POETRY.

THE MISSIONARY'S CALL.

My soul is not at rest; there comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream at night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here! The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered my
Account. The voice of my depart d Lord
"Go teach all nations," from the eastern world
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear,
And I will go. I may not longer doubt
To give up friends, and home, and idle hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country. Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweet? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup
To show that never was it His design
Who placed me here, that I should live at ease
Or drink at pleasure's fountain. Henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup:
I only pray, "God fit me for the work,
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife." Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path
Till I my earthly pilgrimage have done,
Let me but know I have a friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death fraught wilderness.
And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony, beneath
The cocoa's shade or lift my dying eyes
From Africa's burning sands it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other world than this;
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven—
If one that has so deeply, darkly sinned,
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp, if one for whom
Satan has struggled as he has for me,
Should ever reach that blissful shore, O how
This heart will flame with gratitude and love,
And through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine.

—*From "Alone With Jesus."*

COMMUNICATED.

JANUARY.

The new year, 1882, has come. Its birth took place in close connection with the death of 1881. Many watchers saw both events. How strangely mingled the externals of life and death! We have seen only the beginning, not the *end* of 1882! We seem, however, to have begun a new period of existence, and to be travelling through time with more than usual rapidity. But this is not the case. There is no difference in the motion of the unseen current that hurries us to the shoreless and unfathomable ocean, eternity. The flight of time is the same whether at the beginning or end of the year. If it is continually going, it is ever coming; so that we are sure to have it so long as we remain on this planet. Time runs not away from man, he leaves it.

January is a time of *change*. In our documents requiring dates, one figure at least is changed. We have used it before, but not for ten years. This indicates progress, from one to two is advancement. Some who now live may yet write 19 instead of 18, but none of the present generation will be allowed to change the left hand 1 into 2. Before that period comes our world will witness many awful, as well as well as glorious scenes in providence. There is also a change in the relative position of our globe to the sun. His rays are becoming more direct, and linger a little longer in the upper hemisphere, every day. Thus daylight increases while the darkness declines. This almost imperceptible change is more clearly perceived in this month than any other of the year.

It is with many a time of *reflection*. The events of 1881 are not yet obliterated from the pages of memory. Some of them will always remain there. Its joys were more numerous than its sorrows. But a few of the latter went so deep into the soul, that although the smart is gone, the scars will continue till death. The failures and sins of the past come trooping up before our mental vision. We are ashamed of ourselves, while filled with adoring gratitude in reviewing the tender mercies of God during 1881. The year was crowned with His goodness.

It is a time of *anticipation*. Hope is in lively exercise. It is full of joy because it sees only the good. It never anticipates the evil. It is well that it is so. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." More enjoyment is expected, than was realized last year; probably more than will be experienced this year. Experience is limited by the present. Beyond this boundary we cannot go. Prophecy and hope have to do with the future alone; and as the former gift is now wisely withheld from man, we must be content with the benign influence of hope. Christian faith does indeed draw enjoyment from the future, but its range is beyond the bounds of time. It ought to be a time of *pious resolve*. Spiritual and temporal improvement should be the aim of the soul. We call this an age of improvement, and in some respects it is truly so. But the advance in reference to religious and moral enterprises ought to be much more rapid than it is. Individual progress in the right direction alone will make the morals of the world what they ought to be. We should aim at usefulness. Resolve, and execute the resolve to make the best of life on earth. January well spent will influence the whole year. Some of the Churches have a special service this month, which is not repeated during the year. A good "Covenant meeting" on the first Sabbath of the year will not be in vain. Nor should we fail to ponder seriously the solemn question, "What shall be my doom if I die before the close of 1882? There are no Decembers or Januarys in eternity.

G. O. H.

January, 1882.

HOW THE RENT WAS PAID.

The following story was told to the correspondent of the Leeds *Mercury* by a sea captain, the son of an Irish landlord:—"When I got home last August I found things in a fearful state. My father, more than 80, and bed-ridden, was crying all day long, saying that he was ruined and that his children would be killed; and my sister, who was nursing him, was broken down with grief. They could not pay the doctor's bills; they had hardly money enough to find food or medicine for the poor old man; and this where there had always been nearly two thousand a year coming in. Not a penny of rent had they touched for eighteen months. Now I knew that the chief tenant could pay without any difficulty, so I slipped a revolver into my pocket and walked down to the public house. I found my man there. I ordered my glass and sat down, none of them knowing me. After a while I said, 'Do any of you boys know what's the state of things up at the house?' They stared, but said nothing; so then I up and told them the truth. 'Faith, it's Captain Jack?' said one, who recognized me then—the very man that I was after. 'Yes, Tim, my boy, its Captain Jack, and he's come for the rent you owe his father.' They looked as though they thought I was clean mad, and one of them laughed. I wheeled round upon him and said: 'And it's because your master and his daughter are dying of hunger that ye laugh, is it?" But the others all told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, only—they couldn't pay the rent. 'Well, but boys,' I said that's what I've come for, and I'm going to have it. It's my father's life or your money, and you can't suppose that I'm going to sit still when I know you can pay and ought to pay. Now, Tim, I mean to have your check before I leave this room' And I pulled my revolver out of my pocket and laid it on the table. There wasn't a man moved. I said nothing, but I took the revolver up and cocked it. Tim turned as white as a sheet. 'Well,' said he, 'I didn't know things was as bad as ye say, Captain Jack, or maybe I'd have paid before. Ye shall have your check, anyways, but for goodness' sake, put that thing by.' 'All right,' said I; 'it'll be put by when I've got the check.' And five minutes afterward I went home with the three hundred in my pocket and the revolver, too, which had never been loaded."

HOW IT IS DONE—TRINITY CHURCH, N. Y.

When an assistant minister in Trinity Church complains of the "Trinity Church Catechism" it cannot be expected that it will be liked by the Episcopal Church in general. Mr. H. B. Hitchings, who for some years was an assistant minister in that church, says that a large portion of this catechism was copied almost word for word from a catechism by J. Masters, in London, before he entered the Church of Rome; that Masters' catechism was almost universally condemned as unsound in doctrine and unsafe to be used, by the bishops and clergy of England; that the whole of it seems to have been made up from various Romish catechisms, some of which Mr. Hitchings says he has in his possession; that Dr. Dix himself peremptorily forbade the use of it in one of his parish schools in 1873; and that there is a great similarity between it and "A General Catechism of Christian Doctrine" approved by the Most Rev. John. now Cardinal McCloskey, of New York. As everybody knows, this "Trinity Church Catechism" is unauthorised and unindorsed by the Episcopal Church as a manual of instruction, and yet Dr. Dix says he wants the 5,455 children on the rolls of Trinity Parish schools to be taught it and know it thoroughly. If the rector of Trinity Parish can do things in this way, with no one to molest or make him afraid, what is to hinder him from adopting the Catechism approved by Cardinal McCloskey? What if he should adopt the First Prayer Book of King Edward IV., which he so greatly admires and eulogizes.—*Christian Union.*

"INDEPENDENT" CHURCHES.

Soon after the great fire of ten years ago, while Mr. Moody counted himself still a dweller at home in Chicago, he raised the money that built a large brick church on the North side. It was, and still is, known as "Moody's Church;" and while his peculiar presence was associated with its life, that life was vigorous all the week and the Sabbath attendance was a crowd. But since the evangelist has become as little a citizen of Chicago as of Pittsburg or London, his "Independent" Church has been a difficulty rather than an inspiration or a rival to other good influences. Lacking a sufficient personal head to keep it independent, it has been a sort of shuttlecock to the religious battledores, ministered unto now by a Methodist, now by a Baptist, a Congregationalist, or some temporary evangelist of Y. M. C. A. affiliations. The venture has not been a success, such as to encourage "independent" Church efforts not led by a personal will of unusual force. It is attended chiefly by Swedes and others of no very stable ways in morals and business; and those who now feel at all responsible for its present and future have no enthusiasm, but groan as under a great load. They say that if there was any prospect of Mr. Moody's ever resuming his residence here it would be easy to cover the chasm for his absence; but he has told them that he will not again make Chicago his home.

Children have more need of models than of criticism.—*Joubert.*

A THING TO CRY OVER.

Dr. John Hall touches in a pathetic manner the common habit of laughing at drunken men. Dr. Hall stood on a boat in New York harbor. Not far off was a well-dressed but tipsy young man. Beside the Doctor was a plainly dressed man. When Dr. Hall saw the people laughing at the drunkard, he saw in his neighbor's eyes such a sad pitying look that he said to him, "They should hardly laugh at him" Said the man, "It is a thing to cry over." Then he told Mr. Hall of his own wife, who took to drink in Scotland, and who promised to reform if he would come to this country, but did not, and died of drunkenness; and when the Doctor hoped that he had comfort in the children he said, "One, the second, is; she is a good child. The oldest is not steady, I can do nothing with her; and the youngest, a boy, can't be kept from drink. I've sold my place, and am going to a town in Ohio—where, I am told, no liquor can be had—to try to save him." Dr. Hall closes as follows: "Who would not wish for abstinence societies, tracts, books, ministers' sermons, young people's pledges, humane laws? One almost cries out for anything that will stop this slow cruel murder of home-love of men, of women, of little children, of hope, of peace, of immortal souls."

A FEARFUL PRANK.

The boys who were killed at the powder explosion at Oskaloosa, Iowa, on the 5th inst., were all of prominent families. They were seen to shoot at the magazine from a short distance, and then go up to see the result. They afterwards fired another shot; then came the explosion. The body of young Phillips was found fifty yards down the hill, his clothing nearly all gone. The back portion of his head was carried away and his body otherwise horribly mangled. John Stedman was blown through a wire fence a hundred yards away and fearfully torn. Gold Joyce was found in a creek one hundred and fifty yards away with his head almost completely gone. The boys had been warned to quit. The damage to the city is very great. Most of the houses in the North part of Oskaloosa are badly wrecked, with doors, windows and wood-work broken; stables are completely wrecked; chimneys toppled and flues cracked from top to bottom. The wreck of plate glass on the principal streets of this city is nearly complete and cannot be covered by $30,000. The magazine was owned by A. L. Spencer and was located in an open space half a mile north of the public square, and two hundred and fifty yards east of Market Street.

A STRANGE FACT.—On the steamers which come from across the Atlantic to bring immigrants to our shores and to return with full cargoes of American products may now be seen the flags of England, France, Germany, Belgium and Holland, and occasionally those of Denmark, Italy and Spain. Still another country will soon enter the lists for a share of this profitable trade. A London despatch says that the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd is about to open steamship communication with New York. The vessels of the company will have to sail from Trieste down the Adriatic, and through the Mediterranean to the Straits of Gibraltar before they reach the ocean. The Austrian Empire has only two seaports, and they are out of the way of the world's great currents of commerce, but the lucrative trade of America tempts the enterprise of her merchants. Meanwhile the United States fronting on two oceans, with countless harbors and a shore of prosperous seaboard cities, make no effort to send her goods to market under her own flag. Our supine attitude in relation to the ocean carrying trade, compared with our energy in other directions is a curious anomaly which will puzzle the future historian.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SIXTY CENTS.—Sixty cents invested in whiskey in 1879 cost Fannin county in time and money more than the revenue arising from the whiskey traffic for five years amounted to. We speak of the investment made by young Dean. He shot Dan Coulter, and poor Dan passed into the spirit land. Then the McDonalds shot and killed Dean. For this offence they were arrested, and after continuing the case several times, were tried and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary. While in jail they were rescued by their friends, breaking open the jail and liberating them. Taking it altogether, this sixty cents worth of whiskey killed two men, made one widow, caused two men to be incarcerated and kept in jail, the whole racket costing the county over $10,000.

CREDITABLE.—A New York *Tribune* correspondent from Washington, says:—"A New Yorker, who has been for years a political lieutenant and intimate social friend of President Arthur, fixed his eye on a desirable office, and after thinking the matter over for a month, told the President he would like to have it. "Is the place vacant?" the President asked. "No; it is held by a man who was appointed by Hayes." "Do you know of any reason for removing him?" "I know of none, except that I would like the office myself." "Come and see me about thirty days before the incumbent's commission expires," said the President. "I have made up my mind that all officials shall serve out their terms, unless they fail to perform their duties properly."

BREVITIES.

A boy can pull four times more weight in boys on a sled than he can coal from the back-yard.

"Mamma," said a little boy, waking out from a sound sleep, and hugging her, "I love you: I love your head, and your hands, and your feet, your soul and your body, and *all your stuffings.*"

The man who stepped out of bed, and put his foot upon a piece of oilcloth says the occurrence is worth a fortune to him. He's going to freeze ice-cream by merely wrapping a piece of the material round the freezer.

The institution of the "Order of the Bath" originated in the custom of the Franks who, when they conferred knighthood, bathed before they performed the ceremony, and from this habit came the title Knight of the Bath.

Talmage has found a man who wanted to borrow fifteen dollars to relieve his distress, but refused to accept enough money to open a news stand because the business was beneath him! It seems that beggars are choosers in these days.

No, young man, it doesn't hurt you a particle to sow your wild oats. Go ahead and sow as many as you wish. But it's the gathering in of the crop that will make you howl. And you have to gather it, too. If you don't, it gathers you, and one is a great deal worse than the other. Go on and sow your wild oats, but you keep away from this office during harvest-time.

The milliners complain that the following paragraph is ruining the sale of the fashionable wide brim hats. "The rule now is for every lady to have her age indicated on her hat brim. Every inch of width represents three years. A ten-inch brim means that the lady is thirty years old; a twenty inch brim shows that she is sixty, and so on. It is a charming conceit."

There is a deeply rooted feeling among the best classes of English people that it is rather contemptible to pay much attention to dress. To be radiantly clean is the prime object; and nothing is a surer sign of low breeding than to be fidgeting with any portion of one's adornment, as persons who have given much thought to and paid much money for their garments are apt to do.

This is the way one of the ladies who belong to the Atlantic Monthly's contributor's club remembers things: "Gen. Forrest was buried the day my new hat came home. Hayes was inaugurated the spring I made over my old silk. Dickens died when Jennie was a baby. Lincoln was killed when Mary was sleeping. The civil war broke out when Sallie was cutting her teeth. The King of Spain was born the year I was married."

Richard Wagner, the composer, is said to have in his elegant house in Bayreuth a series of rooms decorated in different colors to suit his different musical moods. A visit to the red room produces a grand march or heroic chorus; a pale pink and blue room, garnished with rose-buds, brings forth the love scenes in his operas; and the frightful passages in his boisterous works were conceived, we imagine, in a black and gray chamber, with crape festoons supported by grinning sculls.

"Ah, dear!" sighed Miss Fitzroy, as she yawned wearily, "There isn't anything to occupy one's mind now. I've made toilet cushions and tidies, and embroidered slippers, and painted majolica jugs, until I am weary of life. I believe I'll go down into the kitchen and watch Janet make bread. I suppose I ought to know how many pints of yeast it takes to a loaf." And she penetrated the business part of the house only to find out that bread was raised from the baker's cart.

The two Sheridans were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom Sheridan expected to get into Parliament "I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be Let.'" "And under that, Tom," said his father, "write—'Unfurnished.'"—*Kelly.*

A converted Hindoo, on being assailed with a torrent of profane and obscene words from his idolatrous neighbors, went up to them and asked:

"Which is worse, the abusive words that you are using, or the mud and dirt you see lying on your dung hill?"

"The abusive words," was the reply.

"And would you ever take into your mouth that mud and dirt?"

"Never."

"Then why do you fill your mouths with the abusive words, which you confess to be the worse of the two?"

Confounded with this rebuke, they retired, saying, that "that argument was but fair."

Americans desiring aristocratic titles may be pleased to know where they are for sale, and at what prices. The figures are given by "Chambers' Journal," and there is an agent in London who conducts the business. A choice of three Spanish orders, conferring the title of count, is offered for $10,000, the only qualification necessary on the part of the purchaser being "an eminent standing in his own country." It may be presumed that the inquiry on that point is not severe. The Sultan of Turkey will make you a chevalier for $125. You may become an earl, of the sort created by the little republic of San Marino, by paying $3,750, or a baron for $884.

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