

THE MORALS OF JOURNALISM.

In the absence of journalism which have been started by editorial conventions and the establishment of clubs of journalism in one or two academic institutions it is well not to forget the matter of morals. A great deal of indignation has been meted out to those presses which publish quick advertisements, calculated to encourage vice and crime. In this thing, a goat is strained at that a camel may be swallowed, for, almost without exception, the papers which denounce and refuse to publish these advertisements, take endless pains to spread before their readers the details of the crimes which the advertisements are supposed to engender or encourage. Murders, suicides, seductions, adulteries, burglaries, thefts, scandals—all disagreeable and disgraceful things—detailed histories of events which appeal to prurient tastes and a morbid desire for coarse and brutal excitement—are not these the leading material of a great multitude of our daily papers? We may be mistaken, but we believe that there is no department of the world's news given with such exhaustive particularity as that which relates to vice and crime. If this be doubted, let the first paper at hand be taken up, and the fact will, we think, be determined as we apprehend it. We know that in many papers the remedial agencies of society—the churches, schools, social conventions—private and organized charities—beg for space that is freely accorded to the record of a petty thief or an unfaithful husband or wife. That which will make a spicy paragraph is chosen before that which will make a healthy one.

Nor is this all. The crimes which are thus spread before the public for its daily food are often treated like anything but crimes. Some of our papers have a way of doing up their columns of local crime as if it were all a joke. The writer makes an ingenious jest of everything he is called upon to notice. The poor women who are lost to virtue and society, with hell within them and before them, furnish grateful themes for the reporter's careless pleasantries. Their arraignment, their trial, their sentence, their appearance, their words, are chronicled in unfeeling slang, with the intent to excite laughter. That which to a good man or woman is infinitely pathetic is made to appear a matter to be laughed at, or to be passed over as of no account. A case of infidelity in the marriage relation, involving the destruction of the peace of families, the disgrace of children, and the irreparable shame of the parties primarily concerned, comes to us labelled: "rich developments." The higher the life involved and the purer the reputation, the "richer the developments" always. Nothing pleases our jesting reporter like large game. A clergyman is the best, next a lay member, and then any man or woman who may be in a high social position. "Crime in high life" is a particularly grateful dish for those to serve up who cater for the prurient public. It is impossible not to conclude that the men who write these items and articles delight in them, and that the men who publish them regard them only with relation to their mercantile value. We know of nothing more heartless than the way in which criminals and crime are treated by a portion of the daily press, and nothing more demoralizing to the public and to those who are guilty of trifling with them under the license of the reporter's pen. It is a bad, bad business. It is an evil which every paper claiming to be respectable ought to cut up, root and branch. So long as crime is treated lightly it is encouraged. So long, too, as the edifying, informing, remedial and purifying agencies of the world are subordinated in the public notice to the records of vice and crime, simply because they are less startling or spicy, it is nonsense to talk about quick advertisements, and a parade of mock virtue which deserves both to be pitted and laughed at.

The daily paper has now become a visitor in every family of ordinary intelligence. It has become the daily food of children and youth all over our country, and it ought never to hold a record which would naturally leave an unwholesome effect upon their minds. If crime is recorded, it should be recorded as crime, and with a conscientious exclusion of all details that the editor would exclude were he called upon to tell the story to his boy upon his knee, or to his grown-up daughter sitting at his side. The way in which nastiness and beastliness are advertised in criminal reports is abominable. It is not necessary: it is not on any account desirable. A thousand things of greater moment and of sweeter import pass unnoticed by the press every day. The apology that the press must be exact, impartial, faithful, literal, etc., is a shabby one. A press is never impartial, when, by the predominance it gives to crime in its reports, it conveys the impression that crime is the most important thing to be reported, when, in truth, it is the least important. Its records do not blunder crime, do not nourish virtue, do not advance intelligence, do not purify youth, do not bathe in the best interests of society: and the absorption of the columns of the public press by them is a stupendous moral nuisance that ought to be abated.

We do not expect the press to be much in advance of the people either in morality or intelligence. It is quite as much the outgrowth as the degeneration of civilization, but it ought to be purified from the best American spirit and culture and not the worse. We should have, probably, as long as crime exists, professional scavengers who follow in its wake, clean and gorge its uncleanness. We should have such now, and a beastly breed who follow after them. But why a press which is to be respectable should deign to do duty to assist in their dirty work escapes our comprehension. We repeat: it is not necessary. It is not on any account desirable.—Dr. J. G. Holland, Scribner's for August.

Hadst thou wronged thee? he bravely re-venge, slight it, and the k is begun—forgive it. And it is finished. he is below himself that is not above an injury.—Quarles.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

THE PERSIA OF TO-DAY.

The Magazine of Foreign Literature contains a brief description of Persia, drawn from the reports of the secretary of the British Legation at Vienna, who travelled in Persia in 1872, and whose reports are consequently of contemporary value.

"Persia is about as large as Great Britain and France together, but it has no more inhabitants than Ireland alone, i. e., between five and six millions, of whom, according to Mounsey, several thousands have died of hunger during the last few years. This absolutely poor population has to raise a government revenue of at least twelve millions of thalers, but this sum does not suffice to meet the wants of the Government, and floggings, satrapal extortions, and other means used in the East to raise revenue, have long ago lost their power. Persia consists alternately of paradises, such as described by Hafiz and Saadi, and partly by Goethe, in his Westostlicher Dusan, and of deserts of rock, sand and soil.

"Although there are high mountain ranges, it never rains enough, because the heights are destitute forest and there exists no work of irrigation. In the vicinity of the sea the rivers lose their flow in terrible wildernesses, or dead, bitter, and salt lakes. There are the greatest contrasts of temperature. In some parts people perish from cold and fever, while in others they are dying of heat. A strip of coast on the Persian Gulf is during the greater part of the year as hot as an oven, while on the coast of the Caspian Sea there is for at least five months in the year a cold, damp, feverish air. Between these parts there are here and there oases of surpassing beauty, with fields covered with grain or gardens full of roses, lilies and other flowers.

The present capital, Teheran, sits in itself nearly all possible degrees of cold and heat. In mid-winter missionaries skate to the amusement of the Shah and his ministers, on long sheets of ice, which are protected by high walls against the rays of the sun, which are also in winter powerful, in order that the ice may last the longer. During the Summer every one who can get away goes to the slope of the Eboroz mountains; those who must remain live in the heat of the day in subterranean rooms, and at night on the roofs of the houses, in an atmosphere so dry that one cannot catch cold. Good roads are found but rarely or not at all, and travelling is done on horseback; but the Shah, for his own convenience, has had built to his country residence a railway about one German mile in length.

"Travelling is not everywhere without danger, for here there are wild, nomadic horde, who attack and plunder single travellers as well as caravans. The Shah has too many soldiers for the revenues of the country, but too few for its securities. These soldiers drain the country, but look, nevertheless, starved, shabby, and raggedly uniformed. They are frequently but half armed, and seem rather like robbers or beggars than protectors of the country. They drill in the European manner, but very negligently; in fact, they show their decay on their faces, just the same as the country does. Persia is in many places covered with the decayed ruins of very old, and new capitals.

"Passargada, the oldest capital and residence of Persia, near the frontier of Karmania, contained in a fine park, the tomb of Cyrus, its founder, who built the town as a monument of the victory he had gained here over the Median Astyages. To the north-west of it was Persepolis, founded by Cambyses, enlarged and beautified by Darius I. and Xerxes. Ecabatana, at present called Hamadan, was, on account of its agreeable climate, the summer residence of the Persian and Parthian kings, a most magnificent city, with a splendid royal palace. Teheran, the present capital of Persia, and residence of the Shah since the last century, can hardly show a decent building besides the palaces of the Shah and some of his favorites. The streets are narrow, curved and ill-paved, the rooms of the houses low and poorly furnished. The genuine Persians, males and females, are still good looking and well-grown, with an almost German expression of face, but lean and feeble. The only things in the country that have conserved themselves beautiful and powerful are the horses. But ability and taste, wit and humor, cannot have altogether died out, for in the bazars are found many tasteful articles for use and luxury. The chief blessing of Persia, the tasty fruits of all kinds, and the light wines of Ecabatana, or Hamadan, still deserve all the praise given to them by the poet Hafiz."

MURMURING—A TIME-DESTROYING SIN.

The murmuring spirit is much prevalent time in passing—murmuring how to get out of such a world, how to get out of such a job, how to be rid of such a burden, how to revenge himself for such a wrong, how to support such a person, how to reproach those that are above him, and how to do it. These that are below him, and a thousand other ways murmurers have to spend that precious time that some would receive with a world. As Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed cried out, "Time, time, a world of wealth for an inch of time." The murmurer invariably and profusely wastes away that precious time that it is his greatest interest in this world to redeem every day, every hour in the day, is a talent of time, and God expects the improvement of it, and will charge the non-improvement of it upon you at last. Caesar, observing some slaves at home to spend much of their time in making much of little dogs and monkeys, asked them whether the women at that country had no children to make much of. Ah, murmurers, murmurers, you who by your murmuring trifle away so many golden hours and seasons of mercy, have you no God to honor? Have you no Christ to believe in? Have you no hearts to change, no sins to be pardoned, no souls to save, no hell to escape, no heaven to seek after? Oh! if you have, why do you spend so much of your precious time in murmuring against God, against men, against this or that thing?—T. Brooks.

THE NEW PROFESSORSHIP.

Dr. BUSSELL and others are suggesting a new professor in our theological department, whose department it is to be what he calls the "faith power" of Christianity. The necessity for something is superlative, and it is well that it is perceived. That the American Ministry is not effecting the results which Christ intended his ambassadors to accomplish, is too plainly true, but will educational professorships correct it? The power of God is not at all as formerly in this country, and much less so in the private age of Christianity. There is no higher duty than to find the cause and quickly correct it. It is a terrible question, and must have plain dealing.

The theory seems to have been adopted that the way to induce men to embrace the gospel is to please them. What minister would expect to find or retain a good place by saying with Paul and acting it, that it was a very trivial thing with him what his people thought of him? And the churches adopt the same views. If their minister does not please he cannot be popular and will not fill the pews. He must not offend his hearers. He may dwell upon the sins of mankind, and sharply upon the sins of Pharisees, but a still he is deemed discreet to expose faithfully the sins of his own church and people. A popular minister with one of the largest churches and congregations in his State was to preach on temperance, but thought it prudent to intimate the fact to a wealthy liquor dealer in his congregation, who took the hint, and was absent of course. The "offense of the cross ceased."

It is a characteristic fact, that in modern preaching those truths which are most offensive to the natural heart are kept mostly out of sight. Its desperate enmity against God: man lost—dead—children of wrath—servants of Satan: eternal punishment: a new creature by the agency of God: no salvation short of honest repentance, confession, humility, crucifixion to the world, and consecration to Christ's service.

Where do we hear such terrible truths of God's word made to tear open the human heart, strip it bare, raise it to impending doom, pierce it to the hilt with conviction of guilt?

Unaccompanied by this the cross of Christ will have little power to save. But where are they heard with the fearful pungency of Paul, Edwards, Wesley, Payson? Not long ago one of the first preachers in California, felt compelled by peculiar circumstances to preach on future punishment. He began with apology for doing so—expressed his reluctance, and appealed to his hearers to witness that he had seldom if ever discussed the painful subject during a ministry then of many years. Although he clearly proved it to be a doctrine of the Bible, it was not decided whether his argument did more good than his apology did hurt. He was a popular preacher, and excellent man.

Sermons have become essays—learned it may be, and pleasing, attractive and eloquent. But the pungent, square, earnest dealing to "save that which is lost" is not the prevalent style of preaching the gospel, and results show the fearful consequences in part.

For the "faith power" of the first Christian century, we are substituting the "wisdom of this world," and hope to secure the adoption of Christianity by clothing it in the most fascinating—and if money permits—most brilliant dress, like the middle ages; We call it "respectability." If the preacher can meet the demands of popular fancy, he is retained; if not he is thrown aside, and one sought who can. Hundreds are thus lost to the Church. A popular minister recently preached a discourse to the children at the time of a Christian convention. It was about the heart, ingenuous and entertaining; but the necessity for a new heart was scarcely noticed.

If new professors in our seminaries will restore the Christian ministry to the scriptural condition and power, no time should be lost. But would the churches sustain them? This fact is, the standard of religion must be raised in the pulpit, at the door of the church, and in Christian life much nearer to the model of the Bible.

Then will come salvation, and not till then. Pride, worldliness, cowardice, display, big titles, ambition, formality, impetuous religion, superficial revivals or no: spiritual death and a sinking land—these appalling features extend from pulpits to pews—from church to state; and the cry still is for "smooth things." This only can save—God's truth and repentance.—The Christian at heart.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

Men in some parts of the country have peculiar modes of deciding the ownership of a prize to which several attack an equal claim. We have heard of divers, some of them quite original and very quaint; but are scarcely prepared to endorse a story which the Birmingham Morning News says is in circulation, and in which the Bishop of Lichfield is the principal character. It has a smack of editorial journalism about it which renders us rather skeptical. The story is to the effect that while walking in the Black Country, a short time ago, his lordship saw a number of miners seated on the ground, and went towards them with the object of saying a "word in season." He asked them what they were doing, and was told by one of the men that they had been "lovin'." The bishop perceived some astoundment, and asked for an explanation.

"Why yer see," said one of the men, "one on us has got a kettle, and we been a tryin' who can tell the biggest lie to he it." His lordship was shocked, and proceeded to read the men a lecture, telling them, among other things, that he had always been taught that lying was an awful offense, and that, in fact, so strongly had it been impressed upon him that he had never told a lie in the whole course of his life. His lordship had barely finished when one of the men, who had previously remained silent, exclaimed, "Giv the governor the kettle; giv the governor the kettle." We are not informed whether Bishop Selwyn accepted what was considered the well-merited kettle. To have saved the men from further "lovin'" he should have done so. It is clear that the bishop has forgotten that word which tells of going astray from our birth, speaking lies.

THE STORY OF RODGERS.

One of our family papers preaches a strong temperance sermon, by simply telling the story of a woman who, after struggling with the preternatural strength of a loving wife and mother for years against the demon of drink that possessed her husband, conquered it, and made him once again a free man. In his last illness, brandy was prescribed, which he was strong enough to use only as a medicine, but after his death she "turned to it in her grief and died, not many months later, a hopeless, helpless, drunkard." Let us tell a companion story as true as this but of as different a complexion as daylight to night. A few years ago any sunny morning a heap of filthy rags might be seen streched on some of the bales of a paper warehouse in a neighboring city, with a strong smell of stale tobacco and whiskey hanging about it. Turning it over (which you could do as though it were a log any time after you o'clock in the morning), you would find the swollen purple face of what had once been a handsome young man, but there was little hope that the bleared eyes or thick tongue would give an intelligent answer. The porters passing by would push him aside, but not roughly. The time had been when he had been a jolly, generous young fellow, and a favorite in the office. "Young Rodgers," some one would give you his history in five minutes. "Taken to rum—no chance—poor devil. Stokes, the proprietor, could not turn him out to starve, so still gave him a nominal salary, and suffered him to hang about the house lest he should take to worse courses than drinking." There were hints, too, of a widowed mother away off in the country, who had been dependent on him, and a sweetheart, a pretty, clinging little girl, both of whom long ago he had abandoned. But there was nothing to be done. The end, through the usual horrors of delirium tremens, was apparently not far off.

One day, as Rodgers was creeping to the nearest bar for his morning bitters, a man, whom he barely knew by sight, took him by the elbow and walked with him into a quieter street. "They tell me you are Richard Rodgers's son," he said. "Dick Rodgers was the only friend I had for years, and 'or his sake I'd like to save his boy. Are you willing for me to try?" "Oh, you can try," muttered the lad with an imbecile laugh. This nameless friend, nothing daunted, took him to a chamber in his own house and put him to bed. There he and his sons kept watch and guarded this poor wretch for months, like a prisoner, keeping liquor from him, and trying to supply it by medical treatment. A physician he employed, but he was not able to pay for a nurse. Any one who has had to deal with a victim of mania-a-potu can guess how difficult and loathsome a task he had set himself. Ungrateful enough it was at first for Rodgers struggled against his tormentors with the ferocity of—just what he was—a starving animal. As reason began to return, and his unnatural strength to vanish, he would beg them in his intervals of reason not to fail him, but to work out the experiment either to success or death. "It is my last chance," he would cry, "for God's sake be patient." This friend, with his son, did work it through all the foul, unmentionable details, and the end was not death, but success. "How soon," asked a friend of Rodgers afterwards, "were you trusted alone?" "Not for two years," he answered, laughing. "I was out of jail but in jail bounds. Do you remember that lank, muscular young fellow who had a desk beside me in the office? He took it with the condition that he could leave it to dog me night and day, to my meals and to my bed. That was the son of the man who saved me. He was taken from a lucrative situation in order that he might become my jailer. God bless him! How I used to curse him! 'Can't you trust my honor?' I would cry. 'I'm not convinced that your honor has not the consumption,' the Scotch Irishman would say. 'We'll put no burdens on it until it has regained its health.'"

"Your friend was a wealthy man, no doubt, and so able to give both time and money to your case?" "On the contrary, he is but the owner of a small hat-store, and supports his family out of that. He is rich and noble only in the deed and spirit of friendship. All this was years ago. Rodgers is now an industrious, honorable man, married to his old love, with his gray-haired mother by his hearth, bringing to it the perpetual benediction of benignant old age. His friend sells hats—makes no speeches nor fruit of any sort in the world. Nobody has recognized in him a hero. Yet, who for the sake of a dead and living friend would go and do likewise?—Tribune.

LITTLE MISERIES.

Many men take delight in their troubles, and generally these are the people who have really nothing to complain of. It affords some men, for instance, infinite delight to grumble at their dinner—that is, not, perhaps, to find fault with the thing as a whole, but to pick out some one point and unfavorably criticize it. Take such a man, where this course is not legitimately open to him, and he will experience a void, and, if there be real cause for discontent, probably lapse into sullenness. In the former instance, his irritation is generally only short-lived, in the latter, being compelled to keep his grievance to himself, it is of much longer continuance. The falling under consideration grows upon its victims. The man who commences by grumbling at trifling ives, being led thereto, probably, by a simple desire to let off some of his superfluous spleen, too frequently ends by manufacturing troubles to such an extent, and howling about them so loudly, that he becomes a positive nuisance.

There is no being so disagreeable to encounter as a man who seems to have everything that he ought to want, but who is constantly assuming a hypocondriacal mien and talking in such a manner that any one might be accused for thinking that he had been nourished in his infancy upon Cayenne, chillies, or something of an equally warm and irritant nature. Who is unacquainted with that aggravating being who is constantly imagining himself ill, and goes into paroxysms of ill temper upon the subject of draught, who will snarl for two minutes if

by some mischance, you enter the room and forget to close the door after you? Just as familiar is the individual who flies into a passion if anyone meddles with his books or papers. When such a man has a garden it is to him a source of endless annoyance. He is continually in a fume because some thoughtless wight has entered the fence and let the chill air in, thereby ruining a good chance of soiling the grapes, in which he takes so much pride. He is often driven to the verge of distraction by the slugs and insects which destroy his strawberries, his flowers, and blight his apple trees. With his garden he is constantly a loggerhead because that functionary has done this or has omitted to do that. Yet in all that which he complains of, the pain endured on his part is more imaginary than real. As a matter of fact he will suffer no bodily inconvenience were everything he grows destroyed by his enemies. But then he persuades himself that he is deeply aggrieved, and that is the main thing.

It is a significant fact that many people feel as deeply concerning the insignificant trifles of life as ever an Alexander or a Napoleon did regarding his great campaigns. It is not so much the work which one is engaged in it is the spirit in which that work is entered upon, which renders it, from a sentimental point of view, important or otherwise. The great sufferers from small miseries are, for the most part, people whose woes are inseparably connected with their amusements. Many a man could bear of the loss of his fortune with more equanimity than he could be told of the death of a favorite pigeon or dog. Under these circumstances, then, it is not surprising that the idlers of society, as being the most afflicted in the direction indicated, are more distinguished than any other class by the ill grace with which they encounter small troubles, their inability to brook contradiction, and their general unevenness of temper. Speak to one of these, and it will be found frequently that if, owing to his own density, he fails to understand your meaning, he will at once get "huffy," and condemn your stupidity in terms more euphuistic than polite. Endeavor to show him that he is to blame, and the chances are that he has a downright quarrel with you. Nothing is worse than for two such idlers of society to have a "breeze." A tree which allows its branches to grow where it perhaps ought not, but where they are really doing no harm, is a sufficient *causa belli*.

An aimless, do-nothing life has an unmistakable tendency to make man become effeminate and a general whiner. He may, at the commencement of his career, be affable and agreeable, but having, unfortunately, too much time to develop that love of carping and grumbling which seems inherent in us all, he too often ends by becoming a crochety, cranky old vrasp. Thus it is that old people are frequently less easy-going than young ones. They have allowed their fallings in this respect—whatever they may have done in other respects—to grow until they are beyond control, while their juniors, if exhibiting the cloven hoof, do not do so in an ostentatious manner. While unprepared to give much consideration to those who have allowed their vices to get the upper hand of them, we feel that there is some excuse for them, and that it is therefore a good thing that the majority of people have no time to devote to causeless complaining.

MARS.

A brief sketch of the topography of Mars cannot be uninteresting. An icy cap surrounds each pole, varying in extent according to the progress of the season; and around each of these polar caps extends a polar sea. Four great continents occupy the equatorial regions; between two of them flows the celebrated Hour-Glass Sea; while oceans, straits, and inlets separate the continents and enclose the island, much as on the surface of our planet. But if the correspondence is marked between the two planets, the divergence is no less so. A noticeable feature in Mars is the prevalence of winding inlets and bottle-necked seas. One of these, called Huggin's Inlet, is a long, forked stream, too wide to be compared to a terrestrial river, which extends for three thousand miles from its two forked commencement to the point where it flows into the sea. There are two seas so closely resembling each other that, if it were not for their enormous dimensions, we might fancy the evidence of artificial construction. There are also two flask-shaped seas, which have the same marked similarity.

On the earth the oceans are three times as extensive as the continents. On Mars the proportion of land and water is about equal, and so strangely mingled that a traveller could visit every part of the planet without leaving the element on which he commenced his journey; or by coasting along oceans, circumnavigating islands, passing through open and bottle-necked seas, and sailing through straits, he could traverse a coast line of thirty thousand miles, always in sight of land, and generally with a view of land on both sides. We can easily see a reason for this labyrinthian arrangement and its adaptation to the necessities of the planet. The most careful examinations have failed to detect a satellite; therefore, tides must be comparatively unknown, for the effect of the sun in producing them would be almost unappreciable. Since the solar tide depends on the relations which the planet's diameter bears to its distance from the sun, and our solar tides are very small, with a diameter of eight thousand miles and a distance from the sun of ninety-one million five hundred thousand miles, it may readily be seen how little influence the sun can exert on the Marsal waters when the diameter of the planet is less than five thousand miles, and its distance from the sun one hundred and fifty million miles. This arrangement of water in Mars would promote a free circulation by evaporation and downfall, while oceans would become stagnant under such conditions of existence.—College Courant.

Men are never so ridiculous from the quality which really belongs to them, as from those which they pretend to have.—Rochefort.