

# The Wesleyan.

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## NOTE AND COMMENT.

A Texas Baptist who did not support his family has been excommunicated for that reason. Bravo! Bravo!—*Christian Index.*

A Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity traces the office of the eldership back to Adam. Then the world was ruined by a Presbyterian elder and his wife.—*Indian Baptist.*

In this war of parties, to which Canadians are so desperately addicted, and in which they are losing their real liberties as well as their sense of patriotism, there ought at least to be sometimes a truce.—*The Week.*

Do you want a revival? Then preach revival sermons from revival texts, and don't depend on exhortation after your long sermon from an inappropriate text. Depend on it, there is much in a text.—*Arkansas Methodist.*

The law of the Christian life is the continual expenditure of spiritual power, and its continual replenishment. When the expenditure ceases the replenishment ceases. Think of this, brother. The success or failure of your Christian life is involved in it.—*Nashville Adv.*

One of the best revivals mentioned in the New Testament was at Antioch, and it was begun by laymen. When will the laymen begin again? Don't wait for preachers; but go to work in the strength of the Holy Ghost, and souls will be converted to God.—*Arkansas Methodist.*

Our people buy so few copies of the good books from our House that there is a temptation to authors to smear a few pages with tainted doctrine to secure attention through the nostrils. A dead rat starts more inquiry than a tube-rose. Anathemas increase sales.—*Richmond Advocate.*

A "liberal thinker," recently, to repel the charge of anti-Christian tendencies, said: "Reject Jesus Christ! Indeed I don't! I believe he was a most thorough gentleman." And this is the only need of honor granted by modern "consciousness" to Him who came to be the Saviour of the world!—*Balt. Methodist.*

A late number of the N. Y. Independent gives the result of an interview between a newspaper man and Lee Wang, a Chinese citizen of New York, in reference to France and China. The pigeon English of John Chinaman is not a bad interpretation of the situation: "It likes this: I come to your door and lick you, and I want you to pay money to me for I lick you. You think that right? What kind a 'ligion that'?"

At last Lord Salisbury has consented to lease a site for a chapel to the Hatfield Wesleyans. His lordship's political necessities have at length overcome his ecclesiastical intolerance, but the offer comes too late. It is now some years ago since we first published a description of the renovated cow shed in which Hatfield Wesleyans were compelled to worship. Better late than never; but the Hatfield Wesleyans owe the concessions rather to us than to Lord Salisbury.—*The Echo.*

The propriety of taxing the young married seems to be doubted by the Chicago Current: "While a man stays single," it says, "he is never taxed for personal property. But he saves his salary for a year, marries, and furnishes four or five rooms. Now that he has assumed the support of another member of society besides himself, the assessor comes around and puts him down for an annual tax of two weeks' savings. The thing is illogical. It is a penalty visited on the performance of duty."

The *Journal of Education* says that the great necessity of our school-life is "that the teacher should be the perpetual object-lesson, not only in unselfish religion and morals, but in the manners and personal habits that are only found where the Golden Rule, the Law of Love, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount are not merely hung at, but wrought into the very texture of the daily life that goes on inside the school-room walls."

Secular education is good in its place and as far as it goes, but it does not answer the end of preparing men and women to live as they ought. Intellectual training divorced from morality or piety only serves to arm and equip the dangerous forces in our communities. The warden of the Nebraska penitentiary affirms that the criminals there are above the average in intelligence, and this is true of other places as well. Without the heaven of Christianity in our schools they must ever come short of a true education.—*Ec.*

The English Wesleyan laymen of the best class evidently take more interest in the affairs of the Church, financial and spiritual, than men of the same class in this country. No doubt it is partly the result of training and habit, but it is a matter of great importance in these days. We do not furnish our laymen as many opportunities for their co-operation as they do among the Wesleyans. It is worth considering whether the Methodist ministry in this country has not been at fault in this respect.—*Central Advocate.*

Some time ago we read: "A child should be taught drawing as inevitably as writing." We hesitated, but have long since wondered why we hesitated, or that anybody doubts that sound, correct statement. Every child should certainly be taught drawing. The youngest eye sees an object correctly, and can then sketch it if aided just a little. As we grow older the instinctive sense of perspective is lost, and it is recovered, like a lost virtue, only with difficulty. The more you look into the proposition the clearer and truer it will be to you. Teach the children to draw.—*N. W. Adv.*

In speaking of her late father, Mary Clemm says: "In my whole life I never heard him speak to the detriment of any human being. The absent were always safe in his gentle and kindly speech." That latter sentence deserves to be written in gold. Would to God it could be said of us all. If the absent were always as safe in the world's speech as the present, the millennium would dawn, and we would have a new heaven and a new earth. Present we hear soft words and fulsome compliment; absent we are critically and cruelly assailed.—*N. O. Advocate.*

There was a most impressive moment in one of Spurgeon's sermons a few Sundays ago. He was urging his hearers to prayer against a besetting sin. "Let us breathe it now," said he, and as he raised his hand it seemed as if with that act he lifted the vast congregation up on the heights of prayer. There was perfect stillness, and you could feel that the whole assemblage was silently praying. The sermon was plain, direct, matter-of-fact in the highest degree, absolutely without sensationalism of any kind, and showing little claim on the part of the preacher to brilliancy or eloquence.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Bishop Hargrove says: "The time has come to quit playing at religion. Our work must be honest and earnest in the name and fear of God. The law of the Church must be enforced upon all Church officials who do not perform the work assigned them in this spirit. Stewards who do not perform their duties must be removed. Local preachers who do not perform the work assigned to them by the pastors, and who do not attend the Quarterly Conferences, must be deprived of their license. The Church must throw off its deadheads; otherwise the world will not respect the Church, and she cannot respect herself."

One of our ministers recently related to us the following: He was summoned to the bedside of a dying man, only to find him breathing his last. "Why," he asked the wife, "did you not send for me before?" "O," said the wife, "I had the doctor, and when he failed to help him I thought it was time to send for you. Perhaps you could do something for him." The wife was a church member, the husband had a similar experience. They have been kept out of the sick room until their services were of little use beyond the consolation of the family. Is there a lingering faith in priestcraft among some Protestant Christians? When will those who wish the minister's aid and sympathy give him the case of the sick before it is dull in death!—*N. Y. Advocate.*

The *Sunday-School Times* well says: "There is a beautiful side to the Arab superstition which provides that, as soon as a child is born, the call to prayer should be sounded in his right ear. It is at once a recognition of the fact, recognized alike by Jew, Christian and Mohammedan, that 'man's chief end is to glorify God,' and a call to the child to fulfill that end of his being. And just here the Mohammedan might read some Christians a lesson. There are Christian families where the call to prayer is never sounded in the ear of the children, and where those who should be trained for the Lord's service are suffered to grow up in the service of the world, the flesh and the devil. The truth ought to be more widely recognized that God desires the children of Christians to be Christians, and that their nurture for him can never begin too early."

## WILLIAM TAYLOR AND AFRICA.

The enthusiasm felt throughout Methodist circles all over the country from Maine to Oregon over the election of William Taylor as Missionary Bishop for Africa is the earnest of better things in the days to come in the line of missionary enterprise. All recognize the divine leading. His election "came of no one's plan; it was no part of any earthly scheme; it was suggested—sprang up intuitively in pious and anxious hearts." Not a word of criticism is heard in any quarter: even the most conservative of our many conservatives have nothing to say against the step, forward. God is in the movement.

Bishop Taylor aims to reach the heart of Africa, and has plans for reaching a newly discovered people living several degrees south of the equator. "The account of this most interesting section of Africa and its vast population is just about to be given to the world in a book now being published in New York City. They are the most progressive people of Africa so far discovered, and yet, up to the present time, not written about by either Stanley or Livingstone, their existence apparently not being known to either. They have the mechanical arts more highly developed than in any other part of Africa; have never been invaded by the slave trader, or touched with Mohammedanism or instructed by Christians. They live mostly in stone houses, and villages are described as extending on one street for several miles. Here he will find the Yankee nations of Africa, as he thinks, and from that center radiate over the entire continent."

With this outline of his plans, we can afford to await his further movements. He will say Good-bye to his family and sail from New York, probably two months hence. He has already had much encouragement. At the very outset God raised up an able associate—Richard W. Somers. Dr. Reid, in the *July Manual*, announces that there are now on file in the Mission Rooms nearly a score of applications from men—some white and some colored—wanting to go to Africa. "These have not come in consequence of the election of Bishop Taylor, but seem to be rather so many helps waiting for the hour when a leader should be granted them." Men will not be wanting, nor will money, if the enthusiasm manifested at the Boston meeting is at all significant. A Baptist brother on that occasion said that he would pledge himself to pay the expenses of putting one man in the field, and whenever Bishop Taylor might find the man he might draw on him at sight for the needed man.

What a grand opportunity for whole-souled young men, strong in heart and limb, ready to do and care for God! Bishop Taylor says he wants twenty such men. He will not need adventurers. Paint-heart need not apply. His co-laborers will need brains as well as brains, muscle as well as mind. It will be much to have such a leader.

The results of this great movement cannot be easily estimated. For one thing, it will quicken the missionary spirit in our great Church. Other new fields—Japan, especially Corea—are attractive, and will receive much attention; but the Church will follow with loving interest her African workers as they penetrate the Dark Continent. Our new Missionary Bishop pronounces this "the Missionary short-cut for the salvation of the world." Every loyal Methodist will rejoice in the fact that his Church is to have at least some part in the evangelization of this mighty continent. The entire Church endorses the advance movement.

It is hoped that Bishop Taylor's unparalleled experience in all sorts of climates and his strong constitution

will contribute to his continued health of body. On this point he says: "I do not go to Africa to die. I go to Africa to live and do what I can to plant a great Church there. I do not go to Liberia, but plunge at once into the heart of the waiting millions of Africa's teeming populations. I don't care to die, I don't care not to, but I don't expect to; when God gets through with me I shall die and be much obliged to Him for the privilege; but I don't fret about that, I want your prayers, your sympathies, not any soft sympathies, but good hearty sympathies of love and prayers with a money basis which will send us two hundred men, and build us hundreds of churches and school-houses.—*Rev. B. H. Hadley, in Central Chr. Adv.*

## ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.

To be accepted of God means not only no condemnation, but success, sonship, assurance, great boldness. This high station is only gained in and by virtue of union with the Beloved, even Christ. He is worthy, the fairest among ten thousand, and by union with him and on account of this merit we have acceptance. Thus Mephibosheth found favor with David. Because of the love David had for Jonathan he made inquiry when seated upon his throne if there were any left of the house of Saul, that he might show them kindness for Jonathan's sake. The poor cripple, lame in both feet, of himself had nothing to recommend him to the notice of the king, but because he was Jonathan's son therefore he became to David an object of great interest, and was summoned from Lo-debar, and gifted with great possessions, and partook of meat at the king's table as the king's son. He was accepted solely on account of his connection with Jonathan whom David loved as his own soul.

In many a household it has happened that a much-loved son, who went from home with his parents' blessing, has returned after a time with some maiden now his wife. She is an utter stranger to all the inmates, yet from the first is taken into the home as one born in the house, and this solely on account of her union with one beloved of the household. Let her attempt to gain such a position on her own account, and she strives in vain. Though beautiful, talented, and amiable, the family has no place for her save as a servant; but no sooner does she come as one who occupies a tender place in the affections of one beloved of the household than every hand is extended and every voice bids her welcome.

So it is with us. Jesus hath loved us, we cannot tell why. He hath married himself to our poor fallen race, and on account of our union with him, which can only be perfect when we in some measure reciprocate that love, we are accepted of the Father and are no more strangers and foreigners but fellow-citizens of the saints and of the household of God. The moralist seeks in vain for acceptance because he seeks for it on his own account. On this ground he may be received as a servant but never as a child.

## ABUNDANT LIFE.

Jesus Christ makes life to his disciples a more abundant thing by conferring upon us a new sort of life, and one which has fuller pulses and a deeper and stronger vitality about it than merely natural or unregenerate men can possess. The experiences of Christian, that is spiritual, life are more intense than those of nature, because they are awakened in the new-born soul by a far grander, and more mighty class of facts and relationships; eternity is vaster than time, God mightier than the world; unregenerate men touch time and the world, we, if we are Christ's, touch God and his eternity. True, men of the world, as they are quite properly

called, are surprisingly moved sometimes by temporal losses or gains, losses or gains which to the eye of sober reason do appear paltry enough, but the Gospel of Christ sets men at once into direct contact with infinite forces, and with the awful relationships of an unseen world; its voice awakens the sense of guilt; it creates or evokes the unquenchable thirst after God; it reveals the tremendous future before us of bliss or damnation; it lays us alongside the supernatural operations of God; it opens up to us in the cross the whole of His mighty heart; it begets in us that Divine passion for holiness, that superiority to the transient and visible, that enthusiasm for the unseen and everlasting which is the very stuff of which heroes are made and martyrs; in short, it sets us within the sight and sweep of a world of facts which transcend this world as heaven exceeds the earth, and which have power to stir in human bosoms more absorbing desires, more overwhelming sorrow, more rapturous joy than any that are born of time or sense. I speak nothing more than the literal truth when I say that a man's conversion to God adds a fresh region, a new department to his being; it gives him new thoughts, it quickens in him new emotions, it begets new motives, it sets before him new ambitions, and, since the horizon of his being has thus been widened, to embrace hereafter, and the eternal state, since the fresh factor which has entered into his being to rule it is a no less force than God, since interests for which the man labors now are those of the immortal soul and the unending life, it is quite obvious that this new life must be a fuller one, a deeper one than the old, giving birth to thoughts more grave, feelings more deep, in a word, "life more abundant."—*J. Oswald Dykes.*

## HOW IS IT TO BE DONE?

In a lecture in Baltimore, the other day, the Rev. Dennis Osborne, of the South India Conference, and a Eurasian by birth, used this illustration: When may we expect India to be converted? Do you ask the speaker? He hurls back the question upon your conscience. God is waiting on the church. "Bring all the tithes into the store-house." God wants whole-hearted consecration of ourselves. Are you called to go and yet have not gone? The missionary societies say "It is hard to find volunteers." During the Sepoy rebellion Delhi was the headquarters of the mutiny. "On, on to Delhi" was the watchword until 40,000 well-disciplined rebels held possession of its fortifications. The British invested the city though only 8,000 strong. They finally made breaches in the walls. It was determined one day to carry the place by assault. The 8,000 were divided into parts of 2,000 each. Gen. Nicholson, the flower of the British chivalry, was put in charge of one band of 2,000 veterans. He was told to penetrate the Cashmere Gate—a heavy gate of brass, the chief defence of the city. After a terrible struggle he and his braves are at the gate; but it is unopened. Nicholson calls for volunteers to lay a train to blow it up. Twenty at once step out—many of them are shot down but a train is laid. Another call for volunteers! Twenty more step out into the face of death. One of them succeeds in firing the fuse and exploding the train and the city is captured, though Nicholson falls. So the great fortress of heathenism, the spiritual Delhi of India, is to be captured. Singing "Crown him Lord of all" won't do it. Our Captain wants volunteers. Has He called and all have shrunk? "But I can't go—I am a layman!" Well consecrate your treasure. Imitate Mary in breaking the alabaster box. Did Jesus hesitate in making a sacrifice for you? Didn't He say, "I'll give myself?" The Christian Church has talent enough and treasure enough to redeem the world to Jesus. The tables will

soon turn. We will hear quickly the tramp and tramp of the Archangel. What are we going to do about it?

## OLD SERMONS.

It is said of the elder Dr. Beecher that an intelligent parishioner, in Litchfield, once pleasantly took him to task for preaching old sermons, asking the Doctor if he ought not to be every Sunday giving his people constantly fresh views of truth from the fresh studies of their minister? The Doctor, as pleasantly replied, "If a sermon was well studied and carefully prepared, so as to be thoroughly instructive and impressive the first time it was preached, is not that a good reason for preaching it again; and if it has manifestly done good once, why should it not do so again and again, whenever it may be repeated?" And, said the good Doctor, "I convinced him, and he convinced me." And the anecdote is told of the late Dr. Samuel B. Swain, that he once said to the Theological Club, of which he was a leading and greatly respected member, "I have been giving considerable time to the reading of some of my old sermons, and," he added playfully, but in a peculiarly grave tone, "I honestly declare to you, brethren, I have been surprised to find how good some of them are." Rev. E. N. Kirk, of Boston, once said, "If I find an arrow hits the mark, I pick it up and shoot it again," meaning that he often repeated a sermon which he found had done good. Dr. Griffin is said to have preached one of his sermons some thirty times, and it was the means of the conversion of scores, not to say of hundreds of his hearers. And the writer has one sermon which he has preached some fifty times, and which he has reason to know has been blessed to the conversion of more than half that number of persons.

## A SERMON TO SEAMEN.

The *Century* for June gives the following as the substance of a sermon by Chaplain Jones at Sardinia, St. George Harbor on Staten Island. "Let go that stern line" was the text. "I once stood on the wharf watching a brig get ready for sea, when the Rev. Mr. Jones. The topsails and courses were loosed, the jib-hung from the boom, and the halyards were stretched out ready to run up. Just at this moment the pilot sprang from the wharf to the quarter-deck, acquiring as he did so of the mate in command: "Are you all ready?" "All ready, sir," said the officer. Then came the command: "Stand by to run up that job! Hands by the head-braces! Cut off your head fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern line! Let go! Man the top'sails—run 'em up, boys—run 'em up! Does the job take? Haul over that starboard sheet!" "She pays off fine—there she goes, and—" "Hilloo! Hilloo! What's the matter? What's fast there? Starboard the helm! Starboard!" shouts the pilot. "What holds her? Is there anything foul aft there? Way, look at that stern-line! Heave off that turn!" "Is foul ashore, sir," says one of the crew. "Then cut it, cut it! Heave! Never mind the hawser! Cut it before she loses her way." By this time there was a great strain on the hawser. A second crew with their death knives across the stern, which soon parted, the brig fell dead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the brig *Breeze* filled away. So, too, when I see men who have immortal souls to save, bound to the world by the cords of the business of the world, then I think of a scene and feel the cry, 'Stand by to run up your mortal lines and haul out from the shores of destruction. Fly, and let the empty soul of the world, let go that stern-line!'

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Rev. H. D.D.  
New York

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

Across my neighbor's window, With its drapings of satin and lace, I see, beneath a crown of ringlets, A baby's innocent face, His feet in their new, red slippers, Are tapping the polished glass, And the crowd in the streets look upward, And nod, and smile, as they pass.

ONE OF OUR GIRLS.

Very delicate indeed. Can't stand any exercise, and with the exception of a little fancy work, there is really nothing that the child can do. "What is the principal trouble?" a friend inquired, "Nervous headache, pain in the back and sides after the slightest exercise; shortness of breath, which makes me fearful of lung trouble; and a strangely capricious appetite. The doctor doesn't seem to know what to do for her, and I am in despair."

THE REST OF THE SABBATH.

A few months since, Mr. A., a driving, energetic man of business, who worked in his office and at his accounts on the Sabbath just as any other days, committed suicide. He was not embarrassed in his business, but prospered in all his undertakings, but his brain was overworked, and under the excitement of bewildered thought and dreaded evil—he knew not what—he took his own life. His physician said it was the overworked brain, and the temporary insanity arising from it, that led to the fatal result.

"But that is the way she always eats. If she did not have what her appetite craves she would eat nothing."

"Much better eat nothing than such indigestible stuff as that. If she went without long enough she might perhaps be induced to eat something that would benefit her."

"I tell you, Maud must have what she wants, or it is impossible to do any thing with her. She is very determined as well as very high strung and sensitive, and on these accounts is exceedingly hard to manage."

"Do something, quick," she said to her mother, with white drawn lips; "my head is killing me."

"This proved to be an unusually severe attack, and the doctor was summoned. The little high-heeled slippers were removed, and an attempt was made to unfasten the front of her dress, but in spite of the agonizing pain the sufferer steadily protested. "It don't make any difference what she endures," her mother remarked, as she bathed the aching head. "She never will be undressed and put to bed like other folks."

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

I never look at the great brick house of William Astor and the glaring white walls of the Stewart mansion opposite, but I think of the vanity of riches. When A. T. Stewart began to build his marble palace right in the face of the Astor plain brick house, he and his wife were not recognized socially by the Astors, although they kept accounts at his store. He had come from the linen drapery business too recently to rank with the descendants of the successful furrier of fifty years before. Stewart felt the slight, and he built his finer residence opposite theirs, with the idea of humiliating the Astors. He never did, however; but before his house was finished Stewart had to protest against the appearance in Fifth Avenue of others more plebeian than himself. When he began to build there was not a shop or store in all Fifth Avenue. By the time he had moved into his palace one W. H. Bormor had opened a confectionary and ice-cream saloon on the corner above. Stewart not only could not prevent him from committing this desecration, but he could not buy Bormor off. To-day the Stewart mansion is unoccupied except by the servants, who show you the pictures on an order from Judge Hilton. Even Mr. Stewart's latest style tomb, cut quite fashionably decorated in his beautifully and expensively trimmed cathedral in his job lot, Garden City, is unoccupied, and the inscription on it, which says, "Here lies," is applicable only to the body of the epi-

scopally, and not to that of the millionaire. And to think, too, that Vanderbilt should have the hardihood thus early to build a mansion higher up on Murray Hill, in the picture gallery of which you could stow the whole of Stewart's boasted mansion. O, the vanity of riches!—New York Cor. Washington Capital.

A distinguished merchant of Boston, who for twenty years did an immense and successful business, said to a friend: Had it not been for the weekly rest of the Sabbath, I have no doubt I would have been a maniac long ago. It was nothing but the quiet of that day which gave rest and repose to my brain, and saved it from giving way under the constant pressure.

And as this was mentioned in a company of merchants, one of them said: "That remark applies to the case of Mr. F. He was one of our largest importers, and he used to say that 'Sunday was the best day in the week to plan successful voyages,' showing that he gave his mind no rest on the Sabbath, and as a consequence, he has been in the insane asylum for years, and will probably die there." And said another, "I have had a very extensive acquaintance with business men, and I have never known one who worked seven days in the week, who did not kill himself, or break down his mind." And Dr. Farre, in his testimony before a committee of the House of Commons, in England, said, that "men who labor six days in the week, and rest on the seventh, will be more healthy, and live longer, other things being equal, than those who labor seven; they will do more work and do it better."

And an association of twenty leading physicians voted unanimously that they fully assented to the statement.

"Remember," then, "the Sabbath day, and keep it holy," and blessings, both temporal and spiritual, will attend its faithful observance.—Interior.

LOWLY, BUT NOT IN VAIN. Mine may not be the shining of a sun, Lightning the pathway of great worlds afar; No more the moon's full light when day is done;

But I have registered a vow to examine the corsets and the shoes of all the ladies who require my services, before treating them. I am also determined to know what kind of food they are in the habit of eating. I shall doubtless make a good deal less money, but I shall have the approval of my conscience, and that is worth something even to a physician.

—Eleora Kirk, in Home Science.

I am what God has made me, and I know I have a place, a time, a work, a way; So with a happy heart I would bestow My humble meed of blessing while I may; Content each golden day to find my place, Do well my work, and mark my way with love.

To be what God would have me, by his grace, Sincerely climbing to the hills above! And there, I humbly hope, some day to see Crowned souls won from their crowning by my plea! —Rhodes Christian Weekly.

DR. JOHN KITTO. Near the beginning of the present century, in a home made wretched by the intemperate habits of the husband and father, a wailing baby opened its eyes only to rest them upon misery and want. In that home there was lack of nourishing food as well as of comfortable clothing for the puny infant. In wretchedness and neglect the baby boy struggled on, living in spite of neglect until he was four or five years old, when his grandmother, coming one day into the house and seeing the misery there, asked the father and mother to let John go home with her to live. Their consent gained, John was only too glad of the peace and quiet of his grandmother's humble home. It was while living with this old lady that he tasted something of the sweets of childhood, but it was only for a brief period. His grandmother soon became too infirm to live by herself, and John was not old enough to care for her; they went to live with John's parents, and again the boy entered upon a life of hardship.

When he was old enough he began to work with his father, who was a stone mason. One day when he was eleven years old, he

fell from the top of a high building where he was working, and was picked up from the ground white and limp as if he were dead. Then there was confusion in the wretched home, made more wretched by the presence of sickness and the approach of what seemed like death. For many days the boy lay in a stupor from which it was impossible to rouse him. Anxiously the watchers stood around, expecting him soon to breathe his last. But to their surprise he opened his eyes and seemed to know them. Long before this his friends had discovered his fondness for books, and I do not suppose they were surprised when he asked for a certain book which he had been reading before he fell. When he was refused he was unable to understand what they meant, and grew impatient with what looked to him like stupidity. And when he exclaimed, "Why don't you answer me?" one of his friends wrote on a slate, "You are dead!"

Imagine what that would be to any eleven year old boy! To be deaf, never to hear the voices you love, never to listen to the singing of birds, or the babble of brooks, never to hear the wind sighing through the pines, not even to be startled by the roar of thunder—can you imagine it? And this is what befell John.

Things did not mend at home, and when John was fifteen years old he was sent to the almshouse. Here he was set to work making shoes, and here he remained several years. Once in the time he was bound out to a shoemaker, but he was treated so badly by his master that the authorities interfered and he returned to the almshouse, where he had to work very steadily, but he contrived to find time for a great amount of reading and study.

After a time some benevolent gentlemen found out how he was trying to gain knowledge, and planned a way to help him. He left the place where he had been so long, and went to live with a gentleman who gave him every opportunity for study. You may be sure he improved these opportunities, and soon became a fine scholar. Then he had an opportunity to travel. He wrote many books, and I have no doubt you may find in your father's library some of them, as "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature" or "History of the Bible."

His writings are of great value, and the world could not well have done without John. Yet how many laboring under his disadvantages would have felt excused from doing anything to add to the literary wealth of the world. How many would have persevered in study under such difficulties? From his very babyhood, his life was one of struggle and privation, yet by steady, persevering industry he rose above circumstances, and at length gained an honored name and position among men of letters, and for several years before his death, which occurred in 1854, he was known as Dr. John Kitto.—The Pansy.

THE PIN PRICKS OF DAILY LIFE.

It has been said over and over again, yet there is always a fitness in the repetition, that the small worries of every day do a great deal more towards wearing women out than the occasional large troubles. Who has not observed the brave bearing of sudden misfortune on the part of a delicate person, who had been fretful and irritable enough under the petty annoyances of the household? Bereavement, calamity, dire distress are undergone, endured and made light of by people who are wretched if some trifling delay occur about a meal, crushed to the earth if a favorite dish is broken, and ready to perish if a servant prove unfaithful.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THY LITTLE HAND. Thine is a little hand— A tiny little hand— But if it clasp With timid grasp Mine own, ah! me, I well can understand The pressure of that little hand!

Thine is a little mouth— A very little mouth— But oh! what bliss To steal a kiss Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the South, From that same rosy little mouth!

Thine is a little heart— A little fluttering heart— Yet is it warm And pure and calm, And loves me with its whole untutored art That palpitating little heart!

Thou art a little girl— Only a little girl— Yet art thou worth The wealth of earth— Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold and pearl— To me, thou blessed little girl!

PUSS IN THE ELEVATOR.

Dogs not only learn what the cars are for, but which train will take them where they like to go. The instance here given from the

New York Tribune proves that cats may have equally intelligent ideas of passive travelling and equal appreciation of their own comfort in adopting the improved methods. A recent number of the paper tells what a visitor found out about the Tribune cats:

THE ELEVATORS.

A correspondent of the Churchman, writing about the controversy as to whether an actor can be a good Christian, comes to the following conclusions:—

The great majority of operas, plays, and farces are licentious, pandering to the worst passions of the idle and corrupt, setting a premium on vice and sneering at virtue, abounding in oaths and indecent jests. There are said to be a few pure plays, but to discern these, and patronize these only, requires an amount of good taste (not to say religious sentiment) possessed by very few.

The theater has in all ages been the first lesson learned by the beginner in vice. It stands at the entrance of a way-station on which are the race-course, the liquor-saloon, the brothel, the gambling-house, and the end—death. When a young man sets out to be a rake he begins first of all with the theatre. The theatre, by exacting large outlays of money and giving little in return, encourages extravagance. It also compels late hours and waste of time. Its surroundings are the resort of the idle and the vicious. Where the theater is, the bar-room and the brothel are usually not far off. Nor am I entirely ignorant of what I am talking of. I have been considered a veteran theater-goer. During ten years of my life I rarely missed an opportunity of attending the theater. I have seen all sorts of plays, in all sorts of theaters, both the "high-toned" and cheap. I have seen nearly every living American actor and actress of note. A few years ago I determined to live a Christian life. Result: I do not go to theaters now, and I try to keep every one else from going. Why? My observation teaches me that religion and the theater are two conflicting things.

THE TOWER OF ST. LEONARD'S. The tower door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgnorth, England, was left open; and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount up into the upper part, and scramble from beam to beam. All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling; while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs. In this fearful position the poor lads hung, crying vainly for help; for no one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I were to loose you?" replied the little lad.

"I think I could," returned the older.

"Then good bye, and God bless you!" cried the little fellow loosening his hold.

Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below, his companion clambering to a place of safety.

This is a true story. The record of it is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Some tales of heroism excite one to pour forth one's admiration, one's approbation in many words; but this one strikes us dumb, this little fellow unwittingly had followed so closely in the steps of his most loved Master.

Listen to the words of our Lord, spoken while the disciple whom He loved was leaning on His breast: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Surely this little boy, in this one brief, awful act of self-sacrifice, had found his way to keep his Lord's commandment.

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THE SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1884.

A SONG.

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THE WESLEYAN

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1884.

AN AUTUMN DANGER.

The season for country fairs is approaching. Prize lists are being scanned, and busy men and women are making timely preparation for the exhibition of the results of their industry.

We are not prepared to assert that all the arrangements with reference to these gatherings are of the wisest character. The farmer's daughter who called attention to an advertisement of a fair in which fifty dollars was offered for the fastest trotting horse, and twenty-five for the second, while only fifty cents could be spared the maker of the best loaf of bread, certainly had some ground for argument.

Bets are often made on trials of speed a year or more in advance; the mind, the heart, and body are preoccupied and engrossed. I have known sportsmen, while with heavy bets pending and horses in training for the coming contest, to become religiously impressed; but few of them have yielded.

Sydney, for two or three days our headquarters, occupies a pretty position, but the growth of trade in other quarters has interfered somewhat with its prosperity. Just in front of the town lay the French flagship *La Flore*, whose band frequently added to the pleasure of the citizens.

Other points of interest must be briefly noted. North Sydney is a growing place, as the shipping at its wharves indicates. Mr. Wright and

his family were at Ingonish, his place being supplied meanwhile by Mr. Crofts, who had been spending a week at Baddeck. Brief calls were made upon Joseph Salter, Esq., long a pillar in Methodism, and at the office of Mr. Bertram, the effective editor of the *North Sydney Herald*, and several points of interest were visited.

ON FURLOUGH

A few days ago, through the kind offer of a former editor of the *Wesleyan*, I turned my back upon the office for a hurried trip to Cape Breton. A single short day on the Intercolonial sufficed to take us—not precisely the editorial use—to the limits of Nova Scotia proper.

It was almost a matter of regret that I had not seen the beauty of Cape Breton before having visited some noted lake and mountain scenes in Scotland and Switzerland. My experience in this respect may profit some reader. There is probably in the Maritime Provinces nothing to equal Cape Breton, yet one finds himself constantly comparing her high hills with the vast mountain peaks which elsewhere stretch up into cloud regions.

On the beauty of the lakes we may not linger. Favored by wind and tide we moved on through the Grand Narrows, past Baddeck, around Point Aconi, where the ocean that day lay as calm as the lake, and then into the wide Sydney harbor, where the *Marion* was to keep a Sabbath rest. Long may it be, as we remarked to a somewhat doubting American friend, before the demands of the tourist shall lead to a disturbance of Sabbath quiet on those lakes.

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Cape Breton is not yet known as it should be, but each year the public is learning more of the wealth and beauty of the Island. The press is ably doing its part. I had the pleasure of calling upon the editors of the three Island papers, the *North Sydney Herald*, the *Sydney Advocate*, the *Baddeck Island Reporter*, and met with a very courteous reception.

We have observed with sad interest in the Bermudian papers the death of Jeremiah Harnett, Esq., of Hamilton. His loss must be deeply felt by his afflicted family and by the church. The writer is not forgetful of the kind deeds received from him while in Bermuda, and of kind words written by him since that time.

The belief is gaining ground that reform in the realm of politics can only be attained by the presence of tried Christian men, who will scorn the deeds of the low class of political workers. On this subject the London *Methodist* remarks—

Years ago I heard an eminent Wesleyan minister speak of men who take part in politics as 'the potsherd of the earth.' We were not convinced that the expression was correctly applied, and we could scarcely avoid the conclusion that the use of it was traditional.

The writer of the report of the recent Sackville District meeting says: "The Rev. R. Weddall, a B. A., was elected by ballot to represent the District at the meeting of the Local Missionary Committee in conjunction with the District Superintendent, who is ex officio a member of the Board."

The Brunswick Street Church in this city will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary on Sabbath next. Sermons appropriate to the occasion will be preached on that day by the Rev. J. A. Rogers, President of the Conference, in the morning, and Rev. J. Lathern, D. D., in the evening.

We must admit that the fears of these liquor-dealers have exceeded our hopes, but they lead us to look more ardently for the dawn of that brighter day from which they so instinctively shrink. Their visions of "lessened trade" will have little weight with men who watch the tremendous expense and suffering arising from a business which drags down and enfeebles and demoralizes a country in order that a few men comparatively may grow wealthy.

In view of those seasons of sorrow which must come sooner or later to all homes, it may not be unwise to call to mind the means which John Wesley used to prevent at his death the display which he hated. Determined that his own funeral should be entirely plain and modest, he inserted a clause in his will, which read as follows:

I give six pounds to be divided among the six poor men, named by the assistant, who shall carry my body to the grave; for I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no cauccheon, no pomp, except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this.

We learn from the *St. John Telegraph* that Alexander Wilmer Duff, of Portland, N. B., a member of the graduating class of 1884 in the University of New Brunswick, has won the first place among all competitors throughout the empire for the Gilchrist Scholarship, and has in addition obtained the number of marks qualifying for an Exhibition also.

A note of the 8th Inst., from Dr. Inch, Mount Allison, Sackville, gives some further information respecting the formal opening of the new college building:

It has been found expedient, after consultation with the Presidents of the Conference, and with the Chairman and several of the members of the Board of Governors, to have the formal opening and dedication of the Centennial Hall on the 9th of October, and not on the 2nd as previously stated.

We are glad to see that the French scheme of occupying Formosa has been abandoned. It is there that Dr. Mackay and his colleagues of the Presbyterian Church of Canada have won such triumphs. French occupation would mean Jesuit interference.—That bank affair in New Jersey is a terrible one. To call such robberies "shortage" is a shame. The heavier the robbery the softer is the name applied to the rascality.—"Dollar Sunday" is an ingenious device of our Roman Catholic friends to raise money for the new St. Patrick's church. In this way they collected nearly \$3,000 last Sunday.

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The Rev. H. J. Piggott writes to the *Methodist Recorder*: Your readers will all have seen in the public journals the tidings of the sudden and terrible outbreak of the cholera at Spezia; but not all will be aware that our Methodist mission has its largest schools and a flourishing church and congregation in that smitten town. Yet so it is. No fewer than 387 children were entered into the registers of our day-school there during the last year.

"Here we are once more at Spezia, but in what circumstances! We arrived happily; but yesterday morning at ten o'clock the cholera broke out in the town with unexpected and lightning-like vehemence. It seemed as if a great dark cloud had brought the infection in its bosom; in fact in twenty-four hours we have had already forty-eight cases of which twenty-seven have been fatal. Our own beloved Church has already given its victim. Angela Caserta died in our arms yesterday evening after a few hours agony. Pray, oh! pray for us! I am a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and am hard at work to convert the church into an hospital, there not being accommodation enough for the sick. We have to suspend the evening services, and to put off indefinitely the opening of the schools. I shall stand upon the breach, and do my duty to the last as a Christian minister and a citizen. My wife is of the same mind with me, and is working hard also. Pray for us and write to us."

The *Nashville Advocate*, the official paper of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has an editorial on higher education, which shows that in that important section of Methodism the general opinion is precisely that given time after time in our Maritime Conferences. The *Advocate* remarks:

It is quite evident to us that the Churches may as well adjust themselves to the work of providing for the higher education in this country. The drift of public opinion sets that way. The logic of the situation points in that direction. Elementary education by the State—all beyond it by the Church and the family—is the proper and only possible solution of our educational problem. So much at least seems clear to us, and we think it will be clear to thoughtful persons generally after they have considered the question in all its bearings.

The Agents in the field are doing a work of two-fold value. They are creating a demand for liberal education, while they are trying to make adequate provision to meet such demand. In some places, while looking for money, they find students; in others they find both. The average man will prefer to send his son or daughter to the school in which he invested his money. A good college agent is an educational evangelist, a propagandist of liberal learning. Let him be well treated, honored, borne with, and borne up by the sympathies and prayers and co-operation of all good men and women. Be kind and just to the college agent. He is the focus of all criticism and complaint with regard to the financial management of the school for which he labors.

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Silsen, Yorkshire, England, has been the scene of some blessed meetings, conducted by Wesleyan, Primitive and Methodist Free Church ministers and the vicar of the parish. A short distance from the village there is a remarkable natural formation—an immense amphitheater, capable of seating many thousands of people—and this was fixed upon as the place of meeting.

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GENL. M. PRELIM. The Method. in the City Tuesday, O. Further pub. Mission Re. Sep. 10th. THE Board the to call the of the Meth. Intendents schools to A. New Discip. lation be of behalf of the Extension that this e. the last Su. tember 28th. Secreta. Will the P. E. I. Co. tention of and office 150, Discip. "An ann. bath school all our scho. school Aid. lation. I. collection. session of. Review Sui. other time. It shall be ednts of c. see that su. From the see there. small incre. ed by the wards this. remitted a. \$113.47 the movement within this aid from claims incre. ing yet the not comp. number of is too muc. our school. lation for and officer by this fun. gifts of pur. and I feel. ported at. greatly in. Nashwa. REV. Mr. E. since I be. lines for y. a great d. being abie. fference. I left my Bear Riv. improved. I will att. tive to im. But be remark I. sired to short tim. ed with the last t. fully on. one of our listened. cellent sel. well as b. wishes of. preatise. discuss. tinned to. profitable. and hist. of the ch. ture lab. Early pany wit. River. the cars. where I. tion from. Mrs. Jo. I four. at Lawr. was giv. here ha. revival. Johnson. with gr. On Fe. host aut. passing. labors. I was n. brief g. of the u. in ansv. friends. I reciev. dead. natu. since I. can a. fathers. reached. found. former. commu. buildi. rumb. whistle. coming. whole. The o. ed its. large c. be a g.



THE RECENT LONDON MISSION.

A communication has recently appeared in some of the leading journals from the Rev. G. F. Pentecost, affording a most interesting account of the wonderful work of God in the British metropolis, in connection with the labors of the great evangelist, Moody, and others associated with him.

With last week closed one of the most remarkable evangelistic missions of this or any other country. Indeed it is doubtful if in all history there has ever been such a series of meetings held for the continuous preaching of the Gospel.

Eight years ago, after Mr. Moody had carried the Gospel like a flame of fire through Scotland, he was invited to London. For a few weeks only, he held service in the metropolis. The great Agricultural Hall, with a congregation varying from fifteen to twenty thousand people, and Her Majesty's Opera House, were the principal scenes of his labors at this time.

The meetings were held for the most part alternately in two great iron halls, which were specially constructed for this mission. They were so built that they could be taken down and set up again. While one mission, in one part of the city was in progress in one building, the other was being erected in another section.

The buildings were seated with chairs and constructed with a raised platform at the far end for the better acoustic effects, and a large platform at the speaker's end, upon which the clergy, choir (500) and specially invited people were seated. Mr. Moody's pulpit was removed from this platform about fifteen feet in front, so that he had about four thousand people in front of him and from a thousand to twelve hundred behind him.

The Japanese Gospel News he had seen the account of the death of Mrs. San Yana, which had made a profound impression on her people. She had been educated in a mission school and married a native preacher, and converted, she became aware of a lack of personal experience in Christianity, and sought a fuller blessing, which she wonderfully experienced.

At eleven o'clock the meeting was open to all; at three o'clock the meeting was for women only, and at seven o'clock for men only. These four meetings were always crowded and usually overflowing, with the class for whom they were intended.

One of the most interesting features of the work has been in the number and class of workers who have been closely allied to it. While these have been drawn from all classes, it is remarkable that the clergy of the Established Church have been more numerous represented, and so far as I can judge more heartily interested than the ministry of the dissenting churches.

The private workers have been the mainstay and support of the spiritual work. These have been from every class. The middle classes have been largely represented as workers in the inquiry rooms; gentlemen and ladies of the wealthy commoner class, gentlemen and ladies of the aristocracy and nobility have been equally interested and earnest in the work.

In connection with, or rather in addition to the large meetings conducted in person by Mr. Moody, Major Whittle, who accompanied him from the beginning, with his helper in the work, Mr. McManahan, conducted contemporaneously in different parts of London, Gospel meetings, occupying large halls and churches for the purpose. Major Whittle is distinguished for his clear, simple, and forceful presentation of the truth. His appeal is more direct to the conscience, and he deals far more with the question of sin under the law than does Mr. Moody. His sermons are eminently scriptural and always marked by great ability in arrangement and intense earnestness in delivery.

It is not wise to attempt an estimate of the number of converts in connection with this eight months' mission. The thousands of nominal Christians who have been quickened into new life and led into deeper consecration and into personal work for the Master is a result that is as significant and blessed as the conversions out and out from the world.

May God grant that our own land may be the scene of such a work during this coming fall and winter. —Northfield, Mass.

WOMAN'S WORK IN JAPAN.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church, the Rev. Mr. Harris, who was about to return to Japan, was invited to speak. We quote his remarks from the Heathen Woman's Friend:

He said he wished he could make real to us how much the men in Japan appreciate the work being done by the Society. Men had frequently said to him, have your wife come and see our wives, our women are so ignorant and inferior. This feeling is very general.

He described a day spent at a silk manufactory, where 150 girls were employed; the proprietor invited him and his wife to come and spend the day at his home. After dinner, the sliding doors in his large house were taken out, all the girls and women of the household, and from the silk factory and the surrounding neighborhood were present, while he and Mrs. Harris and the native preacher talked to them of Christ.

The Japanese Gospel News he had seen the account of the death of Mrs. San Yana, which had made a profound impression on her people. She had been educated in a mission school and married a native preacher, and converted, she became aware of a lack of personal experience in Christianity, and sought a fuller blessing, which she wonderfully experienced.

At eleven o'clock the meeting was open to all; at three o'clock the meeting was for women only, and at seven o'clock for men only. These four meetings were always crowded and usually overflowing, with the class for whom they were intended.

him out of the house amid the yells of a crowd of persons who had assembled. Mr. Cooke returned in the evening and in the presence of several constables the will was read to the crowd; Mr. Cooke expressing his determination to carry out the wishes of Mrs. O'Connor, who by this time was dead.

MOSLEM STUDENTS.

Some ten thousand students are gathered under the roofs of the Mohammedan University at Cairo, prepared to go out as missionaries of the Moslem faith. "It is nine hundred years older than Oxford," a celebrated traveller writes, "and still flourishes as in the palm days of the Arabian Conquest." As another expressed it, "There were two acres of turban" assembled in a vast enclosure with no floor but a pavement, and with a roof over it, supported by 400 columns, and at the foot of every column, a teacher surrounded by his pupils. As we entered, there arose a hum of a thousand voices reciting the Koran. These students are not only from Egypt, but from all parts of Africa, from Morocco to Zanzibar. They come from far up the Nile, from Nubia and the Sudan; from Darfour, beyond the great desert, and from the Western coast of Africa. They live on the charities of the faithful, and when their studies are ended, those who are to be missionaries mount their camels, and joining a caravan, cross the desert and are lost in the far interior of Africa, where they become the effective propagators of Islam.

CATARACTS OF THE NILE.

In an article on the cataracts of the Nile the Daily News says that there are no fewer than six cataracts on the Nile between Assouan and Khartoum; but there are a number of places besides, not dignified with a classification of numbers, which travellers have described as cataracts. The first cataract is at Assouan, the second is about four miles above the Wady Halfa, the third at Hannek, about forty miles below New Dongola; the fourth is near an island called Douiga, on that part of the Nile which runs south-west nearly halfway between Abu Hammed and Debbah; the fifth is thirty-five miles north of Berber; and the sixth cataract is a novel description of Mr. Choate, says that "his map somewhat resembled the map of Ohio, and looked like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark with a three pronged fork. His hand-writing can't be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant."

BIBLES IN CHINA.

Through a correspondent of the Bible Society we learn that the extensive circulation of single Gospels in China is telling on the people in a way no statistics can tabulate. There are at least 20,000 Scriptures in circulation in Kansuh, a remote province in the extreme northwest. During a recent journey, a missionary was told by the inn keeper at a market town that many people there were worshipping Jesus. Mr. Parker says: "I thought I must have misunderstood him, and replied, 'I hope many will worship him when they know him.' He continued, 'They worship him now according to the books you sold here last year.' Further on, at Tihnan, a man came up to me in the street, looked at a Gospel, and exclaimed, 'Coming it is Jesus, going it is Jesus,' meaning, we hear of nothing but Jesus now a day. At no distant day, Jesus books will outnumber Confucian."

Extraordinary Proceedings.—A summons has been issued against a parish priest of Clons, in Connaught, in an assault on the wife of the Rev. J. Tresham Cooke, who was attending the deathbed of a Protestant widow, whose husband was a Catholic, her sons being of the same religion. The woman whose name was O'Connor, when about to die signed a will, and, as she had lived a Protestant, asked Mr. Cooke, the rector, to direct the funeral arrangements. Mrs. O'Connor's sons were opposed to this, and, while the rector with his wife and the dying woman's two daughters were standing round the bed, the Roman Catholic priest and a number of his followers entered the house. They seized Mr. Cooke, and overcoming a stubborn resistance, threw

him out of the house amid the yells of a crowd of persons who had assembled. Mr. Cooke returned in the evening and in the presence of several constables the will was read to the crowd; Mr. Cooke expressing his determination to carry out the wishes of Mrs. O'Connor, who by this time was dead.

Dr. B. Crassi has called attention to the fact that flies carry infection from place to place. They have a habit of alighting on moist substances, and hence are defiled by virus. Dr. Grassi has exposed moist matter impregnated with the eggs of parasites, and found these afterward deposited on sheets of note-paper hung on the wall. The specks of dirt which flies leave on mirrors, and other smooth surfaces, may therefore be contaminated by dangerous germs. Since flies are very apt to settle on human food it behooves persons to guard themselves against this danger as well as they can.

BREVITIES.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.—Chesterfield.

If any thing affects your eye, you hasten to have it removed; but if your mind is disordered, you postpone the term of cure for a year.—Horace.

Some sciolists have discovered a short path to celebrity. They set up for free-thinkers, but their only stock in trade is that they are free from thinking.—Caiton.

"George, dear, don't you think it's rather extravagant to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, but; economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

Knowledge must be earned; it cannot be passively taken. Unless the mind works for its living it will always remain poor: neither gifts nor legacies, neither houses nor lands can enrich it.

Yes, my boy, there are 53,200,000 people in this country. And you are only one of them. Just one. Think of that once in awhile when you get to wondering what would happen to the world if you should die.

Wisdom is, I suppose, the right use of knowledge. To know is not to be wise. Many men know a great deal, and are all the more fools for what they know. There is no fool so great a fool as a knowing fool. But to know how to use knowledge is to have wisdom.—Spurgeon.

A Boston correspondent, after giving a novel description of Mr. Choate, says that "his map somewhat resembled the map of Ohio, and looked like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark with a three pronged fork. His hand-writing can't be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant."

I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths, and something more of births—with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses—has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than ever exhaled from all the essences that were ever distilled.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A strange custom prevails in the northern districts of Bohemia. Every betrothed bride, however rich she may be, is obliged to go and beg in the neighboring villages for the feathers necessary to make her bed. She goes on these peregrinations, which sometimes last several days, in full dress, and accompanied by a poor woman. Every one gives her a friendly reception, and she always carries back an ample provision of feathers.

Of Scotland's great preacher, the late Rev. Dr. Macleod, the following is told: In visiting his Dalkeith parishioners to say farewell, he called on one of those sharp-tongued old ladies whose privileged gibes have added so much to the treasury of Scottish humor. To her he expressed his regret at leaving his friends at Dalkeith, but stated that he considered his invitation to Glasgow in the light of "a call from the Lord." "Ay, ay," was the sharp response; "but if the Lord had called you to a better steeps, it might have been lang gye had heard him!"

There is as much character in a man's walk as in his face. See how he plants his feet. If the "pus his foot down" so stay, you may depend upon him. If he tread weakly, or hesitatingly, or creepingly, like a cat, or overbearingly, that is, in a rough-shod way, or energetically, or languidly, or shufflingly, or bustlingly, or timidly, or recklessly, you can in any event read the man by the tracks he makes. And the legs and feet he carries have much to do with this expression. This is why great orators are impatient of pulpit and nostrums. They want to speak with the whole body.—Hearth and Home.

Every man and woman.

Will disagree upon same points. It is almost impossible to quite reconcile one's convictions with those of another, though, of course, exceptions occur; and one of the most notable which we can mention is that on the corn question. For once our people are united; they acknowledge that never in the history of the world was there as certain, as sure, as harmless, as prompt a remedy as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, and for once a united and free people have reached a sensible conclusion. Beware of substitutes.

No wonder Turkey is poor. The first charge on the Turkish revenue is the wages of the palace, and they amount to some \$200,000 a week.

It has been estimated that the annual loss by fires in the United States is \$100,000,000.

If there is anything in this life that will give one a forecast of misery, as some represent it, that thing is Neuralgia. It is the refinement of torture. But there is a simple and inexpensive remedy for it. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment snuffed up into the head will give instant relief.

A Washington hack driver was fined \$20 for careless driving, and his next passenger paid the bill.

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Henry Ward Beecher, who built the house on his Peekskill farm out of the profits of lecturing, calls it his air castle, because "it was built from wind."

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The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards, the noise of a train 2,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, and a cricket's chirp 800 yards.

I had a valuable colt so bad with mange I feared I could lose it. I used Minard's Liniment and it cured him like magic.—CHRISTOPHER SANDERS, Dalhousie.

The Island of Guernsey contains 10,000 acres of tillable land, and supports a population of 80,000. The largest farm on the island contains fifty acres. They are the happiest, most contented and best-fed people in all Europe.

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