

# New-York Evangelist.

VOLUME XLIII. .... No. 36.

NEW-YORK: SEPTEMBER 5, 1872.

WHOLE NUMBER 2215

## Our Correspondence.

### FROM THE PLAINS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Editorial Correspondence.

GOVERNOR, COLORADO.  
Friday, Aug. 15, 1872.

We left Salina, in Kansas, Monday forenoon, after a day of delicious rest, and again set sail over the ocean of the Plains. Soon the scene changes; as we leave the rich valley of the Smoky Hill river, we rise into a more desolate country, where no long grass waves. The vegetation is short, as if the prairie had been burnt over; the low hills are barren and rocky. We are rising rapidly to that upland which stretches to the base of the Rocky Mountains. In the course of the day we pass through what is known as the Buffalo Country, where but lately they roamed by millions. My friend Rev. Timothy Hill of Kansas City (I give his name, for as it is a big story, I like to have good authority), told me he had seen a herd extending forty miles. It took the train two hours to pass by it. Yet we saw not one! though their bones are scattered thickly along the way. The railroad has pierced their royal domain, and the shriek of the locomotive has driven them away to other pasture grounds. As we approach the Mountains, the great Steppe grows more boundless than ever; all elevations disappear; I think for a hundred miles we saw not a single tree! This part of the journey is generally accounted wearisome from its monotony. But I did not find it so. Travellers have not made enough of these Western Plains, which are in their way as vast and grand as the Mountains. Though silent as the Desert, yet they have a solemn beauty of their own. To be sure, no artist can paint them, or even indicate their character except by their accessories. When Jerome would paint the desert, he does not give us a mere dull waste without life or motion, but sketches a caravan marching slowly across the scene, whose forms outlined against the sky, reveal the vast expanse over which they move. Or he puts in the foreground a camel kneeling on the sands, while his rider prostrates himself to the earth to offer his prayers. This solitary figure reveals the absence of all other life, while the cry to Allah seems to deepen the universal silence and desolation.

So if a painter would attempt these Western Plains, it could only be by putting in the foreground a camp or a caravan—one of those long trains of covered wagons which but a few years since afforded the only way of crossing this "American desert"; or by drawing the figure of a mounted savage, "wandering from a distance the smoke rising from the camp-fire of the white man."

Yet difficult as it is to give the aspect and the feeling of these western plains, there is something in their vastness and in their very silence and loneliness, that fascinates the imagination. The surface is for the most part a dead level, a boundless flat, so that one might easily try the experiment to prove the sphericity of the earth, of watching a caravan till it disappears below the "offing" like a ship at sea. All around the clouds hang low, and seem to rest on the horizon; earth and sky kiss each other, so that when the Sun goes down, it sheds its light not from above us, from away over the mountain tops, but from the level of the ground on which we walk, opening a golden gate into the heavens, into which a mortal might enter.

And the night! A night on the Plains is like a night at sea. How does the firmament close round the earth and wrap it in its embrace. The stars rest their shining foreheads on the soft edge of the grassy plain. We watch them from our windows, sinking down under our feet, as from the deck of a ship we watch the stars sink into the ocean.

But we must not linger on the Plains, for something else is before us. However much a traveller enjoys the sea, he is ready to quit it when he approaches the land. So we leave the Plains behind, as we approach the Hills.

Tuesday morning we were up early looking for the first view of the Rocky Mountains. It was many years since, riding in a diligence in the south of France, I caught the first sight of the Alps, their snowy tops lying like a white cloud along the Eastern horizon. To-day we were like voyagers looking out for land. The first headland that came in sight was Pike's Peak, which lies to the south, and which is the advance guard of the Rocky Mountains, standing apart from the chain like an island off a rock-bound coast. Then we begin to see land all along the shore. One summit after another appears above the horizon till the whole Snowy Range rushes into view—and there is Denver!

I had thought of the capital of Colorado as a mountain town, but on the contrary I find it a "City of the Plains," about fifteen miles from the Foot Hills, but commanding a very extensive view of the whole range. Here we spent a day. Mr. Bross—our "Governor," as he is universally called—was well known from his former visits with Mr. Colfax, and was heartily welcomed by everybody. Mr. Bross, the editor and proprietor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, who had lived here from the very beginning of the town, very kindly devoted himself to make our stay pleasant. He took us about in a carriage, showing us all the points of interest. From the high ground outside of the city, we took in a sweep of the mountains of not less than three hundred miles.

Denver has had quite a remarkable history. It is only thirteen years old. It came into being in 1859. In its early days it had to pass through the rough

experience of new mining towns, from the swarms of lawless characters—gamblers and thieves—that infest such towns on the border; from which it was delivered only by the heroic treatment of something like a Vigilance Committee. Then the place was for some years isolated from the rest of the country. The territory between it and "the States" was ravaged by the Indians. So late as 1864—only eight years ago—nearly a hundred and fifty persons were killed by the savages on the Plains. For forty days Denver was cut off from all communication with the outside world. This state of siege continued with some degree for two years. During the whole of '64 and '65, it was not safe to cross the Plains except in large parties, well armed, and then they had to run the gauntlet, with the danger of robbery and massacre. Indeed still later—in 1867-8-9—the Indian raids were renewed along the border, and many a settler was tomahawked and scalped, while the savages danced and yelled around his burning dwelling. This state of things was finally ended by the coming of the railroad. It is only two years last June since the first car from Cheyenne, connecting with the Union Pacific, ran into Denver. The place had then less than five thousand inhabitants. It has now twelve thousand, and gives promise of steady growth and prosperity. I am glad to find that higher interests are not neglected. Though in the early days it was overrun with blacklegs and other disreputable characters, it is now as quiet and orderly as an Eastern town. We were happy to see in riding about some fine school buildings and churches. We have two good Presbyterian churches, under the care of Rev. E. P. Wells and Rev. W. Y. Brown, while that indefatigable worker Rev. Sheldon Jackson is "prospecting" around in all parts of the Territory, hunting up lost sheep on the mountains, gathering them into little churches, and sowing the good seed by all waters.

But we must not linger in this city of the Plains, for we are bound for Alpine heights. We left Denver yesterday at 8 o'clock. It was a clear and beautiful morning, just the day for the mountains. A railroad runs to their foot, some seven miles, and is to be carried into the interior. As soon as we got aboard the little train shot away over the plain, flying "like a bird to her mountain." As we come nearer we see what perhaps gave name to this lofty chain. Even at the Foot Hills tall cliffs, composed of basaltic columns, lift up their heads like the Palisades of the Hudson. True, they are much worn and broken by the storms of thousands of years, and huge boulders are scattered down their sides. But this ragged appearance, which is repeated in every gorge, may have led the first explorers to give this whole chain the name of the Rocky Mountains.

The railroad lands us at "Golden City"—a town with a very ambitious name. Everything is "a city" in Colorado—a cluster of half a dozen shanties put up over night, is at once dubbed a city, and clings to the name in proportion to its insignificance. Denver has dropped the absurd appellation, since it has grown to some real importance, and "Golden" is following the example, finding its one word quite rosy enough for ordinary expectations. We had no opportunity to walk its "golden streets," as the coach was waiting. Thanks to the foresight of the Governor, who is up to all emergencies, we had secured the best outside seats, although there were nineteen passengers. Our party included, besides ourselves, Dr. Andrews, an eminent surgeon of Chicago, and his son, a bright, intelligent boy of sixteen. We thus made up a quartette, which we found a very convenient number to fill our tent and sit around our table at our camp-fire. It was well that there was a governor, a clergyman, and a physician in front to keep the balance, as three gamblers with revolvers in their belts dangled their legs over behind.

This piled one upon another, with six horses to pull away, we began climbing the hills, and winding through the gorges, or "canyons" of the mountains. The passes are wild and rough, and the cliffs are bold and high, but yet these are only the Foot Hills, the stepping stones to the great Snowy Range beyond. Miles on miles we pull away, till at the top of a long ascent—Guy's Hill—we turn to look behind. Around us is a wilderness of mountains, while far away is the sea of the Plains, reminding us of the view of Lombardy from the summit of the Alps.

We went down the hill much quicker than we came up, and repeated the experience at Smith's Hill, the next great elevation beyond. It seemed as if we were half an hour climbing to the top, but scarcely five minutes in coming to the bottom. The drivers, accustomed to these mountain gorges, like to show their skill, and pride themselves on coming down at a break-neck speed. As we surmounted the crest of Smith's Hill, the driver took up his reins and cracked his whip, and let his six horses spring, and we went tumbling down as fast as they could fly, the coach bounding at every jump as if it would topple over into one of the gorges that yawned on either side of the road.

But we reached the bottom in safety, and turned into a narrow valley that has become historical—that of Clear Creek—the centre of the mining region of Colorado; where a great deal of gold has been got out of the earth, and a great deal more sunk into it; where bubbles have been blown, fortunes wrecked, and character, health, and happiness destroyed. As soon as we touch the stream, we see marks of the miner's hand. Every rod of the river's bed, and all along its banks, has been dug over and sifted and

"panned" for gold. For miles up the stream are these ditches and stamp mills that have been abandoned. I have never seen anything more melancholy than this valley, strewn all along with traces of mining that had given out, cabins deserted, mills erected at great cost, and supplied with machinery that had to be dragged in on teams across the Plains from the Missouri river—a distance of over six hundred miles—yet now all abandoned and going to decay. How many fortunes have been wrecked here—how many glittering bubbles have floated down this rapid, noisy river—how many hearts have been broken, and the dreams of wealth rose and glittered and sunk away!

As we approach Black Hawk, there are some signs of revived activity, and here and there a "city" (another "city," although the people are beginning to have the good sense to drop the latter part of the name) there is some prospect of doing better, based on more moderate expectations, and improved methods of working their ore. As the people are more modest and prudent and economical, less given to speculation, and more to hard work, there is hope of a slowly returning, but more sure and permanent, prosperity. I am glad of any good fortune that may come to it; but I confess I do not like the look of a mining town. The face of nature is despoiled in the search for gold. Everything is dug up and turned over; every rock is blasted and broken and ground to powder. The river is turned from its bed, the hills are laid bare with pickaxe and spade, and as if this were not enough, streams of water are let down their sides to tear open the ditches wider, and convert the softest slope into a huge and ravenous-looking "gulch"! The effect is hideous, and it would seem to be impossible to keep alive in such a place the love of natural beauty. It is a high price to pay for what is dug out of the bowels of the earth.

But there are some good people here, and Christian people too. The Presbyterian Church is well represented by Rev. Mr. Lewis, for whom the people are building a new house of worship. If they would only pay due attention to schools and churches, and be not quite so eager to get rich in a day, they might obtain more solid prosperity.

Much more grateful to the eye than Black Hawk or Central City, is Idaho Springs, just over the mountain. Although we had had a long day's ride, we must yet go on to this place to sleep. Another steep ascent, and a ride down Virginia Canyon, which threatened to break all our necks, brought us to our place of rest. Here, to my great surprise and pleasure, I met Rev. Mr. Sutphen of New York, with his wife, who are spending a few weeks breathing the health-giving air of Colorado. Idaho Springs is a very pleasant watering-place in a deep valley among mountains, whose sides have not been scarred by the miner's blast. It is a quiet, peaceful spot. A swim in its famous soda springs, made us forget the fatigues of the day.

This morning brought us to Georgetown, from which point we begin our "camping out" life. The ride here from Idaho Springs is one of the most striking in all the mountains. The road runs along the banks of a river, which rushes roaring through the rocky gorge, while huge cliffs rise thousands of feet above. In wildness this mountain-pass reminded me of the Vale of Glencoe in Scotland.

Georgetown is the most prosperous mining town we have yet seen in the territory. The mines here are not of gold, but of silver. Some of them have proved very rich, and there is a general spirit of confidence and hope. Churches too are not forgotten, and religion and education promise to the inhabitants something better than silver and gold.

From this point we start for our ascent of the mountains, and begin our camp life. The Governor has been very busy all the afternoon mustering our cavalcade, and here I must say farewell, as the mules are standing at the door. H. M. F.

### DR. H. H. JESSUP ON THE VALUE OF THE MONTHLY CONCERT.

I have often thought of the Monthly Concert as the great link between the Christian Church and a perishing world. One hour a month is certainly little enough to devote to prayer and information about the hundreds of foreign missionaries in various empires and nations engaged in preaching, teaching, writing and translating books, editing journals, visiting the people, traveling by land and sea, training a native ministry, overseeing the native churches, planning new modes of reaching a hostile and blinded population, conducting Sunday-school, Bible-classes, and having under their influence more or less direct, hundreds of thousands of children and youth, and hundreds of thousands of heathen, Mohammedans and nominal Christians, with seminaries, schools, colleges, hospitals, printing presses, and type foundries, to say nothing of that most responsible and difficult of all works, the translation of the Word of God into the language of millions of our race. On the foreign field are combined all the Boards of the Church—Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Publication, Sustentation, Church Erection, Church Extension, Education—primary, collegiate, and theological. There are hundreds of native churches whose members, pastors and teachers need the sympathy and prayers of the whole Church. Your missionaries are a mere handful thrown out into the frontier line of the Lord's host among organized and mighty foes. The great source, the only source of their strength and success, is in the sustaining hand of the Lord himself in answer to the prayers of the Lord's

people. The thoughts, hearts and sympathies of the churches at home are naturally and inevitably taken up through the month with interests that are near and visible and pressing.

The Home work in all its branches must and ever will be linked to the very heart and life of the Church, and all through the month it must and will be remembered with earnest prayer. But let the Church give that one sacred hour in the month—twelve hours in the year—to the work they are doing among the kingdoms of darkness.

Let all missionaries and mission churches be assured that this one hour is the hour of special contact between them and the great heart of the Church; that they and their co-laborers—the churches and pastors, the schools and seminaries, the translators and physicians, the editors and itinerants, the colporteurs and teachers, the persecuted and suffering, the inglorious and awakened, as well as the great perishing myriads of the ignorant, superstitious and fanatical, are being thought of and prayed for and wrestled for and borne up on the arms of faith before the Interceding Savior, the Faithful Promisee, who is the Head over all things to the Church.

The thought that the Church at home is praying, is a tower of strength to the missionary in distant lands. Whatever else is neglected let not the Church forget to pray; and what time more it and more hallowed than the Monthly Concert hour, when you at home and your brethren and sisters abroad bend around one common mercy seat.

### BEECHER ON PREACHING.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

I have found time to read but one book during the last busy three months. And the man who has read that book, has got the best measurement of my neighbor Beecher's common sense, sagacity, and what the Yankees call "gumption," that has yet been given to the public. His "Life of Jesus" betrays great genius, and abounds in powerful passages. But the book by which he is to be best known, and for which he will receive the most votes of thanks, will be his "Yale Lectures on Preaching." Even the most dogmatic conservative who has almost made it a part of his religion to scold Brother Beecher, will bless him for this masterly talk. It is simply talk—just that, and no more; but it is just such talk as the First Napoleon could use to make about poetry. For thirty years Mr. Beecher has been gathering the sap which he has now boiled down into the maple sugar of this book.

Like the best kind of talk, it is occasionally careless. Words are sometimes introduced that were probably never heard among the scholars of old Yale in the days when Beecher's grandfather was hammering an anvil in New Haven. But Mr. Beecher is not afraid to say "educable," or "criticizable," or several other words that Dr. Samuel Johnson never heard of. He is not afraid either to criticize himself, or to lay down a canon to which he does not always conform his own practice. He applauds expository preaching—yet seldom employs it himself. But I once heard him expound the narrative of Ahab and Naboth's vineyard in a most masterly manner. He has made no little fun at the "theologians" in times past; but in this volume he says frankly "I do believe in the science of theology," and he adds that "every man who is fit to preach will have an outline of his own theology distinctively marked out."

The book abounds in racy apothegms. To select these pithy, pregnant sentences, is as difficult as to know which ruby or diamond to pick up out of the huge pile of jewels in Aladdin's cavern. One of the best sentences is this—"If it were possible, never have two plans of sermons alike." Each text, like every household door, must be opened with its own peculiar key. Success in producing the right impression on the hearer, he makes to be the ultimate test of all pulpit work. As he phrases it, "that is the best cut which catches the most rats." In discussing plain, direct preaching, he says, "don't whip with a switch that has leaves on if you want to tingle. A good fireman will send the water through its short and straight hose as he can." Like a man of common sense he insists that "if you can do best by writing your sermons, write them; and if you can do better by not writing, do not write them." And that is the upshot of all the controversy about the manuscripts.

It is but a few days since I heard Mr. Spurgeon affirm that "he would as soon be hung as be obliged to write a sermon." He never even premediated a single sentence. All his discourses are entirely extempore—not as to plan, but as to language. His fluency is wonderful. He never hesitates for a word, and seldom uses the wrong word. Like Beecher, he employs the plain strong Saxon of every day life. But on every Monday morning, the stenographer brings the report of the Sabbath sermons to Mr. Spurgeon, and he sits down and spends six hours in perusing and revising the discourses before they are printed. He does not hesitate to add or to expunge whole sentences. By this method he gains the double benefit of extempore and of written sermons. Brother Beecher mingles the off-hand with the written in nearly every sermon. Beecher's best things and his worst things are *impromptu*.

We wish we had space in this hurried article to quote several passages which we have lingered over as a man does over a plump peach, or a rare potato. The following passage is as perfect as if it came from Macaulay:

"As an instance of contrasted style, let one read the immortal allegory of Bunyan in contrast with the grandiose essays of Dr. Johnson. Bunyan is to-day like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth his fruit in his season; his leaf shall not wither. Johnson, with all his glory, lies like an Egyptian king, buried and forgotten in the pyramid of his own fame."

Some of the most beautiful things in the volume are in the last chapter, where Mr. Beecher commends LOVE as the key-note of the Gospel, and the highest inspiration to all true eloquence, and all effective labor. In this chapter Beecher carries a lighted candle into the recesses of his own heart. He reveals the secret of his marvellous power. The key-note of Henry Ward Beecher's universal popularity and world-wide influence is the word LOVE. He loves God, and believes that God loves every human creature on the globe. He loves the souls he preaches to, and speaks the truth to them in love. With all his faults, and impetuous indiscretions, he has melted more hearts and moulded more lives than any man who has stood in an American pulpit. In view of his approaching silver-wedding—our honest prayer is, God bless Henry Ward Beecher.

### THE LETTER OF DR. HODGE.

To the Editor of the New York Evangelist:

SIR:—The letter of Dr. Hodge in a late issue of THE EVANGELIST, on the question of granting land to Roman Catholic churches, is read with some surprise, in that the Doctor assumes that the Church of Rome is the Church of Christ; that though corrupt, it teaches enough to save the souls of men, and is therefore unspokeably better than no Church at all. His conclusion is that it is better to confer on them gifts of land, lest in their absence men should be infidels and atheists. We know not how generally these sentiments are accepted, but agree with the Doctor that we ought to come to right conclusions on this subject. First, then, as to the question whether the Church of Rome be the Church of Christ: we answer that if it be so, then it should be so recognized by all Protestant Churches. Then should they accept her ministers as ministers of Christ, her baptism as the true baptism, and her ordinances and doctrines in the main as pertaining to Christ's Church. It will not do to discard her as corrupt. She may be corrupt, terribly corrupt, yet if that corruption does not amount to total dismembership from Christ, then must all true Churches fellowship her as a member of Christ's mystical body, receive from and dismiss to her communion, and all their relations with her be essentially as with other Christian Churches. Is Dr. Hodge prepared for this? Yet to this himself, with all the Protestant Churches of every land, must come, if the Church of Rome be equally with them a Church of Christ.

It will not do to say with Calvin, that the Church of Rome is *in part* the Church of Christ, or that there are some true churches in her communion while others are not, since the Church of Rome is one, its common head the Pope, and its doctrines and decrees infallible and binding upon all. Yet Calvin in other places denies their claim to be true churches. Speaking of their impiety and many errors, "either therefore in these respects they are not churches, or no mark will be left to distinguish the legitimate assemblies of believers from the conventions of Turks." Moreover it was the sentiment of Luther, and most of the Reformers, that the Church of Rome was *Anti-Christ*, an usurping and blasphemous power to be overthrown and destroyed.

The Presbyterian Confession of Faith affirms that some churches have so degenerated as to be no churches of Christ, but synagogues of Satan, and that there may be no doubt to what they refer, quote Rev. xviii. 2, "Babylon the great is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every unclean and hateful bird." Moreover we think the sacred writers are too full and explicit respecting this great power, to leave any room for doubt. These all speak of it as the bitter and irreconcilable enemy of Christ, which can never be reformed, but is to be taken and destroyed. It is the mouth speaking great things against the Most High, and wearing out the saints of the Most High—"The man of sin and son of perdition sitting in the temple of God, the mystery of iniquity; that Wicked whom the Lord will consume with the spirit of His mouth, and whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats," &c. The book of Revelation is largely occupied with a description of this great apostasy. That it is of Rome it speaks, all Protestant writers agree. Most literally have its prophecies been verified in her. Rome, and Rome alone, is the vile woman sitting on the beast, and drunk with the blood of the saints. Rome is the great Babylon—the seat of idolatry that is to be taken and destroyed.

It is Rome, and Rome alone, that has made war with the Saints, but whom the Lamb will overcome and destroy. The Church of Christ will exist so long as the Sun and Moon endureth. Not so the great idolatrous city that has so long reigned over the kings of the earth, and made all nations drunk with the wine of her fornication. We admit that Popery sprang up in the Church, else it would not answer to Paul's description "sitting in the Temple of God." We also admit that she retains some truth, enough to save the soul, and that there are and have

been Christians in her communion. So the ten tribes of Israel after their apostasy, retained some knowledge of God and some true worshippers, but they were never after known as the Church of God.

So the Jews believe in and worship God, but they are not the Church of Christ. Though the Papists retain some of Christian truth, yet it is so buried under a great mass of senseless and blasphemous superstitions that the word of God is made of no effect to their salvation.

Finally, the wide differences between the Church and the Papal Church, is seen in their policy and administration. "My kingdom, says Christ, is not of this world." My kingdom, says Anti-Christ, is of this world.

Read its history as a Christian Church, and you stumble at every step; read it as one of the kingdoms of this world, and all is natural and easy. Hence Pope Leo exclaimed, "O how profitable has this table of Jesus been unto us!" To conclude, the Doctor thinks it far better that men should be Catholics than Infidels and Atheists. But how does it follow that in the absence of Catholic churches men would be Infidels and Atheists? The great mass of Infidels are found in Catholic countries. Infidelity, says Andrew Fuller, is not a beast, but a mere putrid excrement of the Papal beast. The Infidelity which brought on the horrors of the French Revolution, was the offspring of Popery. Brazil, says a missionary there, though nominally Catholic, is really Infidel.

And what better than Infidelity is that system of wickedness which exalts the Pope in the place of God, takes the Scriptures from the people, and sends them for salvation to Mary, the saints and priests? Is there anything in Infidelity more infamous than the pretension that God can do nothing without the priest? And does not all experience show that it is easier to reach Infidels and Pagans with the Gospel, than the disciples of the Man of Sin? S.

### WANTED—A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

It was yesterday a trustee was inquiring for one, and discussing with me what were and were not the requisite qualifications. It is easy enough to get a poor President. I once recommended such a one to a college now headless, and they were unfortunate enough to take him. I never will do it again; it is too solemn business for the college. Yet my candidate was a fine scholar, a deep thinker, an able preacher, an experienced professor—only he was an awful poor President. I felt bad over his failure, and came in helping him to the place where he did it. Did you ever pass a spot where the engine jumped the track and killed some passengers, without feeling melancholy?

Let trustees take warning. Good Presidents are not as plenty as blackberries; it is only here and there a bush that bears one. And if you get the wrong one, the boys will soon find it out, and after awhile the Professors, and you next, and then the Alumni, and then other people, and "the rest of mankind." But there he is on your hands. Since I made the failure aforesaid, I have studied up the subject, and here are some of the results. To begin with—a President should be a *Scholar*. What business has anybody else in such a scholarly position, with scholarly Professors under him, and young men looking up to him and waiting to be made into scholars? He should be a *Thinker*, for reasons too obvious to mention. Especially should he have thought enough about colleges to know what is demanded of one who would be a President. He should be a *Preacher*. He should be able to appear to such advantage in any pulpit that the young men and their fathers in our congregations should take knowledge of him as a man of mark, and much to be desired to put his mark on said young men. Every sermon he preaches should be an invitation to our youth to seek knowledge at the hands of one able to give it. Our boys are eager for business and fortune, and there need to be eloquent voices calling them to better things. I have known a President mighty to do this, and who, wherever he went, felt that this was his great errand. His heart was so full of college enthusiasm that it could overflow into a congregation of young hearts and have enough to spare for the next one. I say nothing here of his duty as preacher to college. That is too obvious. Only for the work I have just mentioned, he should wish every Sunday to be wooing and winning the souls committed to him there to a higher and still higher intellectual and spiritual life. What an audience in a college chapel for the man who can hold their ears.

He should be a *Teacher*. The chair of instruction is only next below the pulpit, and no good President will be willing to surrender his right to it. No matter how many new Professors come in, he would as soon they should take his salary from him as his students. Why, this is the very thing he is to preside over—the instruction of the college, and how can he so well do this as by setting an example to how it should be done? The best opportunities for knowing the boys, are those of the daily recitation room. It is a very poor recommendation of a President that he does not love to teach—as well as in does to have somebody else do it for him.

He needs to be a *Disciplinarian*. The best help to this will be the knowledge he gets of the undergraduates in the recitation room; in their rooms and in his own. A President don't want to be a policeman, but a gentleman. Let him get the hearts of his boys, and his work is done. I know the Head of a High School who is like an elder brother in his large family, so gentle, so familiar, yet so firm and dignified. I never hear

of any rows there. It has been a great fault in most of our colleges that the Faculty do not half appreciate their social power over the students, and use it. They do not know their pupils; they spend their college lives too far away from them. The same is true of some of our Theological seminaries. A student said to me recently, "One of our Professors throws sunshine into our rooms occasionally. The others scarcely know us except in the recitations. They are writing books, &c., and haven't time to think of us."

The President should be a *Presbyter*. He should know his brethren, and he can only do that, as in the case of the students, by going where they are. He expects the ministers to be interested in the college; then the college must be interested in the ministers. He wonders if he does not see them at the Commencement; they have a right to do the same if they do not see him at Presbytery. A Professor once wrote a pastor that he could not attend Presbytery (held in the church of said pastor, who wanted the Professor to preach during its sessions), for he should have to omit a recitation at college. The pastor replied that he never attended Presbytery without omitting a meeting or teacher's class or lecture. That he rarely went to Commencement without leaving some unperformed service behind. Would the Professor advise him to stay away from Presbytery and Commencement? The Professor replied no for the pastor and himself also, and was on hand with his sermon. The President who slight the acquaintance and company of his co-presbyters by habitually keeping away from their assemblies, is doing a poor service to the college. He needs the sympathy and support of the clergy, and it is a cheap enough way to gain it by showing them sympathy. More has been accomplished for our colleges through the ministry than any other agency. A college President who does not know how to make friends of the ministry, has not learned the A B C of his position.

He needs to be eminently a *Practical* man: whoever else may shunt himself up in his study, he may not. He must find time for society, and that for college ends. He must know how to win his way to the hearts of the laity, and make their intelligence, influence and wealth available to his official work. He must plan and labor for this. He has no taste, tact, and heart for it, he has mistaken his calling, and has gone up to a high place by no fair climbing on his own hands and feet. The position is too conspicuous to make shirking respectable and reputable.

In these days, if a college flourishes, all its friends must *know* it. The Professors must be at all posts; the Trustees must be intelligent and enterprising; the Alumni must be thoroughly enlisted; the clergy must be in cooperation, and bring their congregations with them. If now the President who should lead them all, is the leading laggard of all; without professional enthusiasm and enterprise, not fond of the recitation room, or the chapel and church pulpit, or the Presbytery, or the counting-rooms or parlors where are the laity who should be gained to the college,—why such a man is simply a conspicuous failure. The worst thing that could have been for the college was to elect him President. The next best thing is to procure his resignation. For when once the Alumni and other patrons and friends find that the President is a man who is looking on to see what they are going to do, they will with one consent begin not to do it.

Do you say, Messrs. Trustees in search of a President, that I have given you a difficult problem to solve? Yes, and therefore the more need of study on your part. Such Presidents there are for you. But don't trust too much to paper candidates. Anybody will sign certificates for anybody, telling what scholars and writers and preachers &c. they are. What you want to know is, have they the brain and brawn for a President? ALBERTUS.

### THE SOUND OF THE SABBATH BELL.

Rev. J. L. James writes as follows from Floyd, Iowa, August 9th, 1872; and though his expression of thanks is all too much for our slight gift, we print his note as showing how much good a very little may sometimes do:

Dear Brother Field—Your kind letter containing your draft of \$50 for our bell, came safely to hand—for which accept the thanks of this people, with my own. We expect in a few weeks to be summoned by its unmistakable sound to the place of worship on the Sabbath, and of prayer every Wednesday evening. I cannot express the gratitude I feel to you, and to Him who has given you the means and the heart to do this for us. We should not for the present have had the courage to start a subscription but for your generous gift. So that, in one sense, I shall ever feel that it is owing to you that we have this bell.

We can never know the moral effect of the church summoning bell, till the books of life are opened. How often the whole current of thought in a village is changed and turned into better channels of reflection on a week day evening, by the sounding of its Sabbath tones, and its announcement of the departure of friends, and of those we know, to the spirit world. I think it will be a great help to us in increasing our congregation. We are commencing as it were anew.

It is a pleasant thought to me, dear brother, that I have been instrumental in putting in motion a tongue that may speak for Christ, long after my own is silent in death. How much more pleasing your reflections, as you have so many in different parts of our beloved Zion to speak for you. I think you are in the right, erecting in your life-time your own monument. Surely "a holy and useful life is man's best monument."

DOWN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

By the Rev. F. M. Dimmock.

Dear Evangelist—In my last letter I attempted to convey to your readers a faint impression of the capital city of this land of gold; but it must remain a very imperfect impression till actual and personal observation correct and brighten it. When this city shall have in operation the "Holy System" of water which they have voted to procure, and in fact obtained for them, Sacramento will be able to increase greatly its beauty and attractive loveliness. This place is the great workshop of the Central Pacific, as Omaha is of the Union Pacific. Here are located all her machinery, her car and her paint shops; also her foundries, furnaces, and other buildings, together with the "Central Pacific Railroad Hospital,"—which is the realization of a grand philanthropic idea and a splendid building,—where all the men connected with the road in any way are taken care of when sick or disabled.

But as we are on our way to San Francisco, I will not now stop to speak of the palatial residences of the railroad men referred to in a previous letter, nor of the costly mansions and the beautiful gardens of the wealthy bankers and merchants, and others of the city; gardens where flourish the orange, the lemon, the fig, the pomegranate, the pepper tree, the Australian gums, the acacia, crape myrtle, the palmetto, the palm, the magnolia, the century plant, the Mexican cactus, and many other varieties too numerous to mention.

Neither will I describe the lumber houses buried in the graceful twines of the English ivy, the trumpet creeper, and the many varieties of climbing roses. Neither will I linger to look at the docks and the shipping interests of the city; but rather will direct your attention to the arid fields and to the thriving villages along the Central Pacific and down the valley of the Sacramento.

I found the whole valley in a much higher state of cultivation than I expected. Extensive farms, beautiful gardens, and fruit orchards and vineyards, with frequent towns and cities, sweeping the whole plain down to the ocean, with the exception of the tule (marsh) lands, with their low swampy character, prevail. And even these, covered largely with rushes, will in a few years probably be drained and made arable and valuable.

The first town we reach is five miles below Sacramento, and at the junction of the Sacramento Valley railroad with the Central Pacific, and managed, of course, by the latter. We next reach successively Florin, Elk Grove, and McColl's, all unimportant places; so also is Galt, whence stages run to the Calaveras Big Trees, forty miles distant. At the next station, eight miles below—Mokelumne—can be seen very distinctly Mount Diablo, away to the southward to the distance of thirty-five miles, and rising clear and grand out of the plains, and twenty years ago the unerring pilot to those who were wandering across these then trackless and so abundantly teeming with life and industry. Its elevation is nearly 4000 feet, whilst the plains we are traversing are only from twenty to forty feet above the ocean. Mount Diablo is a peak of the Contra Costa (Coast Range), which skirts the sea far and near, and through which we pass before reaching San Francisco.

Soon after leaving Sacramento, the river flows more to the westward, and so much so that opposite Stockton, fifty miles below, it has deflected widely from our course; and here we take the San Joaquin (San Waken) Valley. The San Joaquin river coming up from the south, here flows directly west and unites with the Sacramento. Stockton, formerly the third commercial city of the State, but now the fourth probably, as Oakland is far outstripping it in importance,—is the county seat of San Joaquin county, and has a population not far from 12,000, and an elevation of only twenty-three feet. It is in the midst of vast level plains celebrated for their great yield of grain. The most of the wheat we found threshed and sacked and piled along the railroad awaiting transportation; there being no risk here in exposing the grain uncovered, as there comes no rain and no storm at this season of the year to dampen it. We found, however, some fields of grain still standing uncut, and others just being prostrated by the reaper, whilst not a little was lying bound in the sheaf, which the multitude of teams in some places were gathering for the thrasher.

Stockton is the centre of an immense grain trade, a large proportion of which is said to be shipped to foreign ports. It is well called the "Wind Mill City." We had noticed wind-mills all the way down the valley in the orchards, vineyards, gardens, and on the farms; and on some ranches as many as four to six, for the purpose of pumping water for stock, for the house and for irrigation; and here they abound; and are found almost as numerous as the houses, giving a weird and very picturesque appearance to the place. Frequently the water is pumped into a reservoir elevated above all the buildings, or perhaps built on the top of the residence and resembling a cupola, whence pipes take the water to different rooms throughout the house, and to the yard and gardens, and the waste water is conducted off toward the fields for irrigation. Stockton has also an artesian well 1002 feet deep, which discharges 360,000 gallons per day, the water rising ten feet above the surface. This has been the starting-place, for several years, until the last, of the stage lines to the towns to the eastward, and especially to the Big Trees and to the Yosemite Valley. But that departure from the Central Pacific is now made from Lathrop, eight miles further on at the junction of the "Visalia Division" of the Central Pacific railroad, and the new route to the Yosemite and the Mariposa Big Trees. This railroad runs up the San Joaquin Valley, but not near the river; yet opening up a vast section of fertile land to the settler.

After crossing the San Joaquin river, we reach Bantas, and then Ellis and Midway. At the former place, before many years the Central Pacific railroad company will probably turn down the Sacramento Valley and double the north point of the Contra Costa Range, and so be able to avoid the heavy grades of crossing these mountains, and thereby approaching Oakland from the northwest.

Soon after leaving Midway, we enter the bluffs and foothills of the Contra Costa Range and traverse them for some distance till we ascend the eastern slope and reach the tunnel at Livermore Pass—a tunnel 1116 feet in length, and the only one between the Sierra Nevada Mountains and San Francisco. We reach an elevation at the tunnel of nearly 800 feet. Thence we pass rapidly down from Altamont to Pleasanton, in a delightful little valley, and find very soon the mountains starting up in the face again; but by passing through several cuts and round many frown-

ing spurs of the mountains, we enter a very narrow canyon, down which flows the sparkling Alameda Creek, and along whose banks grow abundantly the live oak, with their long drooping boughs, looking for all the world like a New England apple orchard with fruit, when at a little distance from them.

Passing through this canyon and on by the old San José Junction Station and the old "Vallejo Mill," and we are at Niles, eleven miles from Pleasanton, and down again to an elevation of only 86 feet, and at the junction of the San José branch railroad, which runs through the valley of Alameda and around the head (at the south) of San Francisco Bay. Niles is in the midst of the thick settled portion of the Alameda Valley, and surrounded by the finest lands in the State. Seven miles south, by rail, toward San José are the noted warm springs of Alameda county. But we cannot linger, and so pass on through the remaining towns on the road—Desco, Lorenzo, San Leandro, Melrose, and Alameda, with the bay in full view all the way from Niles, some six to fifteen miles distant. We reach Brooklyn (formerly called San Antonio), separated from the city of Oakland by an arm of the San Antonio creek, and crossed by a long bridge. Having crossed this bridge we are soon at Oakland, where I purpose to rest and spend the Sabbath. Oakland, Cal., Aug. 19th, 1872.

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

By Lewis E. Jackson.

Lebanon Springs—Beautiful Scenery—Comfortable Hotels—Country Roads and Lanes—No Figs—Shakers—An old Elm Tree—A Famous Batswood from an Old Riding Whip—An Excursion to Trenton Falls.

On an early day of August, a cool cloudy day, we turned our backs on the noise and bustle and hurry of the city, for the calm rest and grateful repose of the country. A ride of six hours, over 150 miles on the Harlem Railroad, brought us to Lebanon Springs, our first stopping-place. The spring, the prominent feature of the place, is a thermal spring, having a temperature of 73 degrees Fahrenheit all the year round, and discharges 500 gallons of water every minute. The water has many medicinal qualities, and is highly recommended for bathing, and is also much used for drinking. This spring, ever running, never freezing, fitly symbolizes the earnest Christian, ever active and never cold.

We are up 1000 feet above tide water, and surrounded by rolling hills, reminding us of the Highlands, and with a most charming landscape of hill and dale and mountain stream, and villages and farms and gardens—a panorama of constantly varying beauty. The hotels are admirably kept, and afford excellent accommodations. The rides and walks lead you over the mountains and valleys, and up and down the country roads and lanes, and give you glimpses of quiet homes and domestic joys, and thrill your heart as you think of the good mothers and the good homes to which we look for the salvation of our country. One thing struck us as we sauntered about, and that was the absence of the pig and the pig-pen, so often found atrociously near the house or the road in country places. Not a sight or a smell of this detestable institution has met us in all our rides and walks of many miles. The Shakers have forewarned pork, and their example may have contributed to the banishment of pigs from all this part of the country. And speaking of the Shakers, we may just say, without entering into any particular description of their faith, or dress, or mode of worship, quite well known to all our readers, they are here at New Lebanon, two miles away from the Springs, about 600 in number, and possess about 6000 acres of ground, and their herbs and garden seeds, beehives and wooden ware, are well known in trade, and command good prices.

The rear of our house is shaded with an old elm tree, whose widespread foliage affords a most refreshing shade. The main trunk divides twenty feet up into several great branches, and in the midst of these a platform of twelve feet square has been constructed, from which a gallery is extended to our second story balcony. Here in this attractive bower we sit and muse, and sing and dream, at will.

At the side of our Spring, and overlooking it, stands a famous buttonwood tree, which sprang from a little twig, which a passing traveller stuck into the ground years and years ago.

At the Columbian Hall they show a hotel register fifty years old, and on its yellow leaves we traced the autographs of Bonaparte and family of Bordentown, N. J.; Gen. Lafayette and suite of France; George Peck of Baltimore; Mr. J. Quincy Adams of Washington; and many other noted names of the long ago.

For many years in succession some of the good substantial people have come to this Summer resort, and we met here among others the Summers of Brooklyn; the Walkers of Detroit; the Abbes, Jeremiahs, Mighoes, and Bills of New York; Rev. Dr. Jonathan Brace of Hartford, Conn.; Rev. Dr. W. C. Roberts of the Westminster church, Elizabeth, N. J.; and Rev. Dr. Robert B. Booth of our University Place church, New York.

The nearest Presbyterian church at New Lebanon, two miles away, is just now without a pastor, but has an excellent supply in Rev. Mr. McGiffert. The late pastor, Rev. Joshua McVey, leaves with the high esteem and warm affection of the people, for a new field of labor in Dayton, Ohio.

How pleasant it is to go ground through country villages, and see comfort and thrift on every side, and no drug stores and no coffin stores, and no tenement houses, and no spagular and no wretchedness, and no plague spots of any sort.

Thursday night, Aug. 8th, we were favored with a night of the grand aurora. The long pencilled streamers of brightness spread over the canopy of night, and outshone the stars, and gave us a new revelation of the majesty of the Creator. And Tuesday, Aug. 13th, we had a grand shower; the clouds, tinged with the rays of the setting sun, rolled up the valley and covered the hills with a wondrous glory, while the vivid lightning and majestic thunder gave a solemn grandeur to the scene.

Friday, Aug. 16th, we left Lebanon Springs for Trenton Falls, making a little detour to Kirkland, a rural hamlet almost under the shadow of Hamilton College, where we went to see an old and faithful friend who used to help us in mission work in New York thirty years ago. We walked and rode round about Rome and Utica and Clinton and Hamilton College, and counted their towers and marked their bulwarks and considered their palaces, their and rejoiced in their beauty and prosperity. We sat down and talked with mothers in Israel, who witnessed the beginnings of the work of God in this region, and whose prayers are still ascending for its progress. One aged saint begged that Kirkland might

be especially remembered at the Fulton-street Prayer-meeting, that Christians might be quickened and sinners converted.

Thursday, Aug. 29th, we turned our faces toward Trenton Falls, where we are now spending the remainder of our vacation in a most delightful quiet. In 1851, twenty-one years ago, while in the General Assembly which met at Utica, a number of the commissioners made an excursion to this place. And as I turned over the leaves of the hotel register of 1851, I traced the autographs of George Chandler and E. W. Gilbert and S. M. Hopkins, and Albert Barnes and others whose names are precious to the Presbyterian Church and to all lovers of good men in all places. How well I remembered my first visit to this romantic spot in that distinguished company. Now I find at the hotel the same gentlemanly proprietor, and the same comfortable and the grand attractions of outdoor cheering and inspiring as ever. From the piazza of the hotel there is a most picturesque landscape spread before you, and through the gardens and the woods, and around and above and below the Falls, there are rare delights for all lovers of nature.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The giving of a Philadelphia caption to this letter, is rather the force of habit than the expression of a fact. Though without any born right to use a Hibernianism, I may nevertheless say that I am not *here*, but *there*, where else. The nearest I can now tell you of broad water somewhere else, is, in the words of this somewhere else, the Cape of the Delaware and Massachusetts Bay. A word concerning this as

An Excursion Route.

There is running between Philadelphia and Boston a semi-weekly line composed of four fine screw steamers, provided with state room accommodations, and well supplied with conveniences and attendants for a limited number of passengers. That to which our party is indebted for present accommodation, is the *Saxon*, a thirteen hundred tons vessel, of fine figure, and one which I have a right to call seaworthy, for on a former trip she bore gallantly through the heart of one of the heaviest gales that had borne down upon the New England coast. Her staterooms are spacioustly fitted with only twenty-eight passengers, freight being of no consideration of the line, but the provision for the comfort and entertainment of those twenty-eight, is as choice and abundant as could fairly be asked, and the attention bestowed are assiduous. We have, as a Greek Mountain boy said of a Saratoga table, "Thanksgiving dinner every day; though what, in some cases, becomes of those dinners, may as well be left untold. You are not however, as at the railroad dinner, obliged to bolt down your food in double ambulatory bills and the whistle—besides losing the leisurely social development of the passage have passed, you will probably have formed some acquaintance which will be remembered with interest—perhaps some sincere Christian friendship which will be lasting. In this respect I have a pleasant remembrance of the old stage-coach journey of my younger days. There we became cozy at once. There might, as a rare case, be a surly what-business-it-to-you passenger, but even he could not secure the secluded state of being, for which the train seems to me precisely adapted. In the coach he was a power, and in the train he is in the land of the living, and is disposed for an excursion, we certainly commend him to the rail.

In the grey, or rather lead colored morning, we slide away from a fog which kept us some hours at anchor in Martha's Vineyard sound, and far away on the other tack there comes in sight the long sterile shore of Cape Cod; then Massachusetts Bay, and in a few hours Boston Bay with its rocky islands, and heavy fortifications; and through channels where only the most skillful pilotage may carry a vessel safely, there the good *Saxon* will come to its four days' rest, at Long Wharf. Our parting with Captain Crowell will be one of cordial regard. His whole bearing as a seaman inspires confidence, and in him we have, over and above a good commander of a good ship, an officer who, as a gentleman, has won our esteem for himself personally, and to whom our thanks are due for watchful regard for our comfort.

The Land-Side View.

We are on shore. On setting out it was our (our means us two) purpose to return as we came, by the *Saxon*. But, alas for the comparisons above, and for the stomachic remembrance of the trip! When Capt. Crowell said, "Shall I look for you on Wednesday?" I replied, "Yes, my dear captain, you may look next Wednesday, and the next, and again the next, and so on to the end." Good bye, and a safe return passage.

It was an exhilarating ride across from Boston to the Hudson,—one by which we had not before passed. I had heard much of the hill region of old Berkshire, glorious for view, and of every breath of its gales as a matchless sensitive for the wildest physical energies, not hunched by bottles, so much as we are laborated. Often than otherwise, on approaching scenery which have been glowingly described, my expectations are not met to the full. But from henceforth no one can for us overrate this Western end of Massachusetts as a delightful region for a Summer rest, and in the literal meaning of the word, re-creation.

Brunswick—Its Church and Pastor.

At Troy the train is exchanged for a carriage. We drive through the strife of the transition, but, dear Evangelist, when will the authorities of your New York cities abate the intolerable nuisance of the mob of hackmen, half a dozen protesting their claim to a bewildered right because they spoke first, each making a grab for his valise, until, though by nature as meek as Moses, he feels that if he had the muscle of Samson there would be a quick lessening of the numbers of the horde. A kindly policeman stepped forward and cleared away things, and so, as said above, we are yet alive.

Six miles east of Troy, after a long ascent, we look down into a slightly depressed area of we suppose some hundreds of acres, a farm region bearing all the signs of fertility,

and as for pleasantness to the eye—well, did but "in its bosom the bright waters meet."

Avoca would for us be its name. And how gracefully fitted to the scene is that gem of a church, unpretentious and comely in architecture, but exhibiting in its exterior and surroundings such marks of loving Christian care. Hard by the parsonage, of which as an edifice the same may be said; and within, a household—what pastor has one more loving, more helpful, or reflecting more honor upon his station, than the pastor of the Brunswick Presbyterian church? And this pastor—perhaps I have a little too much propensity to afford my good friends the opportunity to read in advance their tombstone tributes, and yet why should not faithful workers for our Lord know that both their qualities and their services are appreciated? At least I may say of my pleasant brother, that his popularity as a pastor bears the credentials of a settlement now nearing its fourteenth year, while the waking up of the church into fair activity, and holding it thereto; the nourishing of it with the pulpits instructions of a thoughtful and well balanced mind, able in exposition, and careful that every truth shall fall upon the life; a thrifty Sabbath-school, with a goodly adult class under his own personal care; and the keeping astir of whatever in externals may become auxiliary to the higher interests—these are about the epithet which, if I might expect to be then on hand, I might afford to postpone putting into shape until the unquestionably suitable, but, if it please God, the yet distant time.

Among the Clouds.

Our was not so smooth and graceful an ascent as the valley, from the sea to the summit of the *ev'ning hills*. Both they and we were in the view here, and we have each obeyed in our respective cases, the laws of specific gravity in reaching this Outlook Mountain House; they in purely aerial ascent, and we by the weary coach ride of five hours, required for the last four miles of transit. But it pays: so we thought; so especially thought the other of us two whom the gallantry of the driver allowed to perch herself at his lofty elevation, and who found his communicative of excellent account along the way.

I have not spared myself room to speak of the glories of the view here outspread, especially on this glorious morning, when little by little the passing of the veil of cloud beneath us opens to our sight scenes for poet and painter, and which only poet and painter may attempt to describe. I will only mention among the pleasant things of abode here, the "Sweet hour of prayer," attended it is true by only a few of the guests of the house—say twenty or thirty—but still suggests a memory of thoughts of the mountain of the house of the Lord. Dr. Heacock of Buffalo was the leader of our devotions this morning.

Things at Home.

The last few days before leaving exhibited signs that the Summer vacation is drawing to a close. There is a shaking of church carpets, the finishing touches to the frescoes are being given, and there is a general getting in readiness for the activities of another church year. The Saturday morning announcements of church services are increasing in number; and if the spirit of doing for Christ, and doing it for love of Christ, is rising in measure with the outward preparations, days of stirring interest are not far distant. Recuperated physical and mental energies tell on the great cause, when earnestness for Christ is the underlying vigor.

A MODEL RURAL PARISH.

For many years East Bloomfield has been regarded as the Banner Rural Parish of Western New York. At an early day the town was settled by emigrants from Berkshire county, Mass., and Goshen, Ct., consisting of some of the best families that New England ever sent into the wilderness. In no other settlement was the sanctuary and the school-house more highly prized, and promptly erected, and vigorously sustained. In very few communities have they exerted so extensive and powerful an influence. This respects this influence has been remarkably uniform from year to year, and generation to generation. Not but what the place has enjoyed seasons of refreshing in unusual measure, from the presence of the Lord; and these were not succeeded by the religious apathy and barrenness so common and sad in the surrounding country. Beyond what is true in most places the power of godliness has been found in conjunction with the form of godliness.

The church was organized in 1796 with sixteen members, eight males and eight females. In 1800 it erected a house of worship, some sixty feet in length, by forty-six in breadth, with a steeple. With the exception of a log house built in Bristol, this was the first sanctuary reared in the Genesee country, as Western New York was then called. Up to 1812 the church was supplied by different missionaries and ministers, none of whom were settled. It has never received aid from any missionary society to sustain its stated ministry. It is the mother of three churches in neighboring towns, North Bristol, West Bloomfield, and Victor.

The 1816 Rev. Julius Steeles, pastor, and continued in that office until 1829, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Robert W. Hill, who remained with them nineteen years, and was followed by Rev. Henry Kendall, D.D. His pastorate continued nine years and a half. Rev. Luther Conklin was his successor in 1859, and after continuing ten years, was succeeded by Rev. Lucius D. Chapin, whose labors are about to close, after serving them four years. Thus it appears that these five pastors have remained with them over fifty-five years. In all respects their labors have been fruitful of good. During the pastorate of Mr. Steeles 233 united with the church, under Mr. Hill 323, Dr. Kendall 194, Mr. Conklin 167, and Mr. Chapin some 60,—making the annual average between 17 and 18—over 1,100 members have been connected with the church since its organization. The largest membership at any one time has slightly exceeded 300, and occasionally the number has fallen a trifle below 200. It is now a little over 200, about where it has been from the days of Mr. Hill.

The Sabbath-school dates back 55 years, and it has always kept abreast with the times, and been specially favored with faithful and able workers in the cause. From the beginning the church has been interested in the religious enterprise of the age, and generously contributed to promote them. During the last thirty years, they have given over \$30,000 to these objects. They have endowed a scholarship in Hamilton College, and another in Auburn Theological Seminary, to which the church has the right of nomination. Ten of their young men have entered the Gospel ministry, and two the profession and practice of law. One of the members, Mr. W. C. Tracy, as the executor of an un-

cle's will, is about to endow another in each of these institutions.

Originally the polity of the church was Congregational. In 1822 ruling elders were elected, and it united with the Presbytery of Ontario. This connection remained for several years, when the church petitioned the Presbytery to sanction the election of elders for a limited term of service, which was refused, and by a majority of one, the church withdrew. Since then it has remained independent, with a polity of its own, blending some characteristics of both systems. Of late a disposition has been manifested to exchange its anomalous position by again electing a session, and uniting with Presbytery. Some months ago, at church meeting, a vote to that effect was passed, 64 to 8. The minority, however, maintained their opposition to the measure, and manifested so much repugnance to its being carried into execution, that for peace sake, the vote was rescinded, and the project abandoned. As is very natural, the matter has produced more or less feeling, and originated a state of things that makes a special demand for the cultivation of a wise discretion and Christian charity, on the part of one and all. A devout and careful study of the 14th chapter of Romans would be a very timely, and it is to be hoped profitable exercise for the entire congregation.

In considering the history and prospects of a parish like this, one cannot close his eyes to the marked tendency of the times to build up the strong and populous centres at the expense of the rural districts. The glory of this parish is not altogether a thing of the past, and yet the tide has turned. Relatively, it is not what it was, even if it be in itself. Every year it is more difficult to retain its educated and enterprising young men, and the proportion of hoary heads in the congregation increases. East Bloomfield was a power in the region when Rochester was only a swamp, and Buffalo not even a hamlet. To-day, the cities are rejoicing in the strength and skill they have drawn from their retired birth-places. So will it continue to be. Not but what this old town will retain a large measure of its excellence, and the garden of the Lord continue to put on its beauty, and yield its fragrance.

The village contains no object of interest at all equal to that of the soldiers' monument. The town contributed more than its full proportion to the army that crushed the Rebellion. Few communities at the North suffered so greatly by the loss of their best young men. And when the war was over, none were more generally and strongly moved to fitly commemorate the devotion and valor of their patriotic dead. Without any tax, entirely by voluntary contribution, over \$7,000 were raised to erect a monument to their memory. Various artists were consulted to obtain a design; the one adopted is the work of J. G. Batterson, of Hartford, Conn., who designed and made the Gettysburg monument. It most favorably impresses every beholder.

The monument is of Portland Freestone, forty-five feet high. It consists of a base, of raised platform (eleven feet square), of two steps, upon which rests the base mould, which directly supports the die or pedestal. Upon the front of the base mould is the dedicatory inscription, in raised letters, as follows:

"EAST BLOOMFIELD  
To the Memory of her Sons who Died  
in Defence of  
UNION,  
1861-5."

The body of the die is a cube of four and a half feet, surrounded by cannon. Upon its sides are recorded the names of *thirty-nine* men, with the rank, number of regiment, letter of company, date and place and manner of death of each. The entablature of the die supports the base of the shaft, upon the front of which the coats of arms of the United States, and also of the State of New York, are combined and draped. From this base rises the shaft, broken into three sections by horizontal bands, extending around each of its four sides, and upon which are raised letters, the names of *thirty-nine* soldiers in which these soldiers were engaged, embracing the principal ones of the war. A Doric capital with its entablature crowns the column, and surmounting the whole is a life-size figure of a *Union Soldier*, in the military attitude of *Rest*.

The monument stands upon a mound, seventy-five feet in diameter, in the centre of a square containing two acres of ground, in the heart of the village, and directly in front of the old church. Broad gravelled walks radiate from the circular drive around the mound to the angles of the Park. The forest trees, which everywhere abound; the luxuriant and closely cut green sward; the stately and venerable oaks, and the tall pines, both within and without the grounds—all under the efficient superintendence of Mr. Frederic Munroe—combine to make this monument, with its surroundings, one of the most beautiful and harmonious tributes to the brave and noble men who died for their imperilled country, anywhere to be found throughout our extended land.

The generous spirit displayed to obtain the monument; the prosecution of the work from day to day to prepare the mound and carry up the structure, all working heartily and without compensation, added greatly to the value of the memorial, and is alike creditable to the living and the dead. To no man is the community more indebted for the signal success of the undertaking than to Doctor Charles C. Murphy.

East Bloomfield, two miles north of the village, is the home of the "King of Apple countries," as Oliver Chapin has been aptly styled. He is a native of the town, and has lived for forty years on the farm of 240 acres, which his uncle Oliver occupied before him. His oldest apple trees are eighty-two years from the seed, and show manifest signs of old age, though fruitful still. He has 120 acres in apples; some 5,000 trees, all Baldwin's. Last year he gathered 3,000 barrels, but it was a bad winter for keeping, so he had but 1,800 to sell in the Spring, in consequence of unusual decay. This year the trees will not bear more than half a crop. When all his orchards come into full bearing he estimates they will produce 10,000 barrels a season! He set out thirty acres of pears, all Bartlett, but the blight and other destructive influences, have reduced the present pear grounds to five acres. He also cut in thirty acres of Isabella grapes, at a cost of one hundred dollars to the acre, including trellises. Some of these have yielded four tons to the acre, though sixty tons is the most he has shipped in any one season. Last year he sold them on the vine for two cents a pound; this year he designs to market them himself, and he has now a number of hands busy making boxes on the place in preparation for it. He does not anticipate that grapes will long pay for their raising, and expects soon to pull up his vines, in twelve acres of which he has apple trees coming on. When asked if he would raise wheat or grass on the land, his reply was, "No, I can raise

apples enough on one acre, to buy any other crop that can be raised on two acres."

Mr. Chapin is a gentleman of rare intelligence and worth. His estimate of the value of education is seen in the fact that two of his sons are graduates of Yale College, and his only daughter is to take her diploma at *Trenton* next year. The only other child is yet a lad. It is a great treat to pass through his grounds, almost entirely free from fences, on the road and elsewhere, and behold the evidences, everywhere abounding, of skill and thrift. The fine rolling country makes a delightful prospect for miles in the distance; Canadaigua spreads out before you her half hidden charms, and you cannot resist the conviction that if contentment cannot here be exercised, it may be looked for on earth in vain.

The Religious Press.

The *Christian Advocate*, the chief official organ of Methodism, leads off with a glance at "Our Foreign Mission Work," in which we are reminded that only in the last ten years has that Church moved forward with well-defined purpose in the foreign field.

In Germany the work of evangelization has gone forward, if not rapidly, yet steadily and successfully, and in Sweden and Norway it has been eminently successful. But the most eminent success has been given to our two principal missions among the heathen—those in India and China—in both of which, and especially in the latter, the success has been remarkable, and the promise for the future most encouraging. The work of the mission, after some fifteen years of effort, has been almost entirely given up; the work in South America is still prosecuted, though but feebly, and among many discouragements; while the work in Africa, our oldest foreign field, with a vast continent of heathenism to act upon, seems to be doing comparatively but little.

At present the eyes of the Church are turned to the far-off East. Both India and China call loudly to us to give them the Gospel, not only by their necessities, but also by the evidence given that it is the design of the Great Head of the Church to cause the light of His salvation to shine out in those long-benighted lands. The number, and especially the character of the converts, and above all else the phases of their new religious life, give most encouraging promise of a revival of primitive Christianity among those people. . . . It is quite evident that we have but little need to inquire for still other lands upon which to bestow the Gospel. We have already entered countries as many as we can occupy to advantage. In India, within the provinces appropriated to our mission, the work extends on all sides, calling loudly for reinforcements; and just now the labors of Rev. William Taylor in Bombay, with the accompanying work of revival, leave us no alternative but to largely strengthen his hands by sending men to his help. In China the original mission in Foochow has spread out over the whole province, with organized circuits and stations; and two off-shoot missions, one in the north and one in the south, have been formed in distant parts of the empire, and both of these require immediate increase of help. And what has been given to Foochow, and Kiu-kiang, and Peking, twenty other provinces, with their populations of hundreds of millions are waiting to receive.

Wherever missions have been established and churches gathered, it may not be advisable to abandon them, but we are clearly of the opinion that our lines are already sufficiently extended, and a single exception may possibly be made in favor of Japan, which offers peculiarly inviting conditions which the Church is scarcely at liberty to disregard. We have withdrawn from Bulgaria on account of protracted and disheartening unsuccess. Italy is recognized by officers, and especially should we hesitate to withdraw consent to become the rivals of our Wesleyan brethren in that country. Italian evangelization can proceed without us, and we have more than our hands full elsewhere. Let it be so, and let us go to Mexico. Northern Europe will continue to make large drafts upon our resources, for which it promises most generous returns.

The *Christian Intelligencer* fears that enough attention is not given to the "exceedingly careful wording" of Dr. Hodge's letter relative to the granting of tracts of land along a railroad for the purpose of building Roman Catholic churches. It says:

His "view" is that "when the choice is between that the Roman Catholic Church and none [italics ours], it is wise and right to encourage the establishment of churches under the control of Roman Catholic priests." In that position, he does not go a step beyond it—probably all thoughtful Protestants will be willing to stand with him. There are, for example, great communities in Europe, Mexico, and South America, where to exclude at once the Romish Church, would be to consign the people to atheism or infidelity; and Dr. Hodge safely argues that it is far better that men should be Roman Catholics than infidels or atheists. And if any American community can be found where the choice is narrowed to the same fearful alternative, there, according to Dr. Hodge, Protestants may wisely and with good conscience help to sustain a Romish church.

For example, if a colony of Irish Catholics should settle in one of our territories; if their hatred of Protestantism could be known to be so complete that they would not give way for a generation, so that their lack of a Roman Catholic church would leave them with no worship and no religion, their Protestant neighbors might wisely help them to build a Catholic church. The choice would lie "between that and none."

But just such a case would be very hard to find. For if the supposed colony should include any proportion of Protestants, who shall decide that a Methodist or Presbyterian church, guarded as it would be by American law, and with a Romish church or priest to oppose it, would leave even such a colony to atheism or infidelity? Every one knows that nothing but the constant influence of the Romish system shuts Protestant instruction and Protestant piety out of Catholic families. Can Dr. Hodge be thought to mean that, where Protestants are present, they could be maintained, and Romish churches could not, except by Protestant aid, it is the duty of Protestants to introduce and sustain the system which circumscribes and frustrates their work? He does not say a word to that effect, and the complexion of the letter shows that he said all he meant to say.

withdraw from the fight he has so long been waging, and to persuade the opposing forces into mutual sympathy and help!

He has done nothing of the sort. He has only written a very cautious letter, which, in what it says, does not change his life-long attitude by a hair's breadth; while by what incautious readers will indubitably think it says, it will give the most dangerous enemy of our liberty and our religion new access to the public and private wealth by which it has grown so strong. Dr. Hodge has not wished for that result. He has even incorporated into his letter the material of a warning against the unlawful support of Catholic churches by public men.

The *Independent* criticises a passage in "Lamon's Life of Lincoln" with just severity. The author—we will not say the historian—is fairly caught in a malignant misrepresentation of the notable interview between the late President and the Rev. Dr. Gulliver, (then pastor of one of the Congregational churches of Norwich,) and which was published extensively in the Fall of 1864. This "Life of Mr. Lincoln" was written not so much out of love for him, as of hatred to religion. It is thus seen to be its bad inspiration, and it must therefore be quite to appear that Mr. Lincoln was quite insincere in all professions of regard for religion, or interviews with ministers. Mr. Herndon of course eagerly contributes his mite to this end; but the author has shown his "pretence hand" in the business by undertaking to slur over and distort a narrative which was and is thoroughly authenticated in all its particulars. Says our concurring critic, in conclusion:

To such dishonest fabrication has this Lamon descended, with an evident vulgar and profane motive, in merely copying a passage of the authentic history of Mr. Lincoln! That he has a vulgar distaste for religion, and a conceit of knowledge which incapacitates him for truthful recital, is a fact made painfully evident by this single specimen. Here was as respectable and authentic a piece of testimony as could possibly have been produced; and Mr. Lamon, in the part of an historian undignifiedly to falsify it, on no ground whatever but his own low motive to doubt it, and his ridiculous imagination of what the facts may have been. How often has this falsification been the source of Lamon's facts?

The *Churchman* touches on a matter of business, as follows:

Concerning advertising, there is a great deal of positive humbug. We say "humbug," because the word "fraud" does not fully cover the case. Advertising is unquestionably one of the most successful. Some men want to buy advertising as the vulgar buy pictures, looking to the quantity, not the quality. Of course what is called "large advertising" pays, but only however when done with good judgment. For instance, it is not good judgment, except in very rare cases, to advertise at any price in cheap issues, or charitable publications, or through the ways in which injudicious advertisers waste their money. Advertisers should remember that a circulation of ten or fifteen thousands in an unexceptional medium is worth vastly more than a hundred thousand through the medium of a questionable agent. Printing is not advertising.

The *Jewish Messenger* in view of the fact that the Jewish Sunday-schools will soon open, urges the adoption of a uniform system of instruction:

Hitherto each city congregation has been its own guide in the matter, with but indifferent success. A Sunday-school Association could easily be established. Let two congregations unite their schools—or rather their school committees—the rest will soon join. The benefits of such a step cannot be too highly estimated. Our Sunday-schools in most instances—sadly lack discipline and a definite system of instruction, which is not confined to the Ten Commandments and the recitation of a few chapters in Genesis, the which is based on the Bible and the literature of our race. We had a Sunday-school Teachers' Association a few years ago, and it effected some good. But the enterprise was suffered to die, not because its aim was too aesthetic, we hope, if the Sunday-schools were properly united under a central board, improved text books would be found necessary; but it is idle to suggest other improvements until the union—which is apparently as yet in the future as the union of charities—is accomplished.

The Children at Home.

ONE FLY. A SKETCH FOR DOG DAYS.

By Augusta Moore.

Only one. All the others, a busy, merry swarm, sailed readily out on the favoring breeze which had encouraged me...

Having faint expectations of success, my surprise and pleasure were great to see them go before my bush out at the sunny window.

'O well,' I said, indifferently, 'tis only one; I wont tire myself out chasing after him; Now if he had come to the same conclusion, all might have been well.

'What did you mean by driving my friends out and trying to drive me out?' said he, diving, with a roaring buzz, right against my nose, and bounding thence into my eye-ball.

'I half distracted, fought as well as I could, with handkerchief and fan. Keep covered head and ears, no mortal could, in that terrible heat. That fly knew it.

'The wind was fair to take my enemy out. The sun shone bright; why would he stay in my dim chamber? Arming myself with two towels, I commenced action. So did the fly.

No general ever better knew how not to do it than did that winged im. Everything he could do to tantalize me, he did.

Would allow me to drive him almost out merely for the pleasure he felt in darting suddenly back into my face and eyes, and over my head, under my arms, on this side and on that he whizzed and whirled, wild with the sport of what had already proved a sad lesson to me; for all about me was the din and the fragments of ruin which that fly had wrought.

For down came pictures and ornaments; over went lamps, flower-pots, and vases; the nice custard a friend had brought me, hopped into the wash-pitcher; the end of the towel got into the ink-stand, and before I knew it had flirited the ink all over my books, papers, and clothes.

When I was at the last gasp, Mr. Fly got caught in the towel and whisked outside of the window sash. Trembling from exhaustion and joy, I caught the bar to clasp into its place, when, with a defying and spiteful whiz, that in—that fly—oh I could grind him to powder!—darted back upon my room and under my bed.

What that meant, I knew; but I was conquered. I sank in despair onto my bed, and remain there helpless, etc., etc., etc.

STANDING ON ONE LEG. By Olive Thorne. You'd almost think he had but one leg if you should see him perched on a tree or the roof of a house, hour after hour, without moving—and all the time on one leg.

He owns two legs though, and knows how to use them as well as any other bird—for it's a bird I'm talking about. He stands on one leg just because he wants to, only it's a droll custom; and he's a comical looking object, all humped up in a bunch, on one long slim leg—like a broomstick.

He's a grave, dignified fellow, too, and dresses in white, with black trimmings on the wings, and he is called a Stork.

If you have read Hans Andersen's delightful tales of German and Danish life, you remember many interesting stories about him. You know how the Germans delight in having him build his nest on their houses, and how they often put up a sort of platform on the roof to make a convenient place for him to build.

In the Spring, when they return from their Winter home in Africa, they settle in these places, and proceed at once to build their houses. If they don't find any such foundation, they will build on the top of a chimney that is not used, or on a pillar, or anywhere near human homes.

The houses they build are evanescent, made of enormous piles of sticks, grass, leaves, and such things. The big sticks—as large as broomsticks—come first, and all the rest is piled loose on these. At the top is a little hollow, which is the real nest.

Along the sides of this huge pile, there are of course—many coarse building places for little birds, and one family, the swallow, like to build there, so that often the Stork's nest is perfectly surrounded by sparrows' homes. The two families live pleasantly together, and the big Stork—who is more than a yard higher, by the way—seems to protect the little fellows who live under his eaves.

Storks are fond of mankind, and in Germany they are thought to bring good luck to a house where they settle. To injure one of them, or disturb their eggs, is considered a crime, and is punished by law. They easily become so tame as to play with the children, who are very fond of their dignified playmate; and to tease the stork, who don't like it so well.

After getting familiar with the family, the same pair will return to the house year after year.

This bird has the reputation of being a model mother—at least of feathery mothers. Living on the roof of houses, of course they are liable to burn, sometimes, and some interesting stories are told of the mother Stork.

In one case a fire was raging in a city of Holland, and on one of the burning houses was the home of a Stork, with three or four little Storks in it. As it grew hotter and hotter, the anxious mother flew round distractedly, trying her best to save her babies; but finding it

impossible, she cuddled down in the nest by itself, protecting them as much as she could, and sat there and burned to death rather than leave them.

The whole family is a model family; not only is the mother unusually devoted, but the father is a wonderful husband. I read a story of a Stork whose mate had her wing injured so that she couldn't fly. When the time came in the Fall, when the Storks get together in flocks, and fly away to sunny Africa to spend the Winter, this devoted husband refused to go and leave his wife, and there they stayed all Winter in the cold, picking up a living anywhere they could.

You must know that Storks belong to the Waders, and eat frogs, insects, and small reptiles. So of course when there are none of these things to be had.

This pleasant fellow has a cousin, the Black Stork, who is shy of men, and builds his nest in trees, and eats fish.

If you wish to be scientific, you must call the White Stork by his dignified name—Ciconia Alba, and his black cousin—Ciconia Nigra.

The Sabbath School.

Genevan Sabbath School Lessons. "NATIONAL UNIFORM SERIES." September 15, 1872.

HELPFUL HINTS.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

1 Corinthians iii. 16-23. 16. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

17. If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

18. Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise.

19. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written, We looketh the wise in their own craftiness.

20. And again, The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain.

21. Therefore let no man glory in men: for all things are yours.

22. Whether Paul, or Apollus, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come: all are yours.

23. And ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's; and ye are God's; and Christ is God's; and ye are God's.

24. Lesson to Memorize, 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.

SELECTIONS FOR HOME READING.

Sept. 9, Monday—Exodus xiii. 14-22. 10, Tuesday—Exodus xi. 17-38. 11, Wednesday—1 Kings viii. 1-22. 12, Thursday—Psalm xxiv. 13, Friday—2 Cor. vi. vii. 1. 14, Saturday—Psalm xxvii. 15, Sunday—1 Cor. iii. 16-23.

The object of Paul in all this chapter is to impress upon professing Christians at Corinth the sin and folly of dissension and strife among themselves. His argument is, co-laborers in a common interest, and those that water are one.

All Christians build upon the same foundation, and every man's work shall be tried. Building God's temple, there should be harmony and fidelity.

Now in this lesson Paul suggests that they are to remember that they themselves are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in them.

Don't be contentious or envious of one another, for

1. Ye are God's husbandmen.

2. Ye are builders of God's temple.

3. Ye are yourselves the temple of God. The Church, or Christians as a body, with its offices and ordinances, is the dwelling place of God among men. It is the organization through which He manifests His power and grace to the world.

In the olden time, God's dwelling among men was in the Pillar of cloud and of fire. There the Shekinah manifested himself as the leader of Israel.

Moses was directed to erect a portable building as the house of God in the wilderness, which was called The Tabernacle.

The teacher may call for a description of this tabernacle, and especially of the ark, and of the manifestation of God, from between the cherubim and above the mercy-seat.

At length in the days of Solomon, for this tabernacle was substituted The Temple. This habitation of God had its most holy place behind a heavy veil, within which was deposited the Ark of the Covenant, and where God appeared in glory. It was God's house. Destroyed, rebuilt, and again refitted, it was regarded as the sacred temple of God, the place of the habitation of the Most High. It was a fearful crime to defile that temple.

With this idea of the temple of God on Mount Zion, the Apostle writes of Christians as The Living temple.

What is true of the Church, is also true of individual Christians: Ye are the temple of God—Built by God, Out of dust.

For His dwelling.—Isa. lvi. 15; 1 Cor. vi. 19.

If any one is not a temple of the Holy Ghost, it is because he has left open the doors of his house to the incoming of evil spirits, and prefers their society to that of the Holy One.

Conditions. Self-conceited ones, and those esteemed wise among men, must become 'fools.' 'The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.'

Must not glory in men. Consequences. All things yours. You will be Christ's.

In Christ ye belong to God. How defile the temple. By envyings, contentions, evil thoughts, sensuality, debasing habits and jealousies. Is your body a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Lesson to Memorize—1 Cor. iii. 16. Describe the temple, and its sanctity as the house of God.

The living temple. A little child was asked by a skeptic 'How large is your

God?' She replied, 'He is large enough to fill the universe, and small enough to dwell in my little heart.'

Hymn for September. Alas, and did my Saviour bleed.

FOREIGN.

The Earl of Shaftesbury

Has recently laid the memorial-note of the model dwelling-houses to be erected by the Shaftesbury, and General Dwellings Company at Laverdshill, Wandsworth-road. His lordship congratulated the company that there were to be neither public-houses nor tap-rooms in this workman's city of the future.

The estate consists of four acres, which is proposed to erect 1200 dwellings, with all modern conveniences. Three acres are to be reserved for garden and recreation grounds.

A Promising Church.

We last week mentioned the acceptance of the Rev. Adolph Saphir of the call from the Palace Gardens English Presbyterian congregation, Kensington, and the fact of a handsome church having just been purchased for the congregation at an estimated cost of £4700. For this they are indebted to the exertions of Mr. J. E. Mathison, one of the influential elders of the denomination, to whom a cordial vote of thanks is due for his successful labors. The new church is only in course of erection, and was designed as a high Ritualistic place of worship. It is situated in Notting-hill district, in which the Ritualists and Roman Catholics are very numerous. The church, who lately resigned his charge at Greenwich, is well known for his evangelical and catholic principles; and it appears that he was greatly induced to accept the call from the circumstances that the Rev. Mr. Mathison was desirous that he should be settled in the district in order that they might attend his ministry. Towards the £7400 for the purchase of the site, which is freehold, and of the church in its unfinished state, the Rev. Mr. Mathison has already received £3300 of subscriptions; and he expects to receive £1000 from the sale of an old church at Harrow Road, and £400 which the late Dr. Saphir had deposited with him to purchase Palace Gardens church. A sum of £2000 is obtained on mortgage. The new church is to be ready for occupation early next year, unless the builders' strike prevent this; it will accommodate from 800 to 900 sitters on the ground floor, and will be one of the most handsome in the bounds of the Presbytery.—London World.

Religious Appointment.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint the Rev. John MacLeod, D.D., Dean of the most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle, and Dean of the Chapel Royal in Scotland, in the room of Norman MacLeod, D.D., deceased.

The Internationals.

According to the Paris Journal, four organs of the International Association had agreed to suspend publication in Italy; while the Prefect of Naples has just closed a school where some forty or fifty children of both sexes were being educated upon 'International' principles. The section of the society, however, to be established at Rome, but whether it will be able to flourish there, is another question. All over the continent the Association seems steadily at work, and struggling against a variety of difficulties.

Papal Matters.

In the session of Monday week, the Pope addressed the Bishops of the West. His words were to the following effect: 'I am glad to see the Bishops of Christ and Leghorn here present. I will mention that when I was passing through Tuscany, I blessed you, and I want to give you my benediction at the city gate. Firenze is the See of which is united with Christ, I blessed from a distance, as I passed it on my journey. At length, by God's help, I arrived at Leghorn, and I went to the city, and got to the public square. You are aware that there are generally some bad people in Leghorn. The citizens themselves are good, but amongst them there is a certain class of evil-disposed persons. So my friends were in some little doubt whether it was advisable for me to go into Leghorn; the Grand Duke himself wished me to keep away, as it was feared that something unbecoming might occur. However, with the help of God, I did enter into that city, and I gave the benediction to a great number of people from the balcony in front of the Cathedral.'

SACRED HOMES TO ST. JOSEPH.—We clip the following from the letter of one who dates from Rome, and writes in the interest of the Papacy. This paragraph will illustrate the enmity at present existing between the adherents of the Pope, and the King of Italy, and his family: 'On the 25th of July, being the Feast of St. James, Patron of the Kingdom of Spain, the national anniversary was observed in the church of Santa Maria in Monserrato. The Monarchs, accompanied orders to sing after the High Mass a Te Deum for the escape of Don Amadeo from assassination. No sooner, however, had they commenced the sacred hymn than the large congregation, considering it a political demonstration, left the church. No one in fact remained, save the employees of the Spanish Legation, and a few members of the Roman Society, and two or three other persons. 'Moderate Liberals,' amongst whom might have been remarked the well known Hebrew, Signor Arbib, editor of the semi-official Libertas, which is so indefatigable in its insults, calumnies, and falsehoods against the Holy Father.'

Juggernaut Festivities.

A London Times correspondent writes as follows from Calcutta under date of July 16th: 'There has been a sad ending this year to the Juggernaut Festival at Serampore. As many of your readers know, there are three great days of the festival, which extends over a fortnight, and is filled up in the main with simple amusements. The first day is devoted to bathing the god in the holy Ganges water. Next his huge car is drawn out from his temple to that of a brother god, whom Juggernaut is supposed to visit yearly and remain with a week. There are now two cars in Serampore; the larger the original one, thirty feet high, and a smaller, which has been set up as a rival. The large car this year was moved triumphantly and taken to the appointed place; the smaller one could not be moved, probably because the greater part of the people were at the larger. Yesterday was the return day, and in the evening the large car was again drawn successfully, watched by the station magistrates and the few police of the place. The smaller car, unfortunately, was denounced by the authorities a fixture, and in any case, was in the place where it was wanted. Each car has four strong ropes attached, one at each front axle and two inside. At these ropes as many as a thousand people pull at one time, and in the great object with every one is to touch the rope, and one person gives way to another, many thousands are privileged to pull the god during his journey. On this last day of the festival one more attempt was resolved upon for the purpose

of making the smaller car to at least move, and unhappily the attempt was successful, and in a moment two of the men nearest to the car were under the wheels. One was literally cut in two; the other's thigh was crushed nearly off, and there is little hope of his recovery. At first the report went abroad that the disasters were cases of self-immolation, but I am glad to say that this was not so. They were pure accidents, arising from the pressure and excitement of the crowd when the car moved. The civil surgeon of the station, Dr. Greene, informed me that the wounded man, for a long time after being taken to the hospital, called loudly on the god, 'What have I done that you should punish me?' and he asked for and drank gin, so that he could not be a fit subject for a Hindu sacrifice.

The deputy magistrate also, who saw the whole transaction, says that there was nothing in it at all self-immolation. I am sure the religious societies in England, who take so much interest in Juggernaut, will be glad to hear this. Indeed, I believe there never again can be self-immolation on any considerable scale in India. The priests dread it as putting their whole craft in danger. Besides, some of them are too intelligent now to believe in it. One of the younger priests of the car where this accident occurred, is secretary of a literary society, at which all manner of questions are discussed; and he is a superintendent, altogether apart from his ordinary work, a female school, which is visited by the wife of a missionary. And this is not an isolated case. It would be well to be sacrificed suicides and religious fanatics for a long time ago, but I am glad to say this was not of that class. There would seldom be either a suicide or an accident at the Juggernaut Festival if a strong body of police were stationed at the car. The people are like a flock of sheep when the police are in question. Here only the few police of the station were engaged—a mere handful among thousands upon thousands, a mass of life for miles of the roads and fields.

Sunday Work. A great effort is at present being made to obtain the opening of museums on Sunday; and several deputations have waited upon Mr. W. E. Forster. In his reply to the last deputation, the Right Hon. gentleman stated that the Government was not prepared to open these public places. With regard to his own views, he did not agree with those who took what was called the Sabbatarian view of the question, and he was glad to find persons whose religious principles were above suspicion were in favor of opening them. There were two points upon which they ought to be satisfied before opening a place—whether work would not be caused by the opening, and whether general work would not follow from the general opening of public institutions on Sunday. In this hard working country they ought to know whether work on Sunday would not be followed by work on Sunday.

THE DONALD-HIGHLAND INSTITUTE, HIGHLAND PALM, ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y. FOR BOYS. A select and thorough boarding school delightfully located in the Highlands near West Point. Fourth year opens Sept. 6th, 1872. For circulars, address the Principal at Dutchess Co., N. Y. ROBERT DONALD, A.M., Principal.

EDGEMILL MILITARY SCHOOL, Merchantsville, N. J. (Four miles from Philadelphia, formerly located at Princeton, N. J.) Rev. S. N. HOWES, A.M., Principal. Forty-fourth Annual Term begins Sept. 16th. Send for Circular.

MISS E. E. DANA will reopen her English and French Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 7 East 42d Street, New York City. For Circulars, address the Principal at Dutchess Co., N. Y.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE, FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN ONLY. No. 140, 124, 130 East 24th Street, SPAR MANSION SQUARE. Eighteenth year begins Sept. 15. College, Business, West Point, Annapolis, German, Spanish, Primary, French, and Italian. Send for Circulars, or send for full details. Home after Sept. 2. PROF. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

TEMPLE GROWN LADIES' SEMINARY, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Every department on a liberal scale, with instruction especially adapted for each. Steam heat, gas, light, and water works all provided. Expense for boarding, clothing, etc., \$20. Send for Circulars, or send for full details. Home after Sept. 2. CHARLES H. HUBBARD, M.A., Principal. HENRY M. DOWD, Agent.

"School in the Mountains," AT BELLEFONTE, PA. A Classical School for Boys and Young Men. For circulars address Rev. J. P. HUGHES, Principal.

DR. VAN NORMAN'S ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN FAMILY AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, 200 Broadway, New York. Send for Circulars, or send for full details. Home after Sept. 2. D. C. VAN NORMAN, Principal.

CHESAPEAKE GENTLEMEN of experience as a teacher, and who is able to take charge of an Academy, or his Classical Department, wishes to engage his services. Communications may be directed to the Editor of this paper.

MRS. J. B. BENEDETTO'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH and German Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 7 East 42d Street, New York City. The ablest Professors and Lecturers are employed. Owing Institute, FOR YOUNG LADIES, at Sing Sing, N. Y. Will reopen Sept. 17th. This Institution is beautifully located on the banks of the Hudson, and is a national advantage combined with the choicest home influences. For Prospectus, address the Principal, MISS M. VAN VALKEN.

REV. D. A. HOLBROOK'S MILITARY SCHOOL, SING SING, N. Y. Pupils return for next term on Sept. 17, 1872.

WABASH COLLEGE, Crawfordsville, Ind. The next term opens Sept. 11th. The College is a very fine Preparatory Department. South Hall, containing the College, is a handsome building, and the Gymnasium is ready for all exercises at this institution are far less than at Eastern Colleges, a consideration of importance to young men of limited means. Send for circulars to the President, MISS M. VAN VALKEN.

BLACKBURN UNIVERSITY, CARLISLE, ILL. Three Departments.—I. Preparatory. II. Collegiate. III. Theological. Five Courses of Study.—I. Preparatory Course of Three Years. II. Collegiate Course of Four Years. III. Theological Course of Three Years. IV. Theological Course of Five Years. V. Theological Course of Six Years. All Departments open alike to young Men and young Ladies. Expenses for Board, Room Rent, Fuel, Light, and Stationery, from \$100 to \$150. Catalogues sent free. Young Ladies board to private families. Next Term will open September 2, 1872. Address the President, REV. J. W. BAILEY, D.D.

LAKE FOREST ACADEMY, Lake Forest, Ill. A charmingly situated and splendidly equipped school for boys. ISA W. ALLEN, Principal.

TREEMOUNT SEMINARY, NORWICH, N. Y. FOR YOUNG MEN AND GIRLS. Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial. Twenty-ninth Year. The Fall and Winter session will commence Tuesday, Sept. 3d. For circulars, address the Principal, JOHN W. LO II.

Church & Chapel Organs, At moderate prices, warranted unexcelled, built to order, and second-hand, constantly for sale by W. B. B. SEMMONS & CO., No. 90 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER COMMERCIAL NURSERIES, AND PLANTS. A Splendid Stock and full assortment of Fruit Trees, and all assortments of Fruit Trees, per doz., per 100—send us any communication. Address W. S. LITTLE, Rochester, N. Y.

Church Decoration. Pastors or Trustees desiring Repairing or Freecing their Houses of worship, can obtain valuable information on that subject; also on a new lighting and ventilating apparatus, etc., by reading 'Dresser's Handbook on Church Buildings,' sent free. Address 'DRESSER & CO., 141 Broadway, New York.'

THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY. A SELECT SCHOOL for all branches of Music. (Theodore Ballou's Building.) 23 UNION ST. (4th floor) near State Street.

BROOK'S PATENT GLACE AND PATENT SOFT FINISH SPOOL COFFIN. FOR HAND OR MACHINE USE. WHITE, BLACK, AND COLORED, ON SPOOLS OF 200 AND 500 YARDS.

AGENTS WANTED FOR "POETS AND A POETRY OF THE BIBLE," a work unequalled for beauty and sublimity. A copy can be placed in every family. Send us circulars for this and other books. We give agents a larger discount on Bibles, Bibles, etc., than any other publishers. Write to B. S. GOODWIN & CO., 27 Park Row, New York.

FLUSHING INSTITUTE, FLUSHING, N. Y. Begins Sept. 1st. E. A. FAIRCHILD, Principal.

THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Founded A. D. 1828. 101 West 14th St., cor. 6th Ave., New York. Rev. HENRY B. CHAPIN, Ph.D., Principal. A thorough English and Classical Day School for Boys. The next school year opens Monday, Sept. 16th, 1872.

MORRIS FEMALE INSTITUTE, MORRISTOWN, N. J. Offers to twenty five Young Ladies superior home accommodations and social advantages. A few vacancies. C. G. HAZELTINE, A.M., Principal.

Genesee Academy, FORTY-FIFTH YEAR. This Institution, under the care of the Synod of Western New York, is a beautiful and healthy situation. The course of study is suited to the wants of pupils, and are extensive and thorough. Young men are prepared for College or for Business, Law, and Young Ladies can pursue a collegiate course. Terms moderate. For full particulars, apply to H. D. GREGORY, A.M., Principal.

College of Music of Boston University, Boston, Mass. Post graduate course in all departments for advanced music students. Year commences Sept. 15. Send for circulars, giving full particulars to E. T. GREGORY, Dean of College of Music.

THE DONALD-HIGHLAND INSTITUTE, HIGHLAND PALM, ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y. FOR BOYS. A select and thorough boarding school delightfully located in the Highlands near West Point. Fourth year opens Sept. 6th, 1872. For circulars, address the Principal at Dutchess Co., N. Y. ROBERT DONALD, A.M., Principal.

MISS E. E. DANA will reopen her English and French Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 7 East 42d Street, New York City. For Circulars, address the Principal at Dutchess Co., N. Y.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE, FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN ONLY. No. 140, 124, 130 East 24th Street, SPAR MANSION SQUARE. Eighteenth year begins Sept. 15. College, Business, West Point, Annapolis, German, Spanish, Primary, French, and Italian. Send for Circulars, or send for full details. Home after Sept. 2. PROF. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

TEMPLE GROWN LADIES' SEMINARY, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Every department on a liberal scale, with instruction especially adapted for each. Steam heat, gas, light, and water works all provided. Expense for boarding, clothing, etc., \$20. Send for Circulars, or send for full details. Home after Sept. 2. CHARLES H. HUBBARD, M.A., Principal. HENRY M. DOWD, Agent.

"School in the Mountains," AT BELLEFONTE, PA. A Classical School for Boys and Young Men. For circulars address Rev. J. P. HUGHES, Principal.

DR. VAN NORMAN'S ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN FAMILY AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, 200 Broadway, New York. Send for Circulars, or send for full details. Home after Sept. 2. D. C. VAN NORMAN, Principal.

CHESAPEAKE GENTLEMEN of experience as a teacher, and who is able to take charge of an Academy, or his Classical Department, wishes to engage his services. Communications may be directed to the Editor of this paper.

MRS. J. B. BENEDETTO'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH and German Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 7 East 42d Street, New York City. The ablest Professors and Lecturers are employed. Owing Institute, FOR YOUNG LADIES, at Sing Sing, N. Y. Will reopen Sept. 17th. This Institution is beautifully located on the banks of the Hudson, and is a national advantage combined with the choicest home influences. For Prospectus, address the Principal, MISS M. VAN VALKEN.

REV. D. A. HOLBROOK'S MILITARY SCHOOL, SING SING, N. Y. Pupils return for next term on Sept. 17, 1872.

WABASH COLLEGE, Crawfordsville, Ind. The next term opens Sept. 11th. The College is a very fine Preparatory Department. South Hall, containing the College, is a handsome building, and the Gymnasium is ready for all exercises at this institution are far less than at Eastern Colleges, a consideration of importance to young men of limited means. Send for circulars to the President, MISS M. VAN VALKEN.

BLACKBURN UNIVERSITY, CARLISLE, ILL. Three Departments.—I. Preparatory. II. Collegiate. III. Theological. Five Courses of Study.—I. Preparatory Course of Three Years. II. Collegiate Course of Four Years. III. Theological Course of Three Years. IV. Theological Course of Five Years. V. Theological Course of Six Years. All Departments open alike to young Men and young Ladies. Expenses for Board, Room Rent, Fuel, Light, and Stationery, from \$100 to \$150. Catalogues sent free. Young Ladies board to private families. Next Term will open September 2, 1872. Address the President, REV. J. W. BAILEY, D.D.

LAKE FOREST ACADEMY, Lake Forest, Ill. A charmingly situated and splendidly equipped school for boys. ISA W. ALLEN, Principal.

TREEMOUNT SEMINARY, NORWICH, N. Y. FOR YOUNG MEN AND GIRLS. Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial. Twenty-ninth Year. The Fall and Winter session will commence Tuesday, Sept. 3d. For circulars, address the Principal, JOHN W. LO II.

Church & Chapel Organs, At moderate prices, warranted unexcelled, built to order, and second-hand, constantly for sale by W. B. B. SEMMONS & CO., No. 90 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER COMMERCIAL NURSERIES, AND PLANTS. A Splendid Stock and full assortment of Fruit Trees, and all assortments of Fruit Trees, per doz., per 100—send us any communication. Address W. S. LITTLE, Rochester, N. Y.

Church Decoration. Pastors or Trustees desiring Repairing or Freecing their Houses of worship, can obtain valuable information on that subject; also on a new lighting and ventilating apparatus, etc., by reading 'Dresser's Handbook on Church Buildings,' sent free. Address 'DRESSER & CO., 141 Broadway, New York.'

THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY. A SELECT SCHOOL for all branches of Music. (Theodore Ballou's Building.) 23 UNION ST. (4th floor) near State Street.

BROOK'S PATENT GLACE AND PATENT SOFT FINISH SPOOL COFFIN. FOR HAND OR MACHINE USE. WHITE, BLACK, AND COLORED, ON SPOOLS OF 200 AND 500 YARDS.

EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 120 Broadway, New York.

Net Cash Assets..... \$18,000,000

Annual Cash Income, 8,000,000

Surplus..... 1,700,000

New Business, Sum Assured, 1871,



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1872.

All letters for this office should be addressed simply New York Evangelist, Box 2330, New York. Checks should be drawn to the order of Henry M. Field.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL DILEMMA.

According to the Rev. Dr. Gulliver, Oberlin was just the place for a Congregational Council to initiate "a new departure." After visiting the place on the occasion of the late Commencement, he says, "They have pretty fully made up their minds at Oberlin that orthodoxy is in character, and not in the creed, except as the creed is an index of character."

This exception may be considered a very serious one, or merely obiter dictum. Orthodoxy, or right thinking, has a great deal to do with character, and especially Christian character. True piety may be combined with various, and even serious, errors in belief, but it exists in spite of, and not in consequence of, them.

The (Baptist) Standard of Chicago, remarks, "The point now under discussion amongst our Congregational brethren is a more radical one than this [of creeds] simply. It is whether any account at all shall be made of doctrinal faith, or whether the simple fact of conversion shall sum up and satisfy all the conditions of membership in the Church."

It is easy to see the difficulty with which Congregationalists are embarrassed, and which springs from the very nature of their system. They see and feel the incongruity of saying to a person who gives evidence of conversion, but whose views do not accord with the traditional standards of doctrine, "Although we believe that Christ has accepted you, yet for prudential reasons, and in order to preserve the unity of faith, we feel that it is not safe or prudent for us to accept you as a member of the church, or entitled to all the privileges which might ordinarily be claimed by a Christian brother. Your presence with us might endanger harmony of sentiment, and tend to introduce errors which we deprecate."

To obviate the necessity of saying this, the local Congregational church, practically independent of all others, has no other feasible method to adopt, except that which is known as "letting down the bars." Among Presbyterians it is enough that the officers of the church are prepared to assent to the standards, and that as to those minute shades of doctrinal belief in which good men and members of the same communion often differ. The Presbyterian system thus affords the desired security for the churches over which it extends, and yet has a liberty in regard to private members which a Congregational church, standing apart by itself, feels itself sometimes scarcely authorized to exercise.

But even accepting the new ground of church membership, which the Standard says is so strenuously urged by Congregationalists—admitting that the fact of conversion sums up and satisfies all conditions, there are different lights in which this fact of conversion may be viewed. It is by no means always an easy thing to determine the fact itself, and very frequently the matter must be left to the enlightened judgment of the applicant himself. But this conversion, if genuine, must be effected by the instrumentality of the truth. This truth to produce its effect must be accepted, believed, and applied. Here there are the very elements, the vital elements, of a creed. Of what does it consist? It must necessarily consist of Scripture truth, in other words of doctrinal belief. The conversion is supposed to be a conversion not to moral reform, or Swedenborgianism, or any other abnormal religious system, but to Christianity. Can this conversion be accepted without its implying a right faith? Does it not assume the fact of belief in certain Christian truths, as native depravity, regeneration, redemption by Christ?

It is evident then that a strict view of the fact of conversion does not get rid of the creed-element, but manifestly implies it. We believe that many warm-hearted Congregationalists who wish to be accounted "liberal," would concede all this. But there is danger of, and a strong temptation to, a looser construction. The same disposition that would cast aside regard for articles of belief, would be very tender of any searching investigation of individual experience. In fact the two things are found often, if not usually, to go together. But let them be united, and what becomes of Congregationalism? Each applicant, no longer called to narrate his own experience, or give public evidence of his conversion, is received virtually upon his own unqualified request, while he is expressly permitted to hold any variety of Christian opinions combined with a great variety of dangerous errors.

In such a case what becomes of the Church? It is simply an open common free to all comers, and its character and policy will be dependent upon the accident of the dispositions and views of the major number of those who, for one reason or another, may choose to make use of it. Evidently there is danger of such a result, and we do not wonder that conservative Congregationalists regard it with apprehension.

It is stated by an English Roman Catholic journal that the total sum contributed to the Pope by the Archdiocese of Dublin, under the familiar name of Peter's Pence, exceeds by many thousand pounds the sum contributed last year. If the entire Roman Catholic Church proves as loyal and liberal, the Pope, relieved of the expensive burden of the temporal

power, ought to be in funds, with something to spare in charity to his exiled Jesuits.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE METIS.

The terrible accident to the steamer Metis, on last Thursday night, when on its way from New York to Providence, by which so many lives were lost, has sent a thrill of horror through the community. It is many years since an accident so appalling in its character, has occurred on the waters of the Sound. It recalls the sad fate of the Lexington, consumed by fire more than thirty years ago, and that of the Atlantic a few years later. The darkness of the night, the severity of the storm, the security which was felt by the officers of the vessel for some time after the collision took place, the perfect helplessness of the great mass of the passengers, all add to the tragical aspect of the event.

All things considered, it is less surprising that an occurrence like this should now and then take place, than that it is not often repeated. It has been said that more adequate provision should be made against such dangers, and there is just occasion for the remark. We would not excuse in the slightest degree any negligence or carelessness; but after all the contrivances of human prudence and skill, the fact will remain that no human foresight can anticipate or prevent them altogether. It will ever remain true, not merely on the sea, but on the land; not only in darkness, but in the light, that there is not, and that there cannot be, any perfect security against the manifold perils to which life is exposed. We can never know what a day, or even an hour, may bring forth. There is no foundation for a trust in which the soul may securely repose, except in that strong religious faith, which makes God's providence a present and sublime reality. The proper lesson of such an event, is not merely scientific precaution, or the firmer structure of vessels exposed to the danger of sudden collision, but the necessity of that faith which, sheltered under the promises and grace of God, is prepared for all contingencies. Then may we say, in the words of the poet—

"In darkness as in daylight,  
On ocean as on land,  
God's eye is ever on us,  
And beneath us is His hand.  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot,  
And we cannot meet Him better  
Than in working out our lot."

Or in the language of the Apostle, we may give expression to a more triumphant confidence, saying "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Happy those who, amid the perils of storm and wreck, can repose an unflinching trust in Him whom the winds and waves obey, and who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand!

So far as we have had opportunity to observe, the fate of the obnoxious New York Judges has commanded universal approval. They richly deserved their fate. No honest man regards them with any other feeling than disgust and abhorrence, or has the least pity for them. This speaks well for a sound public sentiment, and to the imperative necessity of judicial integrity. It is well that the guilty parties should feel the full weight of the sentence which they have justly incurred. But without apologizing for them, or in the least palliating their guilt, we ought not to overlook the fact that they never would have ventured to do what they did, if they had not been encouraged in the hope of immunity by the knowledge of the corruption, partisan and social, which prevailed around them. Those with whom they came in contact, more or less directly, helped to shape their course and determine their conduct. If public opinion seemed disposed to be tolerant of judicial abuses; if the daily journal passed lightly over offences implying moral, if not legal delinquency; if in business relations the unscrupulous greed of gain crowded out the severer ethics of a sterling honesty—all this would have contributed in some measure to favor a lax administration of law and justice, and to render men whose moral views rather rested on the level of public opinion than rested on any solid basis of their own—indifferent to the character of their judicial policy or decisions.

The responsibility for the gross perversion of judicial trust which has been visited so severely upon conspicuous offenders, must therefore in justice be widely distributed. The guilt cannot be concentrated upon one, or a few individuals alone. We must trace it to the complexity of all who, whether in a private or public sphere, have contributed to demoralize public opinion by setting examples of unscrupulous over-reaching, or passing those over with easy unconcern. The Evening Post says very justly:

"It cannot be denied that for some years past public sentiment has been shamefully indifferent in respect to the vices of public men. Barmen was just as innocent, unprincipled and partial during the first six months of his official term as he was at a later period of his career, and if he had been properly rebuked then, we might have spared many of the abuses under which we have suffered. Tweed's atrocities were in part known to some of our most respectable citizens some time ago, but they kept silent until his criminal audacity grew to frightful proportions. We are told, too, that lawyers, eminent at the bar and considered respectable in private life, knowing Cardozo's duplicity, did not scruple to avail themselves of his weakness, and to some extent enter into conspiracy with him against justice and law. Are they not quite as responsible as he for the disgraceful prostitution of our courts?"

such as to prove a powerful, if not effectual, guard against them. Hence every public journal, and every citizen, has a share of the common responsibility. We must frown on wickedness, wherever it shows itself. We must rebuke it in each private and social, if we would not have it thrust itself into a public or judicial sphere.

TOO READY TO SURRENDER.

The Christian Register of Boston (Unitarian) is not altogether satisfied with the recent address of the Rev. E. H. Hall before the Alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School, although it reproduces it entire in its columns. The scope of Mr. Hall's discourse was the eulogy of science and the depreciation of theology, and the Register suggests that while he utters much truth, "his praise of science is altogether too sweeping, and his charges against theology are too extravagant."

Mr. Hall considers that some of the fundamental truths of religion are still open questions. He has indeed a high respect for that scientific spirit and that love of truth which wait calmly and patiently to have it settled whether there is a God, and whether the soul is immortal. This is certainly a curious position for a professing Christian teacher to take in the presence of those who have been educated to be themselves teachers of the religion of Christ.

We do not feel qualified to judge of the correctness of his views as to the inadequacy of the instruction given in Unitarian divinity schools, but his language is certainly sweeping enough to win the applause of all sympathizers with the scientific tastes of Huxley and Tyndale. He says "That the materials of theology still lie unmethodized, its field of inquiry unexplored, its facts unsorted, its very principles undetermined, will be promptly, though sadly confessed, I am sure, by any student who, during the last twenty years, has sought theological training in any of our schools."

If the fact be so, the chaotic condition of Unitarianism to-day is quite explicable and intelligible. If the theological graduates of that faith for twenty years have labored under all the disadvantages thus set forth, we certainly should expect from a mongrel theology deserving all the contempt which Mr. Hall heaps upon the word.

But if anything could make theological confusion worse confounded, it is the utterance of such sentiments as those of this address. They are calculated to make a theologian ashamed of his profession, and disgusted with his pursuits. Indeed they imply an entire surrender of theology to science, or the submission of all its vital doctrines to the manipulations of the masters of the laboratory. The Christian Register may well exclaim "Save us from our friends," if it has many of the stamp of the orator before the Alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School.

DR. WM. H. GOODRICH.

Rev. Dr. Goodrich of Cleveland, and family, consisting of wife and five children, took steamer for this port yesterday for Europe, intending to be absent at least a year. After fourteen years of almost continuous labor as the pastor of the First church, and the discharge of manifold outside duties, partly in the service of his country, and partly in his official position, and partly owing to his admirable personal qualities, Dr. Goodrich finds himself under the necessity of complying with the earnest advice of his physicians, and wholly ceasing for a time from his labors, whether pastoral or mental. With such entire rest as one can only find far from the scenes and cares of home, his entire recovery of physical tone and power of mental labor is confidently anticipated both by his physicians and himself, and we are sure that for this result and a safe and pleasant voyage, thousands of his friends will earnestly pray. He has seen the beautiful city which he so loves, and which we are sure returns his regard in full measure, grow from less than forty thousand to three times that number of inhabitants, and her wealth and moral influence increasing proportionally. That he may return to labor there yet many years, was the hearty wish of a multitude of his people and friends gathered at a farewell social meeting just before his departure.

As will be seen, Dr. Goodrich leaves his people well provided for in his new associate in the pastoral office. It is a notable circumstance that all the former pastors of the First church took part in installing Mr. Hayden.

Our readers will be glad to hear from Dr. Goodrich as he finds it convenient to write.

"THE INTERIOR" AND ITS LATE EDITOR.

The last Interior intimates some new arrangements not yet fully perfected, but which insure it "a firm and sufficient financial basis." For the present it will be conducted impersonally. We are glad to quote the following sentences from its announcement:

All honor to those whose toil has brought The Interior to the position among the religious journals of the country it has confidently reached under their guidance and control, and especially to the Rev. Dr. Swazey, who from the beginning of its existence has been its able and accomplished editor-in-chief. A considerable knowledge of the history of religious newspapers justifies the assertion that few among them have reached in an equal length of time a corresponding rank or circulation. The conviction under which it was brought into being—that a paper of its character was an imperative want of the Presbyterian Church in the North-west, especially, and that it would be sustained by an appreciating constituency—has been already fully vindicated by results.

We trust that the changes referred to will be marked by such a spirit of moderation and fairness as to secure the full consent of all parties interested. We should greatly regret any serious divisions in the councils of the Church in that influential quarter. And we are sure that the late editor of The Interior, Dr. Swazey, will carry with him the respect due to the genial spirit and marked ability with which he has in difficult circumstances conducted a new enterprise to great and deserved success. The Interior has become a power in the land, and more especially in the Western portion of the Presbyterian field. It has only to maintain its relative position, to become more extensively useful to the Church and the world.

As for Dr. Swazey, he is too important a man to be long idle, and we hear that already a formal proposition has been made to him by influential citizens of Chicago, to become the pastor of a new Presbyterian church, to be established on Ashland avenue, now

the finest resident street in the city. The plan is to build a chapel for temporary use, and proceed as early as may be to the erection of a large and elegant church building.

THE PERSIAN CONTRIBUTIONS.

When the General Assembly laid upon the Foreign Board the responsibility of urging the needs of the suffering Persians, the Secretaries of the Board fearing the effect of the movement on the funds designed for the regular mission work, were particular to apprise all the churches that the two objects were entirely distinct, and that the Persian contributions would not be credited as Foreign Missionary receipts.

Great pains have been taken to urge the case of the Persians for humanity's sake, though with the knowledge that in many cases it would interfere with the needs of missionaries who cannot be left unsupported. The deficit on the part of the Board, however, is much greater than was expected.

The month of August (to date, 29th) has brought only \$11,000, as against \$23,000 in August of last year.

Less has been received from Sabbath-schools by about \$1000 the first quarter of this fiscal year, than during the same months last year.

Meanwhile \$5000 from all sources has been received during August for the Persians. Only a part of the deficit, therefore, has been caused by the special call; but altogether it is a sad fact that a great work which is constantly expanding, and for which the General Assembly has asked increased support, has received less than one-half the amount given during the same period last year.

What remedy shall be found in this state of affairs? The one work of benevolence should be done without leaving the other undone. The call of Providence to help poor famishing Persia, should be regarded as a special call.

The Presbyterian Board being the only organized medium of communication, religious or political, between this country and Persia, certainly has a clearly indicated duty laid upon it.

It could not shirk the high responsibility of offering itself as the almoner of whatever Americans, of whatever Church or faith, might be disposed to give for their perishing fellow men. It has aimed to meet this providential demand faithfully, and the handsome result at this date (Aug. 29) is \$16,904.85.

The things to be desired as the case now stands, are: 1. That the work for Persia may still go forward on the part of those who have not contributed. Only a title of the suffering is met. 2. That the churches which have aided Persia may not forget to send forward their regular Foreign Missionary Collection, and that on such a scale as the increased work demands. 3. That the friends of the Board, according to the measure of the means which God has given them, may make up the deficit which has been brought upon it by its laudable effort to relieve suffering.

It is an honor to the Church to have come promptly to the relief of suffering Moslems, but that honor will be tarnished if in so doing she shall neglect the wants of her own faithful missionaries who have lent their services in the distribution of her alms.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

A few weeks since the Protestants of Tournay, Burgundy, France, were disturbed by hostile measures to which the magistrats were instigated by the priesthood. The attempt was first made to produce confusion in their religious assemblies, in order that they might be suppressed by the civil authorities. Next, their ministers and leading members were complained of, and subjected to tedious examination in the civil courts. They were told that their worship was illegal, inasmuch as it had not official sanction. The suppression of it was threatened in eight villages, and three neighboring towns. A petition however was drawn up, asking the prefect to sanction their religious worship, and to this the names of 640 heads of families were attached.

But later information seems to indicate that the petition was favorably received. In any case, the persecutors have committed a gross blunder. The Protestant meetings have not only not been broken up, but the attendance on them has been greatly increased.

The correspondent of a foreign journal, writing from Paris under date of July 27th, refers incidentally to this matter. He says:

"We suffer here from an exceeding heat, Paris is intolerable by these 82 degrees Fahrenheit, and a great part of the population is without sleep. However, the popular preaching is still going on, and the converts of Roman Catholics who are anxious to leave the iron Gospels. Letters from Burgundy say that even in this harvest time the peasants, after fifteen hours work in the fields, under a burning sun, flock by the hundreds in the villages around Fontenay to the preaching of our missionaries, and listen to them from 9 P. M. to 12.30, forgetting to eat their evening meal. This is a good time for evangelizing France. Let our friends abroad pray much for us!"

NEW YORK CITY MISSIONS.

The new Carmel chapel of the City Mission in the Bowery, promises to be a great success. From the very inception of the enterprise, numbers have been attracted to the Sabbath evening services, and the Spirit of God has been at work upon the hearts and consciences of many, and some striking evidence of the power of Divine grace have been witnessed. We are happy to announce that the Rev. A. F. Schaeffer, of the last year's class in Andover, and son of the veteran missionary Dr. Schaeffer of Turkey, is invited to this important and interesting field, and is expected to enter upon his work next Sabbath. Mr. Schaeffer is a classmate of Rev. Charles F. Collins of Olivet chapel in Socond street, and like him gives himself to the city mission work with energy. And we may be allowed to express the hope that with the consecration of such young men to the cause of city evangelization, the churches will rise to a new view of the great magnitude of this undertaking, and of their responsibilities.

Father Chiquinay has raised the note of alarm at an American invasion of the Jesuits, who are exiled from Europe. He says: "One of them, the precursor of many others, has made his appearance in our midst lately; [we suppose at Kanakoo, Ill.], and after having purchased 100 acres of land near our railroad depot,

he has contracted for 500,000 bricks to begin the building of a college, which will cost \$150,000. He does not conceal that the Church of Rome is determined to regain her lost ground here, at any cost. She has already expended nearly \$200,000 on nunneries and Jesuit colleges in this colony and vicinity, and she is ready to expend still more to attain her object."

We may anticipate further Jesuit immigration, with corresponding efforts to recover here ground lost elsewhere. It is for the American people who know what Jesuit aims and education are, to say whether by their indifference and inaction the field shall be left open to a class that Germany refuses to tolerate.

OF PRESENT INTEREST.

Our Chicago contemporary has given hospitality to a "spy" but reckless foreign paragraphist, who, if we mistake not, has been denied the columns of one or more papers hereabouts, whose example is apt to be worthy of imitation. Said writer seems to lament that Dr. Caylor kept well within the bounds of a true discretion and courtesy during his speeches as a Presbyterian representative in Great Britain; and assumes that several Scotch brethren were eagerly hoping that he would venture to criticize their divisions on the subject of Palmody, in order that they might take him severely to task in the matter of the preaching of Miss Smiley in his pulpit.

We are inclined to the opinion that the correspondent was about the only person at all eager in this matter. Certainly a discussion of the internal affairs of the churches of the two countries, or criticism of the doings or standing of accredited representatives, would not be well received by either party to the now happily inaugurated correspondence. Let it never be ventured upon, however much induced by here and there a reckless and inconsiderate writer.

Gavazzi has recently visited Western New York, and addressed large audiences in Buffalo and Rochester, on the work of the Gospel in his native land, especially the claims of the "Free Christian Church of Italy." He was heard with great satisfaction, and would have received more generous contributions had not so many families particularly interested in the subject been absent from home.

Theodore Parker used to say that the business of the ministry in Boston was to see that women out of employment got work to do. If he had cared much for episcopates, he would have liked none better than the epiphany furnished by a Presbyterian lady he had helped in her sore need: "Here lies a man named Parker who helped forlorn women in Boston." How many of us forget that "pure religion and undefiled before God, is to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

The close of the following resolution may be of service to any party in need of a sojourn in the city: It was passed at the recent pro-Jesuit meeting at Cincinnati:

Resolved, That we assure our fellow-Catholics in Germany that we are very sorry for their sad position, and that we shall pray to the Lord to rid them soon of their tyrants by the speedy and complete demolition of their Jesuitism.

Our Board of Publication has now in press a volume by the Rev. Dr. Breed, entitled "Presbyterianism Three Hundred Years Ago." It is intended for the Tercentenary of Presbyterianism, to be celebrated in November next, and furnishes in a condensed form a view of the religious state of Europe in 1572. The relations in doctrine of the Reformation to Presbyterianism are made clear, and a summary view is given of both the times and the men of three hundred years ago.

A clergyman, filling by invitation the Methodist pulpit at Derby, Ct., on a recent Sunday favored the widely accepted theory that the word "day," as used in Genesis, meant, not 24 hours, but a period of indefinite length, when the pastor of the church, who was present, hastily interrupted him, and said he wanted no such doctrine as that preached in his church. We hear of no conversions during the service.

Very many will sympathize with Dr. J. G. Holland and his wife in view of the fact that Mrs. Holland has been obliged to have one of her eyes removed on account of its diseased condition. The operation has been successfully performed, and she is otherwise in improved health. They have been spending the hot weeks at Washington, Ct., but have now returned to their New York home on Murray Hill.

The commencement of Robert College was an interesting and auspicious occasion, whereof we have a full account from the *Leam Times* of July 30. The number of students the past year has averaged about 200, representing no fewer than sixteen nationalities. The Bulgarians, Armenians, and Greeks are largely represented, and ten languages are taught in the Institution. The graduating class consisted of eight young men. Dr. Hamlin, the President, distributed the prizes—a half dozen for declamation, and twenty-four for exemplary conduct—taking occasion to compliment the Director, the Rev. G. Washburn, and his staff of assistants, who had ably managed affairs during the President's recent absence in America. At the close addresses were made by the Hon. Mr. Boker, Resident Minister of the United States at the British Porto; Rev. Dr. Thompson of the British and Foreign Bible Society; Hon. Mr. Francis, Resident Minister of the United States at the Court of Greece; Mr. Remington, inventor of the far-famed Remington Rifle; the Rev. B. Alexan of Aintab; Rev. T. C. Trowbridge, Rev. A. V. Millington, and Rev. Dr. E. E. Bliss.

It appears that, stimulated by the example of Robert College, and unable to avail themselves of the Beyroote College, the language of which is Arabic, nor of Robert College, on account of its distance, the Christians of Cilicia and the adjoining regions have resolved to establish a college of their own, and have raised about \$1,000 towards its erection. Of this proposed college the Rev. Mr. Trowbridge has been appointed President, and Rev. B. Alexan one of the Professors.

In a letter to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, by J. J. McKay, (published by the American News Company, in a small 12mo pamphlet), "the claims of the Sabbath, against Mr. Beecher's views, are defended. Mr. McKay does not agree with Mr. Beecher respecting the opening of Public Libraries, reading rooms, and picture galleries, to the public on the Lord's day. Those who wish to see Mr. Beecher's admissions turned against himself, will have the priv-

ilege in the perusal of this pamphlet. It is well worthy of a careful perusal.

Ministers and Churches.

NEW YORK.

The Rev. W. W. Newell, Jr., is pastor, and has opened his hospitable doors to all comers on every Sabbath of the present Summer. It alternates in this good custom with the University Place church, and is quite central for the down-town portion of several of our congregations, as Drs. Burchard and Sutphen on the West, Dr. Booth's on the East, and Dr. Hall's on the North. Rev. J. R. Graham of Winchester, Va., where he has been settled for twenty years past, has filled the pulpit of the First church with much acceptance during the hot season. He now returns to his people. Notice was given that the Rev. Mr. Wightman would fill the pulpit on Sabbath next; after which the pastor, Dr. Patton, is expected to resume his labors.

The Forty-second street Church, of which the Rev. W. W. Newell, Jr., is pastor, has also been open during the Summer. The pulpit has been filled by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, with his usual ability. He gives place on next Sabbath morning and thereafter to the pastor.

The Fourteenth-street Church, which has been closed for a short time, now resumes its usual morning and evening Sabbath services. The new pastor, the Rev. Robert Sloss, is expected to preach. Any in the vicinity whose churches are yet closed, will find welcome there.

The West Presbyterian Church, which had been closed for some time in order to its thorough renovation and decoration, will be opened for morning and evening services on Sabbath next, looking, we dare say, handsomer than ever before in its new paint and coloring. The pastor, the Rev. Dr. T. S. Hastings, will preach. This church being just at the northwest corner of the Reservoir, is handy to all Murray Hill people, and doubtless some in addition to its accustomed congregation (many of whom are yet out of town) will find temporary hospitality there.

John Hall's pulpit is again occupied by Prof. Green, of Princeton.

The Church of the Highlands, near West Point.—We have been the recipients of two or three graceful and substantial favors this Summer. The little girls of the hotel at West Point held a fair for our benefit, which was so liberally patronized by the guests of the house, that they realized and donated to us \$100. At the lower hotel, under the charge of Edward Cozzens, Esq., some gentlemen, through the influence of Gen. Darrah of New York, placed \$100 worth of new hymn books in our pews. The ladies of our church, with all their old enterprise and zeal, have just held a fair, at which they will clear several hundred dollars. In other and more vital respects, God is still prospering us, and though we have met with heavy losses by death and removal, we have only to be faithful to our duties in order to look forward hopefully to the future.

Broadalbin.—The Rev. Cyrus Orr of the Hudson Presbytery has received and accepted an unanimous call to supply the Presbyterian church of Broadalbin, Fulton county, N. Y. Correspondents will please take note, and address accordingly.

Union, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Fletcher, is to be dedicated Sept. 12. Sermons by Dr. Knox of Elmira, and Dr. Taylor of Binghamton.

Binghamton.—The First Presbyterian church of Binghamton has invited Rev. Dr. Gulliver, ex-President of Knox College, to become its pastor.

Hornellsville.—On Wednesday evening, Sept. 11th, it is expected that the Presbytery of Steuben will install Rev. W. A. Niles as pastor of the Presbyterian church of Hornellsville. Sermon by Rev. Dr. E. M. Campbell of Rochester.

Parma Center.—The Presbyterian church of this place is without a pastor. All persons desiring information concerning this field of labor, will find it to their advantage to address either Thomas Breese or E. J. Sawyer, at Parma Center, Monroe county.

Mattawan.—The Presbyterian church at this place was dedicated July 17. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Snodgrass of Gothen. The occasion was also the anniversary of the settlement of Dr. Masters as pastor of said church. He was unable, however, to be present, being temporarily laid aside from the duties of the ministry. The church stands partly upon the foundation of the former edifice. It is partly Romanesque in its style of architecture. The side walls are of granite, about thirteen feet high, which rises a high state roof with dormer windows, and surrounded by a bell tower one hundred feet high, rising from the centre of the building. The lecture-room is in the rear of the main building, and so constructed that the organ-loft, which is in an arch over the pulpit, can be used for either room. The lecture-room is provided with seating, Bible, infant class, and library rooms, opening out of the main room. It will seat 280 persons; the main audience-room 500.

The whole building is thoroughly constructed; it is frame of Georgia pine; the ceiling and floors of pine; no carpets; no extra ornamentation. The edifice, though peculiar in its simple, neat, and well adapted to church purposes. With the adjoining passage, which has also been put in new trim, it is well located in about the centre of population. At the last two communions, fifty-nine were added to the roll of the church.

LeRoy.—The Rev. L. D. Chapin, late of East Bloomfield, should hereafter be addressed at LeRoy, whether he has gone to enter upon his relations with the University at that place. From Mr. Chapin's experience in similar relations heretofore, the best results are anticipated at LeRoy.

Charlotte.—This congregation (Rev. O. P. Conklin pastor) have brightening prospects. The location of the Lake Shore Railroad from Oswego, west, through their village, and the overflow of Rochester to their advantage, especially the increasing disposition of their city neighbors to build cottages for Summer use upon the shores of the Lake, have tended to lift the cloud that has been upon them. They have made some very pleasant improvements upon and within their sanctuary, and Sabbath afternoon of Aug. 25, after a sermon by Rev. J. L. Beecher of the First church, Rochester, the debt they had thereby incurred, amounting to a little less than a thousand dollars, was so far provided for that the way is clear to its entire liquidation.

Perry.—Rev. Hugh B. Gardner has closed his labors with this congregation, and removed to Brooklyn, to engage in an educational enterprise. The village is a very pleasant one, and the vacant field promises encouraging returns to a diligent and discreet laborer, fitted to its peculiar demands.

Buffalo has recently suffered severely from burglars. The gang seem to have had a special fancy for entering the residences of ministers absent from the city. Rev. Mr. Fletcher, pastor of the church of the Messiah, lost considerable by them. The house of Rev.



EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

The State Teachers' Association held its nineteenth annual convention in Philadelphia, on the 20th, 21st, and 22d ult. All parts of the State were liberally represented, the number present including several of the most distinguished educators and patrons of education in the State—Hon. J. P. Wickersham, the official head of our public school system; Deputy State Superintendent Hon. Henry Houck, who presided over the convention; President Cattell of Lafayette College, the institution which, with careful conservatism of the established college curriculum, has so successfully developed the application of the sciences to the material interests of the age; Gov. Pollock, President of the Board of the same institution, and a cordial promoter of its plans for utilizing science, and others of note from schools of all grades. The Philadelphia teachers made ample provision for the convenience of the convention, subsidizing for that purpose the Academy of Music, and they also exerted themselves to make the stay of members in the city as agreeable as possible, with the thermometer among the nineties, and verging upon the round hundred.

There was the usual presentation of papers relating to the work, proposals of forward movement, and discussions thereupon, of almost all of which it may be said in the gross, that they showed this vital subject to be here in the hands of men and women of sound investigation and cordial attachment to their profession. Among the papers read was one by Rev. J. K. Loas of Bethlehem, entitled "Religion in the Common Schools." Discarding the introduction of denominational teaching, he would, as much or the sake of the country as for God, have the principles of religion thoroughly inculcated, and for this the Bible is the suitable text book, the only one which properly meets the proprieties of the case. A proposal, contained in a paper read by Rev. S. K. Probst of Allentown, that the German should be made a study in all the common schools, will not so readily commend itself to favor. It was based upon the two facts that many words of German origin are now Anglicized, and that the German literature contains many works of high interest which are not likely to come into English print. It strikes your correspondent that the first reason, if sufficient, would call in other languages, ancient and modern, and that the second will be of account whenever we cease to have in our own language, and in every department of science and literature, good books, and more by hundreds, than ninety-nine of every hundred papers of our public schools will ever read.

Among the really valuable papers was one by President Cattell upon "The Introduction of the Latin and Greek writings of Christian Authors in the Classical Curriculum of our Colleges." It was urged that there should be a higher idea in the use of the study of these languages, than that of finish, or the rounding off of a course. Through the authors commended, sensitiveness to the grand basis of our Christian civilization may be imparted. It is an old idea that there is nothing like the classic Greek and Latin to develop the powers of the mind, but he claimed for the Greek of the New Testament that it was grander than anything that Demosthenes ever wrote.

The School System of Pennsylvania. Quite as high in interest as the sayings and doings of the convention, was the development afforded of how much has been accomplished by our free school system. It was in substance adopted, we have not the date before us, but we think some twenty-five years since. Its provisions were by law made obligatory upon the counties, only as they should be accepted by vote of the people of the county. And this, by the way, is precisely the principle of our new "Local Option" law which the Supreme Court is importing to upset on the plea that the legislature may not delegate to the people the law-making power. When the enemies of the law are reminded of the precedent for it furnished by the school law, their reply is that no case against the latter was presented to the courts, and hence the authority for such legislation has never been tested. If (which we do not expect) the "Local Option" law should, on the ground urged, be declared unconstitutional, it will become a grave question whether its destruction will sweep off with it our well-tried and greatly approved free school law. For with all the general acquiescence of our people in it, there is probably no county in which there do not remain some grumblers who will seize the occasion to resist the tax, and appeal to the courts.

In some sections of the State, the law was slow in securing acceptance. There was the conflict with prejudice, ignorance, misrepresentation, and stinginess, usual when any great public good is proposed. But light worked its way; one county after another fell in, so that for years past the whole State has been working the system. County superintendents, graded schools, higher institutions for the preparation of teachers, county institutes, and other advanced features, were one after another added by law. *Pari passu* with these came the improved schoolhouse architecture; internal arrangements adapted to convenience and comfort, and pleasant to the eye; gradual advance of salaries, with such upward tendency as encourages young people of talent to adopt teaching as a profession; graded certificates, the lowest of which is attainable only where the qualifications are respectable; holidays of reasonable frequency, and vacations of fair length; watchful superintendency, and, as the natural consequence, qualified and earnest instructors. The time is past when in this State a person, who in everything else has proved incompetent, can resort to a school for support; or when one of real attainments can secure employment in one of our public schools for a few months, while preparing for some entirely different vocation. The demand is for professional teachers of well certi-

fied fitness; and this is a kind of demand which needs only to be distinctly and persistently made, and the supply soon comes along.

We have not been seriously troubled with attempts to pervert the public school-moneys to the support of sectarian schools. There is probably no State north of Mason and Dixon's line where Romish priests can do so little toward dragging the Legislature. Outside of the larger cities, the fight against the Bible in the schools is not often started, and where waged, it has seldom been successful. The leading officials in the system are men who respect our Christian faith. The State Superintendent, Professor Wickersham, is a Christian of the evangelical stamp; and in carrying out the grand aim of making the popular department of education tributary to every interest, material, mental and moral, involved in the comprehensive term, the Commonwealth, we know not who could come nearer to the point of perfection.

THE HIGHER SPIRITUALISM.

I have just finished reading Robert Dale Owen's "Delatable Land," and have found it a truly interesting book. No one can fail to recognize the painstaking earnestness which has been employed in the preparation of every chapter, or doubt for a moment the sincere desire of the author to place in the hands of his readers a new source of comfort in the dark hours of bereavement; a new star in the firmament of Christian faith to gleam with strange power through the clouds of sorrow in the shadows of which so many of God's children walk with burdened hearts.

But has this been done? Has any new revelation dawned upon mankind that can supersede or enhance the value of the truths taught by Jesus to His disciples while on earth, and still impressed by Him on the hearts of His followers now, through the influence of His all-pervading Spirit? But do I not believe that the so-called spiritual phenomena recorded by Mr. Owen actually occurred? I would sooner deny the existence of any class of facts simply because they were not presented to my personal inspection; and, as I believe Robert Dale Owen to-day, so, even leaving out the question of inspiration, do I believe Matthew and Mark in their account of the transfiguration. I believe that they saw, in a disembodied form, Moses and Elias on the Mount; a proof to my mind all sufficient, that the dead live again; and the appearance of Christ after His death and burial apparently in the same human form with which He descended into the tomb, shows me that the perfect remembrance of the body, at least, may return from the grave.

True, this account comes to me from men who wrote nearly two thousand years ago, but Mr. Owen treats them as accredited historians, and as such they are as much entitled to belief in their relation of events transpiring around them in their day, as he in his relation of facts coming within his knowledge in our day.

Now, many of the friends of modern Spiritualism lay great stress upon the proofs it gives of a future existence. To those who do not discard Christ, let me ask, "How is it that you need such proof?" If the Gospel narratives are true, I maintain that the immortality of the spirit is already clearly established. One, the crowned Spirit of the Universe at least has triumphed over death, of whose teachings Mr. Owen writes: "Prophetic in character, they are still in advance, not of the world's purest practice only, but almost of its aspirations." Now when we reflect that this Spirit can be sought at any time, that we are permitted to lay our hearts open to the impression of His presence whenever we will, is it not better to reach out towards the Supreme Comforter at once?

In the late war, during a long and weary march, the cantons gave out, and the soldiers had the torments of thirst added to their great fatigue. A father and son tramped side by side over the dusty road. The father, lamed by a Confederate bullet, walked with difficulty. Suddenly came word to halt. A spring had been reached—a pure, cold mountain spring. Now the cantons could be filled. The son started forward with eager haste, but in a moment remembering his father, checked his steps again. But the old man called out, "Don't look back for me; as long as we are in the same path, I shall come up to you sooner or later."

Granting that to every one of us might come just such experiences as are related in Book Second of the "Debatable Land," and that we should accept them as bona fide appearances of departed friends, should we not be less selfish if we had them press onward in the life beyond, rather than turn their faces hitherward to accommodate themselves to our slower progress? May there not come in the still night such revelations of the infinite tenderness of our Father in Whose presence our dear ones are, that we shall prefer to go forward in spirit to partake with them of the baptism of eternal love, instead of reaching out to draw them back to us?

O sorrowing mother, bowed down with grief at the loss of your child, can you derive a greater consolation from the belief that you can bring that little form to float in phosphorescent light within your darkened chamber, than from the faith that in the Savior's arms the babe is cradled, and that the pure spirit ever beholds the face of the Father? From thence she summons you to rise from the sackcloth and ashes of your great sorrow, not only to draw near and clasp your little one, but in that clasp to come in contact with the Divine magnetism which having its well spring in the heart of God shall never fail to thrill with new life all who will avail themselves of its benefits.

Let us read again the teachings of Christ, weep with Him over Jerusalem, enter into all His sorrows while on earth, and then with Him enter the heavenly realms. Not alone looking back to find the Nazarene, let us in humble aspiration

find our risen Lord to-day. He speaks to us in every passing event. Will you listen in breathless silence for a rap on an oaken tablet that you may know a spirit is near? I tell you if you will resist the waves of worldliness that dash in wild tumult against your heart, in the calm that follows you will hear a voice sweetly saying "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Stand out at night under the broad heavens, look up at the worlds floating in space above you, forget what manner of man you are, and see if you are not conscious of a new and subtle influence drawing you to God!

This is the Higher Spiritualism that offers to every fainting soul direct communion with the Father as the supreme source of consolation. J. H.

A GLANCE AT IRELAND, NORTH AND SOUTH.

By Rev. Walter Condit. Belfast, Ireland, Aug. 13th, 1872.

If you land at Queenstown you will feel that you are no stranger. The familiar faces of Patrick and Bridget greet you everywhere, and you will think that you have met them all before. You will recognize even their voices. I think it was Everett who said, "The sound of my native tongue in lands beyond the sea is a sweetness to my ear." &c. And if you don't hear exactly your native tongue, you will hear what is just as familiar.

And the first thing that strikes you is the architecture of the Hibernian private house. You know you travel partly to study architecture, and here is a style that has never yet been classified. You remember how this same race builds upon the vacant lots about Fifthth street in New York. Now here you find the originals under which those lines of grace and beauty (?) were modelled. The Irishman never forgets his native country, and he has carried these forms with him to New York in all their purity.

Next, the beggary. You are beset by a pack of hungry wretches. Let your American nationality once be known, and you will scarcely dare put your head into the street after that. Do Witt Talmage told me I should find more beggary and squalor about Cork in one day than I had seen in all my life before. And he was a true prophet. The poverty of the city was really its greatest wonder, and so I determined to see it. I threaded my way through dark "lanes" and filthy, horrid human burrows, until my heart was sick to think there was such a city.

And next the drunkenness. Why should drunkenness and poverty be such good friends? You so often see them keeping company. Look sharp to that fellow preaching you on this narrow siding. He is navigating without his rudder. From a collision with the like of him, the day before yesterday, I got the blackest eye I ever had in my life. I understand Cork is out in a declaration for total abstinence. What Britain wants is more such declarations. The lower classes look up—and if, when they do so, they always see a decenter, it is no wonder that they follow suit.

Of the natural beauties here, all the world has heard. "Only man is vile." Let us then pass north, and soon a great change. From Cork to Dublin you ride through an almost unpeopled country. Vast herds of hundreds of cattle range the fields once covered with various hedges. Hedges are broken down, and the miserable hovels of the former inhabitants are empty. "Gone to America." These are the former homes of Tweed's constituency.

Dublin is sandwiched between the north and the south. Its glory is in the wane. It wakes up late every morning, goes drowsily to work, and subsides into quiet again at night, like a feeble old man. Let us pass on still further north.

Now we are in Belfast, Ireland's northern commercial mart. And here we have a city that fairly roars with business—early, late, and all day long. Every footfall upon these pavements is a brisk one, and every show-window tells you there is lively competition. If you had no cars with which to detect the peculiar Irish ruff upon every tongue, you would think you were in some smart New England city. And even New England cannot produce a brighter, more cheery one. Not a man or woman begged me in all Belfast. Even the native architecture had here lost its squalid look.

ON HYMNS AND HYMN WRITERS.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation."

Among the most instructive, practical, and successful efforts to give the subject of song in the house and service of God, its due place in our churches and congregations, that have come to our knowledge, is the course of Sabbath evening lectures entered upon by Rev. Dr. T. H. Robinson.

One of these lectures was given by Dr. Robinson in the Second Presbyterian church (Dr. Howard's), Pittsburgh, Wednesday evening, Aug. 21. The author introduced his subject by a few sentences declaring in general yet concise terms, the acknowledged indebtedness of the world to her projectors and inventors of the means and instruments to save time, shorten distance, lighten the burdens and ease of labor and toil, and make human life safer and easier. Beside these, they were equally the benefactors that added to the intellectual, social, and religious life of the race. Among the first and best of this latter class were the writers of Hymns and Sacred Songs. With such general, yet simple and precise, introduction, the Rev. brother gave a sketch of some of the Hymns and Hymn Writers, whose memory and works are now embalmed as the most precious memorials of the Christian Church, beginning with some least known, and going on to those of wider fame; giving such personal traits, facts, and illustrations of their social condition and religious life, and experience as would characterize them, and bring them in their individuality before us, as they went on their way singing yet glorying through the world and the Church, to glory here and hereafter. In this way there were made to pass before us Rev. Thos. Kelly, Rev. Samuel Wesley, Rev. A. M. Toplady, Prinnett, the Medleys, and Isaac Watts. Incidents out of which grew some of the sweetest and divinest songs of these

authors, showing the labors of their birth, were given in these sketches. And to make all more practical and instructive, as the speaker went along, at intervals from three to five minutes, some characteristic hymn of the author he was treating, was given out and sung by the congregation. In this way were sung two or three verses of Kelly's, "Hark, ten thousand harps and voices"; Toplady's "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"; Dimean's "All hail the power of Jesus' name"; C. Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul"; Medley's "O could I speak the matchless worth"; Watts' "Before Jehovah's awful throne"; and others equally characteristic of their authors, and helpers of the most devout and spiritual exercises of the individual Christian Church of God.

The speaker stated that this course had been undertaken to encourage congregational singing in the church to which he ministers, and would be continued at their request. We judged the plan happily projected, and well executed, for this purpose, besides opening a rich field for general edification. We give this sketch to encourage others to go and do likewise. A. D. B. New Milford, Pa., Aug. 24, 1872.

BARRIERS BURNT AWAY.

(Copyright Secured.) BY THE REV. E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER XXIX. A Miserable Triumph.

After Ernst's departure Christine reclined wearily in her chair, quite exhausted by even the slight effort she had made, but her thoughts were busy. "What a unique character that Dennis Fleet is! And yet in view of what he believes and professes, he is both natural and consistent. He seems humble only in station, and that is not his fault. Everything he does seems marked by unusual good taste and intelligence. His earlier position and treatment in the store must have been very gallant. I can hardly believe that the gentleman I saw Mendelshon's music with the other evening, was the same that I laughed at as he blacked old Schwartz's boots. And yet he saw me laugh, and blacked the boots, conscious at the same time that he was a gentleman. It must have been very hard. And yet I would rather do such work myself than live on charity, and so undoubtedly he felt. It was very fortunate that we got the store arranged before this occurred, for I could not order him about now, as I did. The fact is I like servants, not dignified helpers; and knowing what I do, even if he would permit it, I could not speak to him as formerly. But he did show wonderful taste and skill in his help. See now that little ivory-tinted basket of luscious fruit: it looks just like him. If he were only rich and titled, what a genuine nobleman he would make. He is among the few men who do not weary or disgust me—so many are coarse and common-place. I cannot understand it, but I who fear and care for no one save my father, almost feared him when under Miss Brown's insolence he looked as few men can. What a jumble the world is! He sweeps the store, while insignificant atoms of men are conspicuous in their littleness by reason of high position."

"It was very kind of him to send me this tasteful gift after the miserable experience I caused him the other day. I suppose he does it on the principle of returning good for evil, as his creed teaches. Moreover he seems grateful that father gave him employment, and a chance to earn twice what he gets. He certainly must be promoted at once."

"Perhaps," thought she, smiling to herself while a faint tinge of color came into her cheeks, "perhaps, like so many others, he may be inclined to be a little sentimental also, though he will never be as silly as some of them."

"What a noble part he acted toward those Brothers! The heart of a pagan could not fail to be touched by that poor little fellow's story, and it has made me believe that I have more heart than I supposed. Sometimes, especially when I hear or read of some such noble deed, I catch glimpses of a life infinitely better than the one I know, like the Sun shining through a rift in the clouds; and they shut down again, and father's practical wisdom seems the best there is."

"At any rate," she said aloud, getting up and walking the floor with something of the old restless energy, "I intend to live while I live, and crowd into life's brief day all that I can. I thank Mr. Fleet for a few sensations in what would otherwise have been a monotonous, dreary afternoon."

"What, strawberries!" said Mr. Ludolph, coming in. "Where did you get these? They are the first I have seen." "Your man-of-all-work sent them to me," said Christine, daintily dipping one after another in sugar.

"Well, that is a good joke." "A most excellent one, which I am enjoying, and in which you may share. Help yourself."

"And what has led him to this extravagant favor?" "Consistency, I suppose. As a good Christian he would return good for evil; and I certainly caused him many and varied tortures, the other day."

"No, he is grateful; from first to last the callow youth has been overwhelmed with gratitude that I have permitted him to be worth to me double what I paid him."

"Well, you have decided to promote him, have you not?" "Yes, he shall have charge of the hanging of new pictures, and the general arrangement of the store, so as to keep up your tasteful and artistic arrangement. Moreover he shall meet customers at the door, and direct them just where to find what they want. He is fine looking, polite, speaks English perfectly, and thus takes well. I can gradually work him in as general salesman, without creating troublesome jealousies."

"What will old Schwartz say?" "Schwartz is good at finance and figures. I can trust him, and he must relieve me more in this respect. He of course knows that this is the more important work, and will feel honored. As to the others, if they do not like it I can find plenty who will. Fleet's good fortune will take him quite by surprise. He was performing his old humble duties as briskly and contentedly as usual, to-day."

"I am surprised at that. I should have supposed that he would have been on his dignity somewhat, indicating by manner at least, that the time for a change had come. He can indicate a great deal by manner, as you might have learned had you seen him under Miss Brown's insults and my lack of courtesy. Well it does me good to find one American whose head is not turned by a little success. You are right, though, I think, father; that young fellow can be very useful to you, and a decided help in hastening the time when we can leave this shop life, and enter our true sphere. I am more impatient to go than words can express, for life seems so brief and uncertain that we must grasp things as soon as possible or we lose them forever. Heavens! what a scare I have had! Everything seemed slipping from my feet yesterday, and I sinking I know not where. Surely by concentrating every energy we can be ready to go by a year from next Fall."

"Yes, that is my plan now."

On the following day Dennis was again promoted and his pay increased. A man more of the Pat Murphy type was found to perform the coarse work of the store. As Mr. Ludolph had said, he could hardly realize his good fortune. He felt like one lifted out of a narrow restricted valley to a breezy hill-side. He was now given a vantage point from which it seemed he could climb rapidly, and his heart was light as he thought of what he would be able to do for his mother and sisters. Hope grew sanguine as he saw how he would now have the means to pursue his beloved art-studies to far greater advantage. But chief of all, his promotion brought him nearer the object of his all-absorbing passion. What he feared would take him one or two years to accomplish, he had gained in a day. Hope whispered that perhaps it was through her influence in some degree that he had obtained this advance. Could she have seen and read his ardent glances? Lover's hopes will grow like Jonah's gourd, and die down again as quickly. Words could not express his longing to see her again, but for several days she did not come to the store. She merely sent him word to complete the unfinished room in accordance with the plan on which they had been working, leaving space on the sides of the room opposite each other for two large pictures. Though much disappointed, Dennis had carefully carried out her bidding.

Every evening the moment his duties permitted he sought his instructor, Mr. Bruder, and with an eagerness his friends could not understand, sought to educate hand and eye. Dennis judged rightly that mere business success would never open to him a way to the heart of such a girl as Christine. His only hope of winning ever her attention, was to excel in the world of art, where she hoped to shine as a queen. Then to his untiring industry and eager attention he added real genius for his tasks, and it was astonishing what progress he made. When at the close of his daily lesson Dennis had taken his departure, Mr. Bruder would shake his head, and cast up his eyes in wonder, and exclaim "Dat youth will astonish de world yet. Never in all Germany haf I seen such a scholar."

Often till after midnight he would paint and study in the solitude of his own little room. And now relieved of duties in the early morning, he arranged an old case in the attic of the store, a sort of general lumber room, but which had a good light for his purpose. Here he secured two good hours daily, and often more; and his hand grew skillful, and his eye true, under his earnest efforts. But his intense application caused his body to grow thin and his face pale.

Christine had rapidly recovered from her illness, her vital and elastic constitution rebounding back into health and vigor like a bow rarely bent. She too was working scarcely less eagerly than Dennis, and preparing for a triumph which she hoped would be the earnest of the fame she meant to achieve. She no longer came to the store with her father in the morning, but spent the best and early hours of the day in painting, riding out along the lake and in the park in the afternoon. Occasionally she came to the store in the after part of the day, glanced sharply round to see that her tasteful arrangement was kept up, and ever seemed satisfied.

Dennis was usually busy with customers at that time, and though conscious of her presence the moment she entered, found no excuse or encouragement to approach. The best he ever received from her was a slight smile and a cold bow of recognition, and in her haste and self-absorption she did not always give these. She evidently had something on her mind by which it was completely preoccupied.

"She does not even think of me," sighed Dennis; "she evidently imagines that there is an immeasurable distance between us yet."

He was right; she did not think of him or scarcely any one else, so absorbed was she with the thought of a great success that now was almost sure. She had sent her thanks for the berries by her father, which so frightened Dennis, that he had ventured on no more such favors. She had interceded for his promotion, surely she had paid her debt, and was at quits. So she would have been if he had only given her a basket of strawberries, and having given his heart, and life-long love, he could scarcely be expected to be satisfied. But he vowed after each blank day all the more resolutely that he would win her attention, secure recognition of his equality, and so be in position for laying siege to her heart.

But a deadly blight suddenly came over all his hopes. One large flat box was brought to the store. Dennis was busy with customers, and Mr. Schwartz said in his blunt decided way that he would see to the hanging of those pictures. They were carried to the show-room in the rear of the store, and Dennis at once concluded that they were something very fine, designed to fill the spaces he had left, and was most anxious to see them. Before he was disengaged they were lifted from their casing and were standing side by side on the floor opposite the entrance, the warm rich morning sun falling upon them with fine effect. Mr. Schwartz seemed unusually excited and perplexed for him, and stared first at one picture, then at the other, in a manner indicating that not their beauty, but some other cause disturbed him.

Dennis had scarcely had time to exclaim at the exquisite loveliness and finish of the two paintings, before Mr. Ludolph entered accompanied by Mr. Consoor, a well known artist, and Mr. Frame, proprietor of another large picture store, and several gentlemen of taste but of lesser note, whom Dennis had learned to know by sight as habitués of the "Temple of Art." He also saw that Christine was advancing up the store with a lady and gentleman. Feeling that his presence might be regarded as obtrusive, he passed out, and was about to go away, when he heard his name called.

Looking up he saw Miss Winthrop holding out her hand, and in a moment more she presented him to her father, who greeted him cordially. Christine also gave him a brief smile and said "You need not go away. Come and see the pictures."

Quick-eyed Dennis saw that she was filled with suppressed excitement. Her cheeks, usually but slightly tinged with pink, now by turns glowed and were pale. Miss Winthrop seemed to share her nervousness, though what could so excite them he could not divine. The paintings, beautiful as they were, could scarcely be the adequate cause; and yet every eye was fastened on them.

One seemed the exact counterpart of the other in frame and finish, as well as subject. A little in the background, upon a crag overhanging the Rhine, was a castle massive, frowning, and built more for security and defense than comfort. The surrounding landscape was bold, wild, and even gloomy. But in contrast with these rugged and sterner features, was a scene of exquisite softness and tenderness. Beneath the shadow of some great trees not far from the castle gate, a young Crusader was taking leave of his faithful bride. Her pale, tearful face, where-in love and grief blend indescribably, would move the most callous heart, while the struggle between emotion and the manly pride that would not permit him to give way, in the young chieftain's features, was scarcely less touching. Beautiful as were the accessories of the pictures, their main point was to portray the natural, tender feeling induced by a parting that might be forever. At first they all gazed quietly and almost reverently at the vivid scene of human love and sorrow, save old Schwartz, who flunged about as Dennis had never seen him before. Clearly something was wrong.

"Mr. Schwartz," said Mr. Ludolph, "you may hang the original picture on the side as we enter, and the copy opposite. We would like to see them up, and in a better light."

"Dat's it," snorted Mr. Schwartz, "I'd like to know wich is wich." "You do not mean to say that you cannot tell them apart? The original hung here some time, and you saw it every day."

"I do mean to say him," said Mr. Schwartz, evidently much vexed with himself. "I couldn't have believed that any von in de world could so impose on me. But do two pictures are just do same to a pin scratch in frame, subject, and treatment, and to save my life I cannot tell dem apart."

Christine's face fairly glowed with triumph, and her eyes were all aflame as she glanced at her friend. Miss Winthrop came and took her cold, quivering hands into her warm palms, but was scarcely less excited. Dennis saw not this side scene, so intent was he on the pictures.

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Consoor, stepping forward, "that one of these paintings is a copy made here in Chicago, and that Mr. Schwartz cannot tell them from the original?"

"He says he cannot," said Mr. Ludolph. "And I'd like to see do von who can," said old Schwartz gruffly.

"Will you please point out the original," said one of the gentlemen, "that we may learn to distinguish them? For my part they seem like the twins whose mother knew them apart by pink and white ribbons, and when the ribbons got mixed she could not tell which was which."

Again Christine's eyes glowed with triumph.

"Well, really, gentlemen," said Mr. Ludolph, "I would rather you would discover the copy yourselves. Mr. Consoor, Mr. Frame, and some others, I think, saw the original several times."

"Look at Mr. Fleet," whispered Miss Winthrop to Christine.

She looked, and her attention was riveted to him. Step by step he had drawn nearer, and his eyes were eagerly glancing from one to another as if following up a clue. Instinctively she felt that he would solve the question, and her little hands clenched, and her brow grew dark.

"Really," said Mr. Consoor, "I did not know that we had an artist in Chicago who could copy the work of one of the best European painters, so that there need be a moment's hesitancy in detecting differences, but it seems I am mistaken. I am almost as puzzled as Mr. Schwartz."

"Perhaps Mr. Fleet from his superior knowledge and long experience can settle this question," said Christine sarcastically. All eyes were turned toward him. He flushed painfully but said nothing.

"Speak up, Fleet," said Mr. Ludolph good-naturedly, "if you have any opinion to give."

"I would not presume to give my opinion among so many more competent judges."

"Come, Mr. Fleet," said Christine with a covert taunt in her tone, "that is a cheap way of making a reputation. I fear the impression will be given that you have no opinion to give."

Dennis was now very pale, as he ever was under great excitement. The old look came again that the young ladies remembered seeing at Miss Brown's entertainment.

"Come, speak up if you can," said Mr. Ludolph shortly.

"Your porter, Mr. Ludolph?" said Mr. Consoor, remembering Dennis only in that capacity. "Perhaps he has some private marks by which he can enlighten us."

Dennis now acted no longer as porter or clerk, but as a man among men. Stepping forward and looking Mr. Consoor full in the face he said, "I can prove to you, sir, that your insinuation is false by simply stating that I never saw those pictures before. The original had been removed from the store before I came. I have had therefore no opportunity of knowing the copy from the original. But the pictures are different, and I can tell precisely wherein I think the difference lies."

"Tell it, then," said several voices. Christine stood a little back and to one side so that he could not see her face, or he would have hesitated long before he had spoken. In the firm, decided tones of one thoroughly aroused and sure of his ground, he proceeded—

"Suppose this copy," said he, stepping to one of the pictures. (Christine breathed hard and leaned heavily against her friend.) "I know of but one in Chicago capable of such exquisite work, and he did not do it—indeed he could not, though a master in art."

"You refer to Mr. Bruder?" said Mr. Consoor.

Dennis bowed and continued: "It is the work of one in whom the imitative power is wonderfully developed; but one having never felt, or unable to feel the emotions here presented cannot portray them. This picture is but the beautiful corpse of that one. While line for line, and feature for feature, and even leaf for leaf on the trees is faithfully exact, yet the soul, the feeling, the deep sorrowful tenderness that you feel in that picture rather than see, is wanting in this. In that picture you forget to blame or praise, to criticise at all, so deeply are your sympathies touched. It seems as if in reality two human hearts were being torn asunder before you. This you know to be an exquisite picture only, and can coolly criticise and dwell on every part, and say how admirably it is done."

And Dennis bowed and retired.

"By jove, he is right," exclaimed Mr. Consoor; and approving faces and nodding heads confirmed his judgment. But Dennis enjoyed not his triumph, for as he turned he met Christine's look of agony and hate, and like lightning it flashed through his mind "She painted the picture."

JOHN WESLEY'S ADVICE TO ONE OF HIS TRAVELLING PREACHERS.

A READER OF THE EVANGELIST requests us to publish this wise missive, deeming that its suggestions and admonitions may well be kept in mind at this day.—Eds. April 20th, 1769.

1. To begin with little things: if you regard your health, touch no supper but a little milk, or water gruel. This will entirely, by the blessing of God, secure you from nervous disorders, especially if you rise early every morning, whether you preach or not.

2. Be steadily serious. There is no country upon earth where this is more necessary than in Ireland, as you are generally encompassed with those who, with a little encouragement, would laugh or trifle from morning to night.

3. In every town visit all you can from house to house. I say all you can, for there will be some whom you cannot visit; and if you examine, instruct, reprove, exhort, as need require, you will have no time hanging on your hands—warming every one, that you may present every one perfect in Christ Jesus.

4. But on this and every other occasion avoid all familiarity with women. This is deadly poison, both to them and you. You cannot be too wary in this respect. Therefore begin from this hour.

5. The chief matter of your conversation, as well as your preaching, should doubtless be the weightier matters of the Law. Yet there are several (comparatively) little things which you should earnestly inculcate from time to time (for "he that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little"). Such are—

1st. Be active, be diligent; avoid all idleness, sloth, and indolence. Plee from every degree, every appearance of it, else you will never be more than half a Christian.

2d. Be cleanly. In this let the Methodists take pattern by the Quakers. Avoid all nastiness, dirt, slovenliness, both in your person, clothes, house, and all about you. Use all diligence to be clean, as one says— "Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation. Upon thy person, clothes, and habitation."

3d. Whatever clothes you have, let them be whole; no rents, no tatters, no rags; these are a scandal to either man or woman, being another fruit of vice laziness. Mend your clothes, or I shall never expect you to mend your lives. Let none ever see a ragged Methodist.

4. Use no tobacco, unless prescribed by a physician. It is an uncleanly and an unwholesome self-indulgence; and the more customary it is, the more resolutely should you break off from every degree of that evil custom.

5. Use no snuff, unless prescribed by a physician. I suppose no other nation in Europe is in such vile bondage to this silly, nasty, dirty custom, as the Irish are; but let Christians be in this bondage no longer; assert your liberty, and that all at once; nothing will be done by degrees, but just now you may break loose through Christ strengthening you.

6. Touch no dram. It is a liquid fire. It is a sure, though slow poison. It saps the very springs of life. In Ireland, above all countries in the world, I would severely abstain from this, because the evil is so general; and to this, and snuff, and smoky cellars, I impute the blindness which is so exceedingly common throughout the nation

FARMER'S DEPARTMENT.

ECONOMY IN THE FATTENING OF ANIMALS.

By John Adams Nash.

Careful experiments leave no room to doubt that the shorter the time of fattening an animal, the less the food required. The most sagacious farmers had ascertained this, long before the reports of experiments reached them. Their own observation taught them that the withholding of food, and thus prolonging the time for laying on and filling up with fat, was not economical. They used to say, "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." They saw that the liberal feeder made more than the stingy feeder, when the market was favorable to their business, and lost less when it was unfavorable; that the former seldom failed of saving himself, as the expression was, when the market for choice beef was at its worst; while the latter was often nearly or quite bankrupted by such a market in Spring.

Forty or fifty years ago, it was a common practice with farmers on the fertile meadows and cornlands along the Connecticut river, to purchase working oxen in the Fall, from the hill towns east and west, "prog" them—as the word was—with Fall grass, pumpkins, soft corn, refuse potatoes, anything to give them *drive* and bring them to the setting in of hard Winter in a highly thriving condition, then to stall them nights, give them sheds and a protected yard, and pour into their manger as much early-cut hay and corn meal, or oil cake, or both in turn, as they could eat and not be sickened.

This was a nice point to settle; the farmer who could come nearest to it was considered the best feeder; and the ox that could eat the most heartily, and yet keep a bright eye and a cheerful air, as if perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings, never spitting his keepers or his fellows, was thought to be the best fed, and the most likely to give a profitable return for his food.

The cause of heavy feeding and rapid fattening being the most profitable, these men may not have well understood. The fact they knew perfectly, and they acted accordingly and prospered, while farmers in other regions nearly as favorable to this business, pursued a slower, and as they thought, a more economical course of feeding, and failed to prosper.

The true cause of the difference we will try to explain. Suppose I should buy and bring into my yard in November, an ox seven or eight years old, quite past the growing age, in good working condition, thinking to fatten him wholly on the best of hay rather sparingly offered. At the end of twenty-four weeks I should be likely to find that he had consumed at least two tons of hay, worth thirty-six dollars at a low estimate. And what has he done for the ox? It has kept him in just about the same condition as in the Fall, little heavier and no fatter. It has supplied fuel and food enough to keep him alive and breathing and in good health—no *fatness*, but nothing more, and I seem to be thirty-six dollars out of pocket. If I throw in the trouble of feeding and of ordinary care and risk, and allow six dollars for the manure, still the account will be thirty dollars against me; and then, if you say such an animal is generally worth ten dollars more in Spring than in Autumn, then twenty dollars at least must be charged to loss!

Now if I had given this ox the same quantity of hay, worth thirty-six dollars, and four quarts of corn meal daily, worth twenty-four weeks at least fourteen dollars, making with the thirty-six dollars for two tons of hay, fifty dollars as the cost of feeding, with no deduction, if the manure be set off against labor, care and risk, as is certainly reasonable to much of his food has gone for the mere sustenance of life and health, and too little remained for the production of fat. I have made a bad job; he should have *fattened* in half the time, instead of being *half-fattened* in the whole twenty-four weeks; and now I must swallow the loss, as easily as possible and try again.

Once more, if I had given this ox as much good early-cut hay as he would have eaten, and eight quarts of corn meal per day, and more if he could bear it, for twelve weeks instead of twenty-four, how would the account have been? In the first place he would have expended less of his food in the mere acts of breathing, living and moving about; for the time would be but half as long, and he would be lazier, more logy, less inclined to frolic and sham fight with his fellows, or to attack them peevishly if they came too near him.

We have often noticed that an ox highly fed, and well protected against cold winds in the yard and bad ventilation in the stall, appears quiet, satisfied, as if he wanted for nothing. He may be dreaming, if brute life has fancy enough to dream. He hardly tells whether he is awake or asleep, for we think he ruminates, and thinks now and then, in either case. If he is dreaming of fragrant June hay and fresh-ground corn meal, it is without the least fear but that he shall get them soon enough.

How to keep fattening cattle, and indeed all other animals held for profits, in this quiet, calm, non-suffering, contented, happy condition, is the first thing to be learned by the keeper. It can be learned by experienced and careful observation only.

A few things may be mentioned as essential to this peaceful mood, among domestic animals. They must be treated kindly and kept comfortable. If they have no fear of their keeper, they will certainly love him; and an important point will then be gained in favor of their welfare and his increase of profits.

"Why does the lamb love Mary so? The merry children chide,  
'Cause Mary loves the lamb, you know,  
The teacher's quick reply."

The reader will please interpret and apply. In order to mutual kindly feeling between the parties, the animals must

have comfortable quarters, must not be pierced through and through by bleak winds in the yard, nor stifled by fetid air in the stalls and pens. Nothing can be amiable in misery. They should be approached gently, should be met with a love pat, or a nub of corn from the pocket rather than with a kick, or a blow, or a growl even. They will then love the keeper, and love is a better fattening principle than fear and hatred.

TREE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

The legislature of California has passed an act, the object of which is to encourage the culture of forest and timber trees. It provides:

- 1. That the Governor shall appoint three forest commissioners, and that a State Forester shall be appointed by them at a salary of \$175 per month.
2. That the State Forester shall collect, examine, grow, and import seeds and seedlings of forest and timber trees, and shall distribute them gratuitously, but not more than 1000 seedlings to one person the same year. For these purposes he is authorized to expend \$3000 per annum.
3. That the Supervisors in each county shall constitute a forest board, to aid in properly distributing the seeds and plants.
4. That a sum not exceeding \$500 may be expended in providing and distributing circulars in the interest of tree culture.
5. That the State Forester shall have authority to expend \$3000 annually, in establishing and taking care of nurseries for rearing and acclimating foreign plants and trees; and that from these, shade trees shall be furnished for grounds and roads belonging to the State, counties and cities. That it shall be the duty of the State Forester to collect and diffuse, in all practicable ways, information respecting the culture of forest trees.
6. That every agricultural and horticultural farmer receiving aid in money from the State, shall award ten per cent. of the money so received, in special premiums for the largest and best groves of planted forest and timber trees grown in five years from the time the net goes into effect.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

A Tennessee paper is severe on dogs, saying: "Wherever dogs are permitted to roam unmolested and with the quasi-protection of law, there can be no good sheep. Dogs and sheep cannot live at the same time and on the same place. For want of proper protective laws the State of Tennessee is losing millions of dollars every year. With her mountain ranges and hills admirably adapted to wool-growing, she yet has not sheep enough to supply her own demand for mutton and wool, and in place of sending away large quantities of wool and mutton, she is actually importing them from other States. It is a crying shame that the dogs of the State, whose hair never clothes, and whose flesh never fed, a human being, should practically exclude that animal which clothes the greater part of the civilized world, and whose flesh is the most wholesome that is consumed."

Little by little the acres of the Webster homestead in Marshfield have been cut away, one hundred and sixteen having recently been taken at a sale by auction, at another desirable resort is to be the probable result.

C. S. Todd thus describes his method of packing eggs: I commence the 20th of August and pack none except those I gather from the nests daily, until I know they are fresh. I take boxes, legs, or half crates, and pack them in the following manner: On the bottom of the vessel you desire to pack in, then put a layer of eggs, (little end downward, always), and as close to each other as you please, provided they do not touch. This space is filled with put another inch of salt on top, and so on until the box is filled. I have pursued this course for the past sixteen years, and have fresh eggs the entire winter, and if I have a surplus when they are about thirty cents a dozen, I sell them and give the money to my wife; as she claims all the edibles in the cellar. Sometimes when Christmas comes eggs are very scarce, and it is quite convenient to have a hundred dozen fresh in your cellar. The salt is not lost (as salt is always salt), and I've made good use of it in the Spring of the year on my asparagus bed.

I get my cider pure (says N. S., writing to the Rural New Yorker), and right from the press, and I desire it made the last of the season, in cold, frosty weather. To a barrel of cider (in order to preserve it well) add seven pounds of brown sugar; let it ferment until you think it safe to drink, and then bottle it tight. Bottle off into a clean cask in March (if you wish good cider, the cask that holds it must be as clean as your milk pail), and take about two quarts of the cider and put in one-quarter pound of gelatine, and let it stand two or three hours; then warm and stir it till the gelatine is all dissolved (I use Cooper's). Set away until perfectly cold, and mix with cider, and stir it well with a stick, through the bung-hole, long enough to reach the bottom of the barrel; agitate it thoroughly, and bung up tight; bottle in April or May. If it presses the corks too tight, stand it up. In the corks must be tied. If it has not life enough, lay it down.

Now as to vinegar. Sometimes cider is too strong to make vinegar, and will remain in a state too sour to drink and not sour enough for vinegar. In such a case add about one-third warm water, in which stir in two quarts of molasses to a barrel, and in two or three months you will have sharp vinegar—as sharp as you want. I cannot say this is the quickest way, but I know it makes good vinegar.

HEALTH PARAGRAPHS.

The Causes of Decay in Teeth. On this subject, Dr. S. P. Cutler writes to the American Journal of Dental Science, March, 1872:

Without proper physical exercise, digestion is imperfect, and in consequence the function is impaired, the secretions of the mouth becoming, as a general thing, acid in character, which causes early destruction of the imperfectly developed dentures, the teeth decaying frequently before fairly erupted.

Let us examine into the food of children at the present day. Instead of the good, wholesome, substantial food of former times, the most refined flour is used, and bolted meal all kinds of tubers and fruits must be peeled clean, so as not to leave a trace of the mineral element on them. The dishes must be highly seasoned and elaborate in numbers, appetizing dishes must be brought into requisition, in order to tempt the incapacitated stomach to take on what it cannot dispose of in a healthy manner. In this way the enfeebled stomachs are overtaxed, and bolted meal, all kinds of tubers conveyed into the bowels, frequently ending in bowel complaints and other disorders; in consequence, doctors' stuff must be taken to do what nature should do. This poorly assimilated food has to build and repair the tissues, and it necessarily does the work imperfectly, the hard tissues being the greatest sufferers of all.

The confinement within doors of children, and young females especially, and want of sufficient fresh air and outdoor exercise in our cities and large towns, where the rooms are not always properly ventilated, is another fruitful cause of badly decayed bones and teeth, which have been referred to already.

The had and impure air of large towns where a large amount of coal is consumed, and a corresponding amount of carbonic acid formed and given up to the atmosphere, besides what is furnished by decomposition of filth and excrement, together with other noxious gases, has an important bearing upon the present subject.

The system of education of the fashionable boarding schools, is in many respects extreme. The poor laborers on the plantations, and mechanics that have to take constant physical exercise, with plenty of food, plain and substantial food—indeed, the laborers of the South—all have better teeth on an average, than the wealthier and more luxurious. One striking proof of what I have stated is, that when negro women are brought from the cotton and corn fields to serve as cooks and waiters about the houses of the wealthy, both on the plantations and in the towns, these same negroes and their offspring have bad teeth, as a rule, all owing mainly to change of food and habits generally, their labors being less physical than while in the fields.

Dr. Sigerson. An eminent European savant, has found in the air exhaled from the lungs of tea-drinkers a large number of microscopic globes of a poisonous narcotic oil, which explains, he says, why tea makes nervous people coughy. He might have added, according to another high authority, consumptive, for it is claimed that weak people who indulge regularly in this beverage ultimately weaken their lungs, but they ever so strong at first.

The Demand for Optium. In the United States is alarmingly on the increase. Last year the statistics of the exports from Smyrna show that of the entire amount to Europe and America, 500,000 pounds, the United States took 280,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

How to Make a Bigger One.

About seventeen years ago a paragraph appeared in your Scientific and Useful column, of which the following was the substance:

Get a thirty-six inch object glass, one inch eyeglass, and a two inch tin tube three feet long, painted black inside; fasten the object glass in one end of the tube, and the eyeglass in a wooden tube which will slide into the other; then with the glasses thirty-seven inches apart, Saturn's ring, inequalities on the moon's surface, &c., may be made visible.

Accordingly, being then a boy ten years of age, I bought for twenty-five cents of the object glass, for ten cents the tin tube, took a lens from an old microscope for the eyeglass, and made a telescope, with which many an evening has been made pleasant.

Now, will some good friend please tell me in your columns how to expend twenty-five or fifty dollars in the purchase of lenses with which to make a larger instrument?

Orange-colored Spectacles. Dr. Stearns, surgeon at the U. S. Asylum for disabled soldiers, at Milwaukee, Wis., referring to the photographic use of orange-colored glass to exclude the actinic rays of light, expresses his surprise that no optician has had the genius to see that orange is the proper color for spectacles, instead of green or blue, for persons of weak eyes. Dr. Stearns states the interesting fact that a room in the hospital with which he is connected is lighted through orange-colored windows, and is used, with very satisfactory results, for patients who have certain diseases of the eyes requiring the exclusion of actinic rays of light. A similar suggestion to this was made some time ago by a writer in one of the London papers.

Solar Sickness. An Italian astronomer tells us that the spectroscopic indicates magnesium as a factor in the process of the sun at present, and as responsible for the existence of a heat lately prevalent. Magnesium may possibly be an active agent under the circumstances, in the production of widespread tendencies to insanity, and we may yet be able to trace intimate connections between the mental eccentricities which at times prevail on the globe and the combination in the sun of certain elements which we are now apprised exist very abundantly in the atmosphere. The revelations of the spectroscopic may not in the next three months, enable us to arrive at a solution of the Presidential question, and to demonstrate that the success of one party or the other depends on the other on solar hydrogen. Such, at least, is the (ironical) conclusion of the News.

Egyptian Bricks. An Austrian savant is said to have discovered, by means of a microscope, in a stone taken from the Pyramids, and which has been handed down to us as to the Egyptian method of brick-making. Besides these materials, the microscope has brought other things to light—the debris of river shells of the Nile, and of insects, and a seed of wild and cultivated flowers of corn and barley, the field pea, and the common flax, cultivated probably for both food and textile purposes, and the radish, with many others known to science.

The head has become most unbearable at Schwytz. The cattle retire even at daybreak to their stalls, and in places where flies and oxflies seldom show themselves, these latter have tormented the poor animals so that they run miles to seek for shelter from them. The glaciers have not melted so much for many years. Large masses as big as churches roll into the precipices below with a loud noise like thunder. Wild animals of all kinds are visible. Numerous herds of chamois are pasturing in common with the cattle, and become confident so long as no one attempts to deprive them of their freedom.—Swiss Times.

Her first War Frigate. An Address from Shanghai states that the 24th of May was named for the launch of the first heavy war frigate ever constructed by Chinese artificers. The vessel in question is the largest of any class yet built in that part of the world. Her gross measurement is about 2,700 tons. The engines are of 400 nominal horsepower, but capable of working up to 1,800 horse-power, and have also been made at Shanghai, together with all the pumps, compasses, &c., required for use on board. It is expected that when complete about two months from the date of launch) the ship's draught of water will be about 20 feet, with a displacement of about 2,600, and 12 nautical miles speed per hour. The battery will comprise 26 40-pounder rifled guns and two 30-pounders, also rifled. Only four designers have been engaged in her construction, viz: a naval architect, engineer, draughtsman, and shipwright; all the work has been done by Chinese artificers.

Cable Towing on the Canal. The Lockport Journal of Aug. 24th says: "The laying of an iron cable from Buffalo to Lockport, in the bottom of the canal, was finished this morning by a company of Watertown, N. Y.; and Captain Farwell, with the steaming Governor Clinton, as the first experiment in the canal, moved off with a loaded boat in tow for Buffalo. This is the first experiment of this mode of towing, we believe, in the State."

A VIPER IN HUMAN FORM.

The telegraph has previously noticed the case of a man who was detected near Maryville, Mo., driving an emigrant wagon containing the decaying bodies of five murdered persons. His second confession, extorted from him at the end of a rope, we copy as follows, from correspondence of the St. Louis Republic: He gave his name as Tanzey, and said it was not O'Brien, as stated in his first confession. That he came from Mount Ayr, Iowa, where he had a wife and one child. The parties he had murdered were five in number. A man with his wife and two children, and an emigrant man who was traveling in a lumber wagon, and that they were returning from Kansas to their home in Minnesota. He met them first on Thursday, the 15th, having no money, and traveling in the same direction, they kindly asked him to join them, which he did. The wagon being large, they all, six in number, slept in it. The married man, his wife and two children slept on a platform raised on the front of the wagon, while the remaining two slept in the bottom of the bed below. Last Sunday night they camped within half a mile of a house near Burr Oak Grove, Mo., and the emigrant man who had the plan of murdering them and making away with their horses and wagon, their cattle—three or four in number—and whatever money they might have in their possession. After having murdered them and intended to secrete them in the brush on Clear creek, near by. That Sunday night, little dreaming of the black-hearted wretch that had taken under their shelter, and the awful fate that would befall them, they lay down in the wagon, for the night, and all save the murderer were sound asleep. Satisfying himself that all were sleeping, he took a loaded pistol which lay in the wagon, and placing it at the head of the man who was sleeping by his side, fired. He instantly killed him. The married man being aroused by the report of the pistol, rose up, and thinking Tanzey had fired at a strange dog which had been annoying them during the night by barking, said "Good! good!" The assassin immediately turned and shot him, and then jumped from the wagon to the ground. The wretched man intended to follow him, when Tanzey seized an axe and dispatched him at once. The agonized wife of the murdered man was now running around the wagon uttering cries and shrieks, and the awful fate that would befall her if she were not by, he also killed her with an axe or club, just which he does not remember. The two infant babes, aged three and five months, lay alone remaining living, and it was not until they had been lying until some time after the rest had been killed. When asked how he could have the heart to kill the two helpless babes, he replied that he did so with reluctance, but that when he had murdered their mother they annoyed him by their pitiful cries, and being alarmed lest the noise should lead to his detection, he cut their throats, and then he cut their throats, and they died. He then completed his work of destruction. After the murder had been made, two hundred determined men collected at the place where the prisoner was confined, and he was taken to the jail. No other unoccupied lands present such advantages to soldiers under the new law (March, 1872), get 160 acres FREE, near the railroad, by one and two year residence. TRANSPORTATION AT REDUCED RATES furnished from all principal points East to current Homesteads. Purchasers, their wives and children carried free over the Northern Pacific Railroad. Now is the time for Settlers and Colonies to get Railroad Lands and Government Homesteads close to the track. Send for Pamphlet containing full information, map and copy of New Homestead Law. Address LAND DEPARTMENT, NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, ST. PAUL, MINN., OR 23 FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 9th St., New York.

struction, viz: a naval architect, engineer, draughtsman, and shipwright; all the work has been done by Chinese artificers.

Cable Towing on the Canal. The Lockport Journal of Aug. 24th says: "The laying of an iron cable from Buffalo to Lockport, in the bottom of the canal, was finished this morning by a company of Watertown, N. Y.; and Captain Farwell, with the steaming Governor Clinton, as the first experiment in the canal, moved off with a loaded boat in tow for Buffalo. This is the first experiment of this mode of towing, we believe, in the State."

A VIPER IN HUMAN FORM.

The telegraph has previously noticed the case of a man who was detected near Maryville, Mo., driving an emigrant wagon containing the decaying bodies of five murdered persons. His second confession, extorted from him at the end of a rope, we copy as follows, from correspondence of the St. Louis Republic: He gave his name as Tanzey, and said it was not O'Brien, as stated in his first confession. That he came from Mount Ayr, Iowa, where he had a wife and one child. The parties he had murdered were five in number. A man with his wife and two children, and an emigrant man who was traveling in a lumber wagon, and that they were returning from Kansas to their home in Minnesota. He met them first on Thursday, the 15th, having no money, and traveling in the same direction, they kindly asked him to join them, which he did. The wagon being large, they all, six in number, slept in it. The married man, his wife and two children slept on a platform raised on the front of the wagon, while the remaining two slept in the bottom of the bed below. Last Sunday night they camped within half a mile of a house near Burr Oak Grove, Mo., and the emigrant man who had the plan of murdering them and making away with their horses and wagon, their cattle—three or four in number—and whatever money they might have in their possession. After having murdered them and intended to secrete them in the brush on Clear creek, near by. That Sunday night, little dreaming of the black-hearted wretch that had taken under their shelter, and the awful fate that would befall them, they lay down in the wagon, for the night, and all save the murderer were sound asleep. Satisfying himself that all were sleeping, he took a loaded pistol which lay in the wagon, and placing it at the head of the man who was sleeping by his side, fired. He instantly killed him. The married man being aroused by the report of the pistol, rose up, and thinking Tanzey had fired at a strange dog which had been annoying them during the night by barking, said "Good! good!" The assassin immediately turned and shot him, and then jumped from the wagon to the ground. The wretched man intended to follow him, when Tanzey seized an axe and dispatched him at once. The agonized wife of the murdered man was now running around the wagon uttering cries and shrieks, and the awful fate that would befall her if she were not by, he also killed her with an axe or club, just which he does not remember. The two infant babes, aged three and five months, lay alone remaining living, and it was not until they had been lying until some time after the rest had been killed. When asked how he could have the heart to kill the two helpless babes, he replied that he did so with reluctance, but that when he had murdered their mother they annoyed him by their pitiful cries, and being alarmed lest the noise should lead to his detection, he cut their throats, and then he cut their throats, and they died. He then completed his work of destruction. After the murder had been made, two hundred determined men collected at the place where the prisoner was confined, and he was taken to the jail. No other unoccupied lands present such advantages to soldiers under the new law (March, 1872), get 160 acres FREE, near the railroad, by one and two year residence. TRANSPORTATION AT REDUCED RATES furnished from all principal points East to current Homesteads. Purchasers, their wives and children carried free over the Northern Pacific Railroad. Now is the time for Settlers and Colonies to get Railroad Lands and Government Homesteads close to the track. Send for Pamphlet containing full information, map and copy of New Homestead Law. Address LAND DEPARTMENT, NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, ST. PAUL, MINN., OR 23 FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 9th St., New York.

Continental Insurance Co. NO. 102 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, July 11, 1872. Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000 Assets, over.....2,000,000

The Directors of this Company, upon the report of a committee appointed to investigate the effect of the Chicago fire upon its outstanding Scrip Fund showing that although they had decided such questionable policy as the Scrip Fund, directed that public notice be given of the cancellation by said fire of the Scrip issues of 1866 to 1871 inclusive.

The Scrip issues of 1866 to 1867 will be paid on participation by the holders of the Scrip. The Company resumed the issue of participating Scrip on the 1st instant, and in July next will, under the conditions of the Policy, divide three-fourths of its profits to the participating Policy-holders. The Board of Directors is desirous to create a large surplus fund as security that its Policy-holders will be able to receive payment in full of all just claims.

ANCHOR LINE STEAMERS SAIL EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.

PARADE TABLES, PAYABLE IN LONDON. TO GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, AND LONDON. FIRST CABIN, \$65 and \$75, according to Location. Do by Wednesday's Steamers, \$60. CABIN RETURN TICKETS, \$130, securing best accommodation and convenience of passengers.

HENDERSON BROTHERS, Agents, 7 Bowling Green, New York.

FRESH FRUITS. FRUIT TREES ADD TO THE VALUE OF A PLACE FAR MORE THAN THEY COST. THE FRUIT IS YOURS WITHOUT COST.

ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS BEAUTIFUL AND RARE. Ornamental trees and shrubs, and roses. Send for Catalogue describing our complete assortment. ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS.

T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

TRAVELLERS' ARTICLES. Sole Leather Trunks, Ladies' Dress and Bonnet Trunks, Light Trunks for Express Travel, Steamer Rooms, etc. Chairs for the Steamer, Servants' Trunks, &c., and a fine assortment of Imported Bags, Forks, monies, Dressing Cases, &c., &c.

JOHN CATNACH, Manufacturer and Importer, 592 Broadway, Metropolitan Hotel, and corner Broadway and Wall street.

The Wheat Field of America! Healthful Climate, Free Homes, Good Markets.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD offers for sale its fine and fertile lands in Central and Western Minnesota, embracing: 1. The best of Wheat Land; 2. Excellent Timber for the Mill, the Farm, and the Fire; 3. Rich Prairie Pasture and Natural Meadows, watered by clear Lakes and running streams—in a beautiful climate, where Fruit and Game abound. Grain can be shipped here by lake to market as cheaply as from Eastern Iowa or Central Illinois. Cattle now run through these lands from Lake Superior to Dakota. Price of land close to track \$4 to \$8 per acre; further away \$2 to \$4. Return 160 Acres for \$10. Warrantee Deeds; Land Office File 7-20 Bonnet, how to get, protected land, 160 Acres for \$10. No other unoccupied lands present such advantages to soldiers under the new law (March, 1872), get 160 acres FREE, near the railroad, by one and two year residence. TRANSPORTATION AT REDUCED RATES furnished from all principal points East to current Homesteads. Purchasers, their wives and children carried free over the Northern Pacific Railroad. Now is the time for Settlers and Colonies to get Railroad Lands and Government Homesteads close to the track. Send for Pamphlet containing full information, map and copy of New Homestead Law. Address LAND DEPARTMENT, NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, ST. PAUL, MINN., OR 23 FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 9th St., New York.

NEW SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS JUST ISSUED BY THE Presbyterian Board of Publication.

CHINKS OF CLANNYFOOD. By Kate W. Hamilton, author of "Shadow of the Rock," "Nora Nell," &c. 16mo. Price 25 cts. THROUGH THE WILDERNESS. By E. B. Willard. 16mo. Price 50 cts. FOLLOWING THE MASTER. By E. L. Beckwith. 16mo. Price \$1.00. TRIALS AND TRUST. A Story of the French Revolution. 18mo. Price 50 cts.

THE OPEN DOOR. By Josephine N. Pollock. 18mo. Price 50 cts.

Please address orders to JOHN A. BLACK, Business Superintendent. All the Publications of the Board can be obtained of DONN & MERRILL, No. 723 Broadway, New York, Board of Correspondence, No. 28 Ninth St., Pittsburgh, P. O. W. WALKER, No. 9 Aldion Building, Boston street, Boston, Mass. SUTTON & SCOTT, No. 176 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. On the same terms as at the Publication House in Philadelphia.

Fitch & Bennett, PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS 158 Chambers St., N. Y.

CONSIGNMENTS OF BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, POULTRY, DRIED FRUIT, &c., respectfully solicited. Shippers can depend on receiving prompt returns for all shippable goods. N. B.—Particular attention given to consignments of PAUL BUTTER. New York, April 1, 1872.

Continental Insurance Co. NO. 102 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, July 11, 1872. Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000 Assets, over.....2,000,000

The Directors of this Company, upon the report of a committee appointed to investigate the effect of the Chicago fire upon its outstanding Scrip Fund showing that although they had decided such questionable policy as the Scrip Fund, directed that public notice be given of the cancellation by said fire of the Scrip issues of 1866 to 1871 inclusive.

The Scrip issues of 1866 to 1867 will be paid on participation by the holders of the Scrip. The Company resumed the issue of participating Scrip on the 1st instant, and in July next will, under the conditions of the Policy, divide three-fourths of its profits to the participating Policy-holders. The Board of Directors is desirous to create a large surplus fund as security that its Policy-holders will be able to receive payment in full of all just claims.

ANCHOR LINE STEAMERS SAIL EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.

PARADE TABLES, PAYABLE IN LONDON. TO GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, AND LONDON. FIRST CABIN, \$65 and \$75, according to Location. Do by Wednesday's Steamers, \$60. CABIN RETURN TICKETS, \$130, securing best accommodation and convenience of passengers.

HENDERSON BROTHERS, Agents, 7 Bowling Green, New York.

FRESH FRUITS. FRUIT TREES ADD TO THE VALUE OF A PLACE FAR MORE THAN THEY COST. THE FRUIT IS YOURS WITHOUT COST.

ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS BEAUTIFUL AND RARE. Ornamental trees and shrubs, and roses. Send for Catalogue describing our complete assortment. ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS.

T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

TRAVELLERS' ARTICLES. Sole Leather Trunks, Ladies' Dress and Bonnet Trunks, Light Trunks for Express Travel, Steamer Rooms, etc. Chairs for the Steamer, Servants' Trunks, &c., and a fine assortment of Imported Bags, Forks, monies, Dressing Cases, &c., &c.

JOHN CATNACH, Manufacturer and Importer, 592 Broadway, Metropolitan Hotel, and corner Broadway and Wall street.

The Wheat Field of America! Healthful Climate, Free Homes, Good Markets.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD offers for sale its fine and fertile lands in Central and Western Minnesota, embracing: 1. The best of Wheat Land; 2. Excellent Timber for the Mill, the Farm, and the Fire; 3. Rich Prairie Pasture and Natural Meadows, watered by clear Lakes and running streams—in a beautiful climate, where Fruit and Game abound. Grain can be shipped here by lake to market as cheaply as from Eastern Iowa or Central Illinois. Cattle now run through these lands from Lake Superior to Dakota. Price of land close to track \$4 to \$8 per acre; further away \$2 to \$4. Return 160 Acres for \$10. Warrantee Deeds; Land Office File 7-20 Bonnet, how to get, protected land, 160 Acres for \$10. No other unoccupied lands present such advantages to soldiers under the new law (March, 1872), get 160 acres FREE, near the railroad, by one and two year residence. TRANSPORTATION AT REDUCED RATES furnished from all principal points East to current Homesteads. Purchasers, their wives and children carried free over the Northern Pacific Railroad. Now is the time for Settlers and Colonies to get Railroad Lands and Government Homesteads close to the track. Send for Pamphlet containing full information, map and copy of New Homestead Law. Address LAND DEPARTMENT, NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, ST. PAUL, MINN., OR 23 FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 9th St., New York.

NEW SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS JUST ISSUED BY THE Presbyterian Board of Publication.

CHINKS OF CLANNYFOOD. By Kate W. Hamilton, author of "Shadow of the Rock," "Nora Nell," &c. 16mo. Price 25 cts. THROUGH THE WILDERNESS. By E. B. Willard. 16mo. Price 50 cts. FOLLOWING THE MASTER. By E. L. Beckwith. 16mo. Price \$1.00. TRIALS AND TRUST. A Story of the French Revolution. 18mo. Price 50 cts.

THE OPEN DOOR. By Josephine N. Pollock. 18mo. Price 50 cts.

Please address orders to JOHN A. BLACK, Business Superintendent. All the Publications of the Board can be obtained of DONN & MERRILL, No. 723 Broadway, New York, Board of Correspondence, No. 28 Ninth St., Pittsburgh, P. O. W. WALKER, No. 9 Aldion Building, Boston street, Boston, Mass. SUTTON & SCOTT, No. 176 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. On the same terms as at the Publication House in Philadelphia.

Fitch & Bennett, PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS 158 Chambers St., N. Y.

CONSIGNMENTS OF BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, POULTRY, DRIED FRUIT, &c., respectfully solicited. Shippers can depend on receiving prompt returns for all shippable goods. N. B.—Particular attention given to consignments of PAUL BUTTER. New York, April 1, 1872.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO. Equitable Building, 120 BROADWAY, New York. Cash Capital.....\$400,000 Cash Surplus.....472,627 91 Total Assets, Jan. 1, 1872. \$872,627 91 Total outstanding liabilities. \$45,606 37

The Agency business of this Company in the Western and Southern States is transacted through the U.S. WRITERS' ASSOCIATION.

B. S. WALCOTT, President. H. REMSEN LANE, Secretary. HENRY KIP, Assistant Secretary.

SEWING MACHINES. The sales of Sewing Machines in 1871 as reported under one name in 1872, to the owners of the Sewing Machine Patents, show that the

SINGER Manufacturing Company Last Year Sold 181,260 MACHINES. Ninety per Cent. of them being for FAMILY USE.

THIS IS OVER 50,000 More Sewing Machines than were sold by any other company during the same period.

The Singer Manufacturing Co., 34 Union Square, NEW YORK.

CONVERTIBLE MIDLAND BONDS. A 7 per cent. Mortgage Bond for sale on one of the great roads running from New York City to the third largest road in New York State. The most desirable bond of all the Midland issues, affording the largest income and promising the greatest profit

BEHIND AND BEFORE.

By Rev. T. Hamstead.

Christian, then thy cross hast taken Seeking a serene land, Yet thy face around, unnumbered And determined stand.

Daylight spectres, midnight phantoms, Doubt's eclipse and livid flood, Lurking fiend and bolder demon, Thirsting for thy blood.

From the cloud-gate future rises Many a spectre grim and tall; But the spectres following after, Throw as black a pall.

Memories of those crystal waters Such as we no more may taste, Wisions of the longer Summers Lay thy comfort waste.

Off in sadness thou dost ponder On the days when earth was bright; All her valleys stretched before thee In a softer light;

In a light the softer, sweeter, That thou hadst not learned to sin, And with mortal wiles the tempter Had not entered in.

Or how thou his tenderest pleadings Didst in wine and riot drown, And upon a head unthankful Gled the sun went down;

Went and rose to find thee haunting, With a hot and headlong tread, In that path forbidden, leading Downward to the dead.

to the Commissioners of Charities, or the City Missionary, for application in such an extremity. Several poor women have come to me, complaining of a drunken husband. "Have him sent up, then," "But, O sir, he would never forgive me; it would ruin him; for he would not care what he did then, and he is very good to me when he is sober." These are almost the exact words of a woman who called on me within two weeks.

There is an inebriate asylum on Ward's Island under charge of the Commissioners of Charities, but it is a charity for which five dollars a week must be paid, and in the drunkard's home this is a sufficient barrier to prevent its use. Now if it is not possible to establish a Free Inebriate Asylum, is it not possible that through the benevolence of some Christian citizen there might be a free entrance for some poor patients into the inebriate asylums already established? It is a question which appeals strongly for an answer to every Christian heart, for the life of souls, as well as of bodies, depends upon its proper solution. Facing those words "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven," let the Christian men of this community, who so nobly respond to calls from Africa and Asia, answer the cry for help that arises from dying souls in their own midst.

ENTERPRISE AT ROME. THE POPE'S NEW POLICY. We referred a short time since to the regeneration of Rome as the new capital of Italy. A correspondent discusses the subject more at length, and adds several items of interest. He says a new life has been introduced, so opposite to what we have been accustomed to in past years, that we can scarcely believe in its reality. In one part of the city the new streets laid out, the busy crowds of masons and carpenters, the fast-rising blocks of houses, building in Rome is almost a miracle, and indeed, if it were not carried on to a very great extent, we should have to take to dwelling in tents until a few more vast convents are taken possession of, so large has become the population, and so comparatively small is the accommodation for them. One house in the new Via Nazionale contains 650 rooms, besides 140 kitchens, twenty-eight stores, and four stables. This house was begun on the 20th of January. It is to be ready for its inmates before next New Year's day.

The Castle of St. Angelo will be surrounded by a public garden, and large blocks of houses be built on either side of the new boulevard. Although there are divergences of opinion as to where the new boulevard shall begin and end, and whether it shall proceed in a right or diagonal line, there is no doubt that before many years such a boulevard will stride across the meadows of the Tiber, and in due time shelter at least twenty thousand people. Meanwhile houses are raised, stores are constructed out of dark and useless cellars, and even hay lofts are converted into dwelling houses.

A change also is noted in the appearance of the population. "There is no longer that spavily, like the shadow of death, veiling every face. We hear less empty laughter, hear a little less empty chatter. There are comparatively few beggars, but everywhere old Rome starts in view. On the Esquiline, which is to be graded in the neighborhood of Santa Maria Maggiore, a fine mosaic pavement has been found which is to be placed in the Capitol. Pillars, capitals, statues are weekly brought to light.

Perhaps the most singular fact indicative of progress, is the new policy adopted by the Pope in regard to the elections. Instead of acting up to his own assumptions, he comes down to the level of secular politics, and measures, and the organ of the Curia, the *Operatore Romano*, comes out with the official information that in the reception lately given by His Holiness to the curia of Rome, they were desired to direct the faithful and take part in the city elections. The Pope and his friends may deny as strenuously as they please, that this is any recognition of the authority of the Italian Government, but the world will count such a denial at its true value, and if the Pope sees fit to appeal to the ballot-box, it will be apt to accept the fact very complacently, and leave him full time and opportunity to prosecute unimpeded his appeal.

But the very fact that in Rome the Pope condescends to marshal his political forces, and on the ground of equal suffrage to fight his political battles, is one full as significant as new blocks of houses, or new palace-lined boulevards. He consents to measure his strength with that of the State, and to accept the weapons which the State places in his hands. A few months ago such a course would have been considered incredible, and a most humiliating sacrifice of the prestige of a "persecuted" Pope. Now it appears that he is not so persecuted, but that he can strike back defiantly at his assailants, nor is his sanctity so transcendental that it seems to make use of secular resources, or to appeal to the ballot-box.

Surely, in spite of Encyclicals and Vatican Councils, the Papacy feels the tide-pressure of the nineteenth century. If it has not yielded in one direction, it has in another. It comes forth partially at least out of its medievalism, and stands facing the political revolutions that threaten to mar its fortunes. The Pope himself sanctions the old maxims of the necessity of doing as Rome as the Romans do. It is impossible that he should ever cease to be an intractable and impractical subject of the Italian Government, but if he consents to fight it with the ballot, he will have a very plausible ground for asking foreign nationalities to attack it by the sword.

ment of drunkards. It is statute and ordained by our Sovereign Lord, with advice and consent of the Estates of Parliament, for the restraint of the vile and detestable vice of drunkenness daily increasing, to the high dishonor of God, and great harm to the whole realm. That all persons lawfully convicted of drunkenness, or of hawking of taverns and alehouses, after ten hours at night, or any time of the day, except in time of travel, or for ordinary refreshment, shall for the first fault pay 2s. or in case of inability or refusal, to be kept in stocks or jail for the space of twelve hours; and for the third fault, to pay 20s. or in case aforesaid to be kept in stocks or jail for the space of twenty-four hours; and thereafter, if they transgress, to be committed to jail till they find caution for their good behavior in time coming. And for the better execution of these presents, special power, authority, and commission is granted, and committed to all Sheriffs, Stewards, Provoets, and Bailies, Justices of the Peace, and all other Justices, with power to call, convene, and try the aforesaid persons, males, to wit, of the aforesaid trades, in every parish to supply, and all sundry other things to do and execute, which necessarily is required for the execution of the premises.

We have no doubt that such a law as this, rigorously enforced, would close many a dramshop, and carry dismay to dram-drinkers. It has at least the prestige of antiquity in its favor, and illustrates the best wisdom of the fathers, in dealing with the evil.

AN EXAMPLE, AND A SUGGESTION. While on a trip through some of the larger Western cities, I stopped, for a few days in the beautiful city of Cleveland, and was particularly interested in the great work now carried on there by the Young Men's Christian Association. In my search for places of interest I stepped into the rooms of the Association, situated near the business part of the town. I found a noble and spacious building, except that I was most cordially received by the gentleman in charge, and very pleasantly entertained. But the accommodations are no better, nor as good, as in some other places. Learning that a room had been fitted up at the depot for the accommodation of strangers, I walked down there, and presently a young gentleman greeted me with the observation: "It is twenty minutes before train time; will you walk up into the reading-room." I gladly accepted the invitation, and entered as pleasant a reading-room as it has ever been my good fortune to visit.

It was high enough above the main floor to be free from most of the dust from the cars, well lighted, and roomy. The walls were hung with portraits of the leading men. There were plenty of tables covered with books and papers, and the latter, from all parts of the country, hung on racks around the room. An organ stood in front of the platform, and best of all was a table furnished with writing materials, where a letter could be written free of expense, and from all outward annoyance. I wonder if that is not pleasanter than writing at the counter in a bar-room with the necessity of taking something to drink to pay for the privilege.

I learned from the young man that he had been one of the wildest fellows connected with the railroad, and a leader among the young men there employed, but having been converted a short time since, he was using his influence (which I should judge was considerable with the men there) in the good work of bringing his former companions and many others into the Christian ranks. He said the room was often filled with railroad men who had been in the habit of spending their spare moments in having a "jolly time" elsewhere, but who now came here to read, write, or sing. I do not wonder at this, for they could hardly find a pleasanter place. I suppose there may be a bar-room in that depot, but it is not very near this room, and I did not see anything of it.

The opening of reading-rooms at depots may not be a new idea with the Associations in this part of the country; but it was with me a new and interesting thing. In many other places where I stopped, and where they seemed to be even more needed than in Cleveland. It seems to me that the opening of such rooms at places where young men are likely to stop for a few hours, or even where they would be used by the men of the road, would be an appropriate work for the local Associations, and one which is greatly needed. In many of our Western towns which young men seek for trade, there are branch Associations started; but it is necessary to walk some distance to find them, and not many are disposed to go through the streets inquiring for the reading-room, even if they have the time to do so. But there are very few who would refuse a polite invitation to go into a place where they could rest and make themselves generally comfortable, especially if this was made pleasanter than the South or West. It is this would not be very difficult to accomplish, as I have good reason to remember, when obliged for hours together to avail myself of an uncomfortable waiting-room or dirty hot parlor, while the majority of my fellow travellers sought the bar-room.

I am aware that there is a fine Association building in up-town New York; but I do not know as there is any branch of it at even one of the many depots of the city which empty the young men from all parts of the country into this great center. These seem to me the places of all others for such work. There must certainly be room in our large, fine depots for the best accommodations, and plenty of young men who would be glad to take charge of rooms. Just here the young man arrives as a stranger in the city, and in need of direction and sympathy. Let our young men consider this matter, and act.

ARTHUR HELPS ON CIVIL SERVICE REFORM. It is essential to the success of Civil Service Reform that proper methods for securing it should be adopted. The cause is too important to be wrecked by mismanagement or injudicious measures. It is well therefore to beware of errors that have been committed abroad in the attempt to promote it, and to hear the testimony of such as are able to speak from experience.

are foreign to the main object, which is to choose fit men, if possible the fittest men, for certain employments. Competitive examination is mainly a mode of relieving those persons who ought to have the burden of making a choice, from the responsibility of so doing."

After some remarks on the irrelevancy of a capacity to construe Latin, or even the memory with historical facts, as a qualification for certain services, Mr. Helps says, "There is one very important point to be considered in reference to this question; and that is, not only is the talent of acquiring knowledge, not a talent of imperative necessity, as regards the conduct of business of the world, but it is absolutely injurious in some respects. Young people very often manifest a readiness to acquire knowledge merely from a certain docility of mind, which makes few inquiries, is easily satisfied with what the teacher tells it, and never cares to take an original and independent view of what is taught. These qualifications are exactly opposite to those which are wanted in the conduct of business."

Mr. Helps does not object to examination, but he would not have it competitive. He would place the faculty for digesting documents high, and requirements in history, Latin, or mathematics, low. This is the view which is taken by one whose experience and acquaintance with the subject entitle his conclusions to high respect.

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS. Robert, a sculptor whose work attracted considerable attention at the last exhibition of the Palette, is modelling a colossal statue of Robert Fulton, for erection in the niche in front of the Union Ferry House at the foot of Fulton-street, New York city.

Dodd & Mead will soon publish two works by Dr. Dillinger, one entitled "Fables respecting the Popes of the Middle Ages," with an introduction by Professor Henry B. Smith of the Union Theological Seminary, New York; the other, "Lectures on the Union of the Churches of Christendom."

The proceeds from the sale of Count Moltke's official account of the Peace of Prague, which was added to the Emperor William Fund, which has been established for the relief of the war sufferers. The demand for the first volume, recently published in Berlin, has been very great, and the printers have been working day and night to fill the pressing orders.

Mr. Seward is making rapid progress in his narrative of his journey round the world. He has got through Asia and Africa, and is now writing the account of his visit to Switzerland. The latter part of the work will contain his general reflections on the countries he has seen, and a summing up of his own estimate of the different nations of which from a man of his ability and experience, can hardly fail to be highly instructive and interesting. The Messrs. Appleton will issue it in excellent style.

Belgravia (magazine) has an article in the course of which the Hudson river is described. "There, for instance, are the Palisades, rising thousands of feet high, while at West Point the river is gemmed by no less than a 'thousand islands.' From his description it is clear that the writer made the trip. Apart from his description, we should be obliged of this from the fact that the 'face is only about ninepence.' Belgravia must try again to improve."

Office of FISK & HATCH, BANKERS.

No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is now nearly completed, and will soon be doing business as one of the great trunk roads from the Atlantic tide-waters to the heart of the great West, and opening a low grade and direct line with Cincinnati, Dayton, Louisville, St. Louis and other cities. We are still selling the Six Per Cent. First Mortgage Bonds—a first-class investment—on behalf of the Company, at 94 and accrued interest, coupon or registered; \$100, \$500, \$1,000 denominations.

FISK & HATCH.

The Revolutionary Centennial. Accounts from Mexico state that Lozola is at Tepic, and has submitted to the Federal Government, but that Diaz refused to accept the amnesty, and has fled to the mountains, whence he is expected to go to California. The Hall of Congress was destroyed on the 23d instant, by fire.

It is said that the Mexican Claims Commission have come to a temporary dead-lock through the general disagreement between the Mexican and United States commissioners, and that the differences cannot be adjusted but through diplomatic channels. The Commission expires by limitation in February next.

The latest official returns from Madrid, of the Cortez elections, show that 294 Radicals, seventy-five Republicans, fourteen Allianceists, and nine Conservatives and Dynastias have been elected.

Political Movements. The Springfield Republican which favors the election of Mr. Greeley, says that the only thing sure to-day is, that nothing is sure; and the probability is that not before the October elections in Indiana and Pennsylvania, can a confident yet reasonable prediction be made of the November result.

The West Virginia election has ended in the reelection of Gov. Jacob, who ran as an independent democrat, neutral on the presidential question, but secretly pledged, as claimed, to Mr. Greeley, as his opponent was openly. The new constitution was ratified, but it is still uncertain whether that clause of it submitted to a special vote, by which negroes are to be excluded from office, was sustained or not.

The Missouri liberals have effected a union, and put up a strong combination ticket, but the old democratic elements were so strong in the convention of that party, that it refused to pass a resolution in favor of the common school system.

Ex-Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania, who has just returned home, has been put in nomination by the Grant Republicans of his country, for a seat in Congress.

Money and Business.

Monday, Sept. 2, 1872.

The stock market has been more active with improving quotations during the week, especially Erie, Pacific Mail, New York Central, Lake Shore, Northwest common, Ohio and Mississippi, and Union Pacific.

The bank statement compares with that of the week previous as follows:

Table with columns for Loans, Specie, Circulation, Deposits, and Legal tenders, with corresponding values.

An analysis of these figures shows that the banks have decreased their liabilities \$7,300,000 against a loss of \$3,307,000 in legal reserves. Their surplus is therefore impaired to the extent of \$1,470,500, and is now reduced to \$4,141,400.

The money market during the week has been somewhat irregular, ranging from three to seven per cent. on call, but mostly with an abundant supply at four to five per cent.

The gold market during the week has ranged from 112½ on Monday to 113½ on Wednesday, and closing at 112½. Saturday the market was steady at 112½ to 113.

Government securities have fluctuated but slightly. The Assistant Treasurer at New York is to buy \$4,000,000 of bonds and sell \$4,000,000 of gold during September.

We give our usual table, with the quotations of a year ago in the right hand column:

Table with columns for Am. gold, U. S. Bonds, U. S. New 5 per cent, U. S. New 6 per cent, U. S. New 7 per cent, U. S. New 8 per cent, U. S. New 9 per cent, U. S. New 10 per cent, U. S. New 11 per cent, U. S. New 12 per cent, U. S. New 13 per cent, U. S. New 14 per cent, U. S. New 15 per cent, U. S. New 16 per cent, U. S. New 17 per cent, U. S. New 18 per cent, U. S. New 19 per cent, U. S. New 20 per cent, U. S. New 21 per cent, U. S. New 22 per cent, U. S. New 23 per cent, U. S. New 24 per cent, U. S. New 25 per cent, U. S. New 26 per cent, U. S. New 27 per cent, U. S. New 28 per cent, U. S. New 29 per cent, U. S. New 30 per cent, U. S. New 31 per cent, U. S. New 32 per cent, U. S. New 33 per cent, U. S. New 34 per cent, U. S. New 35 per cent, U. S. New 36 per cent, U. S. New 37 per cent, U. S. New 38 per cent, U. S. New 39 per cent, U. S. New 40 per cent, U. S. New 41 per cent, U. S. New 42 per cent, U. S. New 43 per cent, U. S. New 44 per cent, U. S. New 45 per cent, U. S. New 46 per cent, U. S. New 47 per cent, U. S. New 48 per cent, U. S. New 49 per cent, U. S. New 50 per cent, U. S. New 51 per cent, U. S. New 52 per cent, U. S. New 53 per cent, U. S. New 54 per cent, U. S. New 55 per cent, U. S. New 56 per cent, U. S. New 57 per cent, U. S. New 58 per cent, U. S. New 59 per cent, U. S. New 60 per cent, U. S. New 61 per cent, U. S. New 62 per cent, U. S. New 63 per cent, U. S. New 64 per cent, U. S. New 65 per cent, U. S. New 66 per cent, U. S. New 67 per cent, U. S. New 68 per cent, U. S. New 69 per cent, U. S. New 70 per cent, U. S. New 71 per cent, U. S. New 72 per cent, U. S. New 73 per cent, U. S. New 74 per cent, U. S. New 75 per cent, U. S. New 76 per cent, U. S. New 77 per cent, U. S. New 78 per cent, U. S. New 79 per cent, U. S. New 80 per cent, U. S. New 81 per cent, U. S. New 82 per cent, U. S. New 83 per cent, U. S. New 84 per cent, U. S. New 85 per cent, U. S. New 86 per cent, U. S. New 87 per cent, U. S. New 88 per cent, U. S. New 89 per cent, U. S. New 90 per cent, U. S. New 91 per cent, U. S. New 92 per cent, U. S. New 93 per cent, U. S. New 94 per cent, U. S. New 95 per cent, U. S. New 96 per cent, U. S. New 97 per cent, U. S. New 98 per cent, U. S. New 99 per cent, U. S. New 100 per cent.

Banking House.

JAY COOKE & CO., 20 Wall Street, New York.

We continue to sell at par, adding secured interest, the First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. On the completion of this season's contracts there will be five hundred and sixties millions of the main line of the Road in operation, uniting Lake Superior with the Missouri River, and securing the large traffic of the Northwest. This amount of Road also entitles the Company to Ten Million Four Hundred Thousand Acres of Land, located in Central Minnesota, Eastern Dakota, and the Columbia Valley on the Pacific Coast. The bonds are secured by a first mortgage on the Road, its Traffic and Franchise, and on the entire Land Grant received from the government. The rate of interest is seven and Three-Tenths, Gold, equivalent to about Eight and a Quarter per cent. in Currency. Believing the security to be ample, and the rate of interest satisfactory, we recommend these bonds as a desirable investment. Holders of United States 5-20s and high-priced corporate securities may materially increase both their principal and their interest income by exchanging for Northern Pacific's.

JAY COOKE & CO.

NEW YORK PRODUCE MARKET. MONDAY, SEPT. 2, 1872. BRANSTUFF.—At the opening of the week sellers advanced their quotations on nearly all grades of old wheat. New wheat flour without improvement. There was a fair trade in superfine No. 2, extra and fancy stock, Southern and Minnesota. We quote Superfine State and Western, 9 lbs., \$3.80; extra State, \$3.75; do. Western, \$3.70; do. double extra, \$3.65; do. triple extra, \$3.60; do. city extra, \$3.55; do. family extra, \$3.50; do. Southern, \$3.45; do. do. \$3.40; do. shipping extra, \$3.35; do. do. \$3.30; do. do. \$3.25; do. do. \$3.20; do. do. \$3.15; do. do. \$3.10; do. do. \$3.05; do. do. \$3.00; do. do. \$2.95; do. do. \$2.90; do. do. \$2.85; do. do. \$2.80; do. do. \$2.75; do. do. \$2.70; do. do. \$2.65; do. do. \$2.60; do. do. \$2.55; do. do. \$2.50; do. do. \$2.45; do. do. \$2.40; do. do. \$2.35; do. do. \$2.30; do. do. \$2.25; do. do. \$2.20; do. do. \$2.15; do. do. \$2.10; do. do. \$2.05; do. do. \$2.00; do. do. \$1.95; do. do. \$1.90; do. do. \$1.85; do. do. \$1.80; do. do. \$1.75; do. do. \$1.70; do. do. \$1.65; do. do. \$1.60; do. do. \$1.55; do. do. \$1.50; do. do. \$1.45; do. do. \$1.40; do. do. \$1.35; do. do. \$1.30; do. do. \$1.25; do. do. \$1.20; do. do. \$1.15; do. do. \$1.10; do. do. \$1.05; do. do. \$1.00; do. do. \$0.95; do. do. \$0.90; do. do. \$0.85; do. do. \$0.80; do. do. \$0.75; do. do. \$0.70; do. do. \$0.65; do. do. \$0.60; do. do. \$0.55; do. do. \$0.50; do. do. \$0.45; do. do. \$0.40; do. do. \$0.35; do. do. \$0.30; do. do. \$0.25; do. do. \$0.20; do. do. \$0.15; do. do. \$0.10; do. do. \$0.05; do. do. \$0.00.

Wheat is moderately active to-day for Spring, mostly for export, though some for milling; sales 53,300 bush, at \$1.62 for No. 2 Chicago Spring and Northwest No. 2, and \$1.55 for soft to dry winter wheat extra Western. Corn opened at \$1.65, with small sales, and closed slow at 64c. for Western mixed, and few sellers at 64c. for Western white; 65c. for fair to good red; 61c. for steam, and 64c. for Western mixed in store. Oats firmer and moderately active; sales 30,800 bush, at 43c. in store, and 44c. for ad. white. Rye, 48c. for Western, and 50c. for black new Western, and 50c. for mixed old ad. and choice new white at 43c.

Flour—Sales of 3,000 bush. Canada field at 95c. in bulk. Cotton—With fair transactions in cotton on the spot, prices are low. Middling uplands, 24½; low middling, 24; and fair, 24½. Demand for September and October export, 855 for consumption, and 19 for speculation.

Provisions—Rice coffee fairly active in jobbing way. Prices are unchanged. 1000 bags at \$15.15; gold. West India grades dull. Maracaibo, 16@17c.; Laguna, 17@17½c.; and Java, 19@21c., all gold. Rice was in fair demand and quiet at 48c. for Western. Corn opened at \$1.65, with small sales, and closed slow at 64c. for Western mixed, and few sellers at 64c. for Western white; 65c. for fair to good red; 61c. for steam, and 64c. for Western mixed in store. Oats firmer and moderately active; sales 30,800 bush, at 43c. in store, and 44c. for ad. white. Rye, 48c. for Western, and 50c. for black new Western, and 50c. for mixed old ad. and choice new white at 43c.

Butter—Sales of 3,000 bush. Canada field at 95c. in bulk. Cotton—With fair transactions in cotton on the spot, prices are low. Middling uplands, 24½; low middling, 24; and fair, 24½. Demand for September and October export, 855 for consumption, and 19 for speculation.

Provisions—Rice coffee fairly active in jobbing way. Prices are unchanged. 1000 bags at \$15.15; gold. West India grades dull. Maracaibo, 16@17c.; Laguna, 17@17½c.; and Java, 19@21c., all gold. Rice was in fair demand and quiet at 48c. for Western. Corn opened at \$1.65, with small sales, and closed slow at 64c. for Western mixed, and few sellers at 64c. for Western white; 65c. for fair to good red; 61c. for steam, and 64c. for Western mixed in store. Oats firmer and moderately active; sales 30,800 bush, at 43c. in store, and 44c. for ad. white. Rye, 48c. for Western, and 50c. for black new Western, and 50c. for mixed old ad. and choice new white at 43c.

Butter—Sales of 3,000 bush. Canada field at 95c. in bulk. Cotton—With fair transactions in cotton on the spot, prices are low. Middling uplands, 24½; low middling, 24; and fair, 24½. Demand for September and October export, 855 for consumption, and 19 for speculation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Disasters on the Water. The steamer *Daniel*, from New York for Aspinwall, was burned at sea on the 15th ult. Some ten persons were drowned by the capsizing of one boat, and one boat is not yet heard from. The other boats arrived safe at Nassau. We are glad to observe that Arthur Temple, son of the Rev. D. H. Temple, is among the saved.

The steamer *Merida*, of the Philadelphia and Hartford Transportation Company, which left Philadelphia August 28 with a cargo of wool, rags, gasoline, &c., took fire on the Thames River on the evening of the 1st, at seven o'clock, and was burned to the water. The captain and crew escaped in boats. The fire is attributed to spontaneous combustion in the wool. Loss \$75,000. But the great marine disaster of the week occurred on Friday morning, between three and four o'clock, by the colliding of the steamer *Merida*, which left this port on the previous evening on her regular trip to Providence, with a heavily loaded schooner. The latter escaped with the loss of her bowsprit, but the *Merida* sunk in about an hour after the collision. Her bows were, however, serviceable, and her entire upper works floated, only breaking to pieces when in the heavy waves near shore at Watch Hill. At first and for a half hour little damage was supposed to have been done to the *Merida*, and it was not until the vessel began to settle, that the passengers were thoroughly aware of their danger. The latest accounts state that out of the 165 persons on board 107 are reported saved and 48 perished. Of the latter 25 bodies have been recovered and 29 are still missing.

Three wrecks on Lake Ontario were caused by the gale of Thursday and Friday. A terrible disaster has also occurred at

BUSINESS AND BENEVOLENCE.

The following sums of money were received at this office some time ago, and have been devoted to the several objects designated by the donors, viz: for a cow for a Home Missionary in Missouri:

Table with columns for names and amounts, including Mrs. Mary Ann McGuire, New York City, \$5.00; J. S. S. S., \$5.00; etc.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

MONDAY, SEPT. 2, 6 P. M. BEEVES number 6,125 for the week against 5,176 last week, and 7,973 for the week last year. The quality was very common, and among the offerings were 107 cases of Texas and Cherokee cattle, and 10 cases of rough State stags, heifers, and thin steers. The demand was sharp, especially for prime beefs, which were not plenty, and prices were advanced nearly 1c. per lb. very poor to strictly prime native steers sellings at 10@14c. per lb., with choice at 14@15c., and Texas and Cherokee cattle at 8@10c. chiefly at 9@9½c. Toward the close Texans were not so readily sold, but the yards were filled with a moderately firm tone.

Sheep and Lambs number 29,402 for the week against 23,382 last week, and 27,729 for the week last year. The market was a shade weaker than on Friday and Saturday. Sheep were dull at 8½c. per lb., with the best going at 7½c., and lambs were slow at 7@9c. per lb.