

not conceive that it was meant to work as it does,—this system of universal telegraphing and interviewing. If some low gathering of boxers and cock-fighters disgraces a village, it is announced by telegraph to the nation. If a murder afflicts some obscure settlement, all the loathsome particulars are paraded before the eyes of millions in a few hours. A match between two sets of ball players is announced as if it were a pitched battle of nations; and if some drunken blasphemer delivers a lecture subversive of every social foundation, he is rewarded by finding himself notorious in twenty-four hours by favour of the telegraph and the press. Worse than all, the last hours of felons are chronicled as if they were heroes or martyrs, and every nauseous detail of an execution, not omitting descriptions of the rope, the pulleys, and the black cap, with special reference to the swing and the convulsions of the body, are treated as especially noteworthy. Cannot journalism relieve itself from the degradation of such reporting, and satisfy the public mind with something less ignoble and quite as interesting?

I have seen the contrast between merit and demerit made very apparent, at times in its relations to the telegraph; for example: a man walking for a wager passed through a village, while an accomplished but unknown scholar, in the very same village was, for a benevolent purpose and at a considerable tax to his slender purse, giving some brilliant scientific experiments and accompanying them by elucidations not unworthy of Davy or Farraday. This latter incident was of "no popular interest," the former event was published the next morning in a hundred journals, if not in a thousand. A man fell down the hoist in a drunken fit and killed himself; hard by a young artist opened an exhibition of very meritorious paintings, giving the profits of the exhibition to an institution of charity. I need not say which of these facts was deemed worthy of electric and typographical celebrity. I might give many other contrasts, but I merely suggest them. Observe the importance that is attached to everything that is allied to crime, to unhealthy mental appetite, to the discreditable and irregular in social life, and to what is pernicious in general, and reflect on the obscurity to which almost everything and everybody and every movement are related, if they are only identified with "good report, wherein there is virtue and wherein there is praise."—*Bishop Cox in N. Y. Observer.*

British and Foreign Record.

While the Non-conformist Memorial Hall is being built in London, a "Congregational House" has been bought in Boston, and is being accommodated to its uses, as the repository of a public library, especially rich in denominational history, the head-quarters of all our societies, and the general rendezvous of Congregational folk visiting or dwelling at "the Hub." Two large houses solidly built of granite, at the corner of Beacon and Somerset Streets, very central therefore, have been bought for \$194,000, and \$120,000 more are to be spent in rendering them fire-proof and suitable to their new destination. Boston has done well for the undertaking; but it is painful

to read how Mr Secretary Langworthy has to belabour the four out of every five churches outside who have not touched it with one of their fingers. One of the plans is to hold a Fair on the 21st October next, at which it is designed to have series of photographic albums with a likeness of every Congregational minister in the United States, to be placed in the library. When the House is once paid for, rents for offices will yield a sufficient income to sustain the library, while it will be a great convenience to have all general denominational organizations, under one roof. The Presbyterians have such a house in Philadelphia, and the Methodists in New York.