

Philanthropic & Social Progress.

Take Care, Man.

Take care—that is, be more careful, is a caution that we all need. It comes to us very often, often unheeded, often from a source but little expected to give forth those useful words. It came to us the other night in this way, and it made a deep impression, we hope a lasting one, that will ever remind us to be more careful, and not act as though there was no one to care for but ourselves in the world—this busy, bustling, go-a-head steamboat world.

We were crossing the Jersey City Ferry somewhat late in the evening, and of course in a hurry; everybody connected with a morning paper must be in a hurry, else, reader, how would you read with your hurried breakfast of things transpiring after midnight, in distant parts of this great metropolis? But we were no more in a hurry than everybody else, for everybody who crosses our ferries is always in a hurry, always acts as though his life depended upon his hurry; sometimes it does, for he hurries to jump ashore and goes down to the bottom of the river. We were in a hurry, and we crowded among the crowd, who were all pushing close to the forward part of the boat, ready for a jump, when from away down among the boots, a little voice came up, giving us a needed word of caution that there were other human beings to be cared for beside ourselves, for the voice said, "Take care man, there's a little boy down here." It was not a whining, impatient voice, but a little, manly one, small to be sure, but large enough to tell us that another person had rights there; and although it was a little boy clinging to its mother, men should remember that they once clung to the same protection, and not forget in a crowd that there might be "a little boy down there." That boy, said we, as we looked down searchingly after the "little man," who, though he only stood up three feet above his own shoes, stood up like a man for his own rights—that boy will make a man who will never forget in a crowd that there may be "a little boy down there," who should not be trampled on by the six footers above him.

"Take care, man," as you crowd through life, or you may step on somebody's toes. Remember that there is always "a little boy down there," or some fellow-mortal a little below you, of whom you should take care—at least care not to trample upon them because they are down.

The words of caution will not always come up in such pleasant tones as they did from that "little boy down here," but they will come up to your ear in tones which you cannot mistake, should not neglect to heed. What a pity we do not heed them. Go though this city from dark till midnight; look down into a thousand rum-selling cellars, and if you are a man with half an ear, or have a soul within to listen to a still small voice, you shall hear one coming up out of that broad road to destruction, bidding you to take care, for there is a little boy down there, and that boy is drinking rum, smoking cigars, and uttering oaths, every one of which sends him down, down, to a level so low that he never will rise to manhood, for he is down among the brutes. "Take care, man," that that boy is not your boy, or one for whom you might care—perhaps, one for whom if you had properly cared, would never have gone down there.

Take care man—if you are a man—take care if you are a woman, and mother of a little boy, while you have him by the hand, that he receives such lessons as will save you in after years from the heart-killing sorrow and misery of looking down into some of our licensed dens of despair, as the sound of the voice of that little boy comes up and enters your heart like a spear of rusty iron, telling you that while pressing through the crowd of life—while hurrying to cross the ferry of death—that you did not take care of the little boy down there.

Reader! take care, listen to every little voice coming up—be careful of the little boys; if not trampled down in the crowd, they will soon be men. Look in the street—there is a little boy down there. Lift him up.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Where is thy Brother?

Where is thy brother? Ask the man
Who vends the 'liquid fire' for gold,
Heedless he answers—"What care I?
I've got the worth of what I sold."

Where is thy brother? Ask the man
Who sees him sink, without a sigh,
Without a finger moved to save;
Where is thy brother, dare reply.

Where is thy brother? Ask those friends
Whose love was warm, but now is cold!
Is not the mighty foe alive?
Or is thy brother's birthright sold?

Where is thy brother? Pastor, where?
Do the strayed ones share thy kind regard?
Art thou a leader 'gainst the foe?
Or thy neglect the work retard?

Where is thy brother? Ruler say—
Is thy skirts stained with human blood?
Does law's strong arm uphold the weak?
Does vice, law sanctioned, tempt the good?

Where is thy brother? Friend of right—
Have all your efforts been in vain,
Trust not in law, but use the means,
The bitten did but look again.

A Word Concerning "Ministers' Sore Throat."

There is a disease which many of you suffer, which is called "ministers' sore throat." This has crippled the influence of many of you. Great numbers of you have sought relief at the hands of physicians unavailingly. Except in the last stages, when the disease has spread itself along the mucous linings to the substance of the lungs, establishing consumption, the disease is curable. It is generally believed that the disease is generated by your pulpit vocal efforts; but this is a mistake. No man has disease of the throat from talking. This produces the reverse effect. The blow-boy who drives stolid oxen day after day, hollowing 'whoa, haw, gee', at the top of his voice, five hundred times a day, has no soreness of throat. Your captain, or mate of a vessel, who screams vociferously mid wind and storm howlings, is not in the hands of the physicians. Your auctioneer, who for hours peddles his wares under incessant and rapid vocal effort, is not consumptive. It is a mistake that you bring on the disease by preaching. That only has an aggravative influence when the disease has established itself. Generally the disease originates in the stomach, and the seat of it is the mucous coat. It is caused by taking improper food and drinks, whose direct and necessary tendency is to inflame the mucous membrane. Nature, who is wise, after awhile, either removes the inflammation by sending it to the throat, and so saves the stomach, or, if she cannot do this, extends the inflammation along the œsophagus to the throat. The membrane that lines the stomach is continuous with that which lines the throat, just as the skin which lines your hand is continuous with that which covers your face. Now nothing uncommon is shown, when by a process called metastasis, irritation of the stomach suddenly ceases, and irritation of the throat immediately appears. To seek a cure of the difficulty by applying to the membrane of the throat caustic commonly called lunar caustic, is useless. No irritation is cured, it is only transferred. This disease is curable, but in no way which does not involve the sufferer, is a most rigidly simple diet, freedom from public speaking, judicious hygienic treatment, and abundant muscular, vigorous exercise. If evidence is wanting that this view is the correct one, it may be seen in the general giving way of the strength of the subject. The symptoms it puts out are almost exactly such as dyspepsia gives forth. In fact, it is in most cases neither more nor less than dyspepsia, whose local point is in the throat. Just as far as this disease exists in your ranks, it cripples your strength, and is an obstacle in your way.