

A Christian Hero.

Commodore James Graham Goodenough, of the English navy, was born in 1800. His father, a clergyman, was the Dean of Wells. As his godfather at his christening, Sir James Graham, was first Lord of the Admiralty, it was settled that the boy should go into the navy. Between nine and ten he went to Westminster school, and at thirteen he joined his ship.

At school and on board ship he showed the qualities that afterwards distinguished him. Though a mere boy, and one full of spirit, he passed a great deal of his time in the cabin of the naval instructor on board the *Collingwood*, applying himself with untiring energy both in professional studies and to the acquisition of modern languages. A friend writes of him: "As a midshipman young Goodenough fulfilled the promise he had given at Westminster. Always modest and unassuming, he naturally took the lead in everything; the best as a linguist, in navigation, in seamanship, in gunnery, and all exercises, and among the foremost in all expeditions. His mess mates looked to him as their leader, almost as their guide; and none of them ceased to look back with regret to those four happy years."

An incident which occurred during this period of his life presents a characteristic which was, perhaps, as prominent in Goodenough as it has ever been in anyone. He and a shipmate were pushing their way through the dense leafage of one of the ravines of Juan Fernandez. Goodenough was in front, when suddenly his companion heard a crash, and a moment afterwards Goodenough's voice warning him not to follow. Goodenough had fallen down a precipice, and there he lay for twenty-four hours in great agony. And his first thought had been for his companion. "Such," says a friend, from whom we have already quoted, "was Goodenough; in pain or in danger his first thought was for others."

The backbone of his character was, from the outset of his career, high religious principle. One of his companions writes of him, in reference to the time when he was working for his lieutenant's commission—which he obtained in 1851: "There are few, if any, the delineation of whose character should be more inspiring to young men who are seeking after the best and noblest things of this life and that to come. The time we spent together in the *Excellent*, and at the Royal Navy College, was one of close study and constant companionship. We taught in the Sunday-school together. We read and prayed together every night; and what little time we snatched from study was generally devoted to walks into the country, to which a little sketching and a little botanizing added interest."

In 1851, when appointed to the *Centaur*, he used to teach the ship's boys on Sunday afternoons. At this time when speaking of the grandeur of Nature and his enjoyment of it, he writes: "If to know and see a little of God's doings is a source of real happiness, how much more is to be obtained by what Dr. Milner calls, in homely phrase, making God our 'sumum bonum,' the source of all our springs of action." In 1856 he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Raleigh*. He was present, in 1857, at the taking of Canton, and was immediately afterwards promoted to the rank of acting commander. In 1858, he assisted at the taking of the *Taku forts*. On board the *Raleigh* he was known among some of the crew as Holy Joe; and an old shipmate tells of having seen him standing for a moment or two, just before going into action under the walls of Canton, engaged in silent prayer with his unshathed sword in his hand. A little after he saw him pour the contents of his water-bottle into the mouth of a Tartar soldier, who was lying with a wound in his thigh.

We need not follow the story of Goodenough's life through his various commands and appointments. His mind was one of great activity, and his high intelligence led the government to call him to positions of great responsibility. He was made Naval Attaché to the Maritime Courts of Europe; and was appointed a commissioner to visit the United States and inquire into the ships and guns used in the great war between the North and South. While performing this service he was impressed by the superiority of the education America was giving to her naval cadets, and on his return to England, by his tongue and pen, ably advocated the imperative necessity of a more systematic training for the young British naval officers.

He had great sympathy for the poor, for the working classes, and desired their elevation and improvement. In 1869, writing of education, he says: "It seems to me that education is the great question of the day. Education will do something—not everything—to relieve pauperism and to diminish crime, and something to stay the process which, to me, is undoubted, of the rich getting richer, and the poor poorer; the distance increasing, as it is, with increasing population and strife for living between grades; when the law, however slightly, is made by and favors the richest and most satisfied people. Education is the only way we have of enabling the lower ranks of life—without surpassing merit—to raise themselves to their proper level with the rich; to make themselves, body and mind, of such worth as to make the highest wealth of small comparative value."

Such a man would be the friend of his ship's company, and be careful of their interests. The following, written at a time when he had an opportunity of joining his wife and children for a time, makes plain the spirit that was in him: "I shall come away from Milford, if I can get leave for my men; but I won't go away on leave unless they do. I want to engraft that principle on my officers—that excellent rule of the sea by which the naval service is more excellent than any other—that in all great hardships and privileges officers and men share alike."

In 1878 he assumed his last command, sailing as commodore in command to the Australian station. While raising among the South Sea Islands for nearly two years, he took a great interest in Christian missions, carefully gathered information in relation to the condition of the native population, and labored to establish friendly relations between the natives and foreigners. During this time he also threw his great in-

fluence first into the scale of temperance in the use of strong drink and then into that of total abstinence. He lived more for others than he did for himself.

In June 1875, Commodore Goodenough having landed Sir Arthur Gordon, the newly-appointed Governor, at Fiji, sailed for the New Hebrides, and thence to the Santa Cruz Islands. Avoiding, as unsafe, Nukapu, where Bishop Patteson was murdered, on the 13th of August he went ashore in Carlisle Bay, Santa Cruz. After spending some time on shore, a native fired an arrow into his side; on which he gave the order, "To the boats." Five others were wounded—the commodore himself a second time, in the head. A volley from those who were armed in the boat-party put a stop to the arrow-firing. The wounds were at once tended. For five days Goodenough seemed well. The ship was without delay steered southward, in order to get to a cooler climate, but after the fifth day signs of tetanus appeared. He had on the Sunday desired the chaplain to give thanks that he and the rest had not been out off suddenly, but had been allowed time to prepare for death, if death should come. And now the end drew on apace. He had all the officers brought to his cabin, told them how he had loved them all, and seen in them all something worthy. He told them how absolutely he trusted in God, how happy he was in His love, and he bade each one kiss him as a token that any hastiness on his part was forgiven. Though it was feared it might do him harm, he insisted on taking leave of the ship's company. He said: "If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it were but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it."

He was carried out in his chair, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a bed on the quarter-deck, the ship's company being all around him. He begged the men to smile at him, and not to look sad. He told them that he was dying, and therefore he wished to say good-bye to them. He told them that he had had a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love, and in the conviction that whatever happened was according to God's will; and he exhorted them most earnestly to the love of God, saying, "The love which God himself will give you, if you trust Him, is very great; it will guide all your goings and doings." He begged them to try and resist when on shore the temptations to sin, which led them to break their leave and desert. "When you are tempted," he said, "think of the love of God."

He begged the older men who had influence over the younger ones, to use it for good; adding, "Will you do this for my sake?" He begged the forgiveness—or rather he took for granted the forgiveness—of any who might feel he had been mistaken in his dealing with them, assuring them that he had always loved his ship's companies, even those among them that he had punished, for that he had always seen some good even in the greatest offender. "As to those poor natives," he added, "don't think about what they have done. It is not worth while; they could not know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among them and taught them, something may be learned about it."

After again speaking of the vastness of God's love, he said, "Before I go back to die, I should like you all to say, 'God bless you!' which they did; and he then said, "May God Almighty bless you with His exceedingly great love, and give you happiness, such as He has given me!"

He then shook hands with all the petty officers, having a special word for each; and then—again saying good-bye to all—he was carried back to his cabin. He had spoken for twenty minutes or more; his voice, which was very weak at first, became quite strong and clear as he went on. On getting back to bed he said: "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done now but to lie down and die quiet."

As was the manner of the man in his vigor, so he was in his mortal sickness. The veil over the tenderness of his heart and over the movements of his Christian life was a little more drawn back; otherwise he was the same. He thought of everything that had to be done, and of every one about him. And so, with his face to duty, with the high striving for himself, his officers, his men, his service, his country strong in him, as it had been from his early years, far out on this great and wide sea on which his life had been spent, on the 20th of August, 1875, he "died quietly."

He was laid to rest on the north shore of Sydney Harbor, with two of his sailors, who had also died of arrow-wounds: he, in the middle; they, one on either side of him. And this noble thing was written on his grave:

HE SAILED AWAY TO DIE;  
REFUSING TO ALLOW A SINGLE LIFE  
TO BE TAKEN IN RETALIATION.

"Company."

What a ceremonious affair we make of entertaining a company? Too many of us lose all sense of being at home the moment a stranger crosses our threshold; and he instantly feels himself to be a mere visitor—nothing more—and acts accordingly. The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw up his chair to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive or familiar, makes you feel that he is at home "with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah, how few of them!—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by one's presence—what joy it is to cross their threshold! What harbors of refuge they are to weary wanderers! What sweet reminiscences they bring to the lonely and homeless!

Little Zacheus.

We often quote the words, "the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." Very graphic is the Scripture narrative of which that verse forms the conclusion. It brings the whole scene before us more thoroughly than it could have been presented to our view by the finest painting, or the minutest photograph; for no matter how interesting the grouping may be which the artist seizes, he gives but a momentary view after all; whereas here we see the very individuals themselves moving before us; nay, we are almost for the time, ourselves a part of the multitude that thronged around the prophet of Nazareth as he passed through "the city of palm-trees."

There in the centre of a group, which we at once recognize as the twelve apostles, is the Lord himself, and close beside him, nearer for the time than any one else, is the man to whom at the gate yonder he gave sight, and who in the first joy of his new possession is fanning his eyes alternately on the fair face of nature, and on the loving countenance of his great benefactor. They are going slowly forward; slowly, because an immense crowd has gathered to see the wondrous one of whom such marvellous reports have been given. The farther they go into the city the greater becomes the throng, until it is with the utmost difficulty that they can proceed at all. On the outskirts of the moving mass a little shabby-looking man is anxiously trying to elbow his way into the centre, if haply he may get a glimpse of the mysterious stranger; but so dense is the pressure, that it would be hard for even one of Saul-like stature to push through it; how utterly hopeless, therefore, for one so diminutive as he.

But he is not to be baffled thus. Earnestness is full of expedients, so he runs on before the multitude, and climbing up a sycamore-tree that was growing on the wayside, he takes his place on a stout branch, heedless of the jokes of which he is made the butt, and calmly waits until the crowd comes forward. And now Jesus is just beneath him, and the little man is congratulating himself on the splendid opportunity he has of looking on that matchless countenance, when lo! to the astonishment of all—of none more than the man addressed—the Saviour pauses, looks up, and says, "Zacheus, make haste, and come down, for to day I must abide at thy house."

And he did make haste, and received the Master with the utmost joy; but as they departed together, the surprise and disapprobation of the multitude take expression in some such form as this: "Was there none fitter in Jericho to entertain him than this hated publican? he cannot surely be the prophet he is said to be else had he not chosen to be a sinner's guest." To all of which insinuations—leaving Zacheus to answer for himself—the Saviour replies, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." As if he had said, "Let him be as bad as you say he is, then, in going to him, I carry out the purpose for which I have come into the world. Let him be as you insinuate he is, lost to all honor and honesty and religion; then to such as he my special errand is; for I am come to seek the lost."

Such is the point of this verse as a vindication by Jesus of his conduct in going to the house of Zacheus; but like all other words of the Lord, these also have a wider bearing than that of their primary application. Indeed they have come to have among us peculiar attractiveness, inasmuch as they form one of those brief, pointed, motto-like sayings, in which the New Testament is so rich, and which seem to have been designed to contain the greatest possible amount of truth in the form in which it can be most readily understood, and most easily remembered. This particular utterance is divine in its simplicity and touching in its tenderness.

Jesus seeks to save. There is a seeking not to save, but to punish; as when the officers of justice search out for traces of the murderer that they may bring him to his doom. There is a seeking too in mercy, which after all may fail to save the poor victim even when he is found; as when the prodigal's father, having followed him from place to place, comes up with him at last, only to find him on a death-bed, or immersed within a prison to answer for some crime. In such a case, the wanderer is found, but his father cannot save him, he is not able to arrest the progress of the disease that is eating into his vitals, or to atone for the evils which he has committed. But Jesus is not on the sinner's trail like a dogging detective whose sole aim is to bring the criminal to judgment. Neither is he like the philanthropist of earth seeking the lost one on the mere peradventure of being able to help him when he is found; but he seeks to save—and no matter who the individual may be, or what the circumstances may be in which he finds him—"he is able to save him to the uttermost."

Now what is the salvation which he thus brings? It is in one aspect of it, pardon of sin. The guilty one is forgiven. The law which formerly hung frowning over him has now no terror. He is free from its condemning curse. This salvation is, in another aspect of it, restoration to God's favor. The sinner is treated for Christ's sake, as if he had himself obeyed the law of God in every particular. The sentence of condemnation is erased, and that is much—but in its room is written the promise of reward, and that is more. This salvation is in the highest aspect of it, regeneration of character. The sinner is renewed as well as forgiven. His heart is changed, by the power of God's Spirit through the belief of the truth as it is in Jesus. He is thus brought into harmony with the joys and holiness of heaven, and fitted to be happy in their possession. What a great salvation this is? Pardon of sin! a title to heaven, and meanness for it, and its eternal enjoyment unfailingly secured—all these to one—and Jesus seeks the sinner in order to bestow these priceless blessings on him!—Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., in *the Christian Weekly*.

On the 8th of April, the Rev. Dr. James Ingram, minister of the Free Church, Unst, reached his one hundred and third year. He was ordained in 1808.

Advanced Thinkers.

However it may be, in these days, with a few clever men, who keep together, stand by one another, puff one another up with the belief that they are the "elite of humanity," and utterly delude themselves as to the extent to which their teachings are accepted, the vast majority of decent folk believe in a future life just as firmly as in a present. The brilliant sceptics of the day would be aggrieved if they were told that they "think the cackle of their hour the murmur of the world," but this is exactly what they do. A little shoe cut from the vast society of a vast metropolis is a provincial bourg just as really as any little country town or village. And the talk of a few clever men, some of them morally disqualified in any degree to discern religious truth, and all of them egging each other on to more daring suggestions, is nothing better than cackle, though it be expressed in arrogant tones, which the antecedents of some make very ridiculous, and printed in good type on decent paper. Outrageous self-conceit quite incapacitates to see the most vital truth. A man who, whether in book or sermon, never for a moment loses the thought of himself, nor misses the chance of obliquely pushing himself, is not likely either to see far into things, or to tell us anything much worth hearing, unless, indeed, he have bagged it from some simpler and nobler soul; and surely it is very obvious that almost all unbelieving philosophers and scientists are blown up with self-conceit, and a good many liberal theologians (self-styled) are blown even tighter. One recalls, with grim amusement, the universally standing of some of these. For at two or three and twenty, men are (in most cases) ranged for life. And it is amusing in like manner to note how some of these have made arrangements to have their doings habitually puffed in two or three newspapers. Sometimes this is done by a humble retainer or faithful dog, whose sufficient reward is to be permitted to do it. Sometimes a laud but well understood contract has been made with another mortal for mutual puffery. However this be, I suppose that we have all occasion, in these days, sometimes to read pages which remind us of the wise words of Sir Henry Taylor—"We see every day that talents are easily divorced from wisdom and charity; and when this separation takes place, there is no pride which is more tyrannical, more insolent, more wantonly aggressive than the pride of intellect." If the pride of real intellect be thus offensive, much more the pride without the intellect. One has known conceited blockheads who fancied it made them intellectual to be sceptical, just as one has known vulgar persons who thought that to wear the livery of some little social, political, or ecclesiastical caste would make them "genial."—A. K. H. B. in *Fraser's Magazine*.

Worship and Life.

There is a great deal of worship without any life at all. In some cases it is not even attempted. When a clergyman is careless, lifeless and indifferent; when the music is bad, and the singing worse, and no pains is taken to improve either one or the other; when the congregation lounge about, and look about, during the service, not kneeling during the prayers, not joining in the responses or the hymns; not following either the lessons or the sermon with their Bibles; but regarding it as what they call a religious duty once a week to sit for an hour and a half in church, we need not say there is no life there. No one seeks it, and no one pretends that it exists.

But there are other cases altogether different, cases in which there is immense activity and painstaking. Everything is done to render the service effective. There is nothing careless or slovenly. The music is as good as money can make it, and if it is not too refined, the people join in the singing. There is no lounging, but on the other hand exaggerated attitude; and no pains are spared to please the ear and engage the eye. But this is not life, nor can it produce life. It may be unconsciously accepted as a substitute for life, but it is distinct from it, and it cannot give it. We give credit to a great many young clergymen for real conscientiousness in their endeavors to improve their services. We believe that many of them have introduced most objectionable innovations in the real desire to call forth life. But they are utterly and totally mistaken. Music cannot give life. Attitudes cannot give life. Changes cannot give life. We may go on changing till we harass the people into distrust and irritation, but we cannot give life by it. When we have done our very best, our work will be no better than the golden candlestick without any oil. All may be of the finest gold, and all in perfect symmetry, but all will be dark, cold and lifeless. It is when the golden oil flows through the branches from the golden olive-trees that there is life. What we want is Christ Himself in the midst of the golden candlesticks, the presence of God filling the temple. We want the anointing of the Holy Ghost in all our hearts, and when we have that, we have life. The heart is poured out in prayer, not to the note of the organ, but in the natural utterance of those who deeply feel their need; the hymns are sung devoutly, for the heart is full of praise; and the whole soul is brought under such a sense of the presence of God that even if a stranger come in, "falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth."—*The Christian Observer*.

The British House of Lords last week adopted, despite the opposition of the government, the amendment to the Burial Bill proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury permitting the reading of other services than that of the Church of England in church-yards.

The new Arabic translation of the Bible published by the Jesuits in Syria has among its illustrations, one of Eli falling over when he heard of the capture of the ark, and dropping from his hand an elegantly bound Missal on the cover of which are the letters I. H. S. I. The Arabs will be impressed by his erudition.

Scientific and Useful.

BREAD PUDDING.

Unfermented brown bread, two ounces; milk, half a pint; one egg; sugar, quarter of an ounce. Cut the bread into small slices, and pour the milk over it boiling hot; let it stand till well soaked, and stir in the egg and sugar, well beaten, with a little grated nutmeg, and bake or steam for one hour.

SUET AND MILK FOR INVALEIDS.

Two ounces of mutton suet (just next to the kidney is best), cut into small pieces, and simmered in half a pint of water fifteen minutes; then throw the water away, and add to the suet one quart of new milk, two ounces of loaf-sugar, two drachms cinnamon bark, quarter ounce isinglass. Simmer for fifteen minutes, strain and drink lukewarm.

MOCK CHICKEN FROASSER.

Take a fine fat veal shank, and with a pint of water allow it to simmer until perfectly tender; remove the large bones; season to taste, and add two table-spoonsful of flour, smoothly blended with a teacupful of milk; when thickened, pour the whole very hot over a well-beaten egg and a half teacup of parsley. Stir well and serve. On no account allow the egg to boil.

POTRED MEAT.

Remove all gristle, hard pieces and fat from some cold roast or boiled beef, and any remnants of the tongue or ham; mince it very fine, and pound it in a mortar with a little butter, a little gravy well freed from the grease, and a spoonful of Harvey's or Worcester's sauce; beat it to a smooth paste, seasoning during the process with pounded clove or allspice, mace or grated nutmeg, salt and a little cayenne; put it into pots, press it close down, and cover it with clarified butter.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

One pound powdered sugar, one-half pound best butter rubbed to a cream; add to this one-half pound grated chocolate, and beat all together very light; eight eggs very fresh, and also beaten very light; juice of one lemon, one large table-spoonful of vanilla extract, one and a half cupfuls milk; sifted flower with baking powder, added before sifting, to make a batter that will break off clean when held up in the spoon, as pound cake does. You may take sufficient dough from this to bake one cake in a jolly cake pan, having orinary jelly for the top and bottom layers, with milk and coconut between.

A GOOD PASTE.

A good paste with which to put paper on walls is made by beating flour into a stiff batter with cold water. Then pour boiling water slowly on to this batter, stirring briskly all the while. The batter will swell and change from white to a yellowish color—when this change is observed the paste is done. It is not necessary to add alum, resin, or anything else. Some mix the flour and cold water to the consistency of milk, then boil over a slow fire—but the other way is better. A good size to apply to the wall before papering is made by dissolving half a pound of glue in alcohol, or hot water, and adding it to a pailful of hot water. Apply warm with a whitewash brush.

THE EARLY RISING DELUSION.

For farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up until ten or eleven o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against his own soul. There is not one man in 10,000 who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All the stuff written about great men who slept only three or four hours a night is apocryphal. They have been put upon such small allowance occasionally, and prospered; but no man ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours sleep. If you can get to bed early then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as proper for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. Let the roving bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulses. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. It is barbarous to expect children instantly to land on the centre of the floor at the call of their nurses, the thermometer below zero. Give us time after you call us to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

THE ART OF CARVING.

In order to its thorough mastery, the following regulations are laid down by the *Rural New Yorker*. The writer says:—It is not proper to stand in carving. The carving knife should be sharp and thin. To carve fowls (which should always be laid with the breast uppermost), place the fork in the breast, and take off the wings and legs without turning the fowl, then cut out the merry-thought, cut from the breast, take out the collar-bone, cut out the side pieces, then cut the carcass in two; divide the joints in the leg of a turkey. In carving a sirloin, cut thin slices from the side next to you (it must be put on the dish with the tenderloin underneath), then turn it and cut from the tenderloin; help the guests to both kinds. In carving a leg of mutton or ham, begin by cutting across the middle of the bone; cut a tongue across and not lengthwise, and help from the middle part. Carve a fore quarter of lamb by separating the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs. To carve a fillet of veal, begin at the top and help to the dressing with each slice. In a breast of veal, separate the breast and brisket, and then cut them up, asking which part is preferred. In carving a pig, it is customary to divide it and take off the head before it comes to the table, as to many persons the head is revolting; cut off the limbs and divide the ribs. In carving venison, make a deep incision down to the bone to let out the juices, and then turn the broad end towards you, cutting deep in this slice. For a saddle of venison, cut from the tail toward the other end, on each side, in thin slices. Warm plates are very necessary with venison and mutton, and in winter are desirable for all meats.