartz, in 1771, one hundred years ago, was scandalized by meeting the Romish missionary in South India, dressed in the style of the pagan priests, wearing their yellow robe, and having like them a drum beaten before him. It is just the same in 1871. Only last month, at the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary in London, the Rev.

W. O. Simpson, of South India, uttered the following words :

"Now, of all these, my European brethren and my native brethren—for it has been my pleasure to meet, and work, and travel, and sleep with European and dark brethren for many years—I can say this, you will never find in them any concealment of character. I was going along a road in Trichinopoli when I saw something coming toward me, a biped astride of something else, and this something else we call in the native language a tattoo, from the villainous habit it has of knocking its back knees together. It is an animal not good enough to be a pony, and not quite bad enough to be a donkey. I said to myself, I want to have a good look at you, and I advanced into the middle of the road, so that this object might pass between me and the wall. And as he came by that object flashed with, I hope, honest shame. It was something which made his cheeks red. His face was as white as mine, but he wore the badge of one who has sworn devotion to Siva, and on his shoulder was the robe of one who has sworn devotion to that god, and round his neck was the official rosary, the technical rosary of the Sivite, and in his hand there was a crosier, the serpentine staff of a Gooroo or Sivite teacher. Yet that man who passed me had a face as white as mine; he was a Jesuit missionary, and he was going to angle for souls in the name of the Prince of Truth with all the trappery, and trickery, and trumpetry of a compromise of the truth. Before I met him that morning I had been saying to myself, I wonder if I can get any nearer to these people, they are so cold and so thoughtful, they look at you with such a telescope, and they keep you such a long way off, I wonder if I could not get any nearer; and I had serious thoughts of taking off my brown holland coat and waistcoat, and throwing away my wide-awake hat—although that might have had a material influence on my intellect—and wearing a turban. But when I saw him that morning I felt my own Bible under my arm, and I said, Lord Jesus, forgive me for thinking that I could do this work with any kind of lie in my lips or in my hand. Just half an hour after, I was sitting in a large class of twenty-six, all Brahmans, sons of the very priests of the temple, who were reading with me in a kindly and in a loving spirit the history of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I said to myself, I would rather have one soul won in this way than 500 won in that way. This keeps us clear of any appearance of collusion, which certainly would be to some extent to our prejudice. I remember

preaching in the streets of Manargudi, and I had referred to idolatry, when some man came forward and said, 'Sir, I have a question to ask.' 'What is it?' I said. 'What business have you,' said he, 'to preach against idols?' 'My dear friend,' I said, 'an idol is nothing in the world.' He said, 'Why, they are in your own temples.' 'No,' I said, 'they are not.' 'But,' said he, 'I have seen them.' 'No,' I said, 'you have not.' 'Why, sir,' said he, 'can't I believe my own eyes?' 'No,' I said, 'you can not.' There was very near to him a shop-keeper who had heard many sermons from me; and I had often wondered whether he had any heart beneath his oleaginous sides or not. I listened with some anxiety to hear what he would say. This man turned round to the shop-keeper and said, 'Did you ever hear such a gentleman as that in your life? He says I can not believe my own eyes.' The shop-keeper said, 'And you can not.' 'Now,' said he, assuming the dignified, 'where do you come from?' 'O,' said the other, 'I come from so and so.' 'Ah,' said the shop-keeper, 'any body could tell you were a country side man. Where did you see these idols?' 'O,' said he, 'I saw them in the little temple on the other side of the river.' That was a little Jesuit chapel. 'Ah,' said the shop-keeper, 'did I not tell you you were a man from the country side? For any body but a provincial would know these'—pointing to my colleague and myself—'are not those.' He went on to say, 'Do n't you know those are our little brothers? these are no relations.' I am thankful that in our Indian work we stand so plain and clear from every kind of compromise that even there the heathen are beginning to understand that 'these' are not 'those.' Why, Mr. Chairmap, 'these' believe in an open Bible, 'those' in a closed one; 'these' believe in ministers that are no priests, 'those' believe in priests that are sacrificers; 'these' believe in the direct access of each particular soul to Christ, 'those' believe in mediators and mediatrixes many; 'these' believe in a pardon received direct from God, 'those' believe in one dropped from the five fingers of a priest, and paid for in money. I say again for my brothers, both black and white, when you help them and when you pray for them, you may be quite certain that there will be not only no concealment of character, but no compromise of truth."

Yes, the sagacious Hindoo was right in recognizing the Romish fraternity as his "little brothers," for the likeness is too manifest to be denied—their opinions, rites, usages, and morals are so nearly identical that it is needless to draw a distinction between them, and the only

hope lies in the deliverance of the people from the presence and influence of both, and the prevalence of a holy ministry and a holy Church that, under God, will instruct and save the sons and daughters of long-benighted India.

Already, by an honest "manifestation of the truth," by preaching that precious blood which alone gives purity and rest to the soul, we have commended our blessed Christianity to the consciences of some of the very classes here described, and others once equally hostile to it. Those who were formerly Moulvies, Brahmans, Pundits, Fakirs, Gurus, and even Pariahs, are to-day found not only in our India membership, but also in the ranks of our local and itinerant ministry, and concerning whom, as we look at "the hole of the pit whence they were digged," and realize what they once were, we can say, with adoring gratitude, "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Halleluiah!

#### A VOICE IN THE WIND.

**U**T in the open air, built of dry sticks and branches piled upon the ground, a promising fire snapped and sparkled, and over it hung a huge black kettle. No "noble red men" or dark-eyed gypsies gathered about it, however; only Joel, with his unmistakably Yankee face, was there, stirring the fire into a bright blaze with his long pole, before going indoors to announce that all was now ready for what Aunt Ann denominated "a soap bilin'." The little farm-house on the prairie had but three occupants that Autumn day—Milly, Letty, and Joel. Aunt Ann herself was off on an exploring expedition among the stores of the city, five miles away, having been lured by the persuasions of Uncle John, who was going, and of the three others who were not, into trusting herself to the great lumber wagon, and her soap-making to Milly. The latter risk caused her by far the greatest anxiety. She gave directions all the time she was putting on her shawl and tying her bonnet, all the time she was getting herself comfortably settled in the wagon, and when the cumbersome vehicle rolled away she "cast one longing, lingering look behind," and shouted out a parting injunction, only one word of which reached its destination—"potash."

"As if I would n't have remembered that," said Milly laughing, as she re-entered the house, and mounted a chair to search the high shelves of the old corner cupboard for the article mentioned. It came to light, and seating herself to

undo the package, she began to scan curiously the paper that formed the wrapping. It was part of an old fashion journal—an odd visitor for that out-of-the-way place—and an amused look fitted over the girl's face.

"Now, Letty, here's a chance to learn whether we are in the fashion or not. Just listen: 'The new style of over-skirts for this season.'"

"What season?" demanded Letty.

Milly turned her scrap of paper over, and surveyed it on all sides.

"Date torn off—no matter, it will answer just as well; it says this season, you know—'style of over-skirt long, and looped up at the sides.'" Milly paused and glanced down at the immense apron she had donned. "Mine is long enough, I'm sure. It might be more ornamental looped up at the sides, but I'm afraid it would n't be so useful. O, here's something else we ought to know—'bands of ostrich feathers and swan's-down trim rich evening dresses of creamy white silk, or of light delicate colors.' Think of that. We shall have to look over our evening dresses right away, Letty."

"We shall find 'em wonderfully like our morning dresses when we do," responded the practical Letty contentedly. "If I had a nice silk I should n't want it creamy or buttery either—any thing but greasy looking dresses for me."

Milly laughed. "There's no accounting for tastes. May be you would n't like to do your hair in a Pompadour roll either?"

"I never heard any thing about Pompey's door, and I do n't know whether it rolled, or swung on hinges like other people's," said Letty, depositing herself in the old straight-backed rocking-chair, and her basket of "quilt pieces" upon the floor beside her.

Milly laughed again—not quite so merrily this time, and a dreamy shadow began to eclipse the dancing light in her eyes. A vision rose before her of a world different from her own little one—a world all light, and music, and perfume, it seemed to her girlish fancy, where these soft dresses and beautiful laces fittingly belonged; a life all grace, beauty, and pleasure, into which no hard, coarse work, no dull, dry routine of every-day cares and duties ever came. Her own grew suddenly poor, common, and worthless in contrast.

"The kettle's hung, and the fire's burnin'," announced Joel, standing in the door-way.

Milly folded up the paper slowly, and as she did so her glance fell upon a paragraph quite distinct from those she had been reading. "These little incidents of our lives are not empty or meaningless; they hold each their lesson—some note of warning, comfort, or re-

proof, if we would look for it." The context had been torn away, so the simple assertion stood alone.

"I do n't know about it," commented Milly rather doubtfully, as she laid it aside.

"Do n't know about what?" asked Letty cheerily—"having swan's-down on your dress?"

Joel surveyed her attire questioningly. "What should they be down on it for? The old turkey gobbler might n't like that red shawl, but I did n't know swans cared what any lady wore," he remarked with a puzzled expression.

"O, it's something to trim dresses with," laughed Letty.

And Joel, muttering in genuine boyish disgust, that he "did n't know nothin' about such humbugs," turned on his heel and walked out of doors again.

Milly tied a sun-bonnet of no small dimensions over her brown braids, and slowly followed him. She liked being out in the open air, and she rather enjoyed the morning's occupation with the gypsyish aspect given to it by the fire out of doors, and the great kettle swinging above it—at least she would have done so usually, but any charm there might have been about it had vanished now, and left it nothing but dull prosaic work. It was very quiet and still there, with only the strip of woods at the left, and the broad prairie stretching to the right. The rustling of the few dead leaves that still clung to the trees, and the sweeping of the low wind through the prairie grass, were almost the only sounds that came to her. There was a weird, sad music in them that she loved, but to-day it only awoke wild, vague wishes and longings—not for things really grand and noble, true and pure, such as it often seemed whispering of to Milly's listening soul, until she almost fancied she could hear in it the footsteps of the great army of brave, true-hearted, earnest workers who were blessing the world through all their day, and passing on into the light; and her heart grew strong, yet strangely tender in the resolve to be, in her own place, one of them. Such voices and visions from the wood, the changing sky, the lovely, lonely prairie, had ennobled and educated her unconsciously to herself, and taught her, little country girl as she was, the thought she sometimes breathed: "O, life is a grand, solemn, glorious thing!" But to-day—ah! to-day it was not so much of the *being* as of the *having* that she was thinking. Ease, elegance, luxury looked so very fair in the dim distance—why were they not hers? She glanced at her work, then down at her plain, dark dress and long apron, and pictured in her mood of discontent the

sharp contrast they would present to the soft, rich, graceful robes worn by other—"happier women," she called them, forgetting that these things to them, as her despised calico to her, were only the dress, not the life that with its rejoicing, sorrowing, struggling must still go on in either case. Joel had wandered into the woods and dragged back from thence an old dry log. Deciding that the fire did not need it immediately, he had seated himself upon it, and with elbows resting upon his knees, and chin between his palms, he was meditatively watching the blaze.

"Joel," said Milly suddenly—a little impatiently too, maybe, for he looked so calmly content—"Joel, do you ever wish for any thing more than you have—any thing different?"

The boy pushed back his hat from his rough, light hair, and looked up at her with something of surprise in his gray eyes.

"Why, yes, of course I do; who do n't? Wish I could go a fishin' lots of times when I have to work, and wish I had a horse all of my own, so I need n't walk two miles to the school-house in Winter—if you mean that kind of thing."

Something in Milly's face said that she did not, and Joel partly understood its expression.

"O, about what I'd like to do and be sometime, a good while from now? I tell you," said Joel, straightening himself up on his log, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, while a sudden enthusiasm lighted up his freckled, sun-burned face, "I mean to have a farm some day that 'll be worth thinkin' about. I won't have any old tumble-down barns and fences on it, and horses and cows that look as though they had to work themselves to death to get a livin'. This prairie land is first-rate for farmin'—father says so—and when I'm a man I mean to have a place that 'll be a place, you'd better believe; have the best of stock on it, and raise the best of every thing—that's what I want."

"Just the old life over again; he cares for nothing else," Milly thought, but aloud she said, "It will be hard work."

"Why, yes, it'll be that, to be sure," answered Joel, viewing the fact in somewhat the same way that a valiant warrior might survey some formidable fortress he had resolved to take—with an appreciation of its difficulties that was almost admiring, and which awoke only stronger desire and more determined courage. "There's easier lives than farmin', I s'pose, but I do n't know as they're any better, and, any way, I like it."

That little word *better* might mean a great deal. Milly did not care to sound its depths



just then, and so was silent. No, her cousins did not feel as she did. Joel did not, Letty could not, she was sure, sitting indoors so contentedly, and sewing her pink and blue patches together in blissful unconsciousness that there was such a thing as a happy blending of colors. It was quite as well for her, too, since most things that came into their lives were arranged after very much the same fashion, Milly mentally added, as she stirred vigorously the contents of her kettle.

However close an acquaintance soap may have with human hands, it evidently knows nothing of human hearts, for the great black boiler-ful "came" just as well that day under Milly's contemptuous care, as it could have done with all Aunt Ann's interest and watching. Joel swung the kettle again, replenished the fire, and drew closer to it, for the air seemed growing cooler. The clear, bright sunlight grew dimmer and more fitful after an hour or two, and finally vanished altogether, and the music of the wind in the grass and trees grew louder and more mournful.

"Milly," said Joel, at last, scanning the clouded sky, "I do n't believe we 'd better keep the fire up any longer; I guess there 's goin' to be a storm"—a prediction that seemed likely to be speedily verified, for even as he spoke it grew still and darker, and the wind swept toward them in a stronger gust.

"It 's well you 're in," said Letty, looking up as they entered the house. "I was just coming to call you. Hope father and mother an't out anywhere."

Milly went and stood by the window, her favorite one that looked toward the distant city. On clear days she could see its tallest roofs and spires quite plainly, and on clear evenings catch the gleam of its far-off lights, and she loved to watch them, and dream of its people and their doings. But to-day the view was faint and dim, and she watched instead the sky, where great black clouds were piling up, and the broad sweep of prairie where the dying grass was bending and swaying in the wind, until stretching far away it seemed in its gray-green color and restless motion not unlike waves of the sea.

The wind rose rapidly, and was soon blowing in strong gusts, stripping the remaining leaves from the trees in the little grove, whirling down the dry branches, and rushing wildly around the house, and away on its unimpeded course across the open country, seeming after every moment's lull to gather fresh strength. Suddenly the sky changed to a peculiar greenish tint, and then, before the exclamation of surprise had left Milly's lips, a mighty, fearful blast came crash-

ing through the wood, breaking and twisting the trees, and making the little house shake and quiver as if it were trembling in an agony of fear before this strange, invisible power.

"O, dear, it 's terrible!" said Letty, looking up with face grown slightly pale. "Seems to me I never heard it blow so!"

"Reg'lar tornado. It took some of the trees down that time, sure," answered Joel. "There it comes again!"

"I wonder," began Milly, but the sentence was left unfinished. Her head suddenly bumped against the window, then she was as suddenly thrown backward upon the floor, with a confused vision of Joel being hurled into a corner, Letty's work-basket, with its many-colored pieces, flying past her, chairs and tables whirling and tumbling, and a feeling that the whole house was being violently lifted and borne forward. There was a moment of fearful uproar, in which the crashing of boards, the rattling of furniture, Letty's wild shriek, and the roar of the wind were all blended. Then all grew still—the rocking, tossing motion ceased.

Joel picked himself up slowly—a little unsteadily.

"Girls, are you hurt?" he asked as soon as he recovered his breath.

"O, dear! an't we killed?" exclaimed the terrified Letty.

Milly sat up, dizzy and bewildered, and drew her hand across her forehead in an effort to recall her scattered senses.

"We must get out of this; 't won't do to stay here," said Joel quickly, pushing his way over stove-pipe, clock, broken dishes, and overturned chairs to the door. "Hurry, girls, hurry!"

Frightened, braised, trembling, they hastened after him, and following where he led they sought safety on the open prairie, where a little hillock partly sheltered them from the wind, as they crouched close upon the grass. Excepting slight bruises, all had escaped uninjured, which seemed almost miraculous when they recovered composure and courage to look about them a little, and discovered that the house had been carried over fifty yards from its original site. A small portico and Summer kitchen had been torn away, but the main body of the building had just been lifted and borne off to its present resting-place, and it was still right side up.

"The barn 's standin' yet; can't see as it 's hurt a bit. I'm glad of that!" said Joel, raising his head for a momentary survey over the embankment. The rain began to fall presently, and as it did so, the wind gradually subsided. The fury of the gale was past, but out on the dreary, open plain, chilled and wet, shivering

partly from cold and partly from fear and excitement, the girls felt forlorn and miserable enough.

"I'm goin' back to the house again," announced Joel, after a few moments of silent cogitation.

"O, no, do n't!" exclaimed Letty in terror. "I'm sure it must be all shaken loose, and it may just fall in on your head. Do n't go near it."

"I do n't believe it is. Any way somebody'll have to find out, and it might as well be me as any one. I'll look 'round and see, and then come and tell you, 'cause we can't stay here, you know."

He was just the same Joel that had been Milly's assistant and fire-builder a few hours before—a sun burned, rough-haired, half-grown boy, with a wonderful propensity for dropping his g's and disregarding grammar; but he was something above and beyond all that in Milly's eyes, as he walked away. He examined the house carefully outside first, but it appeared tolerably firm and sound, and in no state of falling to pieces. Inside he discovered nothing more dangerous than some broken windows and fallen plastering, and so, after a short time, he returned with a favorable report, and persuaded the girls to venture under the old roof once more.

"But if the wind should come again?" suggested Letty, pausing fearfully on the threshold.

"Why, Letty, the gale's over for this time—you can see that yourself; and it an't likely we'll have two such in one day. I do n't believe it'll rain very long, either," Joel urged, and Letty re-assured entered and looked about her.

"O, dear, what a home-coming it'll be for father and mother!" she said, and that remark set them all busily to work to put the place in such order as they could. Whole dishes were restored to their places on cupboard shelves, broken ones were thrown away, fractured table legs received such surgery as the state of affairs would admit, and beds and clothing were restored as nearly as possible to their wonted condition. The loss of a few window-panes was supplied with old hats and shawls—after the manner of the drunkards' houses in temperance stories—and the littered floors cleanly swept. Then, when Joel had succeeded in getting the stove into what he called "running order" again, and a bright fire gleaming from its open doors, the house presented a more cheery, home-like aspect than they could have believed possible a little while before.

The clearing up indoors was scarcely accomplished before there was one without. The

clouds rolled away, and the afternoon sunlight, bright and warm, smiled down on the earth untroubled by any changes that had been wrought in his absence. The human absentees, journeying homeward in the lumber wagon, would have been more dismayed, but for Joel who met them at some distance from the house, and reiterated his assurances that all were well before he told there had been any danger.

Such a "talking it over" as there was that evening! How every body felt during the storm, what they thought was going to happen, how it did n't, and what they would have done if it had, were all duly discussed. It seemed to Milly, watching the firelight shine on the familiar faces and lighting up the old room, that home was pleasanter, even in its present dilapidated condition, than she had ever thought it before; and listening to Aunt Ann's motherly expressions of gratitude that all were safe, and Uncle John's cheerful, hopeful view of his losses, she thought their life not so coarse and hard but that it had room for much that was noble, courageous, and loving.

"It seems weeks since morning. What a day it has been!" said Letty as her head nestled on its pillow. "I'm thankful 't was no worse, though."

"I think," began Milly slowly, then paused. Something had reminded her of that passage read in the morning—that the incidents of lives are not meaningless—and she had a feeling that the day had not left her quite as it found her. But

"Thought is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Soul to soul can never teach  
What unto itself is taught,"

particularly if the other soul is like Letty's. Milly felt that she could not quite explain what she meant. "Letty is good as gold, but she would n't understand," she whispered to herself, and so left the sentence unfinished.

"What is it you think?" questioned Letty rather drowsily. "O, dear! I'm so tired—think what?"

"Only," answered Milly, hesitating a little, "that I know now about something that I said I did n't know this morning."

"O, the swan's-down on your dress," responded Letty sleepily.

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THERE are three things which should be thought of by the Christian every morning; his daily cross, daily duty, and daily privilege; how he should bear the one, perform the second, and enjoy the third.

## "FOUND DROWNED."

THEY brought her up from the river ooze,  
And laid her down on the reeking wharf;  
With her draggled dress, and her tattered shoes,  
And her bosom crossed by a faded scarf.

Such a fair young thing! A low, broad brow,  
Shaded by chestnut sweeps of hair;  
Long lashes clinging to cheeks of snow,  
And hiding the sleep of a dumb despair;  
Sweet, pale lips, with the pitiful pain  
Of a grieved child's sharpened by something sadder,  
That blotted the face like a dismal stain,  
And made one wonder when it was gladder;  
Slender hands hanging helplessly down,  
The fingers taper, and white, and small,  
With one dainty tip pricked rough and brown  
By a needle's keen point—that was all!

All?—"Found drowned!—a woman, unknown!"  
You read the notice, and so did I—  
And they took her away to her grave alone,  
And nobody cared as they bore her by—  
Nobody cared, poor wasted life,  
Gone out alone in its darkness and woe,  
Facing the world in desperate strife,  
And crushed in its mire like a flake of snow!

"A woman, unknown!" so the record stands,  
To be read by the careless eyes of men,  
And forgotten as if it were left on the sands  
For the restless waves to wipe out again.

But I wonder when was she born, and where?  
What did the years of her childhood bring her?  
Was her sky blue, and her sunlight fair?  
Were her flowers all roses? Did nettles sting her?  
Were her feet light on the low, green slopes,  
And through the cool aisles of the Summer woods?  
Did she drink sweet dew from the opaline cups  
Of the lilies asleep in their solitudes?  
Could she hear what God said in the breathless hymn,  
That stirred the weird shades of the plummy pines?  
Did her heart grow full, and her eyes grow dim?  
Did she feel the far real of types and signs?

Or was she born in some alley court,  
Reeking with sin, and filth, and shame?  
Was she her mother's joy or hurt?  
Did the sun mean more than the street lamp's  
flame?

Were her baby feet dimpled? or, did they lack  
The pretty roundness of pink and white?  
Did she play in the street with its grimy, black,  
Uncanny creatures that hurt the sight?

Did any one kiss her? Had she a friend?  
Had she a sister, or brother, or lover?  
Did life seem sadder than that sad end?  
Did she pray as the waters gurgled above her?  
How came she there in that treacherous river?

Did she slip from the brink, or leap out through  
the black?  
What name was frozen in the pitiful quiver  
Of those white lips? Did she care to come back?

Does n't any one miss her, now she is gone?  
Is nobody sorry for not being kinder?  
When she does n't come back as the long days go on,  
Won't some one be seeking her, half crazed to find  
her?

Poor little girl! Poor lost, thwarted life!  
Was she nobody's "one little ewe lamb" to cherish?  
Was she nobody's darling? nobody's wife?  
Nobody's mother? How dreary to perish,  
And leave not a trace of one to be wept over,  
And kept in some memory like a rare blossom!  
Dead! and put down with no lilies or clover  
To spill their baptismal dew over her bosom!

O, it is sad! I am breaking my heart  
Over this horrible dumbness of death,  
That mocks at my seeking to know if some part  
Of her life were not better than that drowned  
beneath

The pitiless river! who knows, or can know?  
Well, we can hope that, since God careth for  
A hurt sparrow, he saw her, his arms lie below  
The waters, and may be he cared for her more.

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 THY MISSION.
 

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WHAT! have I a mission here, a place to fill,  
Some work these hands of mine must do?  
Must I arouse my tardy, slumbering will,  
And bid my aimless life adieu?

What! may I no longer spend my days, my years,  
In pleasure's sunny, joyous way,  
Seeking to dry my own, and not another's tears,  
If sorrow chance to cloud my day?

What is my work, and where the harvest field  
Where I some sheaf may reap and bind?  
Where shall I toil, so that a bounteous yield  
Repay the labor of my mind?

"The world's the field." Thy work to-day may be  
Some kind and gentle word to speak—  
Some saddened heart to bid "look up," and see  
Beyond the cloud the sunshine break.

Some little child with heart all crushed with woe,  
May come to thee to soothe the pain;  
Some larger child, all crushed with larger woe,  
May seek thy sympathy to gain.

To-day thy lot may be to sow in tears,  
And weeping, bind thy sheaf of grain;  
To-morrow, vanished all thy needless fears,  
Forever fled thy needless pain.

Then work to-day with courage strong and brave,  
Nor deem thine efforts lost though weak;  
The Master marks thine every act to save,  
The feeblest of his flock to keep.

And he will keep thy name and record true,  
Engraven in his "Book of Life;"  
And when he has no more for thee to do,  
He'll bid thee "come" from toil and strife.



DR. DOELLINGER.

DOELLINGER AND STROSSMAYER:  
THE TWO LATEST ROMAN CATHOLIC REPROBATES.

**D**OCTOR DOELLINGER, for many years the acknowledged leader of the liberal wing of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, has been publicly excommunicated by the Pope from its fold. This last exercise of Papal authority against a recalcitrant son came to pass about on this wise. The convocation of the Vatican Council in 1870 was the signal for new discontent throughout the length and breadth of the Roman Catholic communion. Père Hyacinthe, in Paris, was not the only one who saw in the coming Council true cause for alarm, knowing full well that every effort would be made by the Pope and his willing tools, the Jesuits, to impose new restrictions upon the whole Catholic body, so that there might be less room than ever for freedom of thought and action. Every liberal Catholic, however, looked to Germany for the leadership of the advanced section of the Church, and

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they did not look in vain. For many years Dr. Doellinger, of the University of Munich, had been protesting against ultra Catholicism, and he never grew weary of demanding that it adapt itself to the different nations and to the growth of intelligence throughout the world; and he did this out of no sympathy whatever with Protestantism, but in the interest of Catholicism, for he believed that only in this way could it preserve its life and grow in strength and influence. Being himself an ardent member of the flock, he was desirous of doing all he could to secure and perpetuate its integrity. It was, accordingly, of a piece with his whole life that he should give timely alarm against the probable adoption by the Council of the dogma of Papal infallibility; but his protest did not prevent the act. When the dogma was adopted he did not blindly and tacitly acquiesce, but wrote and spoke against it with unwearied

diligence, never showing any bitterness, but proving with the logical skill and clear style that distinguishes all the fruits of his busy pen, how absurd and, in the end, void, would be the new offense to the common sense of every impartial man. Reprimand followed reprimand from Rome; then came vigorous threats; and now we hear the thunders of excommunication, with its whole great catalogue of woes, reminding one of the curse of the Cardinal of Reims, pronounced on the jackdaw which had been sacrilegious enough to steal the ring of his holiness. It ran thus, if we can believe the poet:

"The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
 He called for his candle, his bell, and his book.  
 In holy anger and pious grief,  
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!  
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;  
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head.  
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
 He should dream of the devil and wake in a fright.  
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking;  
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;  
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;  
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;  
 He cursed him living, he cursed him dying!  
 Never was heard such a terrible curse!  
 But what gave rise  
 To no little surprise,  
 Nobody seemed one penny the worse."

The probability is that nobody will be "one penny the worse" for the curse pronounced on this German jackdaw by the old man who now walks the Vatican garden and calls himself a prisoner.

But we must go back a little, for the whole life of such a man as Dr. Doellinger is a matter of public interest.

John Joseph Ignatius Doellinger was born at Bamberg, Bavaria, on the 28th of February, 1799. The family had long been distinguished for remarkable talents, and the father of young Doellinger was, in his day, celebrated throughout Germany as a physiologist, physician, and naturalist. His portrait and bust are frequently to be met with in the scientific cabinets of Bavaria. He was Professor in the University of Bamberg at the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, and was regarded, in consequence of his discoveries and writings, as a leading authority in various departments of natural science. The son, chiefly through his mother's influence, was destined for the study of theology, and this tendency was given to his early life. In the year 1822 he was consecrated a priest and appointed chaplain of Oberscheinfeld, a village in Bavaria. His natural desire led him to teaching, and in the following year he received an appointment as teacher in the Lyceum at Aschaffenburg, near Frankfort-on-the-Main. In 1826 he was elected

Professor of Church History and Church Law in the University of Munich, where he received immediately various honorary offices, and was nominated and appointed chief librarian of the University Library.

Dr. Doellinger soon attracted attention as professor because of the thorough and enchanting style of his lectures. His method was calm, argumentative, and abounding in surprises. A few years ago it was our privilege to be present at one of his lectures on Church history, and to note some of the characteristics of the man. He was in his element evidently when standing before the great audience of theological students, among whom one could easily perceive a goodly admixture of foreigners. His voice was very low, but yet clear, and audible at the end of the hall. He seemed to be just talking to two or three young friends on a subject which was uppermost in his mind, and which he seemed to think should be the same in theirs. From the way in which his liberal theology quietly exuded here and there, you would judge him to be one of those men with whom you can not talk ten minutes before seeing the very inmost heart, and without being warmed anew by his sympathy. If he had been lecturing on the Tower of Babel, there is not a doubt that he would have found some moment, some golden opportunity, to let fall a sentence or two in favor of bold and liberal thought, and of the largest freedom to the conscience. This he did abundantly when we listened to him, though his real subject was on English ecclesiastical history away back in the times of Archbishop Law. He read now from his manuscript and now spoke extemporaneously, if we remember aright; did not hurry; seemed utterly destitute of any thing like passion; was the very personification of sincerity and simplicity. He was clad in plain black, and there was not a stitch on him that would lead you to think him a priest, while every student before him had the tonsure, the black stockings, and the long black robe dangling about his feet. Awhile afterward, on the same day, we happened to pass him on the street, and had a nearer view of him than when listening to his lecture. His tall form was slightly bent; his face, now not kindled by the presence and light of his students, wore a sad expression, which was deepened by the lines that age had been making, but which we had not noticed before. Some of his features, especially the nose, had a Jewish cast. There was a blandness in his manner which could not fail to impress any one who observed him; there was probably not a man who walked along the beau-

tiful Maximilian-street in Munich that whole day, before whom the most diffident school-girl would have felt less hesitation in stopping to ask the time of day.

Going back to the year 1845, when Dr. Doellinger represented the University of Munich as a member of Parliament, we find him voting and speaking with the ultra Catholics. In due time he grew more mild in his thinking. His eyes were opened, and he resolved to share the fortunes of the liberals. His new works and addresses and lectures exhibited both the zeal of the convert and the learning of the scholar. From that time down to the present he has written a great many books, a number of them bearing directly against the ultra measures of the Pope and the Jesuits. Perhaps the most damaging product of his pen against the Ultramontanes, is one that was designed to combat their maneuvers in favor of the passage of the dogma of Papal infallibility, under the title of "The Pope and the Council," by Janus. It immediately passed through several editions in Germany, was translated into various languages, and immediately received the honor of the Pope's anathema. Who wrote the book? was a question asked throughout the civilized world, and yet without any immediate answer. It is now universally conceded that it was written by Doellinger, either word for word or was inspired by him. Many think the most pungent portions could not have been by any other pen. One of the most attractive of his smaller works, and one of his latest withal, is "The German Universities Formerly and Now," which appeared in 1866 in Munich. A review of it, embodying also the main contents, appeared in the New York Christian Advocate in the Summer of 1867.

Dr. Doellinger not being a bishop, and really more identified with the lay than the clerical classes, was, of course, not present at the Vatican Council. He had to content himself with staying at home and speaking and writing against its ultra measures. He has thoroughly divided the Catholic sentiment in Germany, and this division threatens now to spread to the farthest limits of the Catholic Church. His influence for Protestantism, though indirect, has been immeasurably great. So soon as he was made the object of Papal censure he began to receive encouragement at home, and from other quarters as well, in the shape of addresses from universities, gymnasia, and city corporations. Even the University of Rome has sent him a most flattering address, for which Pius IX has hurled anathemas at both the professors and students who have had a hand in it.

A word on Dr. Doellinger's home, the shop where this Vulcan forges his thunder-bolts. Like all Germans, he does not occupy a whole house, but only a story, well-to-do as he unquestionably is. His apartments are spacious, and have the air of quiet comfort, if comfort can be supposed in the home of the celibate. Here is a prayer-stool, embroidered by some admiring one, perhaps a nun; there you see a pot of flowers, with I. H. S. inscribed on it in gilt letters. He has twelve large rooms, nearly all of which are occupied by his immense library. With the exception of a few Englishmen, it is believed that Doellinger has the largest private library in Europe. He has certain sections of his books marked according to the countries whence he has derived them. "From Spain" are 1,003 volumes; "from France," 2,000; but far the greater number are from thinking and fighting Germany. He calls his books his "better half," and he spends nearly all his in-door hours before his great writing-desk. Every body receives a cordial, but not demonstrative, welcome, just as in other days at the doors of Montalembert and Lord Acton.

What Doellinger was at home, with pen in hand, during the Vatican Council, Bishop Strossmayer was in speech in the Council. He was the most outspoken and aggressive Catholic within the walls of Rome. It was thought that either Bishop Dupanloup, of France, or Schwarzenberg, of Austria, would lead the liberals, but the truth is that Strossmayer towered head and shoulders above even those two. He is the Bishop of Bothnia and Servia, and, though compelled by throat disease to withdraw for a time from active participation in the deliberations of the Council, he was enabled to attend during the latter part of the session, when he gave all the weight of his energy and eloquence against the Ultramontanes. He is a man of fine personal character, and has especially distinguished himself in the department of languages. His great influence on the Council, and his masterly eloquence in behalf of liberal Catholicism, have furnished a proof that, little as it could be expected, the Croats are susceptible of high intellectual development.

Joseph George Strossmayer, born in 1815, at Esseck, the capital of Slavonia, was very poor, and had to fight against difficulties of every kind to acquire an education. His father, with all his poverty, endeavored to make a priest of him, and managed in one way or another to devise means for giving him the proper education. Young Strossmayer first visited the gymnasium of his native city, then studied in the Seminary of Djakovar, and afterward applied



DR. STROSSMAYER, BISHOP OF CROATIA.

himself to the study of theology and philosophy in the University of Pesth, where he finished his course by obtaining the degree of doctor of philosophy. His natural thirst for knowledge induced him to go to Vienna, the capital not only in government but in literature, and there he attended a theological institution, from which he later obtained the degree of doctor of divinity. Having completed his studies in Vienna, he was called to the Professorship of Church History in the Seminary of Djakovar. Soon after this he was appointed Director of Studies in General, and Professor of Ecclesiastical Law in the Seminary in Vienna, where he had been a

student, a position which he filled to the satisfaction of the Catholics for four years.

Strossmayer's extraordinary talent, as well as devotion to the interests of Catholicism, not to forget the purity of his morals, drew upon him the attention of the chief ecclesiastical authorities of the empire, and, as soon as the Episcopal See of Slavonia was vacant, he was elected to fill it. He was at this time thirty-four years of age, but he was only installed into the office in the year 1856. Since then he has been elected Bishop of Bothnia and Servia, and has devoted himself unremittingly to the elevation of morals and the spread of knowledge through-

out his diocese. His office being very remunerative, and he being a man of simple tastes, he has been enabled to devote large sums of money to various benevolent and educational purposes. As there had been hitherto in Croatia and Slavonia no very high schools, he established the South Slavic Academy and University in Agram, applying to the purpose 100,000 gilders—\$50,000 gold. He also presented a library to the new institution. Since then he has applied other funds to the same establishment, amounting in round numbers to 700,000 gilders—\$350,000 gold.

Every year he has been in the habit of putting from fifty to sixty boys and young men into various educational institutions, and meeting all their expenses. In Djakovar he has built a fine Gothic cathedral at his own expense, and has had thirty-five magnificent frescoes painted upon the walls. He takes great pains to develop the talents of any boy or young man who has a taste for art or for any special branch of study. He is particularly fond of helping those who are inclined to painting, sculpture, or music. Many painters, sculptors, and musicians owe to him the means placed at their disposal by which they have been enabled to attain a high rank in their profession. It is said that the noted singers—Wallinger, of Munich, and Paulka, of Vienna—both originally from Agram—owe their success solely to him. As already intimated, Strossmayer lives very plainly, but he is celebrated for his generous hospitality. Throughout the country where he lives it is customary to express the highest praise of a man's hospitality by saying, "He is as hospitable as Strossmayer." While his talents are very varied, but leaning mostly toward the languages, his culture is very general. He is very fond of Germany. He speaks both the German and French languages with great fluency. He speaks the Latin also, but with the peculiar accent of the educated men of South-Eastern Austria.

He is quite impressive in person. He is of middle stature, but has the appearance of great energy, determination, and remarkable executive power. He is said to look quite young, though his real age is now fifty-six. His features are of a pleasant cast. He has a high forehead, and his eye is full of life and spirit. He enjoys the confidence of the masses throughout his episcopal jurisdiction, and is unquestionably doing a great deal for the Catholic Church; that is, in the liberal sense in which he takes it, in Eastern Austria. The Croats always mention his name with pride, calling him, "Our Mæcenas."

The real ideas which he carried into the

Council were, that the Pope is not infallible; that there is no argument from the past or present in favor of such a view; that Rome should not pretend to direct the world, but that Catholicism should be left to adapt itself to the people and locality where it is; that it should be divested of its superstition, shake off its old fancies, and become a thing of the practical present. Of course, such a man is not in favor with the Pope of Rome and his party, and, therefore, the Ultramontanes do not find language strong enough to express their hostility to him. His great speech in the Council for liberal measures made a more profound impression than any other delivered during the session. His voice was one of the few that could be heard; so ill-adapted was the hall for public speaking that almost no speaker was audible a whole sentence through.

We shall await with interest his course at home. That he *thinks* and *feels* as Doellinger does, nobody doubts. But will the golden baits of Rome stifle his conscience, or will he still lift up his voice with that of Doellinger in the same cause of Catholic reform? These two men may not be of the stuff that Luther was made of, but, without a doubt, in all the Catholic Church there are no two men who make such a near approach to it. Heaven strengthen their hands and cheer their hearts!

## IRISH SCENES AND LEGENDS.

### FROM CORK TO KILLARNEY.

"What is so sweet as a day in June,  
When Heaven tries the earth if she be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays?"

THE earth seemed in perfect tune to us, that lovely day in June, when we beheld for the first time the rare, green shores of Ireland. Days of fog, of disturbed elements within and without, were succeeded by the quiet beauty of the brightest sunshine and the greenest shores. It may have been the sudden transition from the monotony of the sea, or it may have been the poetic charm which legends heard in childhood had given to the shores of Erin, but certainly no beauties of scenery ever afforded truer enjoyment than that experienced in the two hours' sail upon the picturesque River Lee. On either side of its banks are villas whose terraced gardens seem hanging one above another, from the river's brink to the soft sky. The stream itself is a succession of lakes, unfolding constantly new beauties.

Seeing so much of Irish life in the cities of our own land, we are accustomed to associate with Cork the characteristics of the poor emi-



grants who rouse either our pity or amusement. But there is much to interest the visitor in the city and its surroundings. Of course, none would pass by Blarney Castle without at least an effort to be made irresistible through the magic of its famous stone.

To enjoy Irish scenery to the fullest extent the railroad train must be abandoned, and the jaunting-car on the fine post-roads must be chosen. The Irish jaunting-car is a peculiar institution. Its arrangements, its driver, and the sensations in riding are peculiar, the novelty of the situation adding greatly to the pleasure of this mode of traveling.

It was a party of four, bent upon making the most of an occasion, who found themselves ranged upon one side of a car for the ride from Macroom to Killarney, a distance of eighty-four miles. We do not say we were inside of the car, for the usual order is here reversed, and the baggage is stored inside, while the passengers occupy a sort of *shelf*, on either side of the conveyance, a leather strap passing in front for protection against a fall.

From Macroom to Killarney is one of the most interesting of routes. The road is smooth, broad, and finely graded. Part of the distance it runs between green hedges, and again it rises over mountains fifteen hundred feet in height, and passes under tunnels where the secret springs of the mountains reveal themselves in trickling rivulets. Hundreds of huts are passed, distinguishable from heaps of stone only by the smoke issuing from them; destitute of chimney, window, or door, an aperture at the side constituting all of these. Occasionally the little church with a plain wooden cross is seen, and small school-houses at wide intervals give a gleam of hope for the uplifting of the people, if uplifting there can be where priestly rule holds sway. Objects of pity are many. Sightless, lame, and diseased creatures throng the way; but not the least sad sight are the healthy boys and girls who crowd around the carriage of the passer-by to beg for a ha'penny. Happy America, to know no such sights as these! To hear through her villages the sound of the bell calling her children to a better way of knowledge if not of religion!

Ireland has two lives—one the reality of oppression and poverty, the other the ideal of romance and superstition. Looking at the withered faces and tattered garments—if the poor apology may be called a garment—of the Southern peasantry, hearing their plaintive appeal for “a ha'penny for the love of God,” one can scarcely believe there had ever been place for the dream of romance where fact is so stern

and repulsive. But even in the petition of the beggar the native poetry appears: “Dear lady, give something to the poor man who can not see, if your face is lovely as your voice,” was the touching plea of a sightless man in rags, and if the purse respond to their pleading, many and fervent are the blessings invoked upon the head of the donor. Ireland is so full of romance and legend that one can scarcely sit upon her green sward anywhere without expecting to hear the footfall of a fairy, or to see a specter king walk out from behind hill or tree. It must be that our natal day fell on a Sunday, or else that the elves especially favored us as strangers in their native land, for we certainly saw them swinging on the leaflets, and heard them whispering in the grass as we sat resting by a delicious spring near the roadside, in the pass of Keinan Eigh. What could have made the tiny blades tremble so delicately all around us, or what rippled the face of the laughing spring as we looked into it, or what made the cuckoo's voice speak so right to our hearts, if the fairies had not given him a message to us from home? Pity the little creatures should ever be frightened away by life's material necessities. Our trysting was invaded by the rumbling wheels of our jaunting-car; we resumed our way, but it was not our last meeting with the fairies.

At Glengariffe, on Bantry Bay, a modest country inn, with floors bare but scrupulously clean, received us for the night. Here, for the first time, we awoke to the beauty of the Irish twilight. The lookout, a rock at the summit of a hill, affords a charming view of the bay. Here we sat and watched the shadows in the moonlight steal over the water, defining more and more sharply the outline of rock, hill, and castle in the wave, dreaming as one only can dream in the twilight, until we were reminded that ten o'clock had come. The twilight had beguiled us; and never, while we lingered amid Irish or Scotch scenes, could we accustom ourselves to the fact that the day departing lingered almost till the greeting of the incoming morning.

Another delightful day's journey—during which we passed through Kenmare, the place of residence of the historian, Froude—brought into view the lakes of Killarney. In the approach to them from Glengariffe on the east, they rise from amid the mountains a vision of beauty. No place in Ireland is more full of romantic interest than is the region of these lakes. What more natural to an imaginative nature than to attribute such lovely creations to the outbursting of an enchanted fountain? It is said that O'Donoghue, one of the ancient

chieftains of that realm, scorning the tradition that he should perish who dared to remove the cover from a certain fountain, carried it one evening away to his palace. His faithful subjects awaited the result in fear, except his favorite jester, who fled to a neighboring mountain. He, when the morning sun arose, beheld a sheet of water shining, where the day before the king and his subjects had dwelt. The men and women who peopled the lovely valley are said not to have perished, however. O'Donoghue still reigns over his faithful subjects beneath the waters. Every May morning he rides over the bosom of the lakes upon a white steed, fair maidens scattering flowers in his path, and filling the air with music that grows to thunder as it echoes among the hills. Such is the legendary origin of the lakes; we think, however, there was not less of poetry and more of truth in the hearty response of our guide, who, in reply to our exclamation of delight on first seeing them said, reverently, "Yes, there they are, ma'am, just as God Almighty made them."

Of the three lakes, interlinked by a silver thread of water called the Long Range, the Upper Lake is the first to come into view in the approach from Glengariffe. It is encircled entirely by mountains, so that at first sight there appears to be no outlet from it. The rugged heights are thickly covered with foliage to their very summit. The arbutus grows here as nowhere else in Ireland, and though not beautiful when standing alone, it adds pleasing variety to other foliage. In the Autumn it is particularly attractive, being covered then with both fruit and flower. The fruit resembles in color the wild strawberry, and gives it the common name of strawberry-tree. Occasionally a rock, hard and bold, juts out from the mountain, where not even the clinging heather can find soil to cherish it, and by its side streams rush to the lake in foaming cascades of matchless beauty. These solitudes seem the fitting home for the spirits of legendary fame. The shadows sleeping upon the lake suggest their presence where the storm may at any moment awake them to conscious strength. One may readily imagine their moods to be very different in the storm and in the sunshine. Rising by the side of the Upper Lake, like the stronghold of a giant king, is the Eagle's Nest, a mountain eleven hundred feet in height, an object of special interest because of its wonderful echoes. As the little boat in which the excursion of the lakes is made, approaches the mysterious mountain, the bugler—should the tourist be American—sounds the notes of our national song. Then

far through the forest, over the crags, from the heart of the rocks, returns every note, clear, distinct, now near, then distant, as if a thousand bugles from our home over the sea had caught and prolonged the strain. A party of tourists, accompanied by one of our Bishops, once sung in this place the words,

"When I can read my tide clear  
To mansions in the skies,"

and from the heights above every word came back with perfect distinctness, as if the voices of the skies had taken up the chorus.

It is impossible to listen to these echoes without investing the mountain with imaginary attributes of life. There seems an intelligence in the responses; the sounds at times almost die away, and suddenly, as if by another voice, are taken up and repeated with new emphasis. On the summit of this mountain the eagles have, for centuries, built their nests—hence the name.

Whether the following story belongs to legend or to history we can not say. It is related, however, that in the days when O'Donoghue dwelt in the castle whose ruin still stands upon the lake, being attacked by enemies, all the attendants of the castle fled, leaving the lady and her little son undefended. They were carried away by a faithful servant, and secreted in the mountain. In order to obtain food for them without discovery, the servant planned to rob the eagle's nest. In the absence of the eagle he descended by means of a cord into the eyrie, and secured the food she had provided for her young. In this way his lady and her boy were kept from famishing, until the chief and his band came to their rescue.

From the Long Range the waters rush under the old Weir Bridge in a foaming torrent, of which a poet, unknown to us, has aptly written,

"Shoot not the old Weir, for the river is deep,  
The stream it is rapid, the rocks they are steep,  
The sky though unclouded, the landscape tho' fair,  
Trust not to the current, for death may be there."

Yet many a one does trust to the current, and the skillful boatmen are so accustomed to guide their little crafts between the rocks that there is very little real danger. Just beside the bridge is a romantic place known as the Meeting of the Waters. It is not that meeting of rushing streams which woke the muse of Thomas Moore, but a quiet union, expressing all that is beautiful and peaceful. Not far from this point, round a curve of the hills, is Glena Bay, at the foot of Glena Mountain. The name signifies the "Glen of Good Fortune," and it would seem that nature had indeed lavished great good fortune here. On the shore of the bay

the Lady Kenmare, who died many years ago, placed a charming cottage. It is built in rustic style with thatched roof, and is furnished inside with great simplicity and elegance. It is a favorite resort of the present Lady Kenmare, who frequently comes with a party of friends to enjoy the moonlight evenings upon the lake, and to sup in the cozy cottage.

Upon a peninsula in the Middle Lake stands Mucross Abbey. It is now the property of Mr. Herbert, M. P., who takes every care to preserve the beautiful ruin from decay. In accordance with the taste usually displayed by the monks of old, its site is the finest that could have been selected. The ruin consists of parts of the church and the monastery, both being yet so perfect that we seem to hear the tread of the monks in solemn procession round the cloister, and the notes of *Ave Maria* swelling through the arches. A church stood upon the same site years before the abbey was built. It was nearly destroyed by fire in 1192, and the abbey was placed there for the Franciscan monks by the M'Carthy's, princes of Desmond, in the thirteenth century. Here are the tombs of the O'Connors, M'Carthy's, and O'Donoghues, bearing the date of years far in the dim past, side by side with those of their descendants of quite recent date.

In the center of the cloister there stands a yew-tree, said to be the largest anywhere known. It was planted by the monks, and is said to be coeval with the abbey. If so, it has been stretching out its leaves to the sun, and tracing the years within its heart for six centuries. In the refectory of the monastery there is a fire-place, broad and hospitable, showing that though they had renounced worldly associations within these dim walls, the monks were not oblivious of all creature comforts, nor perhaps forgot the apostolic injunction to be "given to hospitality."

About a century ago a singular man named John Drake took up his abode in the abbey, and dwelt alone for eleven years. He spent his time in prayers and penance, and in the cultivation of a small garden. The great fire-place was his couch, whereon he slept without bed or covering. He became the object of superstitious interest to all the surrounding peasantry, none daring to enter the precincts of the abbey after night-fall. One day he disappeared as suddenly as he came. Years afterward, it is said, a "lady with a foreign tongue" came to Killarney and made inquiries about the hermit's life, and spent many days in tears in the abbey where he dwelt; but she revealed to no one who she was, or what was her interest in the

solitary man. Their history, beyond what we have told, has never been written.

There is no need to add romance to fact, to give to Mucross a profound enchantment. There is, however, a legend that it was founded by a certain monk, by name Shaum Bawn, who, for a slight offense, was sent from Rome to do penance by wandering over the earth till he should find a place called *Skiheen-a-vido*, there to build an abbey. For weary years he wandered in the search, for he was forbidden to ask any one where such a place could be found. At length, one day, as, tired and discouraged, he sat by a rock on Mangerton Mountain near the lake, he heard a little girl say to another, "Have you seen my goats to-day?" "Yes," was the reply, "they are at *Skiheen-a-vido*." Shaum joyfully arose and followed the child, and soon commenced the abbey on the spot where the goats were found. But demon hands destroyed in the night the work of each day, until the poor monk was given to despair. One night angels of light contested with the demons and conquered, and before morning the abbey was completed by them with the exception of a single turret. As the morning sun arose Shaum awoke and, gazing with wonder, uttered an exclamation of surprise. At this the angels fled; but Shaum completed the work, gathered his monks around him, and was for years first abbot of Mucross. On the side of the lake opposite Mucross stands Ross Castle, the last of the strongholds of Munster, that yielded to Cromwell in 1652. The castle is the scene of many legends, and the window is yet shown through which O'Donoghue leaped into the lake to become lord of the nymphs and naiads beneath. The mountain near by is the residence of that remarkably intelligent echo, which on being asked, "How are you?" is said to respond, "Pretty well, I thank you."

To the lover of the ancient and romantic, the most interesting spot at Killarney is the island of Innisfallen, near the center of the Lower Lake. There, where the depth of the shadow alternates with the mellow sunlight, one can but forget the present busy world and become a dweller in the dreamy past. The very stones tell of a day long since faded; mossy and crumbling as they are, even the clinging ivy fears to trust them for support, and turns to twine upon the trees, whose life is renewed with the seasons. The Abbey of Innisfallen was founded twelve centuries ago. Among its MSS. was found a history of the world from the beginning to the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland in the year A. D. 432; also a history of Ireland to the year A. D. 1320. These

MSS. still exist in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

There is a peculiar beauty in Innisfallen, aside from its variety in rock, river, and foliage. There sleeps amid its shadows a dreamy presence, so that one feels like stepping softly lest some peaceful slumber should be broken. Tradition says that the holy abbot of the Augustines, while praying in the abbey garden, imploring that he might be brought nearer heaven in his walk on earth, heard the singing of a bird, and the song was so sweet he arose and followed it. Sweeter swelled the notes of the song, until it seemed as if they came from heaven, and the good father felt that he could listen forever. But deeming at length that vesper-time had come, he tore himself away and returned to the abbey. Strange faces, and a strange language greeted him. Then the monks remembered the story of the good abbot who had disappeared two hundred years before, and they told him of the changes time had wrought, and that now the Saxon ruled in the land. Then the father felt his hour was come and he craved absolution, and the same night he died. After a time the monks found in a distant wood the stone whereon he kneeled marked with the imprint of his knees. Then they knew that his prayer had been heard, and that in a trance for two hundred years he had listened to the music of heaven, until the time was accomplished that he should go to hear it in all its sweetness and purity.

Innisfallen has been the theme of poets, but its peculiar beauty speaks silently to the soul, and can not be portrayed with the pen.

The cascade of the Torc River, which rushes from the mountains into the Middle Lake, is justly famous for its beauty. Hidden among the forest-trees as if conscious that its grandeur is sufficient to attract without pretentious advertisement, the cascade is invisible until we reach its very base. Then it bursts suddenly upon the view, plunging down a height of seventy feet with a thundering roar, filling the solitudes with its voice.

The Gap of Dunloe is one of the greatest of Killarney wonders. As seen on the approach to Killarney from Glengarriffe, it resembles in appearance the Delaware Water-Gap. To appreciate its wild grandeur, however, one must enter and explore it. A pleasant drive of about twelve miles from the village, in the inevitable jaunting-car, with its communicative driver, brings us to the entrance of the Gap. On the way, by deviating slightly from the road, the venerable ruins of Aghadoe may be seen. Not far from the entrance of the Gap is a cave,

which was discovered by workmen in 1838. The roof of the cave is covered with large stones, covered with ogham characters, supposed to have been the language of the Druids.

At the entrance of the Gap the car must be abandoned, and if the traveler is toughened by habit so that the hardships of the saddle are of no account with him, he may mount one of the sure-footed, but by no means easy-pacing, ponies always in readiness, or he may walk at his leisure through the Gap. But let him not delude himself with the vain hope that by means of any fleet-footed animal he may fly from the army of beggars which infest this spot. Killarney is famous no less for beggars than for beauty. The renowned Kate Kearney had her mud and stone mansion near the cave of Dunloe many years ago, and her lineal descendant still represents the honor and beauty of the house. Every traveler is introduced to Kate Kearney's veritable granddaughter. Nor is she more distinguished for personal charms than for importunity, perhaps we should not say as a beggar, but more graciously put it, as a vender of "mountain dew." The article bearing this poetic name is a mixture of goat's milk and whisky. A friend, who journeyed recently from the Pacific coast to view the wonders of the old world, made acquaintance with this mountain belle somewhat after this fashion:

"Plase, sir, buy some mountain dew?"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Kate Kearney's granddaughter, plase yer honor."

"Well, why is she so famous?"

"Her beauty, sir"—stroking her own cheek with a significant gesture—"buy some mountain dew?"

"No, I never drink it."

"Buy some mountain dew?"

Accustomed to the importunities of beggars in this locality, our traveler bade the driver hasten on to effect an escape. But the indefatigable Kate was strong as well as beautiful, and fleet of foot, and she kept side by side with the car for a mile.

"Go to my friend on the other side," at last said the despairing Californian, "he has an eye for the beautiful; may be he will buy your dew."

"Buy some mountain dew?" was the imploring response, and on she ran with untiring speed.

At length the car was exchanged for the ponies. Here our friend felt sure the lovely maid would leave him. Putting the whip to his pony, he rode on too rapidly for appreciation of the surrounding grandeur; but to his dismay the girl kept pace with the pony, at intervals

pleading, "Buy some mountain dew?" The case grew hopeless; there was determination here it were useless to resist, so, reining up the pony, he said, "See here, now, you *are* a very pretty girl, but I have seen all I want to see of you to-day. If I give you a shilling, will you go back?"

"Indade, that I will, heaven bless ye." So he pursued his way in peace.

Any one who has been hedged about by these creatures will know that no picture of their impertunity can be overdrawn.

The entrance to the Gap reminds one at once of the popular tradition that it was produced by the stroke of a giant's sword, which divided the mountains and left them apart forever. Upon the right the Reeks, with the highest mountain in Ireland, Carran Tuel, look down upon the deep glen, and on the left Toomies and the Purple Mountain keep guard. From the summit of Carran Tuel the Atlantic Ocean may be seen, with an intervening panorama of matchless beauty.

Emerging from the Gap we enter the Black Valley. The deep shadows cast upon it by the mountains, added to the color of its waters, which are almost black from the quantity of peat found beneath them, and the plaintive moan of the waves, as they dash upon the rocks, seem to mark this place as the home of an imprisoned spirit. And such the legends say it is; for in the bottom of one of these dark lakes is the box in which St. Patrick confined the last of the serpents. Believe it or not, as we may, it is said that to this day his plaintive tones are heard asking, "Has to-morrow come yet?" Nor is he alone in this world in waiting for the good to-morrow that never comes.

#### METAMORPHOSES OF BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

SOME of the old workers in stained glass who made the grand colored windows for ancient cathedrals and monasteries, were fond of producing figures of a gaudy butterfly when they wished to represent the idea of the resurrection from the dead. The butterfly, with its expanded wings, gay colors, and lively flight, was to them, as it is to us, a proof that beauty could follow hideousness in the ordinary course of nature, and it was an emblem that the immortal spirit would cast off the gross body of our senses and animal mind. What a difference there is between a green and yellow caterpillar, covered with bunches of hair here and there, and not smelling over nice, that gorges

cabbage-leaves hour after hour, and day after day, and the delicate white butterfly, with its black spot on its large wings, its long proboscis, which rarely is used, its silky body, pretty long horus, and hesitating flight! The caterpillar becomes a chrysalis, and this the perfect insect. To the eye there is a decided change of form—a metamorphosis; but to the anatomist there are proofs of internal and external changes in the construction of the tissues and organs that are most wonderful.

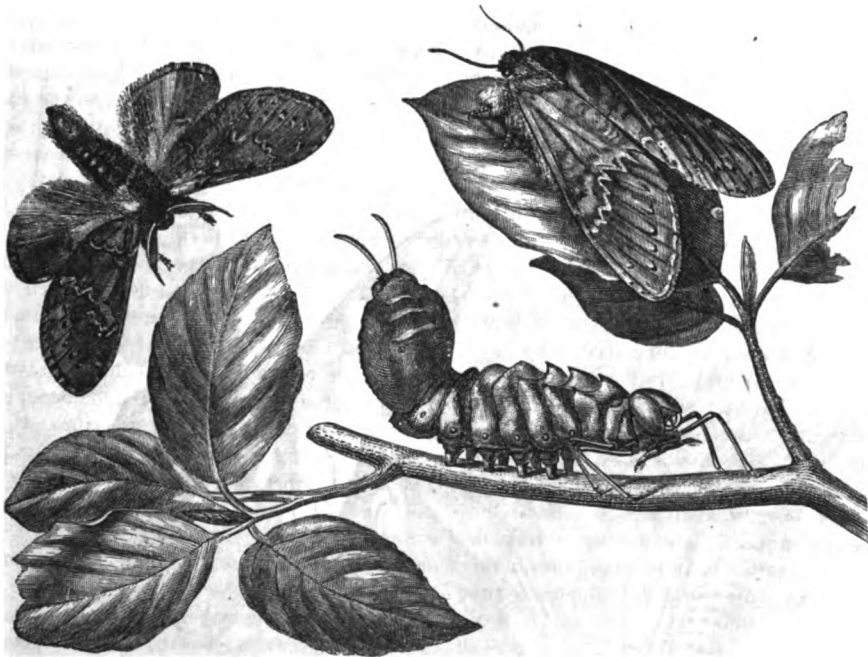
The series of changes undergone by these creatures is, perhaps, better known than those of any other order of insect life, on account of their large dimensions and conspicuous habits. The larva is well known under the title of caterpillar, and is always a vegetable feeder, sometimes devouring the bark, now and then the solid wood, but mostly the leaves on or in which it resides. During its life in the caterpillar state it eats almost incessantly, laying up in the interior a store of fat on which it may sustain existence during its pupal stage, and increases in size with wonderful rapidity. The larva, for example, of the death's-head moth is larger and longer than the middle finger of an ordinary man, and yet when first hatched from the egg it is not more than an eighth of an inch in length. The skin can not keep pace with the growth, and accordingly splits as soon as its expanding properties are exhausted, permitting the caterpillar to crawl from its envelope, when it resumes eating with great vigor. The skin is formed of two layers, one deep, soft, and yielding, the other external and of various degrees of hardness and thickness. The deep layer is the true skin, and the superficial is the epidermis or scarfskin. It is the epidermis which is detached and molted off during the progress of growth and development. Both layers are intimately connected, and the true skin has small glands in it whose tiny ducts traverse the epidermis, and even enter the hairs. The epidermis is composed of an assemblage of very regularly shaped cells containing coloring matter. If the skin of a caterpillar, a chrysalis, and a butterfly is examined, the marvelously beautiful cells and hairs of the perfect insect can be seen to be modified epidermal cells, whose predecessors were very much more simple and less elegant in the immature insect.

After the skin has been cast several times, the creature changes the caterpillar dress for that of the pupa or chrysalis, and remains in that state for a variable time without taking food and almost without motion. The form of the chrysalis is mostly spindle-shaped, but in

many cases, especially the butterflies, it is angular, and altogether oddly formed. The locality chosen by the creature during this period of its life is even more variable than its form. Some chrysalids remain within the trunks of trees, some burrow deeply into the earth, some hang themselves up by their tails, some sling themselves horizontally in hammocks, while many spin cocoons, or build strong wooden edifices in which they may await their last change.

Whence does the butterfly derive its wings? There is no trace of them in the hairy and thick skin of the caterpillar. If a caterpillar is dissected, the skin is noticed to cover some muscular fibers, by which the insect lengthens or

shortens its body and crawls, and inside these is the cavity through which the green blood circulates, and which surrounds the great stomach. There are no traces of wings, and, therefore, it is not correct to say that the caterpillar contains the imperfect organs of the perfect insect. But when the caterpillar has grown to its full length, and cabbages have become rare, it retires to a quiet nook and begins to diminish in length. It fixes its hind legs tightly to a board or tree, by weaving a little web with its mouth, then it curves its body and fixes a silk thread on one side of it on the wood, and throwing its head backward, it curves its body to the other side, fixing the thread on the opposite side on



THE LOBSTER MOTH (*Stauropus fagi*.)

The male moth. The female upon the leaf. The caterpillar with its tail end in the air, and the long legs close to the head.

the wood. The caterpillar then straightens itself, and, being securely lashed by its feet, and tied tightly by its silken girdle to the wood, it changes its skin, and from under the old one appears the queer-looking thing, without legs, mouth, or hairs, called the chrysalis. This has a brown skin, and on either side of the body is a sort of fold; and within this the process of wing making is going on all through the Winter, although the chrysalis never moves, and does not eat or drink. The pretty body and the delicate head are being formed within the brown skin, and even the stomach is undergoing alteration in form, while the muscles of the caterpillar are being changed into those which

can move the wide wings and the delicate legs of the butterfly.

At last, on some fine Spring day, the brown skin of the chrysalis splits, and the butterfly comes out with its wings nicely folded. It soon gains energy in the sun, and breathes the fresh air, the wings unfold and become stiff, and the little creature flies off with a careless flight, but in a manner which no mechanism yet invented can enable man to imitate. Examined under a strong magnifying power, the wings are most beautiful. They consist of a fine membrane, quite transparent; it has two layers, and between them are the rib-like markings, which are really tubes formed by myriads of rings or



THE METAMORPHOSES OF PAPILO MACHAON.

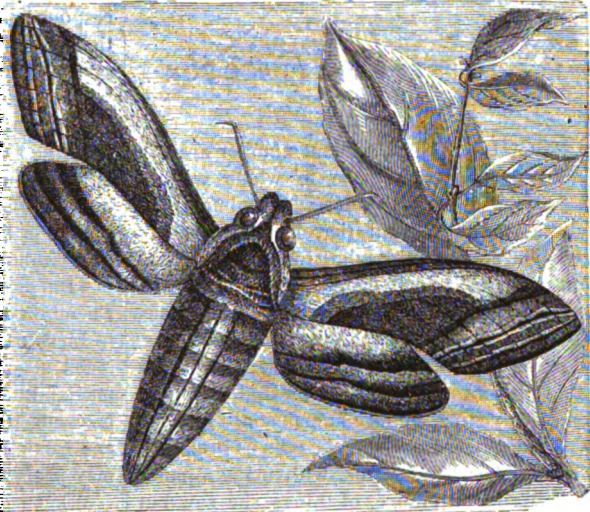
membrane placed side by side. These tubes are the breathing apparatus, and the air passes into them and is carried by other tubes into the body, and among the muscles, and even around the stomach. On the layers of membrane are rows of very small dark dots; one row regularly

succeeds another until the wings outside and inside are covered. These dots are the spots where tiny scales are fixed, and each scale is a miniature wing; when a butterfly's wing is pinched, these come off, and if examined under a good microscope, markings will be seen on them like smaller scales, and there are also some fine hairs attached to both ends. The colors shown on these scales depend partly upon the influence of very fine lines upon the light, and partly upon the presence of grains of coloring matter in their structure. Nearly every kind of butterfly or moth has its peculiar scales, and it is very interesting to notice how the flat scales gradually become hairs and spines on different parts of the wings. The scales are attached to the membrane of the wings by one spot only, and probably they hold the air when the butterfly makes a stroke with its wing. The minuteness of some of the scales in very small moths is so extreme that they can not be seen with the naked eye, but the most powerful microscopes distinguish other dots and imitation scales on them.

The scales are of various shapes, sometimes broad, flat, and overlapping each other like the tiles of a house-roof, sometimes long and hair-like, sometimes drawn out like a set of park palings with notched tops, while others assume the most fantastic forms, and perhaps resemble negro hands with spread fingers, as in the well-known death's-head moth, or battledoors, as in the little blue butterfly of the meadows. Their surfaces are always sculptured in some way, and the markings on these minute objects, most of which are singly invisible to the naked eye, are so bold and determinate, that, in most cases, an entomologist can name the genus, and in some the species from which a scale has been taken.

The beautiful proboscis, which is curled up under the head of the butterfly, is very different from the sharp, crushing, cabbage-eating jaws of the caterpillar. It is rarely used; but when some very tempting flowers are near, the insect may unfold it and place its tip in the honey at the bottom of the flower. There is a small bag in the gullet which is connected with the proboscis, and it contracts and expels all the air out of the sucker. Then, when the end touches the honey, the bag dilates, and the sugary liquid rushes up. The butterfly takes but little food, for the caterpillar had laid in such a store, that

it furnishes the new clothes of the perfect insect and its food as well. The caterpillar has this use, that it can spin a thread, which in some kinds is a true silk, but the butterfly has nothing of the kind to do. The caterpillar's throat has a small opening in it on either side, just within the mouth. This opening leads to a long tube ending in a bag-shaped gland, which lies on either side of the stomach. The liquid in this bag is the future thread of the silk, and when the caterpillar wishes to use it, either to hang itself from a leaf, or to make the cocoon which surrounds some of the chrysalids, it glues the end of the thread to something steady, and by pulling back its head draws forth a liquid which turns solid immediately. There is not a reel of silk inside the caterpillar, but give it plenty of food, and it will spin a great length of very light but strong stuff from the liquid in



THE MOTH OF SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

its glands. The butterfly lays eggs and glues them to the dry substance nearest the future food of the young, and every species regularly chooses the same kind of tree or shrub, generation after generation.

We have given two illustrations of moths as well as that of the magnificent swallow-tailed butterfly, because they belong to the same great family, and undergo similar metamorphoses. The moths are distinguishable from the butterflies by means of the pointed tips of their antennæ, which are often furnished with a row of projections on each side, like the teeth of a comb, and in the males are sometimes supplied with branching appendages. One of our specimens belongs to the great family of Sphinxes, a group which contains a great number of swift-



winged insects, commonly called Hawk-moths, from the strength and speed of their flight. In many instances the proboscis is of great length, sometimes equaling the length of the entire body, and in such instances the insect may be found feeding like a humming-bird while on the wing, balancing itself before a flower, hovering on tremulous wing, and extracting the sweets by suction. The Lobster-moth derives its name from the grotesque exterior of the caterpillar. As may be seen by reference to the illustration, this larva is one of the oddest imaginable forms, hardly to be taken for a caterpillar by one who was not acquainted with it. The apparently forced and strange attitude in which this caterpillar is represented is that which it assumes when at rest. The second and third pairs of legs are much elongated, a peculiarity not noticed in any other of the family of Lepidoptera, and their use is by no means evident.

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"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR  
YOU."

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§ SPECULATIONS without number are rife concerning this place to which we are going—pious platitudes which almost justify the skeptic's taunt that "the Christian's heaven is an eternal psalm-singing, and irrelevant vagaries which would rob it of all its sacredness, and make it a place of sensuous enjoyment, whose occupations, and pleasures, and society are scarcely one remove above those of this present evil world. Now and then God seems to give to some rare human soul a glimpse within the gates, and when she tells us brokenly, in simple, heart-full words, with many a pause and faltering utterance, of things she saw but dimly through her "mist of tears," we listen with hushed hearts, and take a "deal o' comfort in it" as we think it over, and supplement the sweet suggestions with dreams and fancies of our own. But we do not follow them far till we begin to feel what mere imaginings they are, how little, how very little, we absolutely know concerning the beautiful "land of which we dream." Then, perhaps, we wonder almost fretfully why God did not reveal it to us more plainly, why he did not picture it out before us in colors which would make it seem warm, and sweet, and life-like, so that the transition from this world to that might seem more easy and natural, and we who claim to be children of the kingdom should not present the anomalous spectacle of sojourners in a strange country, longing for their home, yet half dreading the journey which is to take them thither, and shrinking

back with a nameless fear when they are called to go. Yet have there not been moments in our lives when faith has seemed so much better than sight, the all-pervading providence of God so far above the best of our plans, and hopes, and dreams, that we have thanked him with all our hearts for the sweet uncertainty, have rejoiced that we might leave our future as well as our present unquestioningly in such care as his, and have felt that the sweetest, most satisfying thing he could possibly have told us of this unspeakable gift of his was that word of vague but infinite suggestiveness, "I go to prepare a place for you."

"I go"—who? Not one who is unacquainted with our needs, for he took upon himself our nature that he might know them all. "He was made like unto his brethren that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest." Not one yearning cry of the human soul can fail to find response in his; not one pure wish or aspiration is beneath his notice; not one iota of our infinite thirst and hunger is unknown to him.

And knowing he is not indifferent. "As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you," he said, and proved it by acts of kindness unto death. To love like this, can the smallest interest of the loved be insignificant? Having given his life for us, is there any good thing he can withhold?

"But is he able to fulfill his kind designs?" we might ask of an earthly friend who wished to bless us. The saddest thing in human love is its utter powerlessness in times of greatest need. But no such misgiving can come in to mar our trust in him. "All power in heaven and earth" is his, and whatever his loving heart may prompt his hand will surely do.

When such a friend as this is preparing a gift for us, what are we that we should question, or dictate, or seek to know aught but the blessed promise he has given? Why, our trust in earthly friends is more perfect than that. Do we wish to know what our Christmas gifts will be? We like to speculate and conjecture, but would we thank any one to tell us? Are we not more vexed than pleased if we find out by accident?

And then we know so little what we want. How many men have striven half their lives for glittering prizes which turned to Dead-Sea apples in their hands when grasped! Suppose these very things had been held out to them as among the rewards of the future life, how bright it would have seemed to them in youth, how tasteless and valueless when they were men! Beecher puts the case more strongly still when, going back to mere childhood, he portrays his

early aspirations for stage-driving, and store-keeping, and military parade, then asks, "Are we not all children in relation to the great manhood of an after life?" These things would have made his heaven then, but fancy him in a paradise of stage-driving and militia training now! Farther on in his existence it is possible that the things he now desires may become as worthless in his sight as these. God knows that most of all the things we long for would not prove to be the blessing we imagine, so he does not promise them in compliance with our childish whims. He knows, too, that the real treasures he has in store for us could not be appreciated by us now, so he keeps them in reserve till we shall know their value.

And even if God were pleased to tell us what the life to come will be, what language would he use? "Do not words faint and fail" when we attempt to freight them with some of the loveliest things we have seen, and the deepest things we have felt even here? Then what could they tell us of that which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man?" Take a child, born and reared in the English mines, just on the point of making his first visit to the upper world, and how will you give him any idea of the things he is going to see? The only symbol you can give him of the sun is his little smoky lamp, for the stars his specks of ore, for the glorious river his dark little subterranean stream; but what can he know or even dream of green fields and forests, of flowers and birds, the blue heaven, the glorious ocean, the everlasting hills? You speak an unknown language when you talk to him of them. You can only tell him, as the Lord tells us of heaven, that it is glorious beyond his power of conception, and that if he wishes to know more he must wait and see.

Yet, wise as is this reticence of God, and necessary by the very nature of things, it tests our faith pretty closely, and accounts for the hesitating half-reluctance we feel in leaving this dear, old familiar earth, with all its imperfections, for the untried glory of the world beyond. They taunt us with this sometimes, they who slight the offer of eternal life altogether, and blame the weakness of our faith, who have no faith at all themselves. But they forget how often, in other matters, we are "in a strait betwixt two," longing perhaps to depart on some fair journey, yet clinging to the dear home-nest, standing tremulous on the threshold of some great good, with a backward look and a tender farewell to the joys of the past, which, like our child-clothes, "can warm and cover us

no more." George Eliot's "Fedalma" felt this, when, on the eve of a happy and brilliant marriage, she yet said pensively,

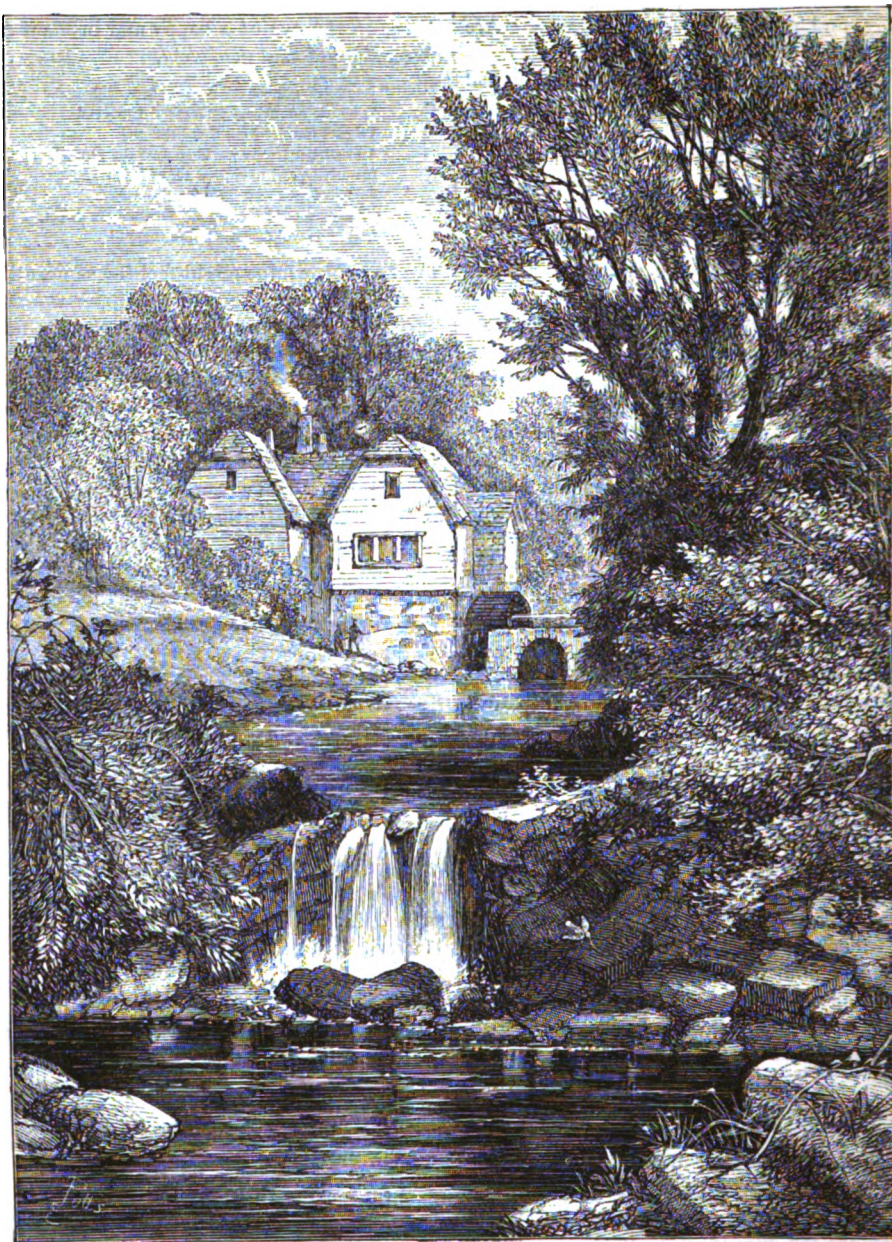
"Long years ago I cried when Inez said,  
'You are no more a little girl;' I grieved  
To part forever from that little girl  
And all her happy world so near the ground.  
It must be sad to outlive aught we love.  
So I shall grieve a little for these days  
Of poor unwed Fedalma. O, they are sweet,  
And none will come just like them!"

The boy in the mine might feel the same, athirst for the glory and beauty of the upper world, yet fearing to miss something he had known and loved in his dark little home below.

But "home is where the heart is," and love will lure us even where the most brilliant prospects fail to entice. Whoever has not known the power of a great affection to annihilate surroundings, to make the difference between a palace and a hut seem trivial, is poor in the experiences of this life; and he who does not feel that to be with Christ, amid scenes and associations of his preparing, is the best of all heaven's promised joys, has but meager conceptions of the life to come. Only so far as other thoughts of heaven serve to make this thought more vivid, as other loves, and hopes, and aspirations cluster around this as their center do they help us. And the more this becomes the great absorbing thought, the more our fear of death will vanish, our hold on life will loosen, and though there may still be some tender clinging to this "dear old happy, miserable, loved and maltreated earth" there will be no real hesitancy, but a solemn joy, when the Master's call is, "Come up higher."

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WHO can tell the power for good or evil of but one sentence falling on a fellow-creature's ear, or estimate the mighty series of emotions, purposes, and actions, of which one articulate breath may be the spring? "A word spoken in season, how good is it!" In another sense than the poet's, all words are winged, and imagination can illy track their flight. Evil or idle words may seem as they are uttered—light and trivial things; yet if light, they are like the filaments of the thistle down—each feathery tuft floating on the slightest breeze bears with it the germ of a noxious weed. Good, kind, true, holy words, dropped in conversation may be little thought of, too, but they are like seeds of flower or fruitful tree falling by the way-side, borne by some bird afar, haply thereafter to spring up in verdure and to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.



THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

YONDER 's the old mill-stream,  
 Lagging on as of yore,  
 And the idle willows gleam  
 On either shore.  
 Hardly a change, you say,  
 For the mossy wheels go on,

And it seems but yesterday  
 We came with John.  
 Deep in the shade we sat,  
 Under the alders there ;  
 O, for the boyish chat,  
 And the fisher's fare !

Hark to the ousel's note ;  
Over the stream he goes !  
In that pool, by the boat,  
The big fish rose.

The kingfisher comes—ah me !  
Blue as the skies in May ;  
Why thus glitter and flee,  
As yesterday ?

Where, then, is one ? you ask,  
He that sat with us here—  
Has he finished his task ?  
Yes, brother dear.

Yes, it is good we rest  
Here as in days gone by ;  
All has been for the best—  
God knoweth why.

Here 's to the old mill-stream—  
Fount of our deepest joy ;  
Man in his saddest dream  
Is more than boy !

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IF WE KNEW.

O, COULD some hand the veil remove  
That bounds our mortal sight,  
And all our joys and treasures prove  
By truth's unclouded light,

How cheap would all these trifles seem  
That so absorb our care,  
Our life how like a transient dream,  
How real all things there !

Could we but see the narrow strand,  
How few the steps to take,  
Between us and that morning land  
Where we shall all awake,

How poor would seem our cherished joys,  
How false our trusted lights,  
How little worth our gilded toys,  
How dull our dear delights !

How meager all our earthly gain,  
How trifling all our loss,  
What heavenly healing in our pain,  
What glory in our cross !

Could we but know what drops of strength  
Grief's bitter chalice bears,  
What wealth of patience comes, at length,  
Of all our vexing cares,

How many a pearl of promise drops  
In sorrow's darkest hours,  
How often on our fallen hopes  
Are built our highest powers,

What peace into our lives would flow,  
What heavenly hope revive,  
How brave and strong our hearts would grow  
To suffer and to strive !

O, wondrous life, could we but think  
How every grief and love,  
Each task, each hope is but a link  
Unto the life above,

How glad to labor should we be—  
How patient in our pain,  
In all our thought how calm and free,  
How honest in our gain !

What homes of truth our hearts would be,  
How faithful should we prove,  
How gentle in our charity,  
How tender in our love !

And yet we walk as in a dream,  
Complaining while we roam,  
Seeing not how God designs the scheme  
To bring us nearer home.

O, Father, make us see and know,  
And teach our feet the way ;  
Help us to trust, where'er we go,  
Believing while we pray.

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BEYOND.

BEYOND life's toils and cares,  
Its hopes and joys, its weariness and sorrow,  
Its sleepless nights, its days of smiles and tears,  
Will be a long sweet life unmarked by years,  
One bright unending morrow ;

Beyond time's troubled stream,  
Beyond the chilling waves of death's dark river,  
Beyond life's lowering clouds and fitful gleams,  
Its dark realities and brighter dreams,  
A beautiful forever.

No aching hearts are there,  
No tear-dimmed eye, no form by sickness wasted,  
No cheek grown pale through penury or care,  
No spirits crushed beneath the woes they bear,  
No sighs for bliss untasted.

No sad farewell is heard,  
No lonely wail for loving ones departed,  
No dark remorse is there o'er memories stirred,  
No smile of scorn, no harsh or cruel word  
To grieve the broken-hearted.

No long, dark night is there,  
Nor light from sun or silvery moon is given,  
But Christ, the Lamb of God all bright and fair,  
Illumes the city with effulgence rare,  
The glorious light of heaven.

No mortal eye hath seen  
The glories of that land beyond the river,  
Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,  
Its fadeless flowers and the unchanging sheen  
Around the throne forever.

Ear hath not heard the songs  
Of rapturous praise within that shining portal,  
No heart of man hath dreamed what bliss belongs  
To that redeemed and joyous blood-washed throng,  
All glorious and immortal.

## THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

## VIII.

## PARENTS.

**S**AD and portentous phenomenon has presented itself in our day which we can scarcely designate by any other title than a revolt against childhood; perhaps it would not be badly named as a protest against the Creator. How strange that this abomination should originate in Christendom! With the ancient Jew children were esteemed "a heritage from the Lord;" with pagans they are counted among their greatest treasures; the saddest calamity of their life is to be childless. True, sometimes they will cast them into some sacred river, or immolate them on some idol shrine, but this is not because they hate them, or wish to be rid of them, but because they would devote them as their choicest gifts to their gods. It remained for Christian civilization to bring forth this deliberate protest against motherhood, this cool determination to thwart the purposes and arrangements of the Creator, this insane outcry against the cares and responsibilities of parenthood. Though born in Christendom, it surely is not of Christianity. It is an offspring of that common and wide-spread revolt against the ordinances of God which would wholly set aside Christianity and the Bible, which would reduce marriage itself to mere licensed sensuality, and which finds in the wholesome restraints of God's ordinances and institutions hateful barriers in the way of its unlimited licentiousness. The Divine founder of Christianity set to his seal of imperishable protest against the abominable spirit when he called the little children to himself and blessed them, and claimed them for his kingdom on earth and in heaven.

We do not design here to enter into a discussion of this modern abomination, but only to introduce what we have to say on the parental relation and its obligations, with a protest against the fearful evil, and to say to those who read these pages, turn away from it as you would from a visible manifestation of Satan himself. Depend upon it, it is only fraught with evil; the displeasure of God is upon it, and his curse will rest on that family where the abominations it leads to are practiced. If it is not the spirit of murder, it is so near to it that no man or woman can honestly draw the line of distinction; and so near does it lie to the domain of positive crime, that the shadow of God's penalties for sin falls upon it, and produces blighting and a curse wherever it is found. If you do not wish the cares and responsibilities of a

parent, do not marry; but woe be to that husband and wife who try the experiment of snatching from Nature the sweets of one of her most beautiful institutions while crushing beneath their feet its proper fruits! Nature will take her revenge most fearfully on soul and body, and the God of nature will make his displeasure felt in that home.

We know there are great cares and responsibilities connected with the parental relation; we know that these cares fall with special weight on the mother; we know that in order to meet them she, especially, must make many sacrifices and self-denials; we know that the childless wife can live a more easy, gay, fashionable life; and yet we know the invariable order of God that responsibilities well met, and duties faithfully performed, and cares patiently borne, bring the highest blessings and joys we can receive in this life; we know that the blessedness of that mother who, even at the cost of her own self-sacrifices, has reared sons and daughters for God and for humanity, infinitely transcends all the mere pleasure that may be crowded into an easy, frivolous, fashionable life, and that in doing so she has filled as high and holy an office and service as falls to the lot of mortals here below.

But why should we look on the parental relation as a burden, and see in the sacred duties which it involves only a grievous weight of responsibility? Is it not one of the sublimest mysteries of our human life? Is not the relation one of the most pure, and dear, and holy on earth? Are not the opportunities which it furnishes for impressing ourselves on other beings, for molding and training them for honor and virtue, among the grandest opportunities of our life? Is it not a delightful work to be permitted to train these young immortal plants for a place in the garden of the Lord?—to polish these living gems to be set in the diadem of the Redeemer? Surely it is a beautiful, rather than a burdensome arrangement, that these young, expanding, priceless, and impressive minds are committed to our charge, and that to us has been given the sublime work of educating and developing them for immortality and a glorious life. How the thought ennobles the parental relation! What sanctity and significance does it impart to the Christian family! How do these immortal offshoots from our own existence rise in our estimation of their worth, and grow in the depth and earnestness of our love, while even in their beautiful and helpless childhood they present themselves to us as beings whose interests and destinies are worthy of our life's devotion! A young immortal

plays around our feet—a budding moral being blooms in our household; such is its relation to us, and such its nature, and such the means which our merciful Father has provided for our use, that we may direct its opening life, unfold its budding being, and lead each expanding faculty toward God and heaven. We may stamp divine things on its young heart; we may write lessons of heavenly wisdom on its opening mind; we may intermingle streams of sacred influences with the current of its flowing life; we may make impressions upon its expanding nature that shall endure forever. Say, are not such powers as these gracious gifts, rather than burdensome obligations?—such a labor as this, a beautiful privilege, rather than an onerous task? Should we not gladly turn to it as a delightful life-labor, rather than strive to evade it as a grievous life-burden?

In the light of such thoughts we purpose to study some of the duties and responsibilities of parents. And, first, let us call attention to the parent's responsibility for the irresponsible child.

The child itself, during the age of immaturity, is obviously irresponsible; its circumstances forbid that it should be held accountable for its thoughts and actions; and yet it is a moral being. Its irresponsibility is far different from that of a mere animal, because its nature and its actions are far different from those of a mere animal. Young and ignorant as it is, it is still a moral and immortal being—moral because there is in its nature the germ of a moral character, which must necessarily be developed in the future, and immortal because it is moral. Its relations to the future, as a moral being in embryo, are vast and important. If it live, it must grow up into the responsible and accountable man—must, by the necessity of its nature and by the circumstances of its life, enter upon a probationary state which involves its immortal destiny. Yet the child is unconscious of its own moral nature, and ignorant of all these responsibilities and relations in the future, and is itself incapacitated for making preparations for entering upon that fearful stage of probation. Not so, however, with the parents. They are aware of the moral and immortal nature of the child, and see the important relations which it bears to the future, and they are capacitated to train and fit that young immortal for entering most advantageously upon its future probation.

It can not be otherwise, than that, during the irresponsibility and ignorance of the child, the parents are held responsible for the knowledge which they thus possess, and accountable for the culture of the child, they being alone

competent to bring it up under the most favorable circumstances to enter upon its own responsibility. What parent does not feel that he is the guardian and protector of the *physical* life of his child? that during its early existence, while ignorant of the nature of things about it, of the laws of its own life, of the injurious and morbid influences by which it is surrounded, of the means of avoiding dangers, escaping diseases, preserving health and prolonging life, his knowledge of all these circumstances is to be made available to the thoughtless and ignorant child, and that on him devolves the duty of securing to his helpless offspring those circumstances which give the greatest promise of preserving its health and prolonging its life? And is it not equally obvious that the parent is constituted the guardian and protector of the *moral* nature of his offspring? During its early existence—its age of imbecility and ignorance—must not his knowledge of the child's moral nature, of its future relations and responsibilities, of the laws of its moral life, and of the moral dangers and diseases which threaten it, be made available to the child, and must not he preserve it from all dangerous exposure, and from all morbid influences, and secure for it the most favorable circumstances for the unfolding and strengthening of its moral life?

A very erroneous conception of the nature of childhood and of parental responsibility, is that which compares the child to the rough marble in the quarry, which may or may not be chiseled into forms of beauty. The analogy holds good in only a single point. The artist may bring forth the rough block from the quarry, and his chisel may reveal what forms of beauty the marble may be made to assume; and so may moral and intellectual culture develop the innate capacities of childhood, and reveal to us the beautiful moral and intellectual forms the growing child may be made to assume. But in all things else how poor the comparison—how faint the analogy! In the one case we have an aggregation of particles, crystalized into shape, without organism, life, or motion. In the other we have life, growth, expansion. In the first, we have a mass of limestone, neither more nor less than insensate matter, utterly incapable of any alteration from within itself. In the second, we have a living body, a mind, affections instinct with power, gifted with vitality, and forming the attributes of a being allied to and only a little lower than the angels. These constitute a life which, by its inherent force, must grow and unfold itself by a law of its own, whether you educate it or not. Some development *it will make*, some form *it will*

*assume*, by its own irrepressible and spontaneous action. The question, with us, is rather what that form shall be; whether it shall wear the visible robes of an immortal, with a countenance glowing with the intelligence and pure affection of cherub and seraph, or, through the rags and sensual impress of an earthly life, send forth only occasional gleams of its higher nature. The great work of all education, moral and intellectual, is to stimulate and direct this native power of moral and intellectual growth. God and the subject co-working effect all the rest.

But let us look again at the very intimate physical and moral relation which God has established between the parent and child. It is an axiom among us that the child must partake of the nature of its parents both physically and morally. We expect to find the lineaments of the parents impressed upon their offspring, and the child partaking of the constitution of its parents. We even cast the chances of its life and health on the constitution of those who gave it being. Vigorous and healthful parents generally have vigorous and healthful children; the insane, the epileptic, the consumptive parent impresses strong tendencies to the same evils on the constitution of his offspring; the drunken and licentious father, whose debauches ruin his own constitution, entails a ruined constitution upon his child. Nor is the moral relation between parents and children less striking than the physical. The parent who neglects his duty to God, and gives himself up to wickedness—who develops, by indulgence and practice, the corrupt passions and appetites of his nature, and especially who gives himself over to the graver vices, must expect to stamp a corresponding character upon his offspring; and that not only by the influence of his example, but by the transmission of the tendencies of his own moral character to the child. The drunken and licentious parent will be very likely to have drunken and licentious children; and that for two very powerful reasons—he will certainly entail upon them a strong bent of the nature toward those vices, which will prove sources of temptation to them through their whole life, and the influence of his example on natures already bent toward his own vices, constitutes a temptation of which there is but little hope of successful resistance. On the other hand, the pious, temperate, and God-fearing parent transmits to his offspring the better tendencies of his own moral character. That “a good tree can not bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit,” and “of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of

a bramble-bush gather they grapes,” are axiomatic principles as true here as in other spheres of morals.

But God has shown us this intimate connection on a scale of fearful magnitude, in the moral corruption of an entire race from the moral corruption of apostate parents. The question is often asked why the corruption and mortality of Adam are made to fall upon us, who had personally no part in his transgression? The answer is found in this simple principle: It could not be otherwise and we be his children. By the laws of life he must entail his own nature on his children, and this, as far as we can see, could only have been averted by such a modification in the laws of life as would have destroyed any such relation as that of parent and child.

Who, then, does not see the great weight of responsibility that is thus stamped upon the parents of the child? God, by the laws of life, by the nature of childhood, and by its relations to the future, has almost wholly left it with the parents to say in what state, and with what advantages or disadvantages, the child shall grow up and enter upon its own responsibility and probation. We see thus to what a vast extent God has suspended the physical and temporal, and the moral and eternal interests of the irresponsible child on the responsible parent; and we learn, too, what he means, as well as the truth of the declaration, when he declares he will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, to the third and fourth generation.

We thus have contemplated the responsibility of the parents for the child as a preliminary consideration enforcing the duties of parents. Parents have duties, imperative and unavoidable, because they are the responsible representatives of the child. And here, too, we may properly recall to mind as a second preliminary consideration, the nature and relations of the child as presented in the Word of God. It is a moral and immortal being which God has embraced in the great atonement of his Son, and whom he has morally and legally qualified for admission into his Church and kingdom; as such he has placed it in the hands of its parents, holding them responsible for the care and culture of one of his lambs, and accountable for their dealings with one of his children. There is a twofold and fearful responsibility resting upon parents, and they can not evade it—a responsibility which involves them in stamping the very character of their children, and a responsibility which makes them the keepers of young immortal members of the

kingdom of Christ. What folly, then, to suppose that responsibilities like these, interwoven into the very texture of our lives, and springing up from the very moral being of our children, can be thrown aside and evaded!

But to the duties:

1. *It is the duty of parents to consecrate themselves to the service of God.*

From what we have already seen, obviously the highest interests of our children can only be reached by parents themselves becoming the servants of God. Children are only born under the most favorable circumstances when they are born of Christian parents; their very moral nature, at least in its tendencies, is the better of it, and the holy, God-fearing father, and the pious, meek, and devoted mother, stamp their character on their offspring and send them forth into the world freed from a hundred evil influences which they would inherit from ungodly, worldly, and wicked parents.

But, let our opinions be as they may with reference to what we have just advanced, certainly we will all agree that the highest moral interests of the child can only be met in the religious example and godly precepts of pious parents. Thrice blessed is that child who is born of sincere Christian parents, and who is reared under the preserving and refining influences of godly precepts and examples. Unhappy indeed is that child who is born of wicked and ungodly parents, or even of heartless and godless worldlings, and who is destined to be reared under the influence of vice and wickedness, or to grow up in the tainted atmosphere of pride and worldliness. Both are alike moral and immortal beings, and whether breathing the pure air of a heavenly household, or living in the polluted atmosphere of vice, or the no less hazardous influences of parental pride and heartlessness, all alike must grow up into maturity to enter upon a stage of personal responsibility and individual probation. But how differently will these young immortals, born and reared under such different circumstances, enter upon this important stage of life! The child of godly parents enters upon it under the most favorable circumstances—with a nature softened and subdued, and already more than half Christianized by holy examples exhibited in the lives of those most endeared to it, and a mind religiously cultivated and thoroughly imbued with the principles of godliness, a memory stored with Gospel truth, a judgment disciplined in right and wrong, a conscience educated and Christianized, it is ready—thoroughly furnished—to emerge from childhood into manhood—to pass out of the state of irresponsible

youth into that of a great moral and accountable being.

Not so with children of wicked and worldly parents. Deprived of the influence of godly precept and example, and positively tainted by the influence of constant exhibitions of vice and worldliness; with natures untamed and undisciplined; minds ignorant of Christian truth; judgments warped and obscured; consciences seared and callous; principles and habits of vice and worldliness already formed and confirmed; what fitness is there in such beings to enter upon the fearful stage of life through which they must pass?

How justly may we conclude, then, that the first great duty of parents toward the child is personal consecration to God! And what an appeal should these considerations make to the heart of the parents! If reckless of their own interests—if indifferent about their own salvation—if willing to hazard their own eternal interests for a life of sin, and pleasure, and worldliness, let them remember that they are involving others in their ruin, and are sacrificing on the altar of their own pleasure and gratification the immortal interests of those most dear to them. If they proudly assert themselves to have the right to hazard their own salvation, let them stop to ask whether they have also the right to imperil the salvation of those immortal buds to whom they have given life. Let every parent remember that God has so constituted it, and by no possibility can he evade it, that in determining the course of life which he will pursue, the interests of others besides himself are vastly involved in his decisions, and if he is prepared to risk and sacrifice his own immortal interests, he must also answer the question whether he is prepared and has the right to sacrifice theirs.

2. *It is the duty of parents to consecrate their children to God.*

When the eye of the parent glances with tenderness upon his offspring, and his thought runs forward into the future of his child, with what complacency does he mingle with the hopes of that future, the provisions which Divine love has made for his children! and when death enters the loved circle of his household and removes a lamb from the flock, what thought so consoling to the stricken heart, as the truth that a glorious provision has been made for the immortality of his child! But shall we build upon these Gospel provisions our hopes and exultations, and draw from them in the hour of bereavement and sorrow our sweetest consolation, and yet fail to recognize the practical duty which devolves upon us, and which springs from these merciful provisions? Pro-



visions of such magnitude made for our children involve duties of the highest importance. The promise being made to us and to our children, is not merely a benevolent extension of the Gospel provision to gratify the parental emotions of our hearts, but to constitute the basis of a grave parental duty. If God has opened the door of his Church for their reception, it is not that parents may admire his far-reaching mercy, but that they may bring them in. If the Savior has opened his arms, and commanded his disciples to suffer the little ones to come unto him, it was not merely to give us an exhibition of his tender sympathy, but that he might lay upon us the obligation of bringing them to Christ. And if a full and free salvation has been provided for them by linking them in a vital union with the dying Lamb of God, it is not simply to relieve the sorrows of the bereaved hearts of parents, but to inspire in them a realization of the true nature and worth of childhood, and to lay upon parents the duty of connecting them with the visible kingdom of heaven on earth, as emblematical of their title to the kingdom of heaven on high.

With such provisions made for the earthly and the heavenly welfare of our children, with what thankfulness should we avail ourselves of them, and how gladly should we bring them to the arms of Christ and consecrate them to him! Few sights to us are more beautiful than the devout and conscientious consecration of children to God in the impressive ordinance of baptism, when in the parents' minds it is not a mere unmeaning ceremony, but is a giving of the child to God and a covenanting on their part to bring it up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

3. *It is the duty of parents to give to their children the most careful moral culture and discipline.*

The consecration of children to God in the beautiful act of baptism implies this subsequent religious culture and discipline. But parenthood itself implies it, and it can not be evaded, as some very silly people think, by refusing to consecrate their children to Christ. You are a parent; that settles all; *therefore* it is your duty to give the most careful religious culture to your children. You have been the means of bringing young immortal beings into life; *therefore* it is your duty to train them for God and eternity.

Into the details of the mode of this moral training we can not enter here. We shall only indicate some of the prominent features of such a course.

1. And first of all, let parents "*first learn to*

*show piety at home.*" If our Savior has wisely given us an injunction "to let our light shine before men, that they seeing our good works *may glorify our Father which is in heaven,*" with how much additional force and promise of success will it apply to the wants and interests of our households! In the language of one who in his brief life did much for the development of domestic piety, and who, as men would say, died too soon, "Be deeply pious yourself—let your own soul be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Gospel. Then will you present a living image of the beauty and excellence of Christianity before your children. Then will you be inflexibly just in your dealings, upright in conversation, humane toward the suffering, and walk humbly with God. Then will you be solemn and dignified, cheerful and courteous. Then will the law of kindness be on your tongue—meekness and modesty will adorn your demeanor—joy will light up your countenance—peace and heavenly tranquillity will sit undisturbed upon your brow. Your religion will be heard in the tones of your voice, seen in every feature of your face, blended with all your acts. Then will you act under a lively impression of the presence of a holy God, and your reproofs, corrections, warnings, counsels, and exhortations, will, *by their very manner,* make your children feel that God is near. Then will you be faithful in the duties of family religion. Your warm and overflowing gratitude, your child-like confidence, your earnest entreaties, your heart-felt adoration in family prayer, will make such an impression on the minds of your children of God's being and presence, of his goodness and mercy, of his adorable perfections, and of the reality of his manifesting himself to his children 'as he does not to the world,' as is unlikely to be made by a thousand cold and formal doctrinal lessons.

"If, on the other hand, you yourself either neglect religion, or have only the form, your neglect, or your cold and formal method of speaking on the subject, and your lifeless prayers, may establish the conviction in the minds of your children that it is but a mass of speculative notions and idle ceremonies."

2. *We should give regular and systematic instruction to our children at home.*

Parents should feel the duty resting upon them in their individual responsibilities to impart to their children the deep lessons of piety, truth, and morality. This is a duty which can not be wholly committed to the hands of others. Parents are the proper and most efficient moral educators of their own children, and into their hands is given this sacred trust for which the

God of the universe will call them to an account. There may be many others much more capable than we of leading them through the various processes of mental discipline and education, but unto us has been emphatically committed the beautiful work of leading our children to seek those unfading joys which come from God only, and for this work no one else is so competent or so favorably situated as we. "And *thou* shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and *thou* shalt talk of them when *thou sittest in thine house*, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Let us urge this upon parents as a personal duty. In too many instances we attempt to evade it by committing it to the hands of others. Our children are sent to the Sabbath-school and are brought to the Church, and the consciences of many parents rest easy under the conviction that their children are being trained in the nurture of the Lord. The Sabbath-school is a beautiful institution, and an essential adjunct to the Christian Church. It has proved a blessing to thousands of the children of Christian parents, but especially has it proved a blessing by bringing together the children of irreligious parents, and instructing them in the path of life. But if it is made to supply the place of home instruction, and the children of professors of religion are cast upon it to receive that religious education which should have been given at home, it has passed beyond its true province, and becomes an evil instead of a blessing. No, mother, you especially are to be the preceptor of your child, teaching it the way to God and heaven. This is your highest calling—your noblest mission. Fulfill it well, and you will have accomplished something worthy of your life. Train that young plant for God. It is a tender exotic, whose native clime is heaven. Believe us, it is worthy of your most careful culture, and will grow into an immortal and fruitful plant to gladden your heart forever. Yet beautiful as it is, it is still but the creature of a day, "passing as the arrow through the air—a spirit from God and returning to him—just hovering over the great gulf till a few moments hence it shall be no more, but drop into an unchangeable eternity. One thing it needs to know—the way to heaven—how to reach safely that eternal abode. God himself has condescended to teach the way. For this very end he came from heaven. He has written down in a book—O, give them the lessons of that book! At any price give them the book of God!" If you have not time, make time. Sacrifice any thing else; but on

the altar of a busy, bustling, worldly life, sacrifice not the immortal interests of these tender buddings of your own existence.

Teach them the Bible; adapt its lessons to the wants of their young minds; unfold to them its wonderful doctrines as they are able to appreciate them; familiarize them with its beautiful examples; instruct them in the demands of its pure morality; reiterate to them the story of redeeming love; open up before them, as soon as practicable the vitality and spirituality of the Christian life; examine their young hearts, and be prepared to meet and foster the first buddings of a religious experience; introduce them into the Sabbath-school; bring them with you to the house of God; draw them to your side on the calm and holy Sabbath, yea, if possible, on each day, at the solemn sunset when the world is being hushed to silence and rest, and breathe on them a parent's blessing, and drop into their young and impressible hearts these lessons of heavenly instruction.

*Talk with your children about religion.* Not in dry and formal lectures, lest you surfeit them, but with the familiarity, the tender interest, and the gentleness of a mother—with the affectionate solicitude of an earnest and believing father. Believe it, they will not tire of these lessons, nor dread the recurrence of these tender and affectionate conversations. They see in it a new evidence of your love, it is an admission of them into your society and tender familiarity, than which nothing is more dear to your children, and they will meet you more than halfway in these kind and beautiful advances.

Forget not to pray with them and for them. Not only erect the family altar and bring them with you to the family devotions, but take them with you to the secret chamber and pray with them alone. Commend them there to God, and there implore his heavenly benedictions upon them. How mighty must be the influence of such an exercise on the impressible heart of childhood!

Set before them good examples, and throw around them pure and gracious influences. Our children are mirrors, living mirrors, which not only catch up the image of every object and event that comes before them, but by virtue of their vitality they retain them all. Every faculty of their young nature is an absorbent, which eagerly drinks in and appropriates to its growth and development every thing that comes before it. Let home, then, be a domestic sanctuary, redolent with heavenly influences. Let its society, its conversations, its amusements, its ornaments, and its books be refined and pure. It is due to them that they should be sur-

rounded by these healthful religious influences. As the guardians of their moral nature, it is our duty to provide these circumstances for their moral wants, with even a greater weight of obligation than we feel incumbent upon us the duty of providing for their physical necessities. Indeed, what avails the most ardent affection which reaches only to the mortal part, if we neglect the moral and immortal, and if all that lies in our power is not done, that after their passage through the present short-lived scene of things, they may enter into eternity in the favor of God?

3. In addition to these positive efforts to give to our children a religious culture, it is also a duty to withhold them from all evil examples and influences; to keep them from such amusements, such scenes, such company, such books, as are calculated to corrupt their minds, lead them into bad habits, inspire worldly-mindedness, and diminish and finally destroy their love and reverence for sacred and divine things. It is our duty to exercise here the authority of accountable parents, and not to yield to the choice and solicitations of our young, and inexperienced, and thoughtless children. From the age, the superior knowledge, the experience, and the relation of parents, it is their right, nay, their duty to prescribe what shall be the amusements, the company, the books, and the habits of their thoughtless child. The thin, clear ice that covers over that river is beautiful; its glassy smoothness is inviting to your child—so level, so smooth, so clear, he would leap upon it as a new and beautiful play-ground; unconscious of the flowing death that lurks beneath it, he solicits your consent. Will you give it? Rather, do you not feel that it is your right and your duty positively to prohibit it? The gay and beautiful world, with its giddy round of pleasures, with its ever-shifting fashions, with its painted and gilded vices, with its ornamented saloons, its dancing-schools, its ball-rooms, its theaters, its billiard, nine-pin, gambling, and drinking saloons, its free and easy life, its fashionable customs, its light, exciting, trashy literature, presents a very captivating appearance to your son and daughter. It is beautiful—they would love to mingle with its scenes; it seems happy—they would love to participate in its pleasures; it looks innocent—why may they not plunge into it; they are young—why should they not be free and happy? Unconscious of the moral death that is here covered over, gilded and kept out of sight, they solicit your permission. Dare you give it? Rather, do you not feel it your right, and your duty, positively to prohibit it?

Alas, how many professing Christians yield to these solicitations! How many, though they will not give direct permission, yet fail to prohibit, and look on and see their children step by step advancing into the swift circles of the fearful whirlpool of a worldly life! A dreadful experiment is tried by many unthinking parents with their children—that of allowing them first to become thoroughly imbued with the principles of a worldly life, to become estranged from the house of God and from sacred and divine things, to enter freely and largely into the follies, fashions, and vices of the world, to form sinful habits, to imbibe dangerous lessons and principles, to become attached to wicked and worldly companions—with the deceptive hope that in maturer years they themselves will see the folly of such a life, will be awakened to a consciousness of their need of religion, will be suddenly arrested by some powerful religious influence, be made penitent and be converted, and thus wipe out all the past, and remedy by a few penitent tears the evils of a life, and the faults of careless and negligent parents. Dreadful, dreadful experiment—always involving loss, in countless instances proving fatal!

What would we think of that parent who would stand on the borders of the hollow, whirling maelstrom, and with a single thread around the body of his child, would toss him out farther and still farther from his arms, into the sweep of the circles of that fearful whirlpool, with the mad hope that before he is finally drawn into its yawning vortex, he will draw him back again to his bosom? But do you act a wiser and less hazardous part, O parent, when you toss these lambs of your bosom out upon the boiling, surging, ingulfing ocean of the world, with the mad hope that ere it finally overwhelms them and drinks them down to its fathomless depths, some power will seize them and bring them back again to your arms? It is madness. If you love them, venture no such experiment. If you would save them, save them while they are yet young, innocent, and impressible at your feet

THERE can be no return to equipoise and calm religion so long as men forget that a symmetrical Christian life has two aspects—one looking toward society, and the other toward solitude; one having regard to zeal and external activity, and the other to communion with God—interior apprehension of truth and secret delight in it, and that ineffable repose upon the bosom of infinite love which is the fruit of child-like faith.

## DANIEL PARISH KIDDER, D. D.

DO N'T know how far back in the century your life race was begun, dear reader, but it was at a period now dismally remote, if the initial words of this sketch fail to awaken pleasant memories. To me they are the "open sesame" to more Sunday afternoons than you could string on the whole circle of the year. How plainly I can see the garden seat under the fragrant cedars! How pleasant the awakened memory of silence and impenetrable shade, twin charms of my dear "forest home" among Wisconsin hills, the drowsy hum of Sabbath-breaking bees, the cow bell's idyl, from the tranquil pastures by the river bank, and in my hand a book brought home from Sunday-school in a town three miles away, and "revised by D. P. Kidder!" No wonder that I never read all those that bore this name upon their title-page; no wonder they outlasted even my childhood long drawn out—there were eight hundred of them!

This is Evanston, "the Athens of Methodism in the North-West." Up from the trees at the end of the street—a street as shady as the Wisconsin bridle-paths of *auld lang syne*—shoots the white granite spire of our noble university; beyond rises home-like "Heck Hall," the local habitation of the dignified Garrett Biblical Institute. Across the way from the snug cottage where I write, almost concealed by clustering trees, is a commodious mansion—Dr. Kidder's home. As my eye follows the winding gravel walk that leads to its hospitable door, and my heart stirs at thought of all I owe to those who dwell there, who welcomed me, a lonesome school-girl, to their fire-side a dozen years ago, a figure on horseback emerges from the trees, waves me a courteous salute, and passes rapidly from sight. It is Dr. Kidder going to his "homiletic" class.

"Is n't life queer?" said a friend for whom I sketched the two preceding pictures. Yes, very queer indeed, and that's the beauty of it. Life is a hundred times more romantic than romance. It is a "poetic justice" equal to Trollope's own that decrees the preparation of "some account" of Dr. Kidder's life by one who, as a Sunday-school girl, mused with vague but grateful wonder on his name. Appleton, Allibone, and Lippincott—not to speak of less renowned "collectors"—have preserved in their yast museums of intellectual anatomy the dry bones of our honored "subject's" history. Be it our pleasant task to introduce him at the period which, to a discriminating reader, is more suggestive

than any that succeeds it, but which our Dry-as-dusts are wont to pass in silence—the period of

## YOUTH.

We lift the curtain on that magic scene in the life drama with the chief statistic of all biographies. Daniel Parish Kidder was born at Darien, Genesee county, New York, October 18, 1815. To the thousands who know that our beloved Church has no more faithful son, it may be a surprise to learn that, until he was seventeen years old, he was almost never under religious influence, and had not heard the noble old word "Methodist" pronounced except with sneers. His mother, though not a member of any Church, was a prayerful Christian woman, but she died when he was only ten months old. He was then taken to Vermont by an aunt who was his father's sister, and whose husband was the brother of his mother. This uncle and aunt had no children, and, coming to them at an age so tender, he soon filled the place of a son in their hearts and their home. Though his father subsequently married again, he had no other children, and thus the parental interest and affection of the two families centered in the lad. He early displayed the fondness for study, and acquired the habits of unremitting industry which have been marked characteristics of his manhood. His classical education was begun at Randolph Academy, Vermont. In his fourteenth year he taught a district school near his father's home in Western New York. Soon after this he attended Wyoming Academy, and afterward went to Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, upon whose records, first and last, have been enrolled more celebrated names than any other institution of our Church can show. Although his friends had little sympathy with the religious, and still less with the denominational character of this school, they chose it on the principle rendered so familiar by the sententious advertisement of the publishers of Webster's Unabridged: "Get the best." The son was intent upon ambitious hopes—indulging, at this period, a decided *penchant* for a military life—and if he thought, at all, about the denominational character of the institution to which he was going, it was with a smile of incredulity that "those fanatics" should have succeeded in an enterprise so foreign to the reputation habitually given them.

During a large portion of his sojourn at Lima, the religious sentiments and practices of the Methodists were an unflinching source of amusement to our young friend. He delighted to put their advocates on the defensive, and to puzzle them with the standard questions of Univer-

salism and infidelity. Nevertheless, the generally consistent conduct of those professing to be Christians did not fail to impress his mind favorably respecting a form of religion with which he had not previously come in contact, and of which he had learned through its enemies alone.

During his life at Lima two events occurred which exerted a memorable influence upon his character. The first was the death of a fellow-student with whom he was called to watch in his last hours; the second was a "protracted meeting" held a few months later. When this meeting was appointed he formed the opinion that its design was to make a Methodist of him and of several others of similar character—a design which he proposed quietly to defeat by staying away. In this course he persevered for some time, being the more inclined to it because his studies were pressing, and a public examination near. At length, one afternoon, a student whose Christian character had compelled his respect, invited him to go to the meeting appointed for that evening in such a manner that neither politeness nor a sense of courage to investigate truth allowed him to decline. He pledged himself to go. That promise was the turning-point of his destiny. Once made, it suggested a train of reasoning which convinced him that if he was ever to investigate, practically, the truth of the Christian religion, the time had come. This point gained, good thoughts and influences, which had before floated about him without positive results, seemed to focalize in favor of a prompt and right decision of the mysterious questions involving the welfare and destiny of the human soul.

On leaving home for the Seminary he had made a promise to his step-mother that he would read the Bible daily, and to this exercise he had often added the Lord's prayer. Thus, notwithstanding outward levity and the appearance of indifference, the process of preparation for better things had been going on in his heart. So, when the resolution was taken to attend the meeting, it was, before evening, followed by one far higher and more decisive—to make one sincere effort to know and do the will of God. Before entering the Church his mind was made up to put himself in the way of any good influences which might then and there be manifest. The sermon was not specially adapted to his mental condition, and while listening to it he was tempted not to act as he had purposed, lest he should appear to be influenced by what had, in fact, made less impression on him than the kind word of his friend. But a

better thought prevailed, and to the surprise of all who knew him, he was one of the first to go forward and kneel at the altar of prayer as a suppliant for wisdom from on high. From this beginning of a sincere religious life, the most decisive results ensued. Plans of worldly ambition gave way to an ardent desire to live for the glory of God and the welfare of men. Study, instead of being pursued wholly for the pleasure and profit it might bring, was thenceforth most highly valued as an agency of preparation for a life of Christian activity, and the Church, before despised, was regarded with a warm and pure affection. But to his connection with the Church of his choice, his entire circle of relatives objected strongly and perseveringly. He did not, however, on this account, make the slightest deviation from what was clearly the only right path, though he found it sown with thorns.

While yet a student at Lima, and a probationer in the Church, he accepted, as a temporary appointment, the chair of Ancient Languages. After leaving the Seminary he spent his Sophomore year in Hamilton College, where he found himself the sole representative of the Methodist Church. Although still a probationer, he sought out a neighborhood in which a small Church had been organized by "the people called Methodists," and aided them to establish a Sunday-school—this, his first work in the Church, being prophetic of the great service he was to render her ere long in the same field. While at Hamilton College he joined the Church "in full connection," and soon after became impressed with the duty of devoting his life to the Christian ministry and, should Providence open the way, to missionary labor in foreign lands.

The remaining years of his college life were spent at Middletown, Connecticut, where he graduated in 1836, in his twenty-first year—during the Presidency of Dr. Fisk. Among the members of the same class who, with Dr. Kidder, have risen to eminence in the Church, the most noteworthy names are those of our lamented Bishop Clark and Rev. Dr. Bannister, Professor of Exegetical Theology in the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston.

#### EARLY MINISTRY.

Our young graduate had been elected teacher of Ancient Languages in Amenia Seminary previous to leaving college, and in this capacity he labored for some time, but, though interested in literary work, his desire to enter the ministry prevailed, and he resigned his position in the Seminary in favor of his classmate,

Davis W. Clark, afterward Bishop. He now became the junior preacher on the Amenia circuit, having five distinct preaching appointments.

In the Autumn of 1836 he was received into the Genesee Annual Conference, and appointed to Rochester as junior preacher in the two Methodist Churches then organized in that city. A prosperous and interesting year succeeded, so that even his parents came to regard with pleasure the obviously respectable position to which their son had attained as a Methodist preacher. But now ensued a new and still more bitter trial. The missionary spirit which he had cherished, almost from the moment of his conviction that he ought to preach the Gospel, had constantly increased. While a student in the Wesleyan University he had been Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Lyceum, and had drafted a memorial to the Church and Missionary Board, proposing the organization of a mission in China. That memorial was published, and, ten years later, its propositions were carried into effect. But, in the mean time, no missionary being wanted for China, he accepted a call from South America, and was appointed by Bishop Waugh to go to Rio de Janeiro. This appointment seemed to his father "the most unkindest cut of all." Having by slow degrees consented that his son become a Methodist, and then a preacher, it was a crowning disappointment to have him sent away from home and native land, perhaps forever, and set down face to face with the hardships of a missionary life under a tropical sky.

But even from this greatest trial came a peculiar blessing. While fulfilling the duties of his new calling in the Southern Hemisphere, the son was cheered by the tidings, now almost despaired of, that his father had found the pearl of great price, and was encouraged by words like these from his father's own hand:

*"My Dear Son,*—I can not tell you how thankful I now am that you have pursued, undeviatingly, your convictions of duty, without turning aside for any objections made by me."

That father subsequently died in the assurance of faith, a member of the Church which the son had early chosen, and in which the aged step-mother still survives.

#### MISSIONARY LIFE AND INFLUENCE.

The ardor with which the young missionary entered on his labors is strikingly illustrated by a series of articles written for the *Christian Advocate* in 1837, and signed "Palermo." They are entitled, "Means for the Conversion of the World," and present a singularly clear and

comprehensive view of the Gospel plan in its various applications to the greatest work of which humanity is capable. A "Dialogue between a Christian and Self on the duty of becoming a missionary," also published in the *Advocate* while he was a student of the University, shows how intelligently he had "counted the cost" before arriving at the great affirmative decision.

In 1836 he married Miss Cynthia H. Russell, of Salisbury, Connecticut, a young lady of fine talents and high Christian character. She, with her sister, was educated at Amenia Seminary, and both accompanied the husband and brother on his missionary voyage in 1837. A time-stained copy of the *Christian Advocate* thus refers to this interesting trio:

"These are the first-fruits of the literary institutions of our Church in the field of foreign missions, but there is every reason to believe they will not be the last. Could the eye but penetrate futurity and see the results wrought by one such missionary family, what an argument would these furnish for the support of the institutions to which we trace the incipient cause in the series!"

We can do no more than outline the incessant labors of the succeeding years. Their most important feature was a tour of six months from Rio de Janeiro, during which the whole eastern coast of the empire, from San Paulo at the south, to Para on the equator, was thoroughly explored. With the primary object of circulating the Scriptures, in the Portuguese language, the chief cities and important towns were visited, the traveler making himself familiar with the social, civil, moral, and religious condition of the empire, and frequently holding free and full conferences with leading minds of the country. He probably had the honor of preaching the first Protestant sermon upon the bosom of the mighty Amazon, delivering his discourse on the deck of a Brazilian steamer, in the harbor of Para. It is to be feared he has not as yet had numerous successors in his apostolic labors upon these waters.

The results of this journey were subsequently embodied in a valuable and entertaining book entitled, "Sketches of a Residence and Travels in Brazil," which was widely and favorably noticed, both at home and abroad. Many years later it was revised and, with additions from the pen of Rev. J. C. Fletcher, issued from the press of Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia, under the name of "Brazil and the Brazilians." This is an elegantly illustrated volume, and is universally regarded as the best authority extant upon the subject. Much of its contents is

embodied in one of the "Blue Books" of the British Parliament. Mr. Fletcher, in his lectures on Brazil, tells an anecdote that illustrates the more direct results of this missionary journey. Fifteen years after it was performed he became acquainted with a prominent Brazilian gentleman, whom he found an experimental Christian, his life exemplifying the Gospel teachings, which he sought every-where to diffuse, and who, when asked what had produced this great change in his character and creed, answered, "I owe it all to a Bible left with me by *Padre Kidder* many years ago."

But these missionary labors were interrupted by a sad bereavement—the sudden death of Mrs. Kidder, in the twenty-third year of her age, leaving two little children to her husband's care. The precarious health of his infant son rendered unavoidable his immediate return. But though obliged to relinquish his field of labor his missionary zeal has never flagged; and that, though providentially directed into other channels than he had early chosen, it has been of incalculable service to the Church, will be evident to the thoughtful observer of his subsequent career.

The preparation of his work on Brazil, of a book entitled "Mormonism and the Mormons," and the translation of a valuable little volume on clerical celibacy, written by a functionary of the Brazilian Government, in connection with pastoral labors at important stations of the New Jersey Conference, occupied his time from 1840 to 1844. In this interval he married Miss Harrietta Smith, Preceptress of Worthington Seminary, Ohio, a lady whose remarkable talents, great executive abilities, and genuine Christian hospitality have rendered her "a helpmeet" to her husband to a degree rarely seen, even in our favored times; and whose tireless philanthropy has linked her name to institutions which will hold her memory in grateful reverence long after she has closed her beneficent career.

#### SUNDAY-SCHOOL LABORS.

In 1844 Dr. Kidder—we anticipate for convenience the degree conferred a few years later both by M'Kendree College and the Wesleyan University—was elected Editor of Sunday-School Publications and Tracts of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-School Union.

The twelve years of his life passed in the service of the Church in this capacity were of a value that it is hardly possible to overestimate.

He found a collection at once nondescript and meager of Sunday-school books; these he revised and classified, and, in addition, com-

plied and edited eight hundred admirable volumes. He spent a year abroad, selecting from the best English collections; judiciously employed the pens of talented writers, and raised the standard of excellence to a point never before dreamed of in the management of this department of the Church's work. He made the Sunday-School Advocate a paper not more beautiful in its mechanical execution than it was pleasing and instructive in its contents. He prepared—under the supervision of the Book Committee—the standard Catechisms of our Church; and the impetus given to the Sunday-School Department of the Book Concern during his connection with its affairs, was a very tangible proof of the public appreciation of his services.

But our inventory of his labors is only half complete. He was, at the same time, chairman of the committee having in charge our mission in China, and by all the varied and powerful means at his command he sought to increase the missionary spirit and to recruit the missionary ranks among the young people; he promoted the organization of Sunday-school conventions in every Conference; suggested the establishment of normal institutes for Sunday-school teachers, and organized the best system for gathering Sunday-school statistics that has ever been devised.

#### THEOLOGICAL PROFESSOR AND AUTHOR.

But our Church was to take another step in advance, and it was most natural and most fitting that one who had already been a pioneer in other fields of her vast and growing enterprise, should keep pace with the last and highest expression of her progress.

In 1855 the Garrett Biblical Institute, for students in theology, was founded on the western shore of Lake Michigan, and in 1856 Dr. Kidder was called to its chair of Practical Theology. So he left his pleasant associations at the East and established himself at Evanston, actively bearing his part in the varied public enterprises of the new and thriving community. Here he has spent fifteen years of a life of earnest and effective labor. During this time over five hundred young men have been in attendance, and more than one hundred have graduated from the Institute. Of these, twelve—or one for each year since the first Catalogue was published—have gone as missionaries to foreign lands—seven to India, three to China, one to Denmark, and one to South America.

In addition to the duties of his professorship, the Doctor has prepared and published two valuable volumes since he came to Evanston,

one entitled "Homiletics," which has been republished, with much favor, abroad. It is used as a text-book in many institutions and as a hand-book by our young ministers generally.

The second, published in May of this year, is entitled "The Christian Pastorate," is intended as a companion to its predecessor, and is to the pastor, in his complex round of duties, the same wise and genial counselor that the first-named work is to his hours of pulpit preparation. This last contribution to our literature from Dr. Kidder's skillful pen is of peculiar interest to the student of his biography, from the fact that it presents not the views only, but the actual methods of the author's own pastoral work, and is, more truly than any other of his writings, a reflex of his habits of study and of labor.

The singularly varied and eminently successful life of Dr. Kidder, has been marked by unremitting industry. Yet, unlike most men with a genius for hard work, he never seems to be even tempted to go to extremes. "Without haste, without rest," while the briefest, is also the most adequate possible expression of his methods of study and of labor. To enter upon an analysis of the character or to attempt an estimate of the public services of Dr. Kidder would be premature, and the judicial character of such a proceeding would ill accord with the spirit of this article. It would, however, be doing violence to the spontaneous admiration with which one prominent trait of his character has ever inspired the present modest biographer, were that trait to be passed over in silence. Unhappily it is not of such frequency in those whose exhausting mental pursuits are, perhaps, an apology for their proverbial "nervousness," as to divest its mention of a quite refreshing novelty.

I refer to the sweetness of manner and of disposition that characterize the home-life of my honored friend. To those brought nearest him by ties of blood or sympathy, those most dependent on him for encouragement and help, he unvaryingly displays a gentleness of manner, of word, and of deed, that command the loftiest esteem of all who are cognizant of them. There are deeds recorded of him in the secret annals of living hearts, as well as of those that have long since ceased to beat, which for gentleness and delicacy might shame the knights of old, and, after all, it is such memories as these that shed a sweeter fragrance than the widest fame.

Before submitting this imperfect sketch to some future chronicler—who shall record, let us all hope, a long and prosperous history as

yet unwritten because un-lived—it remains for us to note the most recent event of his varied career.

He has, within a few weeks, resigned the chair of Practical Theology in our Institute at Evanston, to accept the same position—made vacant by the death of the beloved M'Clintock—in Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey.

"Why do you leave us?" was our recent regretful exclamation, standing by his writing-table in that pleasant library of his, where he has spent so many studious years.

He laid down his pen and answered thoughtfully:

"Well, you know I am an advocate of the itinerant system of our Church, and have never been averse to its application in my own case. Of course I have regrets at leaving so pleasant a field of labor, but this is only one of those which need to be cultivated in the common interest of the Church. I came here for work, and having accomplished what I could, I am ready to go elsewhere in response to a legitimate call; not expecting to cherish any the less the friends I leave behind, nor doubting that there is equally important work to be done on the Atlantic coast, and in the more populous regions where my earlier ministerial life was spent."

May the kind Providence which has ever been mindful of him and of his family, attend them in the future as in the past!

## THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

### SECOND PAPER.

HAVING in a former paper written briefly of the discovery of the Somers' Islands through storm and shipwreck, and of the original settlement by "the Virginia Company," let us now proceed to describe the formation of the islands, and the beautiful sea views they present.

The formation is geologically of pure coral limestone. In the untold by-gone ages, that marvelous zoöphyte, which evidently loves the warm seas of the tropics—the coral insect—laid the shelving foundations of its superstructure on the unknown crests and ridges of submarine mountains, and building slowly but surely, as if for eternity, gradually lifted up the outspreading masses toward the surface. In Tahiti we are told there is to-day a specimen revealed of the wonderful workshop of these myriad builders—a mountain upheaved by some subaqueous force, bearing upon its brow and ridges a coro-



net of coral crags and madrepores, filled in with soil, and hillocks, and shrubbery. Various sea flora grew upon the edges of the reefs, and were swayed hither and thither by the gurgling tides, while whole families of shell-fish lived and died in the pools of clearest water. The dashing waves broke the madrepores into pieces, and ground the shells to powder upon the surface, thus furnishing the sands to be blown by the winds up into hillocks, and over and down on the other side into vales, which determine the outline of the Bermudian formation—hillocks and vales—hillocks and vales to the end. Besides the water, saturated with carbonate of lime, spread layers of binding stalactite, at the distance of an inch or two apart, over the surface. To an eye that might have beheld the formation in process at this period it must have appeared drear and barren indeed—not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass to cast its cooling shadow upon the blinding sand or heated rock; not a bird to send its note of joy and gladness across the waste of waters, or vary the ceaseless surge and boom of the billows!

But in the long, long by and by “the still small voice” of God spake, and behold, the strong, broad “gulf-stream” was loosed and came rolling onward, bearing on its swelling current beds of algæ or sea-weed, to be heaved upon the reefs, and various seeds of sea-side plants to spring up out of the detritus of rocks and sands. Sea grasses, too, with their great roots, took hold upon the loose sands; the bay-bean or cliff convolvulus spread out its verdure, or displayed its pink blossoms over the shifting plain; the sea lavender, with its pale flowers, sought to soften the hardness of the rocks, and the mangrove and the blackwood began to fringe the shores, and spread their network of roots over the shallows. Meantime, in the lapse of years or of ages, the decay of the humbler vegetation, mixing itself with the corrosion of shells and the disintegration of rocks, was accumulating a layer of vegetable mold, out of which were springing superior forms of growth. Flocks of gulls, too, and other species of water-fowl, now found rest for the soles of their feet, and sheltered bays in which they might pursue their finny prey and cool their ruffled plumage. The berries of the juniper, brought over by the washing tides, out of which grew up, in time, the forests of Bermudian cedar, as they are called, which cover the valleys and hill-sides of the Bermudas, wherever the hand of cultivation has not thinned or removed them, must also, at about this era, have begun to spring up; and strange, bright birds from the main-land, blown off by storms, or following their instincts, to

seek, on the approach of Winter, a more genial clime, must have, for the first, appeared in beautiful contrast with the dark brush of the cedar, pouring their lay of thanksgiving through the opening glades!

This process of formation is proceeding, at the present, along the more sheltered southern shore of the islands. The sands are all the while rising above the reef surfaces; these the winds carry up over the tops of the shore-line regulation, burying it beneath the hillocks, which are all the time forming and rolling their tops over and down into the vales. The waters, likewise, as they linger on the surface, or percolate through the sands, are laying on the stalactite, which helps to bind the white particles into porous sandstone. The northern shores of the islands are more exposed to the severe storms and dashing billows, and hence are, little by little, receding before “the wear and tear” of the elements, while the ragged, jagged cliffs are being undermined and formed into sometimes spacious and resounding caverns.

The islands are literally hundreds in number, but the great majority of them are too small to be inhabited, being nothing more or better than the crests of shelving coral reefs, clothed, however, with the peculiar verdure common to such formations, and they do look, in the clear, calm seas, like emerald gems on the breast of beauty! The largest of the group, and also the islands which are populated, are St. George’s, St. David’s, Bermuda proper, Somerset, and Ireland. The third of this number, by far the largest, and from which the entire group takes the name, is more than equal in extent to all the others united, and is hence, sometimes, honored with the name of Continent. Naturally, they are separated from one another by narrow channels, and, artificially, are united by bridges, ferries, and causeways; but, taken all together, the extreme length is not over thirty miles, while the breadth nowhere exceeds three. In shape they resemble, as they lie upon the waters, a shepherd’s crook, stretching in a somewhat curved line from north-east to south-west. The principal islands which have just been mentioned are gathered around three sounds or inland seas, with snugger harbors running up into the land; namely, Castle Harbor, Harrington Sound, and Great Sound, while the smaller ones ride coquettishly over all the mirroring seas. All around the islands is a fringe of reefs reaching out but to a short distance on the southern side, but extending perhaps ten or twelve miles out in the northerly direction. These reefs or rocks are, for the most part, covered by the tranquil sea, but now and then

they come to the surface, causing the waves to fret and foam against them; and, as in the past, so also at the present, though not so frequently, noble vessels, driven by northerly gales, find themselves striking and foundering amid these hidden and dangerous corals, while the boats struggle against the tempest and breakers to reach in safety the rock-bound coast. These islands lie in the Atlantic Ocean, about seven hundred miles south-east from New York, in the latitude of Charleston or Savannah,  $32^{\circ} 24'$  north, and in longitude  $63^{\circ} 28'$  west. In the calmer weather the wavelets of the Atlantic flowing toward the shore break upon this line of reefs, as the winds upon the chords of some Æolian harp, and send their soothing murmurs onward over the islands; but when the north-east storms arise, then the billows dash upon the reefs and break over them, while the roar of their thunder is heard every-where, and the "white caps" upon the hurrying waves give a beautiful and animated appearance to the surface of the dark-blue sounds! Away out at sea the water is of a deep blue, but as it approaches the land, being modified by the reflection from the white sand of the bottom, it becomes of a lighter hue; passing into the coves, under shelter of the cliffs, it catches the green of the foliage, and is as calm and clear as a sea of glass; and as you look down upon it from the cliffs above, it is so perfectly transparent that you are in doubt for a moment if there is really any sea covering the snowy sands which lie so softly at the bottom, in the very curves impressed by the little waves.

These sounds and shores, and bays and rocks, are filled and clothed upon with sea fauna and flora of many and beautiful varieties; and the transparent, tell-tale waters have no secrets to conceal. Floating along in your skiff, and looking down through fathoms of water, you see the mussels, and oysters, and scallops, and dark sea-puddings, lying quietly on the bottom; and the crabs and the lobsters crawling along or running for safety to their holes; or some great rock-fish, leaving his cavern-home for a swim through the sound; or schools of gray snappers, with their bright eyes wide open, still and attentive as though waiting for some alarm; or other species of fish floating half-way between the surface and the bottom, motionless as though fixed in amber, save that, once in a while, the tail or a fin is just moved by the tide!

Over the reefs are floated small beds of the Gulf weed, the homes of nimble little crabs, and beautiful little shell-fish, on which the frigate-bird, and the snow-white tropic-bird, and the stormy-petrel delight to feed. These beds

of algæ are finely thrown up upon the rocky beach, and thence gathered and spread as manure upon the soil. Specimens of the Portuguese man-of-war—a transparent mollusk, tipped with blue, and sailing along with gay streamers, serving as a kind of oars, upon the tide—are entangled among this drift. Exquisitely delicate species of the sea-weed, of the richest hues, are also gathered, and spread out by tender fingers, upon the pages of paper books, prepared for the purpose; and these, when pressed sufficiently, show pictures of little shrubs, as perfectly finished and beautiful as could be produced by finest touch of the pencil.

On the reefs and around their edges are growing delicate sea-lichens, and fans of most beautiful tints, and sea-rods swayed by the tides; corals of various forms are also visible through the pure sea—brain-stones, and cup, and star, and finger corals, with madrepores; while mosses cover the rocks, and empurpled polyps and limpets cling to them. Sea-urchins also are there, with their myriad spires; and anemones in bunches, their delicate fronds tipped with pink, or else they unfold themselves in variegated flower-circles on the sands, only awaiting, however, a touch to crumple up like withered leaves. The waters, finally, flow up into shallow bays and inlets, over sandy bottoms, all covered with sea-plants in patches of various colors, while around the edges are sea-daisies, and mushrooms, and the merman's shaving-brush.

On the margins of these sounds are to be found strange pools, the water being so deep and clear, of a pale azure, answering back to the rise or fall of the outside tides in the sounds or farther-off sea. One of these, known commonly by the euphonious name of "Devil's Hole," but also more poetically and appropriately by the designation "Neptune's Grotto," is a curiosity in its way. The proprietor has inclosed it by a high wall, with gate and key, so that a fee of a shilling is expected before admittance is gained; but on entering you are both surprised and pleased. Limestone crags surround you, softened by sea-lavender and golden rods, and sloping down into the clear, blue waters. The shelves beneath the surface are covered with sea-plants, and look like natural settees or sofas. There are, also, smaller side pools slanting away under the cliffs. In one of these is a solitary shark sunk to the bottom, solitary, because of his unsocial proclivity to bite, and tear, and devour; in others are groups, a large, fine, table fish, swimming in and out, appearing and disappearing; and in the main, deep pool, are scores of these same

gentlemen, which have been caught in the fishing season and put into the pool, to be kept, and fed, and fattened, and sold when the article is out of market. And fat, lazy fellows they are, swimming to the surface and opening their great mouths to breathe freely, or catch, like dogs, pieces of food thrown to them. And watching them in the side pools or in the central one, you may learn how easily and profoundly fish do fall asleep in their rocky homes; for these groupers deliberately swim up to the coral couches, spread over with verdure, and stretching themselves out on their sides, fall instantly into profound slumbers, as though their worldly cares were all settled, or else they had none. On first entering the grotto, I saw some of these lazy creatures lying flat on their sides, and instantly concluding they were dead, asked why they had not been removed; but finding myself only laughed at, I touched one or two of them with a long rod, when immediately they darted away as though shot at. But among these ugly creatures, swimming quickly in and out, are twenty beautiful "angel-fish," as beautiful after their kind as the very angels may be. They are not a large, but light and delicate fish, sometimes, however, nearly a foot long—the body is of a fine blue; the side-fins like lovely butterflies, of different colors on either side; the dorsal fins tipped with richest yellow; the tail semi-lunar in shape, and from its extremities go out long golden feelers floating on the tides. The eyes are bright and the mouths are nicely shaped, and it is truly pleasing to see these pretty creatures swim up to the plants, in the coral gardens, and nip off the buds and leaves. Why the groupers do not devour these angel-fish it may be hard to tell, unless it is that the love of the beautiful in them is stronger than the love of fish, or more probably because there is something in the curving shape and dorsal fins of these angels not easily mastered by groupers' mouths.

There are curious caves about the Bermudas, indicating, perhaps, a subsidence of the land, at some time, which thing may be also suggested by appearances about the sounds. Through the roofs of these caves, the water holding the carbonate of lime, has percolated, depositing the lime, layer upon layer, until stalactites and stalagmites have been formed above and below. The formation thus produced is very hard, and when portions of it are removed and cut into pieces for various ornaments, known as "petrified water," they admit of a fine high polish. In the ponds neighboring to these caves may be noticed another beautiful fish, known as "the parrot fish." The body is of glittering green, the head and

neck of a bright morocco, with a kind of variegated crest extending to the mouth, which is hooked like a parrot's bill.

It must be easy to believe, after what has been written, that these quiet, limpid inland seas afford excellent opportunities for boat-sailing and racing, while the cedars upon the hills afford the finest material for building the boats. "The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club," of which the late lamented Prince Albert was patron, has been in existence for many years, ever and anon preparing races for the amusement of the people and improvement in yacht building. The scene, on these occasions, has been most animated—the yachts, with their white, swelling canvas, careening to the breeze and seeming to fly over the rippling waters; the interested and excited spectators standing on the bluffs and the little islands, beckoning the contestants on; the row and sailing boats filled with friends and relatives, all gay with life and pleasure; and the bright flags of the boats and yachts flying from stem and stern, and peak and mast-head.

At almost any time, by day or by night, it is charming to ascend any of the many Bermudian hills and overlook the sea scenery below and beyond—the beautifully tinted and shaded waters flowing gracefully around the headlands, and up into the broader bays, and away up into the narrower inlets; then gathering themselves, with a gurgle, around the green-clad islands, which rest so contentedly upon their bosom, looking down so smilingly, as it were, into the crystal depths, reflecting every crag, every plant, every lichen, even the lone heron standing on the sea-covered coral watching and waiting patiently for his prey. And the flaming sunsets go right down into the sea, sending up to the zenith their long, fading streamers—as if there stood angels in the sun, whose bright, two-edged swords flashed out their brightness on every side; and the sun, the moon, and the twinkling stars seem to love to mirror themselves in these clear, beautiful waters, sometimes making long lines of quivering milky ways, sometimes patches of golden seas in the blue expanse, and then again seeming to smile at the sight of their own bright images dancing away down in the azure depths.

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RELIGION is, in an eminent degree, the science of the heart, and he who does not receive it into his heart studies it to very little purpose. Every Christian ought, therefore, to study with the heart, as well as with the head; letting light and heat increase with an equal progression, and mutually assist each other.

## The Children's Repository.

### A STORY ABOUT BUTTERFLIES.

**L**AST Summer all the boys and girls around Glenwood were wild after bugs and butterflies. At the County Fair, that was to come in the Fall, there was to be a premium for the finest collection made by any one under fourteen. The school children all had their butterfly nets and their boxes of strange bugs. Every day almost they compared their treasures, and Ally Alcot, the mayor's daughter, was envied of all for the half dozen rare ones an uncle had brought her from Mexico.

Of all the workers Janie Thorn was most earnest. Her mother was poor, and little Janie could not go to school with the others. She was nurse-maid for a rich lady in the town, and her only chance to get butterflies was when she took little Fred and Ervin into the large wood near Mrs. Day's house. Then, while the children sat under the trees, she could sometimes, with her net, secure a prize. Very proud and careful was she of those in a box in her little room. Saturday nights she could go home, and then she and brother Ted compared their collections. When the Summer was over the two were to be put together, and Janie was already planning to save from her small wages enough for a frame as handsome as Ally Alcot would have on hers. As for the premium they hoped to gain, it had been spent twenty times over, and Janie was not yet quite sure whether a shawl or a dress for her mother would be the best use for her share.

Janie's mistress had a handsome house, a number of servants, and many friends. At the end of the long, bright Summer, a little party of friends and relations came to visit her. The house was filled with gayly dressed people. Evenings, sitting drowsily in the nursery, Janie heard sweet music and sweeter laughter. Through the long Summer days there were picnics and croquet parties in the woods, and sometimes, as she went on errands through the house, she met beautiful ladies. Of them all she liked Miss Maud best, partly because she was prettiest of all, partly because she always smiled and spoke to her. Little Janie, afar off, worshiped the proud beauty, and was only too happy when sometimes, of an evening, she was called to help Miss Maud dress.

One bright day in September Janie was alone in the woods. The children were riding with their mamma, and she had slipped out to count over her treasures again. They lay on her white apron, a mass of gold and brown, black and crimson, two great *cecropias*, that Ted had with great care raised from cocoons, crowning the whole. Miss Maud, walking through the park alone, saw her, and, thinking how pretty she looked, came up to her.

"What have you there, little Janie?" she said. "O, what beauties!"

"They are mine," Janie answered, and was too shy at first to tell what they were for. Miss Maud looked and admired, and, won by her interest, the little girl explained. But the lady hardly heard. She had so many other things on her mind; she was going away soon, and so much was to be done. So, after a little, she walked away, a picture to Janie in her fluttering muslin, the sunlight filtering down through the trees on the bent, proud head.

A week later, as Janie was leaving the nursery for a breath of cool air—the children being asleep—Miss Maud called her to her room. "If you're not busy, please help me," she said, as Janie paused shyly in the door-way. "I am late, and in a hurry," and as she spoke she laid out the dress she was to wear, a soft cloud of black lace, over which Janie drew a long breath of delight.

"You like it," Miss Maud said, smiling. "If I only had some ornaments suitable. Nothing but flowers, and I've worn them till I'm tired. And I wanted to put on my emeralds to-night. Open that drawer—there—fasten this. Are n't they lovely?" She blushed so as she opened the jewel-case that Janie guessed her secret at once.

"Have n't you any thing else?" she asked with sudden shy sympathy as she helped Miss Maud into her dress.

"Nothing, but it's no matter. Go get me some flowers, please—scarlet, of course." She shut the jewel-case slowly and turned to her dressing.

But on the threshold Janie paused. She remembered that, as Miss Maud had admired her hoarded butterflies, she had put them in her hair and on her breast, and in her loving heart sprang the thought of using them.

"Could you wear my butterflies? You said the other day that they would be pretty to wear."

Not till the words had passed her lips did she think what it would mean if they were taken. They would be ruined, and the fair was the next week. But she did not hesitate.

"Your butterflies! Why, yes, I suppose so. But you want them yourself."

"You may have them if you like," and Janie ran for her box and emptied its treasures before the beauty.

"These will be perfect," she cried, deftly picking out the largest and brightest of them, and putting them in her dark hair, on her breast, her shoulders, her belt. "Put some down on the skirt to loop it," she went on. "If I make a sensation to-night, little Janie, it will be your fault. Now this great beauty for my fan. I wonder if they could be put on my sash—or my slippers. There, thank you ever so much."

As Janie retreated, with long admiring glances at the beautiful girl, Mrs. Day entered. "Ready, Maud? Where did you get those?"

"From Janie. She has a box of them. Are they not lovely? Fortunately I've not to dance to-night, or my glory would soon be gone."

"It will be now, I'm afraid. Roses would have been better."

"Only I'm tired of them, and there were none. This is something odd."

"Yes. No one but you would dare wear them."

And with that the two ladies went down stairs together, leaving Janie to repent. "But I should n't have had the premium, it's probable, any way," she thought. "And perhaps I can save enough for mother's shawl some other way."

She stole into Miss Maud's room the next morning, while the beauty was sleeping away the fatigue of the party, only to find on the dressing-table a heap of broken butterflies—not one perfect one left of those she had given. And those left in the box were only the common ones. The golden-brown kings, the royal cecropias were gone.

"O, Janie," Miss Maud said, half waking and seeing her there, "your butterflies were so much admired. Mr. Cook, who knows all about such things, and has been in South America, said two of them were very rare. And I begged some from his collection—he has a large one, he says—for you, to make up for those spoiled ones. He is coming to call to-day, perhaps."

So virtue had its reward, after all. But Miss Maud might have forgotten her promise but

for the broken one on her fan. It lay on the parlor table when Mr. Cook called, and, reminded by it, Miss Maud claimed her promised gift. Next day she gave Janie a dozen rare butterflies—magnificent things that made the rest of the collection seem faded and mean. Janie and Ted mounted them, and then Miss Maud insisted on buying a handsome frame for them, and on going herself to the fair and pointing them out to the Committee of premiums.

And the end of it was that Janie won the blue ribbon, and felt herself almost too happy when she carried home to her mother the nice Winter shawl she had bought. But best of all had been her pure pleasure in giving. Nevertheless, I do n't advise my little friends to make butterfly collections.

#### A TASTE FOR "HIGH LIVING."

"DO N'T go home to your dinner to-day, Almira," said a school-mate to her friend. "Just see how the rain is pouring down. We'll all share our lunch with you. Let's see what I have. Here is one of mother's little raspberry tarts, and I am sure you are welcome to a sandwich if you will have it."

"And you may have one of my buns and this apple," said another, investigating her little willow basket.

"Here is a 'Black Spanish' egg, Myra, as white as a snow-ball. I know you like boiled eggs; you so often have them at recess. Come, stay with us, and we'll have the nicest time in Miss Temple's recitation-room. It is always so cozy there, and I do love to watch the rain dripping down from those grand old maples."

"I am much obliged to you all, girls, but I prefer going home. I have my water-proof and rubbers. We are to have a roast turkey for dinner, filled with oysters, and Charlotte Russe for dessert. I would n't miss my dinner for twice as hard a rain," and Myra began to draw on her rubbers.

The girls said no more, as they well knew it was useless to offer their slight inducement when such a magnet as roast turkey pulled so powerfully the other way.

"Well, you think more of a hot dinner than I do," said Clara Davis, looking out on the weather with a shrug. "I'd be content with a cold slice from the turkey when I got home to-night."

"But what about the oysters?" asked Almira with intense emphasis. "You could not eat *them* cold, could you?" and she felt she had made a most triumphant argument.

"O, I should not care especially about them," said Clara indifferently.

"Well, all I can say is, that tastes differ," said Myra emphatically, as she adjusted her cloak; "and now I am ready for my walk."

So saying she set out down the drenched street, little heeding the floods that were pouring down upon her. To eat and drink was the great business of life with Almira Evans. It would have shocked a person of fastidious taste in these matters to see the amount of rich food the girl could dispose of at a meal. The cook-book had been her mother's study from childhood up, so it was doubtless an inherited taste. Mr. Evans's income was ample, and, as he was an active man with good health, he made no objection whatever to the "good living" his wife saw fit to provide. Indeed, he felt himself quite fortunate in having a wife so "capable" in this respect.

The little Almira possessed a mind fitted for something better. She had in her the elements of a good scholar, and a fine, intelligent girl socially. But the epicurean habits cultivated in her from infancy were fast spoiling her. The person who does nothing but eat and drink soon loses all his fine lines, both of face and character. She was degenerating into a mere judge of spices and styles of cooking. In these her knowledge was most profound, and if a medal was to be given for that branch of education at school, she would have been sure to have won it. As it was, however, she had little to do with prizes except to look at them rather curiously and ill-naturedly in the hands of her companions. Still the poor, foolish girl prided herself highly on her superior knowledge in the culinary art. She never suspected that it was not the highest ambition for a woman to aspire to. Her mother was her standard, and hearing little from morning till night when at home but discussions on the subject, she very naturally fell into the delusion of placing the table as the matter of first importance in life.

The effect on her moral nature was most disastrous. She grew grasping and penurious with regard to her liberal supply of spending money, and was always contriving to extort "a little more" from her ease-loving father, who, to "gain peace," usually yielded to her teasing. Almost every dime went into the confectioner's money-drawer. She was willing in all weathers to take a long walk that she might purchase of her favorite dealer, and was exceedingly choice in her selections of sweets. She looked with contempt on a girl who could eat a common mint candy, or a "three-cent orange" and fancy they were nice. She possessed a more "cultivated

taste," and took great pride in her superiority. Not one penny would Almira give from her handsome porte-monnaie for a work of charity, and she joined very grudgingly in any little schemes of the girls, like making a present to a favorite teacher, or buying a beautiful picture to hang on the school-room wall. "She could n't afford it." Her contribution was always too trifling to be of much use. Worse still, her avarice often led her into downright dishonesty. But as it was only toward her father she practiced it, her conscience gave her no trouble. If a new school-book was wanted, she was sure to over-state the price, and put the difference in her purse. Such a system once begun, and it became a regular custom in every thing. O, when we once begin this deadly work of deceiving, it speedily undermines all that is holy and honorable in the character. "Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord."

As Almira grew up to womanhood she was never a favorite in society. Her selfishness increased with her self-indulgence. Her skill in culinary matters was seldom displayed except for her own gratification. She could never be counted on to do any thing handsome at festival times or picnic excursions. As a consequence many merry-makings came off without her presence. It was not pleasant, to say the least, to see her criticising so sharply the fruits of other people's industry. Indeed, the most delicious fruits that grew would have been much improved in her eyes if they had grown already conserved with sugar and spices. Simplicity in any form was most distasteful to her vitiated taste.

Nature can not always endure such a perversion of her powers. The time came when the penalty must be paid, and heavy indeed was the tax imposed. A stomach which for years had been overstrained, overloaded, and overheated with hot spices, became like a drunkard's stomach, unable to perform its tasks. It required to be goaded on with whip and spur like a jaded, worn-out horse. Almira resorted to this and that nostrum advertised as "a certain cure for dyspepsia," always taking care to choose those which required "no dieting." But all would not answer. The tortures she was obliged to endure were far greater than the pleasures which had flowed from her former indulgence. Now, while her appetite remained as craving as before, she was obliged often to limit herself for days to a brown biscuit and glass of water. Life was robbed of every thing that had ever made it bright to her. She had no resources to fall back upon; no literary tastes that could solace her hours of suffering; no

schemes of practical benevolence to which she could turn as an alleviation to her misery. Worse than all, she had no consolation in religion to cheer her lonely hours of pain. Hopeless alike for this world and the next, surely it was paying too dear for such self-indulgence.

Shun the beginnings of such a career. Content yourself with simple, wholesome diet, and curb a craving after what is commonly termed "high living." The highest perfection can be joined with the greatest simplicity, and it is these simple, wholesome enjoyments that never pall on the taste.

#### A PRECIOUS GIFT.

HERE was jubilee in the little parlor at Mr. Grey's. Miss Mary's Sunday-school class had come to tea, and to receive a Bible each for having read it through during the past year.

Miss Mary stood by, looking on with a pleased smile, and when, adjectives and admiration marks well-nigh exhausted, they turned with beaming smiles and bright intelligent eyes to thank her, she said, "Well, my dear girls, I am very glad they please you. You know you earned them fairly; yet I think you will enjoy them none the less for that; and I trust the habit you have formed of reading the Scriptures daily will remain with you through life."

"O, we will read some every day, won't we, girls?" said the talkative Lizzie Brooks.

"Yes," said Maria Ives, "of course we will. We have been so used to it all the year we can not help remembering it now."

"Very well. I do not care to have you promise to read every day, but I would like to have you try never to neglect doing it; and if you sincerely try I know you will succeed. While I was selecting your Bibles a gentleman came in and asked the clerk who was waiting on me, 'if Jimmy's Bible had come yet.'

"Yes, sir," said the young man, "it came last evening, and we should have sent it round, but thought perhaps you would prefer to come and look at it before taking it."

"Yes, yes," replied the gentleman, "that was right; but we are very glad it has come. We wished it for a birthday gift, and were so late in ordering it that we feared it might not come in season. How much is it?" he asked, as he drew out his pocket-book.

"Sixty dollars, sir."

"Sixty dollars, Miss Grey! Why, was it made of gold?" broke in Lizzie.

"What did make it cost so much? It must have been all velvet and gold," said Maria.

"And full of pictures besides," suggested Annie Green.

"O, do wait, girls, and let Miss Grey tell us about it," exclaimed the oldest half impatiently, adding, in parenthesis, "I'll have one some day, when I'm rich, and I want to hear about it."

"I trust, my dear girls, you will none of you ever need such a Bible as that," said Miss Mary, without her usual sweet smile.

"O, but it is so nice to have such splendid books. Father gave mother an elegant volume of poems for Christmas, with great heavy covers, and pictures on tinted paper in it. It almost covers the little quartette table in the corner of the parlor, and surely, Miss Grey, we may have as handsome Bibles as books of poems."

"The binding of this Bible was very substantial, but not as gay as you seem to think it must have been, and I do not believe there were any pictures in it. The paper was very thick, but not tinted, and there was no ink used about the printing at all."

"How strange!"

"Hush, Annie Green, let us hear all about it."

Miss Mary went on: "The clerk wrapped up the precious book carefully, and the gentleman paid out the money for it with a very happy look, saying as he did so, 'Jimmy will be the happiest boy in the city now.'

"When he had gone out the clerk answered my inquiring look by remarking, 'Jimmy is a little blind boy, Mr. Steele's only son. He has been to Sunday-school for two years past, learning his lesson by having it repeated over and over to him; but his mother has just taught him to read with his fingers, and he has wished again and again that he could have a Bible all his own, so they have planned this pleasant surprise for his sixth birthday.'

"O, how I should like to see how the reading looked!" exclaimed one of the girls, a wish that was speedily re-echoed by the rest.

"I thought perhaps you would," said Miss Mary, as she unclasped a portfolio on the table, and drew from it a thick piece of paper like a card, with "Our Father" in raised characters upon it, "and so I purchased this little copy of the Lord's prayer to show you.

"And now, my dear girls," Miss Mary continued, in an earnest, animated tone, "I do not believe any one of you ever thought to thank God for your eyes; but will you not, when you open these Bibles, think of little blind Jimmy, and those sightless eyes of his, and thank God that you can see to read his precious Word?"

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN OF THE PERIOD.—Among the many odd products of a mature civilization, the fashionable woman is one of the oddest. From first to last, she is a thoroughly amazing spectacle; and if we take human life in any earnestness at all, whether individually, as a passage to an eternal existence, the condition of which depends upon what we are here, or collectively, as the highest things we know, we can only look in blank astonishment at the fashionable woman and her career. She is the one sole capable member of the human family without duties and without useful occupation; the one sole being who might be swept out of existence altogether without deranging the nice arrangement of things, or upsetting the ordained balance. We know of no other organic creation of which this could be said; but the fashionable woman is not as other creatures, being, fortunately, *sui generis*, and of a type not existing elsewhere. If we take the mere ordering of her days and the employment of her time as the sign of her mental state, we may, perhaps, measure to a certain extent, but not fully, the depth of the inanity into which she has fallen, and the immensity of her folly. Considering her a being with the potentiality of reason, of usefulness, and of thought, the actual result is surely the saddest and the strangest thing under heaven.

Dress, dissipation, and flirtation make up the questionable lines which inclose nothing useful, nothing good, nothing deep, or true, or holy. Her piety is a pastime; her art is the poorest pretense; her pleasure consists only in hurry and excitement, alternating with debasing sloth and heartless coquetry or in lawless indulgence as nature made her more vain or more sensual. As wife she fulfills no wifely duty in any grand or loving sense, for the most part regarding her husband only as a banker or an adjunct, according to the terms of her marriage settlement; as a mother she is a stranger to her children, to whom nurse and governess supply her place, and give such poor make-shift for maternal love as they are enabled or inclined. In no domestic relation is she of the smallest value, and of none in any social circumstance besides the mere adorning of a room—if she is pretty—and the help she gives to trade through her expenditure. She lives only in the gaslight, and her nature at last becomes as artificial as her habits.

As years go on, and she changes from the acknowledged belle to the *femme passeé*, she goes through a

period of frantic endeavor to retain her youth; and even when time has clutched her with too firm a hand to be shaken off, and she begins to feel the infirmities which she still puts out all her strength to conceal, even then she grasps at the departing shadow, and fresh daubs the crumbling ruin, in the belief that the world's eyes are dim, and that stucco may pass for marble for another year or two longer. Or she becomes a Belgravian mother, with daughters to sell to the highest bidder; and then the aim of her life is to secure the purchaser. Her daughters are never objects of real love with the fashionable woman. They are essentially her rivals; and the idea of carrying on her life in theirs, of forgetting herself in them, occurs to her only as a forecast of death. Even from her sons she shrinks, rather than not, as living evidence of the lapse of time which she can not deny, and awkward at fixing dates; and there is not a home presided over by a fashionable woman where the family is more than a mere name, a mere social convention loosely held together by circumstances, not by love.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.—Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of death as the wages of sin and the passage to another world is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes a mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is, if he have but his fingers' ends pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, "The pomp of death is more feared than death itself." Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible.

It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and, therefore, death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Re-



venge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspieth to it; grief dieth to it; fear pre-occupieth it; nay, we read, after Otho the Emperor had slain himself, pity, which is the tenderest of affections, provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. . . .

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and, therefore, a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."—*Lord Bacon.*

**EVEN-TIDE.**—In that hour which of all the twenty-four is most emblematic of heaven, and suggestive of repose, the even-tide, in which Isaac instinctively went into the fields to meditate—when the work of the day is done, when the mind has ceased its tensions, when the passions are lulled to rest, in spite of themselves, by the spell of the quiet, star-lit sky—it is then, amid the silence of the lull of all the lower parts of our nature that the soul comes forth to do its work. Then the peculiar, strange work of the soul, which the intellect can not do—meditation begins. Awe, and worship, and wonder are in full exercise; and love begins then in its purest form of mystic adoration, and pervasive and undefined tenderness—separated from all that is coarse and earthly—swelling as if it would embrace all in its desire to bless, and lose itself in the sea of the love of God. This is the rest of the soul—the exercise and play of all the noble powers.

**THE LITTLE GRAVE.**—Poor old Joe was an ugly old man; indeed, nearly every body called him "Ugly Joe." The older people used him as a kind of scarecrow for their children, so that the poor little things ran off whenever he came near. But this was a great pity, for poor old Joe was as harmless as they were, and dearly loved little children. Often he tried to coax them to him, but they would have nothing to do with the poor old man. So one day he went up to the grave-yard, and lying by itself he found a neglected little grave, with no little stone to tell who lay beneath, and overgrown with weeds. Carefully old Joe pulled up every weed, then sodded the little grave with fresh, green grass, and brought sweet wild flowers and planted them. Every day he spent much time upon it, till he seemed to love that little grave; and one morning he was found lying close beside it, with his arm stretched out above it, cold and dead; for poor old Joe had gone where there would be many to love him, and they buried his body close beside the little grave he had loved.

A day or so after old Joe was buried, a lady and gentleman came to the village. They were the parents of the child who slept beneath the little grave. They had left the village some years before, too poor to buy a little tombstone to place above their child's grave, but had now come back wealthy. They were

surprised when they saw the little grave so well taken care of, and the mother wept when she heard the story of old Joe. And over his grave they placed a beautiful monument, with these words engraved upon it:

"He will beautify the meek with salvation."

And in the resurrection day may we all be as beautiful as old Joe will be!

**HOW TO JUDGE GOOD BOOKS.**—Would you know whether the tendency of a book be good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may, after all, be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to bate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled your imagination with what is loathsome, or shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of its effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page. Throw it into the fire, young man, though it may be the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case.—*Southey.*

**LIFE'S AUTUMN.**—Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the Autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life; if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task! Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is beauty of promise, of Spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, can see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid its garniture of Autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or

murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given to him.

OLD LETTERS.—Is there any thing sadder than the files of old family letters, where one seems to spell backward one's own future? The frail fabric of paper is still firm, while the strong hand that poured out upon it the heart's throbs of love, of hate, of hope, or of despair, is moldering in the grave. Letters filled with anxieties, blessed perhaps in their realization; or hopes, defeated in their very accomplishment; soiled with professions of everlasting affection that exhaled with a few mornings' dews; and others, stamped with sincere love, that seems, as the time-stained sheet trembles in the hand, to breathe from heaven upon it; letters with announcements of births, to be received with a family all hail! and with the fond records of opening childhood—and then—the black-lined sheet, and the hastily broken seal, and the story of sickness and death; letters with gay disclosures of betrothals, of illimitable hopes and sweet reliances, and a little further down in the file conjugal dissatisfactions, bickerings, and disappointments; and perchance the history, from year to year, of a happy married love, tried and made stronger by trial, cemented by every joy, brightened all along its course with cheerfulness and patience, and home loves and charities; but even in this there is solemnity, for it is past. The sheaves are gathered into the garner, and on earth is nothing left but the seared stubble-field!—*Miss Sedgewick.*

DEATH A LIFTING UP.—I love to think that what seems to be the mystery of the silence of death, which envelops so many that we loved on earth, is not really a mystery. Our friends are separated from us because they are lifted higher than our faculties can go. Our child dies. It is the last that we can see of him here. He is lifted so far above us that we can not follow him. He was our child; he was cradled in our arms; he clambered upon our knees. But instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, God took him, and lifted him up into his own sphere. And we see him not. But it is because we are not yet developed enough. We can not see things spiritual with carnal eyes. But they who have walked with us here, who have gone beyond us, and whom we can not see, are still ours. They are more ours than they ever were before. We can not commune with them as we once could, because they are infinitely lifted above those conditions in which we are able to commune. We remain here, and are subject to the laws of this realm. They have gone where they speak a higher language and live in a higher sphere. But this silence is not the silence of vacuity, and this mystery is not the mystery of darkness and death. Theirs is the glory; ours is the waiting for it. Theirs is the realization; ours is the hoping for it. Theirs is the perfection; ours is the immaturity striving to be ripe. And when the day comes that we shall disappear from these earthly scenes, we shall be joined to them again; not as we were—for

we shall not then be as we were—but as they are, with God. We shall be like them and him.—*Becher.*

SHAMS.—This is an age of extravagance. As a necessary sequence, it is also an age of shams. It is an age of jute, velveteen, and cheap jewelry. If a lady can afford to pay fifty or one hundred dollars for false hair, and can wear her velvet, point-lace, and diamonds, it is certainly nobody's business, and, for one, we do not object. And if a lady can not afford these, and puts on an immense chignon of jute, wears cotton velvet, imitation lace, and oroid jewelry, it may also be nobody's business, but she must not be surprised or offended if she is called vulgar. For shams are always vulgar, while an unpretending simplicity is always refined and lady-like. The most inexpensive dress, about in accordance with the wearer's means and position, neatly made, carefully put on, and pretending to be nothing more than it really is, may be worn by any one without giving offense to the most fastidious taste.

CHRISTIANITY ITS OWN PROOF.—Is Christianity an inspired faith or not? Shakspeare and Plato tower above the intellectual level of their times, like the peaks of Teneriffe and Mont Blanc. We look at them, and it seems impossible to measure the interval that separates them from the intellectual development around them. But if this Jewish boy, in that era of the world, in Palestine, with the Ganges on one side of him, and the Olympus of Athens on the other, ever produced a religion with these four elements, he towers so far above Shakspeare and Plato that the difference between Shakspeare and Plato and their times, in the comparison, becomes an imperceptible wrinkle on the face of the earth.

I have endeavored to measure its strength, to estimate its permanence, to analyze its elements; and if it ever came from the unassisted brain of one uneducated Jew, while Shakspeare is admirable, and Plato is admirable, this Jewish boy takes a higher level; he is marvelous, wonderful; he is in himself a miracle; the miracles he wrought are nothing to the miracle he was, if at that era and that condition of the world he invented Christianity. Whately says, "To disbelieve, is to believe." I can not be so credulous as to believe that any mere man invented Christianity. Until you show me some loving heart that has felt more profoundly, some strong brain, that, even with the aid of his example, has thought further and added something important to religion, I must still use my common sense and say, *No man did all this.* I know Buddha's protest, and what he is said to have tried to do. To all that my answer is, *India past and present.* In testing ideas and elemental forces, if you give them centuries to work in, *success* is the only criterion. "By their fruits" is an inspired rule, not yet half understood and appreciated.—*Wendell Phillips.*

"It is better to endure all the frowns and anger of the greatest on earth, than to have an angry conscience within our breast. O, let the bird in the breast be always kept singing, whatsoever I suffer for it."

## Contemporary Literature.

COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. *Intended for Popular Use.* By D. D. Whedon, LL. D. Volume III. Acts—Romans. 12mo. Pp. 402. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

We have had occasion to speak in terms of high commendation of this Commentary, and our readers need no recommendation of it from us; they are simply waiting for each successive volume to appear in order to secure it. We seldom get hold of a book of "Notes on the Scriptures" that we feel like sitting down to read carefully through; yet such has been our desire with these successive volumes. Our only fault with them is their brevity; we are all the time realizing how much greater things the author would do, if he had larger room and wider scope. But, then, that would defeat the real aim of this Commentary, that of furnishing to the people a brief, compact, clear exposition of the text of the New Testament, containing all the fruits of modern learning without exhibiting the learned machinery. No man could do this work better than Dr. Whedon; but few can approximate him in condensing power. Yet we can not help feeling that we would like to have a good deal more of Dr. Whedon on such a book as the Epistle to the Romans, and especially so, since a full and comprehensive exposition of this Epistle from the Arminian and primitive stand-point is so much needed, to face the many ponderous volumes which, within the past few years, have been published from the Augustinian or Calvinistic platform. And yet this terse, clear, and brief handling of the difficulties of this Epistle may accomplish, after all, a broader and better purpose than would be reached by a ponderous volume. Two more volumes of similar style and size, we are informed, will complete the work.

THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT; or, the Office and Work of the Comforter in Human Redemption. By Rev. L. R. Dunn. 16mo. Pp. 303. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Mr. Dunn has done good service to the Church in producing this little volume; its themes are of immense importance, and the author has handled them well. His style is fluent and readable; there is not a dry or dull page in the book; perhaps some scholarly minds will wish it were more elaborate, and more minute and definite in its treatment of some of the themes. But the author writes from the heart as well as from the head, and for the people rather than for theologians. The true theology of the Holy Spirit in his office and work is here, but it is here clothed in a living experience, rather than in technical definitions. This is what we want just now, and we trust the little volume will find, as it

deserves both in itself and in its themes, many readers. Every Christian who will read it will find himself enlightened, strengthened, and directed in the way of life. The author is already well known through the editorship of "Rutherford's Letters," and several valuable contributions to our Church periodicals.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Sarah N. Randolph. 8vo. Pp. 432. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This volume is compiled chiefly from family letters and reminiscences. Mrs. Randolph is a great-granddaughter of the great statesman, and gathers these memories *con amore*. She does not write of Jefferson either as of the great man or as of the statesman. It is Jefferson in his private life that is portrayed here, and we confess ourselves better pleased with the picture than with Jefferson in the strifes of politics. We agree with the writer that in his private and domestic life he was a beautiful character. The volume is made up almost entirely of selections from Mr. Jefferson's correspondence with his family, and they are faithful witnesses of the warmth of his affections, and the elevation of his character in all these domestic relations. There was a place for this book, and it will do much to redeem the reputation of Mr. Jefferson from many false estimates of him arising from the unjust aspersions cast upon him in the heats and strifes of political life. It also presents his religious relations in a much better light than the public has been accustomed to think of them. Jefferson was not an infidel in the broad sense of the word; an intimate friend says that in all his intercourse with him he never heard an observation that savored in the slightest degree of impiety. His religious belief harmonized more closely with that of the Unitarians than of any other denomination, but it was liberal and untrammelled by sectarian feelings and prejudices. The great man had a tender human heart. After his death there were found in a drawer in his room, among other souvenirs, some little packages containing locks of the hair of his deceased wife and children. They are labeled in his own handwriting. One, marked 'A lock of our first Lucy's hair, with some of my dear, dear wife's writing,' contained a few strands of soft, silk-like hair. Another, marked simply "Lucy," contains a beautiful golden curl.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE FOR UNSCIENTIFIC PEOPLE: A Series of Detached Essays, Lectures, and Reviews. By John Tyndall, LL. D., F. R. S., &c. 12mo. Pp. 422. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Professor Tyndall is one of the leaders of modern science, so well known in this country that the im-

pulse which induced him to gather and publish these "Fragments" came from the United States. Most of them have already been issued in British journals and re-issued in this country. Tyndall is a thorough scientist; he knows nothing but material things; he deals only in scientific demonstration and theorization; his God is Nature, and the supreme power in the universe are the forces of nature. Of course he does not wish to be recognized as an atheist, but from his free and easy handling of the Bible and theology, and the very poorly concealed contempt which is apparent in his writings for Christian learning and for the faith of Christian people, we infer that he is quite willing to be recognized as an unbeliever in Christianity. Tyndall belongs to that class of men who, in their pride of intellect and of science, and in the bold confidence with which they hold all scientific knowledge, condemn all other kinds of knowledge, and smile with a sort of patronizing contempt upon all matters of mere faith. Quite free himself to step out of his own department to strike blows against the faith of Christians, he yet thinks it the very height of ignorant impertinence for a Christian scholar to criticise any scientific fact or theory. He has special contempt for Christian ministers whenever they venture to question any scientific positions, and on several occasions has read them sharp rebukes, remanding them back "to their old theologies, traditions, and faiths." And yet this man of material things feels quite free to discuss such matters as prayer, miracles, special providences, etc. All this, however, only pertains to Professor Tyndall in his relation to moral and religious things. As a scientist and writer on scientific things he is a master, and deservedly holds a high place of honor in both Europe and America. His contributions to scientific progress have been many and most important. He leads the beliefs and aspirations of the increasingly powerful body of the younger men of science. He is yet in the fresh vigor of manhood himself, and if his life be spared he will wield a still wider influence in the time to come. The "Fragments" are popular in their subjects and mode of treatment. They embrace a wide range of topics, and every-where he treads on ground with which he seems thoroughly familiar, except in his essays "On Prayer and Natural Law," and "On Miracles and Special Providences," where, to say the least, he is quite as much out of his element as he thinks the Christian scholar to be when he ventures to treat of matters of science. He is an elegant writer, and his style is characterized by purity and power of expression. His book will be read both by his friends and those who are hostile to many of his views.

REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS. *By Mark Boyd.* 12mo. Pp. 390. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is quite an entertaining book of anecdotes and incidents in the lives of many prominent Englishmen and Scotchmen. They are not merely recollections of the author himself, but also gathered from others, especially from his father, whose

memory reached back to the days of William IV, and whose personal acquaintance embraced many public men from that date up to 1844. The author himself has been fifty years a resident of London, in familiar intercourse with leading men, and is well endowed with the gift of story telling.

HESPERIA. *By Cora L. V. Tappan.* 12mo. Pp. 235. Published by the Author.

A poem extending through two hundred and thirty-five pages ought to be of the highest poetic merit, and must be to secure a reading. The poetry of this volume can hardly claim this high character; nor is the deficiency of poetic interest made up by the interest of the theme. It is an allegorical presentation of American history, especially in the relations of the Government to slavery, its dallying with the evil through so many years, and its consequent triumph over it by the late war. The conception is a good one, but the history itself is so fresh and familiar that it is only obscured by any metaphorical representation. There are some good passages in the volume, but many also poor, weak, and faulty.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. *By the Rev. John Keble, M. A., Vicar of Hursley.* 12mo. Pp. 309. New York: Pott & Amery. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.

The present century has not produced a more deeply devotional cast of mind than was that of the late John Keble, and nature gifted him with most excellent powers with which to throw the thoughts and feelings of that devotion into poetic forms and expression. Those who have become acquainted with him through the precious treasure of the "Christian Year," will gladly welcome this miscellaneous collection of odes and poems from his hand. They will not add to the fame of the author, but are fully equal to it. Their dates of origin extend from his boyhood to old age, and of course they vary in beauty, force, and expression. Still they are all embodiments of the soul of John Keble; always it is the holy man breathing the incense of his holiness up to God, or out upon others in measures of peculiar sweetness and tenderness.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. *By Henry J. Van Dyke, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.* 12mo. Pp. 194. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.

A very excellent exposition of the Lord's Prayer, containing nothing strikingly new, but saying old things in a neat and beautiful style.

VISIONS OF THE VALE; or, *Divine Government Among Men.* *By Rev. B. F. Price.* 16mo. Pp. 304. New York: Carlton & Lanahan, for the Author. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Mr. Price is a member of the Wilmington Conference. His volume is one of essays distinct in themselves, yet having a bond of union in the one general theme—the Divine government. Such themes as "God," "Man," "Redemption," "The Holy

Scriptures," "Providence," "The Millennium," etc., make up the body of the book. The author has done much deep and good thinking on the subjects embraced in his volume, and the perusal of them will enrich the reader.

A FOURTEEN-WEEKS' COURSE IN POPULAR GEOLOGY. By *J. Dorman Steele, A. M., Ph. D. Principal of Elmira Free Academy.* 12mo. Pp. 280. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

The author has a very happy faculty for making text-books for the elementary study of the natural sciences. His books, bearing the general title of fourteen weeks' courses, just adapted to a good seminary or collegiate term, have met with great success. This volume will, we are sure, promptly take its place beside the others.

MOTHERLESS; or, *A Parisian Family. From the French of Madame Guizot de Witt. By the Author of "John Halifax," etc.* 12mo. Pp. 253. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is one of the most recent issues of the uniform edition of the works of this popular author and translator. It is a book "for girls in their teens."

BIBLE SKETCHES, *Third Series, illustrating the Life of Christ on Earth. Illustrated.* 16mo. Pp. 286. Cloth. \$1. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

The two previous volumes were on the Old Testament. This is independent of them, and gives, in a familiar style for young people, the leading incidents in Christ's life, illustrating them from Eastern customs, and talking about them in the conversational way of one sitting down with a class of youngsters.

Both of these books bear the marks of the careful handling of the Riverside Press, which regards every book worth doing at all as worth doing well. It has given its style to these simple books, and probably will do so even more hereafter, educating the eye as well as the heart of children. The June number of

"The Child at Home," from the same source, is a unique specimen of color printing. It is the only paper thus printed in this country, and its bright hues and graceful design of birds and flowers will make children stretch out their hands for it.

SIX BOYS: *A Mother's Story, as told in Extracts from her Journal. With Illustrations.* 12mo. Pp. 339. Cloth. \$1.25. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

This is a story the scene of which is laid in New York and neighborhood, just after the close of the Revolutionary War. A widowed mother is left with six boys on her hands, and her journal gives the growth and change in the lads. Their characters are diverse, and they by no means all shoot up together like so many mullen stalks, but there are some crooked sticks among them. A good deal of pains has been taken to give the coloring of the time in manners and customs.

ALONE IN THE WORLD. By *Emma Leslie.* 16mo. Pp. 267. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

DIGGING A GRAVE WITH A WINE-GLASS. 16mo. Pp. 112, and THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE. Pp. 124. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These are two very excellent books for young people. The second contains two temperance stories, one by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the other by Clarence Mortimer.

DORA'S MOTTO. By *Joanna H. Matthews, Author of the "Bessie Books," etc.* 16mo. Pp. 237.

THE BABE AT THE WEDDING, and other Narratives. By *Rev. P. B. Power, M. A.* 18mo. Pp. 252.

THE BAG OF BLESSINGS; or, *The Singing Tailor. By the Same Author.* 18mo. Pp. 252. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Geo. Crosby.

Excellent little books for the family and the Sunday-school. Both authors are well known in the department of young people's literature.

### Editor's Table.

WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the great novelist and poet has just been celebrated widely throughout the civilized world, and has turned fresh attention to his labors and works. Scott was both a poet and novelist; his fame, however, rests rather on those wonderful historical romances in prose which took the reading world by storm more than half a century ago, and which have held their place at the head of this kind of literature to the present day. As a poet he soon waned before the brilliant star of Byron,

whose genius he at once appreciated, and before whom he retired into the field of prose. Scott holds his place as the creator of the historical novel, and as such did the world good service, displacing, on the one hand, the vigorous but coarse novels of Fielding and Smollett, and on the other, the mawkish, sentimental, and supernatural stories of such writers as Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, etc. Scott based all his stories on historical incidents, and they are interesting not only as entertaining narratives, but as faithful pictures of the history of the times in which

their plots were laid. They have laid the foundation of a love for history in young persons who had never before attempted any thing so serious. The development of taste in this direction induced a valuable modification of historical composition itself. Writers of history no longer confine themselves to a mere detail of facts, or to the schemes of diplomacy, or the strategy of wars. History must give us the living people, and portray for us the times, recognizing other living interests than merely those of kings, and leaders, and conquerors. History and historical biography in this broader sense can scarcely be said to have had a place in English literature before the time of Scott. Besides rendering high service to English literature in many respects, Scott has well deserved the centennial honors which have just been paid to him for his noble character as a man. He was always a generous, genial, and hospitable man, keenly alive to all that is good and beautiful wherever they were to be found. Beloved and admired by his contemporaries, he will be held for many years to come in the pleasant memory of posterity, and will be still read with lively interest and satisfaction.

He was a most laborious and voluminous writer. Our readers will be pleased with the following summarizing up of his numerous works :

I. THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

Waverly.....	July 7	.....1814
Guy Mannering.....	Feb. 24	.....1815
The Antiquary.....	May —	.....1816
Old Mortality.....	Dec. 1	.....1816
The Black Dwarf.....	Dec. —	.....1816
Rob Roy.....	Dec. 31	.....1817
The Heart of Mid-Lothian.....	June —	.....1818
A Legend of Montrose.....	June 10	.....1819
The Bride of Lammermoor.....	June 10	.....1819
Ivanhoe.....	Dec. 18	.....1819
The Monastery.....	M'ch. —	.....1820
The Abbot.....	Sept. —	.....1820
Kenilworth.....	Jan. —	.....1821
The Pirate.....	Dec. —	.....1821
The Fortunes of Nigel.....	May 30	.....1822
Peveril of the Peak.....	Jan. —	.....1823
Quentin Durward.....	June 20	.....1823
St. Ronan's Well.....	Dec. —	.....1823
Red Gauntlet.....	June —	.....1824
The Betrothed.....	June —	.....1825
The Talisman.....	June —	.....1825
Woodstock.....	June —	.....1826
The Chronicles of Canongate.....	Nov. —	.....1827-28
The Fair Maid of Perth.....	—	.....1828
Anne of Geierstein.....	May —	.....1829
Count Robert of Paris.....	Nov. —	.....1831
Castle Dangerous.....	Nov. —	.....1831

The Chronicles of Canongate consist of six small stories, entitled as follows: The Highland Widow, The Two Drovers, The Surgeon's Daughter, My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, The Tapestry Chamber, and The Laird's Jock.

Scott was sixty years old when he wrote Castle Dangerous, the last of the Waverly novels, and, in less than a year from the time of its publication, the Minstrel was laid in his grave.

2. STORIES IN POEMS.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.....	Jan., 1805
Ballads and Lyrical Pieces.....	.....1806
Marmion.....	Feb. 23, 1808
The Lady of the Lake.....	May, 1810
The Vision of Don Roderick.....	.....1811
Rokeby.....	.....1812
The Bridal of Triermain.....	.....1813
The Lord of the Isles.....	.....1815
The Field of Waterloo.....	.....1815
Harold the Dauntless.....	.....1817

3. MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Reviews on the following subjects: Southey's Amadis de Gaul; Sibdald's Chronicles of Scottish Poetry; Godwin's Life of Chaucer; Ellis's Ancient English Poetry; The Life and Works of Chatterton; Todd's Edition of Spenser; Godwin's Fleetwood; Report concerning Ossian; Johnes's Translation of Froissart; Col. Thornton's Sporting Tour; Works on Cookery; Herbert's Poems and Translations; Selections of Metrical Romances; The Miseries of Human Life; Cromek's Reliques of Burns; Southey's Chronicle of the Cid; Sir John Carr's Tour in Scotland; Kirkton's Church History; Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein; Gourgaud's Narrative; Maturin's Women; The Fourth Canto of Childe Harold; Pepy's Diary; The Life of J. P. Kemble, and Kelly's Reminiscences; Galt's Omen; Mackenzie's Life and Works of John Home; Hoffman's Novels; Haffi Baba in England; Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia; Pitcairn's Ancient Criminal Trials, and Southey's Life of John Bunyan.

Essays on the following subjects: Scottish Judicature; Chivalry; The Drama; Romance; Planting of Waste Lands; Ornamental Gardening; Molière, and Ballad Poetry.

Editions: Dryden's Works, with Life and Notes; Swift's Works, with Life and Notes; Sir Henry Slingsby's and Captain Hodgson's Memoirs, with Introduction and Notes; Strutt's Romance of Queen-hoo Hall, with an original conclusion; Memoirs of Captain George Carleton, with Preface and Notes; Memoirs of Sir Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, with the same; State Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadlier, with Life and Notes; Lord Somers's Collection of Tracts; The Life and Poetical Works of Miss Seward; Ballads, etc., forming his English Minstrelsy, and including several of his own minor poems; Wilson's Secret History of the Court of King James I, with Preface and Notes; Memoir of the Sommervilles; Roland's The Letting of Humorous Blood in the Head Vaine; Memorials of the Haliburtons; Patrick Carey's Trivial Poems and Triolets; Franck's Northern Memoirs; The Contemplative Angler; Chronological Notes on Scottish Affairs, from 1680 to 1701, from the Diary of Lord Fountainhall; Gwynne's Memoirs of Madame Larochejaquelin, with Introduction and Notes.

Biographies, histories, and articles, of which this is a list: Life of Napoleon Bonaparte; Memoir of George Bannatyne; History of Scotland; Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft; Tribute to the Memory of Lord Byron; Letters of Malachi Malaprowther; Reply to General Gourgaud; Account of Eyrbiggia Saga; Imitations—The Inferno of Allisdora; The Poacher, The Resolve, etc.; The Bard's Incantation; Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk.

To this summary might be added a large list of historical and other contributions to periodical literature, dramas, collections, and letters.

A NEW THEORY.—The British Science Association has given its annual speech again to the world, this time through Sir William Thomson, the new

President, and successor to Professor Huxley. It is necessary, it seems, for a new president of this Association to say some wise and striking things in his inaugural. Sir William took for his theme the subject of life, on which he said many true things.

Passing to the subject of spontaneous generation, Sir William said that "careful scrutiny has, in every case up to the present day, discovered life as antecedent to life. Dead matter can not become living without coming under the influence of matter previously alive. This seems to me as sure a teaching of science as the law of gravitation. I utterly repudiate, as opposed to all philosophical uniformitarianism, the assumption of 'different meteorological conditions'—that is to say, somewhat different vicissitudes of temperature, pressure, moisture, gaseous atmosphere—to produce or to permit that to take place, by force or motion of dead matter alone, which is a direct contravention of what seems to us biological law. I am prepared for the answer, 'our code of biological law is an expression of our ignorance as well as of our knowledge.' And I say yes; search for spontaneous generation out of inorganic materials; let any one not satisfied with the purely negative testimony of which we have now so much against it, throw himself into the inquiry. Such investigations as those of Pasteur, Pouchet, and Bastian are among the most interesting and momentous in the whole range of natural history, and their results, whether positive or negative, must richly reward the most careful and laborious experimenting. I confess to being deeply impressed by the evidence put before us by Professor Huxley, and I am ready to adopt, as an article of scientific faith, that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life."

Then comes the most serious question, how did life originate on the earth? Of course it will not do for science directly to recognize the immediate intervention of the divine, creative power, and Sir William meets the difficulty strangely enough by introducing life into this world from some other world. But how science gains any thing by this circuitous route we can not see, for the question still recurs, how, then, did life originate in the other worlds? Sir William's theory is as follows:

"Tracing the physical history of the earth backward, on strict dynamical principles, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. Hence, when the earth was first fit for life there was no living thing on it. There were rocks solid and disintegrated, water, air all around, warmed and illuminated by a brilliant sun, ready to become a garden. Did grass, and trees, and flowers spring into existence, in all the fullness of ripe beauty, by a fiat of creative power, or did vegetation, growing up from seed sown, spread and multiply over the whole earth? Science is bound, by the everlasting law of honor, to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it. If a probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of nature, can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of creative power. When a lava stream flows down the sides of Vesuvius or Etna it quickly cools and be-

comes solid; and after a few weeks or years it teems with vegetable and animal life originated by the transport of seed and ova, and by the migration of individual living creatures. When a volcanic island springs up from the sea, and after a few years is found clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through the air, or floated to it on rafts.

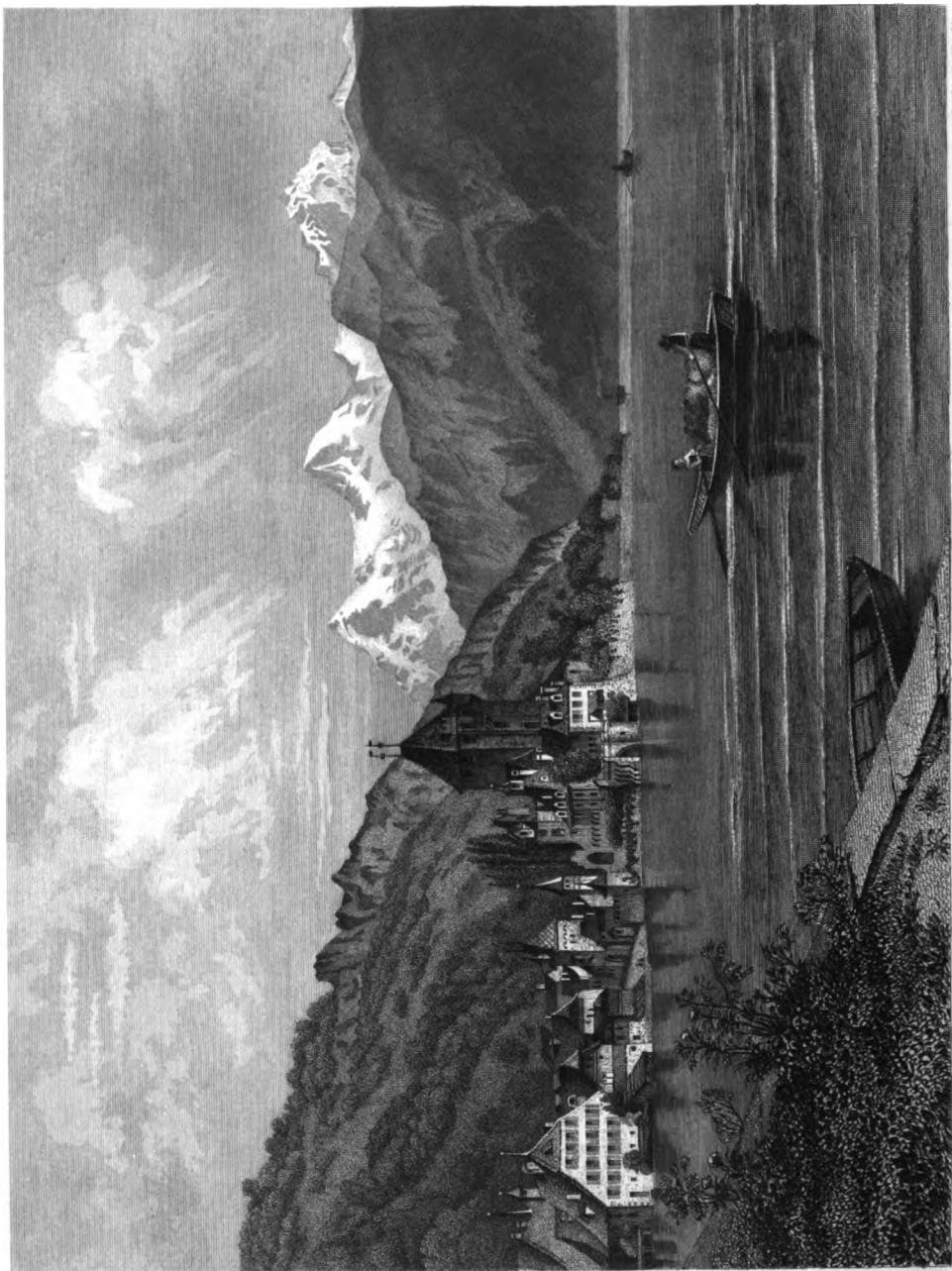
"Is it not possible, and if possible is it not probable, that the beginning of vegetable life upon the earth is to be similarly explained? Every year thousands, probably millions, of fragments of solid matter fall upon the earth. Whence come these fragments? What is the previous history of any one of them? Was it created in the beginning of time an amorphous mass? This idea is so unacceptable that, tacitly or explicitly, all men discard it. It is often assumed that all, and it is certain that some, meteoric stones are fragments which had been broken off from greater masses and launched free into space. It is as sure that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space as it is that ships, steered without intelligence directed to prevent collision, could not cross and recross the Atlantic for thousands of years with immunity from collisions. When two great masses come into collision in space it is certain that a large part of each is melted; but it seems also quite certain that in many cases a large quantity of debris must be shot forth in all directions, much of which may have experienced no greater violence than individual pieces of rock experience in a land-slip or in blasting by gunpowder.

"Should the time when this earth comes into collision with another body, comparable in dimensions to itself, be when it is still clothed as at present with vegetation, many great and small fragments carrying seed, and living plants, and animals, would undoubtedly be scattered through space. Hence, and because we all confidently believe that there are at present, and have been from time immemorial, many worlds of life besides our own, we must regard it as probable in the highest degree that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If, at the present instant, no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might, by what we blindly call natural causes, lead to its becoming covered with vegetation. The hypothesis that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary; all I maintain is, that it is not unscientific."

The following is well said, and we trust indicates a better tendency in purely scientific minds: "I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoölogical speculations. Overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us, and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one ever-acting Creator and Ruler."





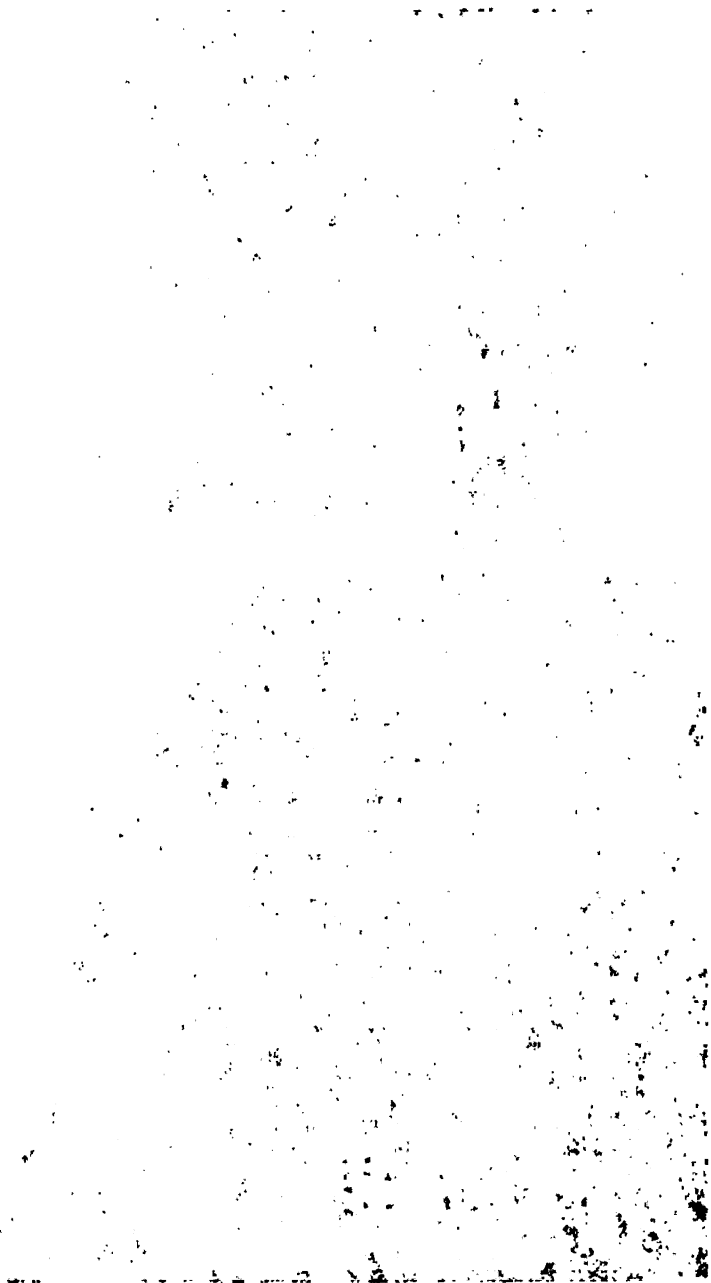


W. W. W. W. W.

T. R. R. R. R.

View of the Lake of Geneva, Switzerland, 1850









# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1871.

November.

SAMUEL BRADBURN,  
THE METHODIST DEMOSTHENES.

THE chief characteristic of that remarkable religious movement of which John Wesley was the acknowledged leader, will be found in the manifestation of a spiritual life so rare and well defined that we need to go backward to the apostolic days to find its precedent. This will always be its unfading crown. But this new spiritual life was a wonderful quickener of the intellectual powers of the men who were made partakers of it. Genius awakened at its inspiring touch; and men who could not comprehend the secret of its inspiration, nor enter into sympathy with its aims, were entranced with the music of its songs, devout and martial by turns, by the subtilty of its arguments, its varied and far-reaching eloquence, and its courage and devotion.

Not only were the leaders, the Wesleys, Whitefield, and Fletcher, conspicuous for the highest attributes of genius; the men who were converted under their preaching, and in a measure molded by their training and example, were as remarkable in their place as the leaders. Benson, Clarke, Olivers, Bramwell, and Bradburn are cherished names that, except for this revival which moved their souls and incited their dormant genius, and gave them opportunity for development, would never have been heard of beyond their native towns. But how precious is the memory of these men, and how enviable an immortality they have obtained through faith and their zeal to win the souls of their fellow-men! Olivers' memory, genius, and faith are embalmed in that triumphant lyric, "The God of Abraham praise," which the English-speaking Christian Church has accepted as one of the worthiest expressions of

faith and praise that ever found utterance from human lips. Benson and Clarke, pure in life and convincing in speech, gave a new impulse to Bible study and exposition by their Commentaries, which are yet standard works. The brief record of Bramwell's life of fervent piety and untiring labors will never cease to be accepted as the best type of modern evangelism, and has been an heir-loom of Methodism for half a century. Bradburn's impassioned, soul-moving eloquence, like Whitefield's, is now a tradition, except to a small remnant of veterans of over fourscore years, who testify with the men and women of his day to its extraordinary power.

Bradburn's sermons, with a few exceptions, were not printed. Those collected after his death make a small book of three hundred pages. But later works, biographical and historical, issued by Methodist writers, contain frequent references to his oratorical powers, vindicating his claim to the title bestowed upon him by his admirers, "The Methodist Demosthenes." Shortly after his death a talented daughter published a small volume of memoirs, "consisting principally of a narrative of his early life, written by himself; and extracts from his Journal, which he kept upward of forty years." Dr. Stevens, in his admirable History of Methodism, sketches his life with evident admiration, calling him "The Patrick Henry of Methodism." Within the present year a more extended account of his life and character has been given to the English public by a well-known enterprising Methodist publisher of London.\* We intend a brief résumé of his life and character in this article.

\* The Life of Samuel Bradburn, the Methodist Demosthenes. By Thomas W. Blanshard. London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row. 1871.

Samuel Bradburn was born at Gibraltar, Spain, October 5, 1751. His father had been inveigled into the British army, as was the custom in those days, by having some pieces of gold coin slipped into his pocket in an unguarded moment. But a few days had elapsed since his marriage, and his wife, who could not bear the thought of so early a separation, followed him into the army. While the regiment was in Flanders the Bradburns had been so profited by the preaching of John Haime, one of Mr. Wesley's early army preachers, that they were preserved from the vices and follies of camp life. They did not formally join the Methodist society, but attended as far as possible upon its services. Young Bradburn did not have the advantages of a school, but acquired the rudiments of education from his parents. At the earliest opportunity the Bradburns retired from army life, and returned to their former home in Chester. Samuel had been carefully trained, and was reckoned an excellent boy. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and became proficient at his trade.

As early as in 1765, under the preaching of Joseph Guilford, one of Mr. Wesley's itinerants, Samuel Bradburn seemed to obtain the experience of justification by faith. But he did not long remain in this condition. His trade companions were a wild, wicked set of fellows, and he yielded to their temptations. Soon he became noted for a disregard of religion, and grew defiant in recklessness. He retained his desire for intellectual improvement, but the books that delighted him were immoral and infidel. According to his own statement but one redeeming quality remained—a tender affection for his mother, whom, he says, "I still loved as my own soul."

When he was about eighteen years of age he had the good fortune to be employed by an earnest Methodist, and his wicked associations were in a manner broken up. God's Spirit sought him again, and the folly and wickedness of his life overwhelmed him with anguish. It was not long before his burdened soul found peace through faith in Christ, and he joined the Methodist society. Religious books charmed him again, he was attentive to all the means of grace, and, in the absence of his father, conducted family worship.

In a little while it began to be whispered about among the members of the society that young Bradburn's talents and grace would find appropriate exercise in the ministry. He frequently accompanied the circuit preacher on the Sabbath; he had an unusual freedom in prayer and exhortation, and his labors were

advantageous to the Church. On an occasion when Mr. Wesley was in Chester, and gave him the sacraments of the Lord's-Supper, he yielded to the conviction that he was called to preach. More than a year passed away before he preached his first sermon, on a visit to a neighboring town, from the text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" So favorable was the impression produced, that at night, when he preached again, the crowd was so great that many could not get into the room, and he greatly surpassed the morning sermon. He sought counsel of the saintly Fletcher, preached for him on Easter day, and was encouraged to give himself entirely to the ministry. At the commencement of the following year, 1774, he was invited by his friends to Liverpool, and was every-where spoken of as a young man of great promise. Making a visit to London, with the consent of Mr. Wesley, to collect funds for a church at Wigan, he was successful, and his future relation to the "connection" was no longer a matter of doubt.

Bradburn's name appears on the minutes of the Conference that year as the assistant to two older preachers on the Liverpool circuit. He was now nearly twenty-three years old, had an extensive reading for one in his rank of life, and had passed through religious experiences quite unusual to one of his age. His associations since his conversion had done much to establish his character, and his public exercises had given him confidence, and been a source of spiritual enjoyment. His mind was active, and he became a diligent student, mastering the religious controversies of the time, in which Fletcher had proven his eminent ability as a controversial writer.

There was an early development of the contradictory elements of character for which he became noted as he grew older. He had a generous heart that could never comprehend the necessity for economy till his inconsiderate charities had beggared him for the time. On the pages of his journal we find in frequent company his distress at the knowledge that he had "not a shilling in his pocket," and unexpected succor which he accepted with child-like thankfulness. Mr. Wesley sympathized with this failing, and allowed him to apply to him in such difficulties, and the following correspondence is preserved. Mr. Wesley's letter contained five pound notes:

"DEAR SAMMY,—' Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

"Yours affectionately,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Bradburn replied :

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such *useful explanatory notes* upon it before. I am, reverend and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant,

"S. BRADBURN."

His great talents did not move in perfect harmony, and it may be questioned whether his eccentricities added to his popularity among any class of audiences. Often the best passages in his sermons were followed with caustic witticisms which he was not always careful to put in delicate phrase. He did not seem to indulge in this as an element of success, but yielded to the natural impulse which he was not anxious to restrain. A rugged buoyancy of animal spirits and ingrained independence of character at times, especially in the social circle, found liberty in so broad and reckless humor that it passed beyond the bounds of ministerial propriety, to say the best of it. He was not unconscious of this failing, and the mortification that it gave to his friends, who frequently chided him over these excesses, and he promised to reform, but did not reform. But this is the most faulty side of the man—the blemishes of a remarkable intellect, and a glowing heart full of manly and loving impulses, and grand imaginations that could sway the multitude and command the attention of the most critical. He was fully up to the lofty standard of itinerant activity with which Mr. Wesley inspired his men in his best days.

It is not our intention to follow Mr. Bradburn from circuit to circuit during the forty years that his name appears on the Minutes of the Wesleyan Conference. An occasional gleanings will answer our purpose as gathering on these pages the annual harvest of his successful labors.

In 1776 Bradburn was appointed to Limerick, Ireland. When four months had passed Mr. Wesley removed him to Dublin. His health was not firm, yet his labors were abundant, and he steadily grew in reputation as an impressive and useful preacher. He was four years in Ireland, bringing away with him an excellent wife. The story of his courtship and marriage, as related by himself and others, is amusing and in harmony with his character. He could not be other than an ardent lover, and in his case, as in many others, the course of love did not run smooth. Two years of anxiety and waiting, although often in blustering mood, secured him the coveted prize. But even then Mr. Wesley's shrewdness was necessary on the wedding day.

The Methodist itinerancy in England, at the time of which we write, was not so pleasant as it is to-day. In most parts the circuits were large and the labor severe. Thirty sermons a month, meeting the classes, and abundant pastoral duties, was not beyond the average demand. The temporal support was generally as meager as the labor was difficult. It would be beyond belief to suppose that these labors and privations did not often become the source of severe temptations, especially among the more talented ministers. They saw the regular Church of England clergy, and the Independents as well, in places of usefulness, secure in moderate labors and liberal allowances of material comforts. Then as now tempting offers came, in most cases from the better class of religious people, to enter into Established Churches, and not a few passed out of the itinerant ranks to enjoy the ease. Bradburn passed through such an assault on his loyalty at a time when he was greatly pressed in his temporal affairs. It was at Leeds, in 1784, and the offer an enticing one. But he proved true to the Church that had nurtured him. He wrote: "It was from principle and conscience I rejected this offer; being resolved to go forward in the way wherein God had called and blessed me, and to live and die a Methodist preacher."

Bradburn advanced in reputation as a preacher until his name became well known throughout English Methodism. He had, in a remarkable manner, the good-will of his brethren, and stood well in the esteem of Mr. Wesley, who was quick to detect talent and piety. But he did not escape his share of earthly sorrow. Death snatched away one child after another from his tender heart, and in the latter part of 1785 he could no longer blind his eyes to the fact that his wife, whom he loved ardently, was slowly passing away from earth. On the first day of February, in the following year, her flickering life went out, and he was left in dense darkness. He was in infirm health, suffering constant, severe pain, and three little ones appealed to him for a mother's care. Under such circumstances he did not long remain a widower, and we can not wonder at it. Mr. Wesley took him to Gloucester on a preaching tour, and introduced him to Miss Sophia Cooke, whose name is historic, as having suggested to Robert Raikes, the reputed founder of Sabbath-schools, the duty of teaching and taking to church the neglected children of that city. They were married in August, and she proved a faithful and devoted wife.

In the mean time Mr. Wesley had taken Bradburn to London, domiciled him in his own



house, and made him his assistant in the oversight of the temporal affairs of the Church. But the position was not congenial to a man whose proper place was in the pulpit, and he did not long remain at the metropolis. He was stationed at Manchester when, on March 2, 1791, Mr. Wesley died, and he published a short but interesting sketch of Mr. Wesley's character. Mr. Wesley's death could not be otherwise than a severe stroke for Methodism. Many, even those who acknowledged his great worth and the value of his labors, had been forward in prophesying as he grew old, that his death would be followed by a speedy and complete wreck of the organization that had grown up under his skillful guidance. For a time it seemed possible that Methodism would be sacrificed. During six years there were anxious hearts and fervent prayers as the societies passed through the ordeal of adapting themselves to the new condition of affairs. It was also a period of political and social revolution on the continent, with mad attempts on every side to throw off legitimate authority, that passion and selfishness might be established in its place. Among the true hearts and wise heads that brought peace and strength out of the confusion, Bradburn deserves honorable mention. His hold upon the people was wonderful, and his earnest co-operation with Benson, Clarke, Coke, Pawson, Mather, and other leading men, gave great countenance to the measures which finally produced harmony. Bradburn had not the coolness, and poise, and capacity for affairs that distinguished Benson and others of his brethren; and his natural ardor and generosity led him to sympathize with republican tendencies, but he did not waver in his loyalty to the Church. Nor did his ministerial brethren refuse to bestow upon him the coveted honors of the Conference. He was four times elected secretary of that body, and at the session of 1799 he was elevated to the Presidency, the highest honor that can be bestowed upon an English Wesleyan minister. He was uniformly assigned to the most desirable appointments, and his great popularity as a preacher grew wider and wider.

How pleasant it would be to see such a life full and complete in usefulness and honor to its last day! But his life was not a perfect one, as we have already intimated, and the later portion of it was under shadows and difficulties which demanded and obtained the sympathy and pity of all who knew him. Teetotalism has never been the practice of Englishmen, not even of English Wesleyan ministers. Mr. Bradburn drank wine, more or less, as perhaps

nine out of ten of his ministerial brethren did. His health was not good, and his infirmities increased with his years. Scarcely any one of his times, under the circumstances, would have thought there was the least impropriety in his using it regularly with due moderation. Upon a certain occasion, the dedication of a new chapel, he indulged to an extent that its effects were plainly visible, and, as a matter of course, it was considered a grave offense. The preacher in charge of the circuit where the offense had been committed had the matter brought before the next Conference. It was a sad time. Bradburn had offered ample apologies, but the case was considered peculiar. Only three years before he had been elected President of the Conference. Never before had one having held this exalted position committed an offense against Christian morals and propriety. He was censured by the body, and his name left off the list, but he had a nominal appointment. There can scarcely be a doubt that the Conference dealt rigorously with him, for there were extenuating circumstances that were of great weight. Without doubt, his mental powers had received a severe shock in a serious illness only a short time before. He conducted himself with such humility, even thanking his brethren for the discipline, that he never appeared nobler in the eyes of his best friends. At the next Conference he was restored to his former standing, and his name appeared again honorably on the Minutes. How greatly he prized this may be seen from the following brief entry in his journal: "I bless thee, O Lord, for the love that the preachers manifest toward me, and for my restoration to a proper name among them."

Age, sickness, and the remembrance of his fault wore heavily upon him, and a great change was manifest. But the testimony is general that he grew in spirituality, and enjoyed great religious comfort.

We need not follow him from year to year during the remainder of his life. He retained his popularity as a preacher among the people, but his mind and memory gradually failed. Only on rare occasions did his genius flash out as it had done in his best days. Yet he kept up his old plan of study, and contended manfully against the encroachments which he could not entirely resist. Old friends, at Conference, sought his appointment among them, and cherished him with tender care. The best circuits in the "connection" were constantly awarded to him. In 1812 he was appointed to Liverpool, where forty years before he had commenced his ministry. Two years were spent there, full of success to the Church, and of

spiritual growth to himself. His next, and last appointment, was to the London East circuit, where he labored with unwearied faithfulness until in December, 1815, when he finally retired from pulpit services.

One who visited him when he was no longer able to preach, writes: "The few times that I had the melancholy pleasure of visiting him, after he had ceased from preaching, it appeared to me that humility, meekness, simplicity, and godly sincerity were evident, not only in his conversation, but even in his silence. Without the least appearance of gloom or melancholy, he seemed to have nearly, if not entirely, divested himself of all that wit and gayety for which he had been so long remarkable. In short, I found him in that humble, patient, happy, and resigned frame of spirit, which became an aged minister of Christ, who had so long, so often, and so well preached the Gospel of salvation."

On Wednesday, July 24, 1816, he fell, it was supposed, in an apoplectic fit, and lingered in almost silent but conscious hope in Christ till the following Friday.

The Conference was in session at London when he died, and accorded him its fullest meed of honor and respect. Dr. Adam Clarke read the burial service, and James Wood and Henry Moore, two of the oldest and most honored ministers, delivered addresses to the assembled Conference and an immense crowd of loving friends. He sleeps near the great Wesley, only a brick wall separating their graves, surrounded in death by a score of the greatest names that have adorned Methodism.

Mr. Bradburn's great ability as an orator had its foundation in natural qualities, as all true oratory has; but the element which gave him success in the pulpit is to be found in his Christian character and experience. He was a man of fine personal presence, easy and engaging in manners, and in the pulpit impressed the audience with an appearance of dignity and intellectuality. There was a kind of royal affluence in his oratory that fascinated all classes. Few men have possessed a voice of greater compass, clear and mellow in every intonation. He was conscious of its attraction, and had bestowed great care in its cultivation. All persons remarked the perfection of his pronunciation, and the beauty of passages of Scripture and poetry as they fell from his lips. Study was his constant delight.

So early did he discover that the pulpit was his place of power, that his life-long studies were directed to that object. Therefore he never spoke at random, but devoted the time

snatched from his pastoral duties to careful pulpit preparation. He excelled in naturalness and simplicity of arrangement, exercising an unusual care in the choice of words when stating his propositions. His arguments were not only acute, but carried conviction from their skillful arrangement. In pathos, the subtle power to move the soul to its depth, he was without a peer among his brethren. Tender or bold, as the occasion demanded, he was prodigal in phrase and illustration. He was neither rapid nor boisterous in delivery, but moved with grace and majesty in the most impassioned portions of his discourse.

His themes revealed how he held all things subordinate to the only true end of the Gospel ministry—the salvation of souls. He was an evangelist in the best sense of the word. His journal reveals how earnestly he sought to be a living minister of the Gospel of Christ.

There was no blemish except his occasional incongruous sallies of wit and humor; but these, even when most out of place, did not destroy the force of his oratory, for they seemed never any thing else than the unrestrained wantonness of an opulent but rank naturalness. No one was farther removed from sensationalism, and modern or ancient tricks to gain popular applause.

Success attended him among all classes. His tenderness and spirituality were peculiarly grateful to the common and poor people; the cultivated and learned were none the less delighted. Adam Clarke, who knew him well, having been his co-laborer on the Manchester circuit, says: "I have never heard his equal; I can furnish you with no adequate idea of his powers as an orator; we have not a man among us that will support any thing like a comparison with him. Another Bradburn must be created, and you must hear him for yourself before you can receive a satisfactory answer to your inquiries." Richard Watson, the writer of the *Theological Institutes*, says, "I am not a very excitable subject, but Mr. Bradburn's preaching affected my whole frame. I felt the thrill to the very extremity of my fingers, and my hair actually seemed to stand on end."

There has been but one man since his death, in the pale of Methodism, who, for wide and enduring popularity and command of a multitude, can be in the least compared with him—Robert Newton. In natural physical endowments they were not unlike; but Bradburn far excelled Newton in all the higher qualities of genius. Had Bradburn, in his best days, fallen under the inspiration of the missionary cause, and been allowed the freedom of the platform, we do

not doubt that he would have added greatly to his fame. As it is, he stands at the head of his class, in the front ranks of the greatest masters of oratory, a name never to be forgotten in the annals of Methodism.

#### A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS OF ST. CALIXTUS.

**D**URING the first half of the month of April, 1868, while the passion and resurrection of our Savior were being celebrated with great pomp and ceremony in the "Eternal City," we—my wife and four American fellow-travelers—visited, among other places of interest, the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, situated on the celebrated "*Via Appia*," outside of Rome. There is scarcely another place in Europe that contains such a fullness of sacred memories for thinking Christians as the catacombs of Rome. Indeed, he who takes a lively interest in the history of the early Christian Church, will find more information concerning her life and faith in the subterranean passages and chambers of the catacombs than in the basilicas of Rome, with all their dazzling splendor and wealth of legends. True, the city itself contains places associated with the history of the early Church, such as the Mamertinian Prison, where the apostle Peter is said to have been imprisoned; and the grottoes beneath the church of St. Peter, where the coffins of Peter and some of the other apostles are said to be deposited. But stern historical criticism confronts the exaggerations of the mass of Roman legends in regard to most of these places, rendering many of them doubtful; but in wandering through and examining the visible remains of the "subterranean Rome," we gain a tolerably correct idea of the life, manners, customs, etc., of the heroic Christians of the first four centuries. The falsity of the assertion made by such writers as Misson, Zorn, etc., that the catacombs were simply heathen burial-places, and the inscriptions found therein pious impositions of monks, has been sufficiently established to need here no further notice.\*

Descending from the Capitolium of ancient Rome toward the "Forum Romanum"—places of grand historical associations, from beneath whose magnificent ruins the voices of past cen-

turies speak to us volumes of departed grandeur and glory, magnificence and power, justice and intrigue, peace and war—we come to an avenue of locust-trees, leading to the triumphal arch of Titus, behind which the Coliseum rises in majestic grandeur—that amphitheater of Vespasian, of which it is said: "*Quamdiu stat Colysæus, stat et Roma; quando cadet Colysæus, cadet et Roma; quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus*"—as long as the Coliseum stands, Rome also stands; when the Coliseum falls, Rome also falls; and when Rome falls, the world also falls. Passing beneath the Arch of Constantine and further on past the towering ruins of the Baths of Caracalla and the Tomb of the Scipios, we arrive at the gate of St. Sebastian. On issuing forth we are on the celebrated "*Via Appia*"—"the Queen of Highways," as the Roman poet Statius called it—upon which the apostle Paul came to Rome from Puteoli, and Belisarius led his army against Rome. Walking along the "*Via Appia*," both sides of which are literally strewn with masses of imperial ruins, we come to a small church called "*Domine, quo vadis?*"—Lord, whither goest thou? It is built upon the spot where Christ with the cross is said to have met the apostle Peter fleeing from Rome. "Lord, whither goest thou?" exclaimed Peter, sinking on his knees. "I am coming to Rome in order to be again crucified," was the answer of Christ. We step into this little church. Within an inclosure is a marble slab with foot-prints on it, said to be copies of the foot-prints of Jesus. The church of St. Sebastian further on is said to contain his veritable foot-prints. Leaving the church somewhat incredulous, we ascend a little vine-clad hill. Turning around we behold on one side Rome with its innumerable spires and ruins, and the magnificent dome of St. Peter's towering dreamily toward heaven, and on the other the beautiful Tivoli, behind which rise the Sabine and Alban Mountains, while immediately around us lies stretched out the vast Campagna, through which, resting on high and massive arches, the Claudian aqueduct draws itself in a most picturesque manner, and above us is the deeply blue Italian sky. This is the place beneath which the "City of the Dead"—"the mysterious city of the heroic ages of Christianity"—ramifies itself in different directions for hundreds of miles.\*

Having neglected to procure tickets of admission from the proper authorities, we were given to understand by the officer in charge

\* See "La Roma Sotterenea Christiana. Descritta ed Illustrata dal Cav. G. B. de Rossi. Tom. I and II. Roma." Also, "Aus den Catakomben des Callist an der Via Appia zu Rom. Von E. Alex. Dresden." Besides our own observations, we are indebted to these works for some of the facts and information contained in the present article.

\* It is said that the combined length of all subterranean passages around Rome is about twelve hundred miles, and that they contain the graves of about five millions of Christians.

that we could not be admitted. Showing him my official passport, and at the same time pressing a few scudi—dollars—into his hands he permitted us to enter. Each having been provided with a candle or torch, we followed our guides in descending a stone step. Gradually our eyes became accustomed to the gloomy and narrow passages, lighted only by the pale light of a few candles. On each side are excavations or shelf-like openings—loculi—serving as receptacles for coffins and corpses. These passages have a serpentine winding, are sometimes so narrow that one can scarcely walk along without touching both sides; and sometimes they widen into a vault or chapel; sometimes they are so low that one is required to bow in walking, at other times they have a height of six or eight feet. Beneath this city of the dead lies a second, and beneath that a third and fourth. It is a perfect labyrinth of streets, alleys, by-ways, passages, vaults, etc., that without experienced guides one would become irretrievably lost. Whithersoever we turn, we stand at the graves of Christian martyrs of the first four or five centuries. The inscriptions, epigrams, monograms, etc., found in various places, furnish abundant evidences in proof of the fact.

We will notice some of these inscriptions, etc. They are generally names of deceased persons, short prayers, and symbols, scratched or engraved with a sharp instrument either on the walls or on marble slabs covering the graves. Occasionally some kind of chalk seems to have also been used. In order to perpetuate the memory of martyred or deceased Christians, their names, ages, etc., with an occasional pious sentiment or symbol, were scratched or engraved by their surviving friends on marble slabs covering their resting-place. These furnished a clew to the discovery of the graves of some of the most celebrated Christians and bishops, as well as to determining to a great extent their doctrines, faith, love, practice, etc. Indeed, Prof. Dr. Piper, in his "Introduction to Monumental Theology" and his "Christian Almanac," says that a system of Christian doctrines might be deciphered from these inscriptions, etc. They furnished to De Rossi the clew for the discovery of the graves of the bishops of the third century. After most careful investigations this learned man became convinced that they must be in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, and not in those of St. Sebastian, as believed by the pilgrims of the Middle Ages. Nor was he mistaken. Careful excavations were being made, and in March, 1854, the upper arch of a large vault or a kind of cemetery became visible. Soon he discovered many names, mon-

ograms, etc., engraved in Greek and Latin characters upon tablets of stone, such as, "Remember Elaphius," "Dionysius," "Mayest thou live in God," etc. According to his report, De Rossi discovered there the crypts and chapel of Bishop Sixtus II, and that of St. Cæcilia, in the immediate vicinity of which lie also buried the bishops of the third century. The character of the letters and style of these inscriptions, he says, points to the fourth and fifth century. Is it a wonder that an enthusiastic visitor, standing at the place where innumerable martyrs are said to lie buried, seems to have given vent to his feelings by scratching the following exclamation against the wall?—"Jerusalem, city and ornament of the martyrs of the Lord, whose" . . . Here he seems to have been interrupted in his eulogy on the "subterranean Jerusalem." Another early visitor inscribed in several places the following short prayers for a deceased friend, whether his mother, sister, or bride is not known: "*Sofronia vivas!*"—Sofronia, mayest thou live! "*Sofronia in Domino!*"—S. in the Lord! "*Sofronia dulcis semper vivas in Deo.*" . . . *Sofronia vivas*"—sweetest Sofronia, mayest thou always live in God! . . . Sofronia, mayest thou live! "I do not know," says De Rossi, "whether archæology can furnish us monuments richer in life and poetry than these few lines written by an unknown hand."

Other and still more interesting inscriptions have been found in the catacombs of St. Calixtus. Most of the stone tablets containing them have been removed to the Lateran Museum at Rome. Their historical arrangement in the walls there is largely due to the industry and archæological skill of De Rossi. Of great importance are the inscriptions of the Bishop Damasus († 384.) Such of them as have been deciphered by De Rossi are poetic eulogies of the martyrs.

The inscriptions, etc., are divided into two classes; namely, the *ante-Constantinian* and the *post-Constantinian*. The distinguishing feature of the latter class is the monogram of Christ (✠), composed of the first two letters, interlocked, of the Greek word for "Christ;" the rest of the inscriptions are in Latin characters, badly executed, and generally by the same hand. The names are written in full, accompanied by dates, etc. The ante-Constantinian inscriptions seldom contain any thing more than the mere name of a person. Occasionally they are accompanied by a symbol or figure indicating either their faith, or their rank, or profession. On a marble slab containing the inscription, "EVEMERA IN PACE" (Euemera in peace), is found the figure of a fish—the symbol

of faith of the early Church. The five letters composing the Greek word ΙΧΘΥΣ (fish) were used by the early Church to indicate the initials of the formula of their faith: "Ι(ησοῦς) Χ(ριστός), Θ(εοῦ) Υἱός, Σ(ωτήρ)," "Jesus Christ, God's Son, Savior." This word was the mysterious symbol and pass-word, intelligible only to the Christians. Another marble slab contains the following inscription: "*Valerius Pardus Felicissima Conjugi Optimo*," (V. P. Felicissima to her very good husband.) To the right of the inscription is a palm branch—probably the sign of martyrdom—and an image of the deceased, to all appearances a gardener, holding in his right hand a vine knife, and in his left a vegetable plant. Another marble slab, besides the inscription, "*Faustinianum*," contains, 1, an anchor in the form of a cross—probably indicating that the Christian clings with his hope to the cross of Christ; 2, a dove, the symbol of the Holy Spirit, sometimes also of the human spirit or soul, which, disengaged from the body, is mounting with expanded wings up to heaven; 3, an olive branch, signifying peace; 4, a lamb, representing either the faithful in his earthly inoffensive life, or Jesus, the Lamb of God, the hope of salvation. Very affecting is the inscription on another tablet relating to a child: "*Chresime Victoria. Chresime, sweetest and most obedient daughter, live in God. She died, aged five years, seven months, five days. Chresimus and Victoria the parents.*"

Of great historical importance are the inscriptions found on the graves of some of the bishops of the third century. In 1849 a triangular piece of marble was found near the entrance to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, bearing the inscription, "NELIVS MARTYR." In 1852 the grave of Bishop Cornelius (†252) was discovered, and another piece of marble was found, exactly fitting the above one, so that the whole inscription reads: "CORNELIVS MARTYR EP(iscopus)." The size of the two pieces when put together was such as to fit the opening of the grave which De Rossi had designated as that of Cornelius. Several other inscriptions, in very small Greek and Latin characters, were found thereon; namely, "*Tuflatus*," (Theophylactus), "*Petrus*," "*Atrianus*," "*Leo*," "*Gregori*" (presbyteros), "*Bibianus*." Other marble fragments have been found bearing the names of several bishops, such as "*Auteros*, ep." (235-36), "*Fabianus*, ep. mart." (236-50), "*Lucius*" (252-53), "*Eutychianes*, episc." (274-83). According to De Rossi these various inscriptions appear to have been written by different hands. He also believes that the oldest portion of these catacombs is the *Crypt of Lucina*. Here the

oldest inscriptions are found. The letters, mostly Greek, are large and well executed. A marble slab found here contains in the middle a shield with the name "VRBICA" engraved upon it; to the left is an anchor; to the right an olive-tree and a dove, signifying, no doubt, the anchor of hope, the shield of faith, the olive branch of peace, and the spirit of consolation. Upon another marble slab is engraved, in beautiful Greek letters, the name "*Hesperus*," beneath which is an anchor with a cross; and on still another are inscribed the names "*Roufina*," "*Eirene*," with a cross beneath them.

Besides inscriptions, symbols, etc., there are also found works of art in the catacombs? Yes, but not in such a state of perfection as in the Vatican, and the different basilicas and palaces of the "Eternal City." After having gazed with wonder and admiration on the sublime fresco of the "*Last Judgment*" in the Sistine Chapel, painted by the immortal Michael Angelo, or upon the "*Transfiguration of Christ*" in the Vatican—that unequalled masterpiece of the equally immortal Raphael—or upon "*Apollo Belvidere*," or the group of "*Laocoon*," or the "*Dying Gladiator*"—these finished masterpieces of the art of sculpture, or upon the almost innumerable gems of art distributed throughout the various museums, galleries, palaces, and churches of Rome—one becomes almost indifferent to inferior works of art. And yet the works of art found in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, though of an inferior order, possess a peculiar charm and interest. They consist mostly of frescos on the walls, bass-reliefs on sarcophagi, plates, cups, medals, etc. They remind us not so much of the peculiar employment of those early Christians, but of their peculiar mode of life and thought. While the imperial power of ancient Rome persecuted the early Christian Church, and scattered the "little flock" as a wolf scatters a flock of sheep, many of its members took refuge in this "subterranean city," strengthened by heroic faith in, and love for Christ, and employed their time by singing, praying, and painting by dim lamp-light the symbols of their faith and hope. Frescos of the *Good Shepherd* carrying a lamb upon his shoulders are of frequent occurrence. Other frescos represent events of Bible history, both of the Old and New Testaments. Still others represent mythological fables, to which symbolical significance seems to have been attached. In one instance Orpheus is represented among wild beasts, symbolizing Christ among the heathens. On the projecting wall between two graves are painted two peacocks, regarded by some as symbols of immor-

tality, for their flesh was considered as undecaying.\* Examining the frescos in the so-called "*Chapel of the Sacraments*," we see the image of a grave-digger clothed with a tunic looped up, and holding a spade in his hand. Then comes a tripodal table, upon which lie a loaf of bread and a plate containing a fish. To the left of the table is a male figure clothed with a pallium, the right shoulder being exposed, and stretching his hands over the table. It represents probably a minister saying grace. To the right is a female figure with raised hands, in a praying attitude. On the same wall are also representations of the offering up of Isaac, and of a repast; seven persons are sitting around a table, upon which are plates with fishes, and near it stand eight baskets full of bread. A grave-digger closes that series of pictorial representations. On the wall opposite the entrance is a representation of Moses striking the rock with his staff. Of the other walls, the one contains only a representation of a bird and an arabesque; and the other, representations of a bird, a fisherman in the act of drawing a fish by a hook out of the water, and of a man clad only with an apron besprinkling a boy with water, the latter standing in the water up to his ankles. On the ceiling are representations of the *Good Shepherd*, and of events from Jonah's life. It is supposed that this chapel was used not only for the purpose of holding meetings therein, but more especially for the purpose of celebrating the two sacraments. In imagination one can almost hear those early Christians breathing forth their earnest prayers and songs of praise. We almost receive their inspirations, their earnestness and devotion, as we wander through the places of their heroic suffering, and behold by the dim candle light the symbols of their faith and read the sentiments of their love.

But it is impossible to describe in one article the various inscriptions, symbols, frescos, etc., found in the numerous cells and winding passages of the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. We have given sufficient data, however, to show their immense importance in the investigation and study of the life, doctrines, persecutions, etc., of the primitive Christian Church. True, Pope Pius IX has expressed it as his opinion that the catacombs can be to none of such real

\* In St. Augustine's "*De Civitate Dei*" (lib. xxi, cap. iv), we read the following on this subject: *Quis enim nisi Deus Creator omnium dedit carni pavonis mortui ne putresceret? Quod quum auditum incredibile videretur. Evenit ut apud Carthaginem nobis cocta apponeretur haec avis; de cuius pectore palparum, quantum visum est, decerptum servari iussimus: quod post dierum tantum spatium, quanto alia caro quaecunque cocta putresceret, prolatum atque oblatum, nihil nostrum offendit olfactum, etc.*

interest as to a Roman Catholic. But we are inclined to believe that he is mistaken. We would like to ask him: Do not these *silent and simple* homes of the early Christians raise a *loud protest* against the *costliness and magnificence* of the Catholic churches of modern Rome and of other cities—a *loud protest* against the *luxury and splendor* of the popes and cardinals, bishops and priests—against *worldly power and royal possessions*—against *false sacraments and works of supererogation*—against the *deification of man, and the worship of Mary and of the saints*? Those heroic Christians suffered and died for their simple but strong faith in Jesus, the Good Shepherd; their hope clung to his cross, and their only boast was "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior of the World." They lived, suffered, and died in the gloomy "subterranean Jerusalem;" they now live in the noontide splendor and glory of the "Jerusalem above,"

"Where fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
Where rays divine disperse the gloom,  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven."

#### THE MEETING AT THE SCHOOL- HOUSE.

"WHAT is going on there?" said young Mr. Nelson to a gentleman with whom he was taking a drive. They were passing a small school-house situated in the outskirts of a rural township.

"A prayer-meeting," said Mr. Lawton. The tone in which those words were uttered indicated the speaker's estimate of prayer-meetings. After a brief silence he added, "They have their own way of enjoying themselves, but they do n't disturb others, which is more than can be said of some of the religious."

They had reached a place where a small brook crossed the road. While the horse stopped to quench his thirst, the occupants of the school-house raised a hymn. It was that hymn which has stirred so many hearts and moistened so many eyes, which, though not beyond the reach of artistic criticism, will be sung by the elect of God until the end of time,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Though they were at some distance from the school-house, the tones of a rich soprano voice fell distinctly on the ear.

"That is a fine voice," said Nelson; "I should like to know the person to whom it belongs."

The remark would indicate that the only feeling awakened was that of curiosity, whereas, in fact, the hymn went to his heart. The remark was made to conceal the impression.

"Your desire," said Mr. Lawton, "can be very easily gratified. She boards next door to us."

"Indeed!"

"She teaches school in this district."

"A school-mistress, is she? I thought her voice was the voice of a lady."

"She is lady-like. She is said to be well educated."

"She is dependent on her own resources, I suppose."

"No, her father is a man of considerable property."

"Why, then, does she teach school?"

"They say she teaches for the sake of doing good. I suppose we must believe it, just as we must believe that some persons take boarders for company."

They rode on for some time in silence. "You are thinking of the owner of the voice," said Lawton.

"No," said Nelson, "I was wondering of what materials the meeting yonder is composed."

"I can put an end to your wondering by exact information. If you were to go there now, you would find Mr. Derby, once a school-master, but who, his health failing, betook himself to some of the lighter forms of manual labor; Mrs. Wright, a widow about seventy years of age, who is supported in a small way by her step-son; and Miss Jemima Reese, commonly called Aunt Jemima, who is washer-woman in ordinary to the village and neighborhood."

"You have omitted the owner of the voice."

"I do n't know whether Miss Sanders is a regular attendant or not. There are occasional skirmishers, but those I have named form the regular line."

"I should like to look in upon them."

"You can find the voice at the next door any evening you look for it."

"I have no objection to seeing Miss Sanders, but I was not thinking of her in particular; I should like to see the gathering."

"If you were to go they would know that you came merely from curiosity. I do n't think that an improper motive, but its exercise might lessen the sum of human happiness. They are well-meaning persons, and really believe that God attends to what they say, and is influenced by their requests and advice. So long as they mind their own business they ought not to be disturbed. If it does them any good to tune

their pipes and repeat their amens, I am sure I have no objection."

"After all, are they not wiser than we are?"

"In what respect?"

"By believing as they do, and acting in accordance with their belief."

"They have a capacity which you and I lack."

"What is that?"

"A capacity for believing without evidence."

"Is n't it better to believe without evidence, than not to believe at all?"

"It may be, but we have n't the gift. I admit it is a good thing for them, that is for Derby, and Wright, and Jemima, to make much of what they call religion. I do n't understand Miss Sanders's movements. She has intelligence, and the world before her, and the means of enjoying it. Her course, to me, is somewhat mysterious."

"I am half inclined to think that those who lead what is called a religious life are happier than we are."

"You can go over to them at any time. They would be quite jubilant over such a distinguished convert. Before you try the experiment, remember that one course of life is adapted to make one man happy, and another course another. The course adopted by Derby and his friends is no doubt adapted to make them happy. God made us all to be happy; but he did not make us all to be happy in the same way. The principle of adaptation pervades the universe. When it is disregarded, disorder and unhappiness follow. The rabbit should not undertake to build its nest in the tree-top, and the bird should not invade the privacy of the trout that has its home under the roots of the elm that overhangs the stream."

"What inference would you have drawn from your analogies?"

"That every one should seek for happiness by the use of means suited to his disposition and circumstances."

"Would it not be more correct to say that each one should seek for happiness by means suited to his nature?"

"That is only another mode of expressing the same truth."

"The bird seeks its happiness in the air, which is adapted to its nature, and the fish in the water. The geese live in flocks, for it is their nature to do so. If man has a religious nature, should he not seek for happiness by a course of conduct adapted to develop and exercise that nature?"

The conversation was interrupted by their arrival at the village. They repaired to their lodgings and to their respective rooms

Our readers will desire to know something of the antecedents of the gentlemen to whom they have been introduced. Mr. Lawton was about forty years of age. He was extensively engaged in business, which brought him several times in the course of the year to Melville. He had not received the benefits of a liberal education, but had sharpened his intellect by intense devotion to business. He was a man of great general intelligence, and was prosperous in his business relations.

In early life he received very little if any religious instruction. Just as he was entering manhood he became the subject of certain so-called religious exercises, which were characterized by strong excitement. He thought he was converted; but the fiery zeal and censorious spirit he manifested, led sober and thoughtful men to fear that his goodness would be as the early cloud and the morning dew. These fears were realized. In a short time his religious profession was abandoned, and a disbelief of the reality of religion proclaimed. He had experienced it all, he said, and found it to be a delusion. Of course he sought for arguments to fortify his skepticism, and thought he found them. As he had no religious principles to restrain him, he became thoroughly worldly-minded, and a lover of pleasure so far as his devotion to business would permit.

Mr. Nelson had recently completed his collegiate course, and was in doubt whether to enter one of the learned professions or to engage in business. An intimacy had sprung up between him and Mr. Lawton, and to this his presence in the country was owing. While in college he had acquired a smattering of philosophy hostile to Christianity, and the pride of differing from others, as though it implied superiority, led him onward in the paths of unbelief. He had not been without religious instruction in his early years. The prayers and hymns of a mother early lost to him, often came up in remembrance.

After tea the friends took their seats on the piazza. "I have been thinking," said Nelson, "of your remark, that every one should seek for happiness in his own way."

"You would not have him seek it in somebody else's way, would you? Men are differently constituted. If there were two men constituted exactly alike, they would find their happiness by pursuing the same course. But we are not constituted alike. Our circumstances, dispositions, desires, aspirations differ, and hence the means by which they can be gratified must differ."

There was silence. Nelson made no reply,

but buried his face in his hands as if occupied in profound thought. A gentleman who had been listening to the conversation remarked, "I have been waiting to hear what my young friend has to say. As he is silent, permit me to ask if you do not take it for granted that all the desires and aspirations of men are right? Is each one to find his happiness in the gratification of his desires if those desires are wrong?"

"Men are not to seek for happiness in doing wrong. Within the limits of innocent enjoyments, there is a wide range in which men may make selections corresponding to their tastes. Men were made to be happy; you do not deny that?"

"You state the truth when you say men were made to be happy; but you do not state the whole of the truth. Men were made to be happy in doing right. I think it is as clear that they were made to do right, as it is that they were made to be happy."

"I do not contend that we were made to do wrong, and I do not hold that every one must pursue exactly the same course in order to be happy."

"I do not know that any one holds that."

"All the religious do. They hold that every one must be converted, and join the Church, and go to meeting, and what not, however much they may neglect their business and their duty to their fellow-men."

"You will admit that every son of a worthy father should treat that father with respect and affection?"

"Of course."

"And you will admit that if by any means a son has come to entertain toward his father feelings that prevent him from treating him with respect and affection, he should get rid of those feelings?"

"Certainly."

"Now we claim that this is just what every man should do with respect to God. He should get rid of those feelings—of that state of soul that prevents him from reverencing God and rendering a cordial obedience to his will."

"If any man has such feelings he should banish them."

"The process of banishing them is the process of conversion, which is such a change in the condition of the mind as enables it to love and serve God—enables it to enter on a course of right doing."

"All men do not need your conversion in order to do right."

"If there are such men as you suppose, Christianity is not addressed to them. It is a religion for sinners, and for sinners only."



Christ says, I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. It is a remedial system, and is addressed to those only who need the remedy."

Mr. Lawton made no reply. The discussion was not to his taste. He preferred criticism to argument, so far as religion was concerned. Nelson felt the force of every word that had been uttered. He felt that man was made to be happy by doing right. He felt that one could no more be happy by doing wrong, than the bird could be happy by exchanging the air for water as an element. He soon retired to his room. He sat down by an open window. The stars began to come out. Every thing was still around him. The silence spoke to his soul. It was as though a voice fell on the ear of his spirit, saying, "You are out of harmony with God's works. You are an alien and an outcast in God's world. This earth has no adequate portion for your soul. You ought to become a religious man. You need conversion, if no one else does." When the hour for retiring came he kneeled down, for the first time since he had professed to be a skeptic, and repeated the prayer that he had been taught in childhood.

The next morning Mr. Lawton was called by business to a neighboring township, and Nelson was left alone. He was well content to have it so. Thoughts and feelings with which Lawton could not sympathize were occupying his mind. He felt a disposition to visit the school-house. He took his fishing rod, and, under pretense of fishing, ascended the stream till he came to the place where it crossed the road near the school-house. He was not successful in fishing. He possessed great skill, but his heart was not in the work. Even fishing will not prosper if the heart is not in it. The school had closed for the day, and the door was shut. He lifted the latch and entered; locks were not needed in that region. The rude benches and mutilated desks were not pleasant objects of contemplation. On a small table in front of the teacher's chair, which could not claim much superiority over the benches aforementioned, stood a vase of beautiful flowers partly withered. He sat down in the teacher's chair, and leaned his head on the table, and endeavored to gather in his wandering thoughts, for though in a thoughtful mood, his thoughts were not fixed on any definite topic. While thus occupied the door opened. Raising his head, he saw Mr. Derby and Mrs. Wright. Of course they were surprised to see him.

"You are a stranger to me," said Mr. Derby, "but I hope you are not a stranger to my Master; if you wish to join us you are welcome."

"I was walking in this vicinity," said Nelson, "and finding the door unlocked, I entered without any definite purpose. I did not know that any persons were to meet here."

"We had a meeting here yesterday, and found it so pleasant that some of us agreed to come again to-day. The time is up; they do not seem to be here."

"Miss Sanders and Jemima are coming," said Mrs. Wright, looking through the window.

Nelson rose, saying, "I must not intrude."

"No man," said Derby, "ever intrudes when he comes penitently and reverently into the presence of God."

Nelson, who rarely felt embarrassment, was greatly embarrassed. His embarrassment made him hesitate in leaving, till Miss Sanders and her attendant entered. Scarcely conscious of the action, he took his seat and bowed his head as if in prayer.

"There are more than enough of us to claim the promise," said Mr. Derby. Then taking from his pocket a well-worn Bible, he read from the Gospel of Matthew a few verses relating to prayer. He then named the hymn beginning,

"One there is above all others  
Well deserves the name of friend."

"Let us pray," said Mr. Derby. All kneeled except Nelson. The prayer was familiar yet reverential, and increasingly so. Nelson could scarcely divest himself of the idea that there was in the room a bodily presence to whom the address was made.

When they had risen from the attitude of prayer there was a brief silence. "Is there a hymn that any one present would like to have sung?" said Derby.

"Please sing the hymn sung at the opening of the meeting yesterday," said Nelson. His request was complied with. Ere it was finished Nelson's skepticism was at an end. A state of mind built up by the study of philosophy, falsely so called, was terminated by a hymn sung by those whose experience it told.

When the last line had been sung, Derby said, "Will you pray with us?"

"You must excuse me. I am not a praying man."

"I am sorry," and the tones of his voice proved that he was.

"So am I."

"Become a praying man; begin to-day; begin now."

Nelson kneeled and repeated in a low tone the Lord's prayer, then rose and left the building.

"Let us spend a few moments in silent prayer for that young man," said Derby. They kneeled,

and in solemn silence poured out their hearts before Him with whom are the issues of life.

Nelson wandered in by-paths on his way to the village, and did not arrive till evening. Lawton was waiting for him on the piazza. "How are you?" said he. "You do not look well."

"I am as well as usual, I thank you."

"I see you have your rod: have you been fishing?"

"Yes."

"What success?"

"None."

"Unusual for you. But do n't let me keep you from your tea."

Nelson was glad of an excuse to leave his friend, even for a short time. He was afraid that he would discover the state of his mind. Nicodemus is not the only one who has desired to go to Jesus by night. When men desire to acquire property, they are not ashamed to have it known; when they desire knowledge, they are not ashamed to have it known; when they desire salvation, they oftentimes are ashamed to have it known. Is there not something strange in this? When Nelson rose the next morning he found that his friend had been called away for the day. This he did not regret, though the hours passed slowly and heavily.

When Mr. Lawton returned toward evening, he found Nelson in earnest conversation with Mr. Derby. The former blushed as Lawton joined them under the shade of a large hickory which stood near the house. Derby spoke to him courteously, but did not manifest the slightest embarrassment. Why should he? He was engaged in the noblest work in which a mortal can engage—that of attempting to lead a soul to God.

"Are you making a Christian of my friend?" said Lawton.

"I can't make a Christian of him any easier than I could create a world. If he ever becomes a Christian God must make him one."

"He is pretty safe then."

"I wish I could think so."

"I'll insure him at a very small premium."

Derby made no remark in reply. It was not his custom to engage in disputation respecting religion. When he met with men who stated captious objections, or who made religion the subject of ridicule, he always preserved an emphatic silence. He had come to the village to see him who had said, "I am not a praying man." He had said all he came to say when Lawton joined them. He took an affectionate leave of Nelson, and bade Lawton a courteous good evening, and departed.

"How did you fall in with him, or how did he fall in with you?" said Lawton, as soon as he was out of hearing.

"I saw him at the school-house yesterday."

"Yesterday! Did they have another meeting there yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Was Miss Sanders there?"

"Yes."

"Went there to see her; a work of supererogation—might have seen her by going to her boarding-house."

"I did not go to the school-house to see her. I had no expectation of meeting her there."

"A consequence of your going is a call from Derby?"

"Yes, and I am obliged to him for his kindness."

"Do you propose to take lessons in religion of him?"

"No, but I intend to give the subject thoughtful attention."

"What influence has brought you into this state of mind? Miss Sanders?"

"No, I must believe it is the influence of the Divine Spirit."

"I think we had better return to the city."

"I think we had."

"Let us start to-morrow morning."

"Very well. I must make the necessary preparation."

Lawton was greatly annoyed by the temper of mind indicated by Nelson's remarks. He regarded him as a young man of rare intellectual gifts, and hence was proud of the influence he had over him. But that influence seemed to have passed away. Something must be done to recover it. As he went to his chamber he meditated on the cause of Nelson's conduct. He has, thought he, "unbent his mind too much. He has thrown his mind open to influence which would have no power over him when his mind is in right tune. He must be roused to action. I will get him back to the city, and contrive to place him in a position that shall require intense mental exertion. That will take the nonsense out of him." When he met Nelson in the morning he made no allusion to the conversation of the preceding evening. On the way homeward his manner was pleasant and unconstrained. Without saying any thing that would jar upon the recent experience of his friend, he assumed that the mental condition of that friend was unchanged.

When they had resumed city life, he proceeded with great skill to carry out the plan indicated above. Oftentimes more skill and energy are employed for the destruction than

for the salvation of a soul. Suffice it to say, he was successful—not in bringing Nelson's mind back to a state of skepticism, but in enlisting all his energies of thought and feeling in the pursuit of objects incompatible with the pursuit of salvation. The impression made upon his mind by the incidents connected with the school-house were completely effaced.

Years rolled on. The dark locks of the young man became sprinkled with gray. Youth was receding in the distance. Anon the crest of life was turned. Wealth and honors were his. At times thoughts of the school-house, and the aspirations there awakened, and the purposes partially formed, flitted across his mind as the cloud shadows flit across the plain. His excessive mental efforts in the labors of his profession caused age to quicken his footsteps. Ere long it became necessary that he should lay aside all labor, and repair to a quiet watering-place. It was with great unwillingness that he submitted to what he termed his fate. One day, as he was passing out of the hotel, he stood aside to let a lady enter. She gracefully recognized his politeness, when he involuntarily exclaimed, as if speaking to himself, "Miss Sanders."

"That was once my name," said the lady. "Have I met a former acquaintance?"

"Not an acquaintance," said he. "I saw you once in a school-house at Melville."

"I recollect the meeting. You did not speak to me then, but I am happy to speak with you now."

They seated themselves in the parlor and continued their conversation.

"Where is Mr. Derby?"

"O, dear good man that he was, he has been in heaven more than a score of years."

"And Mrs. Wright and Aunt Jemima?"

"They are with him, I trust. But it is singular that you remember their names."

"I have a tolerably good memory. You have changed your name?"

"My husband, Mr. Washburn, has been dead many years. He was a missionary on the western frontiers, and the hardships and exposure which he was compelled to undergo brought a disease which took him from us."

"A great many years have passed since I saw you, and yet it seems but yesterday."

"You said you were not a praying man then. I trust you are now, and have been for many years."

"I am not."

"I must say, as Mr. Derby did thirty years ago, I am sorry."

"I am obliged to you. I suppose I was

nearer to the kingdom than than I shall ever be again."

Her eyes filled with tears. She arose and silently went to her chamber.

#### HOW TO BE ABLE.

"I REALLY am not able to do any thing in the matter. Calls of this nature are continual, and were men to respond to them all there would soon be no one above actual poverty."

"But this is a case of uncommon hardship, sir. Besides, the man is one of your own workmen. Should you not take some interest in him on this account?"

"I can not pretend to interfere in the case of all my men. That would soon swamp me. I have no doubt this is an uncommon case. They all are. I am sorry for the man, but must repeat, I can do nothing for him. A man can't do every thing. He must stop somewhere, and I have done all, and more than all, that I am able to do this year. In fact, I am hiring money now at ruinous percentage. My family expenses are large, and then I have a swarm of poor relations hanging about me. No use, sir, to say another word."

And this applicant, a tall, pale, elderly man, very thinly clad, was politely bowed from the rich broker's office into the biting air and driving sleet of a Winter's storm. He hurried, shivering and disheartened, along, having no overcoat to protect his enfeebled form, to carry to the sick lodger in his basement the unwelcome tidings of his rebuff; while the broker, arranging his handsome and robust figure in warm cloak and furs, muttered to himself of the "everlasting annoyance" that he was subject to.

"It is a perpetual fight for a man to keep his own," he said. "Here have I worked hard for all my property, and 't is actually more than I can do to keep enough money on hand to meet my expenses. 'T is give, give, give; do, do, do, from June till January, and from January till June. I'm sick of it. I am not able to keep this up; and to do more than he is able to is no man's duty."

With this he finished fitting smoothly over his white hands and great seal ring a pair of nice leather gloves, lined with wool, and edged with costly fur; and, taking his gold-headed cane, he started for the street, having been told by one of his clerks that his carriage awaited him. You see, reader, this man spoke of "duty." He was a professed follower of the One whose home was in the street, and whose chamber

was a mountain; One who went about doing good, and who gave his life a ransom for many. Thus he did think and speak of his duty, and he thought he meant to do it.

About the time the elderly man, without any overcoat, reached his forlorn dwelling, this disciple sprang up the marble steps of a palace on — avenue, and just as a poor, sick-looking woman, in a faded calico gown, greeted the wet and cold pedestrian with the news that the fire had gone out, and there was nothing left in the house with which to rekindle it, a lady clad in soft raiment, flashing with jewels, and radiant with smiles, glided down the broad stair-way, and through the furnace-heated hall with a merry welcome to the gentleman of the carriage. Ah, poor broker! no wonder you can not afford ten dollars to a sick and suffering man. Behold these parlors! Hundreds of dollars went for the hangings of each window; hundreds more for these mirrors; thousands for the furniture, pictures, and ornaments. What are the jewels that flash so on these ladies, your wife and daughters? Diamonds! as sure as death—more than twenty diamonds. And they are “only dressed for home.” Well, very well. Home should have the brightest things in the house. And here is a French doll for the pet of the household, little Blanche, an adopted daughter. It was right to adopt the pretty creature; but is it right to bewilder and overload her with all manner of luxuries? That doll’s outfit, Saratoga trunk and all, she would never have thought of desiring, and the price of it would have made poor Mr. and Mrs. Mason, and their suffering lodger, comfortable for the whole Winter.

“How is Chunder Sea?” asks the broker.

“I do n’t know, pa,” answers his wife. “I do not keep account of the horses. You must ask Chestnut.”

Madam strikes the table gong.

“Send Chestnut here,” orders the broker, as a waiting-maid appears.

Chestnut, the coachman, comes and makes his report, whereby it appears that this poor broker, who has to hire money and can not afford to keep on helping people so much as he has done, keeps six blooded horses, and three or four carriages in his stables at the back of his park. And if we look the whole length of the parlors we shall see that glass doors open into a large conservatory, where is a beautiful fountain in which are gold fish and water plants growing, and shells and mosses, and where are hundreds of magnificent plants, and orange-trees hanging full of yellow fruit.

A man who seems at home among these

things is moving about there, and by their talk, when Chestnut presently joins him, we find that he is the gardener of this poor broker, and that there is a greenhouse on the place, where are thousands of rare trees, and plants, and vines. O, the poor broker! There he sits in brilliant dressing-gown before the open fire, almost buried in the luxuriant easy chair that his daughters drew for him to its accustomed place. He has had his supper—dinner, it is—and was ever any other poor money-hirer’s face so placid?

Would it change any in its expression could he hear the groan with which the sick man received word of the failure of his kind landlord’s effort in his behalf?

It would change, O, fearfully! could he hear what awaits him if he takes counsel of selfishness and self-indulgence too far and too long, as there are many signs that he has already done. For if he was one of the true followers of the Master would he not better know how to be able to do good as he has “opportunity?” Of course a man can not be able to help others when he spends all he can get on himself and his family. The way to be able to do good, to carry ever an open, kindly hand, is to “mind not high things, but condescend to them of low estate”—is to “deny self” and live far within one’s means. Doing this there will be no need of hiring money at ruinous rates, and there will always be something to give to him that has need; and there will then be no danger of hearing at the last, “Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my disciples, ye did it not unto me,” and, “In thy life-time thou hadst thy good things.” If people would faithfully lay aside even one-tenth of all their increase for the Lord and his poor, they would generally have something to do for the needy with, whether they had any thing for themselves or not.

“You must be rich,” said a villager to a stranger in the place, “you are always giving away to the poor, and you could n’t if you were not rich.” The speaker was worth her thousands—the one she addressed owned just one hundred dollars in the world; but while the first held tight all her money and felt poor, the second always set off a tenth part of every dollar she earned for the Lord; that is, for the poor. Thus it happened, not unfrequently, that she was ready to give, when those ten times richer were not, and when she had not a cent left of her part of her earnings.

Whether it is right for any man to live in the style kept up by the broker we can not decide; but it certainly is not right if the doing so

makes him unable or unwilling to give as freely and as constantly as he receives. Remember, O, broker, that the only charge brought against "the rich man" who died was this, "In thy lifetime thou hadst thy good things," and consider if there is not any danger that the same may be said to thee, with the addition, "And now Lazarus is comforted and thou art tormented."

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PRAISE.

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**G**OD is good, and he is to be praised for his goodness. His own infinite perfections render him worthy of all adoration and praise. When we consider his supreme excellence and glory, and remember the relations we sustain to him as his creatures, we must see the propriety of praising his great name, and rendering to him our grateful acknowledgments. The inhabitants of heaven bow before him with humble reverence, and sing with grateful hearts his praise. We, as his creatures, should praise him for his excellencies, the infinite glory and loveliness of his character. God is love, and why should he not be loved? And if loved, why not praised? We are ungrateful creatures, unmindful of our Maker, forgetful of the Being who created, and who governs the world.

For what he is in himself, God is to be loved and praised, and also for what he has done—for his wonderful works to the children of men. His works of creation—how expressively they speak of him! Not a star that twinkles in the diadem of night, not a flower that casts its fragrance on the breeze, not an insect that floats in the air, not a blade of grass that springs up in the field, but that utters a voice for God, and speaks of his perfections. How numerous and how diversified are his works! What wisdom is displayed in them all! And what power! What goodness, too, is here manifested! And what love! How wonderfully is the external creation adapted to the wants and the enjoyments of animate existence! Even in the brute creation there are displays of the Divine perfections which, if rightly considered, must forever silence the cavils of skepticism. And if we look at ourselves, how fearfully and wonderfully are we made! How admirably are all the parts adjusted, so as to promote their own support and perfection, and administer to our comfort and enjoyment! And this immortal spirit with which we are endowed, who can comprehend its union with the body; who can conceive how it exists when separated from it; who estimate its capacities of suffering and of happiness? And is it God who has thus made us,

and thus displayed his wisdom, goodness, and power? "O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

For his wonderful works, not only in creation, but also in providence. There are wonders in providence as well as in creation; wonders, not alone in the fiery eruptions of the volcano, nor the desolating terrors of the earthquake; not in the fearful pestilence, nor the raging storm and tempest; not in those awful calamities which depopulate cities and blot out nations, nor in any extraordinary occurrences merely, be they propitious or adverse; but in those everyday events which pass unheeded and unnoticed, and are forgotten. If the creation of the world is a wonder, its preservation is no less a wonder. If we are fearfully and wonderfully made, so are we wonderfully preserved. The hand of God is in the smallest event as well as the greatest. These little events are essential to our comfort and happiness. Indeed, little comforts make up the aggregate of our enjoyment, the sum total of human happiness. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Our happiness depends mainly on little things, on well-adjusted trifles; and because these little things come so along in course, and pass so smoothly, we notice them not. We trace them not to the hand of God, although their nice arrangement and their very smoothness are full of wonder, and speak most impressively of the Divine hand.

Did we rightly consider it, we should see more of God in the ordinary events of each passing hour than in those rare occurrences which startle and terrify the world. There is more to be admired in the calm serenity of a cloudless day than in the raging elements of the furious storm, as it shows us the admirable adjustment of the wheels of the universe, and the ease with which God controls and governs his works. The one may impress us with his power, the other shows his goodness, his tenderness, his constant and paternal care. So the wonders of his providence lie, not in great but in little things—those which make us happy without exciting our attention, those which speak not in thunder tones, but in a still small voice, of God's goodness and love. What though there be no great deliverance to call forth our thankfulness, the stream of comforts on which our happiness depends has been flowing constantly onward, with its full and clear tide, and this should constrain us to "give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;" and to "praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."



## THE GIFT OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

GIVE me that grand old volume, the gift of a mother's  
love,  
Though the spirit that first taught me has winged its  
flight above;  
Yet with no legacy but this she has left me wealth  
untold,  
Yea, mightier than earth's riches, or the worth of  
Ophir's gold.  
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When a child I've kneeled beside her, in our dear  
old cottage home,  
And have listened to her reading from that prized  
and cherished tome,  
As with low and gentle cadence, and a meek and  
reverend mien,  
God's word came from her trembling lips, like a  
presence felt and seen.

Ah! not in life's weary battle, or the triumphs of to-day,  
Has that form e'er vanished from my sight, or its precepts fled away.  
But when worn with toil and trouble, I can feel new strength arise,  
As I ponder its wond'rous depth of lore, and its teachings sweet and wise.

I can hear still the plaintive music that fell on my childish ears,  
And feel, O! how deep and keenly, the sins of my after years;  
From my eyes the scales have fallen, and the retrospect to me  
Is that of a soul at random tossed on the surf of misery.

Solemn and sweet the counsels that spring from its open page,  
Written with all the fervor and the zeal of the prophet age;  
Full of the inspiration of the holy bards that trod,  
Caring not for the scoffer's scorn, if they gained a soul to God;

Men who in mind were godlike, and have left on its blazoned scroll  
Food for all coming ages, in its manna of the soul;  
Who through long days of anguish, and nights devoid of ease,  
Still wrote with the burning pen of Faith its heavenly mysteries.

I can list the good man yonder, in the gray church by the brook,  
Take up that marvelous tale of love, of the story and the Book;  
How through the twilight glimmer, from the earliest dawn of time,  
It was handed down as an heir-loom, in almost every clime;

How through strong persecution, and the struggle of evil days,  
The precious light of its truth ne'er died, but was fanned to a beacon blaze;  
How in far-off lands, where the cypress bends over the laurel's bough,  
It was hid like some costly treasure, and they bled for its truth, as now.

He tells how there stood around it a phalanx none could break,  
Though steel, and fire, and lash swept on, and the cruel waves lapped the stake;  
How dungeon doors and prison bars had never damped the flame,  
But raised up converts to the creed whence Christian comfort came;

That housed in caves and caverns—how it stirs our Scottish blood!—  
The Covenanters, sword in hand, poured out the crimson flood;  
And eloquent grows the preacher as the Sabbath sunshine falls

Through cobwebbed aisle and checkered pane, a halo on the walls;

That still mid sore disasters, in the heat and strife of doubt,  
Some bear the Gospel oriflamme, and one by one march out,  
Till forth from heathen kingdoms, and isles beyond the sea,  
The glorious tidings of the boon spreads Christ's salvation free.

So I cling to my mother's Bible, in its torn and tattered boards,  
As one of the greatest gems of art, and the king of all other hoards,  
As in life the true consoler, and in death—ere the judgment's call—  
The guide that will lead to the silent shore, where the Father waits for all.

### SUNRISE.

WITH silent tread the golden sun,  
In crimson mantle dressed,  
Steps o'er the purple hills,  
Their mist-enshrouded crest.

The shinings of his joyous face,  
Like angels winged and bright,  
Gleam on the newly wakened earth,  
And say, "Let there be light."

The flowers look up with dewy eyes,  
Lit with his sudden glow,  
As if to shine instead of stars,  
That vanished soft and slow.

The birds arouse the sleeping trees,  
With anthems clear and sweet,  
While Nature ev'ry-where doth seem  
To worship at His feet.

And thus within our human lives,  
O'er hills of grief and fear,  
The gleamings of a brighter sun  
Come forth to bless and cheer.

And blossoms fair of hope and faith,  
With birds of joy that sing,  
Awake to fresh and fervent life  
To greet the glorious King—

The King of Light, the Sun whose rays  
Are sunrise to the heart;  
For at His step the mists of woe,  
The glooms of sin depart.

And in the night times that must come,  
So long as earth shall be,  
Like children fearful in the dark,  
We pine, O Sun, for thee.

And though our lips be mute for dread,  
Our earnest longings pray,  
"Rise on our souls, Immortal Sun,  
Till night give place to day."

THE BRAHMANS,  
AND THE INSTITUTION OF CASTE.

IN the papers preceding this we have frequently mentioned caste and the Brahman as the chief causes of that peculiar degradation to which woman especially is doomed in India. But the subject is one that needs more than incidental treatment. It deserves a separate examination, so as to unfold its true origin and character, and enable us to appreciate the power, tenacity, and virulence of a system whose destruction and overthrow will be one of the most glorious victories ever won for woman and for Christ in any land or in any age. Our previous articles in this magazine sufficiently evidence this assertion.

Brahmanism seems to be, so far as woman is concerned, the concentration of all the wrongs under which the sex has complained and against which she has, with less or more of demonstration, protested. Her deliverance from this bondage of corruption would be nothing less than "life from the dead" for all of her sex on the Oriental hemisphere. No grave, in which to bury all that a cultured woman's heart holds dear, was ever so deep as the one which was dug for her by the Brahmans of India. Should she burst its bonds the world around must feel the mighty resurrection power which she will then obey, when, at length, she hears the voice of Him who calls to her: "Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ will give thee life!"

The man here presented holds himself to be a member of the most ancient aristocracy on the earth. His dignity is one entirely independent of landed possessions, wealth, or manorial halls. Indeed, these have nothing to do with it whatever. The man may have literally no home, and not be worth \$5 all told; he may have to solicit his next meal of food from those who respect his order. But he is a *Brahman*, and is prouder of that simple string over his shoulder and across his naked breast than any English earl is of his coronet. These men laugh at such a mushroom aristocracy as that of Britain or France, created merely by the breath of a human sovereign, whose word raises the plebeian to the noble order—for the Brahman holds that his nobility is not an accident, but is in the highest sense "by the grace of God." It is in his nature, in his blood, by the original intention and act of his Creator. He was made and designed by God to be different from, and higher than, all other men, and that from the first to the last hour of time.

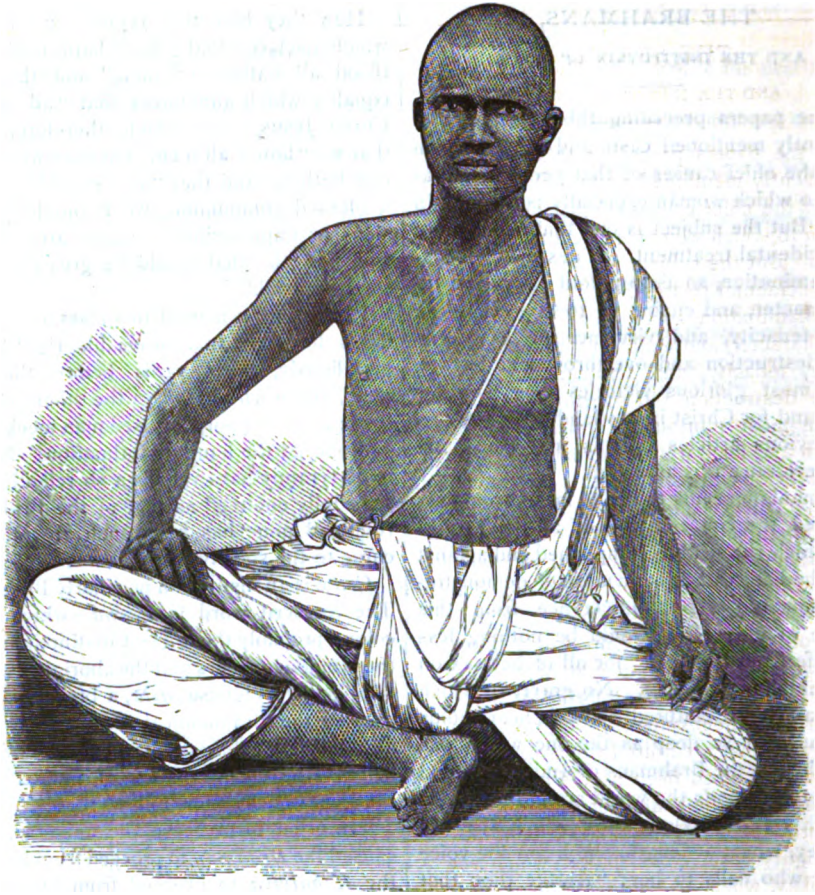
How they hate that republican Christianity which declares that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and that Gospel equality which announces that "all are one in Christ Jesus," and which, therefore, requires that we "honor all men," because we have "all one Father," and that "all we are brethren" in a blessed communion, where no lofty pretensions or imprescriptible rights are allowed to any, but "he that would be greatest must be servant of all."

I have seen a man of this class, on approaching a low-caste man, wave his right-hand superciliously, thirty yards before they could meet, and warn him off to the other side of the road; and the poor, despised man meekly bowed and obeyed the haughty intimation. No sacerdotal tyranny has ever been so relentlessly and scornfully enforced as that of the Brahmanical rule, and none has been such an unmitigated curse to the society where it was exercised.

Caste is an institution peculiarly Brahmanical. The Sanscrit word is *Varna*—which denotes color—probably the ancient distinction between the Hindoo invaders and the aboriginals. Caste, from the Portuguese *casta*, a breed, exactly expresses the Brahmanical idea. Their account of its origin, abridged from the *Institutes of Manu*—the oldest system of law extant save the Pentateuch—is as follows:

"In order to preserve the universe, Brahma caused the *Brahman* to proceed from his mouth; the *Kshatriya* to proceed from his arm; the *Vaisya* to proceed from his thigh; and the *Sudra* to proceed from his foot. And Brahma directed that the duties of the Brahmans should be reading and teaching the Veda; sacrificing and assisting others to sacrifice; giving alms if they be rich, and receiving alms if they be poor. And Brahma directed that the duties of the *Kshatriyas* should be to defend the people, to give alms, to sacrifice, to read the Veda, and to keep their passions under control. And he directed that the duties of the *Vaisyas* should be to keep herds of cattle, to give alms, to read the *Shastras*, to carry on trade, to lend money at interest, and to cultivate land. And he directed that the *Sudra* should serve all the three mentioned castes, namely, the Brahmans, the *Kshatriyas*, and the *Vaisyas*; and that he should not depreciate them nor make light of them. Since the Brahman sprang from the mouth, which is the most excellent part of Brahma, and since he is the first-born and possesses the Veda, he is by right the chief of the whole creation. Him Brahma produced from his own mouth, that he might perform holy rites: that he might present ghee to the gods.





A BRAHMAN IN ORDINARY ATTIRE.

and cakes of rice to the Pitris or progenitors of mankind." (Code of Hindoo Law, I, pp. 88-94.)

The *Bhagvat Geeta*, their most sublime treatise, repeats the same arrangements, and makes their observance a condition of salvation and moral perfection. Each class had thus a special creation, constituting it, in fact, a distinct *species*—involving a denial of the doctrine that "God hath made of one blood all men." The Hindoos thus reject one common humanity, and hold it to be heresy to believe that all men are fellow-creatures, scouting the idea that we should "love our neighbors as ourselves."

Brahman is a derivation from *Brahm* the Deity, and signifies a theologian or divine. The caste is analogous to the tribe of Levi under the Mosaic economy, but without the family of Aaron. All the benefits of the Hindoo religion belong to this class, and the code secured to them rights, honors, and immunities that no other order could claim, so that their persons were to be considered sacred and inviolate, and

they could not be held answerable to the penalties of the law even for the worst of crimes. The intention of the legislator was that from this learned class alone the nation was to take its astronomers, lawyers, prime ministers, judges, philosophers, as well as priests. They were to hold the highest offices and to be supreme.

In his eighth year the Brahman is invested with that sacred string of three cotton strands, and the ceremony is called regeneration, and gives the Brahman his claim to the title of the "twice-born." For him, and for him alone, has the lawgiver laid down in detail the duties of life, even to his devotions. Each morning he may be seen, by the banks of the Ganges, or any other "holy" stream, fulfilling those long and tedious rites which are prescribed for his observance, and from which he can not deviate in any respect. Of all ritualists he is the most exact and careful. A mistake in word or gesture may nullify the devotional observances of the whole morning. It is really surprising to see how lost and abstracted they are in their

exercises, and with what regularity they fulfill them wherever they may be.

But they do n't look satisfied in them nor happy when they are finished. It is manifestly a task to be fulfilled, and one in which the mind is chiefly anxious as to the duty of not forgetting any word or posture which has been prescribed for them.

Any thing more singular and whimsical than the forms prescribed for him was never enjoined upon humanity as religious ritual. In illustration of this, from a paper in the "Asiatic Researches" by Mr. Colebrook, as quoted by Dr. Duff, we ask the reader's attention to the following extract. Speaking of the duties of morning worship, one of which is religious absolution, as here represented, "the Sacred Books" strictly enjoin as follows :

"He may bathe with water drawn from a well, from a fountain, or from the basin of a cataract, but he should prefer water which lies above ground—choosing a stream rather than stagnant water ; a river in preference to a small brook ; a holy stream before a vulgar river ; and, above all, the water of the Ganges. And, if the Ganges be beyond his reach, he should invoke that holy river, saying, 'O, Gunga, hear my prayers ; for my sake be included in this small quantity of water with the other sacred streams.' Then, standing in the river, or in other water, he must hallow his intended performance by the *inaudible* recitation of certain sacred texts. Next sipping water, and sprinkling some before him, the worshiper throws water eight times on the crown of his head, on the earth, toward the sky ; again toward the sky, on the earth, on the crown of his head ; and, lastly, on the ground, to destroy the demons who wage war with the gods. During the performance of this sacred act of ablution, he must be reciting these prayers : 'O, waters ! since ye afford delight, grant us present happiness, and the rapturous sight of the Supreme Being. Like tender mothers, make us here partakers of your most auspicious essence. We become contented with your essence with which ye satisfy the universe. Waters ! grant it to us.'

"Immediately after this first ablution, he should sip water without swallowing it, silently praying in these words, 'Lord of sacrifice ! thy heart is in the midst of the waters of the ocean. May salutary herbs and waters pervade thee ! With sacrificial hymns and humble salutations we invite thy presence. May this ablution be efficacious !' These ceremonies and prayers being concluded, he plunges thrice into the water, each time repeating the prescribed expiatory texts.

"He then meditates with intense thought and in the deepest silence. During this moment of intense devotion he is striving to realize that 'Brahma, with four faces and a red complexion, resides in his bosom ; Vishnu, with four arms and a black complexion, in his heart ; and Siva, with five faces and a white complexion, in his forehead !' To this sublime meditation succeeds a suppression of the breath, which is thus performed : closing the left nostril with the two longest fingers of his right-hand, he draws his breath through the right nostril ; and then closing that nostril likewise with his thumb, he holds his breath, while he internally repeats to himself the Gayatri, the mysterious names of the three worlds, the trilateral monosyllable, and the sacred text of Brahma ; last of all, he raises both fingers off the left nostril, and emits the breath he had suppressed through the right. This process being repeated three several times, he must next make three ablutions, with the following prayer : 'As the tired man leaves drops of sweat at the foot of a tree ; as he who bathes is cleansed from all foulness ; as an oblation is sanctified by holy grass, so may this water purify me from sin.' To this succeed other ablutions, with various expiatory texts. He must next fill the palm of his hand with water, and presenting it to his nose, inhale the fluid by one nostril, and, retaining it for a while, exhale it through the other, and throw away the water to the north-east quarter. This is considered as an internal ablution which washes away sin. He then concludes by sipping water with the following prayer ; 'Water ! thou dost penetrate all beings ; thou dost reach the deep recesses of the mountains ; thou art the mouth of the universe ; thou art sacrifice ; thou art the mystic word *vasha* ; thou art the light, taste, and the immortal fluid.'"

After a variety of genuflections and prayers, of which these are but a mere sample, he concludes his devotions by worshipping the rising sun. The veneration in which the Brahman is to be held by all classes, the privileges which he is to enjoy, his occupation and modes of life, and his immunities, are laid down with wonderful minuteness in this code of Hindoo law. A mere sample of his assumptions, under the head of veneration, will suffice : "The Brahman is entitled to the whole of the universe by the right of primogeniture. He possesses the Veda, and is alone permitted to teach the laws. By his sacrifices and imprecations he could destroy a Rajah in a moment, together with all his troops, elephants, horses, and chariots. In his wrath he could frame new worlds, with new gods and new mortals. A man who barely

assaulted a Brahman with the intention of hurting him, would be whirled about for a century in the hell termed Tamasa. He who smote a Brahman with only a blade of grass, would be born an inferior quadruped during twenty-one transmigrations. But he who should shed the blood of a Brahman, save in battle, would be mangled by animals in his next birth for as many years as there were particles of dust rolled up by the blood shed. If a Sudra—a low-caste man—sat upon the same seat with a Brahman, he was to be gashed in the part offending." (Institutes of Manu, I, p. 94, etc.)

Thus a body of men, supposed to number not more than a few hundred thousand, have held the two hundred millions of their fellow-countrymen for thirty centuries in the terrors of this sacerdotal legislation, enforcing its claims to the last limit of endurance, though at the fearful price of the utter ignorance, degradation, and slavery of their nation. The reader can well appreciate the indignant feelings with which this greedy, proud, and supercilious order of men contemplate the incoming of a constitutional government which would make all men equal before the law, and the advent of a religion whose great glory it is to vindicate the oppressed, and preach the Gospel to the poor.

The Kshatriya caste (derived from *kshetra*, land), and the Vaisyas (traders), had the privilege of the investiture with the sacred string; but to the Sudras there was to be no sacrifice and no Scriptures. They were condemned by this law to perpetual servitude. Yet this class were necessarily, with the outcasts, the great majority of the nation, and those who might have been their instructors and guides heartlessly took away the key of knowledge, made it a crime to "teach them how sin might be expiated," and deliberately damned them for time and eternity. The Vedas state that the benefits of the Hindoo religion are open only to three of the four castes. The fourth caste could have no share in religion, and could hold no property. He was, in its most terrible form, a bondman, condemned to unending servitude in this life, and debarred from any hope of improvement in the life to come. No system of human slavery ever equaled this, for it was intense, unalterable, and unending by the act of God himself.

The distinctions of society, by the ordinances of the Hindoo lawgiver, were thus indicated:

Brahmana, or Priests;  
Kshatriyas, or Soldiers and Rajahs;  
Vaisyas, or Merchants and Farmers;  
Sudras, the servile class.

The arrangements indicate a pastoral condition of society, far removed from the stirring

scenes of the life of the nineteenth century. They made no preparation for the wide wants of men, or intercommunication of other nations, or the development of our race. They had no provision for manufacturing, mining, or commercial life, but expected the world to move on forever in their limited conservative methods. These four castes were subdivided, according to the theory, into sixty-four, and in the grooves thus opened the divisions of labor were expected to run, so that even trade should become hereditary; and thus whatever the genius or ability developed in any man, he was expected to be content and remain in the profession of his father. He might have the germ and stirrings of a mind like Newton's, but according to those cast-iron rules of social life, if his father made shoes, he too must stick to the last.

No man of one caste can eat, smoke, marry, or touch the cooking vessels of one of another caste. The prohibition is fearfully strict and guarded with sanctions, and it is as destitute of humanity as it is singular, so that were a stranger of their own nation to come into one of their cities and be taken suddenly ill, so as to be unable to speak and explain of what caste he was, he would certainly be liable to perish, for the high-caste people would be afraid to touch him lest they should break their caste, and those of the low caste would be unwilling lest their contact—on the supposition of his superior order—might irrevocably contaminate him. In their hands the man would perish unaided.

This unique masterpiece of Brahmanism was intended, by its framers, to be a wall of brass around their system, and to secure it unalterable permanency. But its own heartless selfishness and cruel tendencies had so far overdone its work, that it was found practically impossible to sustain the integrity of the arrangements. Innovations crept in and conflicts ensued, and despite the desperate efforts of the Brahmans, confusion has marred Manu's strange designs, while the introduction of Western civilization, the teachings of Christianity, and the light of true knowledge have delivered such telling blows that the venerable and hideous monstrosity is tottering to its final fall.

Four stages of life are marked out by Manu for the Brahman. The first is the *Bramachari*, or studentship of the Veda; 2, the *Grihastha*, or married state; 3, the *Vanaprastha*, or hermit life; and 4, the *Sannyasi*, or devotee condition.

The Bramachari stage begins with the investiture of the sacred thread, which act signifies a second birth. That thread is the sign which distinguishes the twice-born man of the first

three castes from the Sudra, to whom no thread is ever allowed. The investiture takes place in his eighth year in the case of a Brahman, the eleventh year for a Kshatriya, and the twelfth for the Vaisya. The investiture introduces the twice-born Brahman boy to a religious life, and sanctifies him for the study of the Veda.

The thread of the Brahman is made of cotton formed of three strings; that of the Kshatriya is formed of hemp, and that of the Vaisya is of wool. It is termed the "sacrificial cord," because it entitles the wearer to the privilege of sacrifice and religious services. Certain ceremonies are observed for girls as well as boys, but neither girls nor women are invested with the sacred thread nor the utterance of the sacred mantras. They have consequently no right to sacrifice. Indeed, the nuptial ceremony is considered to be for woman equivalent to the investiture of the thread, and is the commencement of the religious life of the female. (Manu, II, 66, 67.) So that a lady remaining unmarried has nothing equivalent to their "second birth" here, and can look forward to no certainty of a happy life hereafter. The poor Sudra is entirely excluded. The servile man and the woman of any caste are equally left outside the pale of Brahmanical salvation, exactly to that condition to which High Church Puseyism consigns all "Dissenters" when it hands them over to "the uncovenanted mercies of God." How truly heathenish is the legitimate outgrowth of all Ritualism and Romanism!

In addition to the cold-hearted exclusion of woman and the lower caste, this terrible code proceeds to sink still lower vast multitudes of our fellow-creatures. The "outcasts" are numbered by the million. Some of these are called "Chandalas," and concerning them this law-giver ordains: "Chandalas must dwell without the town. Their sole wealth must be dogs and asses; their clothes must consist of the mantles of deceased persons; their dishes must be broken pots; and their ornaments must consist of rusty iron. No one who regards his duties must hold any intercourse with them, and they must marry only among themselves. By day they may roam about for the purposes of work, and be distinguished by the badges of the Rajah, and they must carry out the corpse of any one who dies without kindred. They should always be employed to slay those who are sentenced by the laws to be put to death; and they may take the clothes of the slain, their beds, and their ornaments." (Code, X, 51-58.

Can the Western reader wonder that, tame and subdued though the Asiatic may be, these aristocratic rules proved too much for human

nature, or that the introduction of English rule and fair play—making these long-crushed millions equal before her law with these proud Brahmans—was an immense mercy to one-fifth of the human family?

As a sample of how this sacerdotal law, framed for his special glorification, discriminated in favor of the Brahman, it may suffice to quote a sentence or two. On the question of his privileges, when called to testify in a court of justice, he must be assumed to be "the very soul of honor," and his mere word, without exposure to penalty, was to be held sufficient. The code decrees that "a Brahman was to swear by his veracity; a Kshatriya, by his weapons, horse, or elephant; and a Vaisya, by his kine, grain, or gold; but a Sudra was to imprecate upon his own head the guilt of every possible crime if he did not speak the truth." (VIII, S. 113.)

"To a Brahman the judge should say, 'Declare!' To a Kshatriya he should say, 'Declare the truth.' To the Vaisya he should compare perjury to the crime of stealing kine, grain, or gold. To the Sudra he should compare perjury to every crime, in the following language: 'Whatever places of torture have been prepared for the murderer of a Brahman, for the murderer of a woman or child, for the injurer of a friend, or for an ungrateful man, have also been ordained for that witness who gives false evidence. If you deviate from the truth, the fruit of every virtuous act which you have committed since your birth will depart from you to the dogs. The man who gives false evidence shall go naked, shorn, and blind, and be tormented with hunger and thirst, and beg food with a potsherd at the door of his enemy. If he answer one question falsely, he shall tumble headlong into hell in utter darkness. Even if he gives imperfect testimony, and asserts a fact which he has not seen, he will suffer pain like a man who eats fish and swallows the sharp bones.'" (Manu, VIII, 79-95.)

The scale of punishments in his case, when he was at all amenable to the law, could only touch his property, never, under any consideration, his person; was equally drawn in his favor, and was all the lighter in proportion to the lower caste whom he injured, and it was equally to be increased in severity—for the same crime in both cases—in proportion to the same distinction. Says the law: "A Kshatriya who slandered a Brahman was to be fined a hundred panas; for the same crime a Vaisya was to be fined a hundred and fifty or two hundred panas, but a Sudra was to be whipped. On the other hand, if a Brahman slandered a Kshatriya, he

was to be fined fifty panas; if he slandered a Vaisya, he was to be fined twenty-five panas; but if he slandered a Sudra, he was only to be fined twelve panas. If, however, a Sudra insulted any man of the twice-born castes with gross invectives, he was to have his tongue slit; if he mentioned the name and caste of the individual with contumely, an iron style ten fingers long was to be made red-hot and thrust into his mouth; and if through pride he dared to instruct a Brahman respecting his duty, the Rajah was to order that hot oil should be poured into his mouth and ear." (Manu, VIII, 266-276.)

The "pana" was then equal nearly to our cent. So his privilege of slandering a Sudra could at any time be exercised with impunity for a *dāne*; while if it was so done unto him, the law took good care that the plebeian wretch should never repeat the offense, for his tongue was to be slit. How truly might the Almighty, whose name they blasphemously invoke for this outrageous legislation, say of them, "Are not your ways unequal?"

Even in salutations the code ordained the forms and gave them a religious significance. "A Brahman was to be asked, whether his devotion had prospered; a Kshatriya, whether he had suffered from his wounds; a Vaisya, whether his wealth was secure; and a Sudra, whether he was in good health." (Manu, I, 27.) The food, the privileges, the duties of this pampered monopolist are all minutely laid down in the code, but they are too diffuse and too childish to place before the reader, and would not be worth the space occupied. In proof of this I quote one sentence from the fourth chapter, merely remarking that the whimsical injunctions are left without any rhyme or reason. They are as unaccountable as they are singular. "He [the Brahman] must not gaze on the sun, whether rising or setting, or eclipsed, or reflected in water. He must not run while it rains. He must not look on his own image in water. When he sees the bow of Indra in the sky, he must not show it to any man. He must not step over a string to which a calf is tied, and he must not interrupt a cow when she is drinking; and he must not wash his feet in a pan of mixed metal."

In these stages of its development and claims it is nothing less than a system of supreme selfishness, and was worthy of the express teaching with which the Brahman was instructed in an emergency to sacrifice every thing to his own precious self in the following rule: "Against misfortune, let him preserve his wealth; at the expense of his wealth, let him preserve his wife; but let him, at all events, preserve

himself, even at the hazard of his wife and riches."

How little can such a religion or such a law know of disinterested affection, or of that devotion which would risk every thing for the safety and happiness of its beloved object!

His student life ended, the Brahman commences his married existence, under forms and rules which will be referred to when we come to speak of the condition of woman under Hindoo law. In this second stage of his life he is required to have "his hair and beard properly trimmed, his passions subdued, and his mantle white; he is to carry a staff of *Venu*, a ewer with water in it, a handful of *kusa* grass, or a copy of the Vedas, with a pair of bright golden rings in his ears"—reading to give instruction in the sacred books, or political counsel, and to administer justice.

Then in order would come the third and fourth stages of his life, the rules of which are so unique and so little like what ordinary humanity would impose upon itself, that we must quote them for the information of the reader. These two stages express the very essence of Brahmanism. In the hermit stage the theory is a course of life that will mortify the passions and extinguish desire, and, this being accomplished, the last order, or devotee stage, is religious contemplation with the view to final beatitude.

Manu says: "When the twice-born man has remained in the order of Grihastha, or householder, until his muscles become flaccid, and his hair gray, and he sees a child of his child, let him abandon his household, and repair to the forest, and dwell there in the order of Vanaprastha, or hermit. He should be accompanied by his wife, if she choose to attend him, but otherwise he should commit her to the care of his sons. He should take with him the consecrated fire, and all the domestic implements for making oblations to the fire, and there dwell in the forest, with perfect control over all his organs; and here, day by day, he should perform the five sacraments, with many sorts of pure food, such as holy sages used to eat, with green herbs, roots, and fruit. He should wear a black antelope's hide, or a vesture of bark, and bathe morning and evening; and he should suffer his nails, and the hair of his head and beard to grow continually. He should make offerings from such food as he himself may eat, and give alms to the utmost of his power; and he should honor all those who visit his hermitage with presents of water, roots, and fruit. He should be constantly engaged in reading the Veda; he should be patient in all extremities; he should be universally benevolent, and enter-

tain a tender affection for all living creatures ; his mind should be ever intent upon the Supreme Being ; and he should be a perpetual giver of gifts, and not a receiver. He should slide forward and backward on the ground ; or stand a whole day on tiptoe ; or continue in motion by rising and sitting alternately ; but every day at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, he should go to the waters and bathe. In the hot season he should sit exposed to five fires ; namely, four blazing around him, while the sun is burning above him ; in the rainy season he should stand uncovered, without even a mantle, while the clouds pour down their heaviest showers ; in the cold season he should wear damp vesture. He should increase the austerity of his devotion by degrees, until by enduring harsher and harsher mortifications he has dried up his bodily frame." (Code, VI, 22-32. Vishnu Purana, III, 9.)

As regards the life to be pursued by a Sannyasi, Manu lays down the following direction :

"When a Brahman has thus lived in the forest during the third portion of his life, as a Vanaprastha, he should, for the fourth portion of it, become a Sannyasi, and abandon all sensual affections, and repose wholly in the Supreme Spirit. When a Brahman has reposed in his mind the sacrificial fires, he may proceed direct from the second order, or that of Grihastha, or even from the first order, or that of Brahmachari, to the fourth order, or that of Sannyasi. The glory of that Brahman who passes from the order of Grihastha to that of Sannyasi, illuminates the higher worlds. He should take an earthen water-pot, dwell at the roots of large trees, wear coarse vestures, abide in total solitude, and exhibit a perfect equanimity toward all creatures. He should wish neither for death nor for life ; but expect his appointed time, as a hired servant expects his wages. He should look down as he advances his foot, lest he should touch any thing impure. He should drink water that has been purified by straining through a cloth, lest he hurt an insect. He should, if he speaks at all, utter words that are purified by truth. He should, by all means, keep his heart pure. He should bear a reproachful speech with patience, and speak reproachfully to no man ; and he should never utter a word relating to vain, illusory things. He should delight in meditating upon the Supreme Spirit, and sit fixed, in such meditation, without needing any thing earthly, without one sensual desire, and without any companion but his own soul.

"He should only ask for food once a day, and that should be in the evening, when the

smoke of the kitchen fires has ceased, when the pestle lies motionless, when the burning charcoal is extinguished, when people have eaten, and when dishes are removed. If he fails to obtain food he should not be sorrowful ; if he succeed in obtaining it he should not be glad. He should only care to obtain a sufficiency to support life, and he should not be anxious about his utensils.

"A Sannyasi should reflect on the transmigrations of men, which are caused by their sinful deeds ; on their downfall into a region of darkness, and their torments in the mansions of Yama ; on their separation from those whom they love, and their union with those whom they hate ; on their strength being overpowered by old age, and their bodies racked with disease ; on their agonizing departure from this corporeal frame, and their formation again in the womb ; on the misery attached to embodied spirits from a violation of their duties, and the imperishable bliss which attaches to embodied spirits who have abundantly performed every duty.

"A Sannyasi should also reflect, with all the power of his mind, on the subtle indivisible essence of the Supreme Spirit, and its complete existence in all beings, whether extremely high or extremely low.

"The body is a mansion, with bone for its rafters and beams ; with nerves and tendons for cords ; with muscles and blood for mortar ; with skin for its outward covering ; and filled with no sweet perfumes, but loaded with refuse. It is a mansion infested by age and by sorrow ; the seat of diseases ; harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long. Such a mansion of the vital soul should always be quitted with cheerfulness by its occupier." (Institutes, VI, 76, 77.)

There is much that is very sublime and self-denying in the ideal here presented, and the figures used have a real pathos in them. But when you look around and inquire for these self-denying recluses, with their sublime superiority to the things of earth, and the wants and wishes of the human heart, you find them not—certainly not among the Brahmans. Few of these have ever adopted, in reality, a life so like that of the Yogee, or self-torturer. All testimony goes to show that Manu's ordinances for the second and third stages of a Brahman's life have lain in his Law Book with not one Brahman in ten thousand to make them a reality of human experience. It was too much for humanity, and could only be embraced by some fanatic of a Fakir, who would voluntarily

assume such a condition for self-righteous and self-glorifying reasons. Such men can and will do for such reasons what men have not nerve enough to adventure merely in obedience to the theoretic rules of their order.

The Brahmans would fain be regarded as *the learned class* of India. Of course there was a time when in the earlier ages of the world they were so, as compared to other men in other nations. No scholar can doubt this for a moment. But the world and education are no longer what they once were; both have advanced amazingly, while the Brahman has not only stood still, but he has retrograded. The ruins of India's colleges, observatories, and scientific instruments, especially in Benares—once "the eye of Hindostan"—convince the traveler too painfully of this fact. Even there, in that renowned city, there is not a single public building devoted to, or containing, the treasures of India's arts, sciences, or literature; no paintings, sculptures, or libraries; no colleges of learning; no museums of her curiosities; no monuments of her great men; only beastly idolatry, filthy Fakirs, shrines of vileness without number, and festivals of Saturnalian license, all sustained and illustrated by a selfish and ignorant Brahmanhood.

Their learning is in the past, and little remains of it now, save their great epics and the magnificent dead language in which they were written. Their chronology is a wild exaggerated falsehood; their geography and astronomy are subjects of ridicule to every school-boy; their astrology—to which they are especially devoted—a humbug for deluding their countrymen. They had no true history till foreigners wrote it for them, and could not even read the Palim on their own public monuments, till such Englishmen as Princeps and Tylers deciphered it for them. Native education to-day owes more to Macaulay, Dr. Duff, and Trevelyan, than to all the Brahmans of India for the past five hundred years. Every improvement introduced, and every mitigation of the miseries in the lot of woman, and the lower, and the suffering classes, has been introduced against their will and without their aid, as a class. They feel, they know, that their system is more or less effete—that they are being left behind in the march of improvement, in which their country has entered. But there they stand, scowling and twirling their Brahmanical string, while the Sudras, and the very "Chandalas," whom they tried so hard to doom to eternal degradation, are obtaining in government and missionary schools a sanctified scholarship which is soon to consign the claims and preten-

sions of this venerable, haughty, and heartless aristocracy to the everlasting contempt which they deserve! One by one, they behold, in their ridiculous helplessness, their strong plans taken and wrested from their grasp. The very Veda in which they gloried, and behind which they falsely defended the vileness and cruelty of their system, has been magnificently collated, and published in eight volumes, by the scholarship of Max Müller, and these rendered with equal ability—the last volume having been published within the last three years—into English by Wilson and Cowell. So that, all the world may now know what the Veda is, and what it teaches, and thus hold these unworthy guardians of it to the fearful responsibility which they have incurred in pretending to quote its authority for the abominations which characterize their modern Hindooism, with all its grievous wrongs against woman, in particular, and against the interests of their own nation, both moral and economical, as well as its violation of the common sense and judgment of mankind, for whose opinions, however, the Brahmans of India never showed the least respect.

#### THE GULF OF SPEZIA AND THE PEASANTRY OF ITALY.

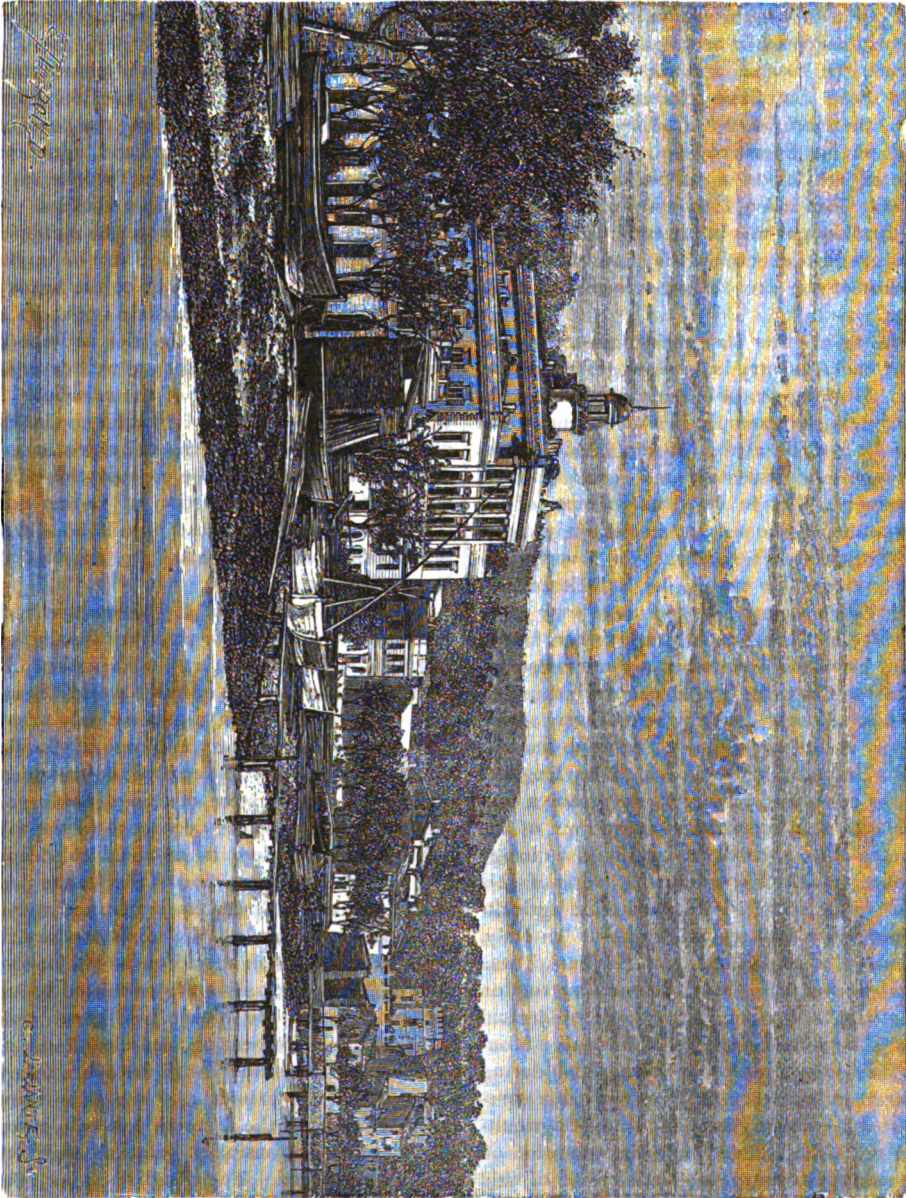
AT the commencement of this century, a journey to La Spezia offered very few inducements to those who dreaded seasickness. It was well known, ever since Byron had celebrated in immortal song that marvelous gulf on which the old Ligurian city is built, that the slopes of the Apennines facing toward it were rich in charming scenery. But the slow pace at which the *vetturini* traveled, and the exorbitant demands of the *facchini*, alarmed many; while rumors of primitive cookery in this mountainous country caused to others much vague anxiety. Those who spent money freely were exposed to every sort of vexation. Those who saw the unfavorable side of things were forever haranguing on the ferocious intolerance of the inhabitants of these districts, who, according to their view, were totally unworthy of better government than the grinding tyranny they suffered under.

As in the East, so it is in Italy. Indolent natures, unwilling to change their intellectual habits, and arguing that nations are unimprovable, end by believing that their present condition corresponds with what they themselves were in former times. If, however, Byron could rise from his tomb, he would no more

recognize La Spezia than he would the Piræus and Athens.

Besides the steamers which now ply frequently on the Gulf, the railway conveys passengers in a few hours from Pisa to La Spezia. In this way there is easy and ready access to

this delightful spot. But the progress thus made has brought about also other results. The town itself has changed as much in its general appearance, and its accommodation for travelers, as in its connection with foreign countries.



THE "MALTESE CROSS" HOTEL, SPEZIA.

This little city, formerly renowned for its *dolce far niente* common to all Italian towns, cut off, from difficulty of access, from the rest of the world, and equally notorious from the inquisitorial vexations of its retrograde governments—well portrayed by Boyle, in his "Char-

treuse de Parme —is now alive with the sound of the hammer, and the whistle of the steam-engine is constantly heard. Napoleon, who had well understood the advantages which could be reaped from all its ports—the Porto della Spezia, at the extremity of the gulf, the Porto



di Portovenere, and the Gulfs of Grazie, Panigaglia, and Castagna, on the western coast, and the Porto di Lerici on the eastern coast—wished to make Spezia the first naval port of his vast empire. His ministers, less prescient than himself, were of opinion that an immense state, in which a power succeeding to the liberal propaganda of 1789 would welcome indiscriminately as subjects, or as vassals, the Latin, the German, the Iberian, and the Sclavonic races, would have but little chance of durability. They, therefore, were unwilling to execute works at La Spezia which might ultimately prove of service to a people distinct, if not inimical. But when Italy was freed from foreign thralldom, it was but natural that it should again put into execution the plans which the Emperor of the French had commenced at La Spezia.

Here, as in other Italian provinces, the position of the peasantry is an object of interesting study. Nothing can be easier than this in some countries, as, for example, in Switzerland, where the peasant soon attains to manhood—thanks to compulsory education and good political government. But in Italy, as in most of the Latin countries, the peasant still scarcely knows how to read or write, and, as his poverty generally prevents his voting, he is little considered. This species of forgetfulness may prove of serious consequence in the long run, but at present his ideas and wishes are not regarded. In point of fact, the whole country around is almost an unknown land to the ordinary tourist. So lately as the last century, the same was the case in France, and it was not till an Englishman, the celebrated Arthur Young, made a tour of inspection, and published an account of the resources of that great country, that any change was observable. The admirable work of this philanthropist, professing to be a mere agricultural journey, is still read with profit. In Italy, in the reign of the late King of Sardinia, it was first attempted to insist on primary instruction in the rural districts, where the intellectual status is far from being a brilliant one. Monsieur Sismondi, a native of Switzerland, during a protracted residence in Tuscany, made careful systematic inquiry as to the state of agriculture in the Grand Duchy, and the condition of the Tuscan peasantry; and the result of this inquiry was an agricultural tableau of Tuscany, published in 1801, not devoid of interest.

In speaking of the Italian peasantry of the present day, difficult as it may be to procure accurate descriptions of each province, it is not impossible to form a general idea of their condition; but, in order to do this, care must be

taken to avoid generalizing too much on the subject.

The Italian Continental peasant, albeit he may be inferior to the Prussian, who can read, write, calculate, and turn to advantage scientific discoveries, is nevertheless not inferior in these respects to the French peasant in the departments, but neither of them have had many opportunities of detailed study.

In peninsular Italy the case is unfortunately very different. As a general rule, the former rulers did little or nothing to drag the peasantry from the depths of misery and ignorance. "*Festa, forsa, farina*," was the favorite saying of Francis I, King of the Two Sicilies. According to him these words were the shibboleth of government, and were made use of in their most repulsive sense. In Venice the heads of the Republic believed in patriotic rejoicings, or, to say the least, clung to the idea of impartial justice. In Naples the fêtes are well described in the accounts published of the miracle of St. Januarius. Justice did not exist for the inferior classes at this time, and the daily existence of the mass was limited to the consumption of the eternal *polenta*, a concoction of Indian corn, the fabrication of which had been handed down in unbroken tradition from the time of the Roman Empire.

As a rule, the food of the peasant in Italy, even as late as in 1868, was very insufficient; and it is well known that an imperfectly fed population can not do effective work. Seventeen millions of Italian peasantry only accomplish the work of four millions of English laborers. It is easy to perceive the sad consequences of such a state of things, tending, as they do, to the absolute decadence of the race.

Nevertheless, there is no need to despair with regard to the condition of the Italian peasantry; and at La Spezia itself instructive comparisons may be made. When, as occasionally happens, an English squadron is stationed in the Gulf, and the sailors are permitted to land and roam about the town, their good looks, frank and resolute bearing, and cleanliness are seen to contrast strongly with the spare frames, the yellow complexions, and the poor brown cotton clothing of the Ligurian peasants, resorting to town on business. But at night the scene is changed. The English sailor, then gorged with food and wine—the wines of the district, both red and white, are agreeable and heady—had completely lost the bearing which reflected so much credit on him; while the peasant, who had not yet set out on his homeward journey, was chatting, laughing, and singing under the shade of the plane-trees, looking

like a needy butterman glancing scornfully at a drunken mob. It is pleasant to recognize in this Italian peasant of the nineteenth century the representative of the old Greco-Roman civilization, whose wonderful prestige is retained even by the lowest of her sons.

The dress of the peasantry round La Spezia speaks little for their wealth, although every now and then the velvet waistcoat is seen. They generally wear somber-colored stuffs, and the farmers wear the same material, cut in the same style, as the workmen. The blouse worn in France is seldom seen in Italy, which is the more to be regretted, as it is cleanly, if only because it is so easily washed. Some of the country people on the coast wear a scarlet cap, with a black border, which forms a bright contrast to their other garments. Those who do not share in the Russian Moujik idea, that red and beauty are synonymous terms, wear head-dresses of a less vivid hue. Sometimes the cap drops over one shoulder, like the Greek fez; sometimes it hangs forward, in the Phrygian style. When worn with the velvet coat, it forms a not unpicturesque costume.

Those who seek for variety in the dress of the agricultural classes will do well to visit the villages on the first Sunday in July, at the Feast of Our Lady of Acquasanta, whose sanctuary is situated at the summit of one of the hills round Marola, a charming village whose many-tinted houses—the Ligurians love color in their habitations—lie dotted about on terraces. The hamlet can be seen from La Spezia. As a matter of course, in order to do honor to the Virgin, the country-women don their best attire. They seem to have more taste for vivid color than their husbands, but even with them it is less a passion than with most Southern populations. They are, however, strikingly fond of jewelry, and some of them wear ear-rings of spherical form, the lower part studded with ornaments of more or less complicated workmanship. Like the Romans, flowers are their delight, and like the "flora campi" in the old Roman songs, they coquettishly place them in their hair, over the right ear, side by side with a tiny flat straw hat, whose streamers, fastened to the hair, form a slight support.

A lady resident in Spezia has related the following anecdote, as illustrative of the tastes of the people: "Once, during a promenade in the *boschetto*, I saw two old, wrinkled females sauntering about like myself. Suddenly one of them, after looking furtively from right to left, to make sure of the absence of the police, whose peculiar dress and wand of office hold in awe the most refractory, glided rapidly through

a breach—made, no doubt, by others for similar exploits—in the thick and high box hedge which skirts the principal walk, and pounced on two Indian roses which she had espied in one of the beds. She had hardly secured her spoil, and was mistress of these poor and scentless flowers, than she began to place one of them in her hair, giving the other to her companion. They pursued their walk, as contented and pleased as if they had been securing from an orange-tree its choicest blossoms. They enjoyed the double satisfaction of doing a forbidden thing, and of adorning themselves with flowers whose rich yellow tint presented so pleasing a contrast to the ebony of their hair." Generally the female peasantry have the good taste to prefer the alabaster corolla of the Cape jasmine. So popular is this flower that sometimes even laboring men may be seen wearing it over the ear.

Even the oxen are coquettishly attired. Sometimes the white head of one of these patient animals may be seen decked with a sort of woolen crown, from which hang green, red, and blue balls. These the creature gravely shakes from side to side while promenading through the streets of the town. Animals no less than men are susceptible to vanity, and every one knows that the horse is proud enough when equipped richly, and honored by bearing one of the magnates of the earth, whose splendid costume is a fortune in itself. The narrow mountain paths which encircle La Spezia do not allow of the passage of carts worthy of such beautiful white oxen, with their splendid black horns and benign expression of countenance. Three sticks, in the form of a triangle, forming a rustic seat, solid if not elegant, are the only conveyances for human beings; and sure-footed mules carry easily over the mountains burdens which elsewhere would be placed in carts. Long processions of these animals, in single file, bearing on either side well-balanced barrels of wine, are often met with in La Spezia. They seldom appear tired, and seem as if they possess all the virtues ascribed to the ass by Buffon, in his delineation of that sober and hard-working animal. Although probably ignorant of the works of the celebrated naturalist, the peasantry fully appreciate the qualities of the donkey, which they use for riding. A cavalcade of asses, black and gray, presents a singular appearance. In the East, and even in the neighboring peninsula of Spain, the donkeys, as is well known, are treated with any thing but contempt: and it would not be difficult, by ingenious crossings of the breed, superintended by intelligent trainers, to improve

very greatly the race at present so despised and hardly treated in Western Europe.

A French writer lately announced that in Italy there was no middle class, and that every one in that country, as in Russia, was either a peasant or a noble. This is a great error. Often in the history of the Italian Republic the middle classes were engaged in active warfare with the patrician. In Genoa there has always been a democratic party, although the innumerable titles might lead the superficial observer to suppose that all the towns are crowded with nobility. The Italian aristocracy, however, readily admits into its rank all whom fortune has enriched, so that the son of a tradesman may become a noble with little or no trouble. This, at least, was the case a few years ago, when even the Grand Ducal Government in Tuscany sold titles very cheaply. Perhaps a more legitimate accession of titles arises from the fact that old patrician, but non-titled, families have helped themselves freely to those titles which suit them best; and this is done, as in France, without any authorization, and without any arrangement having been made with the State.

People privileged to wear orders—and their number exceeds those of France or Germany—call themselves *commendatori* or *cavalieri*, according to the position they hold in the hierarchy of SS. Maurice and Lazare, or of any other order of chivalry, national or foreign. If we sound the matter to the bottom, we shall find that the middle class abounds in Italy, without, however, being as powerful as it was in France in the reign of Louis Philippe. The Comte de Cavour was descended, on the mother's side, from a family of citizens of Geneva; and the economical, practical, laborious turn of mind so common to the Swiss republican was easily discernible in him. M. Ratazzi, at the head of the opposition monarchical party, is a lawyer from Alessandria. M. Mazini, so celebrated for his oratorical powers, is a lawyer from Genoa. M. Crispi, a noted orator of the opposition party, has no pretensions to being descended from Crispus, of Rome, though the dignity has been ascribed to him by French writers; he belongs to the Albanian colonies of Southern Italy. The nobility, notwithstanding, have not remained passive spectators of the affairs of the country, as was the case in France under Louis Philippe. To illustrate this it is only necessary to mention a few names of the active party in Italy. The Ricasoli, the Peruzzi, the Pepoli, the Rasponi, etc., are examples.

At La Spezia it may truly be said that the

four seasons of the calendar are fully represented in different parts of the year. As the gulf opens out toward the south, and is inclosed by high ground all round, the whole district almost seems to form a natural conservatory. In the bad season—which lasts but a short time—the *tramontana*, which corresponds with the terrible *mistral* of Provence, is occasionally felt dropping down from the Apennines. The sirocco, which the Swiss so much dread under the name of *föhn*, and which has blown over this coast ever since, toward the close of the diluvian period, the Sahara emerged from the depths of the ocean, comes with little or no impediment from Africa, and brings in its train languor and a peculiar morbid state, affecting some persons very disagreeably. Even in Summer, however, when most trying, there are some who can bear it with perfect resignation. The English suffer greatly at the time when it prevails. Thus, in the month of August it is almost unbearable, especially if the usual stimulating diet of our country people is retained. At these times wine—especially the strong wines of the district—brandy, pepper, pimento, and all other condiments, and even tea, must be regarded as injurious.

The Italians, however, on the other hand, perhaps run into the contrary excess, and live too exclusively on cold vegetable food. In Summer, when they are covered with perspiration, they devour iced water and *gelati*; every one consumes large quantities of fruit, which they eat as green in La Spezia as in Roumania. Figs, pistachio nuts, peaches, and pears, hard as stones, frequently bring on gastroenteric affections. In cholera time, the use of this kind of food counteracts the efforts made by Government and the municipality to stop the complaint. The result of this inattention to proper food, added to the serious want of sanitary regulations, is that this terrible epidemic threatens to become naturalized in the Italian peninsula. For some years past it has, indeed, raged just as it did formerly in India, in the Valley of the Ganges, from whence it spread into Western Asia, thence into Egypt, and finally into Southern Europe. In Winter the same contempt of sanitary precaution exists, and it is almost universal in the South. Thus rheumatism is very prevalent among the inhabitants in the Gulf of Spezia, where their clothing, pleasant enough when the sirocco blows, is no defense when the *tramontana* suddenly descends from the Apennines like an icy torrent.

On the Mediterranean coast, this variation of temperature is so decided as to become for-

midable. Cold is all the more felt because it is followed by great heat. When it rains, the water falls from the heavy lowering sky just as if a deluge were about to drown the world. In the Autumn, even so early as toward the end of September, a heavy rain-fall sometimes causes the air to become so chilly as to resemble Winter. In the year 1867, after an unusually heavy storm, the working classes at Marola found themselves immediately after the tempest so seriously attacked by illness, that a great lesson must have been learned, by even the most careless, as to the influence these dangerous changes have on the human constitution, and how far they reduce the value of human life in these beautiful countries. An old Arab proverb declares that "Allah does not disinherit any of his creatures." Many a spot where the sun shines but seldom, where wine is not a product of the soil, and where all seems dull and melancholy, may have large compensation in the enjoyment of permanent liberty. In such countries there is an honest pride felt that they are taking an active part in the progress of the human race.

Italians close their bathing establishments before the tempestuous weather arises; consequently, strangers coming for the benefit of the baths are not generally present when these sudden changes of weather occur, and convert for the moment the lovely Gulf of Spezia into a scene so somber and terrible. The Summer is dry and warm, and permits of the full enjoyment of the glorious moonlit nights.

The gulf being inclosed on three sides by mountains, the moon is only visible when it is sufficiently high to be seen above their summits. Before this happens, and the tips of the waves become spotted with silver light, the crest of the mountain is seen crowned with a mysterious aureola, which momentarily becomes brighter and brighter. When the Queen of Night at length appears, her rays shine as a flame, lighting up the summit of the eastern range. The dark-blue waters of the gulf then suddenly become transformed into a sheet of glittering gold, whose undulating waves gently caress the shore. Those who have not seen other seas than the British Channel or the German Ocean, can not picture to themselves the serenity of these nights in August on the Mediterranean shore. It was these waves that rocked the inspired lover of Graziella in the enchanted gulf of Parthenope—

"Murmur round my bark,  
O gentle sea!"

From time to time soft-breathing zephyr conveys gently to the waves the pink and white

petals of the oleander, or the large leaf of the plane, a tree which waits not for Autumn before shedding its finger-shaped leaves over the passers-by. The oleanders of the *boschetto*, whose green leaves, similar to those of the orange, brave the Winter, begin toward the early days of September to lose their crown of flowers; but here they are to be found still, beautiful as those on the shores of the Eurotas, and radiant as in the days when the sacred stream caressed the alabaster form of the mother of Helen.

A month later the moon shines on a different scene. In August, however, bathers, sailors, and citizens, crowd the beach; from boats, hastening homeward across the gulf, joyous voices are heard singing. The sweet Latin intonation, so precious to the ear of the great poet whose name is still held in soft remembrance all along the coast, is blended with the sonorous, though homely tones of the more northern people. In front of the *cafés* are discussed the affairs of the Old and New World. Strangers and sons of the soil seem equally averse to retiring for the night, for they dread heat, gnats, and listlessness, as an accompaniment to the pillow. But the manners and customs of the little town are rendered subservient to the habits of the bathing community, and when the moon has risen all is soon calm. Shortly after ten o'clock the momentary hum of life ceases. No carriages are heard returning from excursions in the neighborhood. The voice of the *popolane* and the noisy songs of the sailors cease to disturb the peace of night, and only a few strangers still haunt the *cafés*. Nevertheless, the magic aspect of the scene remains. So transparent is the air, that, as in Greece, objects an enormous distance off are plainly discernible. From the quay the whole gulf is seen lighted up by the soft beams, and not a skiff is hidden from view. Boats of every kind rock gently on the surface of the water, in which they are reflected as in a mirror.

#### THE SONG OF DEBORAH.

AMONG the many impassioned poems with which Hebrew literature abounds, this triumphal ode, universally known as "Deborah's Song," is one of the most splendid specimens. Force, beauty, grandeur, sublimity—all are here. Bold and startling figures, sudden and abrupt transitions, and occasional touches of sarcasm most consummately set, are noticeable features, and while they serve to make the thoughts presented more impressive

and the style more spirited, they often render the exposition difficult.

It is said that Deborah and Barak sang the song. As Moses and Miriam led Israel in singing the triumphal song of Exod. xv, and as the daughters of Israel came out of all their cities singing and dancing to meet King Saul after the victory over the Philistines, and with various instruments of music answered to each other as they played and sang (1 Sam. xviii, 6), so in this case Barak probably led the men, and Deborah the women, and at the appropriate passages they responded to each other.

No one will pretend that both Deborah and Barak were jointly the authors of this poem. An almost universal opinion ascribes it to Deborah herself, and this position most naturally explains the freshness and emotionality apparent in nearly every line. Add to this the thought, again and again suggested in the song itself, that, whoever the person, the author must have been a woman. "A man," says one writer, "would have portrayed the boldest deeds of arms, the most striking scenes of the struggle, which the woman only designates by a single pencil stroke, while she dwells with delight upon the flight of Sisera. Only a woman could praise the deed of Jael as Deborah did. To none other than a woman's mind would the cares and anxieties of the mother be suggested, as the chariot of Sisera long delayed its coming." And still stronger evidence than all this concerning the authorship is afforded in verses three and seven, where the words, "I will sing," and "I, Deborah, arose," clearly make Deborah herself the professed author of the song. She probably composed it immediately after the victory over Sisera, for the purpose of a public celebration of that great national triumph.

This distinguished prophetess dwelt under a tent "such as the patriarchs loved;" namely, a palm-tree, between Ramah and Mt. Ephraim. Her wonderful natural endowments, intelligence, poetic genius, and intuitive penetration, all exalted by the divine gift of prophecy, made her conspicuous as a shining light in the darkness which had fallen upon Israel. On account of their sins the Lord had sold Israel into the hands of Jabin, a king who reigned in Hazor, and for twenty years he mightily oppressed them. Deborah was the divinely chosen deliverer. As a distinguished chieftain, providentially raised up to lead a nation through a revolution, or throw off a foreign yoke, is called a *father of his country*, so Deborah arose a *mother in Israel*.

Her sex did not disqualify her for this divine mission, nor hinder her from gaining ascendancy

over the minds of her people. They who sit in darkness and deep distress do not object to be delivered even by the hand of a woman. To such sex is no disqualification for the leadership, if she only give sure indications of leading them to victory. Nothing great and noble, which she has strength to do, is out of woman's sphere. How unphilosophical, and how derogatory to the wisdom of the Giver of all good gifts, are those barriers which human prejudice, custom, or law, has set up against the fullest employment of woman's talents as a helpmeet for man in all the duties and interests of life! In the history of Israel God called women to the high offices of judge and prophet, and we find Deborah giving orders to Barak to go forth and conduct the battle against the hosts of Jabin. But to the command of troops in the field—an office inferior to that of the executive, and to the office of the priesthood or an ordained ministry, which is also inferior to the gift of prophecy, there is in the holy Scriptures no instance of a divine commission to woman.

In the fourth and fifth chapters of Judges we have both a historical and a poetical account of Deborah's work and influence in Israel, but the song alone contains ample information of the occasion which called it forth. It opens with a joyful burst of praise to God for the devout and earnest volunteering of the people for the war. "The loosing of locks" is a poetical expression for an act of self-consecration to God, and to be explained as an allusion to the unrestrained growth of the locks of one who took upon himself the Nazarite vow. No razor was allowed to come upon the head of the Nazarite during the days of his vow, and so his locks were left loosely and freely to grow. The expression is further explained and confirmed by the next line of the parallelism—"for the free self-offering of the people." All the people who took part in the war with Sisera, the leader of Jabin's army, are represented as having taken on them a vow of consecration to God's service as solemn and divine as that of the Nazarite, and for this she first of all blesses Jehovah.

Then she turns in a tone of lofty defiance to the heathen kings, and bids them, as if they were present, listen to her, as she, a feeble woman, sings over them a song of triumph. Then most appropriately she passes at once to speak of the miraculous interposition of Jehovah. The trembling earth, the dropping heavens, the quaking mountains, together with the statements of verses twenty and twenty-one, that the heavens fought, and the swollen Kishon swept the hosts of Sisera away, all point to a terrible thunder-storm which God sent on that

occasion to discomfit the enemies of his people. The inspired poetess saw in that tempest a sublime theophany which reminded her of the ancient scenes at Sinai. The going out from Seir and through the fields of Edom is therefore to be understood as the approach from that south-eastern quarter of the heavens of a tremendous tempest, in which Jehovah moved forth from his seat on Sinai, and marched to the rescue of his people.

Next follows a description of the desolate state of the land, and the absence of any government in Israel worthy of the name until the days of Deborah; of the idolatries of the people, and the curse of war that ever followed as a punishment, and of the want of arms among the people. Then, calling on all classes of the people to join her in the song, she proceeds to sing of the action of the different tribes in relation to the war. One of the keenest pieces of irony in the Scriptures is the allusion in verses fifteen and sixteen to the tribe of Reuben. They heard the call of Deborah, and at once began to make great plans and lofty *determinations* to give much help in the war, but, as if charmed by the pipings among the flocks, all their great resolutions ended in *deliberations*.

After a vivid picture of the battle, the prophetess suddenly pauses and pronounces a bitter curse on Meroz. Of the history of this place we have no other trace. Perhaps it utterly perished by reason of this awful curse. It seems to have lain along the route of the flying Canaanites, and its inhabitants culpably neglected to help the leaders of Israel in the pursuit. While the apathy of some of the tribes called forth only censure or reproach, the neglects of Meroz were so great as to call forth a bitter curse.

In contrast with the curse of Meroz stands the blessing of Jael, on which Stanley says: "Her attitude, her weapon, her deed, are described as if they had become fixed in the national mind. She stands like the personification of the figure of speech so famous in the names of Judas the *Maccabee*—the Hebrew word for hammer is *maccab*—and Charles *Martel*; the Hammer of her country's enemies. Step by step we see her advance; first the dead silence with which she approaches the sleeper, slumbering with the weariness of one who has run far and fast, then the successive blows with which she hammers, crushes, beats, and pierces through and through the forehead of the upturned face, till the point of the nail reaches the very ground on which the slumberer is stretched; and then comes the one startling bound, the contortion of agony, with which the

expiring man rolls over from the low divan and lies weltering in blood between her feet as she strides over the lifeless corpse."

From one female character the poetess now passes to another—from Jael to Sisera's mother. The abrupt and striking prosopopœia of verses 28-30 is one of the most thrilling passages in the song. Never dreaming of defeat Sisera's mother confidently awaits her son's triumphal return, but, growing impatient at his long delay, she and her royal maidens entertain themselves with speculations such as none but Oriental females would talk about at such an hour. These ladies of the harem expected to share largely in the rich embroidered garments of their country's enemies, and peered earnestly through the latticed windows of their apartments to see those garments carried in the triumphal procession on the necks of the captive maidens, who formed so important a part of the spoil.

"The Prophetess does not stop," says Dr. Robinson, "to say that all these hopes of Sisera's mother were dashed to the ground, but she implies this in another abrupt apostrophe, in which she invokes like destruction upon all the enemies of Jehovah. This abruptness makes a far more vivid impression than any language" could have done. And then the bold and striking figure, with which the poem closes, forcibly and truly indicates the rising and growing power of the true Israel of God.

The common English version of Deborah's song is peculiarly defective. No less an authority than the late Dr. Edward Robinson said of it that "in many parts it is wholly unintelligible." We append a new and literal translation, in which the exact order, force, and emotionality of the Hebrew original is as far as possible preserved.

- VERSE 2. For the loosing of locks in Israel,  
For the free self-offering of the people,  
Bless Jehovah!
3. Hear, O, Kings; give ear, O, princes;  
I to Jehovah, even I, will sing,  
Will sound the harp to Jehovah, the God of Israel.
4. O, Jehovah, in thy going out from Seir,  
In thy marching from the field of Edom,  
The earth did tremble and the heavens did drop;  
Yea, the dark clouds dropped water.
5. The mountains quaked before Jehovah,  
That Sinai before Jehovah, the God of Israel.
6. In the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath,  
In the days of Jael, ceased the roads,  
And the travelers of highways traveled roads of crookedness.
7. Ceased the government in Israel—they ceased,  
Until I, Deborah, arose,  
I arose, a mother in Israel.
8. He chose gods that were new;  
Then war was at the gates:

- Shield could there be seen, or spear,  
Among forty thousand in Israel?
9. My heart is toward the rulers of Israel,  
Those freely offering themselves among the people ;  
Bless Jehovah !
10. O, riders of dappled she-asses,  
Reposers on splendid carpets,  
And travelers on the way,  
Meditate the song.
11. From the voice of spoil-dividers between the water-troughs,  
There commemorate the righteous acts of Jehovah,  
The righteous acts of his government in Israel,  
Then go down to the gates the people of Jehovah.
12. Awake, awake, O Deborah !  
Awake, awake, utter a song !  
Arise, O Barak !  
And lead captive thy captives, O son of Abinoam !
13. Then came down a remnant of the nobles of the people,  
Jehovah came down to me among the mighty ones ;
14. Out of Ephraim, whose root is in Amalek,  
After thee was Benjamin among thy people ;  
Out of Machir came down rulers,  
And out of Zebulon those holding the commander's staff,
15. And the princes in Issachar were with Deborah,  
Even Issachar, the support of Barak,  
In the valley was he sent at his feet.  
By the streams of Reuben,  
Great were the determinations of heart.
16. Why sattest thou between the double sheep-folds?  
To hear the pipings of the herds?  
By the streams of Reuben,  
Great were the deliberations of heart !
17. Gilead beyond the Jordan dwelt,  
And Dan, why sojourns he in ships?  
Asher sat at the shore of the sea,  
And upon his harbors let him dwell.
18. Zebulon, a people that scorned his soul to death,  
And Naphtali, upon the high places of the field.
19. There came kings ; they fought ;  
Then fought the kings of Canaan,  
At Taanach, upon the waters of Megiddo,  
Spoil of silver they did not take.
20. From heaven they fought,  
The stars from their courses fought with Sisera.
21. The river Kishon swept them away,  
The river of ancient times, the river Kishon.  
Trample down, O my soul, the strong !
22. Then smote the hoofs of the horse,  
From the gallopings, the gallopings of his heroes.
23. Curse Meroz, said the angel of Jehovah,  
Curse with a curse her inhabitants ;  
For they came not to the help of Jehovah,  
To the help of Jehovah among the mighty ones.
24. Blessed above women be Jael,  
The wife of Heber the Kenite ;  
Above women in the tent let her be blessed.
25. Water he asked ; milk she gave ;  
In a bowl of the nobles she brought him curds.
26. Her hand to the tent-pin she stretched forth,  
And her right-hand to the hammer of the workmen,  
And she hammered Sisera, she crushed his head,  
And she smote through and transfixed his temples.
27. Between her feet he sank down, he fell ;  
Where he sank down there he fell slain.
28. Through the window she bent forward, and cried aloud,  
The mother of Sisera through the lattice-window :  
"Wherefore delays his chariot to come ?  
Wherefore linger the paces of his royal steed ?"
29. The wise ones of her princesses answer her.  
Yea, also she returns answer to herself :

30. "Are they not finding, dividing the spoil?  
One maiden, two maidens to the head of a hero ;  
Spoil of dyed garments for Sisera,  
Spoil of dyed garments ; embroidery ;  
A dyed garment of double embroidery for the necks of the  
spoil."
31. So shall perish all thy enemies, O Jehovah !  
But they that love him shall be as the going forth of the sun  
in his strength.

### ABOUT CORAL LIFE.

THE group of Corallines consists of a single genus, *Corallium*, having a common axis, inarticulate, solid, and calcareous, the typical species of which furnishes matter hard, brilliant, and richly colored, and much sought after as an object of adornment. This interesting zoöphyte and its product require to be described with some detail.

From very early times the coral has been adopted as an object of ornament. From the highest antiquity, also, efforts were made to ascertain its true origin, and the place assignable to it in the works of Nature. Theophrastus, Dioscorides, and Pliny considered that the coral was a plant. Tournefort, in 1700, reproduced the same idea. Réaumur slightly modified this opinion of the ancients, and declared his opinion that the coral was the stony product of certain marine plants. Science was in this state when a naturalist, who has acquired a great name, the Count de Marsigli, made a discovery which threw quite a new light on the true origin of this natural product. He announced that he had discovered the flowers of the coral. He represented these flowers in his fine work, "La Physique de la Mer," which includes many interesting details respecting this curious product of the ocean. How could it be longer doubted that the coral was a plant, since he had seen its expanded flowers? No one doubted it, and Réaumur proclaimed everywhere the discovery of the happy Academician.

Unhappily a discordant note soon mingled in this concert. It even emanated from a pupil of Marsigli!

Jean André de Peyssonnel was born at Marseilles in 1694. He was a student of medicine and natural history at Paris when the Académie des Sciences charged him with the task of studying the coral on the sea-shore. Peyssonnel began his observations in the neighborhood of Marseilles in 1723. He pursued it on the North African coast, where he had been sent on a mission by the Government. Aided by a long series of observations as exact as they were delicate, Peyssonnel demonstrated that the pretended flowers which the Count de Mar-

sigli thought he had discovered in the coral, were true animals, and showed that the coral was neither plant nor the product of a plant, but a being with life, which he placed in the first "rung" of the zoölogical ladder. "I put the flower of the coral," said Peyssonnel, "in vases full of sea water, and I saw that what had been taken for a flower of this pretended plant was, in truth, only an insect, like a little sea-nettle, or polyp. I had the pleasure of seeing removed the claws or feet of the creature, and having put the vase full of water, which contained the coral, in a gentle heat over the fire, all the small insects seemed to expand. The polyp extended his feet, and formed what M. de Marsigli and I had taken for the petals of a flower. The calyx of this pretended flower, in short, was the animal, which advanced and issued out of its cells."

The observations of Peyssonnel were calculated to put aside altogether theories which had lately attracted universal admiration, but they were coldly received by the naturalists, his contemporaries. Réaumur distinguished himself greatly in his opposition to the young innovator. He wrote to Peyssonnel in an ironical tone: "I think [he says] as you do, that no one has hitherto been disposed to regard the coral as the work of insects. We can not deny that this idea is both new and singular; but the coral, as it appears to me, never could have been constructed by sea-nettles or polyps, if we may judge from the manner in which you make them labor."

What appeared impossible to Réaumur was, however, a fact which Peyssonnel had demonstrated to hundreds by his experiments at Marseilles. Nevertheless, Bernard de Jussieu did not find the reasons he urged strong enough to induce him to abandon the opinions he had formed as to their vegetable origin. Afflicted and disgusted at the indifferent success with which his labors were received, Peyssonnel abandoned his investigations. He even abandoned science and society, and sought an obscure retirement in the Antilles as a naval surgeon, and his manuscripts, which he left in France, have never been printed. These manuscripts, written in 1744, were preserved in the library of the Museum of Natural History at Paris. The title is comprehensive and sufficiently descriptive. It should be added, in order to complete the recital, that Réaumur and Bernard de Jussieu finally recognized the value of the discoveries and the validity of the reasoning of the naturalist of Marseilles. When these illustrious *savants* became acquainted with the experiments of Trembley upon the fresh-

water hydræ; when they had themselves repeated them; when they had made similar observations on the sea-anemone and alcyonidæ; when they finally discovered that on other so-called marine plants animalcules were found similar to the hydra, so admirably described by Trembley—they no longer hesitated to render full justice to the views of their former adversary.

While Peyssonnel still lived forgotten at the Antilles, his scientific labors were crowned with triumph at Paris; but it was a sterile triumph for him. Réaumur gave to the animalcules which construct the coral the name of *Polyyps*, and *Coral* to the product itself, for such he considered the architectural product of the polyyps. In other words, Réaumur introduced into science the views which he had keenly contested with their author. But from that time the animal nature of the coralline has never been doubted.

Without pausing to note the various authors who have given their attention to this fine natural production, we shall at once direct our attention to the organization of the animalcules, and the construction of the coral.

M. Lacaze-Duthiers, Professor at the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, published in 1864 a remarkable monograph, entitled "L'Histoire Naturelle du Corail." This learned naturalist was charged by the French Government, in 1860, with a mission having for its object the study of the coral from the natural history point of view. His observations upon the zoöphytes are numerous and precise, and worthy of the successor of Peyssonnel; but for close observation, practical conclusions, and popular exposition, the world is more indebted to Charles Darwin than to any other naturalist.

A branch of *living* coral, if we may use the term, is an aggregation of animals derived from a first being by budding. They are united among themselves by a common tissue, each seeming to enjoy a life of its own, though participating in a common object. The branch seems to originate in an egg, which produces a young animal, which attaches itself soon after its birth, as already described. From this is derived the new beings which, by their united labors, produce the branch of coral or polypidom.

This branch is composed of two distinct parts: the one central, of a hard, brittle, and stony nature, the well-known coral of commerce; the other altogether external, like the bark of a tree, soft and fleshy, and easily impressed with the nail. This is essentially the bed of the living colony. The first is called the polypidom, the second is the colony of





FIG. 1. Living Bed of Coral after the entrance of the Polyps.

(*Lacaze-Duthiers.*)  
like the rest of the bark, the festooned throat of which presents eight dentations.

The polyp itself (Fig. 2) is formed of a whitish membranous tube, nearly cylindrical, having an upper disk, surrounded by its eight tentacula, bearing many delicate fibers spreading out laterally. This assemblage of tentacula resembles



FIG. 2. Three Polyps of the Coral.  
(*Lacaze-Duthiers.*)

the corolla of some flowers; its form is very variable, but always truly elegant. Fig. 3—which is borrowed from M. Lacaze-Duthiers's great work—represents one of these forms of the coral.

The arms of the polyps are at times subject to violent agitation; the tentacula become much excited. If this excitement continues, the tentacula can be seen to fold and roll themselves up, as shown in Fig. 4. If we look at the expanded disk, we see that the eight tentacula attach themselves to the body, describing a space perfectly circular, in the middle of which rises a small mammal, the summit of which is

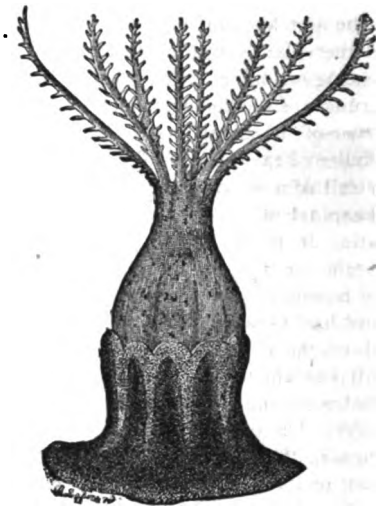


FIG. 3. Coral Polyp. (*Lacaze-Duthiers.*)

occupied by a small slit like two rounded lips. This is the mouth of the polyps, the form being very variable, but well represented in Fig. 4, where the organ under consideration is displayed.

A cylindrical tube connected with the mouth represents the œsophagus or gullet; but all other portions of the digestive tube are very rudimentary. The œsophagus connects the



FIG. 4. Another form of the Coral Polyp.

general cavity of the body with the exterior, and looks as if it were suspended in the middle of the body by certain folds, which issue with perfect symmetry from eight points of its circumference. The folds which thus fix the œsophagus form a series of cells, above each of which it attaches itself, and supports an arm or tentaculum.

Let us pause an instant over the soft and fleshy bark in which the polyps are engaged. Let us see also what are the mutual relations which exist between the several inhabitants of one of these colonies, how they are attached

to one another, and what is their connection with the polypidom.

The thick fleshy body, soft, and easily impressed with the finger, is the living part which produces the coral; it extends itself so as exactly to cover the whole polypidom. If it perishes at any one point, that part of the axis



no longer shows any increase. An intimate relation, therefore, exists between the bark and the polypidom. If the bark is examined more closely, three principal elements are recognized—a common general *tissue*, some *spicula*, and certain *vessels*. The general tissue is transparent, glossy, cellular, and contractile.

The *spicula* are very small calcareous concretions, more or less elongated, covered with knotted joints bristling with spines, and of regular determinate form (Fig. 5). They refract the light very vividly, and their color is that of the coral, but much weaker, in consequence of their want of thickness. They are uniformly distributed throughout the bark, and give to the coral the fine color which generally characterizes it.

The vessels constitute a net-work, which extends and repeats itself in the thickness of the crust. These vessels are of two kinds (Fig. 6); the one, comparatively very large, is imbedded in the axis, and disposed in parallel layers; the others are regular and much smaller. They form a net-work of unequal meshes, which occupies the whole thickness of the external crust. This net-work has direct and important connection with the polyps on the one hand, and with the central substance which forms the axis on the other. It communicates directly with the general cavity of the body of the animal, by every channel which approaches it, while the two ranges of net-work approach each other by a great number of anastomosing processes. Such is the vascular arrangement of the coral.

The circulation of alimentary fluids in the coral is accomplished by means of vessels near to the axis, without, however, directly anastomosing with the cavities containing the polyps which live in the polypidom; they only communicate with those cavities by very delicate intermediary canals. The alimentary fluids they receive from the secondary system of net-work, which brings them into direct communication with the polyps. The alimentary fluids elab-

orated by the polyps pass into the branches of the secondary and irregular net-work system, in order to reach the great parallel tubes which extend from one extremity of the organism to the other, serving the same purpose to the whole community.

When the extremity of a branch of living coral is torn or broken, a white liquid immediately flows from the wound, which mingles with water, and presents all the appearance of milk. This is the fluid aliment which has escaped from the vessel containing it, charged with the debris of the organism.

What occurs when the bud produces new polyps? It is only round well-developed ani-



FIG. 6. Circulating Apparatus for the nutritive fluids in the Coral.

mals, and particularly those with branching extremities, in which this phenomenon is produced. The new beings resemble little white points pierced with a central orifice. Aided by the microscope, we discover that this white point is starred by radiating white lines, the edge of the orifice bearing eight distinctly traced indentations. All these organs are enlarged step by step until the young animal has attained the shrub-like or branched aspect which belongs to the compound polypidom. The tube is branching, and the orifices from which the polypi expand become dilated into cup-like cells.

The coral of commerce, so beautiful and so

appreciated by lovers of bijouterie, is the polypidom. It is cylindrical, much channeled on the surface, the lines usually parallel to the axis



FIG. 7. Section of a Branch of Coral.

of the cylinder, the depressions sometimes corresponding to the body of the animal. If the transverse section of a polypidom be examined, it is found to be regularly festooned on its circumference. Toward its center certain sinuosities appear, sometimes crossing, sometimes trigonal, sometimes in irregular lines, and in the remaining mass are reddish folds alternating with brighter spaces, which radiate from the center toward the circumference

(Fig. 7). In the section of a very red coral, it will be observed that the color is not equally distributed, but separated into zones more or less deep in color, containing very thin preparations which crack, not irregularly, but parallel to the edge of the plate, and in such a manner as to reproduce the festoons on the circumference. From this it may be deduced that the stem increases by concentric layers being deposited, which mold themselves one upon the other. In the mass of coral certain small corpuscles occur, charged with irregular asperities, much redder than the tissue into which they are plunged. These are much more numerous in the red than in the light band, and they necessarily give more strength to the general tint.

To the mode of reproduction in the coral polyps, so well described by Lacaze-Duthiers, we can only devote a few lines. Sometimes, according to this able observer, the polyps of the same colony are all either male or female, and the branch is *unisexual*; in others, there are both male and female, when the branch is *bisexual*. Finally, but very rarely, polyps are found uniting both sexes.

The coral is viviparous; that is to say, its eggs become embryos inside the polyp. The larvæ remain a certain time in the general cav-

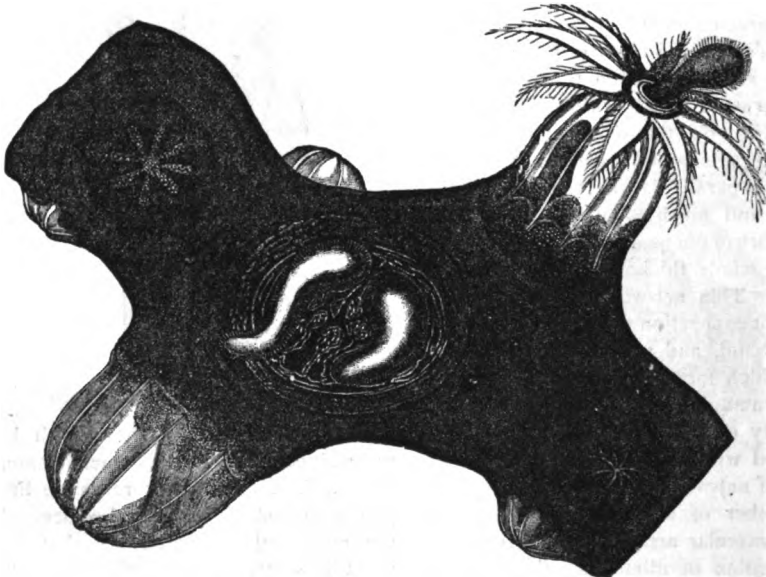


FIG. 8. BIRTH OF THE CORALLINE LARVÆ.

ity of the polyp, where they can be seen through its transparency, as exhibited in Fig. 8. Aided by the magnifying powers of the microscope, coral larvæ may here be perceived through the transparent membranous envelope. From this position they escape from the mouth of the mother in the manner represented in the upper

branch. The animal then resembles a little white grub or worm, more or less elongated. The larva is, however, still egg-shaped or ovoid; moreover, it is sunk in a hollow cavity, and covered with cilia, by the aid of which it can swim. Sometimes one of its extremities becomes enlarged, the other remaining slender

and pointed. Upon this an opening is formed communicating with the interior cavity; this is the mouth. The larvæ swim backward; that is to say, with the mouth behind.

It is only at a certain period after birth that the coral polyp fixes itself and commences its metamorphoses, which consist essentially in a change of form and proportions. The buccal extremity is diminished and tapers off, while



FIG. 9. Very young Polyps, attached to a Bryozoa.

the base swells, and is enlarged—it becomes discoid; the posterior surface of this sort of disk is a plane, the front representing the mouth, at the bottom of a depression edged with a great cushion. Eight mammillations or swellings now appear, corresponding to the chambers which divide the interior of the disk; the worm has taken its radiate form. Finally, the mammals are elongated and transformed into tentacula. In Fig. 9 a young coral polyp is represented fixed upon a bryozoa, a name employed by Ehrenberg for zoöphytes having a mouth and anus. It forms a small disk, the fortieth part of an inch in diameter, and having



FIG. 10. A young Coral Polyp fixed upon a Rock.

its spicula already colored red. Fig. 10 shows the successive forms of the young polyps in the progressive phases of their development—being a young coralline polyp fixed upon a rock still contracted. Fig. 11 is a similar coralline attached to a rock and expanding its tentacula. Fig. 12 represents a small pointed rock covered with polypi and polypidoms of the natural size, and of different shapes, but all young, and in-

dicating the definite form of development which the collective beings are to assume.



FIG. 11. Young Coral Polyp attached to a Rock and expanded.

The simple isolated state of the animal, whose phases of development we have indicated, does not last long. It possesses the property of producing new beings, as we have already said, by budding. But how is the polypidom formed? If we take a very young branch, we find in the center of the thickness of the crust a nucleus or stony substance resembling an agglomeration of spicula. When they are sufficient in number and size, these nuclei form a kind of stony plate, which is imbedded in the thickness of the tissues of the



FIG. 12. A Rock covered with young Polyps and Polypidom.

animal. These *laminae*, at first quite flat, assume in the course of their development a horseshoe shape. Figs. 13 and 14 will give the reader some idea of the form in which the young present themselves. Fig. 13 represents the corpuscles in which the polypidom has its



FIG. 13. Corpuscles from which originate the Polypidom.



FIG. 14. First form of the Polypidom.

origin; Fig. 14, the rudimentary form of the coralline polypidom.

Our information fails to convey any precise notion of the time necessary for the coral to acquire the various proportions in which it presents itself.

Darwin, who examined some of these creatures very minutely, tells us that "several genera—*Flustræ*, *Escharæ*, *Cellaria*, *Cresia*, and others—agree in having singular movable organs attached to their cells. The organs in the greater number of cases very closely resemble the head of a vulture; but the lower mandible can be opened much wider than a real bird's beak. The head itself possesses considerable powers of movement, by means of a short neck. In one zoöphyte the head itself was fixed, but the lower jaw free; in another it was replaced by a triangular hood, with a beautifully fitted trap-door, which evidently answered to the lower mandible. In the greater number of species each cell was provided with one head, but in others each cell had two.

"The young cells at the end of the branches of these corallines contain quite immature polypi, yet the vulture heads attached to them, though small, are in every respect perfect. When the polypus was removed by a needle from any of the cells, these organs did not appear to be in the least affected. When one of the vulture-like heads was cut off from a cell, the lower mandible retained its power of opening and closing. Perhaps the most singular part of their structure is, that when there are more than two rows of cells on a branch, the central cells were furnished with these appendages of only one-fourth the size of the outside ones. Their movements varied according to the species; but in some I never saw the least motion, while others, with the lower mandible generally wide open, oscillated backward and forward at the rate of about five seconds each turn; others moved rapidly and by starts. When touched with a needle, the beak generally seized the point so firmly that the whole branch might be shaken."

In the *Cresia*, Darwin observed that each cell was furnished with a long-toothed bristle, which had the power of moving very quickly; each bristle and each vulture-like head moving quite independently of each other; sometimes all on one side, sometimes those on one branch only, moving simultaneously, sometimes one after the other. In these actions we apparently behold as perfect a transmission of will in the zoöphyte, though composed of thousands of distinct polyps, as in any distinct animal. "What can be more remarkable," he adds,

"than to see a plant-like body producing an egg, capable of swimming about and choosing a proper place to adhere to, where it sprouts out into branches, each crowded with innumerable distinct animals, often of complicated organization!—the branches, moreover, sometimes possessing organs capable of movement independent of the polypi."

Passing to the coral fishing, it may be said to be quite special, presenting no analogy with any other fishing in the European seas, if we except the sponge fisheries. The fishing stations which occur are found on the Italian coast and the coast of Barbary; in short, in most parts of the Mediterranean basin. In all these regions, on abrupt rocky beds, certain aquatic forests occur, composed entirely of the red coral, the most brilliant and the most celebrated of all the corals, *Coralium decus liquidi*! During many ages, as we have seen, the coral was supposed to be a plant. The ancient Greeks called it the *daughter of the sea*—*Κοράλλιον κόρη ἁλός*—which the Latins translated into *corralium* or *coralium*. It is now agreed among naturalists that the coral is constructed by a family of polyps living together, and composing a polypidom. It abounds in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, where it is found at various depths, but rarely less than five fathoms, or more than a hundred and fifty. Each polypidom resembles a pretty red leafless under-shrub bearing delicate little star-like radiating white flowers. The axes of this little tree are the parts common to the association, the flowerets are the polypi. These axes present a soft reticulated crust, full of little cavities, which are the cells of the polyps, and are permeated by a milky juice. Beneath the crust is the coral, properly so called, which equals marble in hardness, and is remarkable for its striped surface, its bright red color, and the fine polish of which it is susceptible. The ancients believed that it was soft in the water, and only took its consistence when exposed to the air:

"Sic et coralium, quo primum contigit auræ  
Tempore, durescit."

OVID.

The fishing is chiefly conducted by sailors from Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples, and it is so fatiguing, that it is a common saying in Italy that a sailor obliged to go to the coral fishery should be a thief or an assassin. The saying is a gratuitous insult to the sailor, but conveys a good idea enough of the occupation.

A MEMORY without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure—an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.

GOD'S CHARITY SERMON.

'T WAS a morning in May, like a noon in July:  
 No sound, save the chimes in the church-tower on high  
 And the pastor's slow tread down the nave—  
 As he walked with bowed head, and a look in his eye  
 That said, "Thus the Sabbaths of harvest go by,  
 But no sheaves for my toil may I have."  
 In the heat of the day—in the dew and the rain  
 I spend and am spent, but 't is vain, all in vain!  
 From the deep-cushioned pews came a rustle and  
 gleam,  
 For beauty and pride blended there like a dream,  
 And 'neath it was pulsing a Pharisee's heart.  
 Little wonder the pastor turned leaf after leaf  
 Till the Master's own words, full of scorn yet of grief,  
 Fell with burning that caused the seared conscience  
 to start—  
 "Ye hypocrites! held by the serpent's old spell,  
 How can ye escape the damnation of hell!"  
 Cheeks grew ashen, but pride lifted calmly their forms;  
 See the sepulcher's whiting, unwashed by the storms,  
 Defying the terrible thunders of heaven.  
 There came peal after peal of stern, with'ring rebuke;  
 Then the old, gray-haired pastor closed sadly the  
 book  
 And sighed, for no heed to his words had they given;  
 So he silently prayed, and the burden of prayer,  
 Though voiceless, yet throbb'd through the hot,  
 slumb'rous air.  
 By the stillness surprised into shimmering sheen,  
 An ocean of silks and of gems might be seen,  
 When lo! in their midst stood the answer to prayer;  
 For with wide, wond'ring eyes came a barefooted child  
 Through the aisles to the altar, where, resting, it  
 smiled,  
 And laid its bright head on the soft, cushioned stair.  
 God's own presence was claimed. He had sent in his  
 place  
 A poor drunkard's pale child, with its innocent face.  
 There was many a tear dashed from eyes that ne'er  
 wept,  
 Save, it might be, at thought of the cherub that slept,  
 And was laid 'neath the marble's cold shade in  
 life's morn.  
 'T was a tremulous voice, and a white face upraised  
 As the pastor said slowly, "Jehovah be praised  
 That unto our lives little children are born,  
 For what, to our wisdom and prudence, is sealed  
 As it seemeth God good, unto babes is revealed."  
 And the old drunkard's child, with the deep, wistful  
 eyes,  
 Started up in a sweet and a fearless surprise,  
 As over her, weeping, the good pastor bent;  
 In her soft, tiny hand fell his tears, which she pressed,  
 'Mong the bright, woven hearts of the buds she  
 caressed,  
 Then smiling again, into dream-land she went.  
 O, none could forget, howe'er much had they striven,  
 The sweet words, "For of such is the kingdom of  
 heaven!"

The deep fire of God's love touched the old pastor's  
 lips;  
 Inspiration flowed out from his warmed finger tips,  
 Till strong men in their pride bowed as children  
 would bow,  
 Into tears of humility caste seemed to melt,  
 And the once frozen hearts a rare tenderness felt;  
 They were brothers, alike to the high and the low.  
 To their homes they went down with their old pride  
 forgiven,  
 And that Church was not far from the kingdom of  
 heaven.

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

I LEANED upon a burial urn,  
 And thought how life is but a day,  
 And how the nations each in turn  
 Have lived and passed away.  
 The earth is peopled with the dead,  
 Who live again in deathless hosts,  
 And come and go with noiseless tread—  
 A universe of ghosts.  
 They follow after flying ships,  
 They flicker through the city's marts,  
 They hear the cry of human lips—  
 The beat of human hearts.  
 They linger not around their tombs,  
 But far from church-yards keep aloof,  
 To dwell in old, familiar rooms  
 Beneath the household roof.  
 They waken men at morning light,  
 They cheer them in their daily care,  
 They bring a weary world at night  
 To bend the knee in prayer.  
 Their errand is of God assigned  
 To comfort sorrow till it cease,  
 And in the dark and troubled mind  
 To light the lamp of peace.  
 There is a language, whispered low,  
 Whereby to mortal ears they speak,  
 To which we answer by a glow  
 That kindles in the cheek.  
 O, what a wondrous life is theirs!  
 To fling away the mortal frame,  
 Yet keep the human loves, and cares,  
 And yearnings still the same!  
 O, what a wondrous life is ours!  
 To dwell within this earthly range,  
 Yet parley with the heavenly powers—  
 Two worlds in interchange!  
 O, balm of grief!—to understand  
 That whom our eyes behold no more  
 Still clasp us with as true a hand  
 As in the flesh before!  
 So, turning from the burial urn,  
 I thought how life was double worth,  
 If men be only wise to learn  
 That heaven is on the earth.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF  
LUTHER.

**I**N the commencement of the sixteenth century lived at the fine fortress of Erbach, in the near Odenwald, a very honorable and noble knight, Eberhard von Erbach. But most prominent in his character was his almost fanatic piety, and he had no remonstrance to utter when the people called him the most faithful son of the Church. To serve his Lord and Savior with his all, even with his blood, seemed to him the most noble aim of life, and he had his good sword dedicated to the service of the Holy Virgin.

It was in the Spring, in the year of 1518, at a late hour, when the pious Knight von Erbach, with many of his retainers, halted before the hotel "Zum Riesen," in Miltenberg, and expressed his desire to the hotel-keeper to stay over night. Yet he entered with only one of his servants into the hotel; the rest of them he sent off with short and strict commands.

He demanded from the host a room, took his evening meal silently, went early to bed and sank deep in thought, which sometimes would come to utterance, showing the excited state of his mind. Just intending to say his evening prayer, he heard through the thin wooden wall that separated him from the next room, a powerful song from a rich baritone voice. It was a holy evening hymn. The knight understood every word of the hymn; and the pious, God-inspired content of the same, the beautiful melody, the expressive execution, and the masterly accompaniment on the guitar, delighted and exalted the knight more and more. He crossed himself and folded his hands, and when the pious singer had finished a stanza, he would fall in with a subdued "Amen!" When the singer had finished the hymn, he added a short, powerful prayer, in which he recommended himself and all good men to the Holy Trinity, and concluded with the prayer that God may open the hearts of hardened sinners and erring men to the rays of his charity.

The knight murmurs his "Amen! Amen!" and feels himself exalted and inspired as he had not been for a long time, and he falls asleep with blessed feelings. With the first ray of the morning sun he is awakened by the sounds of the guitar, and a lively hymn from his neighbor. O, how much was this song of thanks to the Creator of the universe pervaded with the breath of piety and true love of God! Involuntarily the knight folds his hands, a soft sensation comes over him, and repeats after each stanza, "Amen! Amen!" And when the song ended,

he crosses himself piously, and rises to make inquiries from the host.

"Who is my neighbor upstairs, that delighted and refreshed me so much with his singing and praying?"

"It is a priest, your Highness, of middle age, and noble and venerable appearance, whose name I do not know; he arrived yesterday evening shortly before you, in a very modest one-horse carriage, and intends soon to continue his journey; he has paid his bill and already ordered his horse."

"Go and tell him that I wish to thank him personally and verbally for the delight he has given me by his beautiful songs of last night and this morning; ask him to give me an interview for a few minutes only, as I am likewise in great haste to get away on important matters. But tell him I must shake hands with him by all means."

The knight followed the host and took the door-latch out of his hand. The pious singer stood before the good knight and responded to his friendly greeting with the like heartiness. He was a man of about thirty-five years, of middle size, but strongly built in body; his countenance was not what you call handsome, but imposing, showing mildness, and yet strength and decision. His large blue eye was very lively and intelligent, his auburn hair lay around his high forehead and the strong powerful neck. His mouth seemed to speak before it opened. The whole figure heightened the impression which the Knight von Erbach had already received by his singing, so that he felt at once at home with him.

"I come, venerable father, to give you my heart-felt thanks for the enjoyment you have given me," said the knight; "and although I was told by the host that you are in haste to continue your journey, and although I am in haste myself, yet I must pray you to sing me another such hymn. My soul is thirsty for the spring of life that flows from yours."

He took his guitar and accompanied a hymn. It was a hymn of such exalted beauty of faith, that it did not miss its effect on the excited soul of the pious knight. There he sat with folded hands, occasionally lisping, "Amen! Amen!" while tears were running down his cheeks. When the stranger had finished his song, the knight, overcome by emotion, stretched his hands out to him, and both men, with closed hands, looking at each other, formed a higher union of souls, without words. Then the knight said, "Your beautiful hymn puts a question in my mind: what do you think of the teachings of St. Augustine, that by our confession, works,

and repentance, we can not be delivered from our sins, but only by the sacrifice of the blood of Jesus Christ, since human nature has been depraved and unfitted for doing good, by the fall of Adam?"

The priest listened, and sweetly smiling, answered, "Truly, it seems to me that besides your pious faith, you have a good deal of theology in your body, and therefore I may talk with you as with one of my own profession." The knight nodded his head, and the priest began with remarkable oratory to speak of the Fathers of the Church, and in particular of the merits of St. Augustine. He honored at the same time the opinions and views of adversaries, but took a firm stand for Augustine, whom he considered next to St. Paul, the greatest prince of the Church, and the strongest pillar of pure faith. At times the knight opposed him or asked a question, which caused the speaker to bring forth more and new arguments.

Unnoticed by both, time had moved on—several hours had passed—then a knock at the door, and the host entered, asking if he should give orders to unharness the horses again; the servants, of knight and priest, were anxious and uneasy, as they full well knew that both gentlemen had intended a quick departure.

"Good father," said the knight, rising, "you have made me forget my duty with your pleasing talk, a talk such as I never heard before from a minister, and yet I have to do a pious and God-pleasing work which will, I am sure, have your approval."

"Then I may know what important work you have to do, Knight von Erbach?"

"Certainly. And you must give me your blessing, so that it may be successful for the glory of God and holy mother Church."

"Then tell."

"I have turned out with my retainers, and they have already taken possession of the route to Wertheim, where soon I will join them, to make the capture of a heretic, a blasphemer, a roast for the devil, who, as I have been informed, is surely coming that way."

"Whom do you mean?" attentively asked the stranger.

"The impertinent Augustine monk from Wittenberg, who, last Autumn, lifted his blasphemous voice and hand against mother Church, and who scorned and trampled under foot her holiest laws. He will travel to Heidelberg."

"You mean Dr. Martin Luther?"

"None other than this foul, black sheep of the faithful flock, who has given so much trouble and disturbance in the empire."

"And what do you intend to do with the

Wittenberger monk after you have caught him?"

"I will incarcerate him in my strong tower, and my servants shall torture him until the devil is driven out, and he returns a repentant sinner to the cross of Christ."

"And what if he does not change at your desire, but continues to stand by his conviction of truth?"

"Do you think that I have spent a large sum for nothing, to get well informed as to his journey to Heidelberg? He shall not fall into my trap without his paying for it. If he does not heed my well-meant advice, and remains obstinate, then I, with my retainers, will transport him to Rome, to deliver him to the Holy Father, who will burn him alive, so that he may have a foretaste of hell fire, which awaits all blasphemers. I must go, though not without your blessing, and not without knowing your name, venerable father. You are one of the most pious, learned, and God-inspired sons of mother Church whom I ever met with."

"I will fulfill your desire. You need not trouble yourself much longer; the man you want to capture stands before you. I am Martin Luther."

The knight stood like a statue; only his wide-opened, staring eyes showed he was yet alive. He was unable to speak; even his thoughts seemed to have left him.

Dr. Luther continued, smiling, "You see I am in your power. If you really want to throw into your prison a harmless traveler who confided in public surety, because he does not believe in the power of absolution of sin by the Pope, as you do, and without having heard his arguments, then you may send for your armed servants and take me prisoner. I have no arms but the living Word."

"Not so," answered ashamed von Erbach. "I have heard you, and I want to hear more. We are in no hurry now, and we will send the horses into the stable. I will send my servant out to recall the others. It is a wonderful ordination of God that you arrived yesterday, while I expected you to-day. Let us sit down; I am anxious to hear more from you. But before you explain what you have against the Pope and the absolution of sin by the priests, come and sing me another hymn, so as to get my soul into the proper frame. If you know a song of praise to the holy Augustine, then sing that."

Luther took his guitar, and after a prelude, praised in powerful word and song the great African prince of the Church. Then he commenced to talk. He was in an uncommonly



exalted state of mind, and probably never before did speech flow from his lips more beautifully and convincingly. The knight's eyes glistened, his hands were folded across his chest, and, occasionally acknowledging, he would nod his head. Hour after hour passed, and neither speaker nor hearer heeded it, until the host entered the room, reporting that all the servants had returned and were awaiting orders from their lord; and also that the little one-horse carriage was awaiting the priest.

"Now then, in the name of God, come with me, Dr. Martin Luther," said the knight, deeply moved. "You have convinced and converted me completely, and God has enlightened my heart with your clear, reasonable, and hearty speech. Come with me to my castle Erbach. And see, so wonderfully has God ordained it, that I, who intended to carry you there as a prisoner, return as your prisoner to my own strong home, which, through you, is changed into a house of love and true fear of God. I bless your hand which has removed the bandage from my spiritual eyes, and put on the chains of the pure and true faith. Take your prisoner to his wife, that she may be blessed with the same grace through you."

And the enlightened knight took the fearless knight of the Savior by the hand, led him down and helped him into the little modest carriage, which the servants surrounded, while he was riding at the side of the doctor.

So, chatting cheerily, they moved through the verdant valley into the green mountains of the Odenwald, to the neat little town of Erbach, and toward its stately castle. The knight had sent a servant ahead to announce their arrival. And when they came near the little town, suddenly all the bells chimed, and the school-master came along with the little children of the town, singing, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord." And the music band of the town played lively airs.

To the highly astonished lady of the castle, who awaited them at the gate, her lord and husband said, "Here he is. But we have changed places. He is the capturer, I am the prisoner. As a Saul I went out to do him harm; as a Paul I return, converted by him. And, for this, God be praised forever! Amen!"

IN the long run, that Christian will come out well who works cheerfully, hopefully, heartily, without wasting his energies upon vain regrets and passionate murmurings. The bird sings in the storm; why may not the child of God rejoice too, even though passing clouds lower?

#### WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE?

THE daily papers, not a great while since, contained an account of an unusually sad case of suicide. It was that of Miss Laura S., an orphan girl of about twenty-one years of age, and a native of St. Mary's county, Maryland. During the last year of her life she resided with a married sister in South Washington, where she was esteemed as a young woman of great sweetness of temper, and admired because of her rare personal charms. Indeed, she was accounted by many as the most beautiful woman in that part of the city, if not in the whole District of Columbia. She does not appear to have been a vain, frivolous, or specially worldly-minded woman. On the other hand, from all we can learn, she was amiable, affectionate, and forgiving. The fatal defect in her character was a common one—the want of the energy and inspiration of an elevated aim. She had not been educated to live for a sufficiently worthy object. She knew nothing of the overcoming power of high and holy endeavor.

Drifting, as multitudes do, on the current of society, and waiting, as so many young ladies are waiting, simply to catch a lover, this young woman at length received and accepted an eligible offer of marriage. Having committed herself, woman-like, she committed herself fully. Having ventured to love, she loved with all her heart—utterly without suspicion or reserve. A woman of this order naturally lives simply in her love. She has nothing else to think of or to live for. Knowing nothing of the inspiration of a sanctified ambition, or a holy purpose, she is evidently entirely at the mercy of those circumstances, always more or less fluctuating, that are to determine the history and issue of her affection. If these continue favorable, well. Should they prove adverse, she is utterly and hopelessly swept away.

Unfortunately, as is often the case, the current of this woman's true love did not run smooth. The young man, to whom she was engaged, was by no means exemplary in his relations to and associations with other women. Rumors to this effect came to the ears of the elder sister, who strove diligently to keep the unwelcome tidings from Laura, fearing the consequences of the same upon her health and spirits. At length, however, her lover himself puts in an appearance. The nature of the purpose of his visit may be inferred from the fact that, immediately after his departure, the engagement ring was missed from poor Laura's finger. Her countenance, moreover, erewhile

blithe and gay, was now mournfully sad. She seems to have lost all interest in worldly affairs. Her appetite fails. She refuses to taste food. She communicates with no one. She banishes herself for the most part to her room. Finally, on a Monday, after having assisted her sister in some household duties, she retired to her room never to leave it again alive. Mrs. P., her sister, called her several times during the day and evening to come down and take something to eat, but she declined. About 9 o'clock Monday evening the devoted and anxious sister took some supper to her room and tried hard to induce her to eat, but she still declined, saying she would perhaps feel better in the morning. At about 11½ o'clock a brother, Mr. Maurice S., a conductor on the street cars, arrived home and, on reaching the head of the stairs near her room, heard her groan. Calling to her and receiving no answer, he called to others of the family, and going into her room they found her in a stupor. Dr. H. was sent for, and did all he could to restore her to consciousness, but without success, as death ensued about 12½ o'clock. An empty two-ounce vial, labeled "laudanum; poison," from Dr. Roland's drug-store, was found in the bed, and at the head, between the mattress and pillow, a goblet was found, discolored by the drug. There was also found in the bed a small box, directed to Joseph A., Great Mill, St. Mary's county, Maryland, in which were a locket and three small shirt-bosom studs, and the following note:

"My Darling,—I can not live away from you any longer. The world is so cold and dreary without you; and I have reason to believe, darling, that you are false. Your heart-broken  
"LAURA."

The above note is sufficiently affecting; but while it very clearly indicates the natural kindness of the writer's heart, it also, with equal clearness, betrays an utter want of a noble, womanly, courageous, Christian purpose. Indeed, the completeness with which she had succumbed to her disappointment, and the deliberation with which she premeditated this awful crime of self-murder, is indicated by the following note addressed to her sister:

"My Dear Sister,—I only wish there was some way I could repay you for your kindness to me since I have been with you, but you will be rewarded for it in the next world.

"Your attached sister, LAURA.

"Please send the box by the first opportunity. . . . Give my prayer-book to Carrie. Tell her that it is all that I had to leave her for a keepsake. [Here follow three lines obliterated by pencil.] Mollie, please do n't let the doc-

tors touch me. If I had wanted to live I would not have taken the laudanum.

"Your devoted sister."

Not many months ago there died in the city of New York a maiden queen of poesy. It had seemed to many impossible that she should have carried her tender and passionate heart through the social and literary thoroughfares wherein she was called to tread, unpierced by any amorous shaft. And it was, indeed, impossible. There was a secret page in the history of the deceased poetess never written, and but seldom, and in the most guarded terms, even alluded to.

When this beloved and now distinguished authoress\* was young, she made a pilgrimage from the West, her home, to that great Eastern literary Mecca, New York city. Here she was introduced to a gentleman about five years her senior—a prominent *littérateur*, journalist and author. Being the editor of one of the then most popular and fashionable monthlies, and being withal very well acquainted both with the literary market and the publishers of the metropolis, he was abundantly capable of rendering substantial aid to the aspiring but as yet unsophisticated young writer. He gave her space in his own columns, flattered her, encouraged her hopes, and assisted her in finding a market for her wares. In the mean time, as was by no means unnatural under the circumstances, acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into intimacy, and intimacy into love. And it was said at last that the parties were solemnly affianced. This was nearly twenty years ago. The fair Alice had then passed thirty. He, being still older, would seem to have passed the bounds of juvenile folly, if those bounds are ever passed by man. But no. Educated, though he had been, a Baptist minister, he had now become a thoroughly *blasé* citizen of the world, and as such was really incapable of fully appreciating the quiet, retired, sensitive, domestic, unassuming, and gifted woman he had won. And so trouble came between them after a while in the form of a woman of society, externally more attractive than the gentle Alice—a trouble which finally ended in their separation. The engagement was broken, and each went his way—the one to bask in the smiles of his new-found idol, the other to do the best she could with her broken heart. And what did she do? Betake herself incontinently to the laudanum bottle? Not at all. She was a Christian, and as such she had a purpose, and

\* She was once a contributor to this magazine.

that purpose saved her. As the true woman that she was, she had a laudable, a holy ambition, and that ambition, besides occupying her thoughts, helped her to survive her disappointment, by the genial, healing influences which aspirations of duty, and a generous, disinterested purpose never fail to superinduce in the soul. At first concealing, and then, through assiduous devotion to the great purpose of her life, rising superior to her sorrows, she proceeded to carve for herself a name and fame which her countrymen will not soon let die. Nay, so complete was her victory that she not only rolled over the mouth of the sepulcher of her sad experience the stone never by herself to be removed, but, woman-like, freely forgave the heartless wretch who had so basely deceived her.

Several years had passed away. In 1857 the man who had won and cast from him the heart of one of the truest and noblest of women lay dying of a lingering disease in the metropolis in poverty and alone. His literary ventures had brought inadequate remuneration, and he had lived a life which it was not altogether pleasant to look back upon. Meantime the heroine of this sketch had made many friends and had been reasonably blessed by fortune. The injured woman forgot her wrongs and forgave the past with a readiness characteristic of her sex. She came again to the bedside of the man who had so grievously deceived her, and watched with him day after day and week after week as life slowly ebbed away. The sick-room was made cheerful with books, flowers, and all necessary comforts; and, to defray the necessary expenses, the money earned by days and nights of labor with the pen was freely lavished. At last death ended the sufferings of the false lover, and the grave closed over the secret of a woman's sorrow, never made public until she had folded her hands in death.

What makes the difference?

#### A GIANT CUTTLE-FISH.

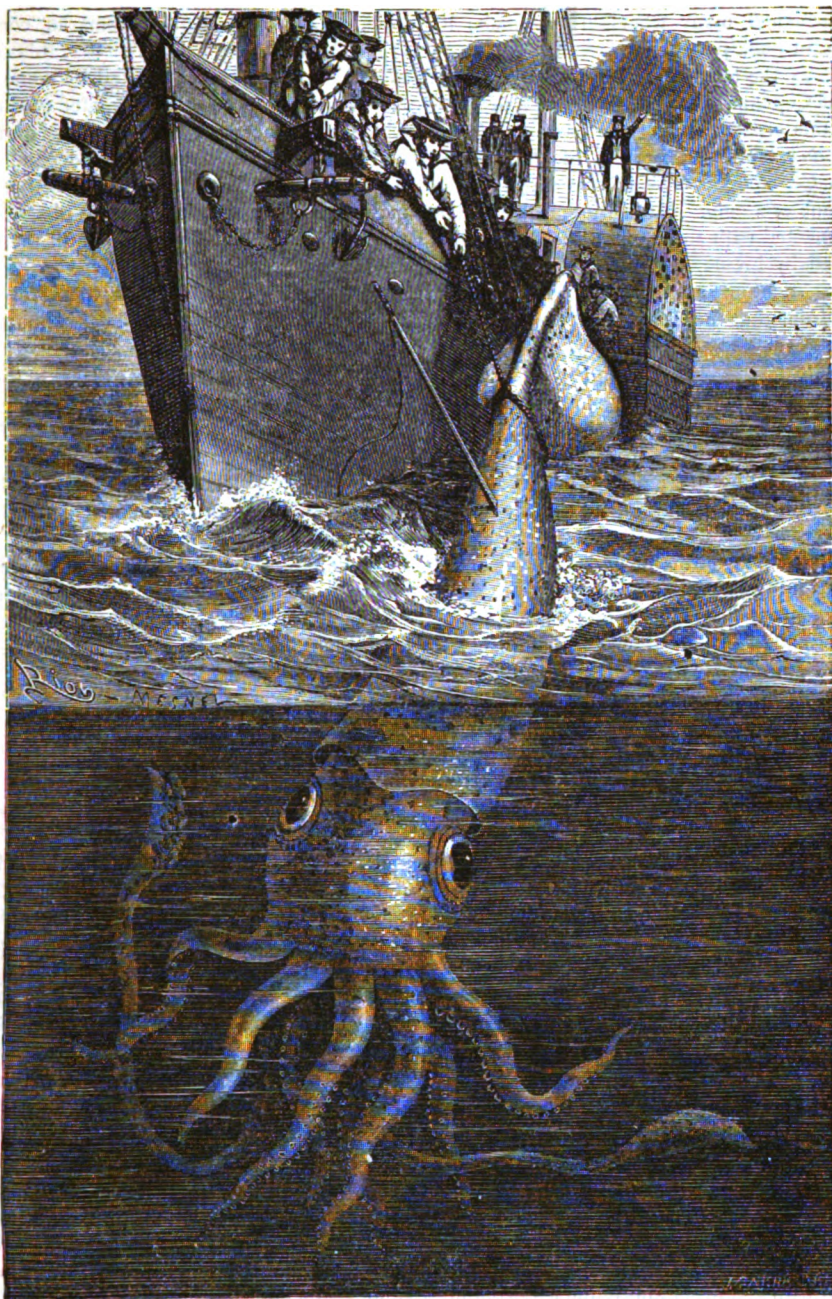
IT is no easy task to separate the real from the fabulous history of the Cephalopods. Aristotle and Pliny have alike assisted, by their marvelous relations, to throw that halo of wonder round it which the light of modern science has not altogether dispelled. Pliny the Ancient relates the history of an enormous cuttle-fish which haunted the coast of Spain, and destroyed the fishing-grounds. He adds that this gigantic creature was finally taken, that its body weighed seven hundred pounds,

and that its arms were ten yards in length. Its head came by right to Lucullus, to whose gastronomical privileges be all honor. It was so large, says Pliny, that it filled fifteen amphoræ, and weighed seven hundred pounds also.

Some naturalist of the Renaissance, such as Olaüs Magnus and Denis de Montfort, gave credit—which they are scarcely justified in doing—to the assertions of certain writers of the north of Europe, who believed seriously in the existence of a sea-monster of prodigious size which haunted the northern seas. This monster has received the name of the *Kraken*. The Kraken was long the terror of these seas; it arrested ships in spite of the action of the winds, sails, and oars, often causing them to founder at sea, while the cause of shipwreck remained unsuspected. Denis de Montfort gives a description and representation of this Kraken, which he calls the Colossal Poulpe, in which the creature is made to embrace a three-masted ship in its vast arms. Delighted with the success which his representation met with, Denis laughed at the credulity of his contemporaries. "If my Kraken takes with them," he said, "I shall make it extend its arms to both shores of the Straits of Gibraltar." To another learned friend he said, "If my entangled ship is accepted, I shall make my Poulpe overthrow a whole fleet."

Among those who admitted the facetious history of the Kraken without a smile, there was at least one holy bishop who was, moreover, something of a naturalist. Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, in Norway, in one of his books assures us that a whole regiment of soldiers could easily maneuver on the back of the Kraken, which he compares to a floating island. "Similior insulæ quam bestię," wrote the good Bishop of Bergen. In the first edition of his "System of Nature," Linnæus himself admits the existence of this Colossus of the seas, which he calls *Sepias microcosmos*. Better informed in the following edition, he erased the Kraken from his catalogue.

The statements of Pliny respecting the Colossal Poulpe, like those of Montfort about the Kraken, are evidently fabulous. It is, however, an undisputed fact that there exists in the Mediterranean and other seas cuttle-fish—a congenerous animal—of considerable size. A calmar has been caught in our own time, near Nice, which weighed upward of thirty pounds. In the same neighborhood some fishermen caught, twenty years ago, an individual of the same genus nearly six feet long, which is preserved in the Museum of Natural History at Montpellier. Péron, the naturalist, met in the



GIGANTIC CUTTLE-FISH CAUGHT BY THE FRENCH CORVETTE ALECTON, NEAR TENERIFFE.

Australian seas a cuttle-fish nearly eight feet long. Travelers Quoy and Gaimard picked up in the Atlantic Ocean, near the Equator, the skeleton of a monstrous mollusk, which, according to their calculations, must have weighed two hundred pounds. M. Rung met, in the middle of the ocean, a mollusk with short arms,

and of a reddish color, the body of which, according to this naturalist, was as large as a tun cask. One of the mandibles of this creature, still preserved in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, is larger than a hand.

In 1853 a gigantic Cephalopod was stranded on the coast of Jutland. The body of this

monster, which was dismembered by the fishermen, furnished many wheelbarrow loads, its pharynx, or back part of the mouth, alone being as large as the head of an infant. Dr. Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, who published a description of this creature under the name of *Architeuthis dux*, shows a portion of the arm of another Cephalopod, which is as large as the thigh-bone of a man. But a well-authenticated fact connected with these gigantic Cephalopods is related by Lieutenant Bayer, of the French corvette *Alecton*, and M. Sabin Berthelot, French Consul at the Canary Islands, by whom the report is made to the Académie des Sciences.

The steam-corvette *Alecton* was between Teneriffe and Madeira when she fell in with a gigantic calamary, not less—according to the account—than fifteen mètres (fifty feet) long, without reckoning its eight formidable arms, covered with suckers, and about twenty feet in circumference at its largest part, the head terminating in many arms of enormous size, the other extremity terminating in two fleshy lobes or fins of great size, the weight of the whole being estimated at four thousand pounds; the flesh was soft, glutinous, and of reddish-brick color.

The commandant, wishing in the interests of science to secure the monster, actually engaged it in battle. Numerous shots were aimed at it, but the balls traversed its flaccid and glutinous mass without causing it any vital injury. But after one of these attacks the waves were observed to be covered with foam and blood, and, singular thing, a strong odor of musk was inhaled by the spectators. This musk odor is peculiar to many of the Cephalopods.

The musket-shots not having produced the desired results, harpoons were employed, but they took no hold on the soft impalpable flesh of the marine monster. When it escaped from the harpoon it dived under the ship, and came up again at the other side. They succeeded at last in getting the harpoon to bite, and in passing a bowling hitch round the posterior part of the animal. But when they attempted to hoist it out of the water the rope penetrated deeply into the flesh, and separated it into two parts, the head with the arms and tentacles dropping into the sea and making off, while the fins and posterior parts were brought on board: they weighed about forty pounds.

The crew were eager to pursue, and would have launched a boat, but the commander refused, fearing that the animal might capsize it. The object was not, in his opinion, one in which he could risk the lives of his crew. Our illustration is copied from M. Berthelot's col-

ored representation of this scene. "It is probable," M. Moquin Tandon remarks, commenting on M. Berthelot's recital, "that this colossal mollusk was sick or exhausted by some recent struggle with some other monster of the deep, which would account for its having quitted its native rocks in the depths of the ocean. Otherwise it would have been more active in its movements, or it would have obscured the waves with the inky liquid which all the Cephalopods have at command. Judging from its size, it would carry at least a barrel of this black liquid, if it had not been exhausted in some recent struggle."

"Is this mollusk a calmar?" asks the same writer. "If we might judge from the figure drawn by one of the officers of the *Alecton* during the struggle, and communicated by M. Berthelot, the animal had terminal fins, like the calmars; but it has eight equal arms, like the cuttle-fish. Now the calmars have ten, two of them being very long. Was this some intermediate species between the two? Or must we admit, with MM. Crosse and Fisher, that the animal had lost its more formidable tentacles in some recent combat?"

#### ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

CIVILIZATION is commonly considered antagonistic to the development of man's poetic nature, and a rude semi-barbarous state of society is considered favorable to such development; but this can not, in the fullest sense, be true, for the greatest triumphs of song have been achieved as well in ages of learning and enlightenment as those of rude and unartificial manners. The genial face of Chaucer smiles out from the dark mists of the fourteenth century; the "Divine Comedy" of Dante was a "medieval" miracle of song; Homer sang the deadly wrath of Achilles amid the darkness of prehistoric barbarism; but we must not forget that Virgil basked in all the splendors of the Augustine age, that Tasso shed new luster on Italian letters, when learning had been fully restored from its eclipse of a thousand years, and that however unappreciative, it was yet an age of extensive erudition and prolific literature, before which Milton strode so far as to "dwarf himself by distance." Thus, it is evident that the muse has been able to plume her wing with feathers as bright, and soar to as lofty a pitch, whether cultivated nations or barbarians were spectators.

But it is undeniable that the artificial life, and established institutions of maturer nations,

are in a degree hostile, and that the untamed freedom and lawlessness of ruder nations are in a degree friendly to the exercise of imagination. Civilization softens, restrains, and regulates the operations of mind and heart; barbarism frees from every fetter the conception of fancy, and gives loose rein to every passion. In so far, then, as poetry is the utterance of untamed passion, and the spontaneous embodiment of thought in melodious form, is a primitive state of society adapted to the harmonies of the lyre. But it is not the smooth conventionalities of modern life, or the rough freedom of earlier times which render the one a dampener, and the other an inspirer of the poetic flame, but only so far as earthly culture tends to bind us to the ordinary, the trivial, the practical, and only so far as rudeness tends to free the spirit from every shackle, does the former retard, and the latter accelerate the stream of poesy. The life of the barbarian with its unexpected turns of fortune, and its wild romantic adventures, is the rugged mountain with its sinuous ravines, its sharp rocks, and its yawning precipices, through which the tide of song roars, foams, and plunges in an impetuous torrent, while civilized life, with its tame commonplaceness and unromantic security, with nevertheless many of the best and pleasantest fruits of existence, is the fertile plain through which it winds in a placid and majestic river. Poetry is the antipodes of the material and sensual, and only in so much as our habits of life tend to strengthen the hold of materialism and sensuality upon us are they prejudicial to poetic sentiment.

We can only behold the muse when, either with the simplicity and vague feelings of a child, or with the understanding and refined sensibility of a cultivated man, we retire from the actual world into her shrine. She will never show herself to us when engaged in the business and bustle of the world, but only in the hours devoted to the purer pleasures of meditation. We shall never see her under the noontide glare of our every-day practical knowledge, out in the fields of labor where we are gathering harvests that grow from the earth, but only when, like Isaac, we wander forth in the even-tide of cessation from earthly toil, beneath skies lit with the lofty starlight of great thoughts. Thus it is manifest that material prosperity and poetic excellence by no means coincide, for later ages, with all their boasted advancement and intelligence, have been unable, in any art except that of music, perhaps, to excel the achievements of antiquity. The song of Homer has never been surpassed, and the bards of the Bible,

aside from their divine inspiration, were men of transcendent genius. The modern world, in bringing forth a Titian, a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, has scarcely produced rivals to the Zeuxis, the Parrhasius, and the Apelles of Greece. The earth now bears few such splendid burdens as the Parthenon, the Baalbec temple of the sun, and the hundred-gated city of Egypt. Yet there has been progress, wonderful progress, but it has lain in totally different directions. Theoretical and material science, particularly the latter, have received wonderful additions, but the chief glory of humanity has been the dissemination more than the increase of knowledge. Through the ages has been working a mighty principle of equalization. Time is a great leveler, not that leveler who would make men equal by lowering the great, but one who accomplishes a far more difficult and glorious task in exalting the humble. The whole tendency of civilization and Christianity has been to make a man *a man*—to free millions from servile subjection to a single imperfect and capricious human being, and to bind their allegiance to their God and themselves alone. Hundreds of thousands no longer toil a lifetime to lift in air the pleasure gardens of a vicious and despotic woman, nor waste their sinews in piling mountains to enshrine worthless monarchs, but every man is left free to construct the lovelier pleasure gardens of virtue, and to build for himself an imperishable pyramid of good deeds.

Nor have we the slightest reason to envy the ancient world its manifold splendors, for while it possessed all that could pamper and minister to the delight of the senses, it was supremely miserable, not possessing that true well-spring of happiness, the religion of Christ; and all her boasted philosophy, to which she turned as to the panacea of all evils—as to a fountain of Nepenthe—was yet but a brackish torrent, for it sent forth “at the same place sweet waters and bitter.”

Nor must we forget that all her wonderful works of art, which undoubtedly might confer exquisite pleasure upon the virtuous spirit, were many of them the fruits of rapacity and extortion, built with gold into which the “Midas-finger” of avarice had converted the blood and sinews of men. The ages have not brought art to a higher degree of perfection, but they have been refining the universal race of man.

There is another remarkable feature of human civilization; it proceeds westward. The intelligent and enlightened nations of the earth inhabit Western Europe and America, while the Eastern nations are lost in voluptuous sloth and

degradation. This state of things has been brought about by a regular series of changes in the focal point of learning. In prehistoric times the arts were throned in Egypt, afterward in Greece, then in Rome, again in the various Italian States; upon the revival of letters in the latter part of the sixteenth century, they made England their chosen abode, afterward France, still later Germany, and they now bid fair to make our own republic the earth's proudest temple to the beautiful, as well as its purest shrine of freedom.

While learning has thus been progressing westward, three thousand years have in no respect altered the semi-barbaric splendor and wide-prevailing degradation of the Orient, for even in the fashions of dress there has been no change, and Eastern society is to-day the embodiment of Biblical description. But such a state of society is by no means unfavorable to the poet's brightest dreams. It is true that

"Westward the star of empire takes its way,"

but it is the star of man's empire over matter, while there is a star that sheds a heavenly light on the dark billows of human existence that still shines with superior brilliancy above the cradle of mankind in the gorgeous Orient.

"Eastward roll the orbs of heaven,  
Westward tend the thoughts of men;  
Let the poet, nature-driven,  
Wander eastward now and then."

While, then, the East is, and ever has been the lurking-place of the vilest despotism, of titles and immunities for the few, and of servitude and wretchedness for the million, here, nevertheless, have arisen poets of the most dazzling genius, for Montanebbi, Dschelaleddin, Hafiz, Kaladassa, and Firdousi, scarce pale the luster of their great names beside the brightest of those who have hung their golden lamps of song, ever burning with the fragrant oil of poesy, in the proud temple of the Occident.

No fact is more clearly apparent in the history of literature, than that poets exhibit in their works precisely the features of the countries in which they dwell. In Homer and the Greeks all is simple, natural, vivacious; in the Italians crystalline, gorgeous, picturesque; in Spenser, the British Tasso, none the less life-like and distinct, but the colors subdued and overcast with the soft mists of his own nebulous England; in Ossian, the Homer of the North, all is savage, gloomy, desolate; but when the Persian poet writes he dips his pen in the rainbow, and the manuscript that glides from beneath his hand is a picture.

Since thus the poet's imagination, with its

delicate adjustment of magical mirrors, changes, like a kaleidoscope, into a thousand ever-varying images of loveliness, the scattered bits and fragments of beauty which nature has still kept to remind us of heaven, we should naturally infer that these great high-priests of the beautiful could only be nourished in the loveliest spots of earth; nor does history fail to corroborate this supposition.

We do not know the birth-place of Homer, but in Greece it could scarcely fail to be beautiful, and that his early years were familiarized with all the grand and imposing aspects of nature, the many melodious murmurs of the ocean, in his resounding numbers, bear ample testimony; all the beauties of Florence and Valdarno shed rainbow tints on the youthful mind of Dante, and taught him to contrast his pictures of infernal torment with such gorgeous visions as the terrestrial paradise and the first appearance of Beatrice; the bay of Naples and its almost heavenly scenery trained the imagination of Tasso to the conception and portrayal of Armida's garden, a focus of natural and artistic beauties which none but Milton could make brighter. The birth-place of Shakespeare was a district of luxuriant pastures and stately parks; and Scotland has not wasted all the fairy-like beauty of her mountains and lakes, for amid them have arisen Ossian, the sublime and tender; Burns, the sweet and graceful; Scott, the chivalrous and romantic.

What traits of thought shall we then expect to characterize the poetry of those bright Oriental lands, clad with the luxuriance of tropical growth, scorched into flaming deserts, ridged with earth's loftiest mountains? There will surely be the same boundless prodigality, the same intensity and fire, the same towering sublimity. And precisely these traits do we find, for the literature reflects the geographical features of those regions, not only in respect to their beauties, but in respect to their faults. Oriental poetry is a tropical wilderness, where the energies of mind shoot into an illimitable flowering forest of promiscuous beauty and deformity. There is much puerile floridity, much confused, perhaps even poisonous sentiment, but here and there rises a thought of incomparable beauty and dignity. There is many a tangling jungle, many a pernicious vine spreads its baleful leaf, but many a bough is loaded with bloom of the most delicate fashion and exquisite odor.

These are, in general, the distinguishing characteristics of these Eastern literatures, yet they differ widely one from another. Arabian imagination is all fire and intensity, full of war and

bloodshed, burning with fierce passion; that of India is reflective, melancholy, prodigious; that of Persia subtle, airy, sensuous; and that of China tame and uncreative, its principal products being homely moral maxims clothed in terse expressive language. To borrow the striking metaphors of Alger, the Chinese muse is a ground-sparrow, the Persian a gazelle, the Indian an elephant, and the Arabian a lion.

Yet we are not to suppose that the Oriental style is always according to this pattern, or that the Occidental is always at variance with these modes. There are passages in the Arabic, the Hindoo, and the Persian bards as lofty and spirited as Homer, as chaste and elegant as Virgil, and as soul-entrancing as Milton; while, on the other hand, the pages of our Western poets at times present passages as gorgeous, as florid, and as extravagant as any that were ever traced by the pen of Firdousi or Hafiz.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TWO FORTUNES.

“**H**ERE is n't enough, mamma.”

Mrs. Ross stopped the noisy clicking of her sewing-machine as her daughter's voice fell on her ear, and looked up wearily. The girl standing before her spread out the skirt of the soft silk which she had thrown over her shoulder, and measuring its width with a glance went on,

“There can't more than two breadths be spared, and what can you do with that as fashions are now? Besides, I must have a new waist to it.”

Mrs. Ross pushed aside her work, and taking the dress, began calculating, like the skillful manager she was. “There's my old velvet cape. We might take that for a jacket, and use these two breadths—they are long and wide—for an over-skirt.”

“But the trimming?”

“Is n't there enough of that fringe we have had so long?”

“Not by half a yard, and I'm tired of it besides. It's done duty constantly for me for the last four years; and the silk is faded.”

“It could be turned.”

“It has been once. The truth is, mamma, it won't do. When we have done our best with it, it will just be an old, faded, scrimped dress. I'll stay at home first.” She gathered up the silk impatiently—young and very pretty, the trial of poverty was no slight one.

“But I want you to go, dear,” her mother said, detaining her. “Your aunt and cousins

will hardly like it if you refuse. You have no reason.”

“No reason. They know the reason without our telling it. When every other girl in the party will be beautifully dressed, Mary and I do n't want to look dowdy. I wish they had not invited us. I wish—it's wicked to wish it, I suppose—but I do hope Aunt Hitty won't live forever—I just ache for a little of her money.”

“Georgie! Remember Aunt Hitty is my sister.”

“Only sister-in-law, thank fortune! What sort of a man was Uncle James, I wonder, to marry such a sour—well, he did not live long after, and no wonder.”

“There, Georgie, that will do. Uncle James was my only brother, you know—the best one ever was.”

The girl flushed, half vexed, half penitent. “He had trouble enough to make him good.” Then—seeing her mother's face—“I'm sorry, or, at least, I won't say any thing about it again to you. Let me take the old dress away, and you rest.”

“Yes, take it away.” Gentle mother that she was, she half repented already her reproof. “We may think of some other way to fix it. If we could but afford new ones. I want you to go—you have so few pleasures.”

“So very few”—her irritation rising again—“that we do n't care for the doubtful one of being snubbed by our rich relations. I hate being patronized.”

“Do n't talk so, Georgie. Have you forgotten Aunt Mary's taking May to the sea-side last Summer, and how much good the trip did her? Our rich relations”—the smile was a little bitter despite her efforts against it—“are very convenient sometimes.”

“Aunt Mary is good”—penitent again. “Not much like Aunt Hitty, is she? But the girls always seem patronizing.”

“It is all seeming, I think. But, now”—anxious to break the discussion—“take this away and get tea.”

“Papa will be home to-night.”

“Yes. Try to have a little nicer tea than usual, dear.”

“What sent him off so suddenly?”

“Business for the firm.” And with this highly satisfactory answer Georgie left her alone in the gathering dusk.

For years these few minutes between daylight and dark had been the only rest hard-working, patient Mrs. Ross allowed herself. Now, as she leaned back in her sewing-chair, she covered her eyes with her hands, not to



shade them from the dim light of the fire, but to brush away the few tears there. Though she had tried to be cheerful with her daughter concerning their poverty, it was easy to see that the trial was greater to the loving mother than the child—greater perhaps because of the perpetual memory of better days. She could see, in the dim gleam of the fire, some scant mementos of the happy time of ease and wealth, in the few pictures and ornaments that gave the room, with its plain, well-worn furniture, a refined and attractive air. Outside, in the pleasant Winter afternoon, the city was taking its pleasure. Sleight bells rang merrily; now and then happy voices and sweet laughter mingled with them. And in utter contrast from the other room came Georgie's fresh, clear voice, singing, with an expression that should have been impossible to her youth, and health, and beauty, "Long Weary Day:"

*"My heart is sad and lone,  
To think of days by-gone."*

Mrs. Ross was not naturally over-sensitive. Pride and poverty conjoined had tended to a morbid straining of the nerve of feeling, and the perpetual high pressure under which she kept herself, sometimes reacted painfully on the overworked body. Now she tried to quiet herself by the old rule, the counting of her blessings, their plain, but pleasant home, their health, their many friends. She knew that, despite their poverty, they were a happy family—happier, she often thought, than their "rich relations." But to-night the past held her. Try as she would she could think of nothing but the luxurious home of her childhood, the equally beautiful one in which the first ten years of her married life had been spent. Then her cup of happiness had overflowed. Blessed in her husband's constant love, in her three children, she had no thought of trouble. And when it came in the failure and sudden death of her father, it found her unprepared. It was the first loss, but many others followed. In a night the half of her husband's wealth was lost in a great fire. He rallied his energies, and tried hard to keep what was left; but debtors became bankrupt, and creditors were importunate, and, after a five years' struggle, a slow "coming down" from wealth to comfort, from comfort to bare maintenance, he failed—failed utterly and hopelessly. No capital left with which to begin again—energy and ambition so broken indeed, that he hardly could, had there come an opening—he had been forced to take a clerkship. Thenceforward, when for her children she most needed wealth, Mrs. Ross took poverty. By economy they had, in their eight years, paid for their

little home, and laid by a little for rainier days. But to the mother the burden was each year growing heavier; their three children could have so few of the advantages they wished for them. The eldest and only boy had been forced, a year before, to leave school, and take a clerkship with his father—a disappointment almost as bitter to the proud mother as the ambitious boy. Mary, the eldest of the two girls, eager to help herself, had, some weeks before, taken copying in a lawyer's office.

Sometimes it seemed to Mrs. Ross that she could have borne it better, but that, scarcely a dozen blocks away, her sister, married at the same time as she, lived in a splendor that was a perpetual reminder of her past. The bond between the families had not been parted in these years of change; but to the Rosses, painfully conscious of their poverty, there was a suspicion of patronage in Mrs. Lawrence's well-meant efforts to introduce the girls into society with her own daughters.

Moreover, not far away, in the old house where Mrs. Ross had been brought up, a sister-in-law lived, a sour, crabbed widow, owner of a fortune, the half of which would have made all the mother's plans for her children possible. With her little connection was kept up. She did not like her poor and proud sister-in-law, and her independent nieces were still less to her mind. Mrs. Gray relieved herself of her responsibilities concerning them, by sending each year a box of cast-off dresses to the girls—a kindness not always thankfully received. It was one of these that Georgie had just carried off, wondering, as she hung it away, if Aunt Hitty, when she died—"if she ever did"—would not leave them, instead of the money they so much needed, all her cast-off finery and furniture.

The noise of the outer door opening, broke Mrs. Ross's sad reverie; Mary, the elder daughter, came in slowly and wearily.

"You are tired, daughter," Mrs. Ross said, rousing herself hastily. The loving mother's quick eyes had seen something more than weariness on the pallid, delicate face, and she must help to bear whatever trouble had fallen on this, her frailest and, therefore, dearest child. "Let Georgie take your wraps," she added as the sister came in, "and lie right down on the lounge. Has any thing happened?"

"Nothing, but that I have lost my place," said Mary, sorrowfully.

"You see," she went on after a moment's pause, in which mother and sister had been too much surprised to speak, "Mr. Dunton's niece is here from the East. She wants work, and

of course they prefer to give her all the copying they have; so I'm dismissed."

"You will have a chance to rest, at any rate," the mother said, quick to catch at any gain in a loss. "The work has been too hard for you all the while."

"But the money, mamma," her lips trembling so that she could hardly speak. "I wanted so much to earn enough to pay for music lessons with Harrison. You know how often I have been told that if my voice could but be trained I might help myself with it. I love music so. I thought I could have learned in another term enough to teach beginners, and I hoped—I hoped"—and gathered into the patient mother's arms she cried out her disappointment.

"Are you all here?" a voice said from the darkness ten minutes later. "I came in without ringing, finding the front door ajar. I want to make sure of you for our party next week." Anna Lawrence had crossed the room while she spoke, and stood now holding Mrs. Ross's hand and looking at her cousin. Thanks to the dim light, she could not see her flushed, tearful face, and she went on in her usual pleasant tones. "It is only a quiet little affair, just the people I think you will like. We want May to sing. Mr. Harland is to be there, and we have told him of your voice, and his judgment might be of use to you. Please do n't refuse. It is my party—my birthday, though that fact is n't published," laughing. "When one gets past twenty they do n't publish birthdays, do they, May? Come promise, please."

And hardly knowing how to refuse, the promise was given.

"Can not you stay a few minutes?"

"Thanks, no, Bell is waiting outside. Mamma hopes to see you soon, auntie. It seems an age since you were with us. We have some new books, Georgie, that would please you. Come and see them. Good-night," and she was gone as quickly as she came.

A large room elegantly furnished, velvet beneath, gilding above, handsome and luxurious furniture; the rose-red fire in the grate gleaming on the softly tinted walls, on bright paintings and rare engravings, on brackets holding busts and vases, on the white keys of the piano that, a sheet of music half fallen on them, looked as though they had but just ceased answering the touch of soft fingers; on books, papers, all the dainty nothings wealth and refinement make possible in a home. Through the great doors opened on one side a vision of greenery, the fall of a tiny fountain, the faint breath of flowers. In the soft mellowed light,

the mistress of all, Mrs. Lawrence sits, a faded beauty—a happy woman, if one is to judge by surroundings, despite the weary look of her thin, white face. She calls herself an invalid, and having for some years acted on the opinion by having half the doctors in the city attend her, has become one in reality. A shrewd observer would say idleness, lack of ambition, to be half the trouble. The lady has no need either to work or aspire. Fortune has been kind enough to give her full time to study herself, and the result is chronic invalidism. It is possibly because of her weak health that she finds her life so hard. Her family is a great care; society, a heavy burden. Sometimes she looks at her busy, cheerful sister half-enuviously. Not that she would change places with her. Our envy of the joys of poverty rarely goes that far. Mrs. Lawrence only wishes her daughters were a little more useful at home; her sons a little less disposed to the sowing of those wild oats for which wealth buys so much seed.

She has wearied herself into a headache this afternoon over a novel, and is waiting now anxiously for her daughters. Her face lightens as she hears them coming up the steps into the hall. She opens the door and calls to them, and they come in, Bell, the younger, first, a handsome, haughty girl, her mother's pride and pet, Anna, the plainer elder sister, following more slowly.

"Have you had a good time, girls? Were your calls pleasant?"

"Pleasant is not my adjective for calls," Anna said laughingly. "They were well enough."

"All the dull people were at home," Bell went on, pulling off her gloves with such haste that she tore both of them, "and all the people I wanted to see were out."

"Only Nellie Graham was out, Bell."

"The very one I most wanted to see. And Ada Garner might better have been. I've not had such a call there in a year."

"Her cousin, an heiress from New York, is there," Anna explained to her mother's questioning look, "and Miss Ada's head is half turned by the distinction."

"And, mamma, Mattie Bryne has a new set of cameos, the prettiest things I ever saw. I must have some before our party."

"You do n't need them in the least, Bell."

"O, mamma!" Anna interrupted; "Lloyd Allen is home. We met him just as we were coming from Mr. Garner's."

"And neither of us knew him," Bell interrupted in her turn; "but, as he did us, Anna must needs stop and be very gracious. But when he turned to me—it was too absurd!"

"I knew him," Anna laughingly explained, "but I could not speak his name. Bell was more honest. I looked all manner of reproaches at her for her forgetfulness, but she just stared at him in blank surprise, and finally he had to remind us of his name."

"It must have been very awkward. Has he changed so much?"

"Very much, indeed. But he has not forgotten his old fancy for Bell; that was quite evident to-day."

Mrs. Lawrence looked at her daughter, half pleased, half anxious, but Bell only pursed her lips disdainfully. "He has come home to stay, I suppose. His mother must be glad. She has missed him so much. I suppose," stopping and hesitating, as Bell was still silent, "that there are few better sons than he—few finer young men, every way."

"O, yes," Bell said, "as I read somewhere the other day, he has but one vice, but that the most intolerable of all—perfection"—and with that she swept out of the room.

"What is the matter with her?" the mother asked anxiously. "She used to like Lloyd Allen. I had hoped"—she stopped, her meaning being sufficiently evident.

"There is no use of hoping any thing while she is so bewitched with that Mr. Masters. I wish she could be made to see how worthless he really is."

Mrs. Lawrence sighed heavily.

"I fear," Anna went on, after a pause, "that it's not her, but her fortune he wants. Uncle Harry gives him that character, at least. I asked him about it the other day. He seemed shocked at the idea of our allowing it to go on, but no one can control Bell."

"Her father might. Speak to him, Anna, speak to him to-night. I had no idea things were so serious. I have no influence at all over her," almost wringing her hands in her sudden fear.

"I'm afraid no one will in this matter. You know," hesitating and lowering her voice, "Bell thinks herself, as Aunt Hitty's probable heiress, independent of us."

"I had forgotten Aunt Hitty's money. I wish she had none. I wish—but there, what is the use of wishing. Speak to your father now, Anna; I heard him come in a few minutes since."

So, five minutes later, Anna stood at the door of the library, where her father was; but she stopped at the door, seeing the troubled look of his face. He was a strong, stately man, in the prime of life, successful in business, respected in society, more feared than loved in his own

household. Anna was his favorite, as Bell was her mother's. She was, as he was wont to say, bright and sensible, and had some of his own business talent.

"Is any thing the matter, papa?" going up to him slowly.

"Nothing new." He took a letter from a number that lay beside him on the table, and gave it to her. "It seems that rich men's sons do n't go to college to study. Harry is in another scrape."

"What will you do about it?" as she glanced over the letter. She was so used to her wild brother's scrapes—so used to them in the college career of Albert, her elder brother—that she took the matter more easily than he.

"I wish I knew what to do. If Albert were not the poorest possible companion for him, I would have him come home. I must go down there, I suppose, though I ought not to leave now."

There was a little silence, the father leaning back in his chair thinking—no pleasant thoughts, if one judged by his face—the daughter idly turning over the pile of letters, more as a diversion than from any interest she felt in the very business-like envelopes. She dreaded adding another trouble to those he already had, and was hesitating how best to begin, when, at the bottom of the pile, she came on a letter that she lifted hastily.

"Papa, here is one from Rockbridge, and not in Aunt Hitty's hand. I wonder if any thing is the matter."

Mr. Lawrence opened the letter, his face changing slightly as he read. "Your aunt is very sick; the doctor thinks dangerously so. Some of us must go down immediately. Bell or you, Anna."

"Bell does n't want to," the owner of the name answered, pausing in the door-way as she was entering. "Aunt has been sick a dozen times, papa, dangerously, and she always gets well. I really can not leave just now."

"Will you, then, Anna?"

"I ought not to leave now, papa, ma is so unwell. Bell ought to go. Of course, you do n't want to, Bell, and you would not know what to do for her; but she always likes to see you, you know, and, as for the nursing, why not take Cousin Mary?"

"We might, I suppose. She would know how to take care of a sick person, I think. It would be very lonely for Bell."

"And she may be sick all Winter," Bell said discontentedly. "What a nuisance relations are!"

Mr. Lawrence frowned, but did not reprove

her. The imperious beauty generally said and did as she pleased.

"We must go to-morrow on the noon train. I'll drive over in the morning and see if Mary can go with you. It's to be hoped her opinion of relations is n't as selfish as yours, Bell," said Anna; and with that the three went to the dining-room.

But the shadow of trouble that had dropped over the family seemed gone when, an hour later, they gathered in the bright parlor for the evening. Grouped around the beautiful room, they made the prettiest possible picture of a happy household, and, the curtains looped back, the shades still up, it was plainly visible from the sidewalk. Turning the corner suddenly, it struck sharply on the sense of one passer, a man bent more with trouble than age, struggling along wearily in the sleety darkness to his own poor home. He stopped just an instant and looked in at the beautiful room, at the mother and a graceful girl bent together over some piece of work, the father and son talking pleasantly enough, if one judged by their faces. He knew perfectly well that the picture had its shadows; that the sons were running a course of dissipation that would bring them to trouble soon; that the youngest daughter, whose beautiful face and figure were in sharp relief as she sat at the piano, would become probably the prize of a fortune-hunter. But he did not remember the shadows then. He saw the brightness, he thought of the pinching poverty at home, and, bending his head as he went on, was ready to repine at the bitter dealings of Providence.

But once in his own plain home, met by the bright faces and loving words of each in turn, seeing his wife's weary yet contented face opposite him at table, Mr. Ross forgot his trouble, and warmed into the cheerful husband and father he always tried to be at home. For the first hour of his return each put aside the little secret cares and troubles, and was as bright and merry as possible. Fred, the son, had brought home a new book, of which a chapter was read for their amusement. Mr. Ross told one or two amusing incidents that had happened to him in his little journey. Mary sang, her clear, fresh voice as firm and sweet as though no disappointment concerning it had come to her that day. And when they had all flitted away for the night, he said to the wife, bending a little wearily over some little bit of work she was finishing, "After all, Sarah, we have a happy family."

"Yes, thank God," the mother answered, and a few tears dropped into her basket—tears of

regret for her repining, of gratitude for the simple but sure joys they possessed.

It is a month later. Every thing in and around the two homesteads is nearly the same as a month ago. In the low pleasant sitting-room the Ross family are gathered, their faces quieter, happier than usual. Yet they have little, one would say, to increase their little store of happiness. Aunt Hitty is dead, and her treasured money given up. It is a shameful division, every one says, but there is no contesting the will, even had the Rosses wished to. And they did not. "We had no right to expect any thing," the mother had said, suppressing a little sigh. "Hitty never forgave me for not naming Mary after her. She said often that had I done so, she and Bell should have shared equally."

"And I'm glad you did not," Mary had answered, smiling. "It's worth a fortune to be called Mehitabel, though no one would suspect that was Bell's name. She never writes it so."

"I could never bear to name a child to get money for her. Besides, then," with another little breath of disappointment, "there was no need."

"And I have my fortune after all," Mary said, smiling again.

Yes, Mary has one, a mere nothing in the eyes of her heiress cousin. Mrs. Gray repaid her niece for her care of her in that last sickness by the gift of her grand piano, and the sale of the old one had brought enough to pay for the treasured music lessons. Already flattering promises of future success are made her, and working hard and very hopeful, she looked forward to an independance that is very pleasant. And though she will never be a prima donna, never probably be known beyond the city where she lives, she hopes, in a few years, to be able to do much for herself and her sister. And work in this is not hard to her. It is rest, ease, delight. The idleness of luxury, the trifling life of fashion, have so little charms for her that she rarely thinks of envying Bell Lawrence her fortune. For Mrs. Gray's money has gone to her petted namesake, and to her sister-in-law, true to her former habits, she has left old-fashioned furniture enough to supply two houses the size of theirs—old dresses, old jewelry, old books. How happy are the Rosses with all this! The books and pictures seem so valuable to them; the furniture, though cumbrous, is handsome. Looking at them in their ignorant content, one wonders which of these two families has the better fortune; whether the value of things is not quite as

much in the way one looks at them, as in the things themselves; whether happy work be not better than luxurious idleness, and the train of trouble money always brings with it.

### THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

#### THIRD PAPER.

THE last paper described the sea scenery of the islands; the present may well be devoted to an account of the land scenes. The *formation* has been already described as hillocky with vales between; the hillocks taking the shape of flattish cones, according as the loose sand, blown by the winds, settled into position. Along the northern sides of the islands are bold, weather-beaten cliffs, but the southern slope off into sandy downs and snow-white beaches. The larger islands are indented by the sea, which runs far up sometimes into the arms of the land, making inlets often fringed by the mangrove or blackwood growth. The hills and slopes, almost uniformly where nature has still her way, are covered with the "Bermuda cedar," a species kindred to that found on the neighboring Florida coast, but decidedly modified by the soil and climate of the islands. The ancient trees are worthy of renown for their stately bearing and goodly girth, and their owners are generally very loath to let them be cut down. The brush is somewhat dense and dark, covered in the season with golden pollen or empurpled berries, from which latter "the cedar-berry sirup" used to be made, and so highly recommended for coughs and colds by the older dames. As you sit meditatively beneath the shadows of the cedars in the twilight hour, looking out on the beautiful sea, in sight from every point almost, the breeze comes sighing heavily through the brush, and provokes that semi-pleasant sadness of sensitive souls as they wander in reverie to various scenes of the past and the distant. But this world is full of the practical, and so, let us say that from the wood of the cedar work-boxes and clothes-chests are made which admit of a high polish, and are obnoxious to insects, so that furs and woolen garments committed to their keeping are preserved intact. In the times when sailing vessels were more commonly in use than at present, ships of various sizes were built to admiration from this timber, so light when well cured, and yet so durable; so handsome and aromatic, and yet not liked by the insects. The boats and yachts that ply and sail upon the inland waters are celebrated for their safety and fast-sailing qualities.

The cedar groves, however, which are so numerous on the islands, are not close, and dark, and heated, as pine barrens sometimes are, but, on the contrary, are fresh and open, with a free circulation of air, and the sunshine chases the shadows through the branches, or depicts them on the ground in every variety of pattern. The *lentana*, with its bright, delicate flowers, grows freely beneath these cedar groves, now in the commoner form of the "wild sage," and now in all the beauty of the plant as it appears cultured in our conservatories. The life-plant, too, abounds, clustering on its chosen spots on the hill-sides or in the vales. It is an air-plant if hung up in the house, swinging by a single thread, but out in the pure air and sunshine it spreads rapidly with its thick waxen leaves, and bells and flowers hanging plentifully on the brown stems.

Lemon groves, too, are now and then to be met with as you wander carelessly through the cedar openings, and perhaps a few orange-trees; and the ripe lemons are very golden, rough-skinned, with pouting lips, whose juice is an agreeable acid to most persons as they cool themselves, sitting or reclining beneath the shade of the trees.

But in these vales are the vegetable gardens and unpretending little farms whence are gathered, for the New York market in the early Spring, before the Borean breath has passed away from Northern climes, the onions, and tomatoes, and potatoes from Bermuda. Peas and beans, turnips and sweet potatoes, carrots and cabbages, cauliflowers and cucumbers, lettuces and radishes, squashes, pumpkins and melons, may be seen, in wholesome abundance, growing together in February, and yielding two or three harvests a year, and by the end of March, or early in April, the above-named staples will be ready for the New Yorkers, hungry for vegetables, after the scarcity of the Winter. A few statistics, taken from the "returns" of the late crops, will give some idea of the fruitfulness of these original farms: Of arrowroot, the finest prepared in the world, 30,270 pounds; of onions, 4,570 pounds; of barrels of potatoes, 11,770; of boxes of tomatoes, 114,215. The value of exports, from the two chief ports, to June 30, 1871, £150,000 sterling, or about \$750,000. These figures are given as exclusive of home consumption.

And now, around the fresh cultivation of these vales, we should, in truth, weave a land of floral beauty, for the patches of verdure are often screened from the salt blasts of the sea by hedges of oleanders, red, pink, and white, single and double, more beautiful to behold

than even the holly or hawthorn hedges of the Emerald Isle.

And walking through these quiet vales you will sometimes come upon the banana groves. A rather curious tree is the banana, not large, the trunk made up of a porous substance containing myriads of water-cells, and covered with several folds of thin, brown bark. It grows smoothly and taperingly to the height of six or eight feet, and then unfolds its curving, broad, smooth, grass-like leaves. Out of the heart of the tree, half hidden by the foliage, comes the bunch of scores of figs attached to a strong, central fibrous stalk. A tree only bears one bunch of bananas and then withers away, but from its roots there spring up shoots which perpetuate the family and the fruitfulness. The groves, with their green, broad leaves, and the pendent bunches of golden fruit, make a very pleasant scene, not at all impaired by the memory of the taste which comes up with the law of association.

The orange groves are nearer the dwellings, as though they courted the culture and admiration of the inmates; and they certainly deserve them, for in the Spring time the air is filled with the delicate perfume of blossoms, and the green fruit are already hidden among the leaves, becoming, month by month, more golden, until they drop in real, rounded, ripeness into your hand. And the grape fruit and shaddock are so closely kindred in species to the orange that they can not be distinguished from one another by the leaf or flower; but the grape fruit is larger than the orange, lighter colored, more spheroidal, and the pulp has a pleasant bitter taste. The shaddock is larger than the grape fruit again, of about the same hue, and the pulp is pinkish as well as slightly bitter of taste. Oranges in Bermuda used to be very fine and plentiful, but of late years some blight seems to have come upon the trees.

And in these orchards are other fruit-trees somewhat rare; the avocado pear, for instance, with its neat leaves and large, pear-shaped fruit, covered with smooth, shining skin, and pulp gathered around a large central seed, which pulp being cut into longitudinal sections, is eaten with salt and pepper as a vegetable butter; and the sugar apple, its rough green skin divided into sections by deep crossing parallel lines, and the inside filled with a white substance sweet as sugar, gathered around polished black seeds; and the custard apple, whose brown skin covers a cup of uncooked custard; and of smaller fruits there are Surinam cherries, too beautiful almost, in their shining, ribbed redness, to be eaten; and the

yellow loquat, growing to be a great favorite with its tart sweetness; and the strawberry, very fine when cultured; and the peach, which used to be most luscious, but insects are injuring it now.

Of other trees, not so desirable for their fruit, the palmetto—which rustles its fan-like leaves in the breeze—has been sung by Waller in rather fanciful strains:

"The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,  
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,  
Under the shadows of whose friendly boughs  
They sit carousing where their liquor grows."

At the present more prosaic times, if they sit at all beneath the "friendly boughs," it is to weave beautiful baskets out of the palmetto straws. And the calabash is a tree of many irregular branches, with a large, round, unedible fruit, which, when equally divided, and the halves are cleared of their seedy pulp, the thick rind makes good bowls for the use of the peasantry. The tree is sacred to Moore in Bermuda, who cut his name upon the trunk of one of them, and wrote rather bacchanal verses beneath its shade:

"'T was thus in the shade of the calabash-tree,  
With a few who could feel and remember like me,  
The charm that to sweeten my goblet I threw  
With a sigh to the past and a blessing to you.

Last night when we came from the calabash-tree,  
When my limbs were at rest, and my spirit was free,  
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day,  
Set the magical springs of my fancy at play."

The islands are the favorite beds of many fragrant herbs and beautiful flowers. It was a wonder to me, when a boy, and wandering about the woolly paths of Bermuda, how so many spicy herbs came to be growing wildly along the roadside and in more retired places; but afterward, on consulting the books, I found that in the earliest time of the plantations the commissioners sent out from England various seeds, such as mint, and sage, and thyme, and fennel, and basil, and marjoram; and these seeds have ever since been thriving in the damp, shady places of Bermuda. Roses of the finest varieties are here, and geraniums of all kinds spread their fragrant beds and flowers on the hill-sides; but our writing must be only of rarer plants. Here, then, is the snuff-plant, with its pointed leaf and wreaths of yellow flowers—more honeyed in their breath than snuff-like, I think—and the night-blooming cereus is a homely cactus to look upon, but, opening its flower of ghostly whiteness upon the midnight darkness, it fills all the region with the intense sweetness of its pure life, but withers before the golden morning can behold its beauty.

And the shell-plant appears—rarest of all—with bulbous root and grass-like leaves, out of whose folds arises a stalk that eventually bends to the weight of a cluster of flower-shells, at first rolled up in white petals, tipped with red, but, by and by opening their lips, so beautifully crimsoned and veined with yellow! But the century aloe must not be forgotten, which forms from the ground a circle of long, fibrous, narrow, spiked leaves, out of which rises a shaft to the height of twenty feet, with lateral branches, becoming shorter and shorter, until lost in the tuft at the top. On these branches come out scores of golden, globular flowers, filled with sunlight and nectar, of which, if the gods do not drink, the bees do! The legend about this plant, that it blossoms once in a hundred years, seems to be that it blossoms once and dies, but, like the banana, from the decomposition of its leaves, springs forth the new offspring.

The cottages of the islanders stand, for the most part, on the slopes and sometimes on the hill-tops, catching the cool sea-breezes, and commanding fine outlooks, while they themselves are quite conspicuous. They are built from the coral limestone of the islands, sawed by hand into blocks of the needed sizes: the roofs, also, are covered with the same material, prepared as slabs or slates. Many of the cottages are whitewashed annually, which washing not only keeps them sweet and clean, but it also fills with lime the pores of the stone, and thus shuts out the dampness. The wood-work of the houses is of the durable cedar; and as you look upon these snow-white dwellings, with their green blinds, and contrasting so strongly with the flowering shrubbery and creeping vines that entwine them, you can not but admit the picturesqueness of the scene! Sometimes, too, the houses are down by the water's edge, and the towns and villages often curve prettily around the arms of the glassy sea! The governor's house, the admiralty house, and the commissioner's house, are among the finest in the country—the two former are on the hills overlooking the town and harbor of Hamilton; the latter stands on the high extremity of Ireland Island. The grounds around the governor's and admiral's house display the chief beauties of Bermudian scenery. The clean, short, crab-grass covers the lawns, as, indeed, it covers the vales and hills every-where beneath the cedars, and the plants and flowers, to which I have referred, meet and greet you at every turn! On the sea side of the admiral's residence are some noted caves. The Earl of Dundonald, several years ago, when naval commander-in-chief, availed himself of the talent

and experience of some Cornish miners who appeared among his crews, and had the cliff undermined for a considerable distance along the sea. The tunnel which they dug opens at one end in a large apartment, which commands fine views of Grassy Bay and Ireland Island. At the other extremity are pools of clear, green-tinted water, which do so invite you to a cool, refreshing bath, while boats and yachts belonging to the admiralty seem to take pleasure in casting their moving shadows upon the mirroring tides. The commissioner's house is palatial in size and appearance, with its double rows of verandas, and iron pillars and railings, though it has been suffered to fall much into decay: the wood-work is of solid mahogany, and the mantel-pieces of fine marble. A magnificent marble bath completed the luxuries of the establishment, while the out-houses for various purposes were numerous. The whole concern, under the circumstances, was one of those stupendous follies which public functionaries have sometimes an aptness for committing, and cost the British Government £60,000 sterling, or \$300,000!

But upon another of the Bermudian hills is one of the finest and most useful structures in the world. I refer to the light-house which rises so conspicuously and cheerily on Gibbs Hill. The hill itself is about two hundred and fifty feet in height, and the light is elevated in a tower one hundred and thirty-three feet. The flash of the lamp, which continues for six to eight seconds each time, and is repeated every minute, is one of the intensest of those known, and throws its brilliance forty miles out at sea, startling the mariner into assurance that he is at least so near the reef-bound islands, and must give no slumber to his eyelids! The view from the gallery of the light-house, as from several of the hill-tops, is to be reckoned among the finest of its kind in the world: the numerous evergreen islands so gayly anchored in the seas, with only their crags and cedars, or with grassy slopes and embowered cottages; the seas themselves, now stretched out in their blueness and glittering in the sunshine, or green and glassy as they flow up under the land; then the towns, with their white buildings, rising around the harbors; or the houses and cottages, scattered over hill-sides and valleys, peeping out of the dark cedar shrubbery, combine to make up a sea view of unsurpassed beauty!

There are not many varieties of birds to enliven the scenery of Bermuda, or make the groves or gardens vocal with their notes. The few species that appear brighten with their

brilliance rather than charm with their song. The bluebird, for example, looks bluer amid the heavy foliage of the cedar than with us, and the cardinal is certainly of the brightest red as he darts into the thick cover; the black-bird startles with his cat-like scream as he flutters amid the orange boughs, and the little ground-dove goes so quietly along, only stopping to pick up the fallen seeds—the very picture of innocence and love; the crows caw and caw again as they fly up, at evening, to the wooded heights of the hills; the kingfisher darts, with a flash of his plumage, from the secret place of the mangrove or black-bush, upon his finny prey in the shallows; and the lonely heron almost compels you to meditation as you stand watching him, as it were, watching his own shadow in the crystal tides.

But this paper shall now be closed with two quotations, one from a historian of the early times of May and Lancaster, the other from the muse of the celebrated Moore, who spent a few of his juvenile years in Bermuda, whether admiring more the beauty of her daughters or the beauty of the scenery, it were hard to tell. The historian says: "He [May] found it [the island] a terrestrial paradise, abounding with citron, orange, and lemon trees. Here was seen the towering palm, whose straight and naked stem shoots up to an immense height, crowned with a cupola of foliage resembling the feathers of the ostrich, overtopping all his fellows of the forest. Contrasted with the deep, rough green of the cedar was seen the tall papaw, with its bright gray stems and leaves of emerald green, bearing a fruit in shape and color, when ripe, resembling the lemon, but filled with a yellow pulp and black seeds, unpalatable to the European taste. Groves of mangoes, bananas, and plantains, together with labyrinths of unknown aromatic under-wood, crowned numerous little islands only a stone's-throw from each other, forming miniature bays and harbors, whose rocky inlets were fringed with various hues reflected from transparent waves, beneath whose surface glided fish of unknown shapes and colors. A scene so novel, so romantic, and unknown riveted, for a time, the attention of the wanderers, and they lost sight of their calamities in contemplation of the wonders around them. No vestige of human habitation was to be seen; all was silence and solitude, interrupted only occasionally by the murmurs of the distant breakers, the carols of the feathery tribes, and the spicy hum of the southern breeze as it swept the lofty cedars. Birds of bright plumage were seen feeding upon the berries of odoriferous

shrubs, wild hogs were grazing in the valleys, and great whales gamboling in the deep. Scenes like these the poets in all ages have delighted to dwell upon, and we have reason to believe that this island once in reality rivaled the famous Calypso in imagination. Our immortal Shakspeare has, with justice, made it the scene of his shipwreck, making Ariel to warble forth his wild notes amidst rocks still more wild than the echoes. He seems to allude to the heavy dews and the continued turbulence of the breakers when Ariel says:

'Where once thou call'dst me up at dun midnight  
To fetch heaven's dew from the still vex'd Bermoothes.'

And now for the poet Moore:

"But bless the little fairy isle!  
How sweetly, after all our ills,  
We saw the sunny morning smile  
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills,  
And felt the pure, delicious flow  
Of airs that round this Eden blow  
Freshly as e'en the gales that come  
O'er our own healthy hills at home.  
Could you but see the scenery fair  
That now beneath my window lies,  
You'd think that Nature lavished there  
Her purest waves, her softest skies,  
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,  
For bards to live and saints to die in.  
Close to my wooded bank below  
In glassy calm the waters sleep,  
And to the sunbeams proudly show  
The coral rocks they love to steep.  
The fainting breeze of morning fails,  
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,  
And I can almost touch its sails  
As loose they flap around the mast.  
The noontide sun in splendor pours  
That lights up all these leafy shores,  
While his own heaven, its clouds and beams,  
So pictured in the waters lie,  
That each small bark, in passing, seems  
To float along a burning sky!"

#### THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

THE relationship of "wife" is the zenith of a true woman's glory. In this relationship she first appears on the stage of action. While in all the ranges of animated nature, each one found his complement in a suitable companion, the inspired pen records, with appropriate sadness, the declaration, "But for Adam, there was not found an helpmeet for him;" and, "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept. And he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman; and he brought her to the man," and Adam instinctively recognized his affinity, and said, "She shall be called woman, because she was taken



out of man." "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one." Thus God fulfilled his declared purpose, "I will make an helpmeet for him; for it is not good that the man should be alone."

Very generally men have approved their Maker's judgment, and have sought their complement in this earliest and holiest relationship, and happy husbands have, from age to age, exclaimed,

"Hail, woman, hail last formed in Eden's bowers,  
Midst murmuring streams and incense-breathing flowers;  
Thou art, mid light and gloom, through good and ill,  
Thy Maker's glory: man's chief blessing still.  
Thou calmest our thoughts, as halcyons calm the sea;  
Sooth'st in distress, when servile minions flee;  
And, O, without thy sun-bright smiles below,  
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe."

The matrimonial relation is the basis of society, and is the secret of its purity, power, and permanence; and by laws of the most stringent character, both Divine and human, this relation has ever been guarded with the utmost vigilance, and thousands have had occasion to say,

"Domestic happiness! thou only bliss of paradise  
That has survived the fall—all hail!"

But it is in the character of man's companion and his "helper" that we would specially consider her. We have no sympathy with those utopian schemes of modern times which are blatant about woman's rights, and those absurd claims which serve only to provoke derision and bring woman's real rights into contempt. Under such advocacy our sisterhood is in danger of losing their acknowledged privileges in a Quixotic crusade for supposed rights.

"Order is heaven's first law,  
And 't is confessed the wisest,"

and that order is marked out by the Bible, which makes woman man's "companion" and his "helper." Milton distinguishes their capacities thus:

"For valor he and contemplation formed,  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.  
He for God only: she for God in him."

The apostle Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, says, "I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the *head of every woman is the man*, and the head of Christ is God; for man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man; for the woman is of the man, and the man was not created for the woman, but the woman was created for the man." His helper! in her appropriate sphere the empress of the pure affections of the heart—queen of the sacred circle of "home, sweet home."

Let us glance at woman's relation to the ap-

pointed priesthood of God under the dispensation preparatory to Christianity. It is worthy of remark that the Aaronic priesthood was a *married priesthood*, and most stringently did God regulate the marriages of this consecrated priesthood. In Leviticus we find this regulation: "A widow, or a divorced woman, or profane, etc., these he shall not take to wife." The prophet Malachi, in severely reproofing the unkind treatment of some priests to their wives, says, "The wife of thy youth, against whom thou hast dealt treacherously, is thy *companion*, the wife of thy covenant."

Under the dispensation of the Gospel the divinely appointed ministry is recognized as a *married ministry*, so little countenance does the Bible give to the avowed celibacy of Romish priests. Paul describes with great particularity the qualifications of the wives of the preachers. He says, "Even so must their wives be grave; not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things." Paul said, "Have we not power to lead about a wife, a sister, as well as *other apostles*, and as the brethren of the Lord and Cephas?"

Thus we see the Divine warrant given in the New Testament as to "companions" and "helpers" to bishops, elders, and deacons, in the divinely appointed ministry of the Gospel, and the qualifications necessary for their "wives" are marked out by the inspired apostles.

Let us, then, glance at these "helpers" in this holy relationship.

1. A godly wife may help her husband by her prayers. God has styled himself the hearer of prayer, and we have a thousand proofs that "prayer ardent opens heaven and lets down a stream of glory in the consecrated hour of man in audience with his God." By your prayer of faith you may bring blessed influences upon him and his charge; while he is talking for God you can talk to God.

2. You can be your husband's helper by your holy life. It is by your consistency that you are to impress, encourage, and influence others. You can only evince the importance you attach to the religion you profess by the constancy of your adherence to it, and the sacrifices you are ready to make in its defense. Like himself, a minister's wife should be "an example to believers in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, and in purity." There is no beauty equal to the beauty of holiness; and in no one is Scriptural holiness more potential for good than in the companion of a minister of God. Entirely consecrated we will be "sanctified wholly."

3. A pastor's wife may greatly aid him by her social influence. Your intercourse with the

Church and "those that are without," may be productive of the greatest good or ill. Our deportment should never be so reserved as to appear haughty, proud, or exclusive. "The rich have many friends." Let your leanings be rather to the other side. Like Goldsmith's "Village Pastor," let us be

"More prone to raise the wretched, than to rise."

You stand in the same relation to all conditions in the Church and the community, and must be respectful to all. Your connections and intercourse afford you more opportunities to speak. See to it that your remarks turn on subjects rather than persons, and thus avoid gossiping, the bane of society. Set an example of speaking for Christ in the social meetings of the Church. Be ready and willing to give a religious turn to social conversation, and let this be the theme most congenial with your spirit.

4. She can be her husband's helper by her labors in the Sabbath-school—the nursery of the Church. You can do much in this field. You should become acquainted with the children of the congregation. Learn their names. Do not call them "sissy and sonny;" but Mary, Jane, Willy, and ask about mother and the dear babes at home. It is said of the Swiss shepherd, that when he wishes to lead his flock to fresh pastures, over the craggy heights, he will take a lamb in his arms and carry it to the green spot above, and the sheep will be sure to follow. If you desire souls for your hire and seals to your husband's ministry, this is the place to labor. Pardon me if I refer to my own efforts in this field. I have occupied this position for more than a third of a century, and would be expected to have some experience. So many pleasant and yet profitable little affairs can be contrived by you to fasten the children's attention and interest to the school.

While acting as assistant superintendent of our promising Sabbath-school in R., I proposed rewards to those who should bring the largest number of new scholars into the school. One of the rewards was a ten-dollar family Bible, promised by the worthy and enterprising superintendent. A boy named James Voorhees was very active and successful, and on the Sabbath morning that the division was to be made asked his father to join an adult Bible class, and thus help him gain the coveted prize. That father complied; the boy gained the Bible, and in a few months that father was soundly converted and joined the Church. The father brought Mr. B. into the school, who soon was converted to God, and through his influence many of his fellow-workmen in the cooper shops of

the village were brought into the Church and were "joined to the Lord," and thus the work went on with great results. Truly did the prophet Isaiah predict that "a little child shall lead them."

6. A pastor's wife can be his "helper" by so training up her own children in the ways of holiness, that they shall not only not bring a reproach upon religion, but shall adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things. Cultivate their manners, and render them examples of good behavior. If they are forward and impertinent, rude and disobedient, the minister as well as the mother will be blamed, for he is to be "one that ruleth well his own house."

7. You may aid him greatly by economizing his limited income, so that he shall not, unnecessarily, be embarrassed with pecuniary difficulties. "An empty bag can not stand." A minister will not be able to come before his people with that confidence, fervor, and power, while he is conscious of financial claims ready to be pressed upon him. Exercise every kind of self-denial rather than see your husband involved, and keep him as much as possible disengaged from secular affairs, that he may feel himself free for his sacred work, and know how to please Him that has called him to be a soldier. "Live within your income," is an imperative necessity in a pastor's wife, and much depends on a wife's management in these matters.

8. You may be his "helper" by making his home neat and attractive. Other men can leave their business and home during the Summer for rest and recreation, but a minister can not conscientiously do this. His place is with his people, so that his home is his only retreat, and must be made an inviting resting-place for the weary one. Render home attractive, that he may find it the scene of accommodation, peace, and cheerfulness. Your kind management can withdraw an unpleasant train of thought, and substitute pleasant and cheerful conversation. You will find that your personal attention to his health is not only a source of enjoyment and comfort to him, but essential to his usefulness. Study your husband's constitution, and aid him in the regulation of his mode of living as to sleep and diet. Sour bread, poor cooking, late suppers, poorly ventilated apartments, stand more intimately related with dyspepsia, nervousness, irritability, poor preaching, unacceptability, inferior appointments, supernumerary relation, location, obscurity, and premature death, than many suppose. If Monday sees him exhausted, nervous, listless, or excited, and zeal without judgment urges the same

unremitting efforts, do not neglect to sound the timely alarm, and say,

*"Not on your studies too intently fix,  
But exercise and air discreetly mix."*

This is your Sabbath; you must have your weekly rest.

9. You may be a "helper" to him by attention to his personal appearance. Slovenly neglect will lessen the influence of any one, but neatness and cleanliness in his appearance and dress especially become the man of God. The want of it will reflect unfavorably upon you. The great Wesley was a model of neatness, and the world has echoed with his proverb, "Cleanliness is the next thing to godliness." Whatever is awkward in habit or offensive in spirit, you may hope to cure or modify as no one else can or will.

10. You may be his "helper" by keeping pace with him in his growth in knowledge. You may be a helpmeet for him by being his companion in that progress he must make or fail. A man on leaving school or college goes on acquiring knowledge at compound interest; a woman after marriage is considered fortunate if she can keep her principal intact. Still, by devoting your spare moments to the current literature of the day, you can so manage that he may not get so far in advance of you that he will be solitary. Let him ever find in you a congenial spirit in the rugged paths of knowledge and science.

11. You may be a "helpmeet" for him by wisely criticising his pulpit labors and his social intercourse. You can say to him just what others will say of him, but you must study his temperament and know him well in order to criticise without wounding. By this means he can free himself from many habits of speech, and manner, and temper, which would otherwise cling to him for life.

12. You may aid your companion by your dress. If your husband preaches against the putting on of gold and costly apparel, as the Bible enjoins, let your dress, at least, be "as becometh women professing godliness." The showy, expensive dress of the members of our Churches prevent many poor persons from attending the ministry of the Word. Their limited means will not allow them to compete in millinery and worldly fashions with the Christian butterflies that flutter in the assembly of the saints. See to it that your influence is on the right side.

13. You may be a "helper" to your husband by proper respect and hospitality to his ministerial brethren. Let them always find a pleasant and hearty greeting at the parsonage; and

though you may be obliged to perform Martha's labor, remember that you will share Mary's commendation, "She hath done what she could."

Woman's mission of sympathy, aid, and love has been accomplished in a thousand of the written and unwritten histories of earth. Not all have smothered innate nobleness. The names of "honorable women not a few" adorn the chronicles of the ages past, both in secular and sacred circles. The larger part of the disciples of Christ have in every age been found in our sisterhood. The golden flame upon the holy altars of the Churches in Christ would have been often extinguished but for woman's constancy, love, and hope. None but the Omniscient knows her success in preserving brothers, husbands, sons, and daughters from the paths of the destroyer.

The women of Calvary were but types of Christian women every-where.

*"Not she with traitorous lip the Savior stung;  
Not she denied him with the unholy throng;  
She, when apostles shrunk, could dangers brave;  
Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."*

The last chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans is a monument to the memory of the holy women who labored so assiduously with the apostles in building up the Church of Christ in Rome—a monument that shall outlast the pyramids. How ennobling to our nature, and cheering to our hopes, are the salutations "to the sisterhood at Rome of such a one as Paul the aged!" How sweetly he writes: "I commend unto you Phœbe our sister, which is a servant of the Church which is at Cenchrea: and assist her: for she hath been a succorer of many, and of myself also. Greet Priscilla, my helper in Christ Jesus, unto whom, with her husband Aquila, not only I give thanks, but also all the Churches of the Gentiles. Salute my well-beloved Epenetus, who is the first-fruits of Achaia unto Christ. Salute Junia, who is of note among the apostles. Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us. Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, and the beloved Persis. Salute Julia, Nereus, and his sister."

The mystery of mysteries is seen in that God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, to redeem those that were under the law and its withering curse, and in pursuance of the prophecy, "from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," the Christian world has honored the mother of Jesus, "the blessed Mary."

Sisters, be encouraged to go forward. You will not lose your reward. You can afford to go on with patient continuance in well-doing without the applause of the multitude. You will share in your husband's reward at the rev-

elation of Jesus Christ, when every one will have praise of God according to their desire to please him. Even now you are approved and ennobled. The heart of your husband safely trusts in you, so that he hath no need of spoil. Your children will rise up and call you blessed, and God, even your own God, will bless you. He forgets not your work of faith and labor of love. He accepts your services "in the Beloved." And when the results of our common labors shall be developed by the light of another world, the reward of the holy women, who have shared the toils of the itinerant preachers, will show the divine appreciation of your work of faith which you pursued with the patience of hope.

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A PSALM.

O GOD, how majestic thou art,  
 With light and with honor arrayed;  
 The clouds are thy car; in the deep  
 The beams of thy chambers are laid.

With garments thou cov'rest the deep,  
 The foundations of earth thou didst bind;  
 Thou settest the bound for the sea;  
 Thou walkest the wings of the wind.

Thou sendest the springs to the vales—  
 How cool from the hill-sides they burst—  
 Whereby every beast of the field  
 May quench in thy waters their thirst.

By these shall the wild asses drink,  
 And birds in the branches shall sing;  
 Herbs grow for the service of man,  
 And grass for the cattle shall spring.

Thou makest the wine and the oil,  
 And bread that doth strengthen man's heart;  
 Thou makest the day and the night,  
 The darkness from light thou dost part.

To thee the young lions do roar;  
 The goats find a home in thy hills;  
 Thy rocks they are refuge and strength,  
 Thy bounty all hungry souls fills.

How manifold, Lord, are thy works!  
 How marvelous, Lord, is thy way!  
 The earth, and the great and wide sea,  
 Thy power and thy goodness display.

Thou lookest in wrath on the earth  
 Thou touchest in anger the hills;  
 They tremble before thee and smoke,  
 Thy word their disquietude stills.

Thy glory shall ever endure,  
 The Lord shall forever rejoice;  
 Sweet, sweet let our thoughts of him be,  
 O bless him with heart and with voice.

## THE LAST SUNSET.

"ONE more sunset let me see."  
 We wheeled her small bed to the door,  
 And turned the white and death-struck face  
 To where the sky seemed dyed in gore.

"O, mother!" from the white lips broke,  
 Then with rapt face and clasped hands,  
 She lay as though in raptured vision  
 Of far-off elysian lands.

"It must fade," she murmured softly,  
 "Yet for that it seems more fair;  
 We'd not look with gaze so eager,  
 Were the glory stamped forever there.

Just as it is, from out the sky,  
 That sunset I would like to take,  
 And hang it on your parlor wall,  
 That you might keep it for my sake.

But, mother, paint it on your heart,  
 Love will keep the colors bright,  
 And I'll take it with me, where  
 Sunsets never fade in night.

And between us it shall be  
 A bridge from this to the other shore,  
 By which your love shall cross to me,  
 And mine to you for evermore."

Clasping her dear and wasted hand  
 With a clasp that lingers yet,  
 And kneeling by her narrow bed,  
 I looked out on her last sunset.

On my anguish-heated heart  
 It was stamped with sharp-cut die,  
 And there till her I meet again,  
 That sunset will forever lie:

Beyond the river that molten ran;  
 Beyond upreaching tower and spire;  
 Beyond the verdurous mountain slope,  
 All the heavens seemed on fire.

There were yawning gulfs and beetling cliffs,  
 O'erhanging seas of vivid flame,  
 In which glowing islands slept,  
 And cloud-sails stately went and came;

Broad savannas, the eye outstretching,  
 Far-reaching capes and sheltered bays;  
 Gentle shores, sequestered inlets,  
 And bold sierras all ablaze.

Kneeling there beside my child,  
 What visions did the sunset bring!  
 Of the city golden-paved,  
 And the mansions of the King.

The sunset awhile the child outlined;  
 And as I saw the sweet eyes close,  
 Again I looked out on the west,  
 Lo! in the glowing heavens there rose

A golden bridge with open portals,  
 Leading o'er a sea of glass;  
 With spirit vision through the arches,  
 I saw my white-robed angel pass.

## "I SHALL HAVE FLOWERS THERE!"

WERE the words that fell on my ears one bright, sunny morning, in July last, as I stood admiring a rustic vase filled with flowers at the door of a store in the city of Indianapolis, where flowers, vases, etc., were kept for sale. The tones were so sad, so tremulous, so full of meaning and earnestness, that I turned to look from whence they came. On the opposite side of the door-way, near another vase and some pots filled with flowers, stood a thin, clad, poorly dressed, old woman, bowed beneath the cares, trials, and sorrows of many years, her hair thin and silvery white, her eyes suffused with tears, her feet treading close upon the very verge of the "River," its banks, may be, already crumbling, falling away, gently bearing her from human sight, behind the thin curtain suspended between our vision and the "other shore." She leaned upon her cane and eagerly looked at the beautiful flowers; her lips trembled with emotion, her whole being seemed to thrill with joy at the sight of these beautiful tokens of God's love to man. She did not seem to know that any one was near. I stood still and listened to hear what she might say. "O, how beautiful!" she said—"they'll not deny me flowers there! No, no—God made the flowers for the poor as well as the rich, but I am denied them here"—and the silent tear stole down her wrinkled, furrowed cheek. She stood and admired, and drank in the beauty and fragrance of the flowers before her a few minutes, then tottered on with feeble, uncertain step. I was just on the point of leaving the city for home, or I should have learned more of the old lady, if possible. I felt that I was standing on holy ground, that God was speaking to one of his humble "little ones" from the midst of the flowers, kindling the holy flame of pure desire, lifting the soul above the sufferings, and cares, and privations of life to a higher, nobler existence—shedding a ray of light from the Throne upon the pathway just entering the shadows of death. Here was one of his trusting, confiding, lowly followers, looking up to him through his creation—this beautiful, silent flower—and gladly anticipating the day of his coming to take her home. What a sublime spectacle is the Christian's faith! Without faith, to the suffering, poor, unfortunate, life would be filled with the "moanings of an eternal night-blast," without lull or pause; but faith drives the darkness away, and looks to the coming morn, whose golden hues shall tip the shores of glory.

I thought of the many beautiful beds and

parterres of flowers at home, of my little angel Allie, who loved them so well, who lived among them so much the year before, and often asked me, in her trusting, child-like simplicity, "Shall we have flowers in heaven, papa?" But a year ago she went home to Eden's flowery shore, and God has answered her question—"I shall have flowers there."


There is something in flowers that appeals to the tender and pure emotions of the soul, and lifts up the moral nature of man. The fragrance of God's breath is upon them. Would it not be well for Christians to think more of this, and to place these silent yet eloquent messengers of God's mercy and love in the hands and homes of the poor, the suffering, and out-cast of our cities and towns? Their souls are hungering and thirsting for this kind of food, and doubtless, could that craving for the beautiful be gratified, the missionary would often find a nearer road to their hearts. Then, Christian, plant flowers; plant them near the streets, where they can be seen; scatter them along the paths of the poor; strew them where they will gladden the hearts and eyes of the destitute; give them to the little, ragged children; adorn the walls and approaches of your mission and other schools with them. Wherever you can find eyes to look at them, there is a place they may be used, and God will bless those who give and those who look.

The flowers, the beautiful, beautiful flowers!  
 God hath breathed upon and painted them.  
 He planteth, watereth, and calls them ours—  
 Ours to love, ours among the poor to strew,  
 Hungry souls to feed, leading them to God anew.

**AIMS OF LIFE.**—The lives of most are mis-spent for want of a certain end of their actions, wherein they do, as unwise archers, shoot away their arrows they know not at what mark. They live only out of the present, not directing themselves and their proceedings to one universal scope, whence they alter upon every change of occasions, and never reach any perfection, neither can do other but continue in uncertainty and end in discomfort. Others aim at one certain mark, but a wrong one. Some, though fewer, level at a right end, but amiss. To live without one main and common end is idleness and folly. To live at a false end is deceit and loss. True Christian wisdom both shows the end and finds the way; and, as cunning politics have many plots to compass one and the same design by a determined succession, so the wise Christian, failing in the means, yet still fetcheth about to his steady end with constant change of endeavors. Such one only lives to purpose.

## The Children's Repository.

### THISTLES.

“ MAMMA, the garden looks lovely to-day! Won't you please come out and pick me some flowers to take to our teacher?” exclaimed Emma M'Alpine in a breathless way, and with her cheeks flushed with excitement as she ran into the library where her mother was reading.

“Why, Emma, my child! what have you been doing that you are so out of breath?”

“O, I have just been having a splendid time playing tag with brother Will; but now, mamma, as it is most school time, do please get me some pretty flowers to take to Miss Wilson, for she is very fond of them, and always glad to have a fresh bunch on the desk by her.”

“I will get the flowers for you with pleasure, Emma, but morning or evening is a much better time to pick them than during the heat of the day.”

“Well, but, mother, if they were picked in the evening some of them might wilt before morning; and in the morning, you know, I have to hurry off to school just as quick as ever I can after breakfast.”

“That is true, dear, but if you were not such a lazy girl you would be up with the larks these bright, beautiful mornings, and have more time to look over your lessons and play out of doors before the sun is so heating. Now do sit still and rest a few moments, while I get my broad flat and garden scissors, and also speak to the nurse about something, then I'll be ready to go with you.”

Emma M'Alpine was such a restless, impatient, impulsive little body, that it was very difficult for her to remain quiet five minutes at a time when out of school, so in one instant—on hearing her mother's step approach—she was off of her seat with a bound and running to meet her at the door.

“Emma dear, do put on your hat and be more moderate in your movements,” mildly said Mrs. M'Alpine, “for there is plenty of time to pick and arrange all the flowers you want before school.”

For a while Emma moved on by her mother's side a little more sedately; then, as if quicksilver was in her feet, she danced off, darting about from one spot to another, calling to her

mother to pick this or that flower wherever she spied the handsomest.

“O, mamma, only do look and see how many elegant ones there are here! Can't I pick some myself?”

“Yes, dear, but do be careful in breaking the stems, and not jerk so hard as to pull up root and all, as some children do.”

Emma, excited and scarce paying attention to her mother's last words, eagerly seized the stalk of a flower, and was about to break it off rather roughly, when she gave a loud scream, and hastily threw down all the flowers she held in her hand.

Mrs. M'Alpine, fearing she was stung by a wasp, or badly hurt in some way, ran to her exclaiming, “What is the matter, my child? Where are you hurt?”

More with passion than pain, she replied, “Why, that nasty, sharp, prickly thistle behind the flowers has hurt my hand horribly! I do n't see what use there is for such tormenting things. They are just good for nothing.”

“Hush, my child, do n't speak in such an angry, passionate way against any thing. I am sorry you have hurt your hand, but that poor, inanimate thistle is not to blame. If you had not been so impulsive, and looked to what you were doing, you might have avoided getting pricked by it.”

“Well, any way, mother, of what use in the world are thistles?”

“They are, I will admit, a rather troublesome weed in many respects, and especially so when they find their way into the garden; but 't is said that every thing in the world is made for some purpose; and in speaking so impatiently against the thistle I think you forget who is the Creator of all things.”

Emma hung her head as though ashamed of her pettish words. Her mother, glad to see that she felt the reproof, pleasantly added, “I wonder if you can tell me what nation thinks so much of the thistle that they engrave it on their national arms.”

“The Scotch, mamma. But why did they not choose something prettier than that coarse, prickly weed?”

“O, they had a good reason for honoring the thistle. I will tell you all about it while we are resting in the cool arbor and making up the

bouquet for Miss Wilson. Let me see where the twine is first. I'm sure I brought a piece out with me. O, here it is in my pocket! Emmie, you can silently hand me the green leaves and tallest flowers first, and those which have the shortest stems afterward, for I see from my watch that we have no time to lose. So I will hastily arrange the flowers, while I briefly tell you how the Scots came to adopt the thistle as their coat of arms.

"They were mostly a quiet, peaceful nation, but their near neighbors, the Danes, were more warlike, and determined, if possible, to get possession of their country; so they were obliged to be somewhat on the watch for them—be well garrisoned and ready to do battle in defense of their rights at any moment.

"One rather dark night the Danes thought they would take them by surprise, and while sleeping soundly defeat them. So they crept along as softly as they could—all the soldiers barefooted, not to make the least sound—till, just as they were near the sleeping garrison, one of the barefooted soldiers unexpectedly stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain."

"Why, just as I screamed out, mamma!"

"Yes, deary. But I fancy you only slightly pricked yourself against the thistle, and was more angry than hurt, while the soldier stepped his whole bare foot upon it, pressing in the prickly part. But to go on with my story.

"The noise at once awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss."

"So the thistle, which I thought good for nothing in this world, once saved bonny Scotland, dear grandpapa's native land?"

"Yes, love, and I hope you will remember this whenever inclined to feel annoyed or angry at any thing that seems useless to you. Now go in and wash your hands and smooth your hair, for it is school time."

Emma M'Alpine, thanking her mother for the interesting story, as well as for the prettily arranged bouquet, gave her a good-by kiss, and ran off with a happy smile, and promised to be less impatient in future.

ALMOST every thing has its bright side. A little girl in West Virginia, busily engaged working a pair of slippers intended for a birthday gift to her father, said to one of her playmates, "I think you are real lucky, for your papa has got only one leg, and you need n't work but one."

#### MAY'S VISIT TO THE GARRET.

MAY BENTON lived with her mother, her grown-up sister Clara, and her brother Walter—who was about ten years old, while May was seven—about a mile from one of the prettiest villages on the North River. Her cousin, Alice Hill, was spending the Summer there. One morning, two or three days after her arrival, May knocked at her door, and, on being told to "come in," in she came, with her doll in one hand, while the other partly held up one corner of her apron, which was full of all sorts of rags.

"Why, May, what's the matter?" said Alice.

"O, Cousin Alice," answered May, "I've come here to get you to teach me to sew; and I've brought all these things to make something for my doll."

"A patchwork quilt, I suppose," said Alice, laughing; "but stand perfectly still one minute, dear, and do n't drop any thing on the floor, and I'll get you something to put your rags on." So she brought a newspaper and spread it on the bed, and told May to empty her apron on that.

"Why, half these things, are good for nothing!" said Alice, looking at them. "I will get two more papers and sort the pile, and put what is worth keeping on one, and what we want to throw away on the other." So she brought the papers, and she and May sat down by the bed to look over the things. It was half an hour before they had finished. There were pieces of colored paper, ends of ribbon, strips of silk, calico, and muslin, the remains of old dresses, a torn collar of Mrs. Brenton's, a handkerchief with a hole in the middle, a ragged green veil, a petticoat of May's, all stained with ink, and twenty other things of about the same value.

"May," said Alice, "I do n't see a single thing here worth keeping, do you?"

"Well—no!" said May hesitating; "but I have nothing else to sew."

Now there was one part of the house where May never could be induced to go. This was the garret. This was very silly on May's part, for every one knows that there is no danger in a garret. Indeed, a great many children love to play there, because there is so much room. But May's last nurse had been in the habit of telling her foolish stories about the garret, and threatening to shut her up in it when she was naughty, till poor May grew so afraid of going there that the mere mention of such a thing would make her scream with terror. There were two flights of stairs leading to the garret; one was in the entry, just in front of Alice's

room, and the other came out by Clara's door. To get from one to the other, you had to go the whole length of the garret.

"Well, May," said Alice, "here is the key of my trunk. Run upstairs and open it, and bring me down a box you will see in it. It is full of muslin and lace, and I dare say I could find something for you. There is a piece of dotted muslin, which would just make your doll a dress."

"O, Cousin Alice, I am afraid," said May.

"Afraid! Afraid of what?"

"O, I do n't know," answered May; "but there are awful things up there!"

"I do n't believe it, May," answered Alice. "Who told you so?"

"Anna Brown, my last nurse. She said there were ghosts and all kinds of things there."

"May," said Alice, seriously, taking her on her lap, "Anna Brown was either a very foolish or a very wicked woman to tell you such falsehoods, for there are no such things as ghosts, nor is there any thing in the garret to hurt you."

"Are you sure, Cousin Alice?" asked May.

"Certainly, dear, or I would not have asked you to go up there. Now listen to me. Lying beside the box is a yard of ribbon, which I bought just before I came here for a neck-ribbon; I have never worn it, and you may have it if you will go up alone and get it."

May hesitated. At last she said, "Thank you, Cousin Alice, but I would rather not."

"Shall you be afraid if I go with you?" asked Alice.

"O, no! not if you go," said May.

"Very well, I will go with you," said Alice, rising. "I used to be afraid too, when I was a larger girl than you, May. I used to dread to go to bed in the dark, and I was at a boarding-school, where no one noticed or cared how I felt, so I was not as well off as you; was I, pussy? When I came home in the vacations, mamma used to sit by my bed every night till I went to sleep, but that only made me worse when I went back to school again."

"And how did you get cured at last?" asked May.

"There was one of our teachers," replied Alice, "who took a great fancy to me because I had no mother, and she found out at last what a silly little coward I was, and she explained to me that I was just as safe in the darkness as in the light, and she taught me a very pretty verse in the Bible, and a hymn—the very hymn we sang at prayers yesterday evening—to make me know that what she said was perfectly true."

"And were you never afraid any more in the dark?" asked May.

"No, darling, and perhaps one of these days you will not be afraid of the garret. Remember as soon as you go up alone for that ribbon, you shall have it. Come up with me now and look at it, and we will bring down the box."

So May put her hand in her cousin's, and they went upstairs together. At the head of the stairs stood the trunk. It had been carried up there because it was so large that it was in the way in Alice's room. Alice unlocked and opened it, while May stood by looking on. There was very little in it—the box and some pieces of ribbon, some letters tied together with a white ribbon, and a book. Alice showed May the ribbon she was to have—it was a blue one with white flowers. May thought it would make a beautiful sash for her doll, and she began to think what a pity it was that she was so afraid to go up alone and get it.

"I have never looked very particularly at the garret," said Alice, shutting her trunk; "suppose you go and see what kind of a place it is. I think if we only had half a dozen children here we could have a grand game of hide-and-seek. What is that black thing in the corner?"

"O," said May, "that is our old hall stove. We are going to have it put up again in the Autumn."

"And there's a churn!" said Alice. "Can you churn, May?"

"O, yes!" said May; and she ran to the churn and began to move the dasher up and down as hard as she could.

"Why, this is a very nice garret," said Alice, looking around; "ours at home is not nearly so nice. What rooms are those?"

"That is the store-room," said May, pointing to one; "and this is the linen-closet, and those are the servants' rooms."

"You are not afraid of the garret now?" asked Alice, after they had stayed there a little longer, and she had lifted May up so that she could look out of the window. "You are not afraid of the garret now, are you, May?"

"O, no," said May, smiling.

"Then suppose I go down to my room, and you get the ribbon and come down the other way."

"O, no, no! I do n't want to!" screamed May, clinging to her cousin's dress.

"Very well, dear, just as you please," said Alice. "Shall we come down now?"

May was very willing to come, and when they got back to the room, Alice cut out a dress for the doll, and showed May how to run up



the seams and hem the skirt; but she made the waist herself. It was a very pretty dress, and Alice sewed an edging of narrow lace around the neck and sleeves. When it was quite done May went down stairs to get some luncheon, and presently came back with an apple for Alice, who thanked her and sat down by the window to read while she was eating it, while May took her doll and sat down on a little bench and began to play with it. But she could not help thinking of the beautiful ribbon upstairs, and the more she thought about it, the more she wanted it. At last she said:

"Cousin Alice, I think I will go up for that ribbon now."

"That's right," said Alice. "Here is the key of my trunk. Be careful not to break the lock. If I were you I would go down by the other staircase, and knock at sister Clara's door to let her see what a brave girl you have been."

"So I will," said May, and she took the key and ran upstairs.

In about five minutes back she came, the ribbon in one hand and the key in the other, her face flushed with excitement.

"I've done it, Cousin Alice!" she said. "I'll never be afraid of the garret again! Sister Clara says I ought to be very much obliged to you for curing me of my foolish fears, and so I am; and for this pretty piece of ribbon, too," she added, kissing her cousin.

Alice smiled. "A very great man once said that 'virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful,'" she said. "Do you know what that means?"

"Yes; good people are not afraid of any thing," said May. "Then I'm sure I'll try to be good. Are you never afraid, Cousin Alice?"

"Not often, dear; but not because I am good," answered her cousin.

"But you are good, Cousin Alice," said May.

"I try to be, darling; but no one in this world is as good as we all ought to be. And now bring your doll to me, and I will tie her sash in a fashionable bow."

After this May became so fond of the garret that she and Walter used to go and play there on rainy days; and she persuaded the nurse to carry her baby-house and Walter's grocery-store up there; and they used to play that the dolls were "early settlers," and some rag dolls, which Clara and Alice made them of brown muslin, and dressed with red and yellow calico and feathers, were the Indians who attacked them.

### THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

IT was one of the last days of Summer when a bright little group were making merry on a hill crowned with trees. But in all their glee there was one who could not join. While the others spread the feast upon the grass and partook of it with that relish which only childhood knows, poor Kate buried her face in her lap and wept bitterly. Her little friends gathered round her to know "if she was hurt, or if any one had treated her unkindly."

"No," she replied, "I have deceived my little sister Mattie, and I can not be happy. She begged me to bring her, but I told her to lie down in her crib, and go to sleep first, and I would see about it. She believed me, and kissing me, said so sweetly, 'Good, kind sissy.' While she was sleeping I ran away. But I can't be happy; for when she finds out I have deceived her, she will never trust me again."

"I would n't feel so badly, Kate," said a bright-eyed little maiden. "You did n't promise to bring her, so you have n't told a lie."

"No, not with my lips, Susie, but I have in my heart; for I said, I will see about it, on purpose to deceive her. Hark, I hear a child crying," said Kate. The girls looked down and saw a tiny little thing making her way toward them, sobbing bitterly. Her curls were sadly tangled, her white dress soiled and tattered, and her poor feet scratched and bleeding from the blackberry vines through which she had come. It was Mattie who, on rising, had found that Kate had gone, and set out shoeless and bareheaded to find her.

"O, you naughty little Mattie!" cried Nellie Green, "to come away up here without leave. How will you ever get home? Look at your poor feet! Naughty little runaway, your mother ought to whip you!"

"She ought to whip me for deceiving my dear little sister," cried Kate, folding Mattie closely in her arms.

"Take me home to mamma, sissy," whispered Mattie; "I'm so tired."

Poor Kate carried the child home in her arms, but she did not return. Her pleasure was gone for that day. Mattie was not well when she left home, and the fatigue and the wet feet brought on a fever which threatened her sweet life. O, how did her fond sister repent of her cruelty, and resolve never again to deceive a little child! The first time Mattie was able to go out, Kate and her brother carried her up to the spot where the former wept for her unkindness, and where she now rejoiced in the love of the dear child again.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**A GREAT WONDER.**—When we consider that very many parents, professing to be Christians, by precept, by example, and, in almost every way, teach and train their children to love the world, to seek its things *first*, prize them most highly, and live for it altogether, it is a great wonder that any of these children are converted to God.

In addition to the natural depravity of the heart, the lusts of the flesh, the allurements of the world, and the many devices and temptations of the devil, all combined to destroy the souls of these children, there are also the parents, professing to be Christians, engaged in teaching these children from early childhood, that the world is better than God, the body is more valuable than the soul, the *present* things of more importance than the things of eternity; that worldly knowledge is more valuable than the knowledge of God; that it is far more important to conform to the customs and fashions of a vain world than to be conformed to the image of Christ; that it is better to please men than to please God; and that the esteem of men is worth far more than the honor which comes from God. In such cases these things may not be taught in so many direct words, but they *are taught* still more constantly and effectively by action.

Far more time and money are expended in giving these children the mere ornamental branches of an education, all for show, and some of which are wholly worldly, and can not be used for the glory of God, than to impart to them the principles of religion. More time and expense of money to prepare their bodies for appearing well in the parlor, at a party or ball, or even in the house of God, than to have their souls to appear well before God.

More attention is given to pamper the body with unnecessary and even injurious food, than to give the soul its necessary food, without which it will die eternally. Far more time and money are freely expended to afford to these children the sinful pleasures of this life, than to secure for them the happiness of heaven. *These are facts.*

Now in all such cases is it not a great wonder that such children are converted to God, when the parents seem to lay every possible hinderance in the way of their conversion?

And there is much reason to fear, both from facts and the Word of God, that very many who are thus trained, never are, and never will be really converted

to God, although they may profess to be so, and may think so. For these same children manifest the same spirit of the world in which they have been trained, and will not be convinced that it is wrong; for they follow the teachings of their parents, and will not take time from their worldliness to read and study God's Word to know whether it is right or wrong. The world has been held before them so constantly and so long, and so closely, that when they grow up they are *near-sighted*, and can see nothing of value beyond this world. And even when their parents see their folly and repent of it, the children have become so "set in these ways" that they will not give them up. They seem resolved to risk the loss of heaven, and sink down to hell, rather than give up the world.

The Word of God teaches that, in order to be saved, we must be dead to the world, and yet the whole of education, with some parents, consists in teaching directly the opposite.

**MRS. STOWE ON DIVORCE.**—It has been very surprising to us to see in these our times that some people, who really at heart have the interest of women upon their minds, have been so short-sighted and reckless as to clamor for an easy dissolution of the marriage-contract as a means of righting their wrongs. Is it possible that they do not see that this is a liberty which, once granted, would always tell against the weaker sex? If the woman who finds that she has made a mistake, and married a man unkind or uncongenial, may, on the discovery of it, leave him, and seek her fortune with another, so also may a man. And what will become of women like Lillie, when the first gilding begins to wear off, if the man who has taken them shall be at liberty to cast them off and seek another? Have we not enough now of miserable broken-winged butterflies, that sink down, down, down into the mud of the street? But are women reformers going to clamor for having every woman turned out helpless, when the man who has married her, and made her a mother, discovers that she has not the power to interest him, and to help his higher spiritual development? It was because woman is helpless and weak, and because Christ was her great protector, that he made the law of marriage irrevocable. "Whosoever putteth away his wife causeth her to commit adultery." If the sacredness of the marriage-contract did not hold,

if the Church and all good men and all good women did not uphold it with their might and main, it is easy to see where the career of many women like Lillie would end. Men have the power to reflect before the choice is made; and that is the only proper time for reflection. But, when once marriage is made and consummated, it should be as fixed a fact as the laws of nature. And they who suffer under its stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good. "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord."—*Pink and White Tyranny.*

**FOR THE BEST.**—When we consider the multitude who are in possession of means of enjoyment that are to them the means only of selfish avarice or of profligate waste—in both cases, perhaps, productive rather of evil than of good to the individual possessor—and when, at the same time, we consider the multitudes, far more numerous, to whom a small share of that cumbrous and seemingly unprofitable wealth would, in an instant, diffuse a comfort that would make the heart of the indigent gay in his miserable hovel, and be like a beam of health itself to that pale cheek, which is slowly wasting, on its wretched bed of straw, in cold and darkness, and a famine that is scarcely felt, only because appetite itself is quenched by disease—it might almost seem to the inconsiderate, at least for a moment, in contemplating such a scene, that no expression of the social voice could be so beneficial as that which should merely say, Let there be no restraint of property, but let all the means of provision for the wants of mankind be distributed according to the more or less imperious necessity of those wants, which all partake. It requires only the consideration of a moment, however, to perceive that this very distribution would itself be the most injurious boon that could be offered to indigence—that soon, under such a system of supposed freedom from the usurpations of the wealthy, instead of the wealth which supports, and the industry which is supported, the bounty which relieves, and the penury that is relieved, there would only be one general penury, without the possibility of relief; and an industry that would be exercised, not in plundering the wealth, for there could not then be wealth to admit of plunder, but in snatching from the weaker some scanty morsel of a wretched aliment, that would scarcely be sufficient to repay the labor of the struggle to him who was too powerful not to prevail.—*Thomas Brown, M. D.*

**RIPENING FOR GLORY.**—Some of the planets finish their rotations in much less time than others. The nearer they are to the sun, the more speedily they revolve. Mercury, for instance, is not quite eighty-eight days in accomplishing his year, while Saturn takes up considerably more than twenty-nine of our years in circuiting the same common center. Thus, some of God's converted people are soon matured for glory by their nearness to, and intimate communion with the Sun of Righteousness. These are

frequently known to outrun their brethren, and—like John at the tomb of our Lord—to reach the sepulcher, finish their course, and ascend to their Master's joy at a very early period; while other saints, who do not ripen so fast, or who have a larger field of usefulness to occupy on earth, are detained from their crown until they are full of years and good works. Each of these is gathered as a shock of corn in its season. O, believer, if thy God summon thee away betimes, his Spirit will first perfect that which concerneth thee; nor will Providence apply the sickle until grace has made thee white for the harvest. Or, if he lengthens thy thread, having much for thee to suffer, he will show himself the God of thy old age, and not forsake thee when thou art gray-headed, for he hath inviolably declared, "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you." Isa. xlvi, 4.—*Toplady.*

**TAKE HOLD OF CHRIST.**—A traveler in the Alps had been climbing a precipice which gradually became more and more steep. But he was lured onward by the pleasure of the exercise and the purpose of reaching the top, till he found he could go no further. Now looking back he saw he could not return. He was in great peril. He had but an inch or two of footing, which might at any moment give way, and his strength was beginning to fail. He had been watched by a friend, who saw his peril, and, by another route, reached the summit of the rock and lowered a rope. What must he do? Believe! He hesitated. The rope might break—his friend's arm might fail—but the path was crumbling, his own strength was going; so he believed; that is, he trusted his friend and obeyed his directions, and so was drawn up to safety.

So let us believe and be saved. Let us take Christ at his word. Let us accept his mercy and obey his commands. Then shall we be saved—saved from guilt and condemnation; saved from death and judgment; saved now from wretchedness and ruin. We shall be saved, and so be able to fill our high vocation to live for God and serve him. We shall be saved, and so experience the blessedness which may be enjoyed now in the service of God. And this salvation will progress and endure; for the gift of God is eternal life.

Then that lake, reflecting the beauties of the sky, and those valleys teeming with flowers and fruits, and those mountains piercing the clouds, will be but poor emblems of the soul, which, with higher faculties and in a nobler way, will soar upward to heaven, arrayed in all the beauties of godliness, and rich in all the fruits of faith, and reflecting the glories of the Sun of Righteousness.—*Sundry at Home.*

**"TO DIE IS GAIN."**—It is a universal statement universally disbelieved. I have searched the graves of twenty grave-yards, and not a marble slab or shaft, plainly wrought, or chiseled in costly design, bore this immortal assertion. I have prayed above a hundred coffins, and watched the faces of the mourners anxiously; not one betrayed a knowledge of this sentence. I have carried a bright face to the funeral

chamber, and spoken the words of cheerful faith; and men have marveled, revealing their skepticism by their surprise. I have found it hard to persuade men that death is surprise; but when I compare the conditions of this life with those of the next; when I set the body sensual over against the body spiritual, the mind in bondage over against the mind emancipated; when I have bowed myself to the white face, beautiful as it lay in deep, unruffled peace, and remember how passionate and painful was the life; when I have stood beside the dying, heard their murmured words of wonder, their exclamations of rapture, and seen a light, not of this world, fall upon their faces as they touched the margin of the great change—I have said, "Death, thou art a gain."—*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

**FEMALE DELICACY.**—Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of some thing to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or to blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feeling of another, and which understands also how and when to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without display, and advice without assumption; and which pains not the most humble or susceptible being in creation.

**TRUE GREATNESS.**—No man was ever destined to be great whose disposition and manners change with circumstances. We like to see the grand features of a man's character distinctly marked, and capable of being traced through every period of his life, from boyhood to old age. We do not like to see his honest bluntness give way to a sort of amiable, please-every-body temper when he mixes with the world, and finds it good policy to keep on the right side of all kinds of men and women. That temper and that description of manner which can abide the sun and storm, are what give character to the man. We like to see the boy who has ways, and manners, and feeling of his own, who can not be molded into any shape that foolish and hypocritical parents choose to give him for a model. We like to see the young man who will sooner be banished from under the roof of a sordid and weak-minded father than be molded into a dull, commonplace man of business, and be made a traitor to truth and God, for the sake of a reputation among worldlings and Pharisees.—*Sine's Literary Journal.*

**A RICH SOUL.**—Is not the soul more than raiment, more than friends, more than life, yea, more than all?

Then why do you not labor to enrich your soul? 'T were better to have a rich soul under a threadbare coat, than a threadbare soul under a golden garment. If he be a monster among men, who makes liberal provision for his servant or his slave, and starves his wife, what a monster is he who makes much provision for his baser part, but none for his noble nature? Ah, friends, a slothful heart in the things of God is a very heavy judgment.—*Brooks.*

**MATERNITY.**—But what shall we say of the fashionable discredit of maternity, of society turning its power of innuendo and depreciation against the sacred source of its own life? I remember in my early married life that expectant maternity seemed a social disgrace, to be concealed as long and as sedulously as possible. If alluded to, it was made a subject of commiseration or of unwelcome raillery. The happy models of social life were those who had one or two children only. A large family was in itself a misery. I have, indeed, seen the reverse of this. I have seen beauty made more beautiful, and dignity lifted to majesty, by the anticipation of that new life in which the woman receives, along with her child, a portion of its youth and freshness. I have seen the inconvenience patiently borne, the reward anticipated, days and weeks too precious with hope to be carelessly counted and dismissed. In such cases, the mother is a prophetess, and her child, when it comes, an embodied word of God. Woe to any act or omission that should silence it! The Germans boast the ancient reverence of their race for woman, too little recognizable to-day. But the Western theories to-day have the advantage. They are extending to world-wide application. They are drawing the children of the East with subtle magic. They are bringing their practical enlargement and correction to the one-sided scheming and dreaming of the past. And in this Western world woman is to have a majestic place. Man is forced, on the Christian level, however superficially adopted, to place her beside him. So seated, she appears his equal. The children belong as much to her as to him, more to the State, most to God's high providence, to be trained as its conscious and willing instrument. If woman in America knows what she does, and why, she will place the maternal dignity at the foundation of all others.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

**NOT THE SINNER, BUT SATAN.**—It is a notable passage in Anselm, who compares the heretic and persecutor to the horse, and the devil to the rider. "Now," saith he, "in battle, when the enemy comes riding up, the valiant soldier is not angry with the horse, but horseman. He labors to kill the man, that he may possess the horse for his use." Thus we do with the wicked. We are not to bend our wrath against them, but Satan, that rides them and spurs them on; laboring by prayer for them, as Christ did on the cross, to dismount the devil, that so these miserable souls, hackneyed by him, may be delivered from him. It is more honor to take one soul alive out of the devil's clutches, than to leave many slain upon the field.—*Gurnall's Christian Armor.*

## Contemporary Literature.

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS. *By Joaquin Miller.* 16mo. Pp. 275. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Miller has suddenly become a great poet, being recognized as such, as is not seldom the case, away from home before we really knew the force of his poetic talent in his native country. His "Songs of the Sierras" have had most brilliant success in England, and they really come back to us from that country with a new and commanding interest. The English critics generally recognize him as "by far the most original and powerful poet that has yet been heard from beyond the Atlantic." This high praise may be true as regards the originality and freshness of his subjects, and his wild power of expression, but certainly can not be true in respect to the universally recognized graces and perfections of poetry. After all, it is impossible to say what is poetry. It is not mere measured lines, or beauty of diction, or graceful flow of sentences, or even, by itself, grandeur of conception. It is something that strikes the imagination and the heart, that wins and moves, that melts and inspires, that attracts us to its author and its themes by sympathy with his depth of feeling and force of expression. In this way Joaquin Miller is a poet, a great poet. He at once arrests the imagination and wins the heart of the reader for himself and his themes. The reader very soon leaves off mere skimming and sets to at regular perusal; and when he does so, he finds the pleasurable impression confirmed and intensified. It does not matter that his versification at times is lawless in the extreme, and grates harshly upon the ear, and that sometimes his constructions set even all the laws of recognized syntax at defiance; still he holds you, and is master of the situation by the depth of his feeling and the power of his expressions.

Mr. Miller is a Californian, domiciled between the Pacific and Sierra Nevada, who has lived and written "on the rough edges of the frontier." San Francisco and Mexico were well known to him, but it was only in the Summer of 1870 that he, for the first time, saw and detested New York. He soon left it for London, and there published a small volume named *Pacific Poems*, which are republished in this volume. One of the greatest charms of Mr. Miller's poems is, that they are the poetry of the wild life and scenes with which his career has made him familiar. The novel scenes, strange personages, and startling adventures which they narrate would be of themselves intensely interesting without his burning ardor and his rich and splendid powers of poetic presentation. His excellences lie in this direction, that he is a true child of nature, born and raised under circumstances most favorable for the development of spirit and originality; his faults are

in the line of his lack of education and culture. Among the many enthusiastic notices which his book has called forth in England, the *London Times* hits their exact character about as well as any: "Music the poems undoubtedly have, but it is a tameless, weird kind of song, which none can subject to laws or explain by notation. Mr. Miller's muse is, in fact, beside that of his poetic brethren, like the mustang, whose flight he sings, beside the trained steeds of civilization. Its movements have savage ease, grace, and swiftness, but it can break into no known form of progress, and can neither trot nor gallop in approved fashion. Now and then passages of delightful harmony are encountered, but bluff of bowlder stone checks the progress, and the rough, broken gallop is soon resumed. Leaving, however, the question of form, and coming to that of matter, there is room for unbounded praise. Such fire, such glow, such color, and such passion as the new poet displays are rare among masters of poetry; and imagination, fervent and splendid, abounds in every song."

To the American reader the poems recommend themselves as being intensely characteristic of the land from whence they come. Mr. Miller sings of the wild days of the early settlements, ere cities, since grown old, had sprung up as if by magic in the midst of the desert; of

"Men strangely brave, and fiercely true,  
Who dared the West, when giants were,  
Who err'd, yet bravely dared to err;  
  
Who held no crime, or curse, or vice  
As dark as that of cowardice;"

of  
and of "Bright, bronzed maidens of the sun!"

"The land where the sun goes down,  
And gold is gathered by tide and by stream,  
And maidens are brown, as the cocoa brown,  
And a life is a love, and a love is a dream;  
Where the winds come in from the far Cathay  
With odor of spices, and balm, and bay,  
And Summer abideth for aye and aye,  
Nor comes in a tour with the stately June,  
And comes too late and returns too soon,  
To the land of the sun and of Summer's noon."

It would be impossible to enter into a minute description of the manifold beauties of these poems, but we feel free to say that nothing so entirely original in theme, rich in color, passion, and poetic fervor, has of late years been written.

THE LAST KNIGHT: *A Romance* Garland. *From the German of Anastasius Grün.* Translated, with Notes, by John O. Sargent. Quarto. Pp. x, 200. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

We learn from the introduction that "Anastasius Grün is the literary name of the Austrian Count Von

Auersberg, who has been in public life as a leader of the liberal party in Austria since 1848. Of late years, indeed, his literary fame has eclipsed his political, which was also partially obscured by his apparent desertion of his party. He had appeared as a poet, with occasional short productions, which marked him as a writer likely to achieve a wide reputation, when he produced this book, which, from its story and from the power which he displayed, gave him at once a high position, which he has ever since maintained, as among the best and most distinguished of the living poets of Germany. "The Last Knight" is a series of ballads founded on incidents in the life of Maximilian I, 1459-1518. The stirring incidents of that heroic time, the magnificent nuptials of Maximilian and Mary, the contest between France and Germany, and all the circumstances of romantic adventure, render the subject a most brilliant one."

The poems have become very popular in Germany, and recent events, and the growing interest in German literature, will make the volume very acceptable to American readers. The translation appears to be as literal as versification will permit, and the translator dedicates his work to Oliver Wendell Holmes. The book is beautifully printed, and reflects the greatest credit upon the taste and execution of the Riverside Press.

**FOUR, AND WHAT THEY DID.** By Helen C. Weeks, Author of the "Ainslee Stories," etc. 16mo. Pp. 315. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

Mrs. Weeks needs no introduction to those acquainted with the "Ainslee Stories," and to those who are not, it is only needful to say that she is one of the brightest, most natural, and most entertaining of writers for the young. These stories have their lessons laid chiefly in the West, and will be found very successful in catching the spirit of child life on the prairies and in new settlements.

**A SMALLER SCRIPTURE HISTORY.** By William Smith, D. C. L., LL. D. 16mo. Pp. 375. \$1.

**AGATHA'S HUSBAND.** By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo. Pp. 428. \$1.50.

**THE COUSIN FROM INDIA.** A Book for Girls. By Georgiana M. Craik, Author of "Mildred," etc. 16mo. Pp. 229. 90 cents.

**A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.** By Charles Reade. 12mo. Pp. 250. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The "Smaller Scripture History" is a very condensed form of Smith's Old and New Testament Histories, designed for junior classes in schools and for family use. It presents the whole subject in one volume, containing three parts, the Old Testament History, Connection of the Old and New Testament, and the New Testament History to the destruction of Jerusalem. The book is confined for the most part to a narrative of leading facts. It is a very excellent manual for its purposes. "Agatha's Husband" is a continuation of the uniform edition of the works of Mrs. Mulock Craik. It needs no com-

mendation. "The Cousin from India" is the second volume of the series of books for girls, issuing under the supervision of Mrs. Craik. The idea of this series is a good one. The books are beautifully printed, and handsomely and uniformly bound, with excellent illustrations. "A Terrible Temptation" is Charles Reade's last experiment of how far the reading public will endure his wild and foul productions. It is sad to know that his uncleanness finds plenty of readers, and that his foulness can find such publishers as the Harpers.

**THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB.**

By Charles Dickens. 12mo. Double Columns. Pp. 326. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A neat and handy edition of these "Papers" that seem destined to live for many years.

**TWO BOOKS.** By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis, Author of "Into the Highways," etc. 16mo. Pp. 206. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

The publications of Mr. Hoyt are issued in substantial elegance, and are beautifully illustrated. Free from all sectarianism, they are yet eminently evangelical in character and spirit, and no safer or better works for the Sunday-school or family are known to the Christian public. "Two Books" means two diaries kept by two young girls, and they are highly illustrative of girl-life.

**A KING'S DAUGHTER: With Other Stories from Real Life.** By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. 16mo. Pp. 379.

**LINDSAY LEE AND HIS FRIENDS: A Story for the Times.** 16mo. Pp. 138.

**THE HEROINE OF THE WHITE NILE; or, What a Woman Did and Dared.** By Professor William Wells. 16mo. Pp. 207.

**GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS; the Hero of the Reformation.** From the French of L. Abelous. By Mrs. C. A. Lacroix. 16mo. Pp. 192. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

We have here an admirable presentation of books for young people from our own publishing house. They are just the right kind. The publishers are rapidly carrying out the purpose of furnishing to our older Sunday-school scholars, and the young people of our homes, a better literature than that of mere stories. We have, personally, not the slightest objection to good, natural, and instructive fiction. It is certain that some lessons can better be taught in that way than in any other. But the fault of our day is, that stories occupy too large a place in our literature for the young. It should only be the spice or ornament accompanying matter of real life and history. The four books named above come to us in about the right proportion for young people. Two of them are fiction, but fiction of that character which is true to human life, and is full of suggestion and instruction. Mrs. Gardner needs no introduction to our readers. In another place in this number we have given a sketch of her life, and our judgment of her ability. "Lindsay Lee" is a Scotch story based

on some facts which occurred under the ministry of Rev. Newman Hall. It shows the mischievous influence of skepticism on the character and peace of men; it portrays some of the effects of drinking habits; and it also brings out in bold and beautiful relief the delightful experiences produced by a genuine faith in Christ. "The Heroine of the White Nile" is a record of the remarkable travels and experiences of Miss Alexina Tinné, an adventurous female explorer of the wilds and deserts of Africa. Its truth is more thrilling than fiction, and its simple story stranger than romance. No woman before Miss Tinné ever undertook this great task, and her life is full of romance, courage, and self-sacrifice. Like many others she died a martyr to her heroic purpose. A portrait and sketch of this heroine may be found in the Repository of November, 1870. "Gustavus Adolphus" was the military hero of the

Reformation, and is one of the grandest characters of modern history. He was, at the same time, an excellent king, a famous general, and a model Christian.

THE PICTORIAL FAMILY REGISTER. *By A. H. Platt, M. D. Cincinnati: E. Hunniford & Co. Sold on Subscription.*

This is a very beautifully prepared register for the preservation of a full record of all interesting and important events of the family. There is room here for the name, birth-place, nativity, descent, names of parents, number of brothers and sisters, education, occupation, politics, religion, marriage, stature, weight, habit, complexion, color of eyes and hair, health, time and place of death, disease, age, and place of interment of each member of the family. It has also suitable leaves for photographs. It is a book for every family—a treasury of home comfort and information.

### Editor's Table.

MRS. HARMONY CARY GARDNER.—The readers of the Repository will be glad to receive in the present month a portrait of Mrs. H. C. Gardner. For many years she has been a most acceptable contributor to the pages of this magazine, and to the present day we are sure no contributor is more welcomed in the productions of her pen. Always fresh, original, racy, instructive, and entertaining, we are sure of a good article when it is indorsed by her name. It is not our design to give "the life" of this estimable lady and writer here; it is our earnest hope that her "life" is far yet from being completed, and that many years, multitudes of good deeds, and many productions of her pen will yet be added to her earthly record.

Her life in itself considered has in it nothing extraordinary; it has been rich in experience, both of joy and of sorrow; it has been an earnest, real human life, and we might say womanly life. She is of genuine Puritan stock, born of pious and intelligent parents, and raised under strict New England discipline. Her parents were not rich, but were the owners of the homestead; the children were all early put to work, so early that Mrs. Gardner says she can scarcely remember when she began to earn her own living. Her school days ended at thirteen years, and even at that early age real life began. She has been through all her life a voracious reader, devouring every thing that came before her, fiction, history, poetry, travels, and biography, often, in her earlier years, reading all night, after working all day, and eating her meals with an open book on the table. For this folly and extravagance she has dearly paid in years of suffering. At best she was a slender-built, delicate girl, more spirit than body; in her girlish years she was one of those airy, sprightly, mirthful girls, full of talk, that seem made rather for

a joy in the world, than for any particular utility. She was blessed with a most retentive memory, retaining lessons, poems, facts, etc., after a single reading. The over-use of her rich brain endowments soon exhausted her slight physical powers, and laid the foundation of a life-long invalidism. In very early life she began to write compositions, even before she was able to form the letters, having to "print" them out. In this exercise she exchanged with the other school children, she writing their compositions, and they doing her sums in arithmetic.

But the best part of her education was received after her marriage. This took place at the age of twenty years. Her husband was Rev. Abel Gardner, of the Rhode Island Conference, a man of education and culture, and of association with men and women of education at Wilbraham Academy and the Wesleyan University at Middletown. He was seven years the senior of his sprightly young wife. Mrs. G. very naively says, "You will wonder at his choosing a wife so uneducated. I wonder at it, too, but I think the match was made in heaven. He needed me quite as much as I needed him. He had naturally a desponding temperament, and mine was like the unclouded sunshine. He richly enjoyed the brighter side of life, but was totally unable to furnish the article. I knew how to dispel the darkness and scatter his despondency to the winds. A little before his death he told me that he never could have met the trials of the itinerancy if it had not been for my cheerful disposition. He said I had made the light of his life. Ah, I can never tell how the brightness went out of mine when he died."

This is true marriage, when husband and wife are the real complements of each other, and together make one complete, joyous, successful human life. Mrs. Gardner had but little experience in the life

of the world or the life of home when she entered upon the duties of housekeeping. She assures us that those articles entitled, "My First Year of House-keeping," which first appeared in the Repository, and which were largely copied, and since issued in a book, are a correct account of that part of her life. After her marriage she began to grow rapidly in richness of life and experience, so much so that much of her writing is but an embodiment in modified form and under different names of her own experiences and observations. Hence the life-like character of her stories; they are real human life as seen and experienced by a sensitive and acute observer, blessed with a great capability for translating these experiences into human language. She has invented but little, and therefore gives us true fiction, stories of real life, and this is the secret of their charm. It is the secret, too, of her constant freshness and originality. She grows in breadth and depth of experience, and her stories grow with her. Her earlier stories are about the upper surfaces of life. They were written while her teacher-husband lived, and while she herself was learning life. They were written when she had so many and so varied occupations that she could not read or write with any system as to time. It was a bit scribbled here and there amid housework and sewing, written in the evenings after company had retired, or any time when a leisure hour could be obtained. Yet we all remember how precious the "bits" were, because they were fragments of real life told by an appreciative and genial narrator.

In 1863 her husband died. Then she "had leisure enough;" then, too, she began to descend from the surface scenes of human life to the deeper fountains of its joys and sorrows. And yet, though it is a bereaved and lonely mourner, and a suffering invalid who is leading us into these deeper and richer phases of human life, it is a genial spirit that is our interpreter, one that amid its own and the world's sorrows still maintains its tenderness, cheerfulness, and sympathy. Her life has been full of sadness, yet not a line of morbidness appears in her writings. After the death of her husband she became an almost incessant writer, several influences impelling her to this. First, she wrote because she could not help it; she had much to say, and was impelled to say it; then, she wrote as a panacea to her pain and sorrow, quieting her own heart and alleviating her own physical pains by describing those of others; then, she tells us, she was morbidly anxious to secure an independence, the idea of being a pensioner on the Church as a fallen itinerant's widow becoming a morbid dread, so that she felt that death was a less evil than dependence. As a result of this constant labor she has secured several things; first, a prostrated nervous system and all its consequent sufferings; secondly, a competence for the present and for some years to come; and thirdly, the fruits of her labor in ten published volumes, and hundreds of articles in different magazines and papers. She has not, in our judgment, secured any thing near the fame that she deserves. She suffers in this respect from the force

of circumstances. She has not been a writer out in the world and for the world. Her contributions have been mainly to our own denominational literature, and her writings have as a consequence been mostly limited in their circulation to our own Church. This was her loss, but our gain. Had she struck out in the wide field of the world and gained her footing there, she would have taken a proud rank by the side of such authors as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Stowe, Alice Cary, Anna Warner, etc. Yet she can take to herself the thought that, probably, under this providence of God, she has done as grand a work as any of them, by holding a foremost place in the cultivation and development of a pure and high literature among the writers and readers of a Church of more than a million members.

Mrs. Gardner is now fifty years old; she is occupying rooms in her sister's home, in her native place, surrounded by beautiful scenes both without and within. She carried thither with her the remains of her husband, and laid them away beside those of her parents and brothers in a lovely rural cemetery. "I am contented and cheerful," she writes, "looking hopefully forward to the time when I shall meet him and them again. It is eight years since I, who went out so full of blessings, came back here empty. But 'he doeth all things well.'"

**THE NEW REFORMATION.**—The great reformation in Germany is steadily gaining ground. Instead of subsiding like a temporary ripple as was prophesied, the opposition to the Ultramontane party grows stronger and more promising. There can be but little doubt that it has the sympathy, if not the active co-operation of the most intelligent and independent minds in the Roman Catholic Church throughout Germany. The election of Professor Doellinger as Rector of the University of Munich gave a prestige and power to the movement, for it showed that leading men were not afraid to commit themselves squarely against the decision of the Vatican Council. The Government of Bavaria are unmistakably in favor of refusing to wear the yoke which the acceptance of the Papal infallibility would impose. The religious conflict has already led to a change of cabinets, and the sending of a representative to Rome in favor of the reformers. A meeting is to be held during the present month to formally organize, so that there is every prospect of a serious split in the German Catholic Church that may be followed in other lands.

At the conclave of the North German Bishops in the cathedral at Fulda, it was determined to adopt serious measures in regard to the object of the conference, and take immediate and decisive steps against the unjust and aggressive policy pursued toward them by Minister Muhler. They are determined to repel all the advances of Minister Muhler in reference to their mode of worship, which they intend to adopt to suit the views of the new departure, and request Muhler to attend to politics, reserving for themselves the liberty and power to deal with matters ecclesiastical. Having fully expressed their views



and shown their indignation at the interference of this statesman, the bishops brought in a joint resolution, stating that in all matters touching the Church they were determined to disregard his decrees *in toto*, and concluded by ordering one petition to be sent to the Reichstag, and another to the Kaiser William for redress. The bishops are beginning to depart from Fulda.

The reforms that the "Old Catholic" party propose to carry out are very important, and the present condition of political affairs in Germany gives the movement special advantages. The full weight of the German Empire will be given against the schemes and pretensions of the Ultramontanes and Jesuits. Austria has already taken her position. It will in all probability prove the greatest movement against Popery since the Protestant Reformation. Three thousand families in Vienna applied to the minister of religion for permission to have mass performed in the cathedral by priests who have remained faithful to the "pure old Christian doctrine." The old Catholics are organizing throughout Bohemia and Corinthia, and they have started their first newspaper. A fund has been started for the support of priests who may be excommunicated or deprived of their benefices for opposing the dogma of infallibility. Above all, a thorough understanding has been reached that this movement shall not rest with repudiating the new dogma, but that a general reform of the Church must now take place. The laity must be admitted to power in the Church, and the whole scheme of Church dogma must be revised. Singularly enough, this movement seems to be quite as strong among the Catholics of Austria and South Germany as in the northern countries. The Ultramontane bishops in Hungary having threatened to bring suit against Herr Pauler, the minister of instruction, for refusing to allow the promulgation of the dogma, Francis Joseph has himself written a letter rebuking them. In answer to this shall we hear a fulmination from Fulda against the "aggressive policy" of the Emperor? The fact is, that the enormous pretensions of the Ultramontanes have alarmed the potentates and incensed the people, and an opposition to them has been aroused that will not cease till their prestige is broken.

The agitation is also extending itself to France. Father Hyacinthe has written a letter to Father Penaud, a priest of the Oratory, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Sorbonne, in reply to some remarks made by the latter at the funeral of the late Archbishop of Paris at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Father Hyacinthe denies that he ever acted as an ungrateful and rebellious son toward Monseigneur Darboy, or was reproached by him. He would bring forward proofs of these assertions, he says, but for his desire to respect the silence of a newly made grave. Father Hyacinthe then explains why he can not return to the place he has left vacant. He is fighting, he says, in silence and in isolation, against the fanaticism which is endeavoring to reduce the Church to the position of a mere political party. France has been invaded and ruined by the Ultra-

montanes, he adds, just as she has been by the Prussians, and ecclesiastically subjected by the Court of Berlin.

**A NEW EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—While this protest is growing and strengthening in Europe against the extravagances of Romanism, a formidable party is rising in the Protestant Episcopal Church of our own country in opposition to the doctrines and usages of High Churchism. Both movements will result in deepening the conviction of all intelligent people against all extravagant pretensions in doctrines or usages in the Church of Christ, and will greatly promote the progress of true, simple, evangelical Christianity. The Protestant Episcopal movement has its center in what is known as the new Union Prayer-Book. This is a prayer-book which has been recently compiled and published, from which every thing that savors of Popery has been expunged. The Psalter is taken from the common version of the Bible; passages from the Apocrypha are omitted from the lessons, and the books of Job and the Revelation are inserted; the thirty-nine articles are reduced to thirty-one, and their language is altered. The article of absolution after general confession is omitted, and the promises of Scripture are inserted instead of it. The sentence, "He descended into hell," is omitted from the apostles' creed, as is also "one baptism for the remission of sins" from the Nicene creed. Eight commands of Christ from the New Testament are added to the ten commandments in the communion service, and the invitation to partake of the elements is extended to members of all denominations. The baptism of infants is termed "the consecration of children to the Lord," and instead of the minister saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father," etc., he says, "We consecrate thee to the Lord;" but should the parents or sponsors wish it, the pastor will say, "I baptize thee," in which case water will be applied, but it is the aim of the compilers that children shall not be baptized till such time as they can answer for themselves, although "consecrated" when infants. The order of confirmation is performed by the minister laying his hands upon the head of every one of the candidates separately—not the one bishop, as of old. The bishops of this new denomination will be "installed," not consecrated, while a presbyter of any denomination, providing he is duly certified, will, after examination, and on expressing his desire to join this branch of the Church, be admitted to the ministry. Several prayers, etc., have been added.

The Rev. Messrs. Thrall and Gallagher, in New York, with the consent of their congregations, have adopted the Union Prayer-Book, and formally withdrawn from the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is probable Mr. Cheney, of Chicago, and others will become identified with the new movement. It is significant that while this movement is going on in America, a Free Church of England is being formed in Britain. These changes, although quietly brought about, are actually the formation of new and independent Episcopal Churches.











RUFUS LYNDE HITCHCOCK, D.D.

Portrait by Charles F. Johnson





THE  
LADIES'  
REPOSITORY.  
1871.

December.

THE ETERNITY OF OUR AFFECTIONS.

THE power of God arrests, mayhap, our individuality for a brief space of time within the tomb. At least we are willing to concede this much to those who would separate our attachments by death, and assert that each particular and definite affection is merged in the glory of universal love—who declare that it is only to this latter love the word refers when writing the assurance, “It shall never perish.”

Rather tell me, in place of so cold a sentiment, that we shall return to a no colder chaos—to shadowy nonentity. In this case you only destroy what was once dear, but which is irrecoverably lost to us. Listen, then, to my pleading for immortality. Through some divine intuition or inspiration I have bestowed, and have received in turn, the ineffable gift of a heart. Our aspirations, our secret thoughts up to a certain point, were so united that they rushed from one to the other with the speed of electricity. By some mysterious affinity I seem to live only for him or for her, and love performs the miracle of eradicating a great self-worship. One smile from lips that I love illuminates my heart with joy—a veil of sadness clouding that face shadows mine also with gloom. Together we have bent the knee in silent adoration, together with an earnest purpose have sought the Lord our God. The anguish of repentance, the felicity of deliverance, the cross of trial, the elevated joy of a Christian life, have been ours in unison, and can it be that, as soon as death severs the strong links of human union, we must say, “All is finished, and forever. Each personal experience is now engulfed in the ocean of universal love. Thus has terminated all that

was so delightful in our earthly intercourse. The first soul that approaches mine in the land of immortality will be neither dearer nor more indifferent than the next I meet. Ah, can it be that an individuality so precious as that of our dearly beloved, who passed to that better country before us, has utterly and irretrievably vanished?”

My heart protests against so freezing a theory. Let me repeat here the truth, that if I cease to love those whom I have once and always loved in a terrestrial life, if I cease to feel for them a particular, positive, special affection, I cease to be myself, and in leaving this world I am of all creatures the most miserable. It seems to me, also, that I am the most utterly humiliated. Take from me the eternity of my purest affections; give me children, a wife, a father to love, with this condition, that it is only for time; prove to me that the coffin lid will shut up eternally such definite tenderness and love as it incloses the body, with only this difference, that the earth will, on some future day, return the corporal part to my sight, but will never bring back the lost affections, and I declare to you that I should then endeavor to love them merely from a sordid selfishness that would be a grossly coarse materialism—nothing more.

In such a case, if you propose to me the Christian work of saving souls with this general, undefined interest, where the individual counts for nothing, I declare to you farther still, that I would so degrade myself in it as to accomplish my work by a species of “legerdemain,” a cunning maneuvering that induces as little trouble as possible. Can we not thus plainly understand what would follow a general belief in the destruction of intimate and personal love of souls?



St. Paul felt otherwise when he exclaimed to his converts, You will be the crown of my rejoicing. You are those whom I have known, for whom I have labored and suffered; you will be my joy in that grand assize, where all nations shall be gathered. The disciples of Peter, those of John, the pagan souls who shall in future ages learn the truth as declared by the holy evangelists, they are all dear to me. But my crown, the rejoicing of mine eyes, the tender vibration of my redeemed heart, will be you, O ye Corinthians, whom I knew and loved so well during our earthly pilgrimage; you, my brethren, who wept at the thought of seeing me no more; you who have been at once my trial and my consolation, my rod of correction, and my ever-abiding friends. Who inspired the affections? Was it the only true God or his adversary, the devil? Pardon this plainness and precision in terms. If it is the former who permeates our souls with pure affections, if he pronounced his own and every work good, will he on some appointed day suddenly judge that work to be evil? The being who dots the earth all over with love which is so powerful and so sweet, can he disinherit his own heaven of such ties? He might easily have placed us in an atmosphere of uniform, alias insipid, love even here—alike for all, equal for all; an ocean without island or bounds. But thus he has not made it. Men have imagined such a state, but God—never. Men call monotony grandeur. God finds it dull and poverty stricken.

Take away from man his preferences in small matters, and then behold him. He loves each human being with the same identical sentiment. His father is neither more nor less to him than the aggregate of old men; this stranger child is to him as his own infant. Friends he has none, or rather you, I, an unknown—the grand Turk, if you please—are all his friends in the same degree and manner. I should say, if this were true, that a man was not a man at all. There may be a head, and arms, and knees on his person, but no heart as one can discover; and if he really lives, and is not an actual automaton, I assert that in cherishing all he cherishes nothing. Little does it matter to me what are his universal tenderesses; I would rather be a neighbor's cat than the wife or child of such breathing mechanism.

If the world to come were indeed deprived of its specific affections, if we saw only isolated beings, each wandering in his own pale sphere, equally repelled or attracted, one by the other, where would result a kind of social whirlpool, cold, undefined, perplexing, and sad, can such a state constitute a heaven of felicity? You tell

me, as a consolation, that all loves will precipitate themselves toward a central point, where they will be absorbed in a divine effulgence. Perhaps it is a chemical combination that excludes individual life, soul, every faculty, and will forever thus remain in a latent, senseless state. It is a strange manner of arranging the machinery of heaven and its hosts of redeemed spirits.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, that our God has devised it otherwise, as otherwise he has made man! God has instituted the family relation—man did not invent it. It is only the savage who annihilates its bonds, or the excess of a corrupted civilization that despises it, or it is dissolved by the futile dreams of a vain philosophy. God has united the links strongly together, the man to his wife, the father to his child, and when, by a single expression, Paul desired to depict Roman degradation, he cried, "Men without natural affection!" What arched the rainbow of promise over a world buried under the depths of overflowing waters? Was it not the sacred organization of family ties, father, mother, children? Why was the scarlet thread of hope fastened to that home in Jericho, if not as a salvation to the family within? What said the avenging angels to Lot? "Hast thou still any one here who belongeth to thee of thy kind, either son or daughter? Bring them out of the city, for we will destroy this place." To whom did the Eternal Master direct his apostle Peter in Cæsarea, to the captain of a hundred soldiers alone? Nay, but it was to those also who were bound to him by familiar love and intercourse. The whole family believed, and were baptized.

No act in the divine government toward human subjects is effected by compulsion. God drives no soul at the point of the bayonet, as do earthly tyrants. Yet we see clearly, judging from the analogies in human reason, that it is veritably the will of God that man should not find himself a stranger and alone when he lands on the shore of this heavenly inheritance. The calls of God are constant and earnest, the attractions silent yet forcible, that he places before us, toward that better country. We shall never know, until we reach its glorious harbor, what prayers the Divine Father inspired in the hearts of mothers, of wives, of friends, that the family might be gathered together, in the day of grand revelations, about the great white throne.

Yes, there are families above, united by indissoluble links, because they are immortal—friends who love each other with a far more substantial and permanent love than can be known on this changeful earth—no selfishness

in its exercise, no diminution in its excess, no unfaithfulness, no pollution. No ambition of power can stifle its tenderness, neither can the passion for gold dry up its freshness and purity. It is a love which is tempered and modulated by incessant adoration of the Supreme God, an employment, so far from extinguishing its light, makes it eternally more resplendent, like its divine author.

Nevertheless, you say to me, Jesus has himself said that in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. This is a verity, without doubt. A difference in condition always brings with it other relations. Our terrestrial marriage is followed by consequences which would not be admissible in the future life. What is entirely transitory ceases; that which is immortal still exists. That is to say, Christian affection and unity shall never be dissolved, but are eternal.

To convince you more effectually of these facts, permit us for a moment to argue the contrary. Let us represent to ourselves the patriarch Abraham, so strong in righteousness, so tender in domestic government, so exalted in rank—one of the most forcible characters, indeed, of Sacred Writ. Conceive a celestial tableau where this renowned man has utterly lost sight of his princess Sarah, the individual so closely, so very intimately allied to his life here below. Go a step further, and imagine Jacob quite indifferent to Rachel, the gentle, well-beloved companion of his earthly pilgrimage. He may, indeed, meet and pass her in paradise, among the uniform cohorts who inhabit the celestial city. Familiar names are forgotten; there are no more pathetic remembrances; there is no more tenderness. The world of light has stolen away such blissful experiences, and Jacob wanders, with mournful eye and listless thought, gliding, mayhap, near his Rachel, yet showing no inspiration of his former love permeating his soul. The mother of Joseph, the mother of Benjamin is to him a mere phantom, for which he feels nothing more or less than in a similar degree for every inhabitant of heaven. Ah, he laid Rachel, with bitter weeping and lonely sorrow, by the roadside near Bethlehem, there to rest from her earthly labors, and in hope of a future reunion. They are both dead, dead for centuries, and the beings we still continue to call Jacob and Rachel, who abide in the celestial regions, have nothing in common with the hearts which burned here below, with an affection so human, yet so divine. We know them no more. These characters, so forcibly traced by an inspired pen, remain to us only as shadows. The sub-

stance is forever lost to us, and they are forever lost to themselves.

Let us be careful in our logic of heavenly things. Not to love more is to remember no more. Love holds no less right to memory than memory to identity. Without love no memory, without remembrance no identity, without identity no man. Prevent a man from cherishing above the veil that which he loved on this side, you simply destroy his past, and, destroying that, you destroy the individual. The great poet of the Middle Ages had better ideas of the dignity of the human soul than modern Christians. He maintained the immortal integrity of this earthly love. He guarded it safely, even through hell. With untiring wing he speeds an equal course through the same torments, groaning with the same desolate plaint as his beloved; shuddering against the shades which intercept his way, this culpable lover still remains faithful to his trust. Are Christians to be less true to their chaste, pure affections, and, while Dante and his profane host brave suffering and death to retain the departed spirits of their lost loves, are the saints, those to whom God has committed the spark of eternal life, the souls who can never die, must they see every tender attachment that encircled their hearts here below perish in that spiritual world above? So be it, exclaim my opponents, but with this persistence of the affections will you not introduce grief into paradise itself? Will all whom you love find a place there, and are you certain to find them all, a father, child, friend? I fall at thy feet, my God, and plead, Have mercy on me! I fall there with a cry which is an act of faith. Thou canst save them all. Thou hast sought them. Under thy ardent love the hardest will melt and be transformed to another being! I know thou lovest them. I know, also, thou dost assuage, not dry up our tears, by breaking our hearts. Thou consolest in giving, and thou destroyest nothing that is good, of that which thou thyself hast pronounced very good. Behold a mystery! Thou, even, O God, thou thyself, from the womb of thine immutable felicity, thou seest those who are lost, and still thy love and thy mercy remaineth without diminution. Thou hast sacrificed neither to thine abounding greatness and glory. There are veiled harmonies within thy dominions, but my poor soul only heareth their echoes afar off. I only know that what thine Omniscience sees fit for thyself, toward thine unworthy servant thy compassion shall never fail.

Thus my God-given love can not, can not

die! It may be withered or parched by the storms and frosts of this weary life, it may be covered with bruises and wounds as we travel onward to the celestial city, but not bleeding and mutilated shall it enter the kingdom of heaven. In the presence of that God before whom darkness and despair flee away, our identity, bestowed by himself alone, shall not be chased into oblivion, nor the ashes of sweet remembrances be dispersed to the four winds. Indifference is as sincere a grief to me as annihilation, and I know my God has other remedies for the suffering which comes from his highest, noblest gift, that of human love. The tenderness which I experience for the beloved of my soul will live as surely as that of my divine Lord still lives. The heart of my Savior, which awakened from the power of death, is a sure guarantee of the vitality that exists in my own life.

One last word as to the identity as connected with the eternity of our affections. "If I have known Christ after the manner of men," said the apostle Paul, "I shall know him no more, save in the spirit," and from thence theologians have deduced the conclusion that in heaven our affinities to each other will be so seriously modified that there will remain little or nothing in them as heretofore they may have been associated with us. A different mode of loving is surely not a necessary way to forget.

Let us view ourselves simply as it regards our earthly relations to the celestial world. While I lived without God and without hope, I still experienced a sentiment of love. What was it like? A kind of idolatry—or rather, we might say, an isolated selfishness—lay at the foundation, wherein I sought happiness for myself alone. This love was full of caprice. A word changed it; a look converted its bliss to torture; and, thus tormented, it learned to become cruel in turn. Often, with no perceptible motive, it sank down to earth, it languished, it expired, or perhaps it was the prosaic effect of long habit which stifled it. A change passes over me, and my soul finds a Savior. I am born to a new life, and the same powerful hand which has raised me from the dust of sin rekindles within me every tender affection.

Dare you tell me that I shall love only for this life—that, while the grace of God increases each earthly attachment, rendering it unselfish and pure, so that it becomes inexpressibly delicate and spiritual, that in heaven all this enjoyment must be forgotten? I cherish his soul now because it is his soul with which I hold sweet communion. I serve my loved one gladly because he has become immortal to me, and in

this thought consists my fullness of joy. I love him, not for a day, a month, a year—he is mine for eternity. That which so elevates the mind here, will it all be reversed there? Sanctification is not destruction. To annihilate sin is not to efface human affection. Whatever crushes the power of Satan immortalizes true love.

God may not have desired to reveal to us all the relations that the redeemed bear to each other in the world to come, but he has, nevertheless, lighted the darkness of the tomb by words and acts that are radiant with splendor. We have all seen our Christ bending over the grave of Lazarus. We have heard his voice as he pleads, "Do not weep as those without hope. When I return your dead shall be with me. At the solemn hour of my second coming ye who are alive shall not prevent those that are asleep. In a twinkling, at the voice of the archangel, your well-beloved shall rise again to meet their Lord in the air." Console your hearts with these words, and yet be not comforted as those who have no hope. Do you fully comprehend the meaning of words so simple, so gentle, and yet so full of power? Can you gather the treasures of this promise unto your heart of hearts? Have you sounded its depths or measured its heights? Can you in faith appreciate the economy of such love? If you can, then are you well prepared to believe, also, that he who loves us thus can not sear our hearts by forgetfulness. They are parted from us, these earthly friends, for a time, in sadness, but Jesus will bring the absent ones with him at his appearing. A long delay troubles and wearies us, yet the living will not prevent those who are asleep. Where will they appear? How will they come? Be not over-anxious. The voice of victory will resound from one side of heaven to the other, and then shall be consummated the glorious reunion of saints before Jesus their Savior.

The comforting word of St. Paul is *together*—together shall we awake, together shall we sit in heavenly places. What roused King David from his delirium of woe, as he lay prostrate uttering an agonizing cry of despair, yet pleading for the life of his son, when suddenly rising he bathes his face, he anoints his head, two ceremonies indicative among the Jews of a sorrow displaced by joy? His astonished servants made the same inquiry as they exclaimed, "What meanest thou, O King? Thy son is dead. He will return no more; why are thy tears arrested?" Behold the reply, so full of a Christian's hope. "He will not return to me, but I shall go to him!"

It is pleasant to contemplate our Savior in

his peculiarly Divine ministration, as his sovereign hand severs the bands of death. The prediction that his blessing would assuage the pangs of suffering, and quench the tears of affliction, formed the foundation of all his miracles. When at the gates of Nain he arrested the bier, about to deposit its burden in the grave, was it simply to display an act of omniscient power that inspired him? It was only a funeral—a procession of unpretending people that advanced—a woman in distress accompanied it, and she was a widow. The Master spread forth his arms of compassion over the mournful train, and touched the bier. His voice penetrated the dead man's heart, as it uttered the command, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise! *And he gave him to his mother.*"

The same beneficent act of Godhead was repeated in giving back the servant to the centurion—the little daughter to Jairus. The disciples and assistants were unbelieving, saying one and another to the father, "Trouble not the Master; thy daughter is dead!" No doubt the crowd gathered within the house of mourning thought also within themselves, What is dead *is* dead. The spirit has fled; it has forever passed away—the affliction can not be reversed, neither in the world below, nor in the heavens above. In the skies her spirit will indeed be a fraction of the great whole, united to a myriad of similar nonentities. But thy daughter here will be no more thy daughter there. Accept, then, submissively thy destiny. Forget! On the contrary, our Christ says, "Child, awake!" And she rose from the couch, where she lay sleeping, and he gave her to her father.

Let us seat ourselves near Mary, as Martha speeds her way thither with the joyful exclamation, The Master is here, and calleth for thee! Alas! it is too late. My brother is dead—corruption has already touched him—and the soul of Mary faints for lack of faith. Christ, in gentle reproof, speaks, "Did I not say unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the salvation of God?" Jesus groaned in spirit. Jesus wept! Behold how he loved him, cried the Jews. And they were not deceived in this. Where some refined spirits can only perceive a vague expansion of humanizing love the Jews recognized a strong personal friendship. Behold how he loved him! And the man Christ, who so loved Lazarus, commanded to "Take away the stone!" And he spake still further, "Lazarus come forth!" Lazarus did not answer this call as a stranger, nor did this resurrection evoke a new, unknown, or indifferent being. No. It is Lazarus who arises—the Lazarus whom Jesus loved. It was the

brother who loved Mary and Martha; and Christ gave him to his sisters.

There is a joy in believing. Could the apostles re-assemble in the morning of the resurrection with joy, and not believe in each other's identity? Here, in this house of our earthly pilgrimage, we fall into the lowest abyss of grief. We are oftentimes cheered by no outward joy. Eternity reserves this for us, and without alloy of pain. As twilight gathers about us, or the pall of midnight surrounds our pillow, or storms burst over our happiness, our dead come to us in pleasant visions. And are they not ministering spirits, sent to bear us up in the fearful struggle with the adversaries of life? Mystery! Yes, there is mystery; but the things revealed belong unto us, and I find them beautiful and plain enough to satisfy my longing. By faith "women received their dead!" Thanks be unto thee, O Lord! "Do not fear, only believe." I do believe that thou wilt not deceive me. There shall be one general reunion, where our souls will be forever with the Lord! I repeat these words, so tremulous with hope, in full assurance of their truth. My heart salutes you, O country in the skies! On your shores, so bathed in light, I recognize my dearly beloved. You are there, whom the dying eyes of a father rested upon in tender love. He has heard your salutation in the world above, and the almost Divine smile which rested upon his lips in death, the last sublime gleam that returned your sorrowing look of love, has been repeated in the presence of our Christ, whose love illumines all.

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#### PHILIPPE DE COMMYNES.

THE first part of the memoirs of Philippe de Comynnes, which embraces the reign of Louis XI, King of France, from 1464 to 1483, appeared at Paris in the year 1524; and the second part, which extends to the death of King Charles VIII, in 1498, followed not long after the other. The entire work has been received, by its contemporaries as well as by posterity, with every mark of interest and approbation. The Emperor Charles V made it his favorite reading, and carried a copy constantly with him. From 1524 down to the middle of the present century, these memoirs have gone through no less than fifty-four editions in French, twelve editions in Latin, five in Italian, five in German, five in English, four in Dutch, three in Spanish, and one in Swedish. Nor, if we consider the intrinsic value of the work, will this extraordinary popularity be thought sur-

prising. It deals with one of the most momentous and eventful periods in the history of France, and is written by a man who was not only closely connected with the events which he relates, but who had taken a prominent part in many, if not most, of them. In addition to this, these memoirs constitute, as it were, a political text-book, for the author intersperses his historical narrative with a number of philosophical reflections, often entirely breaking off the thread of history to discuss some weighty question of public policy. He examines into the advantages of princely interviews for the purpose of adjusting their political differences, and inquires into the nature of embassies. He admonishes kings to maintain peace and order in their domains. He paints in vivid colors the evils of feudalism, especially as illustrated in Germany. He warmly extols the progress of constitutional government in England, and points out that evil deeds lead, by a sort of retributive justice, to ruin and disaster. In brief, he bestows on his readers a bountiful store of political instruction, which appears, at the first glance, to be the outpouring of a sound morality and a truly liberal mind. We can thus readily comprehend the reason that the enlightened classes in Europe should have highly appreciated his memoirs, and that he himself should have said of them, "*Je fais mon compte que bestes, ne simples gens ne s'amusent point à lire ces mémoires ; mais princes ou aultres gens de cour y trouveront de bons advertissements, à mon advis.*"

And yet, with all these commendations bestowed on Comynes, there has been no want of sharp censure and criticism. His life supplies ample material for reproach ; his fidelity as a historian has been impugned, and even the principles, whose enunciation has laid the basis for his reputation, have not been regarded free from exceptional elements. The question now presented is, therefore, which of these conflicting views is the right one, and what verdict shall modern criticism pass on the great chronicler ?

To dispose of this question satisfactorily, it seems to us highly essential to recall at the outset of our inquiry the character of the prince whom Comynes has virtually made the central figure of his memoirs—Louis XI, King of France. When this ruler ascended the throne in 1461, France found herself in an extremely critical position. The English, who had during the preceding generation possessed large territories on the continent, and who had paralyzed the power of France, had, it is true, been beaten and nearly driven to the sea-coast by a spon-

taneous effort of the nation. It is equally true that the wise government of Charles VII had then already restored tranquillity and order throughout the interior of the realm. But before the integrity and consolidation of the monarchy could be considered permanently secured, there still remained an important task to perform, and this was the subjection of the great crown vassals, whose arrogance and ambition were incompatible with stable government. This was especially the case in respect to the Duke of Burgundy, Philippe the Good, who had become so powerful that, as he said, it depended only on him to be king. Such was the task which Louis took in hand, and which he accomplished with rare forethought, skill, and cunning. He succeeded in breaking up every combination of the disaffected feudatories against the crown—conquering some in the field and conciliating or cajoling others. In his struggle with Burgundy he was singularly favored by the death of Philippe the Good. His son, Charles the Bold, who succeeded him in the ducal chair, though brave to a fault, was no match for so crafty an antagonist as Louis XI. Given to ungovernable fits of passion, and blinded by an inordinate ambition and thirst for military glory, he provoked one quarrel after the other, and generally got worsted by the numerous enemies whom Louis XI either openly or secretly encouraged with men and money. After Charles the Bold had been slain, the king not merely managed to annex the largest part of the duchy to France, but to break the power of the other great crown vassals in detail. Under this state of things the consolidation of France progressed naturally so rapidly that, near the close of Louis XI's reign, a monarchy, whose solidity and strength have lasted to this day, was created.

These great results were, however, secured by very questionable means. Louis XI, a petty, superstitious, and timid character, carefully noted the foibles of men, and depended largely for reaching his ends on the dexterous use which he made of this knowledge. He humbled the arrogance of the haughty dukes and counts of France not so much in battle, not by straightforward, open dealings, not by appealing to the people, but by cunning, intrigue, and deceit, by espionage, corruption, and secret violence. His motto was "*Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare.*" His rebellious nobles may not have been much more scrupulous in the choice of their own means, but as Louis happened to be their superior in hypocrisy and unscrupulousness, he easily beat them at this game. Sir Walter Scott, the great Scotch novelist, com-

pires him, in his "Quentin Durward," to the keeper of wild animals, who is constantly in danger of being torn to pieces, but who understands with wonderful dexterity to deal out food and blows among them. Ranke, the German historian, remarks of Louis XI, that he has made France great without possessing a single element of greatness himself.

Such was the character of the prince destined to exert the greatest influence over the life and fortunes of Philippe de Comynnes. Descended from a wealthy though originally plebeian Flanders family, which had risen in the service of the dukes of Burgundy to high rank and political honors, Philippe the Good stood godfather to the future chronicler. While still a comparative youth Comynnes was appointed to fill a lucrative post at the court of Charles the Bold. But though thus bound by every tie of loyalty and gratitude to the house of Burgundy, the young courtier soon listened to overtures which were made to him on the part of the French King. The first opportunity which presented itself to become well and favorably known to Louis XI occurred in the year 1468, when Comynnes was hardly more than twenty. The King had proposed to Charles a personal interview at the Castle of Peronne. In the very midst of it he was made a prisoner, and incurred serious peril, because the duke had suddenly received information of his guest's secret intrigues against him. The precise part which young Comynnes took in this mysterious affair has never been fully revealed, but it is certain that it was he who managed by some means to mollify the wrath of his master, and to extricate the King from what might easily have proved a fatal trap.

Louis XI confessed afterward himself that Comynnes had rendered him a very important service at Peronne. Three years later Comynnes was charged by Charles the Bold with a confidential mission to Brittany and Spain. He availed himself of the opportunity which this journey afforded to visit King Louis at home, and to enter upon closer relations with him. The King promptly rewarded this attention by bestowing on the Burgundian noble an annuity of 6,000 livres, and not long after this visit, on the night of the 8th of August, 1472, Comynnes fled from the court of Charles the Bold to that of Louis XI, in whose service he remained to the end of the King's life. As might have been expected, Charles was greatly incensed at this defection of his ungrateful servant. He not only confiscated on the spot all his estates and goods, but manifested even long afterward so keen a resentment that he expressly exempted

him from the general amnesty which was one of the conditions of the armistice concluded between Burgundy and France in 1475. Comynnes found, however, ample compensation for these losses, for Louis received him with open arms, presented him with large sums of money, married him to a rich heiress, and created him successively Capitaine de Chinon, Prince de Talmont, Seigneur d'Olonne, Chateau-Gonthier, Cuyon, and other lands. This at once gave Comynnes such a standing and influence among the French nobility that he succeeded, in spite of his subsequent disgrace, to marry his only child, a daughter, to Louis des Brosses, Comte de Penthièvre, a Bourbon, by which means the Comynnes' blood has been transmitted to the thrones of Savoy, Spain, Naples, and France.

The reason which led Comynnes to exchange the service of Burgundy for that of France has been variously explained. On the authority of a popular anecdote, Charles the Bold is said one day to have mortally offended his servant by striking him in a rage on the head with a boot. But this is evidently one of those silly stories which often serve the curious multitude to explain political events difficult for it to comprehend. We must look for far different motives to account for the desertion of Comynnes; and to do this, it is all important to consider the characters of the leading actors in the drama. Comynnes, the keen, cautious, thoughtful statesman, could hardly feel himself in his sphere at the court of such a prince as Charles the Bold. The duke's violent temper and blunt honesty must have been as uncongenial to his nature as the French King's caution and cunning were congenial to it. And it must be further borne in mind that already then, the beginning of the seventh decade of the fifteenth century, shrewd observers foresaw the probable consequences of Duke Charles's recklessness, and for this reason quite a number of Burgundian nobles had deserted him long before the disastrous days of Granson, Murten, and Nancy. In other words, to quote the coarse remark of a modern historian, the rats were leaving the sinking ship. In addition to this Comynnes had, no doubt, good cause to expect a brilliant career in France, and such a consideration would of itself suffice to account for his change of masters, without seeking the key in mythical anecdotes.

At the same time it can hardly be denied by even the warmest admirer of Comynnes, that it is impossible to palliate or defend, much less to justify, this treachery. The circumstances under which it occurred were peculiarly aggravating. In the Summer of 1473 Charles the

Bold had been engaged in a no less rashly planned than ill-executed attack on Louis XI, which ended ignominiously. This period the King selected to stop the annuity granted in the previous year to Commynes. The hour in which his old master was reduced to the sorest straits, and in which his new patron appeared no longer willing to pay for a partial allegiance, Commynes selected for his flight. A rather significant light is thrown on this affair by the author, who remarks in his memoirs, "that he had never seen many people who understood well to flee."

When Commynes came to the court of France his conscience was burdened not only with the memory of his treachery to Charles, but with many dark deeds he had committed, in accordance with the practice of these times, at the command of his late master. He was, therefore, in every sense qualified to abet the tortuous policy of the French King, and we accordingly find him soon implicated in a number of very questionable transactions, in which espionage, bribery, and deceit bear an undue share. For many years it was the main object of Louis and himself to weaken the influence of Burgundy, and after Charles the Bold had fallen on the fatal field of Nancy the better portion of his domains became the property of France. The death and ruin of Charles, which delivered Louis from his most dangerous foe, is related to us at length in the memoirs, but this is done with a cold objectivity that allows the author to refrain from the least expression of sympathy or sorrow at the pitiful ending of his former patron and friend.

After Burgundy had been disposed of we find Commynes engaged in a new field of action. Being now able to direct his attention more to foreign affairs, Louis XI conceived the scheme of forming a north Italian league, in opposition to the attempts of Pope Sixtus IV, who sought to extend the temporal power of Rome over the Apennine peninsula. To promote these views Commynes was appointed ambassador at Florence, where he resided during the Summer of 1478, and again gave proof of those eminent political gifts which are so prominent a feature in his character.

During the last years of Louis XI's life the relations between him and Commynes were of a very peculiar nature. The King's health at last began to fail, and with his increasing feebleness he grew more timid and suspicious, repulsing all his attendants, Commynes alone excepted, who was obliged to eat at the same board, sleep in the same bed, and tend him like a nurse. For a considerable period Louis XI

lived in entire seclusion at Argenton, a castle belonging to Commynes.

After the death of Louis XI the fortunes of France and our author underwent a great change. Relieved from a purely personal and arbitrary government, the nation demanded representative institutions and constitutional rule. As more recent researches have disclosed, Commynes not only went with the popular current, but encouraged and abetted, to the best of his great abilities, the liberal aspirations of the day. In fact, there are substantial grounds to believe that the convocation of the French Estates at Tours in 1484, was mainly due to his influence, and that he was the eloquent champion of those reforms which the people desired.

But questions of an entirely different nature soon arose to avert attention from these political reforms. Charles VIII, the successor of Louis XI, being still an infant, the Duke of Orleans and other great lords took up arms against the regency of his sister, Anna de Beaujau. Commynes, who espoused the side of the malcontents, was, after they had been defeated, tried and sentenced. His punishment consisted for a time in being confined in the iron cage invented by Louis XI, after which he was banished to his estates. At this period not only his political influence, but his private fortune suffered materially, for the noble family de la Tremoille, at whose expense he had been endowed by the late king with many towns, castles, and fiefs, recovered them all in a suit at law.

The consummate address of Commynes managed, however, after the lapse of a few years passed in retirement, to regain favor at court, and, when Charles VIII started on his foolhardy expedition against Naples, he was appointed to the important post of ambassador at Venice. Here he again rendered important services to his adopted country. When the French forces were compelled to withdraw from Italy, his diplomatic tact and skill first delayed, and then essentially weakened, the league which threatened seriously to increase the embarrassments of Charles VIII. For these services he held afterward, though without ever entirely recovering the influence enjoyed under Louis XI, a high place in the esteem of the court to the death of Charles VIII, which continued even under Louis XII, with whom, when Duke of Orleans, he had rebelled against the regency of Anna de Beaujau. It was not long after the death of Louis XI that Commynes began to write his memoirs, which he thenceforward continued year by year

until near the end of his eventful life. He died on the 18th day of October, 1511, at his castle of Argenton.

On once more reviewing his career, we are first of all struck with the utter want of political consistency in the statesman who interests and instructs us so much as an author. Commines upholds the powers that be, and rebels against them; he becomes the ready tool of the worst tyranny, and advocates greater concessions to the cause of popular liberty; he shows himself a large-minded statesman, but has no scruples to practice the most petty political knaveries. And yet, with all these sins upon his head, he has always been extravagantly admired. The political and moral principles enunciated by him have been compared with those of Sallust and Thucydides, and Pierre Matthieu has actually appended to his history of Louis XI, published in 1610, a collection of maxims culled from the memoirs as "pearls of purest wisdom."

The contradictions which strike us between the statesman and the author disappear, however, completely on a closer examination of the memoirs. As far as their trustworthiness and authenticity are concerned, few will probably pretend that Commines has intentionally offended in this respect. All modern researches, especially those instituted by Belgian scholars, have satisfactorily disposed of that question. Commines, it is true, has given us no documentarily attested, in all its parts equally perfect, history of his times. He has simply jotted down the reminiscences of a life, in doing which his memory appears occasionally at fault, and some important events of the day are not recorded. But no one may justly charge him with having designedly suppressed the truth of the facts which he undertakes to transmit to posterity, either by misstating or suppressing them. On the contrary, it clearly appears that he reveals, without the slightest reservation, the most damaging acts and measures of the contemporary great, and especially of Louis XI.

It is precisely this trait which attracts our notice most to the very singular moral position that Commines occupies among authors. It is true, he speaks in an elevated tone of the welfare of peoples and states; he censures boldly certain detestable crimes of which he was an eye-witness; he soars, after having painted the last painful days of Louis XI, to a lofty homily on the theme that it would be much better if princes ruined less and feared God more. Yet, with all this, he can see nothing objectionable in a vulgar worldliness which must be strongly

condemned by the moral law. The welfare of states, he holds, fully justifies the employment of other than fair and honest means to worst an antagonist. The only question which seems worthy of being considered is the attainment of one's object, for success always confers honor. To fail, and particularly when this is the result of a want of deceit and cunning, is a great disgrace.

This absence of every thing resembling a conception of what is meant by political morality appears, upon closer examination, and often to a truly startling degree, to run all through these memoirs. The author calls thus "une tromperie" in one place "une habilité," and then naively adds, "ainsi qu'en le voudra nommer, car elle fut bien conduite." According to his code there are two kinds of rulers, "sages et fols; la sagesse consiste . . . dans l'art d'accroître sa puissance." For the purposes of successful diplomatic negotiations one needs "gens complaisans, et qui passent toutes choses et toutes paroles, pour venir à la fin de leur matière." It is certainly a disgrace to practice treachery and deceit when we are animated by hatred or revenge, but not when we are prompted by "sens a cautèle." A wise prince should take pains to have always some friend "dans la partie adverse;" it is an especial act of God's mercy when a prince understands "de séparer les gens, à gager gens." He should intrigue with all prominent men who may become either useful or dangerous to him, sound their intentions, and finally bribe them, because clever men can never be bought too dearly.

These maxims, of course, find application in his estimate of prominent contemporary characters. Louis XI, a perfect master in this cunning statesmanship, who admirably understood to divide enemies and win them over to his own side, whom no repulse discouraged, but who intrigued and bargained until he bought his man, who rewarded every renegade in truly princely style—this Louis was naturally "plus sage, plus libéral et plus vertueux que les princes qui regnoient à son temps;" he had "le sens naturel parfaitement bon, lequel précède toutes autres sciences." The Doge Barbarigo of Venice is called "un homme de bien, sage et aimable," but "nul en la compagnie ne se savoit faindre si bien que luy." The tyrannic Louis Sforza was "un homme tres-sage;" but at the same time "fort craintif et bien souple quand il avoit peur, et homme sans foy s'il voyait son profit pour la rompre." The Sultan Mahomed, the persecutor of the Christians in those days, is described as a wise prince, and compared to Louis XI, because he also resorted to



"de sens et cantéle." The most prominent partisans of Louis XI, in his struggle with the great feudatories, de Lescun, Crèveceur, Hugonet, and Humbercourt, are all "hommes d'honneur, très-sages," and even that notorious, despicable tool of Louis XI, the royal barber, Olivier, surnamed le Diable, is "un homme de sens et de vertu."

Let us cite a few more characteristic traits in the lives of these wise and virtuous men, as related by Commynes himself. When a prisoner at Peronne Louis XI offered to sign a peace very advantageous to Burgundy, and to give some distinguished French nobles as hostages for his good faith. Those nobles, whom he named for this purpose, loudly declared that they desired this distinction; but Commynes adds: "je ne sçay s'ils disoient ains à part, je me doute que non: et à la vérité, je crois qu'il les y eust laissés, et qu'il ne fust pas revenu." Some years later an ambassador of that Count of Saint-Pol, who tried to extend his power at the expense of both Burgundy and France, and was consequently detested by them, came to the French Court. When he applied for an audience the ambassador of Charles the Bold happened to be with the King, whom the latter hid behind a paravant, and then admitted the other envoy. During the interview the Count's representative, who thought himself alone with Louis XI, began to ridicule the Duke of Burgundy, "à frapper du pied contre terre, et à jurer Saint Georges . . . et toutes les mocqueries qu'en ce monde estait possible de dire d'homme." When the King heard this he laughed heartily, and begged the ambassador to repeat it more loudly, as he was rather hard of hearing. The Burgundian had no sooner emerged from his concealment than he hurried ventre à terre home to report the affair to his master. The Count of Saint-Pol succumbed to his enemies soon after this occurrence. Equally characteristic of the men and the times are the relations which then existed between the Court of France and the British Ministry. Louis XI sought to attach all of them to his interests by liberal pensions, and succeeded without difficulty in most cases. Only one hesitated, Hastings, the Grand Chamberlain, who, when he finally accepted the bribe, declined to give a receipt for the money, partly on the ground that the proof of his corruption should not go into the French archives, and partly because it might compel him to resign a pension which he was already being paid by the Duke of Burgundy. This proof of superior rascality so pleased Louis XI that he ever after esteemed him higher than any other English Minister,

and even ordered the pension of Hastings to be paid without the customary receipt. Commynes fully enters upon the feelings of his master, for he calls the Grand Chamberlain of England "un homme de grand sens et vertu."

We see here very plainly what to think of the political morality of Commynes. The lucid manner in which he describes the most complicated events may be ever so attractive; the political reflections with which he diversifies his narrative may be ever so instructive to the statesman and the historian; the moral system which he admits to govern the world, and the balance of crime and punishment which he intimates, may even impress the mind of the reader with a living religiosity; yet it is none the less evident that he believed in his heart in the same atrocious principles which found, a few years later, their fullest expression in Macchiavelli's Prince. Commynes may, therefore, lament, "l'affaïsement de toute foy et loyauté;" he may be grieved to think that there should exist no longer a country "par lequel on se puisse assurer les uns et des autres;" but is it not Commynes himself, whose life and memoirs have done their utmost to diminish good faith and loyalty among men?

The Macchiavellism, which forms so characteristic a feature in his writings, exposes Commynes to another and still more damaging imputation. It is pretty generally admitted that the great Florentine statesman was only driven by the incredible political wretchedness of his day to advocate the atrocious doctrines contained in his book on Princes. It is likewise conceded that he did this merely because the condition of Italy seemed to him so hopeless that nothing but the iron hand of a despot could save the country. But Commynes had no such an excuse; the France of Louis XI was reduced to no such desperate alternative, however uncertain the issue of the struggle with the Duke of Burgundy and the other great vassals of the crown may have appeared at first. To understand the full extent of the immorality of the political system approved by Commynes we need only to cast a scrutinizing glance at the actual state of France in those days.

When Louis XI ascended the throne he had the choice between two roads to reach the end toward which all the best influences of his time tended, namely, the geographical and political consolidation of the French provinces. He could have either pursued an absolutistic course, and realized the aspirations of the nation, according to his will and pleasure, or he could have convoked the States of the realm, and by

their and the people's co-operation vindicated the supremacy of the crown against its rebellious vassals. The latter course was then perfectly feasible. During the entire episode of the English wars the French Estates had enjoyed the highest consideration, and displayed extraordinary energy. Even though the Estate most essential to constitutional development, that of the burghers, had so misconstrued its true mission as to injure the public cause by its factious spirit, a wise ruler, who cared for the welfare of his subjects, should never have hesitated an instant to invite the Estates to a share in the Government after all danger from the English was over, and the masses were devotedly attached to the monarchy. Comynes evidently recognized the propriety of such a course himself. The political sagacity of the Minister most trusted by Louis XI almost instinctively discerned that it was not only just, but highly politic, to invite the Estates to participate in the management of national affairs. He speaks of the representative institutions of England as "*une chose sainte et juste,*" and calls arbitrary taxation "*grand tyrannie.*" That he at one period of his life really sought to secure these advantages to the people of France we have already mentioned, when alluding to his share in the Convocation of the French Estates in the year 1484.

Louis XI certainly showed himself, at times, favorably disposed to the recognition of the right of the provincial Estates to manage their own internal affairs; but it was merely for the purpose of lessening the power of the great feudatories. Of Estates of the realm, which might attempt to limit his own power, he would, however, hear nothing. He laid, therefore, as far as he was able, the basis for the absolute monarchy in France; and herein Comynes, his ablest and most favored Minister, aided him heart and soul, in spite of his professed respect for the rights of the people.

Louis XI and Comynes have thus been both largely instrumental in shaping the political future of France. Notwithstanding much that has occurred before and since, it was in their time and generation that the principal steps to establish a consolidated and absolutistic France were taken. And herein lies at once the strength and the weakness of the development. A France like this was capable of producing rulers of such splendor and prestige as Francis I and Louis XIV; but the capricious tyranny and oppression which it fostered at the same time, undermined the ground, and provoked, near the close of the last century, that terrible explosion, in which throne and

Church and civil institutions all went down, and whose after-pains still shake the Continent in constantly recurring revolutions and reactions.

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### UP JAMES' PEAK.

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OUR party numbered seven persons, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Crane, Dr. Tolles and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walling, and myself. We had an early breakfast at the Connor House, and Mr. Wentworth, the gentlemanly proprietor, filled our basket with an excellent lunch, and early in the morning, before the town had fairly roused, we were away. We ladies were comfortably provided with spring-seats in the wagon. Mr. Walling, whose skill in driving I mentioned in a former letter, held the reins, and the other two gentlemen, with Miss Carrie Tolles, mounted upon ponies, completed the cavalcade that dashed along the streets and out of town that cool, breezy Summer morning. The sky was clear, the air fragrant with the pungent breath of the piny woods. The road was tolerably good for a part of the way, and in gay spirits we wound around the base of the mountains, through the depths of the forests, over streams, and rocks, and highland meadows, ever ascending, winding up and on among the evergreen hills. At noon we halted in an upland glade, above timber line. A few stunted trees were immediately below us, and in front a large snow-bank, white and cool against the brilliant green turf, that carpeted the ground on every side. Below us, a little to the left, a wide meadow-like sink between the hills led down from the upper heights, a ribbon of emerald upon the gray landscape. It was traversed by a brook that purred and sobbed on among the rushes, working its intricate way among great stretches of snow that lay like huge white blankets spread out upon the greenward. Above us lay the barren wastes of mountain, shutting out any more distant view of the "range," excepting here and there where, along some dip in the near hills, the gray, haggard head of a far-away peak loomed clear and cold against the soft blue sky. Upon the right and below stood the gloomy forests of fir, league upon league of wilderness. We banqueted regally here, sitting upon shawls and blankets under the glorious Summer sunshine, our giant refrigerator, the snow-bank, cooling the atmosphere to an invigorating and tonic temperature. The dinner hour passed merrily. One's appetite is always keen, and one's spirits high in these out-of-door mountain picnics. While the horses were finishing their

dinners the gentlemen amused themselves by shooting at marks in default of other game, and the ladies were deep in the mysteries of the floral world, discovering rare beautiful blossoms, surpassing, in beauty of color and delicacy of texture, the flowers of lesser altitudes.

On one side, over a bank of forty feet perhaps, bubbled a clear spring, and to and from this the gentlemen scrambled, and slid, and climbed to procure us water, only a pint and a half at a time, in a long-handled dipper we had borrowed at the last house, for people always forget the essentials on such trips. But the doctor's tall, commanding figure emerging, dipper in hand, from the lower regions, had lost none of its grace, but gained considerable dust and gravel in plunging about below, and was perhaps a trifle less dignified in movement as it made the last successful lunge for solid surface ground. And Luther Crane, for genial good-humor, shall have the crown; his lively spirits and powers of endurance are enviable. I recollected how undauntedly, two years ago, he braved the sleet and snow on the top of the Bowlder Pass, and I found him the same indefatigable being; the first to put his shoulder to the wheel when the rocks forbade our passage; the first to say a pleasant thing before we had time to get dull. And the ladies—I ought to speak of them. Well, Mrs. Crane is a marvel of physical endurance, a spare, delicate-looking woman, who can walk ten or twelve miles a day and not feel tired; a woman who thinks nothing of a morning walk of seven or eight miles to call upon her neighbors, genial tempered, making the best of every thing. Pretty little Carrie Tolles enjoyed the novelty of riding horseback hugely—with her long, glossy brown hair waving and glinting in the sunlight she made a pretty picture—a girl reared among the mountains, and fair as their own wild flowers. As for Mrs. Walling and myself, we are professional climbers; we would toil up any mile of unstable rocks and stones to catch a glimpse of piled-up, snow-slashed peaks, or blue, boundless valley.

As soon as the horses were rested we saddled up and, leaving the wagon behind, renewed the ascent horseback. From here the road was a mere track. This road was only built last year by subscription, as a route to Middle Park via James' Peak. It is as yet in its infancy, being very rough, and in places almost impassable for teams. I understand it is considerably better across the range on the farther slope; however, it is so much superior to the trail we took over the Bowlder Pass, when we visited Middle Park two years ago, that we felt no dis-

position to complain. Nothing can be more sublimely lonely than these illimitable upward stretches of mountain; above the forests and shrubs, below the rocks and crags, they present a singularly isolated appearance; the ground is covered at this season with a low, crisp moss, and a short tough grass, and all about are little starry flowers of all colors, mostly of the moss and cactus species. Along the lower part of this slope are clumps of gnarled, knotty firs, growing very low, twisted and woven together until they form a flat roof-like surface, leaving quite an arbor underneath, for they appear to grow in irregular circles, as if the storms of many years had driven them together for protection, and they were locked in each other's arms, defying wind or weather. Mountaineers often spread their blankets upon their tops and sleep there, pronouncing it comfortable as an elastic sponge mattress. Here and there a little dwarfed tree stands alone, lifting its sturdy head only four or five feet from the ground, stooping toward the south with all its foliage on one side, and its northern half blighted and dead as if swept by a sirocco. Every thing bears the mark of tempest, every twig is bent in the same direction, every thing blighted on the northern side. I shuddered when I thought of the Wintery blasts that had caused this desolation, how the dreadful tempest had swept from the snow-banks and ice-fields down upon this withered slope, and torn and wrested these crooked, dauntless trees, and bent their surly heads to the ground, beaten them with hail, and sleet, and tornado, and ruthlessly trampled them under the feet of the storm! Ah, woe to any living thing on these heights then, for there would be no mercy. This is not man's ground, but the realm of the hurricane, and let him beware who trusts himself here in uncanny weather.

Our trail ran over a steep, smooth hill, then across a long slope and down into a meadow formed by the water from the melting snows above permeating the ground in every direction; across this sloppy tract, through the snow and bog, and we are at the foot of the rocks, before us a steep, sharp peak, one of several that loom up in solid granite grandeur about us. Here we dismount, leaving our steeds to crop the moss and grass while we proceed on foot over the uncertain stones that lie piled one upon another, exactly as New England farmers used to heap the surplus rocks in their potato-fields when I was a child. Even here, where there seemed nothing but bare, unfriendly rock, grew the little, brave, bright flowers. After a sharp tug we would sit down to rest and breathe; the

air is very rare at this height, and makes serious work of climbing, but we were a jolly party, and could well afford to spend a few moments now and then resting and talking. About three o'clock we gained the summit. Although the side we climbed was easy of ascent, and not remarkably steep, when we stood upon the narrow, level line of the top we looked immediately down upon a perpendicular wall of rock that here and there descended abruptly a hundred or more feet, then became broken by yawning, under-reaching chasms, fearfully jagged and terrible, then shelves of rocks, and a leap of hundreds of feet into the beautiful valley below; for right beneath our feet stretched out the Middle Park, with its winding, wooded streams, its gemmy lakes, its grassy hills, and smooth, level tracts of greensward, clumps of evergreen trees, groves of quivering aspens, mile upon mile of unceasing beauty and changeful variety, never the same, but always smooth, rolling, lovely, as if planned and planted ages ago for the pleasure-ground of some gentleman giant, where he might ride, hunt, fish, hawk at his own sweet will, with always plenty of room for the display of his skill and prowess. Almost within a stone's-throw, across a deep gorge at our left, rose another mighty peak, the solid, barren rock of which was seamed, and scarred, and furrowed as if relentless Nature, avenging her agony, had vented her spleen upon it, rending and tearing its surface, and splitting stupendous slices from top to bottom of its rugged side. It is something terrible to stand upon one of these pinnacles of rock and mark the devastation and desolation the angry elements have made, how in their mad frolics they have stirred the world into a fiery, volcanic chaos, a chaos that should roll and tumble its sulphuric billows in feverish unrest, that ages later they might freeze and petrify into these invincible, hoary-headed mountains; and I, a waif upon the backbone of the continent, stood speculating on these mighty mysteries, with no one to help my understanding, while these mute granite giants stood all about me in dumb, stony silence, that might tell so much of hideous riot and change in the long ago. May be in the valley there palms rustled, and gorgeous-plumaged birds floated on the soft, voluptuous air, tropical fruits and flowers made the atmosphere heavy with fragrance, and the tinkling waves of the Summer sea washed the rosy shells on the white beach; even now the park, with its charmed and gorgeous Summer, laughs up intoxicatingly in the face of the Winter that reigns above, for all around and about this

Eden is barricaded by gigantic mountains. Snow-slashed, storm-beaten, tier upon tier of "Snowy Range" rise and retreat, far as the eye can reach, upon all sides but the east. From here we could plainly see Gray's Peak, Lincoln's Peak, and a dozen others of equal notoriety. Crowding off toward the glowing west, they loomed in peaks and spurs, white with snow or gray with rocks, till far in the distance they were like piles of cumuli in a Summer sky. Behind us, over and over the dark evergreen hills, the plains spread out far and wide, level and blue, like a vast, immeasurable sea. Dr. Tolles had a very superior field-glass that very much enhanced the pleasure of the view.

Standing on an overhanging cliff, I dislodged a rock, and sent it whirling down the precipice: with crashing force it struck upon a shelf of rock a hundred feet below, then, bounding from this with a report like the discharge of a rifle, it leaped across a chasm that gashed the mountain to its base, then it rattled down the ragged wall, dislodging other rocks, and carrying with it a shower of stones, dust, and gravel, banging, crashing, raising a thousand echoes, and giving a sound like the discharge of a small battery, till, with all its accompanying cloud of flying rocks and matter, it fell into the peaceful valley, and buried itself in the depths of a little green lake, hundreds and hundreds of feet below; but for full five minutes afterward rocks and stones were rattling down the mountain-side.

All over the summit grew beautiful little flowers, some of a delicate turquoise blue, others pale rose and yellow. The higher you go here the more lovely are the flowers. I can not tell the exact height of James' Peak. For explorers differ so in their figures. It is probably more than 13,000 feet above sea level, and it is certain that you get from its summit a much finer, and wider-extended view, than from many peaks that are much higher. But the sun was getting low, the breeze grew cool: we turned and retraced our steps down the mountain; the thawing snow, as well as numerous springs, made a net-work of tiny, crystal streams, all over the mountain-side: now and then we slaked our thirst at some little rocky, moss-encircled reservoir of cool, clear water. In due time we reached the horses, mounted, and began the march back over the chilly meadow, among the hills, the storm-riven firs, across the stream, and to camp at last: found the wagon all right, sat down to a cold collation, very acceptable after the tramp, and, just as the long, level lines of light dyed with crimson and gold

the snowy tops of the distant range, we started for home. We had daylight for the worst of the road, and then the round face of the Summer moon lighted us on our way. We reached Central City at 9 o'clock, bade adieu to our friends, and pushed on for Walling's Mill, seven miles beyond. Tired, sleepy, and lame, we lay ourselves down upon welcome beds in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal." It had been a day never to be forgotten in after life.

#### THE SIN OF BEING OVER FIFTY.\*

**I** HAVE no wish to deny that instances of a life-long ministry, alike honorable to pastor and people, may not be more numerous than is commonly supposed. I am also aware that there are marked men in high position, to whom, so far as they themselves are concerned, all this talk about the dead-line of fifty is a mere myth. And there are, without doubt, many other creditable exceptions to the general custom indicated in the title of this article. Nor have I designed to ignore the fact that parishes not unfrequently have much to bear with in their ministers. There are some who slight their pulpit, and some their pastoral duties. One is opinionated and obstinate; another is quick-tempered and irritable, while a third has an iron will, and, it may be, not a wholly sanctified one. One is of a suspicious temper; another is unguarded in his speech, and, it may be, extravagant in his habits; and another still, greatly lacking in discretion. It must, likewise, be conceded that there are *mediocre* men, who find their way into the pulpit—men who might be useful in some other calling, but who, by undertaking what is too high for them, bring contempt upon themselves, and sometimes upon their office. There are, also, those that enter the sacred profession who have but little oil in their lamps, and less in their vessels. They are, perhaps, indolent men, who thought that in the ministry they should find an easy life. Or they may be ambitious men, dissatisfied with their low estate, and who fancied that in a black coat and white cravat, and anointed with clerical oil, they should become distinguished; and distinguished they certainly are as solemn men, as unctuous men, men who can never long feed a hungry people, and who are off at the report of a vacant parish as a war-horse at the roar of cannon. Let all those who are better fitted for farmers, or blacksmiths, or shoe-makers, than for minis-

ters, go where they belong. The wonder is by no means that they are not tolerated at fifty and sixty, but that they *are* tolerated *at all*.

With the amplest margin, however, for all these exceptional cases, that a large class of excellent ministers are virtually discarded when scarcely past their prime can hardly be denied by any one who looks into the matter. Indeed some draw the dead-line as early as forty. In reply to the assertion that in the law gray hairs are at a premium, it is argued that the chief business of lawyers is not public speaking, and that, therefore, there can be no proper comparison between them and the ministerial profession. There is, undoubtedly, weight in this consideration, yet, perhaps, not so much as might at first be supposed; for the mere act of public speaking is but a small part of a minister's work; and if he speaks well enough to make him acceptable at thirty, and continues preaching, his voice is not likely to fail him at fifty; yet the mere fact of his being fifty is often sure to turn the scales against him.

"Such is the pressure of feeling in most of our Churches on this subject," writes a clergyman of extensive acquaintance, "that many an excellent minister is out of employ. I have in mind in my own State above sixty such men—men of more than average ability, and who have occupied important fields, but who now find it difficult to get employment, simply because they are no longer young men. The parishes will not have them."

Not long since there appeared an account of a faithful pastor, who had labored with a small parish several years for the pitiful stipend of two hundred dollars; but having reached the age of sixty-three, the parish decided that he was too old to answer their purpose. Yet the society had prospered under his ministry, and there were additions to the Church the very last year of his labor among them; and he was not too old to preach twice every Sabbath, to superintend the Sunday-school, and then to go out two or three miles to perform a third service; nor was he too old to assist in shingling the roof of the church, and in relaying the stone foundations. But after all this he was shut out from the pulpit, while not even a pew was appropriated to his use. With bruised and bleeding hearts were he and his wife obliged to go forth, conscious of no other crime than that of age. Indeed, no other was laid to their charge. Do these facts need any comment?

Says Dr. Spear: "It is a general rule in the American Church to turn off aged ministers for younger and more active ones, and leave them to shift for themselves as best they can." In a

\* Though written from the stand-point of another Church organization than ours, the words of our contributor are also well suited to our atmosphere.—Ed.

similar strain writes the Rev. Albert Barnes, and many others.

Says President Tuttle, of Wabash College: "When the clergyman has reached middle life, and gives signs that he is no longer a young man, in many cases he becomes a suspected man as to his ability to fill a pulpit. His brain is as good as ever, but it is covered with gray hair; his faculties are keen and strong, but he wears spectacles; his judgment is riper than ever before, and his thinking force richer; but sometimes he leans on a cane. There are scores of instances in which pastors, whose history from ordination to forty-five was one of pleasant, and even brilliant success; but after that age their life was *shaded*—at first lightly, but afterward more and more deeply, until resignation was the only relief. And then came the search for a new field. I recall the case of a minister whose early ministry, both at the East and at the West, was a great success, but who tried in vain after he was fifty to get employment. He was vigorous, and industrious, and zealous, but he was *fifty years old*, and not a Church would have him. I recall the case of another man, whose career in one pulpit was brilliant in its success, who was forced in full strength to leave that pulpit, and he could not find another. There are scores of able men, who can preach as well as they ever could, who to-day can get no appointment."

Then there is the directest testimony to the same effect from our theological professors. They affirm that they are "not successful in persuading committees to try the services of experienced pastors;" that "parishes are usually in search of younger men;" that it is very difficult to turn the thoughts of Churches to those who have passed the age of fifty. The committee have not been willing even to hear them. "Our people," they say, "have their minds fixed on a younger man."

For such ministers nothing remains but to become objects of charity, or to continue hopelessly carditating. Think of the suffering a man of sensitiveness must endure in running such a gantlet? Think of the wounds to his self-respect in thus being obliged to put himself up, as it were, at public auction, and not even then obtain a bid.

But it ought to be stated that a specific has been recommended for such cases, and that is the exchanging of one's silver locks for black or brown ones. A New England minister relates that his gray hair proving an effectual barrier to his settlement, he was induced by the suggestion of a friend to color it, and, wonderful to say, the very first time he preached with

the brown hair upon his head, he was greeted with a unanimous call. It was not, however, a fifty-year-old that was called, but a *supposed* young man.

It would be absurd to deny that youth has its advantages over age. There are great reforms to be carried out, and new enterprises achieved. There are young Churches just starting into life, for which the magnetism of youth, the enthusiasm, the glory, the inspiration of young blood are eminently desirable.

It is also readily admitted that ministers do not always grow in wisdom as they grow in years. If they would avoid becoming commonplace, humdrum men, they should be close students and thorough thinkers; and to retain his usefulness a minister must keep abreast with the age. Thus, if a clergyman grows lazy and dozy; if he lacks vitality or enthusiasm; if he falls into monotonous or sing-song tones, or lags behind the times, he has himself chiefly to blame for the failure which will inevitably ensue. Yet, before the case is decided against him, it would be only fair to inquire whether an incompetent support may not have had something to do with his growing old so fast. Let him have plenty of nutritious food, with vacations and recreations; let him be relieved from the wasting cares, and toils, and hardships of grinding poverty; let him have journals, and magazines, and new books; and then see whether the fire will not come back to his eye, the vigor to his mind, and the warm glow to his heart.

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#### BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

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"WELL, I must say, this is a very trying world," said Mrs. Fanshaw, as she settled back in her rocking-chair, busy over an infinitude of ruffling she was preparing for her daughter's dress. "There is Sarah, with herself and three children to provide for on a small income, taking in that Kingsbury girl, just gone with consumption, and giving her a home as long as she lives. I'll venture to say there is not another person in this town would have done it, Aunt Mabel, and there are dozens that could better afford it. But it is just like Sarah. She never seems to appreciate what we do for her, and we are always helping her."

"In what way?" asked Aunt Mabel, quietly.

"Why, in giving her second-hand clothing for her girls, for one thing. It costs her very little to clothe them. She understands fixing over very well, I will say that for Sarah. If

she only managed all her other affairs as well I would n't complain. But I want her to appreciate that what we do for her is meant for herself alone. We can't be helping her to provide for half the town. Now, if she took the money my girls' clothes save her, and used it for herself and her family, how much better off she would be!"

"I am not at all sure of that, Katherine."

"Why it stands to reason that ten dollars saved would buy a number of useful things for her house, which she can not have if she squanders it on that girl."

"I think she will have full ten times as much as she would if she did not take pity on the poor child, because God will be her pay-master. He has promised it. But he has made a very different promise to those who turn coldly away from his suffering children, and do not minister unto them. He will say to them, at the last day, 'Depart from me, ye cursed.'"

Kate winced a little at this close arguing, but she retorted,

"She need not be turned out into the world to die, without a roof to shelter her. The almshouse has been fixed up until it is quite a nice place, and quite good enough for people who have no other home."

"Katherine, if the Lord should come to your door, sick and destitute, would you call for the parish cart and have him sent to the poorhouse?"

"What a question, aunt," said the other, half angrily. "Of course I would not."

"He says: 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.'"

"Then do you think it my duty to take in every poor, sick straggler, I happen to meet in life, and give them my nice chambers to sleep in, and take care of them?"

"Yes, I think it is your duty to take care of Christ's suffering sick to the extent of your ability; not the extent of your inclinations, for that would stop far short of what God requires. Your ability is the only limit he puts to it."

"Well, I can tell you, Aunt Mabel, I shall not make a hospital of my house; I did not fit it up for that."

"I presume you will not. But what are you going to answer when Christ asks you why, when he was sick, you did not minister unto him?"

"I do n't believe you get the meaning of the passage. I am sure the Lord never intended to have us do any thing so disagreeable."

"I can't see why you should think so when

we are told that he pleased not himself, and that we are bidden to walk even as he walked."

"You do n't find Christians, nowadays, taking these things so literally as you do. They live quite differently from what they used to."

"There are many trying to get to heaven on the Celestial Railway; but there is an awful gulf at the end. O, Katherine, be warned in time. There is only one way of judging whether persons are true or false professors of Christ. He gave us the rule, and all the philosophy of the world has not improved upon it: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' If all your labors are spent on self, you are none of his. Is n't that an awful thought? The time is quickly coming when you would give more to have some child of God say, 'I was sick and poor and she took me into her house and nursed and cared for me till I was well again,' than you will to have your children say, 'My mother always dressed us the most elegantly of any children in town. She labored for us constantly, and strove to have our house the most elegant and beautifully adorned of any of our neighbors.' Will this be much to show for a life-work?"

The silver-haired old lady's words were spoken as by one who had looked beyond this bound of time to the great day when the awards of eternity should be bestowed. They smote on the worldly heart of the listener, and made it uneasy for a time. But, alas! here ended their influence. Why was the truth so powerless? Because the heart was yet unrenewed. Though numbered with Christ's fold, she had no place there. She was one of the tares whom the Lord bade let grow together with the wheat until the harvest.

Reader, of which class are you, "the tares or the wheat?" "By their fruits ye shall know them."

IN the Christian life itself, is not religion something which is put into it, rather than the substance of which it is made? Is not piety used as the garnisher of food, instead of being our very meat and drink? Do we not eat one dinner of sanctity on Sabbath, and then try to live on the odor of it all the week? Are we not Christians because it is respectable; because, on the whole, it makes life more polished, more agreeable, more sweet-tasted, rather than as a matter of life and death? And, if we did not go to church, and stop now and then at the communion table, and let fall occasionally a few pious words, would it be known, from the very substance of our souls, that we are servants of the Lord Jesus?



## THE MINSTREL OF THE SKY.

HARK, from the glowing sky  
 A silvery voice is calling ;  
 Like a cataract of joy,  
 From heights aerial falling.

'T is the lark, far up, that sings,  
 At the golden gate of morning,  
 As he dips his dewy wings  
 In the rosy clouds' adorning.

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Twinkling amid the blaze  
 Of gold and azure blending ;  
 Lost to the straining gaze,  
 From height to height ascending.

Lost in a flood of light,  
 Softly the sunbeams treading ;  
 Like a spirit from the sight  
 Into heaven's own radiance fading.



Yet I hear him as he sings,  
Plunged in his bath of glory;  
Unseen his quivering wings,  
But heard his sweet love-story.

Bird of the earth and heaven,  
Sweet sound of music flying,  
On the tide of gladness driven  
When the stars in light are dying—

Sing on, thou happy voice,  
In the peerless light above me,  
Sing of thy brimming joys—  
I love thee, O I love thee!

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### THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,  
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;  
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.  
Ah, truly breathed we there  
Intoxicating air—  
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of  
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath  
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;  
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.  
Alas! too soon have fled  
The irreclaimable dead;  
We see them—visions strange—amid the  
Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—  
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling  
To temples long clay cold; to the very core  
They strike our weary hearts,  
As some vexed memory starts  
From that long-faded land—the realm of  
Nevermore.

It is perpetual Summer there. But here  
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,  
And harebells quivering on the meadow floor.  
For brighter bells and bluer,  
For tenderer hearts and truer,  
People that happy land—the realm of  
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land  
We pilgrims of perpetual sorrow stand;  
What realm lies forward, with its happier store  
Of forests green and deep,  
Of valleys hushed in sleep,  
And lakes most peaceful? 'T is the land of  
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—  
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—  
Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds roar;  
Yet does the turbulent surge  
Howl on its very verge.  
One moment—and we breathe within the  
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago,  
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—  
Haunt those fresh woodlands whence sweet carolings  
soar.

Eternal peace have they;  
God wipes their tears away;  
They drink that stream of life which flows for  
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim.  
But lo! the wide wings of the Seraphim  
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore  
Our lightened hearts shall know  
The life of long ago;  
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for  
Evermore.

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### BEAUTY AND DUTY.

IN through the pane of my garret window  
The sun played lightly upon the floor,  
Gilding the wall with its golden meshes,  
And building a mosque on the panel door.

Out on the hills was a glorious Summer,  
Up in the clouds an opaline sea,  
Down in the valley the waving grasses,  
And air all trembling with melody.

Over my heart a beautiful vision,  
Wooded and cherished for years and years,  
Hung like a rainbow on the mountain,  
Showing the sun through misty tears.

What cared I for my humble dwelling,  
The crust of bread, or the tattered clothes;  
Here were the blossoms of golden Summer,  
And dim in the future a palace rose.

A palace where I would reign—a Zenobia,  
Rich as the queen with her Eastern gems,  
And perfumed censers and sandaled minions,  
Wealth, and honor, and diadems.

Down in the street 'neath my garret window  
Alone a ministering angel passed;  
She paused in the huts of the poor and lowly,  
And into their shadows her treasures cast.

Her hand was soothing the sick and weary,  
Her soul was breathing a holy prayer,  
The orphan smiled as her footsteps lingered,  
And fancied an angel was passing there.

Over the way sat a lonely student,  
Giving his life for a noble thought  
That would live and move through coming ages,  
Deeming the prize but lightly bought.

Out on the field a valliant warrior  
Is earning a name that shall live thro' years;  
Long after his armor is hung in Valhalla,  
And the flowers on his grave have been bathed in  
tears.

Immortelles are blooming to crown each worker,  
Slowly they're winning them day by day;  
Duty and beauty are both before them,  
While I sit dreaming the hours away.

"FRICTION IS ALWAYS RHYTHMIC."

THAT "musical note of great sweetness made by a liquid flowing through an orifice," those "rhythmic rings of dense black smoke" that rise from the funnel of a steamer, "those water-fall tones" of the wind in a pine wood, each has its counterpart in the world of soul. But no one, as Tyndall in physics, has so mastered metaphysics as to measure a heart-ache. No one can count the "vibrations" or compute the time of the waves that make the rhythm of even our poor life. The entrances and the exits of human beings, and the short struggles between, make up an eternal symphony, but the chords have never been resolved. While each atom of the soul lies trembling under the weight that is passing over it, the resultant song finds no listener to its numbers. He lives not who can reconvert a thought into its initial forces, or discern the difference between the friction that finds expression in rippling smiles and that which falls in beaded tears. A philosopher indeed would he be who could count the pulses that beat between the cradle and the grave. Far greater than Rumford would he be who could give in spirit numbers the mechanical equivalent of the life of Him of Nazareth, or resolve into their elements the chords of his last prayer, "Father, forgive them." There are those who can name and decipher the seams and furrows of the earth worn by the ancient glaciers, but the scars left by the ice that has ground its weight deep into human souls need a divine interpreter.

This impinging of uneven surfaces has saved us from an endless monotony. Without it our strong Anglo-Saxon would lose its flying and swimming, its walking and singing, its molding and welding, its smoothing and grinding. Bird, beast, man, and machine would stand still. And just what friction is to the world of sense, that it is to the world of sensibility. However it may be in the life we are hoping for, we know that in this life the machinery runs smoothly at the expense of vital power, a truth whose study but increases its transparency, be it applied to the mass or the man. Legislators have learned to look with suspicion upon that subtle perfection of governmental systems, and have hailed the friction of sabers and cannon-balls as a merciful savior from death worse than war. The great enemy of civil freedom is the spirit that would level down all inequalities, give to each individual the same stature and capacity, making a dead level of humanity whereon smoothly to run the wheels of state,

making man the highway of the government instead of the government the highway of man. How nations groan beneath the iron hoof of war! Yet the pressure of its iron has sent the song of freedom resounding through the ages. We all have berated our forefathers because of that ugly jog they left in our Constitution. Poor forefathers! Like all their predecessors, they have paid a dear price for being forefathers, but when we complain of their mistake we are not so sure but that it is better for us that it was made. The digging out of that great deformity, and the filling in of the great hole it left, has developed American manhood and womanhood. It touched with fire the tongues of Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and Fred Douglass. Because of it Liberty sat down with Whittier at his lyre and taught him how to sing, then touched the hearts of Harriet Stowe and Julia Howe, bringing forth the living numbers of Uncle Tom's Cabin and the Battle-Hymn of the Republic. It has given us a king who made a mast his throne—Farragut, the greatest naval commander the world has ever seen. Better still, it has given us that of which the world has far greater need, an honest man. In it the black race have found the beginnings of a history, the germs of a nationality. It has developed new industries, and made active virtues that were folding themselves within themselves in self-righteousness. In brief, it has given us something to do. Where great issues are being agitated there is less room for corruption to grow. In trying times the godlike become more godlike, the vile more vile. The line between the true and false is made clear, there is no mistaking one side for the other. In order to destroy themselves it is not necessary for a people to exert themselves. Quietness will do it. Let them keep still long enough, and they will find themselves all covered with deadly rust and mildew. Nothing but hard rubbing will make and keep us bright.

Ecclesiastical oil is none the less fatal to vital force. For centuries the wheels of Buddhism and Catholicism have moved on a dead level track of human brain. But, right beneath the great rollers of Pope and Brahmin, thinkers would lift their heads, and those brave heads have been cut off by the hundred, but every one has helped to make the road rough and dangerous, and to hasten the final disaster, the overthrow of protection and intolerance.

Smoothness and strength are seldom found together. The placid lakes of Westmoreland are sweet, poetical things, but it is the ceaseless, grinding waves of Liverpool and London

that feed and grow England. The pieces of glass and flannel are passive, common things till friction makes their latent powers burn; so hinderances that rasp the brain are found again, measure for measure, in rhythmic lightning, great thoughts and deeds. The cadences of *Paradise Lost* are the time-keepings of a spirit shut from light. Evenness most often means mediocrity. Infant minds look from infant faces. Flesh samples character. Furrows are more reliable than dimples. We try to avoid the ups and downs, but the chances are they mark all that's worth marking in our lives. Equilibrium is a good thing, but it must be overcome, one side must be heavier than the other, before we can have motion. Distinguished people are not distinguished for even development of brain. The mind must have fulcrums for its levers. There must be valleys in order to be mountains, let the mountains be granite or thought.

Walter Scott thus describes a bit of English scenery: "On the summit of a hillock there still remained part of a circle of rough, unhewn stones—the ruin of an ancient Druidical temple. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, and lay, some prostrate near their former sites, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence gave, by its opposition, a sweet voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet." In this touch of nature each may find himself. The hills and the ruins are not wanting. They are away beyond our ken, formed by the hands of our ancestry, perhaps, and some day when our peaceful, sunny life glides quietly on, from the very hill-side we are kissing straight falls the great, rough stone, and plants its cold weight in the very depths of our being. The white foam splashes high; the stream is broken and its brightness dimmed by something the stone found, but did not bring. By and by the darkness sinks again, the parted waters come together, life flows on, but its channel is changed, and ever after we sing. Oblivion is the price we pay for placid lives.

To him who does not understand there is wild discord in the tempest and volcano. But the tempest's black blast brings order into the disordered elements, and scatters the pestilence that hangs in stagnant air. The groaning and the shaking of the earthquake and volcano signal the impinging of great, rough-hewn forces that must meet and interchange their forms in order to maintain the unity of the universe.

In all of Nature's voices there is not a wave untimed or out of place.

The snow, white and cold, is shoveled away, the frozen earth is shaped into narrow walls. From her warm bosom, within those walls dark and desolate, the mother lays her darling child. Through her soul grief surges wild as the tempest, deep as the earthquake. To her the world is all discordant, and life an awful mockery. Roses are thorns, because they remind her of her own blighted bud. At last have we found a place where the life-stops refuse their melody. There may be harmony in the death of old age, whose numbers have all been sung, but why should the laugh of a child be frozen, that trill of the bird at the twilight's soft hush, that music that dwells in the heart of a shell? The monster death it is who breaks the rhythm of life. We can not bridge the grave. When it opens to take in our dead we go down with them, and the song we were singing is left on the other side. It is mockery to talk of the harmony and completeness of existence, when at every step we stumble over the tombstones of our brothers, and at last fall, with our work unfinished, into the open grave that waits for us. The harps of those who enter the river are hushed forever, while those who weep on the shore strike discordant notes, with weary fingers, on broken strings. So we think, but so we should not think. Death, no longer a monster, but a kind teacher, takes the monotonous of our life, places here and there a rest just where it is needed—the grave of a little one, or a strong one who has walked by our side. Our tears make the minor tones; the blending of all makes the melody, in which our graves and our tears are the most precious part, while from the further side of every open sepulcher sounds the voice that first broke on the Syrian air, "I am the resurrection."

The rubs of this life always sing. Listen in the laboratory of Faraday and the workshop of Stevenson. Hark to the Mississippi flatboat and the New England anvil. The way-side clover blossoms, not because of care, but in spite of neglect. It pushes its way through the trodden soil, and makes its whiteness out of the common dust. Most of us think poverty a curse. Strange if eternity reverses things; strange if our enemy be, after all, our best friend, because, forsooth, he makes us exert ourselves to get away from him; strange if, after all, our best friend be our worst enemy, because we are content to sit forever at his feet, while our own jewels are ungathered. Bravely bare the breast to the blows; the divinest music shall be timed by the blood

that flows from the wounds. Heaven and earth have new meaning to those who have thus first met their God. The blood must flow till in every vein its place is supplied by the divine ichor. Above the surging, saddening storms of time shall expand the rhythmic, radiant rainbows of eternity.

### THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN.

THE ancient kingdom of Bashan with its confines—the portion of the Transjordanic district to which we here propose to direct attention—lies immediately south of Damascus, and east of the Sea of Galilee and Upper Jordan. From the base of Hermon a great plain, bounded on the west by the hills of Gilead, and on the east by the volcanic range known as the *Jebel ed Druze*, or the *Jebel Hauran*, stretches away toward the south, into the wilds of Arabia. The traveler anxious to explore this region will probably make Damascus his starting-point. Riding out of that city by the Haj road, so called from the yearly passage along it of one of the great caravans of pilgrims to Mecca, he crosses, at Kesweh, the *Nahr-el-Awaj*, and soon after fairly enters on the plains of the Hauran. The landscape before the eyes is very different from any that may have already been seen in Lebanon or Western Palestine. The wide, undulating expanse of foreground will rather recall to mind the Roman Campagna; the distant hamlet, a black spot on some isolated mound, answers to the solitary farm; and in height and outline the *Jebel Hauran* closely resembles the Alban hills. The crown of snow that lies glittering on the far-off head of Hermon, or the white-walled *wely*, which shines like a sail at sea, on the summit of some humbler hill, are welcomed as elements of life in a landscape the pervading tone of which is one of intense melancholy.

But before long the aspect of the country undergoes a change which will be a surprise to those who have read only of the "utter desolation" of Bashan. As they see, for miles before them, the plain waving with the shadows that pass over the growing wheat, most travelers will rejoice to recognize the fact that, however severely the Hauran has suffered from the results of Turkish misrule, the exactions of sordid pashas, or the irruptions of Arab hordes, it has never altogether lost a claim to its ancient title of "The Granary of Damascus." The large tracts of corn-land which, at the present day, alternate with expanses of natural turf, are kept in cultivation by the plows of the Druses

of the mountains, or the Christian and Mohammedan villagers living along the Haj road.

No more beautiful contrast of color can be imagined than that seen in early Spring, between the rich red and brown hues of the freshly plowed loam and the vivid green which covers the uncultivated portion of the plain. The peculiar fascination exercised on the mind by the scenery of the Hauran is, indeed, due rather to this brilliancy of coloring, heightened by an atmosphere of surpassing purity, than to any picturesqueness of form in the undulations of the earth's surface.

The tract bordering on the Haj road is, however, the least remarkable in the country, and few will resist the temptation to diverge into the more broken districts lying further to the east. A long day's ride from Damascus brings the traveler to the border of a great lava outflow, known successively as *Argob*, *Trachonitis*, and the *Lejah*. The best idea of this region is perhaps formed by imagining a huge uneven glacier suddenly transformed from ice into volcanic rock. The paths connecting the black fortress-like villages wind with a circuitous course between and over mounds and banks of crag. Here and there grow a few stunted trees, and in some parts even patches of corn-land are found. The aspect of the tract as a whole is, however, singularly savage and forbidding. Its inhabitants are at the present day a rascally tribe of Sulut Arabs, fear of whom has until lately rendered the interior of the *Lejah* almost unknown ground to travelers.

South of this stony wilderness rises the *Jebel Hauran*, from the volcanic cones of which a great portion of the lava flood which first formed the *Lejah* undoubtedly flowed. The sides of the northern summits surrounding *Shuhba* are bare and arid, but the center of the range and the slopes of its most prominent peak, *El Kleib*, are clothed in woods which, if they do not vie with the forests of *Gilcad*, at least afford a refreshing sight to eyes wearied with the treelessness of the greater portion of Syrian scenery.

Along the border and in the interior of the *Lejah*, and on the slopes of *Jebel Hauran*, are scattered the remains of numerous towns and villages. *Buzrah*, the Roman *Bostra*, once the capital of the province of Arabia, possesses, among other relics of its former greatness, a Christian cathedral, built at the beginning of the sixth century, and a theater inclosed in a fortress, which has long served as a puzzle for antiquaries. In the most important of the other towns, such as *Kunawat*, *Shuhba*, and *Mismiyeh*, Roman streets, aqueducts, walls,

temples, theaters, triumphal arches, and baths, in short, all the ordinary evidences of Roman civilization, are found in a state of almost perfect preservation.

The Syrian climate and the peculiar hardness of the rock which has been universally employed as a building material, have preserved through fifteen centuries the delicate sculptures of the temple or the theater; so that the chiseled edges of a vine-leaf frieze, or an acanthus capital, remain as sharp as on the day when they first left the mason's hand.

Great, however, as is the interest attaching to these monuments of Roman empire and early Christianity, the celebrity of the Hauran ruins is due not so much to the public edifices, as to the hundreds of dwelling-houses by which these are every-where surrounded. Information may be gathered from numerous sources as to the construction and details of the public buildings of antiquity. With its domestic architecture we are far less familiar; and in the preservation to our days of the abodes of the former inhabitants of the country, the imperishable basalt of Bashan has rendered to archæology a most important service.

So strange at first sight is the aspect of the ancient houses that every visitor to the Hauran expresses in turn his astonishment at their peculiarities, and his curiosity as to the people who built them. We shall endeavor to arouse, so far as may be possible, similar feelings in the untraveled reader, by describing with some detail both the external and internal appearance of these buildings.

Seen from a distance, the stone cities or even villages of Central Syria are sufficiently striking to arrest the attention of the most careless observer. Owing to the houses being crowded closely together, and often surmounted by towers, every hamlet has the air of a fortress. The illusion is heightened by the lofty black walls, which, thrown out in strong relief against the bright green of the surrounding plain, glitter in the pure upland air like those of some enchanted castle of Eastern legend. On nearer approach, so few signs of decay become visible that it is hard to believe but that every house has its inhabitants, and that they will soon be both seen and heard passing to and fro along the streets. In the immediate vicinity of the buildings large reservoirs, originally formed with much skill and labor, are frequently found. Outside the town lies also the cemetery. The tombs—square towers, built of regularly laid blocks, and averaging thirty to forty feet in height—stand at short distances apart. They vary extremely in external decoration, some

being ornamented with pilasters, while others are perfectly plain. Internally they are more uniform, one side, generally that opposite the door, being fitted with shelves for the reception of sarcophagi. These family tombs frequently contain Greek inscriptions.

Walls of circumvallation are only found in a few of the larger cities, such as Shuhba, Kunawat, and Buzrah. Where every house, even in these days of artillery, might serve as a fortress, we need not be surprised that further means of defense were generally thought unnecessary.

On entering among the buildings we shall, in most cases, find ourselves in a lane too narrow to admit the passage of wheeled carriages. To this rule, however, there are some notable exceptions; several of the walled cities contain broad streets still better paved—although their paving-stones must have been laid for at least twelve hundred years—than those of many modern European capitals. Numerous gateways opening into the streets give access to the private houses; many of the lintels and door-posts are ornamented with carvings or Greek inscriptions, dating from the era of the city of Bostra (A. D. 106). The larger doors are generally double, opening inward, and capable of being secured by a cross-bar fixed on the inside; they consist almost universally of slabs of stone, swinging on two stone pivots, which work in hollows in the sill and lintel. Their surface is not uncommonly ornamented with bosses and imitation of panel-work. On pushing open one of these singular gates we find ourselves in a court-yard, surrounded by a number of doors of smaller dimensions, but all formed of a single slab of stone, each of which gives access to one of the apartments on the ground-floor.

Entering a room, the first features to strike the attention in the internal architecture are the round arches and the roof they support. The arches are often of great span, and show much technical skill in their construction. Their strength is sufficiently proved by the length of time for which they have fulfilled the heavy task of bearing up the ponderous stone rafters which form the ceiling. These rafters do not lie immediately on the side walls and arches, but on an intervening cornice, often, in the large and best-built mansions, enriched with carving.

The ground-floor rooms have no windows opening on the street; their place is supplied, when needed, by perforated blocks of stone, which admit light through small circular openings. Much taste was often expended on these air-holes, the orifices being formed in a circle,

and surrounded by a garland, or some such like ornament. The windows opening into the court-yard are, on the contrary, of a fair size, and generally closed by stone shutters. We must also notice recesses in the walls, which

have been used as cupboards, and stone shelves, which probably served the former inhabitants for benches. To the houses of the better class a stable, duly provided with stone mangers, is a common adjunct. We may now mount the



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external staircase, which leads from the court-yard to an open gallery, forming the means of communication between the rooms on the first floor. These staircases are a remarkable feature of the Hauran architecture. Each step consists of a single block of stone, one end of

which is so deeply imbedded in the wall as to render the mass independent of any additional support. The upstairs rooms are similar to those below, in their construction and arrangements; their roof is in all cases flat, and built on the same principle as the ceiling of the

lower floor. In some cases a second flight of stairs leads to a higher story.

There are, besides, many houses smaller in size and ruder in construction than the specimens we have here described. These have little but their massiveness and stone doors to distinguish them from the dwellings of modern Syrian peasants, and do not, therefore, call for any particular notice.

Thus far, in directing attention to the Hauran and its ruins, we have kept on undisputed ground. No one has questioned the existence of such towns as we have attempted to portray, and by general admission the public buildings they contain have all been erected since the commencement of the Christian era. But when we go further, and unhesitatingly refer the private houses to the same peoples and times as the temples, churches, and mosques, among which they stand, we take a side in a controversy which has been waged lately with unusual vigor. Since 1855 Mr. Porter, a traveler, who, having spent five years as a missionary at Damascus, has a certain claim to be heard on such a subject, has maintained with regard to the origin and age of the Hauran houses a theory which, if it can be established, will entitle its author to the credit of having brought to light the most important archæological discovery of modern times.

Mr. Porter's astounding hypothesis is best put forward in his own words. "Many of the stone houses are," he declares, "some of the most ancient structures of which the world can boast, memorials of a race of giants that has been extinct for more than three thousand years, and of which Og, King of Bashan, was one of the last representatives—the only specimens the world can afford of the private dwellings of remote antiquity."

Positive statements of so startling a character lead us at once to inquire on what authority we are asked to believe them. As far as we know, Mr. Porter's theory has as yet found no friend among architects. One traveler, at least, however, has given in his adhesion to it—Mr. Cyril Graham—and Mr. Porter, in search of further support, can cite the Rev. S. Robson and two American gentlemen, who have also visited the Hauran, and, "he believes, agree in the main with his conclusions."

Among the general public the views of the author of "Giant Cities" have, as might have been expected, been received with far more favor. In all subjects connected with distant lands we find as a rule that the more romantic and startling the announcement a traveler has to communicate, the more readily it is welcomed

by a large section of the reading world. Mr. Porter's alleged discovery had the advantage of illustrating names familiar to most of us from childhood; it was besides recommended as a wonderful confirmation of Scripture. Moreover, the general reader, however well informed he may be as to so much of Eastern history as is contained in the Bible, knows comparatively little of the state of Syria during the centuries which followed the fall of Jerusalem. The absorbing interest excited in the Christian world by the previous and succeeding ages, those of the Jewish war and the Crusades, is a sufficient cause for the neglect which has befallen the fortunes of the country as a Roman province. To this indifference an influential class of talkers and writers has also indirectly contributed. Not a few intent only on furnishing proof of the fulfillment of predictions of the desolation of Palestine, have ignored, if they have not been ignorant of, the extraordinary wealth and prosperity of portions of Syria under the Roman Empire. Thus the only inhabitants of Bashan of whom many people had ever heard were Og and his gigantic subjects; and any arguments for the primeval origin of the Hauran ruins presented themselves to their minds based on the specious but delusive assumption that no race except the Rephaim capable of erecting such structures ever existed in the country.

It is, fortunately, impossible for any question, so generally acknowledged to be of the greatest interest, to be summarily decided on the testimony of any one or two witnesses. When a reference to works of authority on Biblical or architectural subjects shows us that none of the men best qualified to act as judges have indorsed the conclusions of Mr. Porter; when we find that, on the contrary, those who have given special attention to the subject have pronounced most positively against them, it becomes, at least, evident that the case is one which calls for thorough investigation. We offer, therefore, no apology for devoting the remainder of our space to a discussion of the date of the noble specimens of ancient domestic architecture still existing in the Hauran.

In order to aid our readers to arrive at a just conclusion, we will first endeavor to collect and fairly set forth the arguments, as they may be found scattered about Mr. Porter's various works, used in support of the primeval antiquity of the remains in question. Our author is naturally at pains at once to dispose of the obvious suggestion that the builders of the public and private edifices in the country he describes were one and the same people. "There is nothing," he writes, "like the old private houses of Ba-

shan in any other country. They are as different as possible in style and workmanship from the Roman temples, Christian churches, and Saracenic mosques which have been built beside them."

The discovery in the walls of many of the ruder and, at first sight, most primeval-looking houses of fragments of inscriptions or of classical ornament, is accounted for by the supposition that these buildings have been "repaired and some rebuilt on the old plan in more recent times." It is elsewhere stated, subject, we suppose, to the exception that they are not Roman, that the majority of the houses offer so little internal evidence of the date of their construction that they "may have been built at any time from Noah"—or, by a more recent limitation, "from Ham"—"to Mohammed." Having, by this important statement, denied the existence of any direct evidence in the case, Mr. Porter plunges at once into a region of conjecture. "The material and mode of construction of these buildings," he writes, "is so solid as to render it easy to believe that they have existed for three thousand years; and the depth below the surface, sometimes fifteen feet, at which many of the more massive ruins are found, is consistent with this supposition. . . . The simplicity of the plan of these buildings, their low roofs, the ponderous blocks of roughly hewn stones of which they are built, and the great thickness of the walls, seem to point to a period far earlier than the Roman age, and possibly even antecedent to the conquest of this land by the Israelites. . . . The huge doors and gates of stone, and the ponderous bars, the places for which can still be seen, are characteristic of a period when architecture was in its infancy, and when strength and security were the great requisites. . . . We know from the Bible that in the land of Argob there were three-score great cities with gates and bars, which had apparently been constructed by the aboriginal Rephaim; the ancient houses of Kureiyeh and other towns appear to be such as a race of giants would build."

Further consideration has served only to convince Mr. Porter of the correctness of the inferences suggested in the above-quoted passages, and he now, in the face of works such as those of De Vogüé and Wetzstein, ventures confidently to assert that every intelligent traveler who "carefully explores the remains of the larger cities, or visits the smaller ones, which have not been so much altered by Roman and Moslem, will not fail to recognize in them relics of primeval architecture, and of a period when Bashan 'was called the land of the giants.'"

If, as we believe, the summary which has been given of the arguments on which a primeval antiquity is attributed to some of the Hauran ruins is a fair one, it is evident that the whole theory rests on the absence of any certain architectural data in the structures in question, and the admissibility of the right claimed to decide their age by a series of conjectures. Bearing in mind this fact, our interest will be at once excited when we discover that high architectural authorities assert it to be an easy matter to determine the age to which every building now found in the towns of the Hauran belongs.

In the private houses, Count de Vogüé recognizes "the well-known style of the Roman colonies—that is, the Greek style modified by certain local influences." Unless style in architecture is no longer to be considered a test of age, says Mr. Fergusson, and unless all the knowledge which has up to the present time been gathered together on this subject is to be declared worthless, it is impossible to doubt for a moment that these houses were erected during the first centuries of the Christian era. Confirmatory evidence is supplied in abundance by the prevalent use of the arch, and the character of the ornamentation introduced in many of the houses, as well as by the numerous inscriptions of the Roman period lately collected by Herr Wetzstein and Mr. Waddington from all parts of the Hauran. It is impossible to believe that all these ornaments and inscriptions were added at a period long subsequent to that at which the buildings in which they are found were first erected. Such a supposition is not only groundless, it is in many instances directly contradicted by the tenor of the inscriptions themselves.

It may not unreasonably be asked how we account for the existence in Roman times of so large a city-building population, in a country the inhabitants of which, after their conquest by Moses, play so insignificant a part in history. Such a question, difficult at first sight, is promptly answered for us by writers acquainted with the annals of Arabia. About the close of the first century of the Christian era, a vast emigration took place among the tribes who had until then inhabited the stone towns still existing in Southern Arabia. The wanderers soon divided themselves into two bodies, of which one, settling in the district south of the Euphrates, became tributary to the Persian Empire, while the other fixed itself on the confines of Syria, where they were re-enforced at a later period by a fresh inroad of the same race. It was the latter branch who built for



themselves the towns which we find standing at the present day in the Hauran. Their kings almost immediately accepted the position of Roman vassals, in which they continued to enjoy the semblance, if not the reality, of power, until the Mohammedan conquest, when they were the first to be overwhelmed by the tide of Arab invasion.

We shall now proceed to the explanation which may be offered of the structural peculiarities which seem to Mr. Porter characteristic of a gigantic and primeval race of builders when he sees them in the Hauran. We advisedly add this limitation, because it is a curious fact that, although similar stone houses exist in other parts of Syria, it is only within the limits of the ancient kingdom of Bashan that they strike Mr. Porter so forcibly as to lead him at once to assign them to a remote antiquity. To prove this assertion we need only quote from the "Hand-Book to Syria" the following details as to some stone villages near Aleppo, which Mr. Porter candidly tells his readers reminded him—though, of course, with a difference—of the "giant cities." "At a ruined town called Kerek Bûzeh there are hewn stones eight to ten feet long by three feet high; mortar is not used; the doors and windows are square. At Ma'arret-en-N'amân is a house the door of which is a massive slab of stone eight inches thick." Again, in a detailed account of a house at El-barah, we are told, "Round arches originally sprung from the sides of the room, about six feet apart, and on these rested the broad stone slabs that formed the ceiling. This strange city reminds one of Pompeii, all is in such preservation, and so fitted to throw light on the domestic architecture of the old inhabitants of Syria. And yet El-barah has no history. These houses belonged to an unknown people. That these were Christians we gather from the crosses; that they lived and flourished from the fifth to the tenth century we learn from the style of architecture."

The conclusion expressed in the last sentence is the same arrived at by Count de Vogüé, whose "Syrie Centrale" contains numerous plans and drawings of these villages, some of which have been reproduced for the hand-book. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Porter, having himself made use of the appeal to style as a test of age in one case, can consistently reject it in another, or how, having reconciled his mind to the existence of extraordinarily massive walls, stone, arch-supported roofs, stone doors, and stone window-shutters in edifices of the fifth to the tenth centuries in one part of Syria, he can in a

neighboring district find in the same architectural features infallible witnesses to the handiwork of a primeval race. For such inconsistency it is fortunately not our business to account. We may proceed at once with the reasons assigned by De Vogüé for the peculiarities of structure common alike to the so-called giant cities and to the stone towns of other parts of Syria. The general use of stone is explained by two local circumstances, the scarcity of large timber, and the fact that throughout the Hauran rock so constantly crops out that a quarry was never far from the builder's hand. Herr Wetzstein adds another reason, the natural genius of the Arabian race, accustomed by necessity, in their former homes, to the employment of so rude a material. Under such influences the stone of the country has been looked upon at every age as the most available building material for all purposes. Hence we find stone doors, window-shutters, and rafters' alike in temple, church, mosque, and private dwelling.

The absence of all the difficulties of transport, and the extreme hardness of the stone, led to the preference shown for large blocks and a general massiveness of construction. These features are, it should be remarked, wholly irrespective of the size of the buildings, and nowhere more conspicuous than in small Roman temples, such as those at Atil. It is surely absurd to bring forward as proofs of the primeval origin of the private houses peculiarities of structure which they share with edifices admitted to be of Roman, or even still later origin.

In the next place, no stress whatever can fairly be laid on the circumstance of some floors being as much as fifteen feet below the present level of the soil. Modern buildings in the East are, for the sake of coolness and protection from the sun's rays, often as much excavated as built. Moreover, no traveler who has witnessed the rapidity with which refuse collects round a Syrian village will think fifteen feet an excessive allowance for the accumulations of eight or nine centuries.

For the statement that "the ancient houses of Kureiyeh and other towns of the Hauran appear to be such as a race of giants would build," it is difficult for an impartial observer to discover any reasonable grounds. Even if it were granted that unusual dimensions in the buildings of a country implied the gigantic or unusual stature of the race who erected them—an admission which, with Baalbec close at hand, Mr. Porter will find it rather dangerous to demand—the inference drawn would still

only be co-extensive with the facts on which it is founded.

Now, by far the greater number of the Hauran houses are of ordinary dimensions, while there is every reason to believe that the mansions forming the exception to the general rule owe their origin to individuals who exceeded their fellow-countrymen rather in riches than in stature. If any one should still insist that the size of these larger houses affords ground for a reasonable presumption that they at least were built for giants, his supposition is open to an objection which is likely to strike most minds as fatal—the inner door-ways and secondary rooms in the most palatial dwellings are invariably moderate in size. The ancient builders, therefore, if their proportions are to be estimated from those of their principal rooms, must, in order to live at home with any comfort, have been possessed of a telescopic power of contraction and re-expansion similar to that of the heroine of the most popular of modern fairy tales.

There remain to be dealt with certain gateways of which the construction seems to Mr. Porter "primeval" and the size "colossal." A gateway at Kufr, a large village at the southern base of El Kleib, described by Burkhardt as ten feet high, but proved by recent measurement to be somewhat less, has been justifiably put forward as a good specimen of these so-called gigantic portals. In form and construction—in fact, in every thing except material—these gates exactly resemble those found throughout the East in similar positions. In Persia stone doors like those of the Hauran are erected even at the present day.

We notice another point. The bars, the holes for which attracted Mr. Porter's notice, seem to have been precisely similar to those still employed by the Syrian sheik to close his doors, or by the English householder to secure his window-shutters. The gateway in question, which in every respect fairly represents its class, stands in a position where camels would necessarily have to pass through it. Moreover, the attempt to draw any such inference can be at once met by calling attention to the singularly small dimensions of many of the internal communications in the ancient houses. Two doors, respectively four feet six inches and three feet six inches high, are described in "Giant Cities;" these even Mr. Porter will scarcely ask us to believe were constructed by or for a gigantic race. It is perhaps worth while to remark that such internal doors are as ponderous blocks of stone as those found in the court-yards, a fact which goes far to prove

that the selection of the material employed was owing rather to custom or convenience than to any desire for strength or security.

### A WEDDING OUTFIT.

THE family parlor looked pleasant in the light of the pearl-shaded lamp. The pictures gleamed brightly from the walls, the sofas and easy chairs held out hospitable arms, the piano invited music, and the center-table heaped with books and papers, reading and study. There were flowers on the mantel, the table, the brackets under the pictures. They were gorgeous Autumn blossoms, and in the warm room gave out a faint fragrance. The bay-window was a mass of green lit by a few fiery blossoms, and a mocking-bird hung there was filling the still room with music.

The group gathered there were father, mother, and an ancient dame, who might have passed for grandmother, though she was not one. She sat before the fire, her hands folded over her knitting, her eyes on the blaze, thinking, possibly, how little this fancy iron basket, holding a dozen embers from a marble hearth, was to be compared to the great fire-places of her girlhood. An old lady, with something aristocratic in the delicate outlines of her face—a picture certainly, in her soft, dark silk, and frame of fine lace at throat and wrists, and over the white hair that had not quite forgotten its girlish curl—framed in by the high carved back of the easy chair and the bright room beyond. The slender wedding-ring on her finger is her only ornament. She needs no other; and as she sits there she makes an ideal of beautiful, restful old age. The father and mother are ordinary, pleasant, elderly people, one deep in a newspaper, one in a magazine.

A pretty group, but not complete, one thinks. The piano hints of suppler fingers than those of the two dames, the flowers show a more graceful arrangement than they often compass; and the little handkerchief, crushed into "Pink and White Tyranny" that lies on a chair, is plainly not theirs. One looks for a daughter, and as the clock strikes she rises into view, or, rather, she comes running up the steps, through the hall, and is down in the easy chair, before the fire, and has spoken before they can welcome her.

"It's too perfectly provoking, mamma! Miss Dayton can't get my dress done for Tuesday, she says."

Mamma lays down her magazine, as she usually does every thing at the word of her

petted child. "Why, my dear, she promised, I thought!"

"But she says the pattern of overskirt and trimming I took was more work than she had expected. And she has taken Laura Fisher's wedding outfit, and promised it for next week. I saw some of her dresses there, mamma, and it will be just splendid. She has four new silks and a poplin. And *the* dress is to come from New York."

"From the number of silk dresses girls get when they marry I should think they never had any before, and never expected to again. I hope the sight of her glory consoled you for your disappointment."

"No, indeed! What I'm to do I can't tell. I shall have to stay at home from the party, or"—her eyes getting larger and darker with the horror of this announcement—"wear my old blue silk."

"My dear," remonstrates the mother, "I do n't like to hear you talk so of your dresses. Every thing is old when you have had it three months. Your blue silk is fresh and handsome; and when I was a girl!"

"O I know when you were a girl! I know the whole story. Silk dresses were rarer then than now."

"You may well say so," said Aunt Rebecca, turning from the fire to join in the talk. "I remember that when I was married I had two, and it was thought something wonderful; and one of them was three years old. Do you remember, Maria," turning to the mother, "my black silk I wore so long?"

"I remember. Nelly would n't think she could marry now with twice the outfit you had."

"What did you have, auntie?" the young girl asked, as she folded away her wraps and came back to her easy chair? "I've wondered sometimes how people got along in old times. Please tell me about it."

"Would you like to hear? Then I'll tell you." She paused and looked thoughtfully at the girl before her, thinking how pretty she looked curled down in the chair, her floating curls half-shading her bright, eager face. And the girl, studying her in her turn, found her as pleasant a picture. She was fain to forget, looking, that Aunt Rebecca had been in her youth a poor girl, of a poor, and by no means proud family. She consoled herself now with the reflection that Madam Mayflower herself, the oldest and most aristocratic of dames, was no sweeter or finer looking than dear Aunt Becky. Lack of "blood" was Nelly's one trouble in life. Every one of her set had grandfathers of whom to boast. Nelly had never

asked after hers. Knowing that her father had gone over the road between carpenter and capitalist, she never plunged into the blacker depths of the family record. It was the bitter in her cup, she plaintively said, that they were so "new;" that her father's brains, not inheritance, had given them their handsome house and place in society. There was an apocryphal story of the founder of the family having been the younger son of a proud noble, who, a hundred years before, had left vast estates in England to make his way in the New World, for whom an immense fortune had lain long in Chancery. But her father, when she eagerly asked his help to piece together the family pedigree, shrugged his shoulders and told her to stop at the Revolution. "As we did n't come over in the Mayflower, that's the best starting place for the family." Eagerly hoping now, despite these troubles, for some tale of splendor, Nelly laid her head in her aunt's lap and repeated, "Tell me about it."

"You know, Nelly, that I was an orphan. I was fifteen when my mother died, leaving five girls, of whom I was oldest, and your mother the baby, and my special charge. As soon as I could be spared by my step-mother, I went away to earn my living. We were poor, and I had to do it. Aunt Hannah gave me a home, and I used to go there when out of a place, but never when I could help it. She was as stingy as she was poor. She took me in because I was a relation, and made me work harder than any one else, for the same reason. For two years I worked out; then I went into the paper-mills for a year; and then, the Summer before I was married, I taught school."

This was not a prosperous beginning. All these items might have been spared Nelly's feeling, but, not noticing the faint, disdainful shrug of her shoulders, Aunt Becky went on—

"That was a great thing in those days. Some people reckoned the school ma'am after the minister and doctor. I earned a dollar a week, and boarded round. This is n't my wedding outfit, but I'm coming to it. I had two dresses for school that Summer—a pink gingham and a black barge that had been mothers. You might like to know how that was made. It was thought very pretty and becoming; it had short sleeves, and as I'd none to piece it out with, I was fain to make under-sleeves of fine white muslin, ruffled with pink silk at the elbows and wrists. It did n't look so like mourning."

"I should think not. You must have looked gay. I thought Methodists could n't dress then like other people."

"And, indeed, they did not," said Aunt Re-

becca, with proper scorn. "To be a Methodist meant something then. I remember being nearly kept out of love-feast once because of a pink ribbon on my hat. 'T was a cross to dress as we had to then, and I sometimes think that was the reason we thought so much of our religion. The more a thing costs, you know, the more you prize it."

"I had a parasol, too, that Summer," she went on after a pause, "that was a rarity then; something only rich people could afford. Mine had been given to me. Some people thought I was very proud, I dressed so fine. The minister's wife used to charge me not to be vain of my pretty face and gay clothes; but all I thought of was keeping both. The dresses were old, and so tender that they tore if you looked cross-ways at them. I used to spend my time after school mending them. To be sure teachers didn't have as much time then as now; they taught eight hours a day, and four on Saturday, and people grumbled at that, that they did n't earn their money. The law was six hours, to be sure, but you were n't expected to mind it."

"I was engaged then to your uncle, and we were to be married in the Fall, so I was busy with my clothes then. I had one silk, I told you. I had earned it weaving cloth. People then had little money. We used to trade at the store for what we wanted. I spun all one Summer. Part of what I made was mine. I sold it, and with the money bought a dress Aunt Hannah had. And she put the money in bank, and thought it a good bargain. Then I had another silk, a striped cream color and rose. It was just lovely. The store-keeper brought just a pattern from New York, and I took it."

"How was it made?"

"Pretty much as they make dresses now. The skirt was gored—three yards round was thought very full—the waist was plain, open behind, and instead of hooks and eyes, which were not common then, it was laced up with cords. I had two common dresses, a French chintz, and a calico made pretty much the same way. They were pretty, I can tell you."

"And the wedding dress, what was that?"

"White muslin. Brides had to have white then as much as now. It was short, open behind, and a sash of white ribbon about an inch and a half wide tied round my waist at the side. I had a white cap on my head. A cap in those days was the sign of a married woman. People that did not have them were hardly thought respectable. I kept mine on till my sixth baby came. That was Charley. He was always pulling at the borders and tearing them, and I gave up."

Aunt Rebecca stopped. In the glimmer of the fire she saw perhaps the row of little graves a thousand miles away, and paused in tender regret longest at the one that bore his name.

"Such a beautiful boy," she said, under her breath. Then seeing Nelly's expectant face she went on. "I had white gloves and slippers. They cost more than any thing else in those days. But my slippers were given me."

"Whom by?"

"Well, there's no harm in telling now, I suppose. He has been dead ten, yes, thirteen years. It was some one who wanted to marry me."

"He was provident. Gave the slippers when he asked you, I suppose?"

"Well, yes."

"And you kept them and married some one else. O, auntie!"

A faint blush rose on the withered cheek. "I promised to marry him, Nelly, and I should, but that he used to drink. Every one did in those days, to be sure, but I had been brought up to think it wrong. He promised me to reform, but he did not, and after three months he gave up and went away. I did n't see him for eight years, and the slippers were worn out long before."

"Uncle Nathan gave me my gloves. They were the only pair in town, and were a size too small. Lucinda Jones, my brides-maid, had a great time getting one off for John to put the ring on."

"You were not married in church?"

"No, at home, but I had the full Episcopal service," leaning back to smile good-humoredly at the girl beside her. "It was a young minister married us. He made it very solemn, and the oysters nearly spoiled, it was so long."

"What else did you have?"

"Well, some common dresses, as I said, and a cloak. That was a circle with a hood, made of Scotch plaid. You wore one like it two years ago. And a hat of leghorn braid. It was the first year they came round. That cost me ten dollars."

"Ten! and mamma thinks me extravagant because I want one that will not cost half that."

"Ah, but mine was twice as large as yours. And then when people bought a leghorn hat it lasted. I wore mine ten years. It was trimmed with four ostrich plumes standing straight up in front, and some narrow white ribbon."

"Did you have a party, any presents, any wedding trip?"

"Only friends. There were enough of them, I can tell you. Most of them lived at a dis-

tance. They came in wagons, stayed all night, and the next day went with us part way to our new home. That was all the trip I had. We had no presents either, but as we expected none we got along just as well."

"Is that all? What else did you have in your outfit?"

"You mean for my housekeeping? Well, as things were then I had a good deal, and the best of it, to my mind, was, that I had paid for it myself. All my furniture, and my six silver tea-spoons, I earned. And my sheets, and tablecloths, and towels, and napkins, I had spun, and woven, and bleached myself. I had quilts and comforts too—fancy quilts, with more work on one of them than all the fancy work you ever did in your life. My handsomest one it took me a year to piece and quilt. It had a shell border, and the center piece was vines and bell flowers. That was the quilting pattern, you understand. I have n't told you, have I, what my wedding bonnet was? It was brown cambric, shirred and trimmed with narrow bindings of green silk. That was plain enough, I hope.

"We set up housekeeping in a single room, eighteen by twenty. O, how happy we were! I used to think of it afterward, when we had got along in the world, and had our horse, and carriage, and a girl to help me. I wanted to get along for the sake of the children, but I used to think I was happier in my one room. That's all there is to tell you, Nelly, I think."

"One thing more. What did Uncle John wear?"

Aunt Rebecca laughed outright. "Gray pants, green coat and vest, white gloves, and a white beaver hat. Odd enough he would look now to you, but it was very elegant then. But all our ways are different now, though the same fashions are apt to come up about so often; and human nature is the same, I suppose, through it all. I hope so at least, for if we're all poor sinners we may all claim Christ."

HEARING the criticisms which some make on members of the Church, the thought arises, Would that those who have such decided views of the Christian life were themselves members of the Church, to afford us patterns of true Christian excellence! Do they never reflect that the rules which they lay down, and the exactions which they make with regard to Christians, will be likely to be produced on their trial at the last day? "The servant that knew his Lord's will" must expect plain dealing.

## INFUSORIAL ANIMALS.

THE Creator has distributed with marvelous profusion the species and individuals of the lower grades of the animal kingdom. He seems to have wished to console the silent abysses of the sea and at the same time to enliven them by crowding their waters with millions, countless millions, of beings which possess a wonderful versatility of life.

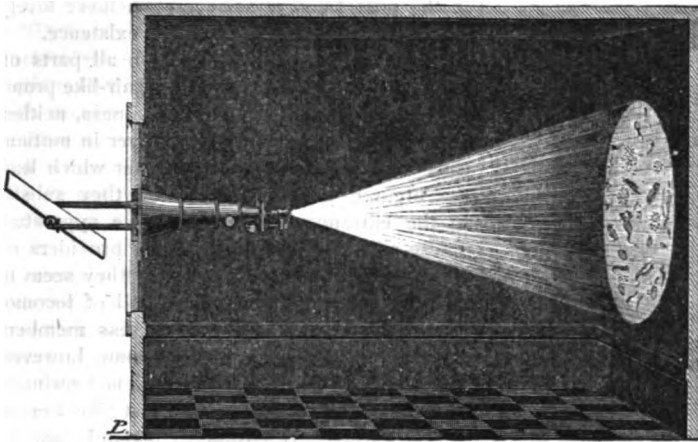
The ocean is inhabited by innumerable nations of the infinitely little. This diminutive life would have remained utterly unknown to us to this day had we not possessed *the microscope*—the sixth sense of man, as Michelet well



MICROSCOPE.

called it. The microscope! marvelous instrument, which penetrates the depths of life as the telescope roams in the endless space above us! The knowledge of the infusoria, without any question, is the most beautiful of the achievements of optics. A perfectly new world is revealed to us, a world which fills us with astonishment and wonder at the resources of creative power. Well says Belon: "There is nothing in the world which we may call small or trivial, which does not bear witness to the grandeur and unapproached excellence of the Almighty Creator."

The infusorial animalcules are so minute that a single drop of water may contain many millions of them. They exist in all waters, the fresh as well as salt, the cold as well as hot. The great rivers teem vast quantities of them hourly into the ocean. The Ganges, in the course of one year, transports a mass of invisible infusoria equal in volume to six or eight of the great pyramids of Egypt. Among these animalcules, according to Ehrenberg, may be counted seventy-one different species. The water brought up from a depth of 21,600 feet between the Philippine and Marianne Islands, was found to contain 116 species. In the Arctic regions, where beings of a higher organi-



SOLAR MICROSCOPE.

zation can not exist, the infusoria are still met with in myriads. Those which were observed in the Antarctic seas, during the voyages of Captain Sir James Ross, offer a richness of organization often accompanied by elegance of form quite unknown in more northern regions. In the residuum of the blocks of ice floating about in latitude  $78^{\circ} 10'$ , nearly fifty different species were found. At a depth of the sea which exceeds the height of the loftiest mountain, Humboldt asserts that each bed of water is animated by an innumerable phalanx of inhabitants imperceptible to the human eye. These microscopic creatures are, in short, the smallest and the most numerous creatures in Nature. They constitute, with human beings, one of the wheels of that very complicated machine, the globe. They fill that rank and station willed for them by the great first Thought! Suppress these beings and the world would be incomplete. And so the old saying comes true: "There is nothing so small but may become great by reflection."

These infusoria are more or less transparent.



INFUSORIA.

They have not enough substance to be opaque. Their bodies are generally globular or ovoid; sometimes they are oblong, sometimes blister-like, sometimes a flattened disc, and even thin as a leaf. They are found resembling a tadpole, a thimble, a little bell, a shoe, a rosebud, a flower, a grain of wheat.

The *Monads*, the least of the least, appear only to be molecules of an absorbing substance,

live atoms, points which exist. These tiny creatures are in diameter about the  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of an inch!

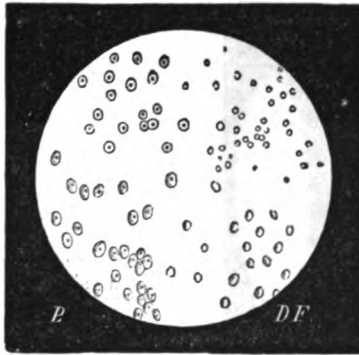
At first it was supposed that the infusoria were utterly destitute of any kind of organization. They were thought to be fed by absorption, and by absorption only, but it has lately been discovered that certain species are complicated enough. There are some—the *Polygastrica*—which have not less than four distinct stomachs, thus bringing these minute creatures into a comparison with the ruminants. Ehrenberg asserts that he has seen infusoria provided with two hundred stomachs! What appetites they must have! To



COTHURNIA.  
(*C. Axyidiiformis*.)

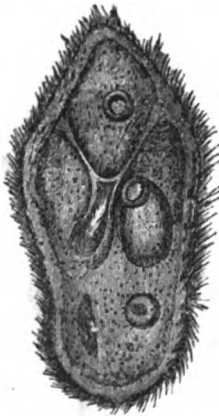
study the organs of these microscopic creatures, it is necessary to color the liquid in which they exist with carmine or indigo. Then place a drop of this colored water on a slip glass, and near to it a drop of clean water. Now cause the two drops to communicate at one point with a needle. The animalcules approach the colored drop and imbibe the molecules of carmine, thus affording the observer the opportunity of watching the progress of the particle through the system of the creature.

The difficulties which lay in the way of this delicate observation, together with the strong imagination of many of the observers, for a long while prevented any reliable information about them to be gathered. Leuwenhoeck, who first noticed the existence of these infusoria in 1676, was so elated with his discovery, and so certain



MONADS.

of the wonderful power of the microscope which he had made, that he always supposed he saw more than he really did. He was enraptured



AN INFUSORE MAGNIFIED.  
(*Paramecium bursaria*.)

with the complexity and the perfection of these microscopical beings, and wished to suppose their internal organism was complete, with stomach, alimentary canal, vessels, nerves, and muscles. Jablot even outstripped his predecessor. He saw among them animated bagpipes, tufted hens, and gold and silver fish! We now know that infusoria are neither so complicated as some authors have asserted, nor yet so simple as others have imagined.

It is to the learned Berlin professor Ehrenberg, and latterly to M.M. de Siebold, Claparède,



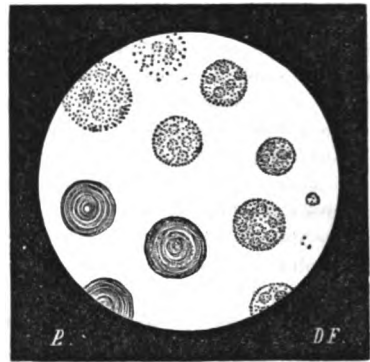
PARAMECIUM BURSARIA.

Lachmann, Lieberkühn, and Balbiani that we owe the most complete and interesting works

in the possession of science upon these lovely dwarfs of nature, these atoms of existence.

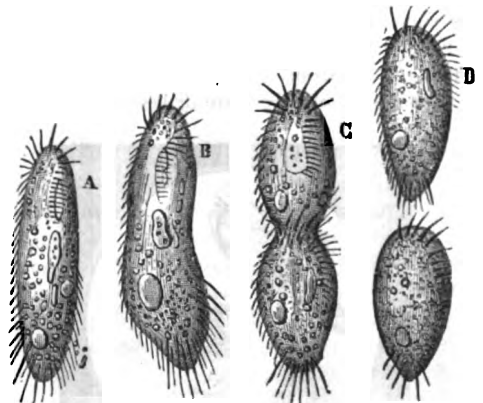
The infusoria are furnished on all parts of their bodies with vibratory cilia, hair-like prominences, not all of the same thickness, neither of the same length. They are ever in motion, thus causing currents in the water which lead the organic particles on which they subsist to the entrance of their digestive apparatus. These cilia not only serve as the providers of their food, but at the same time they seem to be their organs of respiration and of locomotion. The infusoria do not possess members in the usual sense of the term; some, however, have tails. These miniature animals swim as fish, glide like serpents, and twist like worms.

The *Volvoceæ* roll round, constantly revolving round their centers, like a ball running



VOLVOCEÆ.

about on a slightly sloping, smooth surface. The smallest creature which moves, as well as the smallest flower which blooms, awakens within us feelings of surprise and joy. We are



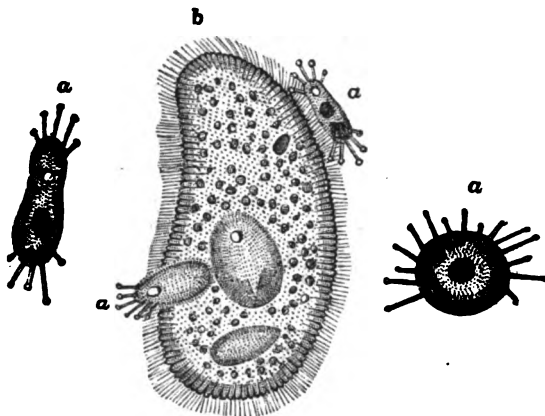
PROPAGATION OF AN INFUSORE BY SPONTANEOUS DIVISION, OR FISSIPARISM.

mute with astonishment, and can but dream in our wonder.

The infusoria reproduce each other in differ-

ent ways. First, there is *spontaneous division*, technically called *fissiparism* or *fission*. By this process the animal divides itself into two equal parts, each part becoming an exact resemblance of the original and primitive individual, so that literally the child is half its mother, and the grandson a quarter of its grandfather! A second mode is by *gemma*, or budding, something after the manner of plants, or perhaps more like the emission of an egg, which in due time develops into an adult animalcule. Who can imagine the size of such an egg? Both these processes may be watched going on in sea water by any one who has patience enough. The whole operation is completed in a very short space of time. Very lately it has been discovered that there is a difference between the male and female infusore, and this is the origin of a third mode of reproduction. Two of the animalcules, in the course of their wandering through their liquid world—a drop of water—meet each other. By some strange force they become attached by their anteriors, gradually they become fused into each other, and at last appear one homogeneous mass. This then becomes surrounded by a transparent envelope, and in the interior of the mass four nebulous points begin to appear. These gradually extend until the whole is divided into four egg-shaped bodies. Soon the envelope breaks and allows these oviform particles to escape. These, like seeds, may remain for years before they find themselves in positions favorable for their development. When the surrounding circumstances are favorable the germ begins to grow. The infusore is formed, and grows rapidly, and thus reaches its full development, and immediately sets out to find some other of its kind with which it may join its destiny and aid in the propagation of its species. Wonderful operations in a drop of water!

Life is spread over nature in such well-nigh prodigal abundance that the smallest infusore has its parasite a little smaller, these serving in their turn as "dwellings and pasture-grounds," to use Humboldt's expression, for other animalculæ still less. The parasites (*a*) of the *Paramecium aurelia* (*b*) are small creatures, cylindrical in form, furnished with short suckers, swimming in the water by natatory cils. Sometimes they are spherical, and, although wanting in cilia, yet they preserve their suckers. Swimming vigorously, they devote themselves to chasing the paramecium. Another



INFUSORE AND ITS PARASITES.

of the parasites which also preys upon the paramecium remains perfectly quiet until one of them approaches, when it throws itself upon its victim and is carried along with it. It buries itself in the body, and in a short time multiplies to such a degree that sometimes fifty of them are found in a single individual!

#### A LITTLE RESOLUTION.

MRS. EARLE'S five children were seated around the breakfast table noisily finishing their morning meal. The mother was taking some hasty stitches in a garment of the youngest before it could be dressed; the father was seated in a corner by the fire, striving through the din to make sense out of what his eyes were fastened upon in the newspaper before him. Mrs. Earle looked cross, and, it must be confessed, she wore that expression upon her face altogether too much of the time. Crash! crash! went a china plate upon the floor, and box! box! went Mrs. Earle's fingers upon the ears of careless Jimmy.

"There now, get down and go into the closet, and stay there till I tell you to come out!"

Jimmie obeyed, blubbering; a blank silence fell upon the remainder of the little group as their heads settled down between their shoulders, and they glanced timidly first at their mother and then at each other, then at the dish that lay in a half-dozen pieces upon the floor. Mr. Earle, with a look of utter disgust, took his hat and silently left the room.

"Scold, scold, scold!" he muttered as he strolled off moodily into the street, and he compressed his lips, while his thoughts traversed far too many paths for us to follow.

At nine o'clock blubbering Jimmy was let out



of the closet, and with three of the others sent off to school. Little Clara was bathed and dressed, her golden hair arranged in shining ringlets, then she got into her little crib and took her accustomed forenoon's nap, and the house was still. There was now opportunity for Mrs. Earle to wash the dishes, to sweep, to clear up bedroom, sitting-room, and kitchen; to prepare for dinner; and, if there was a spare moment, to rest? No, of course not; there was plenty of mending, a little extra washing, and a few pieces yet in the basket to iron.

Mr. Earle by this time had forgotten his domestic troubles, and was comforted and cheered by the easy conversation of a friend whom he chanced to meet upon the street. He was the proprietor of a successful wagon manufactory; his business went along without his constant attention—indeed, he had many pleasant leisure hours like the present. He had begun poor; it was not due to his own exertions alone, either, that he now traveled a smoother road, pecuniarily, than when he first set out. But, of course, he thought it was.

Mrs. Earle had no business to sit there after little Clara was asleep, and so much work needing her attention; but she did so, nevertheless. And as she sat there evidently lost in thought, we will peer over her shoulder at a picture in the past she is silently dwelling upon, and try to describe the panorama as it unrolls noiselessly before her mental vision. It is fifteen years since the original was painted in living colors on the white canvas of maidenhood's pure and untried faith, and hope, and love.

One sunny morning, when the May went singing over all the land, and the blossoms sprang up to kiss her scented feet, in the little parlor of a humble farm-house stood a bride, clad in simple white, a few rose-buds on her bosom, and in her hair and hands; she wore no jewels, but there were twin pearls in her eyes, and the ruby's red upon her lips, and cheeks as she made fervent and heart-felt responses to the question: "Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband, to love, to cherish and obey till death do you part?" What a cargo of love, and confidence, and pure resolutions those hours held in their warm embrace!

"Scold, scold, scold!"

Mrs. Earle half turned in her chair, for it almost seemed as if an inaudible voice was at her ear; but it was only the echo of words she had heard more than once from her tried husband's lips.

"I know it's so, I know it," she murmured, and, resting her head upon the foot of little Clara's crib, she gave way to the grief, and

disappointment, and discouragement at her heart.

It was so, surely. But how came it so? From a maiden, pure-hearted, loving, ambitious, and willing to do her part, yea, even more than her part, she had become a sour and unlovable woman.

Well, it was in this way: Flora Kendall had more than usual fine tastes, and love, and longing for the refining elements of life. She did not sit down languidly and foolishly dream, but, far as her humble circumstances would permit, worked in her father's house with her own hands to surround herself and those she loved with the simple forms of beauty within her reach. And thus was scattered around their home those little adornments, sacred to ingenious woman's hand, embroidery and pictures, green mosses and curious gray lichens from the woods, bouquets of living flowers in Summer, and Autumn leaves pressed and wreathed for Winter. These, with the soft eyes, and bright cheeks, and intelligent brain of Flora Kendall, was what made the unpretending farm-house attractive to Edward Earle—attractive beyond all the high, white, wealthy-looking houses on many a farm around, whose inmates would have been glad to welcome the well-bred young student to their own society exclusively.

On his side was the refined exterior, the high-bred expression of voice and countenance, the fastidious manner in attire and attitude which had ever been the *beau ideal* of the high-spirited girl. To her young imaginative mind he seemed almost perfection.

One Autumn night, when the moon threw a soft deluge of mellowed radiance over field and woodland, they walked under the ripe-fruited orchard trees, taking in all the solemn purity that seemed to breathe from the heavens and whisper among the leaves. They were talking of their future and planning about their little home, which had already been selected upon the outskirts of a town not far distant. Flora listened with delighted ear to the improvements Edward contemplated bringing about with his own hands—making a mound here, planting a tree there, arching a gateway in another place, and erecting a rustic Summer-house at the bottom of the garden.

"How happy we shall be," she exclaimed, softly and enthusiastically. "Ever since I began to think I have been dreaming of some day working around a home of my very own, with no one to interfere with or discourage any of my plans; and now it seems as if my best dreams were to be fulfilled."

Young Edward Earle gazed fondly upon her

glowing face, and promised, with all the fervor that words could express, he would do all in his power to assist her in a work she so much loved, and which, he maintained, he loved with a zeal fully equal to her own.

Night after night the young girl lay awake upon her bed with a joy too sweet for sleep, and an anticipation too bright to be realized amid the fluctuations of the changeful world. Her home, indeed, was pleasant; she was an only daughter, petted and caressed; but there was no one, in the home circle or among the friends outside, who seemed to enter into all her heart pleasures, and its inexpressible and variable moods, its happiness and its melancholy, as did her promised husband. Day after day flew by; all the "white seams were sewed," the simple but tasteful wedding outfit was complete; the momentous May morning came and went, and the young husband and wife repaired to the home he had selected.

The young wife went to work proudly and happily. Her husband had sufficient means for them to live comfortably, though not expensively, until he should complete his study of the law and be admitted to practice. Flora looked forward fondly to the time when he would successfully compete with the rising men of his State. She worked in kitchen, in parlor, and garden. She sought bravely for the first six months to shut out entirely the fact that his zeal to beautify their home had never been equal to her own, or else the indisposition to labor was greater than the pride in its results. The remaining six months of the year entered upon with so much hope had taught her many bitter lessons. And the bitterest was that Edward Earle's promises were as lightly kept as frequently made. There is the shadow of a cloud not bigger than a man's hand. Mrs. Earle still gazes and sees how it darkens over the night of their first quarrel. Her husband came in flushed with pleasant excitement.

"I have a project on foot," he said, as they seated themselves at the tea-table. "I'm going to give up this prosy law business and go into something more active."

Mrs. Earle did not immediately reply; her mind took a hasty survey of their surroundings. No walk had yet been laid out; no shrub yet except a few planted by her own overtaxed hands; the saplings that had a year before been gathered for the garden Summer-house lay in a decaying pile at the end of it; scarcely one of his beautiful promises had been fulfilled, while he had wasted hours and hours of idle time, and she had been ever busy at something, and had felt with disheartening tremors that

there was to be still more work demanding her attention, and another beside herself and husband to labor for.

And now this last proposition was the straw that broke the camel's back completely. She answered, hastily and angrily, "I should suppose you would seek something less than something more active. The little you planned last year has proved so much more than you could bring about, I would advise you to seek for something involving as little exertion as possible." And then, like a thorough woman, a rain of tears came to her relief.

Mrs. Earle had been proud of her husband's mental gifts. To have him turn now from his profession, when she believed the hour of triumph near, was a bitter disappointment. Mr. Earle was habitually mild and placid externally. His self-control was admirable; hence he became secretly pitted for being linked to a woman who was passionate and imperative.

To this hour Mrs. Earle remembered the cool glance, half surprise, half amusement, total indifference, with which for a moment he regarded her. But it showed she had descended a long step in his estimation, and as he quitted the room without a word, passed through the hall, and taking his hat went out of the house, the darkest hour she had ever known cast its shadow over her, and an outlook at the long future sent a dreary shudder through her inmost heart.

To be sure, Mr. Earle had no very serious deficiencies. To a worldly woman, who could reap sufficient happiness in society, and who wished for no warmer enjoyments than it affords, he would have been quite a convenient article to have about, for he never meddled with his wife's movements. She was free to go and come when she pleased, and he gave her money, when he had it to give, without grumbling. But to Flora Earle this was not sufficient. Her home was the center of her thoughts and desires. To make it equal to the ideal she had formed there must be unity. She could not bring about what she most desired without her husband's assistance, by his hands, and by his encouraging words.

No cloud remains forever impenetrable, and so in a few days this one broke and let sunlight through again. Mrs. Earle sought to make amends for her hasty words, and in part succeeded. Again she sought to plead her cause with her husband, to dissuade him from his purpose of abandoning the pursuit of the law, for she believed he had talents that would enable him to make a brilliant and worthy name—and he promised. Then she broached

the other subject near their heart—a very little thing to one not interested, but of considerable importance to her.

"My beds are growing weedy," she said, leading him to a window that looked out upon a plat of glowing verbenas. "With all my house-work—washing, ironing, sewing, and cleaning that must be done—there remains but little time for me to work among them. I do a little every day, but you see the weeds outrun me. If you would only get out of bed a little earlier these long, nice mornings, and pull weeds but a few moments each one, they would soon disappear."

"Certainly," he replied, "I'll do it."

Hope again soared aloft for a day, and only a day, as it were. A few more weeks passed, and it sank again to rise no more. Almost imperceptibly Mr. Earle, without a word to his wife that would weaken, in a kindly manner, her determined wishes for his immediate admission to the bar, without a syllable that would soothe her disappointment, slid away from his prospective profession, and into the business to which she was so averse. It was not the act itself that made her so angry, but the manner in which it was done. If he had consulted her, even informed her, in a kindly manner, that he had resolved upon the change, she would not have felt so indignant; but it seemed as if he believed he could deceive her in broad day, and lead her to believe he was pursuing one course, while in reality he was pursuing another. But, strange as it may appear, there were no harsh words between them. On her part was smothered bitterness when she learned the truth, on his silent and cool politeness. Indeed, there was her disadvantage, so placid and amiable he was always, too indolent even to become vexed, and people pitied such a nice man because he had such a bad-tempered wife.

Slowly and surely the little home became shabby and untidy. His reiterated promises to assist her in his leisure hours were not kept. The wife, fretted and overworked, pulling bravely for a while alone, at last ceased her efforts. But the thoughts and longings of her heart did not cease. At times, it is true, she would redouble her efforts, but bodily strength gave way as children multiplied and care increased. It was only inward fretting at first, but at length it broke out, and thus it was that the fair and hopeful maiden, the exultant and joyous bride, became that most disagreeable of all things in a household, a scolding wife.

The sobs of the mother aroused the child. The picture, with its first bright tints and its later somber shades, was folded away again in

the heart of the weary beholder, and she arose and went about her monotonous duties with a worn and hopeless air, full and sorrowful indication of the sickness and discouragement within her breast.

Little Clara went out into the yard to play, while Mrs. Earle made a successful attack upon dirt and disorder generally. As she paused a moment at the window she saw a woman coming up the walk, apparently feeble, poorly clad, and of pale and emaciated countenance. She soon recognized her as one whom she had often employed to work for her at intervals for several years. She opened the door with a feeling of compassion for the evident distress depicted upon the woman's countenance, and, bidding her welcome, pressed her to sit and rest, while she kindly inquired about her health and circumstances.

"Poor enough in every respect," responded the woman sadly.

"Have you been ill long?"

"O, no; and it's nothing serious. I hope to recover very soon."

"Do you not get work enough?"

"Plenty—all I can do—and have earned considerable money within the last year."

"Ah, that is encouraging," replied Mrs. Earle; "you will then have your little place paid for in time?"

"No, I never expect to have any place worth the name in this world," responded the woman in a desperate tone.

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Earle, looking at her in surprise.

The woman was silent for a long time, while she sat pulling the fringes of her shawl, her lips compressed as if she would keep back what still struggled for utterance.

"I hope you have no new trouble," said Mrs. Earle at last, in such a kind, soft tone that it unsealed the fountain of tears, and her companion bowed her head and wept over some bitter grief whose weight seemed crushing a spirit long worn and burdened with many cares.

"What a weary, weary world," thought Mrs. Earle within herself. "How little there is in some lives to make them worth maintaining!"

After her companion had somewhat relieved her full heart by tears, she slowly threw back her shawl, unbuttoned her sleeve, and, pushing it up, held her bare arm out to Mrs. Earle, and disclosed to her sight a large bluish black spot, the plain print of a man's large fingers, while the latter, looking alternately at the arm and the face before her, waited in silence for an explanation.

"When you have worked for a besotted

husband night and day, for years and years, and receive your pay in marks like that, how would you feel?" she asked, in a hard, desperate tone that revealed how her trodden spirit was turning, and would almost deal death to its oppressor if the heel was not ere long removed.

Mrs. Earle was silent with pity, with amazement, and the loss of what to say or how to say it. At last she replied, "It is not right to suffer such outrages. There is a law which will protect you from them, and you ought to avail yourself of it."

The woman looked up sadly, while a half smile flitted across her face. "Mrs. Earle," said she, "though I am poor, I have some pride for my children's sake, if not for myself. I have never breathed this thing, which has happened before this a score of times, to any living being until to-day, and I charge you to keep my secret. For their sakes I hold it my sacred duty to dissimulate before the world. I despise the man and woman who will parade their domestic troubles before the world, either by word, deed, or look. But to-day I am weak, or you would not have known this. There are times when kindness will unnerve and make us weak, and your kindness has made me do a thing I am already ashamed of."

Mrs. Earle gazed with a new and indescribable feeling upon the woman, whom custom had placed in a station beneath hers, but who now rose so immeasurably, she felt, above her. The august, moral standard which she had erected and borne in sight through years of sore trial and vexation, rendered her worthy the hero's crown and the arch of triumph. For the first time in her life she pressed the hand of her unfortunate sister, and putting back the brown hair, streaked with silver, reverently kissed her brow.

Perhaps the woman but partly understood that there was something loftier than respect mingled with Mrs. Earle's sympathy, for her eyes lightened with a sadly pleased intelligence, and a grateful recognition of that sympathy.

There was a long silence between the two women as they sat there, for Mrs. Earle insisted her visitor should stay and partake of a choice dinner she was preparing. After this revelation from this woman her thoughts were indescribable. They seemed to turn about, to take a wide sweep, to draw a comparison which administered to her a stern rebuke and a warning that must not go unheeded.

Just before she arose to go again about her work, she turned to her companion:

"I have not lived a Christian," she said sorrowfully but firmly, "but I believe the Bible,

and I believe the wicked will not go unpunished, nor the good fail of their reward. Your principle is of the noblest; and whether the time be long or short you will some day reap its lofty fruit; your children will some day find it out and call you blessed. If I can assist you now or at any future time I shall be glad to do so if you will tell me in what way I can best do it."

"Your sympathy is sufficient now," replied the woman with deep emotion; "it will enable me to take up my burdens with a stronger heart." Mrs. Earle left her alone while she rocked back and forth softly weeping as if tears were a luxury, and a consolation, and a soothing medicine that alleviated the sharpness of adversity.

When Mrs. Earle was left alone again her thoughts reverted to her own troubles. Small, indeed, were they in comparison to those of another with which she had now been made acquainted, but still, she thought to herself, they were about as much as she could well bear.

And was there no possibility of an alleviation from her difficulties? Must all the future years be only a weary type of the past long-lost ones? She looked back to see where most of the difficulty lay, and she found that much of it rested with herself—in her fretting over what could not well be helped. This was what had caused her husband's love to decline, and weakened the influence she might in time have gained over him by patience and perseverance.

That afternoon, the first time in many years, after hours of reflection, in which the good and bad angel fought, each for mastery in her heart, the first prevailed. She went into her closet and shut the door!

In the course of time Mrs. Earle found her feelings softening toward her husband, and she became more patient with her children. His faults began to lessen, and from those that were apparent she steadily turned away her eyes.

As the ensuing Summer approached, with the desires that had never died out through all the years of weariness and discouragement still uppermost in her mind, the desire for beautifying the home to which she had come a bride, and where her children had been born, she made a resolution to gratify it at all hazards. It is true the old bitterness often swept like a torrent through her being, and she lived over again the disappointment of the young wife in her early anticipations. It was still a thought that produced a sickening pang—the thought that she must work alone in that so near her heart; but even if alone she resolved it should be done, resolved that it was no more than

right that her heart should be indulged a little ; the prop upon which she had once fondly hoped to lean was taken away, so she would learn to rely upon herself.

Mrs. Earle's duties had by no means lessened since the early days of wifehood, and she had no more the faculty now than then of being in two places at once. Under the influence of a dignified and gentle demand Mr. Earle furnished the means and she employed assistance in her self-imposed and additional labors.

In a year's time from that Summer the home of the Earles was scarcely to be known, either inside or out. The rough, weedy door-yard had been transformed into a smooth, green lawn, tastefully planted with shrubs and evergreens, and brightened with plats of brilliant bloom. The tumbling fences and leaning gates had been repaired or substituted by new; the pile of rubbish at the bottom of the garden was removed, and the last remains of the altogether rotted saplings of the long-ago promised Summer house at last cleared away, and Mrs. Earle re-resolved that the remembrance of the broken promise should die out of her heart and mind as well. An arbor was erected under her own supervision, and she took tender pleasure in training over it a vine like that under which she had sat dreaming in girlhood near the old farm-house, now long passed into strangers' hands, and the bodies of its loved inmates resting in the quiet country church-yard.

Mr. Earle watched at first with careless indifference the renovation going on around him. But soon a pleased surprise grew out of indifference, and a firm respect for the abilities of his wife took possession of him. He began timidly to make suggestions which his wife readily followed, for his taste was almost faultless when it could be brought into requisition. Mrs. Earle watched with secret delight his growing interest in what she had undertaken and accomplished, and the climax of her satisfaction was capped when she found him one day, spade in hand, busily engaged in loosening the soil around some choice rose trees that she had planted when they first went to housekeeping. Nor was this the termination of his manual exertions; it was only the beginning, and as time passed he seemed to imbibe a portion of her own zeal. She had certainly put him to shame by a steady, silent and unobtrusive declaration of what might be done, and the extreme pleasure derived from the results of healthful exertion.

Mrs. Earle's satisfaction was great, certainly, but often memory reminded her of the years that had been wasted in idle repining, and she

was saddened with a remorseful regret. Often she said to herself, "If I had persevered in the beginning with what I so much wished to accomplish, Edward might then have been shamed into rendering me the same assistance which he does now." But her fond dreams in regard to the professional career of her husband were never to be realized. She could not hope for this now. She bravely drove the picture of what "might have been" from her wistful vision, and gazed upon her eldest son with the rare hope that some day his bright intellect would be her especial pride and satisfaction.

During all the period of Mrs. Earle's active exertions around her home, she did not lose sight of the poor woman whose sad story had much to do with her own changed course. She assisted her by counsel and by more substantial kindness. It was not very long ere the tried woman's release came. In a sad way it was, to be sure, but she felt as if God had provided it, and sought not to question the manner of it. Dreadful it was, the spirit of the miserable man departing amid the agony of terrors unspoken, but the wife steadily turned her face from all questioning, and laid it away as it is best we should lay away, and not fret over what is not made clear to our yet imperfect comprehension. And she was rewarded, as Mrs. Earle told her she would be, by the tenderest care and respectful affection from the children for whose sake she had summoned all her resolution and borne so much, and concealed it jealously from the eyes of a curious world.

Often afterward, as the two ladies, now in equal positions, were bound together by mutual relations, because each had become aware of the other's peculiar trials, Mrs. Earle would remark to her friend: "O, how much a little resolution will accomplish after the first step is taken! My undertaking was small in comparison to yours, but to me it has been very large in its results upon my whole present and future life; and not only upon mine, but upon that of all my family."

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### THEIR CHRISTMAS.

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THE moon in the west was sinking low,  
The mountains and meads were white with snow.

The steadfast stars were shining bright  
On the brow of the clear, cold Christmas night.

The Christmas night, when bells rang clear  
And told to all the world their cheer.

Fair shone the fire-light on the wall,  
And the clock in the corner, old and tall.

Pointed to ten—while in the glow  
 Silent sat good man and good wife Low.  
 Silent, and thoughtful, and all alone,  
 While steadfast in heaven the clear stars shone.  
 They had heard the bells in the distant town  
 Come pealing across the snowy down.  
 And the distant belfry's brazen tongue  
 Spoke soft of the days when they were young ;  
 Of the happy days of the long ago,  
 Ere time had sprinkled their heads with snow.  
 When the sun shone warm and the days were long ;  
 When their hopes were high and their hearts were  
 strong ;  
 When in and out, the live-long day,  
 Passed merry children at their play.  
 William, and John, and Susan, and Jane—  
 They can hear them now down the long green lane,  
 Shouting and laughing in the sun,  
 Wearying not till the day is done.  
 The daisies are white in the meadow grass,  
 And the cowslips are gold—each lad and lass  
 Is gay with frolic, and never a day  
 That passes not all too soon away.  
 The world has no hint of sorrow or wrong,  
 But is bright with blossom and gay with song.  
 So, one by one, in the fire-light glow  
 Come back the years of the long ago ;  
 The May with its brightness, the Christmas cheer,  
 And the cloudless joy of the glad New Year—  
 All while the sound of the belfry's chime  
 Rings softly in the Christmas time ;  
 While silent sit good man and good wife Low  
 All alone in the firelight glow.  
 Alone, for high climbed that morning sun,  
 And there came a day when the playing was done ;  
 When the playing was done, and the lanes were still,  
 And the wild flowers bloomed at their own sweet  
 will ;  
 No hand to pluck them, no lip to praise ;  
 No laughter to lighten the long, long days  
 That came and went, so sad and slow,  
 In the home of good man and good wife Low.  
 For the great world called—and who can stay  
 The strong, young feet when it calls away ?  
 One strayed to the South, one wandered west—  
 One under the cool turf passed to his rest.  
 And one sailed afar to a distant shore  
 In a ship that went, but came no more.  
 The world is greedy and death is strong—  
 Two slept well—two wandered long.  
 And lonely, thus, good man and good wife Low  
 Lived on till their heads were white as snow.  
 Lived on and listened, year by year,  
 While the Christmas bells rang out their cheer.

And now they sat in the fire's bright glow  
 And pondered the years of the long ago.  
 But who can be sad on a Christmas night,  
 When the stars in heaven shine clear and bright !  
 When the thoughts of Christ in his lowly home,  
 Like a holy benediction come ?  
 Thoughts of the child in Bethlehem born—  
 Joy of the world—that blessed morn ;  
 While angels sing to each heart, as then,  
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men."  
 And so, while the bells in the distant town  
 Rang softly out o'er the snowy down,  
 The good man smiled and tenderly spoke,  
 "Light is His burden—easy His yoke.  
 'Good-will unto men' was the message, good wife,  
 Good-will is the key-note of human life.  
 Never a sorrow so deep or so dark  
 That can drown its sweet music, good wife, if we  
 hark.  
 Good-will is good-will forever and aye,  
 If the year be December or if it be May.  
 For Christ is our peace, good wife, and we wait  
 Till God's own good time with the gay and the great.  
 The gay and the great, the glad and the young,  
 For us as for them the old song was sung.  
 For us as for them the child Christ was born—  
 Joy of the world—that blessed morn.  
 And we know, good wife, the fair mansions wait,  
 And we can not be far from the opening gate.  
 And nearer than ever are we to-night,  
 Where the Lord is the temple—the Lamb the light."  
 Fainter and fainter the firelight glowed,  
 Swifter and swifter a horseman rode,  
 By the light of the stars o'er the snowy down,  
 While the bells rang out from the distant town.  
 Swifter the horseman, till, over the snow,  
 He sees from afar the firelight glow ;  
 Sees and is glad with a sudden joy,  
 "Ah, dear Christ in heaven, will they know their  
 boy?"  
 "Know their boy?" It is Christmas night—  
 For whom but for thee is the cheerful light ?  
 For whom but for thee do fond hearts wait ?  
 Haste thee, O wanderer, kind is thy fate.  
 Over the threshold, across the floor,  
 Just as of old he strides once more.  
 "Now God be praised ; I wish you joy ;"  
 And, "God be praised ; he hath brought our boy."  
 And "God be praised" together they sing,  
 While clearer the bells from the belfries ring.  
 And the steadfast stars shine clear and bright  
 Over the blessed Christmas night.

## THE FABRICATION OF SILK.

THE native country of the silk-worm is not better known than that of the greater number of plants and animals which form the staple of agricultural industry. It is probable, however, that its native country was China. It was certainly in this vast empire that long since the business of fabricating silk began. One reads the following in "L'Histoire générale de la Chine," by le P. Mailla: "The Emperor Hoang-ti, who lived two thousand and six hundred years before our era, wished that Si-ling-chi, his wife, should contribute to the happiness of his people. He charged her to study the silk-worm, and to try to utilize its threads. Si-ling-chi caused a great quantity of these insects to be collected, which she fed herself, in a place destined exclusively for the purpose. She not only discovered the means of rearing them, but still further the manner of winding off their silk and of employing it in the manufacture of fabrics."

It may be asked, however, if the learned men who composed this recital did not collect under the reign of the Emperor Hoang-ti all the events and all the discoveries whose dates were lost in the obscurity of the most remote periods of history. Is not the Empress Si-ling-chi a mythical person, a sort of Chinese Ceres, to whom, under the title of goddess of the silk-worm, they then raised altars? Here, at any rate, is how Duhalde analyzes the recital of the Chinese annalists on the remarkable fact of the introduction of the silk-worm and its rich products into the Chinese empire: "Up to the time of this queen [Si-ling-chi]," says he, "when the country was only lately cleared and brought into cultivation, the people employed the skins of animals as clothes. But these skins were no longer sufficient for the multitude of the inhabitants; necessity made them industrious; they applied themselves to the manufacture of cloth wherewith to cover themselves. But it was to this princess that they owed the useful invention of silk stuffs. Afterward the empresses, named by Chinese authors according to the order of their dynasties, found an agreeable occupation in superintending the hatching, rearing, and feeding of silk-worms, in making silk, and working it up when made. There was an inclosure attached to the palace for the cultivation of mulberry-trees. The empress, accompanied by queens and the greatest ladies of the court, went in state into this inclosure, and gathered with her own hand the leaves of three branches, which her ladies in waiting had lowered till they were within her reach. The

finest pieces of silk which she made herself, or which were made by her orders and under her own eye, were destined for the ceremony of the grand sacrifice offered to Chang-si. It is probable," adds Duhalde, "that policy had more to do than any thing else with all this trouble taken by the empresses. Their intention was to induce, by their example, the princesses and ladies of quality, and the whole people, to rear silk-worms, in the same way as the emperors, to ennoble in some sort agriculture, and to encourage the people to undertake laborious works, never failed, at the beginning of each Spring, to guide the plow in person, and with great state to plow up a few furrows, and in these sow some seed. As far as concerns the empresses, it is a long time since they have ceased to apply themselves to the manufacture of silk. One sees, nevertheless, in the precincts of the imperial palace, a large space covered with houses, the road leading to which is still called the road which leads to the place destined for the rearing of silk-worms for the amusement of the empresses and queens. In the books of the philosopher Mencius is a wise police rule, made under the first reigns, which determines the space destined for the cultivation of mulberry-trees according to the extent of the land possessed by each private individual."

M. Stanislas Julien tells us of many regulations made by the emperor of China to render obligatory the care and attention requisite to rearing silk. Tchun-iu, being governor of the district of Kien-Si, ordered that every man should plant fifty feet of land with mulberry-trees. The emperor—under the dynasty of Witei—gave to each man twenty acres of land on condition that he planted fifty feet with mulberry-trees. Hien-tsang, who ascended the throne in 806, ordered that the inhabitants of the country should plant two feet in every acre with mulberry-trees. The first emperor of the dynasty of Song, who began to reign about the year 960, published a decree forbidding his subjects to cut down the mulberry-trees. By all these means, according to the testimony of M. Stanislas Julien, the business of the fabrication of silk became general in China. This great empire could soon furnish to its neighbors this precious textile material, and create for its own profit a very important branch of commerce.

It was forbidden, under pain of death, to export from China the silk-worm's eggs, or to furnish the necessary information in the art of obtaining the textile material. The manufactured article only could be sold out of the



THE EMPRESS SI-LING-CHI GATHERING MULBERRY LEAVES.

empire. It was thus that the Asiatic nations very soon understood silk, and that in many of their cities they applied themselves to weaving stuffs of this precious substance. The carpets and dyed stuffs of Babylon, mixed with gold and silk, enjoyed in ancient times an unparalleled renown. China was not, however, the only country that then furnished silk to the towns of Asia Minor. At a very distant period

India sent by her caravans very considerable quantities of it. M. Emile Blanchard, of the Institute, remarks, however, that the tissues of India must be made of a different silk from that of China—that is to say, of a silk of some of those *Bombyces* of which the public has been told so much of late years, and of which we shall have soon to speak.

Silk commanded for centuries a prodigiously



high price. In the time of Alexander its value in Greece was exactly its own weight in gold, and so it was very parsimoniously employed in silk tissues. These were so transparent that women who wore them were scarcely covered.

Silk was unknown to the Romans before Julius Cæsar. It was to him that Rome owed its acquaintance with this new material. He introduced it, moreover, in a singularly magnificent manner. One day at a *fête* given in the Colosseum—a combat of animals and gladiators—the people saw the coarse tent of cloth intended to keep off the rays of the sun replaced by a magnificent covering of Oriental silk. They murmured at this gorgeous prodigality, but declared Cæsar a great man. The introduction of silk among the Romans was the signal for luxurious expenditure. The patricians made a great display with their silk cloaks of incalculable value, so that from the time of Tiberius the Senate felt itself called upon to forbid the use of silk garments to men. Examples of simplicity are sometimes set in high places. Thus the Emperor Aurelian refused to the Empress Severina a dress so costly.

The commerce in silk bore doubly hard upon Europe, both on account of the value of the material and of the great use which was made of it. Persia was the emporium, and had the monopoly of this merchandise. The Emperor Justinian I, who reigned at Constantinople from A. D. 527 to 565, tried all the means within his power of freeing his states from this ruinous tyranny, when a circumstance occurred, very fortunately for the national commerce, which brought about the introduction into Europe of sericulture, or the cultivation of silk. Two monks of the order of St. Basil, in their ardor for the propagation of the faith, had pushed forward into China. There they had been initiated into the operations which furnished the fabric so highly prized. On their return to Constantinople, and hearing of the project that Justinian entertained of depriving the Persians of the monopoly in silk, the two monks proposed to the Emperor to enrich his state by introducing the art of fabricating this material. The proposition was rapturously accepted, and the two monks returned again to China, with the object of procuring the eggs of the insect. Having arrived at the end of their journey, they succeeded in getting possession of a quantity of silk-worms' eggs. They hid them between the knots of their sticks, and started back to their native country without being once interfered with. Two years afterward they re-entered Constantinople with their pre-

cious booty.\* The larvæ were fed on mulberry leaves. Immediately afterward began the rearing of the worms and the preparation of the silk, according to the instructions given by these courageous travelers. The first broods succeeded perfectly, and so plantations of mulberry-trees were seen to multiply and spread through the whole extent of the Eastern empire. It was, above all, in Southern Greece that this branch of industry assumed an immense importance. It was then the Peloponnesus lost its old name, and was called the Morea, from the Latin name for "mulberry"—*morus*.†

Constantinople and Greece, during centuries, furnished the whole of Europe with silk-worms. This diffusion, however, was effected very slowly. The Greeks attached great importance to retaining the monopoly, and the Emperor Justinian had caused to be established at Constantinople itself silk manufactories, where the most skillful artificers of Asia, forbidden to reveal the various processes to strangers, worked.

Toward the beginning of the eighth century the Arabs introduced the silk-worm into Spain. But this industry remained confined within narrow limits. It was, in fact, not till after the twelfth century that sericulture began to spread throughout Europe. Roger, King of the Two Sicilies, possessing a navy that commanded the Mediterranean, employed it chiefly in making excursions and conquests. He ravaged Greece, and, not satisfied with the booty he carried away from that unfortunate country, wished still further to deprive them, for the good of his own kingdom, of the silk monopoly, the source of their riches. Roger carried away into Sicily and Naples a great number of prisoners, among whom were some weavers and men who had devoted themselves to the rearing of silk-worms. In 1169 he established these workmen in houses adjoining his own palace at Palermo. There they dyed the silk of different colors, and mixed it with gold, pearls, and precious stones.

From Sicily the art of preparing silk spread over the rest of Italy. In 1204 the workers in silk constituted themselves into a syndicate at Florence. It is not, however, till 1423, more than two hundred years after the introduction of this branch of industry into Italy, that we

\* According to M. de Gasparin, author of an excellent "*Essai sur l'Histoire de l'Introduction des Vers à Soie en Europe*"—Paris, in 8vo, 1841—it was not into China, but only into Tartary, to Serinda, that the two monks went in search of the silk-worms' eggs—pp. 37-39.

† Others derive the name from *morus*, the Slavonic word for the sea. See "*On the Study of Words*," by Dean Trench.—Ed.

find the first mention of the cultivation of the mulberry-tree in Tuscany. In 1440 each Tuscan peasant was forced to plant at least five mulberry-trees on the land he cultivated. In 1474 the commerce in silk fabrics with all parts of the world had become extremely prosperous at Florence. In 1314 the Venetian manufactures began to assume much importance. Three thousand workers in silk were then established in Venice.

Without dwelling longer on the propagation of the silk trade in Italy, let us pass on to its establishment in France. In 1340 that some French gentlemen, who had stayed some time in Naples, planted in Avignon the first mulberry-trees. According to Olivier de Serres, it was not introduced till much later into Dauphiné. It was not introduced into Alan, near Montelimart, till 1495, by the Seigneur Guyape de Saint-Aubain. Louis XI made great efforts to develop the silk trade in France by inviting over Italian workmen, and they began under his reign to fabricate silks in Touraine and Lyons. Francis I greatly developed the trade of Lyons. In 1554, under Henry II, the masters and men employed in the manufacture of gold, silver, and silk in Lyons were twelve thousand in number. Under Henry II were planted the mulberry-trees of Bourdezière, Tours, Chenonceaux, Toulouse, and Moulins. These plantations, however, were of very small extent. They were not the result of a general and truly popular effort; moreover, civil war came very soon, and turned men's minds away from the isolated attempts of some few private individuals. Sericulture, in fact, did not assume any great importance in France till the reign of Henry IV.

This king saw with grief considerable sums of money leaving France each year for the purchase of raw silk or of silk stuffs. Two men marvelously furthered his project of encouraging the silk trade. One of these men was Barthélemy Laffemas, called *Beausemblant*. For a long time he had been writing memoir upon memoir, to demonstrate the advantages to be derived from the plantation of the mulberry-tree in France; and he tells us that silk-worms were then raised with success at Nantes, at Poissy, and even at Paris. The second supporter whom Henry IV found in the propagation of sericulture was a man distinguished in a very different way from that of M. Laffemas. This was Olivier de Serres, the author of the "Théâtre de l'agriculture;" he whom Henry IV called his *lord and master in agriculture*. Olivier de Serres was the first among his countrymen who had published instructions

regarding the cultivation of mulberry-trees and the rearing of silk-worms. Henry IV, who had noticed his writings, called him to Paris; and, on his solicitation, caused twenty thousand mulberry-trees and a great quantity of silk-worms' eggs, of which a distribution was made over the whole of France, to be imported from Italy. From that moment sericulture was propagated rapidly in the Cévennes, in Provence, in Languedoc, in Touraine, and many other provinces. Mulberry-trees were planted at Fontainebleau, in the royal park of Tournelles, and even in the garden of the Tuileries, where an Italian lady, named Julie, reared silk-worms for Henry IV.


Notwithstanding this great impulse, sericulture dwindled away on the death of that king. It received a fresh impulse under Colbert, the great minister, who succeeded in creating the spirit of commerce and trade in France. New manufactories were established, and plantations of mulberry-trees formed in many of the provinces. All this progress was suddenly brought to a stand-still by the iniquitous revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which deprived France of her leading commercial men. Driven from their own country, the Protestant families of Cévennes established abroad silk manufactories, of which the fabrics rivaled those of French production.

In the eighteenth century the intendants of the provinces tried, but with very slight success, to give a fresh impetus to sericulture in France. The Abbé Boissier de Sauvages published, about 1760, some works, which prove him to have been a patient observer, an accurate reasoner, and a clever rearer of silk-worms. Boissier de Sauvages is the father of modern silk-culture. During the first Revolution men's minds were occupied with graver subjects than the cultivation of mulberry-trees. But on the return of peace, they got to work again on all sides. In 1808 the minister Chaptal estimated the weight of the cocoon harvest at between five and six thousand kilogrammes; while the invention of the Jacquard loom gave an immense impulse to the weaving of silk stuffs. Among those who introduced and benefited the art of sericulture, we must not forget Dandolo. Dandolo, who was born in Venice in 1758, and died in 1819, was the first who, at the beginning of this century, applied himself seriously to the amelioration of the processes employed in the cultivation of silk. He endeavored to regulate the temperature, to introduce more order into the distribution of the food to the worms, to have more spacious premises, and to have these properly ventilated.

Now we are on this subject, we must mention the names of those who at the present day have rendered important services to sericulture—such as M. Camille Beauvais, who raised silk-worm rearing from the inactivity into which it had been plunged; M. Eugène Robert, who founded in the south of France the first successful silk-worm nursery; M. Guérin-Ménéville, who has devoted his life to the study of the same question, and to whom Europe owes the introduction and the acclimatization of some species which will render us, perhaps, one day very great services; and lastly, M. Robinet, who has elucidated several practical questions in the art of sericulture. In bringing to a close this rapid historical epitome, we will state that France consumes annually 30,000 kilogrammes of silk-worms' eggs, each kilogramme being at the present time worth from three hundred to five hundred francs, and even more. The value of manufactured silks represents annually about 8,000,000 francs; and we find by official statistics that France exported in 1868 silk stuffs to the value of 384,000,000 francs. This immense trade shows how much silk is nowadays every-where appreciated; in those numerous tissues called taffeta, satin, and velvet, each of which seems to have a charm—a peculiar attraction. The consistency of the stuff, the smoothness, the softness of surface, the manner in which silk receives colors, the brightness, fineness, power of reflecting, the rustling, the light or heavy folds—all these are beauty, elegance, and luxury, in whatever way these words are understood.

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#### RAE ARBUTHNOT.

VER at the piano, in the corner of the parlor, where the dusky shadows of that rainy twilight gathered most heavily, Rae Arbuthnot sat singing with the saddest voice that I ever heard. Dainty Dora Travis nestled among the cushions in her favorite bay-window, and, hidden from the rest by the heavy curtains, had given herself up to one of the waking dreams in which she was in the habit of losing herself, and quaint Amy Caruth, half buried in the crimson solitude of the great arm-chair that had long ago been voted her special retreat, sat as motionless as a small gray kelpie in the heart of a damask rose—but whether asleep or yielding passively to the spell of the hour, who could say?—while I, Ruth Ward, mistress of La Retraite, the happiest wife in the world, and hostess of these three girls, from my low rocker by the window

which overlooked the walk that led to the gate, watched the face of the singer as it shone out, white and pure as a star, from the shadows, and listened to the music of her sad voice, and for the step that was sweeter than any music to me. These girls had been my friends for years. Their love had gladdened my school-life, had smoothed the rough places in the years spent as a teacher, and now, safely harbored in my husband's love and my pretty home, I liked nothing so well as to gather them about me in my little nest—"Ruth's snuggery," they called it, as they had called my room in the far-away school-time.

They were all workers in the world, not one of them an idler or a failure, as so many girls are nowadays, in spite of the great to-do about woman's work, and woman's rights, and woman's wrongs. I may as well tell you just here that I have no sympathy with this vexed question of rights, and suffrage, and social equality of the sexes, and all that. I can not see that the women who talk most vehemently about elevating the sex to a broader sphere and widening woman's influence are themselves better mothers, and wives, and women than some of their humbler sisters whom I know, and whose children's rosy faces lean against their bosoms like luscious peaches ripening against a sunny wall. And I am quite sure that, if the wee darling asleep in her crib there were to be left motherless, I would never leave her to the tender nursing of one of those fine lady leaders of the movement, who, as one of their number once said in my hearing, "move in a circle of society so aristocratic that a woman of the middle class dares not set her foot therein." If they be real workers for the good of woman, and yet are fearful lest their velvet trains and costly laces may be soiled by contact with plebeian serge, better that the velvet went to fashion a funeral pall for a dead aristocracy, and that the lace went to trim the christening robes of a purer and truer reign of society, while these women, asserting their real womanhood in plainer garb, join hands with the great middle class in working for the help of those who are the "low-down people" of humanity—better this, I say, than for womanhood to go clamoring for more work and more power while vast fields lie ripe within our reach.

But I am getting off my story. As I said, my girls were all workers. Rae was a teacher in a seminary; Dora was an artist, making dainty, bright pictures that were like herself in life and coloring; and Amy was patient nurse and skillful housekeeper to a whimsical invalid uncle, yet managed to keep a fund of quaint

humors and racy fancies that sometimes came tripping and laughing from her pen in delicious morsels of literature. I do n't think that Amy had ever thought seriously of a man twice in her busy, cheery life. I could never picture to myself how she would seem with a betrothal ring on her finger, and with her lips trembling under the "purple, perfect state" of that third kiss of which Mrs. Browning speaks. We all knew that Dora looked at her future through the purple halo of an amethyst ring, and we often accused her of a particular partiality for amethystine tints in her pretty paintings.

But Rae, dear, patient, womanly Rae! what hope there lurked for her in the years to come we none of us dared to guess. Of course, you understand from this that she suffered in some way, but how or why the blow had fallen upon her we did not really know. My only clew to her story was a remark made by Cyde Lennox to her one evening as they paused in the moonlight on the veranda. I was waiting for Paul in my favorite place by the window, and I did not know they were near until he exclaimed, lifting her white face up to the moon, "O, Rae, I wonder how far down the future I must look before I see your dear face coming up between the years to meet me again and bless my life!" I did not hear her answer, but he exclaimed again, "It maddens me to leave you so, to know that you love me and suffer for it! I wish you had not loved me, Rae, poor child!" And then she stood apart from him, white and still, like a breathing statue, only when she spoke her voice had the passion of a suffering soul in it: "Leave that to me, Cyde. I do not regret it; I glory in it! I want you to remember that I take this pain and loss on myself willingly, and until the burden is lifted I will never see your face again. The dear Lord bless you and help you for always, my king!" And then she had put up her hand and just touched his forehead, and had gone in and upstairs, and while I sat bewildered Cyde went down the steps and on through the shrubbery to the street, and next day Paul told us that he had gone from town.

Well, that was years ago, and we had never seen him again nor heard of him, and somehow it had come to seem like a dream to me, save when I looked at Rae's patient mouth and mournful eyes. And so we had lived down to that rainy twilight in the parlor at La Retraite, where I began my story.

"His face I ne'er shall see,  
And naught is left to me  
But bitter weeping,  
My lone watch keeping!"

sang Rae, and all at once the clear, pure voice quavered and broke on the last word, and down dropped the stately head, hiding the quivering face upon her slender hands. I started to go to her, and Amy roused herself suddenly and opened wide her great violet eyes, while Dora parted the curtains and came out from her nest with, "What is it, Rae, dear?" But Rae swept swiftly from the room, only saying softly, under her breath, "Do n't mind, please; this weather makes me dreary."

"Poor Rae!" we all said softly, and again, "Poor Rae!" and then, as if with an impulse to banish the chill that had fallen upon her, Dora went to the piano and sang with a tender pathos that was infinitely touching a little song of my own which she had taken a fancy to, and which I sang sometimes of an evening for Paul's pleasure:

Love, I am waiting for you,  
Here in the moonlight, that falleth so stillly  
On velvety pansy, and white-throated lily,  
And heliotrope, heavy with dew;  
Here in the shelter of vines trailing lowly,  
Here through the scented hours passing so slowly,  
Under the sky's fretted blue,  
Love, I am waiting for you.

Love, I am longing for you!  
When will you come with your tender caresses,  
Hushing my heart with your passionate kisses?  
Come to me, tender and true!  
Come as my liege lord, I'm waiting to own you,  
Come as my king, for I wait to enthrone you!  
Kingly, and tender, and true,  
Love, I am longing for you!

Just then Paul came up the steps, and I slipped into the hall to meet him. As he stooped to kiss me, sprinkling my face with a shower of rain-drops from his beard, I saw behind him a stranger, who watched our little home scene with an amused smile.

"I see that you do not recognize me, Mrs. Ward," he said, coming forward with extended hand.

"Cyde Lennox, is n't it?" I asked, recalling the splendid voice and frank dark eyes. "I am very glad to welcome you to La Retraite after so many years."

"Yes, it is a many years since I was here," he answered, a little sadly I fancied, and then we all went into the parlor together, and Amy and Dora welcomed him warmly, for they had been true friends in the old days.

I left them talking, and went to find Rae. She was sitting in the dark, her head bowed on her hands, her whole form drooping wearily.

"Rae, darling, will you come down to the parlor? for Paul has come, and has brought a friend with him."

"Is it Cyde Lennox, Ruth?" she asked me

suddenly, turning and leaning her face on my bosom, and shivering as if with cold.

"Yes, Rae, will you come down?"

She sat perfectly motionless for many minutes, and what she suffered and in what she conquered in that time I suppose that God only knows or can know. At last she sat up.

"I knew that Cyde had come, Ruthie, before you came up; I felt it in all my being. It is wrong in him to come here now, but I will meet him. Leave me now, dear, I will come down soon;" and so I left her and went down to the parlor.

Fifteen minutes later she came sweeping in, calm, and stately, and grand, and I caught my breath as my husband said, "Here is an old friend of yours, Rae," and Cyde came forward.

She gave him her hand—"I am glad to meet you again!" "It is pleasant to find you here, Rae!"

That was all, and then we breathed freely again, and the talk wandered off on various subjects. Yet I could not help watching these two with an uneasy fear that some word dropped thoughtlessly would break the calm which they forced themselves to maintain.

For many days after that night I lived in a fever of anxiety. I could see that Rae shunned him, and that he sought her, and they both looked so pale and sad that it made my heart ache for them.

At last he found her one day sleeping among the cushions in Dora's window, and, with a murmured prayer of thankfulness, he knelt down by her and watched her, waiting till she should wake. The strong magnetism of his gaze drove the spell of slumber from her eyes, and she opened them to see him beside her.

"Rae, O Rae, do not send me from you! do not turn from me!"

But she did turn her white face from him, putting away with her small hands the arms that sought to clasp her.

"You had no right to come here after what I said to you three years ago at parting. It was cruel in you to come, Cyde!"

"O, Rae, you make me suffer!" he cried hoarsely. "Have you no love left for me, Rae? Have you forgotten that you said once, 'I glory in loving you?' Let me hear you say only once more that you love me! only once, Rae!"

Then she turned suddenly and drew his head to her bosom, holding it there tightly, while her face bent luminous and white above him.

"O, Cyde! did you think that I could forget? did you think that I could love you less? You can never know how I have suffered in all these years for your sake!"

"Rae," he pleaded, "tell me what it is that keeps us apart! tell me what can hinder you from giving yourself to me, and let us overcome it together."

"I can not, I can not! O, Cyde, you must go away from me now! I ought not to have forgotten, but it was so sweet to be with you, and my heart was so hungry."

"I will not leave you, Rae, until you tell me what separates us. I have a right to know what it is that wrecks my life. You must tell me, Rae."

"Never, never! I can not! leave me, Cyde, and try not to hate me for making you suffer so, for I suffer too."

She turned her face away again and looked out across the yard, and, as she did so, her tearful gaze fell upon a woman, who, apparently recognizing her, came toward the window.

"Merciful heaven!" moaned Rae helplessly.

"What is it, Rae?" asked Cyde, and then scanning the face of the woman who approached, he was startled by a strange resemblance between her and the girl beside him. She was older, and her face was haggard and wan, but in her younger days she must have been the very counterpart of Rae Arbuthnot.

She came and leaned in at the window, and instinctively Rae held out her hand, while her face grew tremulous and full of pity.

"No, no, Rae, little Rae, my pretty, you are good, and kind, and forgiving, but I dare not touch you, my lily, though my heart is famished to kiss you! I did not come to trouble you, sweet, O, no! I only wanted to tell you that I can't live many days, and to ask you that when I am dead, when I am surely dead, dear, and in my coffin, you will kiss me once for the sake of the days when we were little girls together, before I sinned for your sake, Rae. Will you promise me, childie?"

"O, Margie, willingly, willingly! I 'll kiss you now if you 'll let me, Margie!" wept Rae, holding out her hands to the woman, whose dry, bright eyes, burning with fever-fires, devoured her pure face with a famished gaze.

Cyde had risen once to go away, but she detained him. "Wait," she said, and he obeyed.

"Cyde Lennox," she said at last when she could speak calmly, "this woman is my sister. You know me as I am, and I want to tell you that I owe to her all that I am. We were left orphans when I was a little girl, and we lived through the old story of poverty in a great city. I remember its bitterness, and how Margie toiled day and night to provide for our wants with her needle. But at last hunger and ex-

posure overcame me, and I was sick for many weeks. I never knew until years afterward how my sister kept the wolf from our door during that time, nor how, when I grew stronger, I found myself in a pleasant school for girls. A friend was helping me, she said, and that was all I knew until after I graduated, and then I learned that she had sold her womanhood to keep mine pure and happy. She never would take me to the home where she reigned as mistress, and I never saw the man whose gold had smoothed my pathway, but I vowed that while she lived homeless, subject to the caprice of her master, I would never wear the safe, sweet name of wife, and so accept a shelter and home for myself, whose doors might be shut against her. I knew that as your wife I would live in a sphere of society whose leaders hold themselves aloof from the working classes, and in which employers drive their task-women to distraction by stinting them in the merest necessities of life. And I could not leave my sister, who had suffered so much from them for my sake, to her bitter fate, while I nestled in your love, and looked out upon her wretchedness from the safe, pure shelter of your home. Now you know what keeps us apart, and why I would not tell you my reason for refusing you. You may go now; I want to see Margie alone."

He stooped and kissed her forehead, then turned to her sister, "May God bless and help you, Margie Arbuthnot!" he said and was gone.

What passed between the sisters no one ever knew, but it must have been pitiful, for when, hours afterward, Cyde sought and found Rae where he had left her, she was weeping bitterly still, and would not be comforted.

"Rae, I want to tell you that it makes no difference in my love for you. I love you just the same, and I ask you once more to be my wife."

"No, Cyde, not while Margie is homeless," she answered sadly but firmly.

"But we will give her a home, Rae, and save her from the life she is living."

"She would never accept it. She says that she is not worthy to live under the same roof with me, and yet it is all for my sake that she is what she is," wailed Rae piteously.

In vain he pleaded. She would not yield, and he was forced to wait for whatever time could bring him.

Months afterward Margie Arbuthnot died in one of the city hospitals, with Rae beside her to soothe and minister to her.

"Little Rae," she said at the last, "little Rae, my pretty lily, I've kept you pure and clean!

I've lived a hard, bad life, and I suppose that men call me degraded and ruined, but O, my pretty, I can't be sorry that I bought you ease and safety even at such a cost! And, Rae, when I'm gone, remember that if the women who talk so well and loudly of woman's rights, and of elevating the sex, and widening the sphere of working women, would spend less money for silks, and jewels, and laces, there would be fewer sewing women defrauded, and fewer girls driven into the jaws of sin to escape starvation. There's many a girl's soul lost for less than the cost of one of their ball dresses! Remember, little Rae, to use your influence in behalf of the fallen, for God knows how sorely some of them have been tempted. And, Rae dear, it can not sully your whiteness to reach out a hand to lift some one up. Christ lost none of his purity in saving Mary Magdalene. I'm glad that's in the Book! I'm glad! let me rest now."

And her rest came soon, for while Rae watched her a gray shadow crept over her lips and up to her brow, and her eyes grew glassy. The weeping girl stooped and kissed her face with tender, grieving lips, and as she raised her head a smile broke about the dying woman's pale mouth, and she murmured under her breath, "I did it for little Rae, for little Rae! God save my pretty, and keep her pure and white!" and again, after a little pause, she whispered, "I did it all for little Rae. I'm not as bad as I seem! Lord pity me—Mary Magdalene"—her voice died away, and Margie Arbuthnot lay dead, and her one mourner was she who in all the unhappy past had been to her erring heart only "little Rae," the clean, white lily for whom she had sold her womanhood, and could not regret the bitter cost. Who can say if the dear Christ, who forgave a Mary Magdalene, did not forgive and receive the tempted and sinful soul of this woman, whom a pitiless world had hunted to death? Let him that is without sin say nay.

She brought Rae back to La Retraite as soon as possible and tried to make her forget the pitiful past, but it was long, even after she became Mrs. Rae Lennox, before she lost the sorrowful, haunted look from her eyes, and found the smiles that had so long been strangers to her lips.

Cyde is very tender of her, and joins in all of her plans to help the wretched sewing girls of the city where they live. Once a year, with Dora and Amy and their husbands—for, after all, Amy surprised me by a pretty little romance of her own, and is now a quaint little wife—they visit us at La Retraite and plan new work

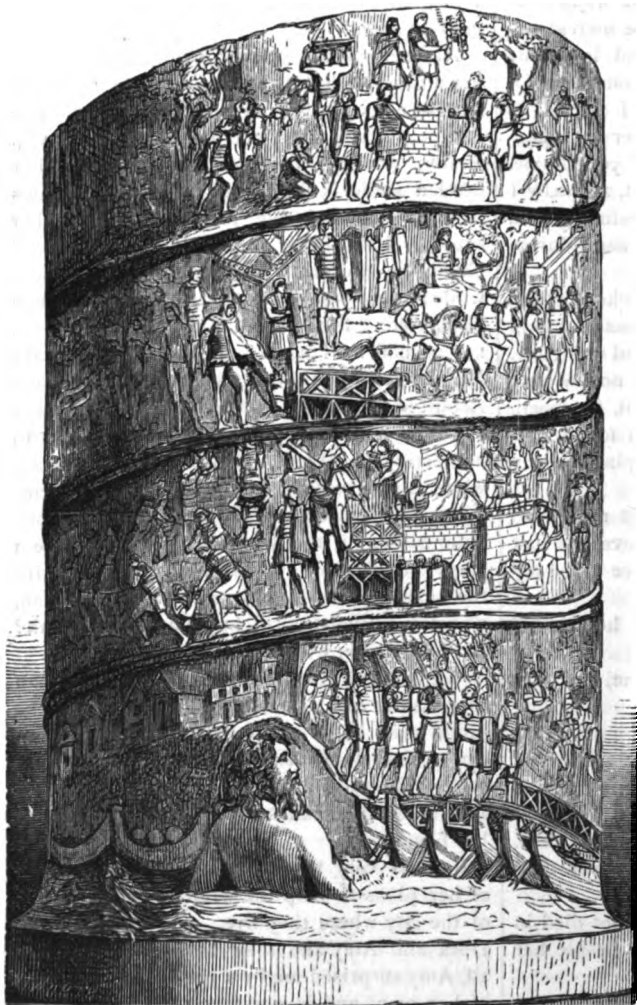
for the elevation of the "low-down people" in their reach, and somehow I think that their quiet labor will bear more fruit for the good of woman than all the speeches and harangues of those who thrust themselves forward as the advocates of the cause of woman's rights.

### THE COLUMN OF TRAJAN.

**T**HE Column of Trajan, erected by that emperor as a decoration to his great Forum, is the finest in the world, and is one of the most perfect works of ancient art that time has spared, it being, with few exceptions, in a high state of preservation. The spot which it occupies was originally cut out of a spur or offshoot of the Quirinal Hill, down to the level of the rest of the Forum, and the height of the

column is exactly the same as that portion of the hill which was removed, as stated in the Latin inscription on the pedestal. From this inscription we learn that the monument was erected by the Senate and the people of Rome, not only to commemorate the victories of Trajan over the Dacians, but also as a memorial of the height of the hill which it was necessary to cut away in order to make room for the noble structures which adorned the Forum. This height is one hundred and twenty-eight modern feet, exclusive of the bronze statue of St. Peter, eleven or twelve feet high, on its summit, which was placed there by Pope Sixtus V, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, instead of the statue of bronze gilt which had formerly occupied the top, but which had long previously disappeared. The entire shaft of the column is composed of twenty-three blocks of Grecian marble, so curiously cemented as to seem but one. The base and the pedestal have nine blocks, the capital one, and the basement of the statue one—making thirty-four blocks of marble in all. The ascent is by a winding staircase of one hundred and eighty-five solid steps of Parian marble, lighted by loop-holes.

The column is admirable both for its proportions and for the design and execution of the bas-reliefs and ornaments, which completely cover it. The bas-reliefs ascend in a spiral band, so as not to destroy the line of the shaft by their projection, as in the column of Marcus Aurelius, called the Antonine Column. The whole pillar is incased with sculptures, representing the exploits of Trajan and his army, particularly his triumph over Dacia after fifteen years' war. These sculptures represent pictorially the progress of Trajan's campaign, and are full of details connected with the mode in which the Romans were wont to carry on war; while the representations of the armor and habits of the Romans in the field of battle are most valuable to the classical student. The campaign is depicted from its very opening. The first view, at the bottom of the column,



THE LOWER TIERS OF TRAJAN'S PILLAR.

shows the Roman soldiers shipping their stores; others exhibit the army in the work of building camps; the emperor sacrificing for the favor of Jupiter, and exhorting his cohorts; the Roman soldiers in conflict with the Dacians, with the various means then followed of defense and attack. The thorough manner in which the Romans appear to have built their stone camps, and the care with which they constructed roads to assist their warlike operations, are strikingly shown. The number of human figures, exclusive of other objects, such as horses, arms, chariots, etc., represented on the shaft, is said to be nearly 3,000; the number 2,500 has, at all events, been ascertained by actual enumeration. Each of the figures is on an average two feet high. The pedestal is decorated with crowns of victory, garlands, and other insignia of triumph.

"On this pillar," says Gibbon, "the veteran soldier contemplated the story of his own campaigns, and, by an easy illusion of national vanity, the peaceful citizen associated himself to the honors of the triumph."

The column was made by the Emperor Hadrian a place of sepulture for the ashes of Trajan, which, according to a tradition immortalized by Byron, were supposed to have been contained in the head of a spear, or, according to another version, in a globe which the statue of Trajan, placed on the summit of the column, bore in its hand. The general effect of the column, as it stood originally in the center of Trajan's Forum, surrounded by colonnades, must have been equally grand and picturesque. It was completed A. D. 114, six years after its commencement. A very good idea of the elaborate ornamentation of this column is obtained from our illustration, which exhibits the four lower tiers.

#### REV. LUKE HITCHCOCK, D. D.

THE Methodist Church has been foremost in providing for the religious wants of the West. She has done this chiefly by means of her itinerant ministry. By forming societies and grouping them into circuits the settlements were regularly visited by her ministers long before a settled pastor could be supported. As the people increased in numbers and in means her system adjusted itself to the change. Many of the preachers required to supply the growing communities were drawn from the older sections of the country by the Bishops, who both understood the work and knew the men. This system gave ministers to the West when and where needed, men adapted to its wants, and

those whose labors have greatly promoted the religious culture of its population.

Rev. Luke Hitchcock, D. D., Senior Agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern, belongs to this class. He entered the traveling connection in the East, came to the West while yet in his early prime, and spent nearly twenty years in various departments of pastoral work before he was called by the Church to his present position. While he belongs to a class of ministers who have contributed largely to the success of Methodism, his life furnishes an illustration of the power of the Christian home early to shape the character of those reared within its pale. His parents were Methodists who resided for a time in Canada, where his father was appointed the first class-leader at Ingersol by Rev. Nathan Bangs. Prior to the war of 1812 they moved from the province and settled at Lebanon, Madison county, New York, where they were identified with the Methodist Church until the close of life. This retired town was the birthplace of their son Luke, and amid its quiet scenes he grew up to manhood. He was converted when but a youth, and joined the Church which the lives of his parents and a Methodistic home had led him to revere.

He was early convinced of his duty to preach. The Oneida Conference received him on trial, with twenty-six others, in September, 1834, and he was appointed junior preacher with Rev. David H. Kingsley. At that time in some parts of the East the work was so arranged that the probationer could be associated with a colleague, in which position the young itinerant would learn from observation many important lessons in regard to the duties of his calling. It is no marvel that many ministers, after years of fruitful labor, ascribe much of their early success and subsequent efficiency to the knowledge thus readily gained concerning their official and pastoral work. It may yet be a cause for regret that the early method of sending forth the laborers "by two and two" is being superseded throughout the connection. Brother Hitchcock took his first lessons in the ministry in this practical school, and afterward, during the few years that he preached in the Oneida Conference, he was appointed to such charges as Cazenovia, Ithaca, and Owego.

He removed to Illinois in 1839, and has been a member of the Rock River Conference about thirty years. This State had already become an inviting field to earnest and active ministers. They met with privations and performed hard work, but the results of their efforts were more direct and obvious, and not less permanent,



than in older communities. The State was organized, but society was still in a condition to be readily affected by every agency that molds the character of a people. The twenty years—from 1840 to 1860—during which he was connected with the pastorate comprise a period of marvelous growth in the population and wealth of the State. The tide of immigration bore thither peoples diverse in nationality, habits, and opinions, heterogeneous masses to be molded into a harmonious community, and elevated not so much through civil regulations as by moral and religious agencies.

A cursory glance at the statistics reveals the extent of the work to which the Church was called during this period. In 1840 the population of the State was 476,183; in 1860 it was 1,711,951, an increase of nearly three hundred per cent. In 1840 there were 2,818,373 acres of land under cultivation; in 1860, 13,251,473 acres. But the statistics also show that the increase of the Methodist Church kept pace with that of the population, and that through her influence much of the growing wealth was consecrated to the cause of religion. Her membership in 1840 was 29,311; in 1860 it was 97,689. In 1840 she supported one pastor for 225 members, in 1860 one for 138 members; and, notwithstanding the influx of immigration, much of it foreign and irreligious, during this period the ratio of her membership to the population was greater than during the twenty years preceding. Such results only attend the labors of an earnest, active, and successful ministry.

During the twenty years of marked progress already mentioned the greatest interest attaches to the history of that part of Illinois comprised in the Rock River Conference, the field of much of Dr. Hitchcock's ministerial labor. When organized, in 1840, this Conference included nearly one-fourth of the State—about its present area—a section that was already attracting much of the emigration from other Northern States. This tide set in after the close of the Black Hawk war, in 1832, and continued to increase for years, bearing to Northern Illinois a people who were soon to lead in the enterprises of the State. The population within the limits of the Rock River Conference in 1840 was about 77,000, or less than one-sixth of that of the State; in 1860 it was about 583,000, or more than one-third of that of the State. This increase of more than half a million of people indicates the magnitude of the work laid upon the Church during these twenty years. The intense activity of this people and the large number of foreigners increased that work. In 1860 there were 324,643 persons of

foreign birth in the State, and of this number about 177,000 were within the limits of this Conference.

Statistics can only suggest how our Church has done her part of the work. In 1840 the Rock River Conference had within its limits, in Illinois, thirty-two preachers and 4,189 members; in 1860, one hundred and ninety-nine preachers and 22,459 members. The ratio of members to the population of American birth was maintained through these years, and without Chicago increased. The ratio of the increase of Church accommodations and Church property was greater than that of both the native and foreign population. Such Church growth can only result where there are zealous Churches, tireless and consecrated ministers, and well-directed efforts. No part of our Zion has been more fortunate in its ministry than the Conference of which we write. In every part of our Church those who have efficiently filled the office of presiding elder have contributed to the development of every important interest. Especially is this the case in a period of unprecedented growth like the above, which to the Church, if successful, must be a period of rapid and judicious organization, and of careful and wise administration.

In 1844 Dr. Hitchcock was appointed to a district, and every subsequent appointment within the Conference was to this department of work. He became identified with the educational enterprises when he first became a member of the Conference, and still holds a place in each of those boards which have so carefully and successfully managed the North-Western University and the Garrett Biblical school.

He has been connected with the Western Book Concern eleven years, the Exhibits of which show that these have been the years of its most rapid growth and largest business. To his office as Agent he has brought the tireless industry and prompt and accurate judgment which made him so thoroughly efficient in his previous fields of labor. He is endowed with admirable qualities for the office with which the Church has so long and with so much unanimity intrusted him. Excellent as a preacher, most efficient as a presiding elder, he has also shown eminent qualifications for business. But few men, though reared in the experience of business, surpass him in clear-sightedness, breadth and promptness of views, and accuracy of judgment. His thorough appreciation of the peculiarities and necessities of the business of the Book Concern, which necessarily differs in many respects from other forms and branches of business, crowns his qualifications

as an Agent. He combines long experience as a preacher, and consequent sympathy with preachers, with firmness and unyielding integrity. Withal, he is a thorough Methodist, loyal and devoted to every Methodistic institution, and in hearty sympathy with all the plans and purposes of the Church. In spirit he is courteous, genial, kind, and tender, and in manners a Christian gentleman.

But we must not say all we know or believe of Dr. Hitchcock. His life-work is not yet done, and the Church does not mean soon to dispense with the services of so efficient an officer, if God will spare his life and health.

## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

## II.

WE must not conclude that the Oriental muse, because her pinions are plumed with rainbow-tinctured feathers, can never shed them for those of more sober dye, nor that the Occidental muse can never replace the tamer hues of her wing with the most splendid tints of heaven. Can the whole range of Eastern literature furnish us with more extravagant compliments than Romeo bestows upon his lady's eyes and cheek?

"Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars  
As daylight does a lamp; her eye in heaven  
Would through the airy regions stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it was not night."

Or does Haafiz ever indulge in images more glowing and hyperbolic than the following, from our own Western prince of bards?

"Eyes that do mislead the morn."  
"Flecked darkness like a drunkard reels from the pathway of  
day as gray-eyed morn advances."  
"I would tear the cave where Echo lies, and make her airy  
tongue hoarse with the repetition."  
"Heaven peeps through the blanket of the dark."

Haafiz praises his lady-love in the following strain of delicate and high-wrought imagination:

"Sweet gale! my love this fragrant scent has on thee cast,  
And thence it is that thou this pleasing odor hast.  
Beware! steal not! what with her locks hast thou to do?  
O, rose! what art thou when compared with that which blew  
In blush upon her cheek? She's fresh; thou'rt rough with  
thorns.  
Narcissus! to her sanguine eye, as blue as morn's,  
Thine eye is sick and faint. O, pine! in thy high place  
What honor hast thou when compared with her shape's grace?  
Sweet basil! know'st thou not her lips are perfect musk,  
Whilst withered, lifeless, scentless thou shalt lie at dusk?  
O come, my love, and charm poor Haafiz with thy stay,  
Even if thou lingerest with him but for one short day."

We have here a beaker of Oriental sherbet, bright and sparkling, redolent with every floral

perfume, delicately tintured and tempered with a hundred choice flavors, but Shakspeare gives us a goblet of nectar, if possible, even more delicious:

"The forward violet thus did I chide:  
Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,  
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;  
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,  
A vengeful canker ate him up to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see  
But scent or color it had stolen from thee."

But Western song approaches the Asiatic not only in its finer moods, but also in its moments of incoherent raving, when it mingles forced conceits, strained, fantastic metaphors, and meaningless, high-flown phrases in a confused and disgusting jumble of absurdities.

"The sky is a drinking-cup  
That was overturned of old.  
All day it pours into the eyes of men  
Its wine of air and gold;  
All day we drink it down,  
Till every drop is drained up, up, up;  
Then we are lighted off to bed  
By the jewels in the cup."

If our poet had done no more than compare the hollow sky to a goblet, and the inspiring air and sunlight which it pours down to wine, it would have been a vast, striking, and semi-grotesque conception, like those of our Scandinavian forefathers. But he has elaborated it by stating the important fact that untold ages ago some god accomplished the inversion of this colossal beaker. We have, furthermore, the delightful absurdity of wine being poured into and drunken down by means of the human eye, and lastly we are informed that the jewels in the cup assist us in finding the place of our nocturnal slumbers; and all this is told in verses so limping and ragged that they come unto our minds like a troop of lame beggars.

It must be admitted that much of Oriental poetry is after this style, but it is so immensely voluminous that, setting aside all which is worthless, we may find almost untold treasures of the truest poetry. The Oriental bosom is a region through the common strata of whose prosaic existence ramify in every direction the richest veins of the silver and gold of poesy; let us not, then, be surprised if we find many lumps of dross. We may frequently find such passages as, "He lifted his head from the collar of thought, drew aside the veil of silence, and dispensed the pearls of his speech to a

delighted auditory," but we shall also find much of the most terse and elegant composition. What could be more peculiarly significant and forcible, as well as luxuriantly beautiful, than the following answer of a Persian poet, who, though not a voluminous author, was a man of rare genius, and who, on being asked by his friends why he did not compose more, replied, "I intended, as soon as I should reach the rose-tree, to fill my lap and bring presents for my companions, but when I arrived there the fragrance of the roses so intoxicated me that the skirt of my robe slipped from my hands." With what a charming hyperbole does the poet here tell us his intense susceptibility to beauty, while we see the rose-tree of poetry lifting its stems of thought laden with images like the symmetry, the tint, and the odor of flowers, in the skillfully constructed forms of their language, their varying shades of thought and sentiment, and the ethereal intoxication which they breathe into the mind.

The excellence of Oriental poetry is only equaled by its astonishing abundance. The Eastern muses count their tuneful votaries by thousands, for in those lands of splendor and dreamy reverie almost every one is a fabricator of verses, as in the days when hundreds of troubadours wove their passion and sentiment into the rich web of Provençal speech. Arabia alone has produced more poets than all other nations of the earth, while India and Persia have each brought forth a countless throng; and that the Arabs, at least, are highly susceptible to æsthetic charms is attested by the fact that the followers of Mohammed, in defending the Koran, appeal to the beauty of its composition as one of the principal proofs of its divine origin.

The forms, also, into which Eastern poetry is molded are almost countless. The Persian, the Arabic, and Sanscrit are all strikingly adapted to poetry by their copiousness, their vividness, and their wonderful ductility. We shall gain some faint idea of the abundant material presented to the Arabian bard by remembering that his language affords him no less than eighty expressions for "honey," four hundred for "lion," and more than a thousand for "sword," all of which terms are said to be highly significant and descriptive.

Of the vividness of these Oriental literatures we have an example in the Old Testament Scriptures, the original Hebrew of which is closely allied to the Arabic, and their ductility is shown in their almost innumerable forms of versification, their abundance of rhyme, and in the great number of fantastic but ingenious

forms into which they are so readily molded. All varieties of measure, sound, and expression, are found in these Eastern languages. One of the most common measures is an octameter line of Iambics, in which measure are the prodigious epics of India, and the immense Shah-nahmeh of Persia. One of the most common forms of lyric and smaller composition is the "Ghazel," the law of which is, that the first two lines should rhyme, and that every succeeding couplet should furnish a word of similar sound in its second line, the first being left free. These poems sometimes reach a length of forty or fifty couplets, a fact which of itself shows the amazing number of corresponding sounds in these languages. And this is further illustrated in many Sanscrit poems, the lines of which are made to rhyme at the beginning, middle, and end. The following, from Trench's "Eastern Poems," is a short example of the Ghazel:

"What is the good man and the wise?  
Oftimes a pearl which none doth prize,  
Or jewel rare which men account  
A common pebble and despise.  
Set forth upon the world's bazaar  
It mildly gleams, but no one buys,  
Till in anger heaven withdraws  
From the world's undiscerning eyes;  
And in its shell the pearl again,  
And in its mine the jewel lies."

The Oriental authors often exercise great ingenuity in the difficult and fanciful shapes into which they torture their language. The devices which they adopt are almost innumerable, and generally bear some analogy to the idea they would express. Thus a Hindoo poet, in order more effectually to subdue the heart of his mistress, shaped an erotic triplet in the form of a bow and arrow:

O, lovely maid, thou art the fairest slave in all God's mart,  
One kiss I send, to pierce like fire thy too reluctant heart.  
Those charms to win, with all my empire I would gladly part.

This practice of shaping the language into some form symbolic of the sentiment was the

frequent amusement of the Alexandrian grammarians, who often wrote a piercing invective or cutting satire in the form of a spear or ax; the monks of the Middle Ages also frequently wrote their hymns in the form of a cross, and our quaint, sweet old poet, George Herbert, affords us many a curious example of similar conceits. But the ingenuity of the Orientals has exhibited itself in much more elaborate and difficult forms of composition—forms which must have cost years of patient toil, for it is not unusual to find in their works acrostics which read the same backward, forward, upward, downward, at each end, and through the middle. There is also another form which is not infrequent, in which every word of a poem has a double meaning, so that the same words will convey two sentiments totally different. The following will serve as a faint illustration:

"The even belle thus told when the day's red course was all so dun;

The even bell thus tolled when the Dey's dread corse was also done."

Were we to suppose all the corresponding words in the above lines to be spelled and pronounced alike, we should have, with the same words and same sounds conveyed to our minds, the two different statements that the undisturbed beauty narrated some incident when the bright path of the sun had grown entirely brown in twilight, and the vesper bell was pealing a funeral chime in a certain manner when the awe-inspiring form of the dead ruler of Algiers was likewise ready for burial.

The overwhelming abundance of Eastern poetry is shown in the Shah Nahmeh of Firduosi, which contains one hundred and twenty thousand lines; and the two great epic cycles of India, the Saguntala and the Mahabarata, each of which contains two hundred thousand sixteen-syllable lines, besides which the Arabian, Persian and Turkish, are adorned with the productions of thousands of minor poets. Poetic structures, so prodigious as the above-mentioned, contain, of course, much that is worthless—a few golden seeds of thought scattered through bushels of chaff; a few gems of purest luster, buried in a vast bank of gravel; for it could hardly be otherwise with the Persian epic, eight times the length of the Iliad, and with those Indian elephants of poetry twenty times the size of Paradise Lost.

But from the limitless wealth of this bright home of poesy, let us gather a few treasures. From these flowering plains let us select a small bouquet; from these rich orchards pluck a few delicious fruits—let us dip a few goblets of fancy's reddest wine, and so imagine the

rivers of nectar that fertilize the plains of Oriental thought.

The following brief extracts will serve to illustrate, some of them the quaint, forced conceits, some the gorgeously figured mode of expression, and some, we hope, the lofty and exquisite beauty apparent in many of the flashes of Oriental genius:

"As the rose doth its fragrance impart  
To the basket in which it is laid,  
Whether wrought of pure gold or of braid;  
So receiving wise men in thy heart,  
Thou shalt find when their persons depart,  
That their wisdom behind them hath staid."

The two following specimens exemplify the strained and sometimes ludicrous conceits to which Eastern poets resort:

"The day of separation sorely rent my heart,  
But God shall mend the day of separation's heart."

"The new moon now appears in yon heaven-tent's azure-hued swell

As a cutting which lucidly clean from God's finger nail fell."

The following, though somewhat forced, is yet full of rich, mystical beauty:

"The round sun is a glittering goblet of gold  
Borne about all the world by a blue-handed God;  
And the wine it profusely outpours, as of old,  
Is the light that bedrenches the sky and the sod."

Where can the future reward of virtue be more charmingly illustrated than in the following simile known as Wasana's Proverb?

"Good deeds in this world done  
Are paid beyond the sun;  
As water on the root  
Is seen above in fruit."

What a fine thought in the following!

"Is God to be disturbed by throes of men, O fool?  
Sometimes the image of the sun in water seen,  
Is tremulous with the undulations of the pool;  
But not the orb itself is shaken thus, I ween."

A high degree of religious confidence in God is expressed in the following:

"This life is a dim pledge of friendship from God:  
Give me the friend, and the pledge may sink in the sod."

And a similar thought is well expressed in the following:

"Pure spirit is the wine of God's will;  
All matter is acum of his cup:  
So the former life's goblet shall fill,  
When the latter is all drunken up."

Many more examples of equal merit and beauty might be adduced if space permitted. This brief sketch will, therefore, close with the famous satire of Firduosi, hurled at his ungrateful patron, Sultan Mahmoud, who had rewarded his great work, the "Shah Nahmeh," with a few paltry coins. Where can we find images more gorgeously beautiful than those contained in the second, third, and fourth stanzas of the following poem, while at the same time their magic loveliness is skillfully employed only to

set in more vivid contrast the native baseness of Mahmoud :

"In Mahmoud hope not thou to find  
One virtue to redeem his mind !  
His thoughts no generous transports fill,  
To truth, to faith, to justice, chill !  
Son of a slave, his diadem  
In vain may glow with many a gem ;  
Exalted high in power and place,  
Outbursts the meanness of his race.

Take of some bitter tree a shoot,  
In Eden's gardens plant the root ;  
Let waters from the eternal spring  
Amid the boughs their incense fling ;  
Though bathed and showered with honey dew,  
Its native baseness springs to view ;  
After long care and anxious skill  
The fruit it bears is bitter still.

Place thou within the spicy nest,  
Where the bright phoenix loves to rest,  
A raven's egg, and mark thou well,  
When the vile bird has chipped his shell.  
Though fed with grains from trees that grow  
Where Salsebil's pure waters flow,  
Though airs from Gabriel's wing may rise,  
To fan the cradle where he lies,  
Though long their patient cares endure,  
He proves at last a bird impure.

A viper nurtured in a bed  
Where roses all their beauties spread,  
Though nourished with the drops alone  
Of waves that spring from Allah's throne,  
Is still a poisonous reptile found,  
And with its venom taints the ground.

Hadst thou, degenerate prince, but shown  
One single virtue as thy own,  
Then thou hadst gloried in my fame,  
And built thyself a deathless name.  
O, Mahmoud ! though thou fear me not,  
Heaven's vengeance will not be forgot ;  
Shrink, tyrant, from my words of fire,  
And wither in a poet's ire."

#### THE REST OF FAITH.

**W**E live in a hurrying, worrying, wearing time. These are "fast" days. One man makes a fortune in a week, and straightway every body else rushes off, pell-mell, in hope of similar success. Americans are driven by their ambitions and their zeal beyond endurance. Once out on the current, there seems to be no respite. Farewell to all sweet floating on silver lakelets, all dozy dreamings, all meditative quiet. We are borne on by the press of cares, moving ever to the monotonous refrain, "So busy, so busy, so full of work."

Now and then one drops in the harness. An editor falls before death's minie-ball, with the ink of his last editorial undried; a minister sinks down in the pulpit; the Speaker of the Senate slips from his chair in paralysis, and for weeks his life trembles in the balance; a bishop goes down under the wave of overwork, and

another, and another—one moaning at the last, "If I had stopped to rest when I ought, I might have had years yet in which to work." God does not want his children to work themselves to death. All that they do, over and above his requirement, is sheer waste. Knowledge of his will and the guidance of the Spirit would save them from it.

*All need rest of soul.* None need it more than Methodist preachers and their wives. They are moral path-finders. They are in the rush, and excitement, and danger of pioneer work. Our hearts fail us when we look over the field and see the number of Methodist ministers who die suddenly, or who sink into insanity or paralysis from overwork; and worse, those who, under cerebral disease, not sufficiently developed to be regarded anything more than extreme nervousness, do all sorts of eccentric and even criminal things—hurting Christ's cause more than years of faithful labor can repair; men who "go up like a rocket," in the glare of grand sermons, great revivals, and wonderful attainments, and "come down like a stick" in some cesspool of sin—the world sneering, converts backsliding, the Church stumbling, and the charitable moaning, "His nervous system has given out; we have long thought that he was hardly responsible."

I believe it possible for Christians so to rest in God's word, and in his love, that they will literally "cast all their care on him who careth for them;" that they may say truthfully,

"I have no cares, O, blessed Lord,  
For all my cares are thine.  
I live in triumph, Christ, for thou  
Dost make thy triumphs mine."

That this rest of soul is possible, that it is attainable while we are yet in the high tide of work and wear, is proved by the philosophy of God's dealings with his children, by the experience of eminent Christians, and from the Word. Philosophy, experience, and Scripture—these three are incontrovertible. Let us examine them.

First, the philosophic view of the case. A reasonable parent can not require of a child more than he can do, or more than he knows to do. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." If one purposes to do God's will, the best he knows how, always, at any cost to his own plans or preferences, he puts himself in position to be helped of the good Father. The Word will tell him, "this is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom He hath sent." If he wills to believe, as well as he knows to do, God will back the effort with Divine power. As long as he

can say, with no conscious reservation, "I do thus submit and trust," the responsibility of his salvation is upon the Lord. Common sense will dictate that he rest from all anxiety about his religious state. The cleansing of the soul from all sin and the witness of the Spirit must follow such a committing of the case to the sure Advocate. To doubt is to take it from Christ's hands, or distrust his ability to manage it, thus violating the primary conditions of complete salvation.

So one may rest from care of his work. Nothing succeeds ultimately without God's blessing. Nothing fails with God behind it. The one thing to do is by volition and trust, to put one's self, with all the powers of body, mind, and soul in God's hand for use and investment; just as one might put money in Jay Cooke's hands for increase. The figure, like all that we use to illustrate God's ability, falls infinitely short. One puts himself at God's disposal—now and forever—for any use—in any way—giving up all right of dictation, for fine work or coarse, easy or hard. The Lord asks for just this service; so, of course, he accepts it, when it is honestly offered. I say, "God takes me for his work because he wants me, and asks for me, and I offer myself to him as well as I know to do. He can not misapply, or waste, or misuse my little strength." "O, but men plot and plan. They want the place God means for me. They crowd me out or down, where the work is rougher and coarser." No, no; God is stronger than millions of them. All the men on earth, all the devils in hell can not contravene his will concerning me as long as he has me in hand. So I rest, perfectly and profoundly, knowing that

"He always wins who sides with God;  
To him no chance is lost.  
God's will is sweetest to him, when  
It triumphs at his cost."

The possibility of this rest is proved from Christian experience. Paul says, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." He professes to have learned in whatever state he was, therewith to be content. He knew how to be abased, and how to abound. He could work at his trade, with plain people, or preach before Areopagus. He could wrestle with the Mediterranean tempest, clinging to a spar, or stand before kings and emperors. None of these things moved him. He says, in professing this high state of grace, "We that have believed, do enter into rest."

We are apt to think of the apostles as superhuman. Let us take some one nearer ourselves. Wesley said, "I dare no more fret, than to

curse and swear." Think of it. With the spiritual care of thousands of ignorant, superstitious people, and scores of preachers, many of them uneducated and self-willed, running into this, that, and the other extravagance, with the thirst for letters that his literary efforts show, the hunger for home-love that must have been in that great heart, the exquisiteness of fiber indicated by his poetry—this man, often in pecuniary straits, posting about hither and thither, slandered, mobbed, his life in danger, no home, no children, worse than no wife, yet never fretting. Why, some of us can not say as much, when we have only a few dozens of perverse mortals to look after—a few scores of crooked sticks to work up into God's temple, and with all sorts of financial, social, and domestic helps.

But we may want to class Wesley with the specials, the semi-apostolic. Then take men of our own time—Mr. Earle, the Baptist evangelist, through whose efforts Dr. Steele, of Syracuse University, entered the "valley of blessing." Mr. Earle has been preaching forty years. He has preached about sixteen thousand sermons—over one a day. Since October, last year, he has traveled twelve thousand miles, and preached seven hundred sermons—more than two a day. Thousands upon thousands have been given him as seals of his ministry. When Dr. Steele sought to find the hidings of his power, he found that it was the fullness of the Holy Spirit, enjoyed as an abiding blessing, styled by him, "Rest in Jesus."

Dr. Cullis, a Boston Episcopalian, carries a heavy medical practice, the sole superintendence and control of a tract repository, a chapel for the poor, Consumptives' and Orphans' Homes, and a Deaconesses' House. He edits two monthly papers, besides writing and publishing many tracts and small books for gratuitous distribution. All this upon the George Müller financial basis—faith in God for temporal supplies. He says, "I confess I do n't know what anxiety or even the sense of care is. I have never lost ten minutes' sleep on account of our difficulties. I am responsible only for being faithful in my place; and I leave to our loving Heavenly Father to fulfill his own promises."

But we find our crowning proof in God's Word. From a multitude of texts let us select one from a prophet, one from an apostle, and one from the lips of the Lord Jesus himself. Isaiah said, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Paul wrote, "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and

supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

The Lord Christ said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." In Christ we can rest from all care about the hereafter. "We know whom we have believed, and that he is able to keep that which we have committed unto him." No one can pluck us out of his hand. As long as we submit and trust, the best we can, any doubt about the future would be doubt of his love or power. We may rest from care about our present state. Our lives, as we look back over them, may seem a patchwork of mistakes and failures, yet, if we now submit and trust to the limit of our knowledge—which is the limit of our responsibility—we are perfectly saved and perfectly safe. The Savior so hates sin, he so resolutely purposes to fit his children for their home of holiness, that if he gets control of us he will surely wash us in his own cleansing blood.

We may rest from all temporal care. He has taken pains to tell us that he cares for oxen, feeds the ravens, notices each sparrow, clothes the grass, and counts our hairs; will he not surely care for us? He will even attend to our culture of mind and spirit. He does not rest with having things merely live and grow. He makes them wondrously beautiful. He paints gorgeous sunsets that glow an hour and fade out in darkness; will he not see to it that our souls grow in symmetry and beauty?

We may rest from care about our usefulness. A good general makes the most of his soldiers. A good master keeps his servants busy at what is most profitable to him. Our Father will make the very most possible of each of us if he once gets us in hand. To doubt this is to doubt his wisdom or his purpose to save the world.

The rest that Jesus died to purchase for his children is not a rest of inaction. This is one of the paradoxes with which our faith is crowded. We never work better than when we are perfectly at rest, because, having ceased from our own works, we understand that it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure. As we are never so fully alive as when we are dead and our life hid with Christ in God, so we never do so resolutely and successfully as when we "lay the deadly doing down" and let Jesus do it all. In this rest the

soul is like an ocean steamer running before a good wind, sails full, all steam on, no counter-currents or swaying gales, the internal enginery working its best, a force without helping on toward port.

If God's grace is sufficient, if Christ's atonement is not a failure, a fearful price for a small salvation, if "all things are ours, and we Christ's, and Christ is God's," if we may really be complete in him, then this rest of soul is not a fine fancy, not a Utopian dream, but a glorious possibility. The mode of its attainment is given in its definition—the rest of faith. Faith is the medium of salvation. It is done to us "according to our faith" as surely as to those who came to the Master when he was on earth in person. It is impossible to explain how an intense thinking about the crucified Son of God, his love, and power, and present action in our behalf, when we have given up all hope of self-help—it is impossible to explain how this trust makes the sin that wearies and the cares that harry slip from us, leaving us pure and peaceable, clean and at rest, our souls anchored to his infinite calmness. "Without controversy, great is the mystery;" yet we accept it on the authority of the Word, and, testing it, we do find rest to our souls.

The results of this rest are glorious. It helps the physical life. There is nothing better for poor digestion or weak nerves. We find this entry in Wesley's journal: "June 28th I entered the eighty-third year of my age. I am a wonder to myself. It is now twelve years since I have felt any such sensation as weariness. I am never tired—such is the goodness of God!—either with writing, preaching, or traveling."

In this rest one is just ready to enjoy. How few people enjoy religion! A lady asked her husband, "Now, do you really believe, after all, I enjoy religion?" "Why, no, I can't say I think you do. You are a Christian, but you let Satan worry you out of most of the enjoyment of the thing." How few know "the joy that is unutterable and full of glory!" How few "rejoice evermore and in every thing give thanks!" All the week in a financial struggle, all Sunday trying to arouse in themselves sufficient religious emotion to make them feel sure that they will "finally outride the storms of life and land their weary souls in heaven!" So little of the ring of perpetual triumph, so little of being "more than conqueror in their utterances, and, saddest of all, so few souls rescued through their efforts from the bondage of hell!

This rest fits us to grow. If an acorn gets a start upward it will grow, even from under a

stone. Take the stone off the little tree, let the blessed sunshine pour down into its heart, and how its roots will pump the moisture, and its leaflets draw in the air, crowding it up toward the sky! So a soul grows marvelously when Christ lifts off the care.

This rest fits one for work. Beecher said, "Worry, not work, kills ministers." It is not the muscular, vocal, or mental effort of two sermons that leaves a man so completely tired out Sabbath night. It is the fear of failure, the care of his reputation, the sense of inefficiency, the thought of the perishing whom he can not reach. Let him rest from all this in Christ's love, and he can do double the work with half the fatigue. In his eighty-sixth year Wesley notes in his journal: "Saturday I had a day of rest, only preaching morning and evening."

But the best result is the increased success that must crown our work. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." If we limit God's ability or disposition to care for us, we limit his power to work with us and by us. We not only waste our own time and strength, but, to borrow the language of stout old Carvosso, "we tie up the Lord's hands." If we submit passively and yet actively to his will, he can but use us in his work. O, that the Holy Spirit would explain this to all God's workers! Then would "one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

### THE CYPRESS SWAMP.

IN Louisiana one balmy day,  
 Soon after the fall of vernal showers,  
 When over the low alluvial soil  
 Rolled feathery waves of crimson flowers,  
 We mounted our horses and wandered out  
 Over the levee's grassy bank,  
 Into the cotton stubble fields,  
 Through tangled paths and grasses rank.  
 Variant breezes now and then,  
 Like nomads roaming the desert o'er,  
 Stealing from Eastern caravans  
 The gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,  
 Blew over the river's turbid blue  
 Perfumes gathered from every shore,  
 Over the lakes and piny woods,  
 Leaving treasures and taking more.

Was it a chime of silver bells  
 In God's own temples sweetly stirred?  
 We heard the leaves as they gently swayed,  
 And saw the plumes of a mocking-bird.  
 The red-bud glowed like a burning bush,  
 And climbing roses swung to and fro,  
 While liquid notes of the rustic thrush  
 Thrilled through the blossoms sweet and low.

Half hid by glittering waxen leaves,  
 The stately magnolia's snowy bloom  
 Breathed on the air till the droning bees  
 Were languishing with the rich perfume;  
 Water-lilies, with great green leaves,  
 Lying listlessly on the pool,  
 Dark with the shadows of ancient trees,  
 Spread like fans on the surface cool.  
 Lustrous lilies, all cold and white,  
 No ruthless hand disturbed their rest;  
 Peaceful water, so still and lone,  
 No ripple broke on its silent breast.

Behind us the broad, blue river gleamed,  
 Over its bed of sand and clay;  
 And lazily up from its bosom rolled  
 A cloud from a steamer miles away.  
 Beyond the shadowy forest stood  
 Silent and vast in its loneliness;  
 Every tree, like a Druid old,  
 Wrapped in its solemn flowing dress  
 Of long gray moss, that, with funeral look,  
 Somber and sad swung in the air,  
 And swept the twisted and gnarled roots,  
 And graceful ferns that were growing there.  
 Around lagoons, through tangled weeds,  
 And treacherous bayous, slimy and dark,  
 Our devious way we still pursued—  
 Keeping the trail cut in the bark—  
 Till on the verge of a dismal waste;  
 And here we paused in our winding way,  
 For shadows lay brooding o'er the land,  
 And under the canebrakes scarce a ray  
 Shot through the lofty cypress tops,  
 Struggled down through the muscadines.  
 Resinous odors filled the air,  
 As the wind swept over the tasseled pines.

No human voice from the wilderness,  
 That vast expanse of dreary miles,  
 But the solemn sound of the mournful wind,  
 As it threaded the grand old forest aisles,  
 Sounded to us like a voice from God.  
 It told of the long, long, weary day,  
 When the dusky form of the fugitive  
 Crept into the shadows far away,  
 And, mangled and bleeding, lay down to die;  
 Or stifling with bated breath the moan,  
 Waited all day in the miry pool—  
 Waited and prayed with his God alone.  
 He heard the distant black-mouthed hounds  
 Bay hoarsely over his crimson track,  
 Till merciful waters, dark and deep,  
 Flowed over his trail and turned them back.  
 Nocturnal birds from their dreary nests  
 Startled and screamed as they whirled away,  
 Low over his head and panting breast,  
 Skimming the water where he lay.  
 No fear of the moccasin's flattened head,  
 Or venomous thrust of a poisoned sting,  
 Haunted his soul; but in the night,  
 When the great owl spread its heavy wing,  
 He stole from the depths of the dismal swamp,  
 And eagerly scanning the space afar,



Sandaled his feet with the pine-tree gum,  
And wearily followed the polar star.

Here on the verge of that awful waste,  
So filled with the scenes of wild despair,  
Our hearts were raised in thankfulness  
To Israel's God, who heard the prayer,  
The moaning and groaning from dying lips,  
And once again, with his mighty wand,  
Parted the waves of the swelling sea,  
And led them forth to the promised land.

### TIME.

YET why muse  
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year  
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide  
Of old Eternity, and borne along  
Upon his heaving breast a thousand wrecks  
Of glory and beauty, yet why mourn  
That such is destiny? Another year  
Succeedeth to the past; in their bright round  
The seasons come and go; the same blue arch  
That hath hung o'er us will hang o'er us yet;  
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch  
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour  
Like lilies on the tomb of Day; and still  
Man will remain to dream as he hath dreamed  
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring  
From the lone tomb of old Affections: Hope,  
And Joy, and great Ambition will rise up  
As they have risen, and their deeds will be  
Brighter than those engraved on the scroll  
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea  
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves  
Life's great events are heaving into birth,  
Is tossing to and fro as if the winds  
Of Heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths  
And struggling to be free.

Weep not that time  
Is passing on; it will ere long reveal  
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!  
Along the vales and mountains of the earth  
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,  
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,  
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air  
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,  
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,  
And hurries onward with his night of clouds  
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice  
Of infant freedom: and her stirring call  
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones  
From every hill-top of her Western home;  
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood,  
And "Freedom! freedom!" is the answering shout  
Of nations starting from the spell of years.  
The day-spring!—see, 'tis bright'ning in the heavens!  
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—  
From tower to tower the signal fires flash free,  
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas  
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,  
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope

And life are on the wing. Yon glorious bow  
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,  
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch,  
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,  
Tells that the many storms of human life  
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,  
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,  
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

### "POPPING CORN."

THE roof-tree that shows in the attic  
Its arms bare, and leafless, and brown  
To the eyes of the dear little children,  
Is reaching all tenderly down  
With fruitage; they troop there and always  
Bring treasure. To-night in the dusk  
They come and bring corn silver-kerneled,  
Each ear tied by silken-white husk.  
The tiny ears shelled, now the children  
Are gathered around in the glow  
To see how the small kernels blossom  
To leaves that are white as the snow.  
The eyes that are watching are eager;  
The myst'ry to them is as new  
As if ne'er before in the fire-heat  
Leaf on leaf frail white blossoms grew.

And only "the baby" is silent,  
With chubby hands crossed, looking wise;  
No laughter can break the sweet quiet  
That sleeps 'neath the great, sober eyes.  
He's reasoning—mayhap he is solving  
Just how the small kernels can throw,  
In a moment, such beautiful leafage,  
As white as the new-fallen snow.

Sweet picture! O, baby, fold softly  
The small, dimpled hands, till we take,  
In careless and beautiful grouping  
The hand of no artist could make,  
Till our heart holds the tiny "home picture"  
Of faces a gleam, till for aye  
We learn how a simple home pleasure  
May brighten a long "rainy day,"

Till we learn how little it taketh  
To make a child merry and glad.  
Let us hold the sweet picture still longer,  
For we should grow thoughtful and sad.  
God hides near our hand, "for the children,"  
Pure treasure, and gives us the key.  
How seldom we open! how seldom  
We pause in our toilings to see

The blank little faces turned slowly  
And sadly away! May we learn  
How often and often before us  
"The little ones" hunger and yearn,  
When a moment had opened rich treasure,  
And brightened a long, rainy day—  
O, life has so many!—be tender,  
And gladden the child while you may!

## MODERN NECROMANCY.

IMAGINE the effect which would be produced upon one of our congregations, were their minister gravely and seriously to warn them against indulging in the practice of *Necromancy*! What astonished and puzzled looks would be turned toward the pulpit! What silent questionings would arise!

Necromancy! What can he mean? It must be some startling device to attract our attention! He can not mean to say that in this enlightened age magic and sorcery are to be dreaded! Why, there are those who deny the existence of a devil, and people are more prone to explain away what they can not understand than to fall into the other error of superstition!

Nevertheless, dear readers, though this be the age of the practical and the tangible—though whatever is profitable and remunerative is fast superseding the poetical and the beautiful—though “progress,” with ruthless hand, is sweeping away countless memorials of old, clearing off as rubbish time-honored customs, ideas, institutions, and replacing them with newer lights—though every thing is laid bare and discussed, dissected, and ventilated, till it might be imagined that naught but solid metal or weighty grain was suffered to pass into use—though we deride superstition, laugh at belief in lucky or unlucky days, at the queer ideas about magpies, the death-watch, the crowing of cocks at unwonted hours, the howling of dogs at midnight, the stories of wraiths, banshees, ghosts, casting of spells, the evil eye, and all such relics of ancient auguries and times of heathendom—though, if an ignorant poor creature, who hardly knows right from wrong, suffers himself to be deluded by the unscrupulous pretender who promises him a charm to cure his cow or his pig, we speak very contemptuously of his folly and credulity, and can scarcely find withering words enough for the poor servant girl who gives one of her few bright shillings to a gipsy for telling her fortune; yet, notwithstanding, it is perfectly true that, at this very time, necromancy is practiced, and largely practiced among us, and that by no means by the low-born or illiterate class.

For what is a necromancer? Simply, “a consulter with the dead,” and consultations with the dead are professedly, with a large number of persons, of every-day occurrence.

Is it generally known that there exists in the midst of us a large and increasing class of persons, who openly profess to have converse with the spirits of the departed? that there are periodicals wholly devoted to extending the

knowledge of the so-called phenomena, and societies for the same purpose holding their meetings, enrolling their members, and doing their work with an ardor worthy of a better cause? And is it also known that while the larger number of spiritualists are, we believe, “religious” persons, apparently anxious to lead a godly life, but blinded and led into error through giving the rein to unwarranted fancies and speculations, there are others, and by no means an inconsiderable proportion of them, who are, in the words of the *Spiritual Magazine*, “honestly anti-Christian?”

We believe that these things are not known, or, if known, are at least not considered and dwelt upon as they ought to be, and we entreat that we may have a patient hearing, when we urge, with all the force that is in us, resistance to what we consider an insidious, a growing, and a deadly evil.

In the first place, should there be any need to warn the followers of Christ against association and connection with a society, some of whose members are “*honestly anti-Christian*?” Surely the very fact that some spiritualists deny Christianity, ought to be enough to deter every Christian from meddling with the matter in the smallest degree. But then probably we shall have Scripture quoted against us, and be reminded that we are commanded to “try the spirits,” and told, that if we do so we shall find all those from whom we are expected to learn, “confessing that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh,” and inculcating his teachings; therefore, we will leave this argument, merely saying by the way, that St. John was speaking of prophets and teachers, professing to be influenced and commissioned by the Spirit of God, and if he had had in view spirits, in the sense we are now speaking of, we think he would have specified the means by which they were to be tested, and proof of their mission obtained. Nor will we now go into the question of the utility or non-utility of spiritualism—we will allow that it may be presented in a most alluring shape, and that many may be attracted toward it from believing that their souls would be expanded, purified, rendered less groveling, enabled to eschew what is gross and earthly, to aspire after what is exalted and heavenly—we will pass by all this, and just ask, is it permitted? The Bible is our standard of right and wrong. “To the law and to the testimony”—we know no other referee—and where, in the whole range of the Bible, do we find a hint held out that the dead may return to tell those yet sojourning below what is their condition of joy or sorrow? An instance is

recorded of an entreaty that such a thing might be done; and how was it received? By an unqualified refusal.

The rich man, "Dives," as he is often called, lifts up his eyes, being in torment, and sees Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom, and at the sight he bethinks him of a prayer to him for help, but no—help is impossible—there is between them a great, impassable gulf. Then another thought occurs to him, his brethren, his five brethren at home; will *they* follow him to this place of torment? Who can say how much of his torture may not have been caused by thought, by remorse, by bitter anguish for what he might have done and did not do, what he might have been and was not! Poor Dives! Perhaps he was what is called a good fellow, a kind-hearted soul. He did not help Lazarus, but perhaps he did not happen to think about him. But he had natural affections—mayhap he loved his brothers, very likely they had shared each other's riches, perhaps he had been the chief, the leader in dissipation, and jollity, and careless living, and had urged the others on, or, at least, they had emulated his example, and "O," he thinks, now in his torment, "I loved them, I would not have done them harm, and they will follow me here!"

But no—they must be saved—a messenger can go and tell them of his state; and if *he* perishes, *they* will escape! And then we can fancy his piteous appeal: "Father Abraham, thou didst so earnestly implore for the godless Cities of the Plain! thou didst feel for the people about to perish, and didst plead again and again for them—thou wilt not be deaf to me! send, O send Lazarus to my father's house! warn my brothers by a voice from the dead, and they will repent!" But stern came the answer—"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead;" and so closed that drama, penned, as if expressly to show us that naught will be revealed to us of that other land, until we ourselves have crossed its borders.

And of those "many mansions" which Jesus went to prepare, and about which information beyond what is written is by so many eagerly sought, all we can say to satisfy curiosity is, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

But in the face of this we have, in the "Glimpses of a Brighter Land," spirit after spirit detailing, through "a writing medium," their experiences after death. They give explicit descriptions of their dress, their houses,

their food, their occupations, the beautiful scenery they pass through, the lovely cattle and horses they meet, the jewels they wear, and, most outrageous of all, the splendid furniture of their apartments, and the luxurious, softly shaded chambers devoted to repose. Nay, they are not afraid to relate meetings with the souls utterly lost, and with other souls not yet, it would seem, either lost or saved, but contended for by angels and devils, and yet hanging between repentance and perdition, as well as with friends and acquaintances in various degrees of blessedness, some of whom are permitted to visit and assist their loved ones yet on earth.

Now, what shall we say of this sort of thing? It is either the emanation of a diseased brain, or it is a deception of the most unprincipled and cruel kind, or, lastly, it is the work of those lying and seducing spirits who, we are expressly told, shall come in the last days with signs and wonders, so that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Possibly all three of these causes are at work. In many cases mediums are paid for their séances, and make a good living out of their dupes, for whom, we must confess, we have no pity. Very often, however, nothing is sought to be gained, and then we can only suppose that weak-minded people actually do believe that they see and hear what they relate, and the love of the supernatural is so inwoven in human nature that it is never very difficult to excite it and bring it into play, and, once indulged in, this seeking for wonders takes such hold on people that they find it very difficult to forego the indulgence of it, and we would not find it at all impossible to believe that it may be a very useful weapon in the cause of evil, and one that Satan would be very unlikely to neglect. If, as we know, he can be transformed into an angel of light, what is to prevent his taking the form and using the speech of those we were familiar with on earth? Why should he not do it, if by such means he can lead us either to disbelieve or to believe in more than what is written?

The arguments of those bitten by spiritualism all tend to this: "Come and see for yourself; examine if there be any deception; seek for light; seek for knowledge in a candid spirit, and you will find that the things we tell you are true!"

Dear reader, that is not the argument. It is possible that it may be true, but is impossible that it can be right; and if we from curiosity allow ourselves to tamper with what is wrong, can we be surprised if we are over-mastered by a strong delusion and believe a lie? There is

internal evidence that the thing is not of God. Did God ever send an inefficient messenger? Do not those he sends fulfill the work he gives them to do? Was Moses disqualified by his stammering tongue from conveying the message he was bound to deliver? Did not the coal of fire from the altar touch the prophet Isaiah's unclean lips; and who ever taught in more high and holy strain? Do not his angels "excel in strength," his ministers "do his pleasure?" But here these spirits, which say they are sent by God, or permitted by God to come to earth to comfort, console, or teach those who are left behind, are constantly unable, forsooth, to deliver their message, because the atmosphere surrounding the person who is to receive it is unfavorable to spiritual communication! Does it not almost amount to profanity? The great Maker and Ruler of all has a message for one of his children, which can not be given because the surrounding influences are antagonistic! It is impossible that numbers of those who speak about spiritualism can have thought of it—can have considered the possibilities involved in what they advert to as mere amusing gossip. If some of the revelations from the other world are of a serious nature, professing to teach and elevate, others are of so puerile and ludicrous a kind that it is necessary in some manner to explain them away; therefore we are sometimes told that they come from those who were once wits on earth, and who, even now that they have passed away, and should, one would suppose, be occupied with very different ideas, can not refrain from a nice little joke at the expense of poor mortals, and sometimes that they emanate from evil spirits, who wish to bring discredit upon spiritualism. People are therefore enjoined to watch carefully, and to pray that only good spirits may attend at the séances. But conceive people mixing themselves up in an affair where the possibility of the attendance of evil spirits was ever so remotely suggested!

As long as the turning of tables, the revolving of hats, the knocking about of furniture, the playing on musical instruments, the presentation of bouquets, or the showering down of flowers "wet with the dews of heaven," or the raising of individuals in a darkened room to float over other people's heads and put marks on the ceiling with a pencil, were the feats attempted, there was no occasion for much remark, and it might suffice merely to deride the whole thing, for we all know that Professor Anderson and many a wizard far inferior to him would throw the whole performance into the shade, with, however, one great difference:

the magical professor tells you he is deceiving you, cheating you with your eyes open; you go to him for an evening's amusement, nothing more. So when you read the grand utterances of Dante and Milton, you know that you are reveling in the conceptions of the poet, following the sublime imaginings of his genius, nothing more. You do not for a moment find yourself dreaming that you know more of the unseen world than God in his wisdom has thought fit to reveal to you. But when it comes to the medium, professing to "open heaven" and to bring "messages for the bereaved from our little ones in glory," being "a series of communications from children in the spirit-world in answer to the questionings of their little brothers and sisters on earth," thus showing that even children are not exempt from this mania for the supernatural, when difficulties in the very Scriptures themselves are professed to be explained by answers rapped out upon tables or scribbled by a planchette, it really is time to interfere and testify strongly against the unlawfulness and the danger of the pastime.

Will any one look through the Bible and see what is there said about witchcraft, sorcery, and divination, and then tell us whether the practice of spiritualism is to be condemned or not? Begin with Leviticus xix, 31: "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God." And the twentieth chapter and sixth verse: "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a-whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul." Continue with the twenty-seventh verse: "A man also, or woman, that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones: their blood shall be upon them." And go on with Deuteronomy xviii, 10-14: "There shall not be found among you any that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord, and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee. Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God. For these nations, which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners; but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee to do so." It is mentioned as one of the sins of Manasseh that he dealt with those who had

familiar spirits, and as one of the virtues of Josiah that he put them away. One of the curses threatened in Isaiah is that the people shall seek unto wizards and them that have familiar spirits! And many other passages might be quoted, but we do not wish to draw out the subject to too great a length.

In the New Testament see the mention of Simon, who bewitched the people of Samaria, and of the damsel possessed with the spirit of divination who followed St. Paul, and then observe that it is expressly prophesied that people will give heed to "seducing spirits" and "lying wonders," and be given over to strong delusion, that they may believe a lie! "Spirits of devils working miracles" are also mentioned, and in the very last chapter of the Revelation, when the various classes are enumerated who are not permitted to enter the city and take of the tree of life, we find included the sorcerer, and who-soever loveth and maketh a lie!

Now, these are very solemn thoughts, and a very strong testimony from God's Word as to the light in which he regards these things. We may be censured for comprehending modern spiritualism within the category of witchcraft, sorcery, and dealing with evil spirits, but in our opinion they are all of the same class. What but mediumship was that proceeding of the witch of Endor? What did Saul want but that Samuel should be brought back to hold converse with him? Where does that differ from the present spiritualist, who professes to hold intercourse with all manner of people who no longer inhabit this world of ours? All dealing with the supernatural, all seeking to penetrate beyond the veil, is most clearly and distinctly reprobated, and, far from having the slightest warrant for such practices, we may be convinced that they are only to be abhorred.

And let it not be said that we are limiting the power of God or setting bounds to his merciful dealings with us, and rejecting an element of great comfort and a means of instruction in the higher life. We do nothing of the kind. But we say that if God be pleased to send back to this world any of his servants with a message for those below, they will be able to deliver it, and find no impediment in any terrestrial atmosphere or influences; and we also say that we are by no means justified in expecting or seeking for any such communications, and that if we deliberately go into temptation we have no right to expect to be delivered from evil. As to instruction in the higher life, do we want more instruction than that given by our Lord and his apostles? If Moses and the prophets were sufficient under the first dispen-

sation, how more than sufficient is the light we have now! Nor do we need that one should rise from the dead to tell us!

### THE GATES OF GOLD.

I've gathered a strange, sweet fancy—  
Perhaps it were best untold—  
And yet I will name it softly,  
Of the gates of glittering gold.

There were angel souls that journeyed  
With us on this earthly shore,  
We knew they had hidden pinions,  
Yet we loved them more and more.

But at last their shining soul-wings  
So strong and so swift had grown,  
That they flew to the better country,  
And left us to walk alone.

Away from the strife and sorrow,  
Afar in the upper calms,  
They lost the wail of our anguish  
In sound of the seraph psalms.

Yet with eyes of tender longing  
They looked o'er the mystic bar,  
Adown on our dreary darkness,  
Untouched by a single star.

And their crowned brows bent lowly,  
As they prayed with one accord,  
"Wilt thou not unclothe the portal  
To their human sight, O Lord?"

And the loving heart of the Master  
Spake then thro' His accents low,  
"Not all of my wondrous glory  
May shine on the loved below.

Yet your hands shall bear them upward,  
And lighten their load of pain,  
As they gather my ripened fruitage,  
And garner the golden grain.

And the gates shall stand half-open,  
Till I greet your glad return,  
That down 'mid the earthly shadows  
Ye may see the home-lights burn."

We toil in the flush of morning,  
We strive in the noon-tide heat,  
And feel not the bliss of their presence,  
The thrill of their voices sweet;

But as in the still of even,  
When the daylight's toil is done,  
We look tow'rd the purple mountains,  
And sigh for the sinking sun,

Over our desolate spirits  
Trembles a mystical spell—  
A breath from the beautiful city  
They leave in their mute farewell.

And there dawns on our upward vision  
A gleam from the closing bars,  
Till our souls in the dark of sorrow  
Are sown with the light of stars.

## The Children's Repository.

### THE MAGIC NUT-CRACKER.

**I**N the border of a thick forest grew a chestnut-tree whose highest branches climbed as near to the sky as any of the forest-trees, and were good hiding-places for the birds to build their nests in, when Spring and Summer concealed them with thousands of green leaves. They flew away before October came, and the foliage changed the color of its dress, that glistened in golden yellow, when the bright rays of the sunlight fell on it, and some of the leaves, old and tired of clinging so long to the boughs, drifted toward the ground beneath, leaving bare the prickly green chestnut burs that held snug and tight the brown nuts children love to gather. The robin who had had its home in the topmost branches, and there safely brought up its young brood, came back sometimes and peeped into the deserted nest. The young ones had flown away long ago; indeed, they went as soon as they found they had wings and learned how to use them. Father robin peered through the sheltering leaves; there was the old nest; the school-boy had not touched it; he whistled a note or two to his mate who was close by, as if to assure her that it would be a good place for next year, then both spread their wings, and very soon became like tiny spots in the distant clouds, far beyond the reach of any gun or rifle.

The pleasant shade the tree threw over the hot earth in Summer time was not forgotten when the nights were longer, and the days shorter, and the winds which, when Summer breezes have played gently with the leaves, fanning away the hot breath of the sun, now came to tear them away from their old places.

"Moo, moo," roared a white cow, stopping under the old tree, as the boy was driving her home. "Moo, moo." She remembered how nice it was to lie down under the shade and pant for breath in the long, hot Summer days, or to drink the cool water of the brook that slipped along directly beneath, or stand knee-deep in the water while she lashed away the flies with her long switchy tail.

"Get along, get along, will you?" said the cow boy, and Mooly was obliged to move on.

The brook, too, was very fond of the chestnut-tree, and loved to loiter a little here, as it

hurried on more softly through the mossy banks where the violets were the darkest and sweetest.

"Is n't it almost time for me to carry off some of those burs?" babbled the Brook.

The wind bent the branches over until they touched the water, and the brook caught the whisper it sent sighing through them as evening came on.

"Not yet, not yet," said the Tree.

The gray squirrels ran nimbly up the limbs. Very busy were they, searching for something to add to their store of food for Winter—briskly they jumped from bough to bough, but they shook their heads and bushy tails to no purpose, for the nuts they wanted still slept soundly in their green prison, with no chance of getting out.

"Ah, my dears," said the Chestnut-Tree, "do n't hurt your pretty little bright eyes with those thorns. Have a little patience. All in good time I'll see that you have your share. Wait for the Nut-cracker."

The squirrels blinked their bright eyes. They looked at the clear sky and toward the setting sun; it was sinking to rest, and the clouds were heaping up golden pillows as it went to sleep. The north wind rustled the leaves.

"Not yet, not yet," it said, and down hopped the squirrels and ran to look for some other kind of provision.

A great ugly spider with ten legs, a yellow-spotted body, and two great eyes, very far apart, who had been waiting for them to leave, now crept swiftly up the rough bark on the trunk of the tree—on, on she went until she reached the very end of one of the lower branches.

"You looking for nuts, too?" said the Tree.

"No, no, I have more important business," said the Spider. "I have a palace to build; it must be finished this very night. I shall have a hard night's work, but the first rays of tomorrow's sun will light it up beautifully. If you do n't object I'll commence here at once, as no time is to be lost. I'll just tie a thread on this limb, strike a line yonder, and spin a cord so through the middle, and you will see what an ornament you will have on your left side in the morning, all as fine as gossamer and soft as silk, and as beautiful a palace as was ever built by a spider."

She spun as she talked, fastening her delicate

cords and lines here and there with wonderful swiftness.

"You do n't expect to catch nuts on that, I hope?" asked the Chestnut-Tree.

"O dear, no," said the Spider cunningly. "Catch nuts! I never dreamed of catching nuts; I only came here to beautify your lonely branches."

"It is quite as well you did not, for you won't catch any of my nuts yet, I can tell you."

"Not yet, not yet," echoed the Night Wind.

"You see I draw all of my threads out of my own mouth, so I can't talk and work very well at the same time, as it takes all of my time and brains for the business I have on hand, and if I am not very spry the sun will come up here before my palace is finished."

He went on with the work, the sun went quite to bed, the clouds tucked him in, the daylight all faded away, and the tree looked like a black spot, with all the other black spots in the forest, the brook could be heard, but no longer distinctly seen—without nails or hammer, ladder or saw, all in silence, and in the dark, the spider worked on busily. In the middle of the night it was cold. The tree shivered as a chilly wind passed by. It said,

"Not yet, not yet."

"Is n't it growing cold?" said the Tree to the Spider.

"Bah, who minds the cold," said the Spider with her mouth full. "I have n't time to talk, did n't I tell you so?"

Out came the thread—lines and circles were spun until the outside was completed, then she crept stealthily toward the middle, winding in and out, never breaking her line, but keeping steadily on, until the morning sun shone on the palace she had built. The threads glistened like silver, and the little dew-drops that clung to them looked like diamonds in the sun.

The spider quietly hid himself under a large leaf.

"Why do n't you come out and walk about your palace?" said the Tree. "I am sure it is very beautiful, and I thank you for making me such a lovely gauze veil for some of my leaves."

"Hush! hush! that will do. Do n't speak again or disturb me on any account; I have been up all night; I am tired and want a little nap."

"That is so," said the Tree. "I do n't object."

The spider remained hidden under the leaf until a few giddy gnats came floating along and stumbled against the beautiful palace.

"Halloo! what 's that," cried the Spider, starting up in a great rage. "Who dares to

enter my beautiful palace without asking my permission? I'll soon punish you."

"Is this the use you make of your palace?" said the Tree indignantly. "Let me tell you, those gnats and flies have come here as they pleased; they did not expect this kind of treatment."

"Let them learn better manners and not come around tearing your beautiful gauze veil."

The spider soon bound his prisoners fast with more cords, and put them in a safe place until he had a better appetite.

"Now I'll take another nap."

"Very good," gurgled the Brook. "Just let him drop in the water; I have a fish that can take care of him."

"I sha' n't take a bath to-day." The Spider laughed and settled himself for another nap under the leaf, taking good care though to keep one eye open.

Very soon a troop of school-boys, bound for a nutting expedition, stopped under the tree; they looked up and saw plenty of nuts, but the branches were very high, and the trunk, smooth and straight as the mast of a ship, was not easy to climb, and besides if they fell they might tumble in the water.

"Let 's fire stones," cried one.

The Wind still said, "Not yet, not yet."

The robin, the brook, the squirrels, and the spider could understand that language very well, but the boys could not, and they showered stones upon the poor tree until some unripe nuts tumbled on the ground.

The green prickles stung their fingers, and the nuts were mashed in the burr before the boys could get at the fruit, until, tired of the fun, they gave it up.

"Halloo," said one boy as they were leaving, "here 's an awful green and yellow spider right in the middle of this web. Here goes." He threw a stone and the spider, who had crept from under the leaf to find out what was going on, was knocked in the brook, where a hungry gudgeon swallowed him in an instant.

The beautiful palace, the work of the whole night, was torn away by the large stone, which went crashing into it; all the delicate lines and circles, the beautiful silver threads were torn away, and the boys left the tree with a few green nuts, and the leaves scattered on the ground.

"When will those cruel boys learn wisdom and leave me in peace?" said the Tree.

The North Wind sighed again, "Not yet, not yet."

The brook hurried off with some of the torn bits of leaves, and the squirrels ventured again

out of the holes where they had crept in fear and trembling.

Days passed away, still the stream rippled along, brushing the Summer grasses and low shrubs in the old way, singing the same tune—an acorn floated on the water, the squirrels ran to look at the tree, but they understood what was meant when they heard the same whisper from the Chestnut-Tree, "Not yet, not yet."

Then one evening the sun went down, dipping out of a far-away clear, cold sky behind the horizon—as twilight came on the water of the brook became colder and colder—spiders crept away into dark holes too stiff to work or weave a covering to keep them from shivering, and all the gauze wings of the insects, who were not safely housed in warm places, grew stiffened and useless.

The stars came out, one by one, until thousands glittered in the clear sky over the forest; silent was the hill and the valley; even the brook murmured under a numb breathing of the Frost King as he passed over the forest-trees and laid one icy finger on the chestnut-tree; the nuts sprang from their green prisons at the touch; the brown fruit fell from their shackles, and in the dark forest one after another they dropped on the ground. The squirrels heard the sound; they knew it well. The brook heard it, and hurried away to tell the news.

"There will be food for us," said the fish as one fell in the water.

"And work for us in the morning," said the squirrels.

When the sunbeams lit up the forest the heavy frost had transformed their colors into deeper and brighter hues, and many a stiff insect lay on the ground, chilled to death by the cold night.

The brook babbled away more noisily than ever, as if trying to throw off the frosty air of the night, and the squirrels busied themselves in picking up the nuts, carefully storing the brown treasures for the long Winter, which had been sent to them by the Magic Nut-cracker.

### THE STORY OF JESSIE.

THREE little girls came, one chilly Autumn morning, to our school, and presented themselves for admission. It was a long time ago, and ours was a country school, where both boys and girls of all ages attended. Some of us were fourteen or fifteen years of age, and were called "the great girls," and there were little wee ones only just learning the alphabet.

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The three little strangers were from four to seven years of age, and resembled each other very strongly. All of them were very ruddy in complexion, with coal-black eyes and hair; they were all dressed in silk, and as, with curious eyes, the girls of the village school scanned the new-comers, the three held tightly by each other's hands, and rather shrank from the inquisitive glances they encountered. It seemed a little singular that they should be sent alone to a strange school, no mother coming with them to introduce them and speak to the teacher about them.

We could not help noticing that their silk dresses were not very nice, nor put on very neatly. They wore no pantalettes, and their short socks did not half cover their blue-looking legs, and their bare necks and arms were equally blue. The little strangers were very quiet and lady-like, said nothing to any one, but kept always close together, and went and came quite by themselves. After two or three days the two younger ones came at the usual school-hour in mornings, but Jessie, the eldest, came half an hour later, and day after day with the same excuse—she "had to get Allie and Amy ready, and then wash the dishes."

We used to think it a little singular, for we knew their mother used to go out dressed in silk, and there were pictures and a piano in their house, and we used to hear music when we passed by. As the Winter came on, and the sharp, frosty mornings made it necessary for us to be warmly dressed in cloaks and soft woolen dresses, the three little sisters wore still the same silk dresses, with no more of outside clothing than they had worn in Autumn, when they first came. What could be the reason? All three wore their hair in braids, but when their ribbons were lost they were tied with bits of calico or white cloth.

"Who does up your hair in the mornings?" asked a rude girl in the school one day of little Allie.

"Jessie does."

"Why don't she tie it with ribbons?"

"We have n't any," was the soft reply.

"Well, I would n't have it tied with rags," was the rude girl's answer. "Does your mother want your hair tied with rags?"

"She does n't care, because I'm an old fiddle."

"An old fiddle! What does the child mean?"

The other girls had gathered round, but Jessie had not come.

"Who says you're an old fiddle?"

"My mother; she does n't love me."



"But what does she call Jessie?"

"O, Jessie is her mountain rose."

"And what is Amy?" said the questioner.

"Amy is her pet daisy."

The girls looked at each other with a puzzled look, and the rude girl said, "I suppose her mother calls her a fiddle because she has such a squeaky little voice."

After a while Jessie ceased coming to school, and stayed at home to tend the baby, but Allie and Amy came in all weathers, unprotected and alone. At last, one sharp, severe morning after a snow-storm, as the children pressed close to the stove, before the teacher's arrival, to warm their aching fingers and toes, Allie was pushed too near, and her old silk dress was burned, and her bare arm, too. She was sent home, and for several days she did not come, and the teacher went to make inquiries. We did not know then what she found out, but we were asked to come to the school-house on Saturday afternoon to sew, and when we arrived there we found that we were to sew for the little Grays, especially Allie. One of the elder girls ventured to ask if Mrs. Gray would not be offended. "I can not help it if she is," was the teacher's firm reply, "but while they come to school to me they shall be comfortably clothed, if it is in my power." Warm woolen dresses, under-clothing, and cloaks were made, nice long-sleeved "tyers"—Allie called them "pinafors"—and stockings were provided for them, and the bundle was sent to the house. We heard that Mrs. Gray was very angry, and said they should never wear them; but they did, for Jessie dressed the little ones of mornings, and she put on the new garments. The gentle and motherly Jessie! We did not know then what a little heroine she was, but it all came out afterward. Their mother was a drunkard—a wine-drunkard! And that patient and uncomplaining little girl took charge of the family, for there was no servant, and while the mother lay senseless upon the sofa or the bed she toiled in the kitchen, and the sorrowful father, obliged to go to his business, left the house in charge of this womanly little daughter!

At last they moved away, and we heard no more about them, but four or five years afterward I met the three little sisters in the streets of a great city, dressed in a shabby silk and velvet, and looking as cold, and poor, and sorrowful as ever. Do the little girls who read this story ever thank God that they have a Christian mother? Are they ever unwilling to help her? Let them think then of the patient, womanly little Jessie, who from her earliest childhood had to be a mother to all the rest.

#### COMPANY MANNERS.

"WILL you please sit down and wait a few moments till mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother.

"And will you give me a glass of water, Martha?" asked one of the ladies; "I am very thirsty."

"With pleasure," answered Martha.

Martha presently came back with two goblets of water on a small waiter, which she passed to both ladies.

"O, thank you," said the other lady; "you are very thoughtful."

"You are quite welcome," said Martha, very sweetly.

When Martha went out of the room one of the ladies said, "This little girl is one of the loveliest children I ever met. How sweet and obliging her manners are! It must be delightful to live with such a child."

Let us go into the next room and see. Martha took the waiter back into the dining-room. "Me drink! me drink!" cried little Bobby, catching hold of his sister's dress and screwing up his rosy lips. "Get out, Bob!" cried Martha roughly; "you are forever in the way." "Me drink," said the little fellow. "No," said Martha, "go to Bridget." "Do n't speak so to your little brother; it will grieve him to death," said Bridget. "It is none of your business what I say!" cried Martha, tossing back her head.

"Martha!" That is grandmother, calling from the top of the stairs. "What?" screamed Martha back. "Please come here, dear," said grandma. "I do n't want to go," muttered Martha. She however dragged herself upstairs. Unwilling feet, you know, find it hard to climb; besides, they are so clumsy. "Martha," said grandma, "will you try and find my specs? I am pretty sure I left them in the dining-room." "No, you did n't," cried Martha, in a cross, contradictory tone, "you always lose them up here;" and she rummaged round the chamber, tumbling things over like the north wind. "No matter," said the dear old lady, seeing she would have much to do to put things to rights again; "no matter, Martha, they will come to hand;" and she quietly put down the newspaper for by and by. Martha left her and went down stairs with a pout.

O, dear! where are Martha's civil, obliging manners? Why, those are her company manners. She puts them on in the parlor, and puts them off when she leaves the parlor. She is cross, and disobliging, and rude, and selfish. Is not that bad?

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

**THE FAMILY ALTAR.**—There are few memories that are so fresh and powerful in after years, as the memories of the household altar. I can travel back over the path of forty years and recall the very tones of my father's voice, as he reverently read the Bible, and devoutly prayed, in the midst of his children, how faithfully he taught them the lessons of Christian truth and duty in those thoughtless days of youth, and I bless his memory now for what I did not appreciate then. I believe that the memories of Christian parents and the early associations of a Christian home scarcely ever die out of the heart. Rev. Dr. Adams, in his beautiful book on "Thanksgiving Memories," gives us the following incident: "In the Cathedral of Limerick there hangs a chime of bells, which was cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they were first hung, that he might daily enjoy their sweet and solemn music. In some political revolution the bells were taken away to a distant land, and their maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him, after many years, to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly the evening chimes pealed from the cathedral towers. His practiced ear caught the sweet sound, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his old friends, his beloved native land, all the best associations of his life were in those sounds. He laid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast, and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there, silent and motionless. They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating through his heart at that well-known chime, had snapped its strings."

And so, sometimes, in after life, when the feet of some wayward man have strayed far away from the home of his youth and his heart has wandered far from his father's God, some memory of the past, like the sweet, sad melody of the evening chime, may wake long-slumbering echoes and stir long-sealed fountains; and a father's counsels and a mother's prayers will come up again from the sacred burial places of the past with wondrous power to melt and win the wayward heart.

Yes, a family ought to be a little Church of Jesus

Christ. The father should be its pastor, conducting its daily worship and leading the dear circle in the way of truth and duty. Every tie which binds one living heart to another, should be made stronger and more tender by the influence of a common tie to Jesus. Such a household will have a happy home. Their circumstances may be humble and their lot may be lowly, but if they have Christ in the family there will always be sunshine and peace. That house can not secure the highest domestic joy, which, like the inn at Bethlehem, has no room for Jesus.—*Rev. Dr. Rodgers.*

**BE THANKFUL.**—To slake man's thirst the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger the fields bow down with bending wheat; and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk; and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing, man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck-deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health, marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life, and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window-sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread-tray; that a man fed by Him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears! Has God been hard with thee that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has he covered thee with rags? Has he spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity? If your father or brother come into your bank where gold and silver are lying about, you do not watch them, for you know they are honest; but if an entire stranger come by the safe, you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God; not as a father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward him, as though they were afraid he would steal something. It is high time you began to thank God for

present blessings. Thank him for your children, happy, buoyant, and bounding. Praise him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise him for fresh, cool water, bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock, and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Savior to deliver.—*Rev. T. D. Talmage.*

**COVETOUSNESS.**—Covetousness pretends to heap much together for fear of want; and yet, after all his pains and purchase, he suffers that really which at first he feared vainly; and by not using what he gets he makes that suffering to be actual, present, and necessary, which in his lowest condition was but future, contingent, and possible. It stirs up the desire, and takes away the pleasure of being satisfied. It increases the appetite, and will not content it. It swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes; disturbing the order of nature and the designs of God; making money not to be the instrument of exchange or charity, nor corn to feed himself or the poor, nor wool to clothe himself or his brother, nor wine to refresh the sadness of the afflicted, nor his oil to make his own countenance cheerful; but all these to look upon, and to tell over, and to take accounts by, and make himself considerable and wondered at by fools, that while he lives he may be called rich, and when he dies may be accounted miserable, and like the dish-makers of China, may leave a greater heap of dirt for his nephews, while he himself hath a new lot fallen to him in the portion of Dives. But thus the ass carried wood and sweet herbs to the baths, but was never washed or perfumed himself; he heaped up sweets for others, while himself was filthy with smoke and ashes.

**NO TIME FOR IDLENESS.**—Ye women of wealth, who profess to love Jesus, why sit you in your easy chairs with folded hands, or busy with some useless finery? Can you find nothing better to do? Are there no destitute and wretched ones within your reach? Are there no hungry ones to be fed? no ragged ones to be clothed? no sorrowing ones to be comforted? no ignorant ones to be enlightened? no perishing ones to be saved? Yes, look around, and on every side you will see those who need help, immediate help. Every-where you will find plenty to do. The distressing sounds of want, misery, and suffering, come to my ear from every direction, from near and from far. Hasten, then, to alleviate their sufferings. How can you who possess all the comforts and blessings of life endure to see your fellow-creatures in such an unhappy condition? Go quickly to them, and out of your abundance supply their physical wants; then tell them of Him who died to save them.

Do not suppose that because you have wealth and position that you are under no obligation to labor.

No station, no matter how exalted, or no wealth, even though it excelled that of Lydia's last king, would exempt you from obedience to God's commands. He has said, "Go work in my vineyard." And he does not say that only a certain class shall go, but means all, both rich and poor.

I do not think that Christians can find their way to heaven over a flowery highway of luxury and ease. They must come down to the low, shadowy vale of poverty and humility, where their divine Master toiled while on the earth. He was ever mindful of and ready to give aid to the needy and distressed, and so must his followers be.—*Religious Telescope.*

**CHRISTIANS WANTING NOTORIETY.**—It is a pity that any man bearing the Christian name should be willing to do Christian work only when it is likely to bring him before the notice of men. And yet there are just such men and women. Every pastor can point out one or more such Christians in his Church. If such a one can serve on some official board, or lead the singing, or superintend the Sunday-school, or at any rate teach a Bible class; or if such a one can be prominent in getting up a festival "to clear the debt off the church," or be first directress in the sewing society, why, then you can get some work out of that Christian brother or sister. But just let it come to pass that there is no notoriety attending what they do, the way their zeal flags, and their determination dies, and their efforts diminish, is a marvel.

I am a pastor, and I find that just those persons whose desire seems to be to occupy conspicuous places in the Church, if they are to work at all, are the very ones whose example is not always the best, or who can not be relied upon for steady activity. They are the ones that must be coaxed, and urged, unless there is a good prospect for shining. For really efficient labor, for steady, patient toil, which alone insures success, commend me to those who ask, "What is the work to be done? Where can I be most useful? All I want is some place where, in my feeble measure, I can work for Christ." It is not the place we occupy in the eyes of men; it is rather the work we do, and the spirit in which we do it, that brings us the reward.

**THE BIBLE.**—Cities fall, empires come to nothing, kingdoms fade away as smoke. Where is Numa, Minos, Lycurgus? Where are their books? and what has become of their laws? But that this book no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day, amid the wreck of all that was human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein—surely there is a very singular providence claiming our attention in a most remarkable manner.—*Jewell*

**SLIGHTS.**—"When a stranger treats me with a want of respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat. So, if my hat and boots choose to fret about it, let them, but it is nothing to me."

## Contemporary Literature.

**ROMANISM AS IT IS: *An Exposition of the Roman Catholic System.*** By Rev. Samuel W. Barnum, Editor of the "Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible." 8vo. Pp. 753. Hartford: Connecticut Publishing Company. Sold on Subscription.

This is a timely and valuable book. It is designed especially for the use of the American people, and studies the Roman system especially in its relations to our American institutions, and to modern progress and civilization. The work is very complete and full; it embraces the origin and development of Romanism at Rome and from Rome, its distinctive features in theory and practice, its characteristic tendencies and aims, its statistical and moral position, all drawn from official and authentic sources. The author has wisely allowed Roman Catholics and Roman Catholic authorities to speak for themselves on all points, to tell their own story, to present their own side in all its strength. Much of the book is translated from their standard Latin works, most of which are altogether beyond the reach of the people. The author has given an immense amount of labor and research to the production of his book, being determined to make it a standard work, authentic and reliable, that may be appealed to with confidence on every question of controversy between Romanism and Protestantism. This volume ought not to be confounded with the many sensational books written against the Catholic Church, whose chief aim is to make money out of the excitable character of weak people; nor should it be subjected to the suspicion that sometimes attaches to books published "on subscription." We are fully prepared to commend it to our readers for just what it claims to be. The subject certainly ought to command attention from all Americans. The Roman Catholics constitute a large and increasing part of our population, and are destined beyond question to wield a powerful influence in molding the future of this Republic. It is the duty of American citizens thoroughly to understand these neighbors, most of whom have come to us from abroad. The volume is enriched with numerous illustrations, documentary, historical, descriptive, and pictorial, and contains a full and complete index.

**CATALOGUE OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF CINCINNATI.** 8vo. Pp. 644. Cincinnati: Wiltach, Baldwin & Co.

This fine-looking volume, issued in elegant taste and style, is simply a catalogue of 30,306 volumes contained in the Public Library of this city. In addition to this list, the Library building contains also 3,291 volumes belonging to the "Theological and Religious Library." Arrangements have also been made with the Ohio Medical College, the Academy

of Medicine, and the Cincinnati Hospital Trustees, by which a large medical department of the library will be built up. In addition to these thousands of volumes, the reading rooms contain on file 353 different periodicals. The Public Library is one of the noblest of the many noble institutions created by the wisdom and munificence of the citizens of the "Queen City." The Library has been gradually growing up under a varied history since 1853. For several years it was sustained by taxation by State law; in 1860 this statute was finally repealed. For seven years after this the Library had no public funds available for its increase. In 1867 a statute was enacted authorizing the levy of a tax for the maintenance of the Library, the annual amount of which is about \$17,000. In 1868 the city purchased and fitted up the present magnificent buildings, to which other departments are still being added. When completed the whole structure will have a capacity for 250,000 volumes. The current expenses of the Library are paid by the Board of Education from the general educational funds of the city.

**A NATURALIST'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.** By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., Author of "Origin of Species," etc. New Edition. 12mo. Pp. 519. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The title-page of this volume reports it as "a journal of researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during the voyage of H. M. S. Beagle Round the World." This voyage was made forty years ago, and the first edition of this "Journal" was issued about thirty years ago. It is not, however, such a book as loses value by age. Charles Darwin, much less known thirty years ago than now, was even then a careful and thorough scientific investigator, a quick and enthusiastic observer. Having then no theories to maintain, but being simply an earnest student of nature, he was prompt to see and wise to record the facts that came before him in a voyage "round the world." The book will be read with interest, for in addition to its valuable facts, it is written in a most pleasing and popular style.

**THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS COMMUNE IN 1871; with a Full Account of the Bombardment, Capture, and Burning of the City.** By W. Pembroke Fetridge, Editor of "Harper's Guide-Books," etc. 12mo. Pp. 516. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The late insurrection of the Commune in the city of Paris was the most formidable and criminal the world has ever seen. The record of it is, perhaps, the saddest which has ever appeared on the page of

history. The full story can not yet be told, but the volume of Mr. Fetridge is by far the most complete and accurate record of the terrible events yet published. The author had ample opportunities to be certain of his facts, having remained in Paris from March 6th till after the capture of the city by the Government troops, May 29th. The work contains a large number of portraits of the Communist leaders, taken from original photographs.

**AT LAST: A CHRISTMAS IN THE WEST INDIES.** By Charles Kingsley. With Illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 465. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This book gives more than the promise of its title-page. It is quite a thorough exposition of life, nature, scenes, people, customs, etc., of the West Indies, and is written in a genial and entertaining style.

**STORIES OF VINEGAR HILL.** By the Author of "Ellen Montgomery's Book-Shelf." 6 Volumes, Illustrated. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

Six very pretty little books in a box, bearing such titles as, "A Hundred Fold," "Fowls of the Air," "Spring Work," "Golden Thorns," etc., and suggested by our Lord's parable of the sower. Whole-some food are they for children.

**NATURE'S WONDERS.** By the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D. Author of "Bible Wonders," etc. 16mo. Pp. 335.

**THE HOUSE IN TOWN.** A Sequel to "Opportunities." By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." 16mo. Pp. 424. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

The design of "Nature's Wonders" is to show the wisdom and goodness of God as they appear in the works of nature, and is especially adapted to the capacity of young readers and thinkers. It is written in a very pleasing and attractive style, and is well calculated to elevate and enlarge the young reader's conceptions of the power, glory, and goodness of God, as seen in all the works of his hands.

Elizabeth Warner, the author of the "Wide, Wide World," is one of the pleasantest writers of minor fiction, and her books are always read with a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure. "The House in Town" is no exception to these remarks. It is very simple in construction, but it is written in a charmingly easy and natural manner, which appeals at once to the sympathies and understanding of young readers for whom it is written. It is to be followed by a sequel entitled "Trading."

**GRANDFATHER'S FAITH.** By Julia A. Mathews, Author of the "Golden Ladder Series." 16mo. Pp. 288.

**JESSIE'S PARROT.** By Joanna H. Mathews, Author of the "Bessie Books," etc. 16mo. Pp. 245.

**TRUE TO HIS FLAG.** By the same Author. 16mo. Pp. 184.

**DAISY MAYNARD'S FOUR PROMISES.** 16mo. Pp. 188.

**THE RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.** By the Author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars." 24mo. Pp. 106.

**THREE LITTLE SISTERS.** By Emma Marshall, Author of "Katie's Work," etc. 24mo. Pp. 179. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: Geo. Crosby.

Here we have an installment of juvenile books with the indorsement of the "Carters" upon them, which is always a sign that the books are pure, and good, and interesting, and may be safely put into the hands of the children. Both Julia and Joanna Mathews have made themselves well known to the young readers. The last two belong to "Carters' Fireside Library." "The Rift in the Clouds" contains a number of brief narratives well calculated to help sick and sorrowing ones to find comfort and peace in a God of love, even when dark clouds surround them.

**LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.** By Alexina B. White. Square 12mo. Pp. 94.

**LITTLE JAKEY.** By Mrs. S. H. De Kroyft, Author of "A Place in thy Memory." 12mo. Pp. 132.

**THE JUDGE'S PETS.** Stories of a Family and its Dumb Friends. By E. Johnson. 16mo. Pp. 206.

**ZANITA: A TALE OF THE YO-SEMITE.** By Therese Yelverton, Viscountess Avonmore. 12mo. Pp. 296. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

"Little-Folk Songs" are a collection of those little nondescript songs, many of them containing neither rhyme nor reason, and yet the very things that mothers delight to sing or repeat to their little ones, and which the little ones still more delight to hear; their loose jingle and wonderment being at once their fault and their charm. "Little Jakey" is a pathetic story of a little German boy, having the recommendation of being real and true, and the peculiarity of being told in the broken boyish and German language of "Little Jakey" himself. "The Judge's Pets" were numerous and interesting, and the story of them is capitably told by the author. The author of "Zanita" has become famous through her romantic but unhappy marriage with the Viscount Avonmore, and by her daring adventures among the mountains and wilds of the great West. One of the best qualities of the "tale" she has written under the name of "Zanita," is that it embodies a large part of her own experience among the wild scenes and equally wild people of the Yosemite. The story will charm by its thrilling adventures as well as by the easy, fluent style in which it is written.

**EVERY WOMAN HER OWN FLOWER GARDENER.** By Mrs. S. O. Johnson. Square 12mo. Pp. 148. Paper, 50 cts. New York: Henry T. Williams.

Mrs. Johnson is well known under the *nom de plume* of "Daisy Eyebright," and she has here given a charming manual on the care and cultivation of flowers. Every lady lover of flowers in the house and in the garden should have a copy.

## Editor's Table.

CALAMITIES.—The year 1871, which we are now about closing with the present number of the Repository, will be ever memorable for its great and startling events, most of them being of a calamitous character, as we view them from a human point of view. Perhaps there has not been a year, in what we ordinarily embrace in "modern history," in which the world has been visited with such destruction of human life, such devastation of property, and such wide-spread desolations. The horrors of the French-Prussian war were not ended till the greater horrors of the insurrection of the Communists of Paris, with its wholesale slaughter, and its wild revelry of incendiarism startled the civilized world. Thousands of lives were swept away by the tornado of human passion, and millions of dollars' worth of property was laid in ashes, leaving the whole city in mourning, and tens of thousands in want. These horrors had scarcely lost their keen edge till the famine of Persia notified us that another great nation was in distress, that tens of thousands were in a state of starvation, that pestilence was following hard in the wake of famine, and whole towns were being emptied of their inhabitants, and great cities were decimated. Then came the fearful calamities of our own country; fire ravaging whole counties and districts in the North-West, thousands perishing in the flames, and tens of thousands driven from their homes before the demon of flame, escaping only with their lives, while all their earthly possessions were swept away. Then came the unparalleled fire of Chicago, most likely the greatest fire that has ever visited a city. In its mad fury the richest and best part of the city was swept away in a few hours. Colossal fortunes fell before it in a moment; some of the finest buildings on the continent yielded to it as if they were but stubble; every human thing seemed utterly powerless before the intense destroyer. God only can know how many lives were lost; men can only guess at the amount of property destroyed; no mind can take in the fearful magnitude of suffering that the calamity has entailed on thousands of people.

In the presence of such calamities it becomes us to stop and think. Surely God has some lesson to teach the nations in permitting these appalling events to come upon us. At least we can learn our weakness in the presence of these powers that in a moment can annihilate the proudest monuments of human power and genius; we can learn that always and every-where man is dependent; that no human conditions are invulnerable. Men would have smiled at the insanity of the man who a year ago would have prophesied the destruction of the palaces and massive buildings, and public parks, and all the beauty and glory of Paris, or the stately buildings, or the princely fortunes, or the magnificent business of

Chicago. Yet here, in the heart of the nineteenth century, with all the appliances of modern art, and in all the glory and pride of modern science, these appalling disasters are upon us, calamities which we had begun to think forever overpast. We are under God still; his power is greater than ours; before him our pride is as nothing, and our glory as a very little thing. There is nothing sure, nothing safe on earth; the world has no rock for man to build on; God, Christ, heaven, these only are man's safety, and in them only can he find true and abiding riches.

Perhaps we greatly needed in this rich nation, among our money-loving people, in our proud and wealthy cities, this terrible lesson of the vanity of earthly possessions, this new publication, in letters of flame, of "the deceitfulness of riches." Perhaps our cities needed to be reminded most forcibly that God still rules over cities as he did in the olden time. Out of these calamities has come at least one great good, the grand development of brotherly charity and of Christian beneficence. We can hardly tell which stirred the emotions of our heart the most during the burning of Chicago, the dispatches telling us of the progress of the fire, or those telling of the grand wave of sympathy and charity coming up from all parts of the nation, bearing its tribute of relief to the suffering; both brought the tears to our eyes. Thus God overrules and brings good out of evil. But the good must not cease; the best result of these calamities is this outburst of benevolence. Its good office must not be lost by being too short-lived. The distress in Chicago and the North-West will last yet for many months; let our prayers, and our gifts, and our labors endure as long.

OUR LOSSES.—In the calamity that fell upon Chicago there was no respect of persons or institutions, and the Methodist Episcopal Church was seriously involved in the actual destruction of property and the imperiling of great interests. From reliable sources we will endeavor to make plain to our readers our losses in property and the perils which have fallen on some of our institutions.

First, the Branch of the Western Book Concern consisted of a fine building, a large stock of books, and a thoroughly furnished printing department; all this was entirely consumed, nothing being saved but the account books. The value of the consumed property was about \$110,000. Possibly a little may be realized from insurance, but the loss can not be reduced below \$90,000. Our Agents, at present, intend making no appeal to the Church to help them in this matter, but will send forth an urgent appeal to all indebted to the Concern to close up their accounts. This appeal ought to be imperative, and every debtor should promptly heed it.

Garrett Biblical Institute suffers to the amount of \$85,000, which will probably be reduced by \$20,000 insurance. The Institute had borrowed money and erected buildings on a piece of ground in the city, from the rental of which it expected to repay the borrowed money and sustain the Faculty of the Institute. The loss thus falls with double weight on the Institute. Their property and source of income is swept away, and the lots themselves are left under mortgage for the money with which the buildings were erected. Help must be given to this Institution, or it is almost certainly ruined. Then comes the "Clark-Street Church Block," one of the vital interests of Chicago Methodism. This property was about free from incumbrances, so nearly so, that it had already entered upon its glorious work of Church Extension in the city, by assuming liabilities in behalf of other Churches to the amount of about \$35,000. The whole block, valued at \$130,000, was swept away. It is supposed that \$60,000 will be recovered from insurance. The "Block" can survive, and in a few years be ready to resume its grand mission, provided it can be relieved of its liabilities for other Churches. This the Church at large must do for it. Then we have the churches actually burned, American, German, and Scandinavian, valued at \$116,000, of which \$10,000 can be saved by insurance. We sum up as follows:

Book Concern.....	\$100,000
Churches.....	106,000
Clark-Street Block.....	70,000
Garrett Biblical Institute.....	65,000
	\$341,000

This, however, is only property actually destroyed. To this must be added, loss of income from Institute property, \$24,260, loss of rents from Clark-street property on the basis of which debts of needy Churches were assumed, \$35,000, making a total of \$400,260. And yet this does not cover all; there is left a mortgage debt on the lots of the Biblical Institute with interest, etc., \$96,400, and a mortgage debt on the ground of Grace Church, \$21,600. It is proposed to appeal to the Church to come up to the assistance of the noble men of Chicago who have these great interests under their care. We are sure the Church will feel her common interest in these institutions, and will come up heartily to their rescue and restoration.

THE REPOSITORY FOR 1872.—The present number closes the thirty-first annual volume of the Repository. We have endeavored to make it sustain its past reputation, and to keep up its character for progress. The same policy will be pursued by the publishers and editor for the next volume. The Repository is a favorite with the publishers, and they are determined to spare no efforts or expense in sustaining its character, nor will they allow any embarrassments to cripple its resources. And by the word embarrassments, we are reminded of a new claim which the events of the past few weeks have created in behalf of the periodicals of our Church. As our readers will have learned, the Book Concern suffered heavily in the great fire of Chicago. The

loss under the most favorable circumstances can not be less than \$90,000. In view of the heavy losses to the Churches and other interests of Chicago Methodism, in behalf of which an appeal will be made to the generosity of the Church, the Concern will not make any call on the benevolence of our people, but will make every possible effort to weather the storm and recover from its losses, through its own business. We are sure the people will sympathize with the Agents and co-operate with them in this noble purpose. In order to carry it out two things are essentially necessary: *first*, that all debtors to the Concern promptly settle their accounts, and *secondly*, that all our friends stand by us in this time of need. The subscribers to our periodicals must not fail us now. Let not one name drop from the rolls of the Repository, but let those who are subscribers renew for themselves, and get their neighbors to join with them, and let our preachers give special and earnest attention to all the periodicals for next year. Remember that the periodicals constitute the right-hand of the business of the Western Book Concern. If the preachers and people fail us here the Concern can not but come into embarrassment. Let there be a grand rally for the Repository, Golden Hours, and all the Advocates. Some little difficulties may arise from the burning of the mail-lists of the Repository for the North-West, but all this will be made right in time. The publishers will forward the remaining numbers to every subscriber of whom they can learn. Let not this difficulty discourage any one. And now again we earnestly appeal to agents and subscribers to give us a good round subscription list for 1872. We have all arrangements for a magnificent volume for next year.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The October number completes another year, and a grand number it is. We can not understand how any Methodist preacher can do without the Quarterly. The Church has just reason to be proud of this scholarly magazine. The articles of this number are, "Curtius's History of Greece," "Christian Evidences from the Catacombs," "Early Methodism in the West," "Vicarious Atonement," "Church Property Questions in the South," and "Socrates." The editor also takes occasion in two places to say strong and true words in defense of the validity and permanency of our Episcopacy. His argument is complete in behalf of the reality and intended perpetuity of the Episcopacy as an essential part in the organization of the "Methodist Episcopal Church," to be changed only by the constitutional method of a two-thirds vote of the General Conference, and a three-fourths vote of the Annual Conferences. His criticism on Tyerman's Life of Wesley, as it touches this point in American Methodism, is short and sharp. The Quarterly has long since earned for itself the highest place as defender of the doctrines and Discipline of Methodism. Our only objection to the Quarterly is, that it does not come often enough, and we feel a little like one of the subscribers who complained that his Quarterly did not come every month.









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