

CHURCH STATISTICS.

The *Nonconformist*, of which Mr. Edward Miall, the leader of the movement for Disestablishment, is the editor, has finally concluded the statistical tables which it has been publishing of late, and in which it has been exhibiting the comparative strength of Churchmanship and Dissent in England. The point which is elucidated by the tables of the *Nonconformist* is the relative amount of church accommodation furnished by the Established Church and by the various dissenting bodies in eighty-four large towns. Everybody knows that anything may be proved by figures like these; but those who have compiled these statistics seem to have aimed at perfect impartiality, and the conclusions to which they lead have only been slightly modified by the most scorching criticism. In a former notice of portions of these tables we referred to the estimate of an English statistician that church sittings in any community are sufficient when they will accommodate 58 per cent. of the population—only that proportion of the whole number of the inhabitants being able, on the average, to attend church on any given Sunday. The population of these 84 English towns is 5,913,919. They contain 4,843 places of worship, with sittings for 2,644,523 persons, nearly 45 per cent. of the population. This is only 13 per cent. less than what would be an adequate provision. It is also interesting to note that, while the population of these towns has increased during the last 20 years at the rate of 34 per cent., the church accommodations have increased at the rate of 49 per cent. Those who suppose that the Christian religion is losing its hold upon the population may find these statistics instructive. Comparing the Established and the Non-established churches in their relation to this work, we find that of these sittings the former provide 1,040,672, and the latter 1,603,851; or, reducing the figures to a fractional statement, the established churches furnish less than two-fifths of the means of public worship and the Non-established churches more than three-fifths. In only 77 of these towns is it possible to ascertain the relative rate of increase between Church and Dissent. In these towns it is shown that, while the progress of the Church of England has been at the rate of 34 per cent., that of the Nonconformists has been at the rate of 59 per cent. This rapid gain of the Dissenters upon the State Church is a significant fact. It is admitted that in London, which is not included in these statistics, and in the rural districts, the comparison would not be so favorable to Nonconformists. In the country parishes, taken as a whole, the Churchmen are still in the majority; but it is certain that where the population increases most rapidly the Free churches show the greatest relative progress. Our readers may be interested to see the relative standing of the principal denominations in these eighty-four towns, as illustrated by the number of sittings in their churches. Church of England, 1,040,672; Wesleyans, 838,161; Congregationalists, 311,061; Baptists, 228,977; Roman Catholics, 182,045; Primitive Methodists, 181,788; United Methodists, 108,844; Presbyterians, 78,511; New Connexion Methodists, 71,380; Unitarians, 87,865; Calvinistic Methodists, 27,782; Society of Friends, 26,451; Plymouth Brethren, 16,448; Bible Christians, 7,720. Of these religious bodies the Established Church, the Wesleyans, and the Unitarians have increased during the last twenty-one years 34 per cent., the Congregationalists 60 per cent., the Baptists 53 per cent., the Roman Catholics 80 per cent., the Presbyterians 150 per cent., and the various small bodies of Methodists at rapid rates varying from 107 to 146 per cent. The Friends have added only 11 per cent. to their strength. It will be observed that the rate of increase in the small bodies, like the Presbyterians and the minor Methodist sects, is naturally much larger than in the larger bodies. A family of children to which one child is added every year increases the first year 100 per cent., the second 33, the fourth 25, and so on. The rapid growth of the Primitive Methodists and the United Methodists, whose work is done mainly among the laboring classes, is noticeable; also that of the Roman Catholics, which is mainly due to Irish immigration. The whole body of statistics is exceedingly suggestive. It illustrates the patience and thoroughness with which English reformers do their work. Mr. Miall does not rest his cause on sentiment or prejudice; he builds on hard facts, gleaned from a wide field, with infinite labor and care. The statistics explain also the determination shown by the *Times* and other English papers to give the movement for disestablishment a fair consideration. Obviously a church which provides accommodation for only two-fifths of the worshippers in eighty-four large towns of England is hardly entitled to the exclusive patronage of the state.

There are 2,475 liquor shops and eight dogs licensed in Chicago. The "Herald and Presbyter" tersely says: "The licensing of dogs is a measure for the protection of lambs. For whose good are the grog-shops licensed?"

Kodama, the young Japanese law student, whose name some time since united with the Methodist Church in Washington, intends to abandon the study of law, for the sake of studying for the ministry, hoping to return to Japan and establish there a Methodist church.

The lumbermen in Northwestern Pennsylvania are becoming seriously alarmed at the rapid destruction of their forests. They estimate that over 500,000,000 feet of pine lumber are annually cut on the Susquehanna and its tributaries, and that if this is continued for three years longer, all the lumber now standing will be exhausted.

The best people of Syracuse, N. Y., being determined that the law-breaking liquor-dealers should be held responsible for their contemptuous disregard and violation of the Sabbath-laws, formed a committee of one hundred to attend to the duty. A large number of rum-sellers have been prosecuted, and as this result nine-tenths of their grog-shops have been closed, and the city enjoys quiet on the Lord's-day, as would other places where there was a similar spirit.

DO HORSES REASON?

For many years I have made the horse a subject of careful thought and study. At times I have been led to believe that horses have reasoning powers, and can understand and apply them in various ways. For the last two years I have driven my mare nearly every day over the same road. About one mile from my home are two roads, one leading to the church, the other to the depot. Now six days in the week I drive to the cars, and on Sunday to the church. At the point where the roads separate, I give my mare her head, leaving her free to make her choice, and on week days she will go straight to the depot, and on Sundays, she goes, of her own free will, to the church; I never knew her to fail me yet. It puzzled me for a long time to learn how she should know any difference in days; and I have come to the conclusion that she reasons from facts—facts connected with everyday life. On week days I start from my stable in a two wheel carriage; on Sunday I start from my house in a carry all, thus making an entire change, both in time, place, and carriage; and from these facts she must be guided.

THE AIRLESS MOON.—Among the illusions swept away by modern science was the pleasant fancy that the moon was a habitable globe, like the earth, its surface diversified with seas, lakes, continents, and islands, and varied forms of vegetation. Theologians and savants gravely discussed the probabilities of its being inhabited by a race of sentient beings, with forms and faculties like our own, and even propounded schemes for opening communication with them, in case they existed. One of these was to construct on the broad highlands of Asia a series of geometrical figures on a scale so gigantic as to be visible from our planetary neighbor, on the supposition that the moon people would recognize the object and immediately construct similar figures in reply! Extravagant and absurd as it may appear in the light of modern knowledge, the establishment of this Terrestrial and Lunar Signal Service Bureau was treated as a feasible scheme, although practical difficulties, which so often keep men from making fools of themselves, stood in the way of actual experiment; but the discussion was kept up at intervals, until it was discovered that if there were people in the moon they must be able to live without breathing, or eating, or drinking. Then it ceased.

There can be no life without air. Beautiful to the eye of the distant observer, the moon is a sepulchral orb—a world of death and silence. No vegetation clothes its vast plains of stony desolation, traversed by monstrous crevasses, broken by enormous peaks that rise like gigantic tombstones into space; no lovely forms of cloud float in the blackness of its sky. There daytime is only night lighted by a rayless sun. There is no rosy dawn in the morning, no twilight in the evening. The nights are pitch-dark. In daytime the solar beams are lost against the jagged ridges, the sharp points of the rocks, or the steep sides of profound abysses; and the eye sees only grotesque shapes relieved against fantastic shadows black as ink, with none of that pleasant gradation and diffusion of light, none of the subtle blending of light and shadow, which make the charm of a terrestrial landscape. A faint conception of the horrors of a lunar day may be formed from an illustration representing a landscape taken in the moon in the centre of the mountainous region of Aristarchus. There is no color, nothing but dead white and black. The rocks reflect passively the light of the sun; the craters and abysses remain wrapped in shade; fantastic peaks rise like phantoms in their glacial cemetery; the stars appear like spots in the blackness of space. The moon is a dead world: she has no atmosphere.—From "Earth and Air," by S. S. CONANT, in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

THE EARLIEST NEWSPAPER.—Authorities have differed widely as to the nation and city entitled to the honor of having started the first printed newspaper. For many years it was supposed that the credit belonged to England. It was claimed that the British Museum had a copy of the earliest paper in its collection. It was called the *English Mercurius*, and printed July 29, 1588; but it has been shown that this copy, like specimens of rare old coins, was spurious, and gotten up for sale. Watts, the bibliographer of the Museum, who saw, on examination, that the type and paper were of modern origin, and did not belong to the sixteenth century, exposed the forgery. It was an ingenious fabrication, pretending to give the news of the Spanish Armada, which was destroyed in the English Channel by Drake and Howard a day or two previous to the date of the sheet. There were seven numbers of this spurious *Mercurius* produced—four in manuscript and three in print.

Venice has also claimed the honor of leading the way in giving newspapers to the world. The *Gazzetta*, thus known because it sold for a small piece of money called gazetta, it is asserted, was printed there in 1670, and it is pretended that copies of this paper of that date are in one or two collections in London. But late discoveries have apparently established the claim of the old German city of Nuremberg to this high honor. A paper called the *Gazette*, according to trustworthy authorities, was printed in that city as early as 1477, five years after Peter Schoeffer cast the first metal type in matrices. Nuremberg, with the first paper in the fifteenth century, also claims the honor of the first paper in the sixteenth century. There is an anciently printed sheet in the Libri collection which antedates all others except the sheet of 1457 and the *Chronicle* of Cologne. It is called the *Heute Zeitung aus Hispanien und Italien*, and bears the date of February, 1534. The British Museum, it is said, has a duplicate of this sheet.

That to Germany belongs the honor not only of the first printers and the first printing, but also of the first printed newspaper, it has also another claim to distinction. In 1615 Egenolf Eumel started the *Frankfurter Oderposten Zeitung*, the first daily paper in the world. This journal is still published; and the city of Frankfurt is to erect a monument in honor of its founder and editor as the father of newspapers.—From "Newspapers and Editors," by S. S. CONANT, in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

FEED FOWLS A LITTLE AND OFTEN.

It is a very careless method of feeding fowls which we see so often adopted, where the grain is thrown down in great heaps on the ground or floor. It is not only wasteful, but injurious to the fowls, because they get over-fed, and it is in an important respect contrary to their habits. For their nature is to "scratch." Watch the old hen with a brood when she is just let out of the coop. She hardly stirs from the spot, but as soon as she has realized her freedom down goes her claws into the soil, and afterward, whenever you see her, she is at it. Always feed, then, not more than can be eaten at once, and take care that this is so scattered amongst some light rubbish that they may have the luxury of scratching for it. If feed is buried in fresh earth, then they get, with their mouthful of grain, something of use to their peculiar digestive organs. Grain, however, should not be allowed to come in contact with the filthy tainted soil too often found in the poultry-yard.—*The Poultry World*.

MR. FROUDE'S ASSAILANTS.—As for the assaults upon Mr. Froude's historical candor and accuracy, they have been urged with the ferocity of ecclesiastical zeal and not in the temper of truth-seeking. The charge of forgery or perversion of manuscripts he offered, in the most manly way, to leave to the only satisfactory tribunal. The charges of false citation of printed papers he very properly did not undertake to answer, except in the most general way, when separated from the original authorities.

These charges relate chiefly to Mr. Froude's view of Mary, Queen of Scotland, and however he may dispose of them, he will not, of course, dispose of the old feud upon the subject. There is a Roman Catholic view of Mary Stuart, just as Father Burke gave us the Roman Catholic view of the massacre of St. Bartholomew and of the revolt of the Netherlands. Now, when a historical subject has become a matter of ecclesiastical difference of opinion, as Mary of Scotland not unnaturally has, there will be tremendous arguments upon both sides, but never a settlement. Miss Strickland, indeed, is not of Mary's religious faith, but those who are uniformly of opinion that she is blackly maligned. Perhaps she is. Certainly the evidence is accessible to the reader, and there are eloquent advocates who thunder for her and against her. Only let us not mistake the passionate vituperation of the opposite counsel for argument.

In speaking of Sophia Dorothea, the unhappy wife of George the First of England, Thackeray says: "She has bewitched two or three persons who have taken her up, and they won't believe in her wrong. Like Mary of Scotland, she finds adherents ready to conspire for her, even in history, and people who have to deal with her are charmed and fascinated and bedeviled. How devotedly Miss Strickland has stood by Mary's innocence! Are there not scores in this audience who persist in it too? Innocent! I remember as a boy how a great party persisted in declaring Caroline of Brunswick was a martyred angel. So was Helen of Greece innocent. She never ran away with Paris, the dangerous young Trojan. Menelaus, her husband, ill-used liar, and there never was any siege of Troy at all. So was Blue-beard's wife innocent. She never peeped into the closet where the other wives were with their heads off. She never dropped the key or stained it with blood, and her brothers were quite right in finishing Blue-beard, the cowardly brute! Yes, Caroline of Brunswick was innocent; and Madame Laffarge never poisoned her husband; and Mary of Scotland never blew up hers; and poor Sophia Dorothea was never unfaithful; and Eve never took the apple—it was a cowardly fabrication of the serpent."—*EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR*, in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

TEN GOOD FRIENDS.—"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried idle Dennis, with a yawn.

"Good friends! why you have ten!" replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked at his large, strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have, and there's ten," said the lad.

"Then, never say you have not got ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

If you are not your own friend it is foolish to expect others to befriend you. Providence only helps those who help themselves.

Give every kind of knowledge its due attention and respect: but what science is to be compared to the knowledge of Christ crucified? Had a traveller lost his way in some desert, where he had wandered until he was fainting with hunger and thirst, for what would he first ask?—for music?—for paintings? No! He would ask for bread—for water! Anything else offered him would be a mockery of his misery.

Who is the most miserable man on earth? and whither shall we go to seek him? Not to the tavern! not to the theatre! not even to a brothel!—but to the church! That man who has sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, under the awakening and affecting calls of the Gospel, and has hardened his heart against these calls—he is the man whose condition is the most desperate of all others. "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! and thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to Heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell."

HEART DISEASE.

The *London Lancet* says:—"The death returns show that during the last twenty years there has been a steadily progressive rise in the registered mortality from heart disease in England and Wales. In the year 1850 the recorded fatal cases numbered 11,356, in 1860 they amounted to 11,738, and in 1870 to 25,260. We get a more accurate measure of this increase when the growth of the population is taken into account. Thus, in the quinquennium 1851-55 the average annual mortality from heart disease among males was 7.8 per 10,000 males living; in the next five years it was 8.4; in 1861-65 it was 9.9; and 10.9 in 1866-70. The fatality of the disease among females was slightly below the foregoing male ratios, but was marked by an equally rapid growth in the four groups of years. Fully one third of the entire mortality of males as well as of females occurred between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five; in the first twenty years of life the fatality is comparatively slight—less than 2 per 10,000; from twenty to forty-five years, and over sixty years, the range is from 5 to 8 per 10,000.

Every great book is an action, and every great action is a book.—LUTHER.

Sympathy with nature is a part of the good man's religion.—F. H. HEDGECOCK.

Our humanity were a poor thing but for the divinity that stirs within us.—BACON.

All our life goeth like Penelope's web—what one hour effects the next destroys.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Every great man is unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow.—EMERSON.

Let our lives be pure as snow fields, white as our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.—MADAME SWETCHINE.

There is always a hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone there is perpetual despair.—CARLYLE.

Inspect the neighbourhood of thy life; every shelf, every nook of thy abode; and nestling in quarter thyself in the farthest and most domestic windings of thy snail-house.—RICHTER.

There are some men's souls that are so thin, so almost destitute of what is the true idea of soul, that were not the guardian angels so keen-sighted, they would altogether overlook them.—BEECHER.

There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired and to have recovered hope.—ADAM BEDE.

Nothing is more common than for great thieves to ride in triumph when small ones are punished. But let wickedness escape as it may, at the last it never fails of doing itself justice; for every guilty person is his own hangman.—SENeca.

Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good, let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.—BUADILLA.

The thinker requires exactly the same light as the painter, clear, without direct sunshine or blinding reflection, and, where possible, from above.—SCHLEGEL.

None deserve the character of being good who have not spirit enough to be bad; goodness, for the most part, is either indolence or impotence.—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

What poetical suicides and sublime despair might have been prevented by a timely dose of blue pill, or the offer of a *loge aux Italiens*!—*Sir Charles Morgan*.

Vulgar opulence fills the street from wall to wall of the houses, and begrudges all but the gutter to everybody whose sleeve is a little worn at the elbows.—JOHN WEISS.

Statutes are mere milestones, telling how far yesterday's thoughts have travelled; and the talk of the sidewalk to-day is the law of the land. With us law is nothing unless behind it stands a warm, living public opinion.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Philosophers have done wisely when they have told us to cultivate reason rather than our feelings, for reason reconciles us to the daily things of existence; our feelings teach us to yearn after the far, the difficult, the unseen.—BULWER LYTTON.

Divine wisdom, intending to detain us some time on earth, has done well to cover with a veil the prospect of life to come; for if our sight could clearly distinguish the opposite bank, who would remain on this tempestuous coast.—MADAME DE STAEL.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, a magistrate; but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations between the creature and his creator.—WEBSTER.

Loveliness and dignity are too precious not to excite a desire of imitation in vain and foolish hearts. But there is but one way to accomplish such an imitation: It is to imitate the sentiments which those virtues embody. Any other imitation is a mere aping, which will soon betray itself by the extravagance of its forms. As the affectation of the sublime becomes pomposity, and the affectation of nobleness mere ostentation, so the affectation of loveliness becomes pedantic precision, mere formalism, and the affectation of dignity a rigid and solemn gravity.—SCHILLER.

As people grow older they come at length to live so much in memory that they often think with a kind of pleasure of losing their dearest blessings. Nothing can be so perfect while we possess it as it will seem when remembered. The friend we love best may sometimes weary us by his presence or vex us by his infirmities. How sweet to think of him as he will be to us after we have outlived him—ten or a dozen years. They've a way of coming back in our best moments, bid him stay with us as long as we want his company, and send him away when we wish to be alone again.—O. W. HOLMES.

Scientific and Useful.

FROZEN APPLES.

If apples freeze in barrels, or heaps, or wherever they happen to be, there is no use in thinking that they are practically ruined. If allowed to thaw rapidly, or as fast as the temperature of the atmosphere changes, they will not, probably, command a very remunerative price. If, however, they are covered over with straw, or what-ever is convenient, so as to exclude light and air, or if the room where they are is darkened, or if they are removed to a dark cellar where the temperature is moderately cold, they will thaw gradually, and will be almost as good as ever. The frost must be drawn out slowly, or the apples will be spoiled. When in a frozen state apples should be handled very carefully or not at all. If they are poured out of a barrel or basket, or if they are shovelled from one place to another, they will be covered on thawing with slight bruises, and will quickly decay. Apples may remain frozen all winter, or may freeze and thaw an indefinite number of times during the winter, if only the thawing is regulated as described above. If apples are frozen in the barrels on the way they should be kept headed, and covered as closely as possible from the air. They will upon after a gradual thawing almost as if they had never been frost-bitten.

REMEDY FOR FEVERISHNESS.

When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, one of the best "coolers" is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf-sugar, working it down into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner. With most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort, and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at "ten-time" is for some an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of summer, and would give many a man a comfortable night's sleep and an appetite for breakfast to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea, or supper of "relish," and cakes, and berries and cream.

HINTS ABOUT HOUSES.

Many houses, from the mansion to the cottage, are unwholesome for some of the following reasons:

1. Damp basements.
2. Cesspools and foul drains within the basement.
3. Rotten timber in floors and skirtings, and tainted wall-papers.
4. Kitchen-sinks in improper places and unventilated.
5. Water-closets in improper places and unventilated.
6. Rooms without adequate means for ventilation.
7. Water-cisterns and pumps in improper places, and so the water is contaminated.

Houses are also unwholesome from personal dirt, personal carelessness, and personal neglect. As when:

1. Rooms are not sufficiently cleaned.
2. Carpets are left down too long, and never swept.
3. Windows are seldom opened from the top.
4. Closets are dirty, neglected, and without ventilation.
5. Dirty beds are unmade, and are also shrouded by dirty hangings.
6. Dirty wardrobes and dirty clothes-closets.
7. Nooks, corners, and shelves which are never dusted.

Persons who are about to build dwelling-houses should have the following suggestions in mind:

The subsoil beneath a house should be naturally dry, or it should be made dry by land-draining.

The ground-floor of a house should not be below the level of the land, street or road outside.

A site excavated on the side of a hill or steep bank is liable to be dangerous. As external ventilation may be defective, and the subsoil water from above may soak toward and beneath such houses, middens, ashpits, cesspools at the back must taint such basements.

The subsoil within every basement should have a layer of concrete over it.

Cesspools, cesspits, sink-holes, or drains should not be formed within house basements.

The ground around dwelling-houses should be paved, flagged, asphalted, covered with concrete, or be prepared and gravelled.

Outside channels should be in good order and be regularly cleansed.

House-eaves should be guttered and spouted.

To raise the pile of velvet when pressed down: Cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor from the cloth passing through the velvet will raise the pile, with the assistance of a light whisk.

The best method to make old silk look like new, and one that is employed by millions, is to sponge over the outside with strong cold black tea. The silk should afterward be ironed outside.

To clean kid gloves: First see that your hands are clean, then put on your gloves and wash them as though you were washing your hands, in a basin of spirits of turpentine. This method is used in Paris, to the great profit of many persons. The gloves should be hung in the air, or some dry place, to carry away the smell of turpentine.

Rancid lard may be purified by trying it over with a little water, adding a few sliced raw potatoes. The potatoes seem to remove the bad taste from the lard.