

PARAGRAPHIC.

A very singular invention of a syllabic alphabet is related of a Cherokee Indian, who was ignorant of the English tongue and could not read a word in any language. This poor savage succeeded in producing in 1824 an alphabet so complete that he was able to write a letter. The Cherokees were delighted; the youth of the band traveled a great distance to learn the art of writing and reading, which, from the peculiarity of the alphabet and language, they could acquire in three days sufficient to practise themselves and teach others. Types for printing in this character have been cast. The appearance of the language thus printed is singularly uncouth and barbarous.

Those who indulge in indiscriminate criticism upon the wealthier classes, as if they either hoarded their money, or lived in luxurious indulgence, little know the great amount which they constantly devote to unobtrusive charity and works of benevolence. Mrs. Emma B. Drexel, wife of Francis A. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who died recently, regularly paid the rent of more than one hundred and fifty families and distributed among the poor over \$20,000 a year. She employed a woman to institute inquiry into the merits of each applicant, and once every week dispensed groceries, clothing and money to the poor, who gathered every Tuesday at an appointed place to receive her gifts.—*The Observer*.

Revilers of religion often complain of the cost of supporting ministers of the Gospel. It happens to be none of their business as they do not contribute to that expense and it is therefore no consequence to them if other people prefer to pay in some of their dollars or pennies for that purpose. The *Boston Globe* estimates that while "it cost seven million dollars a year to support forty thousand clergymen in the country, forty million dollars are required to support thirty-seven thousand lawyers, and fifty million dollars to keep seventeen million dogs." Considering the actual benefits to the community from these three avenues of expense, the people receive the most for their money from the services of the ministers.

At the last monthly meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Secretary read a letter from the Bishop of Moosonee (Hudson Bay territory), in which the following passage occurred:—"Last year, in answer to a letter of mine, a gentleman wrote, offering me a certain sum, provided I would raise another sum to meet it. Would I try? My reply was, that one who could build his own house, dig his own potatoes, print and bind his own books, form a nation's literature, turn the pillars to support the communion rail of his Church, play his own harmonium, forge his own nails, make his own bread, knit his own stockings and paddle his own canoe, did not anticipate an insurmountable difficulty in collecting the sum mentioned. It was soon forthcoming, and the gentleman was twice as good as his promise."

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

AN EX-CONSUL'S STORY.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle.

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Deferring to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me.

C. M. FARMER,

1690 Third Avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making."

"Excuse me, my young friend," I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, "you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you."

"You are very kind, he replied, in a weak voice, but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze."

"You have been a great sufferer, no doubt," I said, "and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America."

"You are right," he answered: "I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child."

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten-year-old boy—of a neighbor of mine residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured

himself on very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. "Like a new man," he answered, with a grateful smile. "I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up." "No, don't get up to-night," I said, "but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above." "All right," he said, laughing. I then applied the Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes, and on landing at New York, he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box, carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: "My good friend, can you guess what that is?" "A present for your sweetheart," I answered. "No," he laughed—"that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it, I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as a parlor ornament as well as memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer."

"We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards.

Charles I. gave the following advice to his son: "I do beseech you, as your father and your king, that you never suffer your heart to receive the least check against or disaffection from the true religion established in the Church of England. It keeps the middle way between the point of superstitious tyranny and the meanness of fanatic anarchy. In this I charge you to persevere, as coming nearest to God's word for doctrine and to the primitive examples for government."

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August 2, 1879.

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