

"never to give up when I was in the right and any important principle was involved, but always to make haste to give up when I was in the wrong, as you are now."

"Principle!" cried Ned; "what principle is involved here?"

"It is the principle which is at the bottom of all human society, that of doing to others as you would have others do to you—the principle of justice. Without that there is nothing but war among nations, and only two classes in society—tyrants and slaves."

"If you had said masters and slaves that is just what I believe in," exclaimed Pryor in the most overbearing manner. "There are born masters, and I am one. There are born slaves, white or black, it makes no difference; although the white haven't found their place yet. They'll find it in a few years though!" and he looked at Salmon in a way which said, "You are one."

Salmon was very indignant, but he did not deign a reply. Pryor would, after all, have been obliged to go for the basket himself if some other boy had not been foolish enough to save him the trouble, and he took his turn at carrying it afterward without further words. A few more encounters with Salmon taught him respect for his abilities and fear of his boldness. Of higher emotions he probably was not capable.

But what of the blustering prediction of this haughty Virginian? for such he was. What became of himself we know not, but the sturdy, manly New England boy whom he tried to bully *has* found his place, though perhaps he may yet attain a higher one. For the name of this uncouth, but noble fellow was SALMON P. CHASE. He became an upright and successful lawyer, a governor of Ohio, United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln, and is now Chief Justice of the United States Court. In the capacity of Secretary of the Treasury he did the nation untold service during the greatest crisis that has come upon us since the Revolution. I wish I had his likeness for you, but since I have not, get some one to show you a one dollar greenback and there you will see the calm, noble countenance of the man who has brought his boyish love of justice up through all his life, the man who in high places has for many years fought slavery, relieved the oppressed, and who now commands the honor and love of a great nation.

J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE BOY AND HIS BODY.



BOY'S body is the house which God has built for his soul to dwell in while it remains in this world. It is very curiously built, and its Builder has shown wondrous skill in its construction. It is made of very delicate materials, and if its owner does not take good care of it will give him a good deal of trouble and pain. If it is not kept clean, for example, the countless little pores which are in the skin will be closed and fever will follow: if it is exposed to a sudden chill when heated, if the feet are kept wet and cold, if too much or too rich food is eaten, if exercise in the open air is neglected, or if the brain is excited by novel reading, sickness of some kind is sure to follow earlier or later. Hence, the boy who would take care of his body will avoid all acts and habits which he is told by his parents and instructors are hurtful to health. He will not neglect to do those things which they point out as necessary to escape disease, but he will do his best to keep his body sound and in good health.

Why will he do this? Because his body belongs to God, and is only loaned to him as a home for his soul to dwell in until Death carries it to another

world. God expects every boy to take care of his body, because the soul cannot grow in health, strength, wisdom, and goodness in a sick body as rapidly and as well as it can in a well one. For his own sake, therefore, and for the sake of pleasing his Creator, a boy who means to be upright will take care to do no harm to his body, but he will try to keep the precept which says, "Glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." U. U.

### HOW TO BE WELL.

TAKE the open air—  
The more you take the better;  
Follow Nature's laws  
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go  
To the Bay of Biscay;  
Let alone the gin,  
The brandy, and the whisky.

Freely exercise—  
Keep your spirits cheerful;  
Let no dread of sickness  
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food;  
Drink the pure cold water;  
Then you will be well—  
Or, at least, you ought to!



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### GREATER THAN THE PHALANX.

DID you ever hear of the Macedonian phalanx? More than three hundred years before Christ lived ALEXANDER, a king of Macedon, in Greece. He was a great general and conqueror, and his astonishing and brilliant deeds are the admiration of men to this day. In the center of his army he was accustomed to place a certain body of troops called "The Phalanx." This was composed of sixteen thousand men, who were arranged in sixteen lines, a thousand in each line.

These men carried, each one, a thick brazen shield on his left arm, and with both hands he grasped a huge heavy spear sharply pointed with steel. The spears of those in several of the ranks behind projected in front, so that there was, bristled with points of steel, a thick wall of men which no power in those days could overthrow or withstand. The most fiery war-horses, the hugest elephants might dash against this wall, but it would only be to their own destruction. For these were men selected for their immense strength and power of endurance, as ship-builders select the stoutest oak for the buffet of the great sea waves.

As I read this ancient story I said, "It is very grand! An invincible front of living men, with such muscles and nerves, with such iron wills, standing like a granite mountain to receive the onset of the enemy, or moving forward like some gigantic monster of old fable, stopped by nothing, to crush and trample down everything that opposed it!"

But I will tell you what seems to me a great deal more wonderful and sublime than this. Two hundred years ago there lived in New England two men who had been appointed by the Lord Jesus to preach the glad news of salvation to men. These men were

JOHN ELIOT, of Roxbury, Mass., and THOMAS MAYHEW, of Martha's Vineyard.

New England at this time was a vast forest. Handfuls of Englishmen had settled here and there among the fierce, wild nations who peopled the wilderness, and they had their churches and their ministers. Now these two men whom I have named could not content themselves with preaching to those who had already heard the way of salvation. They felt an unspeakable pity and love for the poor heathen about them, and were so very earnest and anxious to rescue them from the kingdom of darkness that no hardship or self-denial, no danger or difficulty could stop them.

Thomas Mayhew was the son of the governor of Martha's Vineyard. He could speak the Indian language readily, and he went about among them showing them that he really loved them and winning back their love in return. Far into the night he would sit in their cheerless, disagreeable huts, telling them of the surprising love of the Lord Jesus, how he came among men and died to deliver them from the power of evil forever. You and I could scarcely endure to breathe for a moment the stifling smoke and disagreeable odors of these uncomfortable wigwams, for they had no chimneys; the fire was built on stones in the center of the hut, and the smoke found its way out as best it could. Wolfish dogs, with perhaps a tamed wolf, mixed around the fire with their half clad savage masters. If this governor's son had thought only of his own ease and comfort he would have staid in his father's house or gone back to beautiful England.

He *did* go back to England—rather, he made the attempt—but not for the enjoyment of the luxuries and pleasures of a courtly life. His whole soul was given to the work of Christ for these wild men of the woods. And they could not resist him. In 1662 there were almost three hundred who had given up their dark superstitions and become "praying Indians," as they were called, and among these were eight of their pawaws, or priests, which was the more to be remarked as they were at first violent opposers to the work, and hated Christ as the Jewish rulers did of old.

As I told you, he made the attempt to return to England. He went to obtain help from Christians there in printing the Bible for his people. But the ship was lost at sea, and God took him home. As soon as the tidings came back to New England, his good old father, the governor, who was then seventy years old, took his son's place as missionary. He would travel twenty miles on foot through the tangled forest to teach the way of life notwithstanding he had the duties of his office to perform. And when at ninety-two years of age the Lord called him away, another Mayhew took his place, and after him another, and then another and another, generation after generation, until more than a century had passed, bringing us almost to the time of the war of the Revolution.

I have not space to tell you of the fearless, noble John Eliot, who began his mission at the same time with the first Mayhew, laboring with wonderful success. But I must just tell you what reply he made to the enraged priests who threatened him with torture and dreadful death. He said:

"I am about the work of the great God. My God is with me, so that I neither fear you nor all the sachems in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare."

Compared with these men, how like a machine of mere wood and iron seems the Macedonian phalanx! Do you not think so? For Alexander was not fighting for some great principle as our Union soldiers are. It was only through his love of conquest and desire for self-aggrandizement that he did the deeds men call "great." But I am sure, in the sight of the Master, John Eliot and the Mayhews were far greater.

UNA LOCKE.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.