December, 1870.

The Ladies' Repository



AND HOME MAGAZINE

Rev. I. W. Wiley, D. D., Editor.

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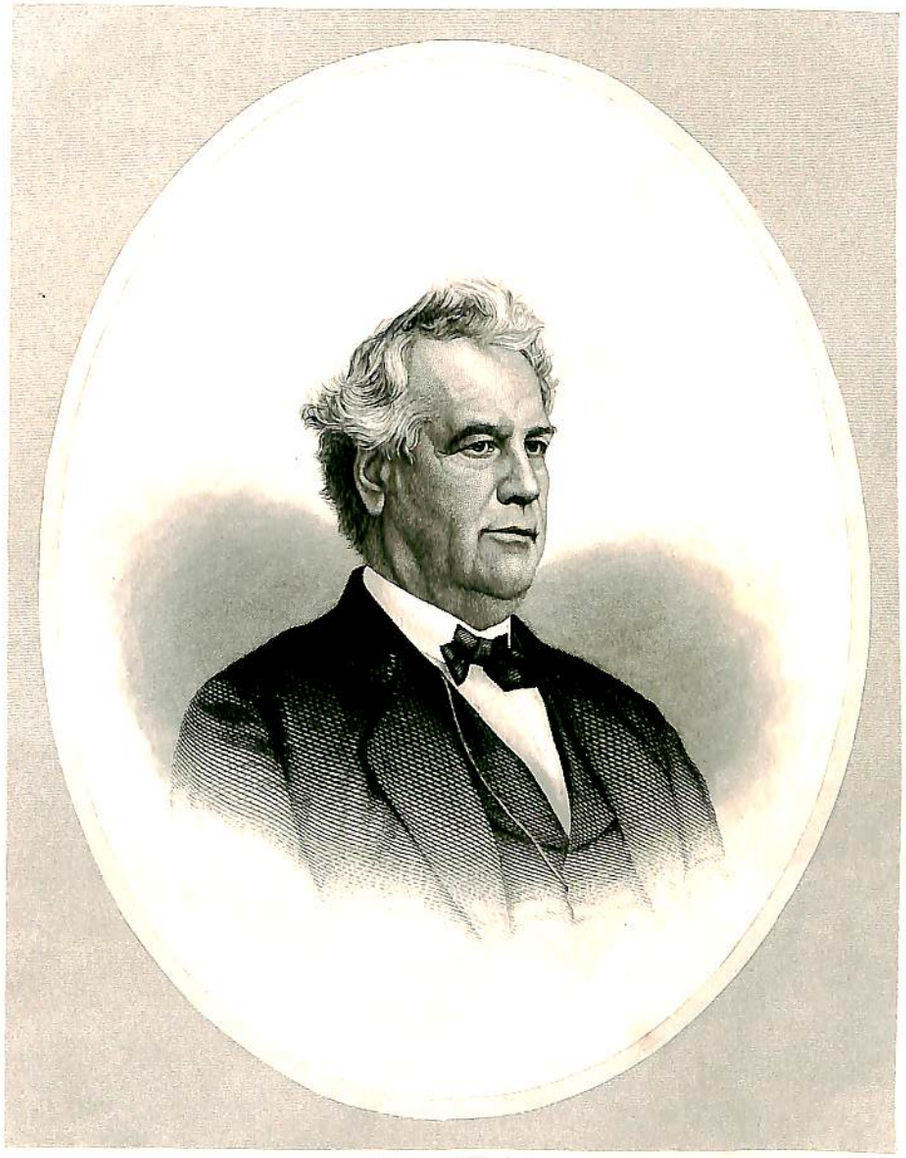
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THE DREAM OF HOPE





THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1870

DECEMBER.

MELANCHTHON.

IT was the 25th day of August, 1518. Unusual commotion was visible in the narrow streets and lanes of the old town of Wittenberg, in Saxony. Citizens in holiday attire, officials in their uniform of office, divines, professors, and students crowded through the streets at an early hour of the day. The center of attraction was the great lecture-hall of the University. The young Professor, who had lately been appointed, and who had arrived several days before, was about to deliver his inaugural address. For some time past expectation had been busy, and to-day the feeling of curiosity had reached its climax. The door in the rear of the hall is thrown open, and a small, attenuated, sharp-featured individual, wrapped in a voluminous coat, whose skirts reach to the feet, crosses the hall with hasty and timorous steps, and seats himself in the great lecture-chair. The hopes of the vast audience seem to have received a damaging shock; the unprepossessing appearance of the little man has aroused a feeling of disappointment among the multitude, and it is regarded as certain that the Elector has been mistaken in making the appointment; but when the little man arose from the chair, and his high and massive forehead, beaming with intellect, became apparent, and his deep-blue, large, and lustrous eyes, full of a noble and lofty spirit, shone full upon the multitude before him, a sudden change seemed to come over the hearts of all, rapidly transformed into an undisguised feeling of wonder and admiration as from his lips flowed, in unrivaled splendor of diction and power of eloquence, an address in Latin—the speaker was Melanchthon. He spoke of the change for the better that was then taking place in the system of study, and of the preference that should be given to the study of the classics, of Greek and Latin, believing that both Church and State would be benefited if these languages were more diligently and thoroughly made subjects of study. His graceful eloquence captivated all hearts; Luther himself, who was present, was in ecstasy; and his triumph to-day exceeded even the fame that had preceded him.

Philip Melanchthon—as he had changed his German name Schwarzerd, "black earth," into the more euphonious Greek—entered the University of Heidelberg in 1509, at the age of twelve years, and received the Baccalaureus degree two years later. Being refused the degree of Master, he entered Tübingen in 1512, where the coveted honor was conferred upon him in 1514. He was actively engaged as a public instructor at this time, receiving and accepting the call of the Elector of Saxony to Wittenberg in 1518, during his residence at Tübingen.

The profound learning and extraordinary intellectual power of Melanchthon, as well as his stalwart defense of the principles of Protestant faith, soon procured him the degree of Baccalaureus of Theology, with a yearly salary of one hundred florins. This sum was increased to two hundred florins in 1526, to three hundred in 1536, and, finally, to four hundred florins in 1541. He never received more than the latter sum, and even this pittance was given him with reluctance. The title of Doctor of Divinity, however, he invariably refused to accept, although his contemporaries, including Luther, said of him: "We are indebted to Philippo for all we know in science and philosophy; though but a simple master, he is a doctor above all doctors."

Melanchthon was never a preacher and min-

ister in the present meaning of those terms. It is said of him that he could never preach a sermon, as the presence of a whole congregation filled him with fear. Luther counseled him to take courage, and, as an experiment, to preach a sermon before a large collection of earthen pots, in lieu of an assemblage of listeners. This he did; but on attempting to preach his sermon in the presence of the congregation he failed most lamentably. Luther, who was among the auditory, exclaimed with a smile, "Come down, innocent lamb, and let me preach;" Luther mounts the pulpit and electrifies the Church with the thunders of his eloquence, but Melanchthon descends with the remark, "Yes, but *heads* are not *pots!*"

The great Reformator was a very industrious man. He was constantly at work from two or three o'clock in the morning, until nine o'clock in the evening, both Summer and Winter, and with such intense application that every one feared his health was being seriously injured. The rougher Saxon fare, compared to the better table to which he had been used in Suabia, did not agree with him very well; in consequence of which he soon began to show signs of failing strength. The Elector, whose esteem for Melanchthon was great, advised him to use moderation in the pursuit of his studies; he also surprised him with the present of a cask of excellent wine from his private cellar, accompanying the gift with a note calling Melanchthon's attention to 1 Timothy v, 23: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

But Luther devised a better medicine than this for the ailing divine—*love*. He urged Melanchthon to marry, believing, also, that by this means he would be able to keep Melanchthon permanently at Wittenberg; but he received the proposal with dismay, and would not entertain it for a moment, as he feared that the new connections he would make in consequence, and the demands of the nursery, would seriously interfere with his beloved studies. However, after a great deal of controversy, and with evident reluctance, he consented to accept the destiny prepared for him. Luther sets out in quest of a bride for his reluctant friend, and does the necessary courting. The young lady chosen by Luther for his learned and timid friend was Catherine Krapp, the daughter of Hieronymus Krapp, Mayor of Wittenberg. She was of the same age as the bridegroom, twenty-three. Melanchthon does not play the part of a tender lover, as his thoughts are engaged but little with worldly affairs, preferring to dwell in the cold and distant realms of science and philosophy, but he is, nevertheless, an accepted suitor. The fair bride is a sweet, tender, and pious little dove, and on the 28th day of August, 1520, the solemn marriage rites are performed, upon which occasion the happy bridegroom presents the fair dame, his "Katie," as he calls her, with a new gown. Of course his jovial friend Luther was present at the marriage feast, as one of the happiest of the invited guests. On the morning of the auspicious day Melanchthon does not lecture before his class, but in his stead, upon the blackboard, appears the following laconic notice: "*A studiis hodie facit*," etc.; that is, "To-day Philippus allows pleasant recreation to take the place of study, and will not expound to you the divine teachings of Paul the apostle."

Melanchthon's wife was a good woman, but of a timid and sensitive disposition, much given to tears and useless repinings, in consequence of which her husband's easily affected heart, instead of being cheered and quieted, was very often seriously depressed and agitated. Her health, too, was not of the best, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, that her superintendence of household affairs was faulty, and the wants of the wardrobe and kitchen negligently attended to. The style of living in Melanchthon's house was of the plainest kind, quite in keeping with his small income, and the high price of the necessaries of life prevalent at that period.

Melanchthon's public lectures were mostly *gratis*, and he also gave pecuniary assistance to numbers of poor students—a generosity often sadly abused. The furniture of his house was extremely plain. In his room stood a queer kind of settee, scantily cushioned, answering also the purposes of a bed; a bench, table, and a few chairs, all of durable and massive construction, formed the greater part of the furniture. A few of the pupils of his private school took their meals at his table, and lived in the house, and occasionally a friend or visitor from a distance. At table he was fond of lively and witty conversation. "How do you like the wine?" we hear him ask, after having filled the glasses of his guests with some he had just received as a present from a friend; one of the guests answers dryly: "It is not bad." "O," replies the sensitive host, "that is not the way to praise good wine!" Again we find him, on a visit, at the house of an acquaintance. His host was lamenting the want of a greater number and variety of dishes at dinner, excusing his apparent want of hospitality with the haste in which the meal had been prepared; Melanchthon replies pleasantly: "Truly your

excuse is greater than my stomach; if our appetites every-where were as enormous as you seem to think, our Heavenly Father would have to provide an immense deal for the little world."

When Melanchthon and Luther walked out together it seemed as if father and son had met, Melanchthon's head barely reaching to his stalwart friend's shoulder. His face was haggard, his beard full and flowing, and his long hair curled gracefully. He stooped a little with one of his shoulders, a habit which many of his disciples imitated. His throat was always bare, with the exception of a small frill, and his usual habit was a long blue coat, made of common cloth, with full and very wide sleeves. At home he was often to be found clad in a long dressing-gown, a night-cap upon his head. For the purpose of keeping his body constantly warm he wore three linen shirts at a time, a habit he had learned of the celebrated Dr. Reuchlin.

Now and then we do not find our Melanchthon in his dwelling at the usual dinner hour; we meet him and his wife comfortably seated at the table of their friend Luther, and in the company of a few other specially invited guests. Whenever a birthday is to be celebrated in Luther's family, "Master Philipp," of course, must not fail to be present. Conversation upon such occasions does not always flow in learned and philosophical channels, but its character is rather jovial and humorous. The worthy hostess, whenever it is possible, does not fail to wedge in a pleasant word or two between the learned and sonorous sentences of her lord and his friends. Surely it was pleasant to be an invited guest at Doctor Luther's table. His noble wife was an excellent cook; the Doctor relished a glass of good wine, and always contrived to have it at his board; innocent mirth, good humor, and a pure and chivalrous spirit were ever present upon such occasions, and what more could any one require?

In 1524 Melanchthon left Wittenberg on a short visit to Bretten, his native place; and one of the most affecting incidents in the life of the Reformer is his first meeting with his beloved mother, after a separation of over six years. He was accompanied upon his journey by Professor Nesen, of Wittenberg, Joachim Camerarius, his best and truest friend, whom he loved as a brother, and two of his pupils; also Francis Burchard, of Weimar, and Johannes Silberborner, of Worms. The party traveled on horseback, and as their animals were none of the best, and the learned gentlemen who bestrode them neither bold nor experienced riders, the trip was accomplished very slowly, and the cavalcade often gave occasion for much sport and laughter. In Frankfort, where Nesen remained, the party stopped but a short time, and hastened on toward the beloved land of Suabia. Melanchthon's heart throbbed with a thousand joyous emotions as he approached the familiar scenes of his childhood, and when, at last, he saw the gleaming spires and roofs of his native town, he sprang from his horse, overwhelmed with emotion, dropped upon his knees, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed, "O, my dear native earth, how thankful I am to my merciful Father in heaven, that he has permitted me again to see thee!" At last he gazes upon the dear old homestead in which, of yore, he had sat upon his father's knee, and lain upon the breast of his loving mother. But the father's spirit has been called away to the world above, and his dust is shrined with that of his ancestors, in the quiet little church-yard near by; his mother comes forward and, with tears of joy and of grief, they rush into each other's arms, and fold each other in a close embrace; it seems as if they would never part again. With joy that can not find utterance in words, the mother gazes upon her son, for while she has remained the same plain and secluded matron, her son, as a great scholar and celebrated divine, has risen to exalted honors. He left her a promising youth; he returns to her a ripe and perfect man. In the child-like simplicity of her mind, she had steadfastly remained a good Catholic, and she had shaken her head distrustfully on being informed that her son not only espoused the new Protestant doctrine, but was industriously engaged in the work of spreading the antagonistic faith over the world. True, he attempted to explain to her the principles, and to enlighten her in regard to evangelical truths, but she clung persistently to the ancient Catholic dogmas, and his efforts in her case were unsuccessful.

Melanchthon remained at his mother's house, and his companions continued their journey. How astonished the worthy old lady was whenever distinguished personages from various parts of the country came to pay their respects to her gifted son, a matter of frequent occurrence! Among the rest came Compegius, the secretary of the Pope's Embassador, for the purpose of inducing Melanchthon to forsake the Protestant cause; but Melanchthon was not a fragile reed that could be bent or broken; he declared: "Whatever I have acknowledged to be the truth before the world, I will maintain without fear or reservation under all circumstances." Upon another occasion, a committee of professors arrived as a delegation from the

University of Heidelberg, to present him with a magnificently chased silver tankard, a gift of the students and teachers. With a heavy heart this distinguished man finally tore himself from the home of his childhood.

Notwithstanding the high esteem in which Melanchthon was held, and the honors conferred upon him, his life was not one of unclouded sunshine. Heavy and dark clouds of sorrow passed over his heart, testing the strength of his mighty spirit. In the year 1540, while upon a journey to Weimar to attend a counsel of the Church, he was attacked with sudden and serious illness, which nearly proved fatal. Medical aid was instantly dispatched by the Elector, and Luther was sent for at Wittenberg. Melanchthon eat and drank nothing, and his body had wasted to an alarming extent. Surprised at his condition, Luther exclaimed on seeing him, "This is Satan's attempt to destroy a servant and minister of the Almighty!" and by prayer and serious entreaty Luther, the best physician the sick man could have had, restored his friend. Melanchthon's dangerous and sudden illness was caused by overpowering mental distress. The Marquis Philipp of Hessia had married two wives, both of whom were living; Melanchthon had been induced to sanction the act, and the wily Prince, in order to justify his unlawful act, was about to publish his remorse-stricken friend's official approval. Luther was untiring in his efforts to save his afflicted friend; he says of himself: "I prayed to God incessantly in his behalf; imploring him to fulfill his promises; I would not be denied, and the Lord would not turn from me; he heard me, and granted the help I pleaded for." Melanchthon himself acknowledges that if Luther had not come to his assistance he would have perished.

The heaviest blow of all, however, to the loving and sensitive heart of Melanchthon was the death of Luther, in 1546. On the 23d of January, in that year, Luther left Wittenberg for Eisleben, and on that day these great men saw each other for the last time on earth. On the 18th day of February the great Reformer died. With him, for the period of twenty-eight years, Melanchthon had been united in the closest bonds of friendship and intimacy; they had labored and suffered, battled and triumphed together in the common cause. On the 19th of February Melanchthon received the news of his noble friend's death through Dr. Jonas. At nine o'clock in the morning of that day, he appeared at his usual place in the University, to lecture on Paul's epistle to the Romans. His eyes were red and swollen from weeping. He informs the assembled students of Luther's death, and describes to them the incidents that occurred during the last days of his illustrious friend. Weeping, he exclaims, "I am so overwhelmed with sorrow that it is doubtful whether I will be able to perform my duties here in the future." After having given expression to his deep affliction in a short and touching address, he folded his hands, and implored the Divine aid in behalf of the Church. The students wept and sobbed like children, and it seemed as if the old walls of the University were conscious of the solemnity of the scene, and re-echoed the sounds of sorrow. The only faithful and beloved friend still remaining to Melanchthon was Joachim Camerarius, who remained near him, and always accompanied him upon his journeys. Death had removed from his side nearly all of his old friends.

In 1547 we look upon a still darker picture in the eventful life of the distinguished Reformer. The Smalkaldian war, with all its horrors, began to be felt in the vicinity of Wittenberg, and the noise of battle re-echoed from the peaceful walls of the University. On the 6th of November the University was dissolved, and on the 9th, in the midst of a terrible snow-storm, professors, students, citizens, old men, women and children, fled from their homes in wild confusion. Melanchthon, with his wife and children, was among the fugitives. He lost his valuable library, and nearly all of his other property, and wandered about the country, a homeless exile, often compelled to beg assistance from strangers. In this manner he came to Dessau, Zerbst, Magdeburg, Brunswick, Nuremberg, and other places; and yet, although himself struggling with adversity, and impoverished almost to beggary, we find him faithfully protecting the widow and children of Luther, over whom he had been appointed guardian, and who accompanied him in his flight. Through his efforts they found assistance and a refuge in Brunswick.

Toward the latter part of the year 1547, after the clouds of war had been dispersed, we find Melanchthon again actively engaged in the performance of his former duties in Wittenberg.

Taking advantage of the opportunity afforded us by this period of tranquillity, let us observe Melanchthon in the midst of his family, and in the quiet of his own fireside. Great men belong to the world, the entire human race constitutes their family, and the boundless sphere in which they labor, and the great attractions to which they are in consequence subject, leave them, usually, but little time to devote to the immediate concerns of their own family, and curtails, to a large extent, the enjoyment of

fireside sociality. Melanchthon's heart, however, was not so entirely engrossed by his public duties as to become oblivious to the calls of affection, and insensible to the higher duties of husband and father. He lived, as much as possible, in the bosom of his family; the home circle was to him the Church in miniature; his children were the little angels that ministered joy unto his soul and wafted over his heart the breath of heavenly peace.

As the great demands made upon him, in his functions as a public teacher, prevented him from devoting much of his precious time to the rudimentary education of his children, this duty was intrusted to his faithful servant John, and he was made their tutor. Not all of Melanchthon's children proved to be blessings to him; his eldest son, Philip, especially, was often refractory; nor did he inherit his father's excellent sense and noble spirit. As a student in Leipzig, at the age of nineteen, he was secretly married to a girl of that city, against the wishes of his parents, and in direct defiance of his father. Melanchthon's second son died at an early age. His oldest daughter, Annie, upon the contrary, was the perfect image of her father; she was very lovely, and of a quiet and amiable disposition; she was also possessed of rare talents and accomplishments, and an excellent Latin scholar. Melanchthon loved her above all his children. A touching anecdote is recorded of her, showing how tenderly she loved her father, and the devotion with which she clung to him. Melanchthon sat in his study; he had just received information that affected him deeply; some of his brightest anticipations had been suddenly eclipsed, some of his dearest hopes crushed forever. He wept. His little daughter ran, capering and laughing, into the room; on seeing her beloved father in tears she suddenly stopped; her large and beautiful eyes are turned meditatively upon her parent's face; gently she glides to the side of the weeper, and, pressing close against his knees, she endeavors to wipe the tears away from her father's face with her little apron. "Don't cry, dear, dear father!" she exclaimed, her own eyes brimful of tears; "you know your little Annie can not bear to see you weep." In the embrace of his darling child the father forgot his grief. Upon another occasion the child had been absent from home for a longer period than was customarily allowed her; upon her return Melanchthon asked the little delinquent, "Well, what are you going to reply to your mother, who will give you a good scolding?" "Nothing," was the ready answer of the child, conscious of having done wrong. The reply of the child gave Melanchthon uncommon pleasure, and he often made use of it when his enemies attacked him with vituperations and reproach. "What shall I say to my enemies? I know—nothing, nothing at all!"

Annie Melanchthon was married in her fourteenth year to one of her father's former pupils, George Sabinus, a learned theologian and eminent Latin poet. He did not, however, appreciate his excellent wife, and his treatment of her was harsh; the connection proved to be an unfortunate one, and Annie soon died of a broken heart. Melanchthon's second daughter, Magdalena, also proved to be an excellent girl. She was married, in her nineteenth year, to Dr. Pencer, who was subsequently appointed physician to the Elector of Saxony. She was the mother of ten children, many of whom were raised in Melanchthon's house, where Annie's children, also, received their education. As a follower of Calvin, Dr. Pencer was greatly persecuted, and languished in prison twelve years. Some of the Doctor's descendants are living in Weimar.

The faithful family servant, John, an amiable Suabian, Melanchthon treated, in all respects, like one of his own children, and enjoyed his unbounded confidence. He was the Reformer's agent in all business affairs, and a general manager of the household, with which he had been connected for thirty-four years. When Melanchthon was absent in journeys he corresponded with John in Latin. We are led to believe from this, and from the fact that he assisted his master in his clerical duties and gave instruction to his children, that John was an educated man, and that he acted in the capacity of a *famulus*, a class of individuals often found residing in the houses of scholars and literary men of that day.

Urged by his love for the young, and the desire to teach them, and also, partly, by the necessity that required the use of all means likely to insure an increased income, Melanchthon had established an academy in his house, over which he presided for the period of ten years. How kind and assiduous he was in caring for the wants of his pupils appears from the contents of a letter written by him to the parents of one of his pupils. He tells them to forward five dollars, and he would take care that their son should not suffer in consequence of his parents' poverty: he would maintain him. Many of the pupils ate at their master's table. One of them was always made to preside at the table; he was entitled the "King of Poets," and this precedence and honorary title was always conferred upon the pupil who had written and recited the best poem during

an examination. Another pupil, chosen by Melanchthon, was made a kind of mentor, or overseer of the house, and to him was given the title, "King of the House."

Melanchthon took a deep interest in these youths, accompanying them in their excursions, and allowing them to act Greek and Latin dramas before select and invited audiences. The prologues to the plays were written by Melanchthon.

Although equally great as the Reformer of the Church, the schools, and of science, and far in advance of his times, Melanchthon was not entirely free from the prejudices which so remarkably characterized the age in which he lived. He firmly believed in the existence of a visible and corporeal Satan, and regarded astrology as a true and wonderful science. Like the celebrated Wallenstein, he read his destiny in the stars. Upon one of his journeys with Luther they occupied a frail country vehicle, scantily furnished with a few bundles of straw. Driving rapidly along the brink of a deep ravine, Luther suddenly exclaimed, "Philippus, what a pleasure it would be to Satan were it in his power to tumble us over this precipice and break our necks at the bottom!" Melanchthon, with a smile, acknowledged the truth of his friend's remark.

In the year 1560, while returning from Leipzig to Wittenberg, Melanchthon was taken ill with fever. Although he did not allow his illness to prostrate him completely at first, and attended to a majority of his usual duties as before, he, nevertheless, anticipated his approaching end; the constellation of the stars, also, seemed to announce his death to him from the depths of the eternal skies. As his debility increased, he remarked to his friend Camerarius, who had been sent for, "I desire to go hence, and be with Christ." On the 17th of April an improvement in his condition seemed to have taken place, and his friend Camerarius returned to Leipzig. They never met again. Melanchthon's illness rapidly increased. A large map was suspended near the bed upon which he lay; he gazed upon it attentively for a while, and, turning round, he said with a smile, "Virginidus, the Astrologer, once prophesied that I would be wrecked upon the ocean; I am not far distant from it now." He meant the ocean that was painted upon the chart. On the 18th of April, as his strength began to fail more and more, he desired that a camp or traveler's bed should be placed for him in his study. As he lay down upon it he said, "This bed is suited to the wants of a traveler; perhaps I will begin my long journey upon it." Thereupon he called his daughter and his grandchildren to his bedside, blessed them, and made all the necessary arrangements in regard to his temporal affairs, and quietly commended his soul into the hands of his Maker. On the following day, the 19th of April, 1560, Melanchthon expired. To the last moment of his life his greatest solicitude was the harmony of the Church. To the question of Dr. Pencer whether he desired any thing more, he answered, "Nothing but Heaven!"

While Melanchthon lay struggling with the pangs of death the professors and students of Wittenberg assembled in their chapel to pray for their dying friend, and the entire city wore an aspect of profound mourning. About seven o'clock in the evening the struggle was over—Melanchthon had ended and triumphed. After his death many of the citizens of Wittenberg came to kiss the pale forehead, and to embrace for the last time his hallowed remains. He was buried upon the 21st day of April. A procession of many thousands followed his coffin to the grave, and not a dry eye was to be seen in all that vast multitude as the earth closed over the dust of the immortal Melanchthon.

A SPRIG OF HEMLOCK;
OR, WHAT ONE SCHOOL-MA'AM DID.

(CONCLUDED.)

"TWENTY years ago I was junior preacher on this circuit under brother N. The circuit was much larger and took in the village of M. My superior concluded to establish a school at M., and engaged Miss Markham, then a recent graduate of the celebrated academy at S., in Vermont, as lady preceptress. There she taught two years, giving great satisfaction and winning hosts of friends. It was then I was most attracted to her, though I have known her better since, and really have appreciated her more highly. It was somehow rumored that she intended to remain only one or two years at most. At the end of the two years brother N. gave up his school, and although the citizens of M. tried hard to induce Miss Markham to continue it, she refused and engaged herself to teach the school in the district where we found her. There was at that time something very singular and yet interesting about her manner. She was not exactly melancholy and absent-minded, but apparently some great sorrow or perplexity disturbed her. She avoided society in part, and yet was the particular friend of the neglected and afflicted. At this time she told me how homesick she had been for the sight of the dear, fresh evergreen hemlocks on the hills and mountains of old New Hampshire; and she declared that as soon as Winter set in she intended to send for some to be sent to her, to see once more, and try the experiment of planting them here in Southern Illinois.

"'O,' said she one day, 'it does sometimes seem that I shall die if I can not see a hemlock-tree, or at least a green branch of one!'

"I had never seen that tree, and I inquired what sort of a tree it was.

"'I 'll show you,' said she, and took from her pocket a Testament, saying, 'Here is a withered sprig of the hemlock which I sometimes look at. You can see the graceful form of the twig and the slender, shining leaves, and smell its life-inspiring odor; but the beauty is all departed.'

"She had opened the book and taken out a paper containing a small branch—dried and brown—and was handing it to me. I saw the hand tremble only a little as I reached to take it. Just then she remembered that she had agreed to go a nutting with a little boy and girl who were waiting. She gave me the book and I saw her no more for the day. I looked at the withered leaves, and when I saw how carefully it had been preserved I wondered if it had not some other meaning to her and altogether different from what it would have to another. But to go on with her history. That Autumn she came, as I said, to teach school in this district. She went to board with the Mrs. R. whose cabin so delighted you, and when Winter came she received a package of small hemlock-trees and other New Hampshire firs, and planted them with the tenderest care. From her friends in M. she got honeysuckles and roses when Spring came, and she and Mrs. R. set about planting them. Before the next Fall the beauty of her work began to appear. Miss M. was an enthusiast, and she drew Mrs. R. into her own spirit. They induced the men on the farm to make palings and set the posts for a fence around the house, and the women nailed them on for themselves. The wood-pile soon went in private quarters behind the house, and so did the feeding-ground for the hogs. Flowers sprang up, such as could be most easily cultivated and were showy—poppies, coreopsis, marigolds, and a few dahlias. Morning-glories and even beans climbed the sides of the cabin and made it a bower of greenness and fresh grace. At the end of two years, during which her home was with Mrs. R., that cabin was the envy of all the neighborhood. Miss M. then taught a school in another district, and there also she went like Ceres, and wherever her footsteps fell there flowers sprang up. She took up her residence there with Mr. C.—his house is in sight yonder—and there evergreens and roses, honeysuckles and flowers almost hide the house, and seem to load it too heavily to enable it to stand. They have just such another school-house in that district as in this."

"I should like to know how she went to work to make children take care of flowers and vines about a school-house," said I.

"And I asked her one day," he answered. "She laughed and said 'she did not know, unless it was, as an Irishman would speak, that she worked by doing nothing.' In the old log school-house, where she first began to teach, there was not a window nor a desk. The seats were slabs, and so were the writing-tables; and all had been cut with boys' knives, and were too dirty to be decent. She never said a word about new ones and very little about cleanliness. She herself was always neat, and always contrived to inspire the children with her own spirit. In Summer the house was made cheerful by green branches, and in Winter by berries of the wahoe. There was the strangest contrast seen by all, and the people almost at once and unanimously declared that such a school-house was really too bad for use. She did not go round the district complaining and arguing, but kept herself neat, and the school orderly, and the children at work in Summer to plant trees and flowers, till the public conscience could stand it no longer. In fact, the trim, tasteful school-mistress and the tidy, cheerful children looked as much out of place in the dark old log-cabin of a school-house, as pearls in the ooze of the ocean, and the citizens determined to build something fit for her and her scholars. So when the next year she was hired to teach here again she found this school-house. The vines have grown since then and the trees.

"What made her example a greater power with these settlers in the woods and prairies was her general ability to do every little duty which the neighborhood needed. She knew all about chicken-pox, and measles, and hooping-cough, and was the best maker of herb-teas, and gruels, and broths for the invalids, as well as the best nurse for the nervous and irritable sick during the weary night hours. She could doctor an ailing chicken, or turkey, or duckling, or even a pig, better than any woman or man in the settlement; and could even tell the boys a good deal more than their fathers could about traps for coons and quails. She knew how to find hickory-nuts, and a squirrel might escape a hunter as easily as her. If she had been

bred in the woods she could not have known these arts better. And then she was so kind in sickness and affliction. If any child was sick or had a broken arm, Miss M. was there first and oftenest, and her soft hand on the throbbing temples, and her steady voice, so gentle and true, to sound in the ear, often did more to heal than unskilled doctors to destroy. The whole neighborhood, at length, came so to admire her and all her whims, that one ill-natured man once remarked that the people here all believed Miss M. was the only god in the universe. And yet nobody ever thought of her as obtrusive. There was not the slightest demonstration about her. You would as soon have thought of the action of the southern breeze being demonstrative and laboring for effect. She was always in her place and at work about what always seemed her own business, just as the air and sunlight are; and no one really was disposed to praise her for it or to think she had done it. Yet every house grew into the fashion of her mind and every child became more and more like her in unselfishness."

"I see," said I, "there was deep art in all this."

"Just as there is in rain and sunshine," replied G. "And I do not believe she ever cherished the remotest thought of moving others to imitate her or improve the settlement. She simply went about her duty. Her whole acting was unconscious, unstudied, unsuspected, and, therefore, unresisted and irresistible. If she had said to herself, 'Now I am going to revolutionize this settlement and bring beauty out of confusion,' do you not suppose she would have betrayed her benevolent designs in a manner often offensive to all, and thus would have provoked opposition?"

"Very likely," I replied, "for I have seen benevolent people act so as to say plainer than words, 'We have come down to you poor deluded sinners in the plenitude of our graciousness and self-sacrificing benevolence to do great kindnesses. We do not expect any return of gratitude, but we do mean to discharge our duty.' And when I have seen this I have rarely seen any good done. The various benevolent agencies of our country ought to have almost destroyed vice, it would seem, by this time; at least they have made efforts enough. But they stoop down and inform the wretched that they mean to raise them."

"There, there," cried G., "don't stop my story to make way for your train of philosophizing. You can go on with all that in your sermon this evening, or after you go to bed. But just now I am on the track and I can not afford to be switched off. When your hearers get sleepy you may give them 'divine philosophy' all they deserve. But I, who am telling a 'true tale,' which carries its own moral and impresses its own philosophy, do not merit such a boring as that."

"I have sinned," said I, "but while I beg pardon, let me ask what is philosophy good for if it does not start from a ground of fact? and what is a fact worth if it does not start a train of reflections? Go on, I will be as quiet as a child that is weaned."

He continued: "Of course one so kind in health and so useful in sickness—so wise in counsel and so ready in action—so full of love every-where, and so unpretending and unexacting—could not fail to be popular with the children, and mothers and fathers, and especially with the grandmothers. She excited no jealousy, for she was not pretty, and never demanded attention. But her fresh health, and expressive eyes, and honest spirits, carried the force both of beauty and sprightliness. She was perfectly natural and never knew it; good-natured and never suspected it; generous and just, yet never thought of it; really fascinating, and never dreamed it. Many offers of marriage came to her, or, rather, would have come, had she not been shrewd enough to ward them off. Indeed, she carried herself so that a man would as soon have thought of proposing matrimony to a nun as to her. Her best friends occasionally thought they discovered traces of some sad disappointment about her, but they never saw her despondent or misanthropic. When she first came to the country it was hinted that two years was all she would remain; and the longing which, during those two years, she felt for the hemlocks of New Hampshire, gave color to a suspicion that she was engaged to be married. But time wore on; she came down here to teach; she brought the hemlocks here, and every year adds to their number, and she has never seen the hills of New Hampshire since her departure, twenty years ago."

"Did you say the church back yonder was her work?"

"Yes. And the two school-houses we have seen, and, indeed, the whole beauty which has so ravished your heart to-day in all these improved landscapes."

"But how came she at last to marry our doctor brother back there, whose sister cooked such a dinner for us?"

"I do n't know. He is one of the best of men. His first wife and Miss M. were everlasting friends, and she had boarded in his

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family for some five years. It was a very proper thing indeed. But why do you ask the question? Has not a good woman a right to marry without being called on by a stranger like you to give a reason for it?"

"Of course she has. But I can not help feeling that one who has done as much good as she, and in the way she has, ought to be the Lord's bride, and never marry. But I have another reason for my sorrow at her marriage. Now do n't think I am depreciating Dr. L., who gave us such a dinner. A man who knows how to pick out such turkeys, and prairie fowls, and pigeons from the wild flocks of the woods, and who makes such bountiful cheer for Methodist preachers, deserves the best woman in Southern Illinois; and it rather seems to me that he has been rewarded fully up to his very enlarged deserts. Did you not hear Mrs. L. inquire of me for my old college friend, Professor P.? And do n't you remember that I told you her maiden name?"

"Yes; but what of that?"

"Exactly this, and no more now. Professor P. is a bachelor to this day at forty-eight, and she ought to be a maiden still at forty."

"Then you did know her, although you have twice said you did not?"

"Never saw her till to-day, and yet P. had made me acquainted with her fully twenty-five years ago."

"How? Please to explain."

"Very briefly, then. P. and I were the most intimate of friends in college, and had almost literally all things in common—"

I was going on to say more, but just at this moment a friend of G. came up, going to quarterly-meeting. We dropped the subject of our conversation; only for a time, however. For the stranger—a Judge B. and a Methodist—soon began to contrast the circuit of to-day with that of twenty years ago, when G. first traveled it.

"Well, you were right," said he to brother G., "and I was wrong when we talked about the new school-ma'am from New Hampshire, as we called her twenty years ago. You said she 'd civilize us all. And I said she 'd starch us all so stiff that we 'd break in two if we undertook to even make a bow. But she 's gone and done it. We 've got the best church on the district, and the best two school-houses in the county, and if you 'll find a prettier settlement in Illinois, then I 'll own wrong again. And such a set of women as we have round here creation do n't see any wheres else, I tell you. You said she 'd do it, and she 's done it, and no mistake. And then she do n't seem to know it at all. But I tell you Dr. L. is a lucky fellow, always. Now, you wanted to marry her, but I do n't believe you dared to ask her."

"And if he had asked her twenty years ago she would not have consented to marry him," I interposed.

"Then you have known her, have you? Well, you knew one mighty good woman, and I tell you the man who knows a real good woman 'knows something' worth the knowing, and Mrs. L. is the best woman I ever knew; she has made us all."

G. laughed outright and said, "Did I not tell you that these people thought Mrs. L. was the god who made them?"

"But we did n't all think so always," said the Judge. "She had a pretty hard time of it for a few years, I tell you. She got a mighty many pretty round cursings, generally behind her back though; for there never was, I reckon, but one man who durst to tell her to her face that her ways were n't right. And that was Jerry Short. He was killed in the Rebel army last month; and he told me, after it was over, that he never was so beat out in all his life. He was a rough customer, especially when he had whisky inside; and he went to tell her that the people were n't agoing to put up with her new-fangled Yankee notions o' teaching, and stuffing up the scholars about new books, and all that. And he said she listened to him, telling his story and cussing and swearing, just as meek as a lamb; and he went on till he began to think she would n't say a word for herself. But after a bit she stopt him, as soft as if she was speaking to a king. Then she began to ask questions that he could n't answer. And she kept on till he was so shamed he did n't know how to hold his head up. He said, next day, of all the women he ever saw, she *was* the beater. It somehow got noised about what she 'd said to Jerry, and people did n't like her any the worse for it. But she soon got us all into her team; and now we let her drive just about where she likes; and if she do n't drive us all to heaven it won't be her fault, you may bet."

"Yes," said G., "she does manage things in her own way now, and do n't seem to try either. But I did pity her a great many times twenty years ago, when she was trying to do good, and almost every body blaming her, secretly, for it."

"Why is it," said I, falling into a train of thought I had attempted some time before, "why is it that a bad man teaches his evil so much sooner than a good man can teach his virtue? Now I will venture to affirm that if a rascal had come to this settlement twenty years

ago, and had tried to induce the people to drink and gamble, he would have been, in a month, the most popular man in the region; while Miss Markham was for years, as the judge says, looked on with suspicion and very commonly distrusted."

"There wouldn't have been any need, twenty years ago, of teaching folks round in these settlements to drink, or gamble, or swear, or a mighty many other pretty mean things, you may bet," replied the judge.

"I suppose," said G., turning to me, "there is a reason for what you say. Men somehow seem to feel that when you try to teach them any thing good, you are implying their inferiority; while if you attempt to teach them evil you seem to imply that they are better than you. Teachers of wickedness then come round, as we say, on the blind side of men with a very seductive kind of flattery, assuming the superiority of those whom they approach; but teachers of virtue and goodness must practically go to their fellow-men with what seems a humiliating condemnation of the characters of those whom they would benefit, and must at the same time appear to be better than they. These advantages of vice and disadvantages of virtue are by no means small in practice. They are are not usually noticed, and, therefore, are very commonly ignored. If good men, and especially preachers, understood them, perhaps they would make far better progress in their work, and so of benevolent societies."

"Good," cried I; "here you are running into a train of philosophizing for which you rebuked me a while ago. Now it is my turn to protest."

"Protest and rejoice in it," said he; "I am through with my remarks. The judge has the floor."

"Any how," said he, resuming, "Mrs. L. rules this settlement, and folks nowadays sort o' love to own it. Why, over there in Hemlock district, as we call it, they give her eighty dollars a month to teach this Winter, and there are plenty of men would teach the school for fifty. Things have worked round—"

At this time we fell in with another man on horseback, going to the same meeting, and that ended our talk about Mrs. L., the school-ma'am, but it did not end my thinking. Professor P., and the hemlocks, and the old academy at S., and Mrs. L., and her maiden name, would keep up a dance in my mind in spite of all I could do. I think these thoughts spoiled my evening sermon. I intended to ask G. still more about her, but the pressing invitations of friends to spend a night with them separated us, and no opportunity came. I could not drop the subject. I was sure I had known more of her and her history at some time, but what I could not recall. When I reached home the affair still puzzled me. One day a sudden reminiscence of an old diary, which I had kept very conscientiously during my college days, flashed into my mind. "I have it now," I said, "I used to have long talks with P. about every thing under the sun, and I set down some of them, and there I shall find something. Why didn't the old diary come up before?" I went directly to a very dusty pigeon-hole and soon had a manuscript. I turned back to a date twenty-six years before, and there was a sprig of hemlock, very small, originally fastened on the page by gum, but now loose, moths having eaten the gum away, and these words written in very much faded ink:

"*October* 29, 184-.—This evening I had a very confidential conversation with P. I began it by speaking of the value of the letters I was receiving weekly from home, and from other correspondents; saying, among other things, that I really believed I should grow as lazy and as vicious as two of our fellow-students, whom I named, were it not for those letters. He at first rallied me about 'a fair correspondent,' and then, as he always does when such subjects are approached, became serious, and said, 'I tell you, Allyn, all my hopes for this life are centered on one who wrote that letter,' showing a faint pink envelope superscribed in a childish hand with his name. 'I know she is a mere child, but all her thoughts have an odor of wisdom and goodness as rare as it is noble. In this letter she has sent me a sprig of hemlock from a tree which grows by the side of a great rock close to her father's house. Just hear what she says about it.' He opened the letter and read: 'I am sitting under the hemlock where you left me, and I am thinking how it seems to grow greener as frosts come to kill the leaves of all other trees, and how the harder and more violent winds of Autumn beat an inspiring perfume from its twigs. I wish I could be as constant as it, and that the trials of life might, if they shall bruise me, extract from my sufferings an odor to refresh those who may be near me. Just while I am writing a little branch has fallen at my feet, so green, so sweet, so charming. The hemlock shall be my tree, and its color and odor mine forever. I send you one part of the branch in this letter; the other I will keep in my Testament. Will you keep the one I send you?' And P. added, 'You may rely on it I will, and I mean to unite these severed twigs some day; for I here declare I will never marry any woman but her.' I insisted that he should allow me to copy here that pretty sentiment, and fasten in the midst of the words, as above, a half-dozen or so of those hemlock leaves. He consented, if I would promise to send them to him after his marriage with the giver, to be united with that part which he intended to place in his Bible, and that which she promised to carry in her Testament. Here I write the agreement—when will it be fulfilled?"

So the plans of young men are crossed, thought I. How I would like to know the history of those two noble souls during those twenty-five years! How near each other did the streams of their lives approach before they separated forever? How long and how joyfully did they listen to the purling of their mutually heard waters, daily drawing nearer as they fell from the hill-sides? And what convulsion or accident finally barred them apart hopelessly? What "rash word, or idle, or unkind," disturbed the air and interrupted the melody their souls were once singing in unison? And why did she, truest of the truer sex, consent to another mate, while he holds his heart still shut in loneliness? But there would be no end of questionings. The whole adventure was so singular and so sadly pleasing to me, so life-like and yet so romantic, that I have been tempted to tell it. I trust I may be pardoned if I say to any one who may think I am retailing fiction, write to me, and I will furnish such proofs as shall convince the most skeptical.

THE CAVERNS OF ADELSBURG.

ONE bright September morning we left Trieste by rail, to visit the famous caverns of Adelsburg. For several miles our road lay in a north and north-west direction, close by the sea. High olive and vine-clad hills were close on our right, and on the left the "Queenly Adriatic," smooth as a mirror, with here and there in the distance a specter-like sail.

The seaward face of the hills was abrupt, presenting the edges of fine limestone strata, bent and crumpled in a most surprising manner. A geological professor could want no better illustration for his class of certain features in dynamical geology, than is to be seen there. The road rises as it progresses, higher and higher above the level of the sea. In a few miles we come to the station (Nabrisina), where the Adelsburg branch of the railway leaves the sea. A mile or two further up the shore, on the Runta Frignani, in full view, stands the castle Miramar, once the home and property of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico. Here we abruptly leave the sea, and for thirty or forty miles traverse a sterile district, which extends to Adelsburg and beyond. Our course after leaving the sea is east, and then north-east. This district is irregular and hilly, and thickly covered every-where with masses of ash-gray limestone, fractured and crumbled, having in some cases an argillaceous, in others a sparry aspect. The hills are rough, conical, and distinct, with graceful outlines when seen in the distance. The whole is sparsely covered with stunted oaks and birches. The hills are often separated by rough, narrow, gorge-like valleys. Very frequently conical depressions occur from fifty feet to two hundred yards wide, and from fifteen to sixty feet in depth. At the bottom of these, openings usually exist, leading to subterranean cavities. There are no springs and but few streams in or near this district. It is often visited by a fierce wind, called by the people "*Bora*," and in which the cold air from the mountain uplands of Istria and the Tyrol, to the north, rushes down like a destroying spirit, and with sufficient violence to overthrow almost every thing it meets with. The roads are accordingly protected, especially at exposed points, by strong stone or wooden walls. We passed seven tunnels, some of them quite lengthy. We had some fine views of the mountains of the Tyrol to the north and north-west.

In due time we reached the solid, quaint old town of Adelsburg. At last the office of the "*Grotten Verwatbung*," or Grotto Company, was found; permission and our guides were given us, and we started through the town for the cavern. The entrance to it is, perhaps, one-half mile distant, in a north-east direction, in the west side of a high rocky ridge or hill, the summit of which is crowned by a small ruined castle. The entrance is rather small in the escarped hill-side, and is closed by a wooden gate. A few trees grow near the mouth of the cavern, giving the approach a somewhat cheerful aspect. In the town and at the cavern the traveler is of course beset on all sides by persons who have plans and descriptions of the cavern, in many languages, to sell. The entrance looks more like the beginning of a rude railway tunnel than any thing else. Its direction is toward the east and north-east.

This cavern, in common with others in this district, as at Nabrisina and St. Cangian, is under the control of a company, organized under the direction or sanction of the government. They furnish guides, and all needful conveniences for the traveler. They furnish illuminations of any required extent. We secured

what they call the "grand illumination," costing some eight or ten dollars. Men had been sent on in advance to begin lighting our 1,600 candles, which, as we afterward found, were arranged in rows and groups along the sides, or at the distant bottom of chasms, or in glorious crowns far above in the domes of the cavern.

We do not propose a scientific description of this justly celebrated cavern. We can do nothing more than bring out, in a very few touches, the salient features that strike the imagination of the visitor. Leading eastward for several hundred feet from the entrance is a long tunnel-like passage, which suddenly expands in every direction. Before you reach this point you have lost completely all trace of external day. You strain your eyes in the dim light of hundreds of candles, far and near, high and low, to pierce the profundities above or the uncertain depths below. This may be called the vestibule. After pausing a moment you follow the guide, and begin descending a long flight of steps—how far you can only tell by trying. At last you reach a landing-place, and stop awhile to adjust your sentiments, look around and above you, and to listen in the darkness to the River Roik, which murmurs mysteriously beneath you. Suddenly at your right hand, as you look down far below, you catch the flash of a light on its troubled waters at the bottom of a chasm. This river disappears bodily beneath the hill, in the heart of which the cavern is, entering its west or north-west side, lower down than the cavern's mouth. It recalled vividly to my mind the Xanadu, of Coleridge, in which it is said,

> "Alph, the sacred river ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

No sooner does the river appear than it disappears in some deeper, and hitherto unexplored, part of the cavern. While we waited the guides ran ahead with lamps, and lighted candle after candle, which brought, from time to time, out of the darkness the most unexpected visions.

At last we move forward, and walk and climb and descend and climb again, for three hours, in this Aladdin's cave, this deserted palace of Pluto, this museum of subterranean fairy-land. It is simply wonderful. We hardly know where to begin, and as little where to end. Such a succession of chambers, halls, and passages, of ascents, descents, and surprises, I never met with in the same length of time before or since. Fancy immense irregular chambers, no two alike in form or size, connected by all manner of tunnels and passages, in all directions. The roof and sides of these chambers and passages are hung every-where, and in many places grandly, with glittering stalactites, varying in size, form, and color, especially in size and form.

There are icicles, encrinites turned upside down, curtains, drapery, white and colored, plain and striped, opaque and translucent, at all heights from the floor, from five to more than one hundred feet. There were thousands of these, of shapes and forms the most surprising and fantastic, from the tiny pendant to the fluted, draped mass of hundreds of tons.

Even these larger masses are found in numbers which pass ordinary computation. Everywhere the crystals of spar flash and sparkle in the varying light of our hundreds of candles, like millions of gems of unspeakable brilliancy.

The stalagmitic masses on the floors defy adequate description. Fluted columns, Doric, Corinthian, Caryatid, Egyptian, from six to sixty feet high, and from six inches to fifteen feet in diameter, umbrellas, domes, pulpits, rostrums, castles, columns, triumphal arches without inscriptions, pines, cypress, sepulchral monuments, sarcophagi, solemn sphynxes, statues on lofty pedestals, and, beside these, many more forms, which, if they mean any thing, can not find their significance on *terra firma*. Hardly a form, real or imaginary, but is dimly shadowed forth in sparry splendor.

In the midst of this enchanted, ever-varying scene, we wandered on and on, the light from our candles, near and far, flashing against the starry roofs and domes of the cavern halls, or glittering from the fluted columns or masses of chased spar. Under the combined and protracted spell of endless variety, splendor, magnitude, and silence, you are almost overcome.

The guide points out to you, as you proceed, ever and anon, some chasm or passage, which he tells you, in tantalizing language, is one or three hours long, and gives it some sumptuous, perhaps a royal name.

Three hours have passed, and you hardly know how. But at last you emerge from the silence, coolness, darkness, and mystery of the caverns, to the open and grateful day, almost bewildered by what you have seen and felt.

A SOUL weak in grace has as much interest in the Lord as the strongest saint has, though he has not the skill to improve that interest. And is not this a singular comfort and support? Verily, were there no more to bear up a poor, weak saint from fainting under all his sins, and sorrows and sufferings, yet this alone might do it.

THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM.

WE have often, with touching words, had portrayed to our minds the miserable degradation of a slave. Pictures of limbs lacerated by a master's scourge, of confessions of orthodoxy, wrung out in moments of weakness or delirium by the torture of the rack, have taught our hearts to thank God that we are free—that our dear land of liberty knows no despotic monarch—no tyrannizing priests.

It is, indeed, a glorious privilege to think our own thoughts, to speak our own words; to be, in all respects, daringly ourselves. But can we really boast of such a freedom? Have we not even here, in this boasted home of liberty, allowed our hands to be tightly bound by "the icy chains of custom?" and can we now be called free? Are not even we ourselves weak, crouching slaves? And is not this tyranny to which we have so tamely submitted—the tyranny of custom—more despotic than any King or Pope could impose?

Custom, with appropriate restraints, has, of course, a salutary influence. By softening the rough points of individual eccentricity into somewhat similar traits of manner and character, she makes a sort of brotherhood among those who are under her common influence. She binds men into societies by giving common objects of pursuit, common aversions or aspirations. It is this, the influence of custom, that each member of society has the power of modifying for good the world about him, which he could not possess if each one lived in isolation a "life within himself, to breathe without mankind"—a life not at all subject to the influence of others. The fear of what the world will say is no low or unworthy feeling. It is, in itself, noble, for it was designed by God to moderate our childish extravagancies—to smooth our sharp eccentric traits—to be a check upon, perhaps, otherwise lawless, unbridled passions, and wild proclivities. But we have let this fear become a very tyrant over us, so that it leaves not even our thoughts untrammeled.

The power of custom is, perhaps, most plainly seen in externalities. Among other things she commands a common style of dress, which would not be a bad command, if given merely as a *general* rule, leaving each still at liberty to consult his own taste, pocket, and conscience. But who dares rebel, even when the mode is ugly, unhandy, and extravagant? If she bids the feet be pinched in clumsy, Chinese, wooden shoes, who cries from pain? If the face must be gashed for a beautiful tattooing, who weeps? Or when, in more civilized countries, the face is lacerated for the reception of its jewels, who ever thinks of complaint? Ours is a complete, a willing slavery. In tame submission—even with a wicked cheerfulness—we yield to such tyranny. There are other styles which are not so censurable—simply ridiculous. Although we may make them the subjects of our lightest jests, we meekly acknowledge their imperious influence.

How strong is the influence of custom may be seen in the determined, even ruinous efforts, men often make to comply with her commands respecting external life. He whom fashion leads passes lightly by the weary, wailing sounds around him. Eyes weary with fear, and doubt, and pain, look into his with a tearful earnestness. He has no time or money to change those tears of sorrow into those of gratitude—none even to buy for *himself* true joy. All must be devoted to the infinitely important object of keeping in the common external styles of life.

Such a tyrannizing influence of fashion changes often the fresh gladness of a home sanctuary into a routine of alternating feverish intoxication and despairing depression. It fills the home with poverty and nakedness that it may save some glitter for the crowd. O! this living for the public gaze and public ear! How it wrings all true light, and joy, and good from the soul! It purchases with the holy treasures of the heart and mind the cold, superficial adornments of a worldly life.

But such is not the worst evil of its forms of tyranny. Is it not worse for custom to demand a common manner than a common style of dress or furniture, or dwelling-place? For one's manner should be for his heart a light drapery, whose peculiar foldings are modified by, and represent his peculiar character.

On account of the great variety of individual eccentricities a manner common to all can not to all be natural, and must, in most instances, be assumed; becoming thus a dark, unwieldy cloak, through which no lineaments of the true nature beneath may be seen. Indeed, so close a drapery of our hearts are these external expressions of our life that the stiff foldings of an assumed manner, when no longer modified by the life within, themselves distort and change it.

Very often, too, custom imposes styles of manner not only opaque, but intrinsically ugly. How few, however, dare disobey the commands, however much disliked, which an arbitrary etiquette ordains!

The world imposes misconstruction as the penalty for disobedience to the dictates of custom respecting our style of manner. It treats

kindly the expression of those qualities only which are common. It persists in misunderstanding all peculiarities, and, too often, by a few castigations, it teaches the person who with daring frankness has once revealed his idiosyncrasies, to shroud himself forever after in a thick, sheltering cloak of assumed deceptive formality.

Custom influences, not only our ideas of beauty, making deformity graceful and indifference charming, but even modifies our perception of truth. We dare not question what has received the seal of antiquity.

Thus many national proverbs, many of our most commonly accepted axioms in daily reasoning, which are not only the striking expression of some truth, but contain, too, some poisonous falsehood, have been uttered by a thousand lips, and reproduced in a thousand lives, with all the dangerous influence of their subtle evil, yet we have not had hands bold enough to tear off the seal of antiquity, analyzing the composition of their long-accepted theories, giving their corrected modification.

We lazily give our assent to what others have thought out for us. We dare not think ourselves. We are orthodox, tamely and stupidly, and not from any conviction of the truth which the masses hold. We accept the creeds and theories that the kings of thought have given us to believe, because too indolent or too timid to dissent.

Even when we have once fervently accepted the truth, if the world persists in practically disregarding it, how soon we lose our confident trust in it! It will soon seem to us unreal. Our hearts will disbelieve, though our minds have ceased questioning. Is it not the influence of custom which makes the practical and the theoretical creed so different?

In the inner experience of our souls, also, we may plainly recognize the influence of custom. If we have feelings we have heard no one else express we begin to fear ourselves insane. But should we not allow each one a soul-life as different from others as are the different modifications of external condition? For we ought certainly to expect as much individual eccentricity in the inner as the outer life.

We fear to have an experience of religion unlike our friends, lest it be not orthodox. We act upon the supposition that God talks to the world in general terms—that he has no special communication to each one of his children—and when he speaks to our hearts words that we deem have come to no one else, we disregard him.

We drive away the dreams, the inspirations that come to us alone, and call them fancies; yet, had we all been "obedient to our heavenly visions," had we implicitly followed the peculiar tuitions our hearts have received, who knows but, as in the life of Joan of Arc, our visions would have proved a prophecy? But "he ne'er is crowned with immortality who fears to follow where airy voices lead." And may be, in our gross and worldly prudence, we have walked in the dusty, common track, inefficiently, ignobly, while, just out of it, where the angels were calling us, there were splendid victories and glorious crowns for us.

One of the most hateful effects of the tyranny of custom is the inefficiency with which it curses individual labor. God has made a perfect harmony between the peculiar work he gives us and our own peculiar character. We must, in order to be successful, do our own work in our own way. We ought to begin cheerfully the work assigned us, whether the world may call it exalted or menial. Very much labor is inefficient, because, with some childish idea of what is dignified, we try to be successful in some work, for which, however, we have no appropriate capacity, for which God has not fitted us. We seem to think it better to be laboring resultlessly in some vocation which the masses praise than to be sublimely victorious in some undertaking to which Heaven and our own souls—not the world—have called us.

We ought to be ourselves, whether this may make us common or singular; thus alone being true to the idea with which God created us. But the friction of society too often rubs off, not only rough eccentricities of manner, but the strong characteristic traits that indicate personality.

Labor is very often resultless because we fear to be true to individual genius, but must timidly assume the common mode of accomplishment, inefficient when *we* use it, though this very mode might, indeed, in most other cases, have been the most efficient one.

How many religious meetings are dull and profitless, because old, lifeless formulas of testimony are timidly adopted, since we dare not talk freely and naturally about our own religious life! Much of the benefit, and certainly most of the freshness and interest are lost when individual peculiarities of experience are concealed by a stiff formulary of some general and indefinite character.

Many a teacher or pastor, many a one, indeed, in every vocation, is unsuccessful simply because he dares not be himself, and adopt his own natural style of action—perchance he might be called queer and eccentric! Better, he thinks, to be stupidly and inefficiently laboring in a common way than to be illustriously, though eccentrically successful.

It is too bad! Man was made for too glorious a destiny to become such a slave. He might be a free man, with Jesus by his side, and always a conqueror. Now he is too often a weak, fearful, insignificant creature of a thousand petty tyrannies—greatest of all the tyranny of custom. It is but fit that he commence hostilities against the base usurpers under whom he has so long been living in a crouching slavery, sign boldly a daring declaration of independence, re-asserting his rightful, God-given privilege of universal mastery, and be a *lord* again.

THE BEAUTY OF QUIETNESS.

THE Word of God is at once magnificent and minute. This is true of its descriptions and directions. It embraces all the details of life, and directs us how to act in every relationship. But it is never meddlesome or intrusive. It comes as a tender friend, and never becomes an enemy except when perseveringly treated as such. Its laws are always wise, its rewards glorious, its sanctions solemn, its motives strong.

The state of mind and line of conduct referred to in the words at the head of this paper, illustrate these remarks. The apostle Peter is directed by the Holy Spirit to write respecting "a quiet spirit;" and a powerful motive by which he enforces the cultivation of it is, that "it is in the sight of God of great price." Though the passage is addressed to women, and to Christian women in married life, yet it is applicable to all; while, certainly, it should be especially heeded by those to whom it was originally addressed. Peter, as a married man, could speak from experience on this subject; while, as an inspired apostle, he spoke, as did his brother Paul, with authority. The Bible legislates for the head, the heart, and the conduct of each individual in all relationships, and it does not overlook even the subject of *dress*. We have here certain wise prohibitions and precepts. Outward adorning is prohibited, and inward adorning is praised: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." 1 Peter iii, 3, 4. Such an "ornament" is sure to command respect and produce order, far more so than hasty tempers and loud talking. The apostle applies this first to wives, as regards their conduct toward their husbands. He especially appeals to those who had unconverted partners, and intimates that such meek and quiet Christian wives may hope to "win their husbands" to Christ, even though they do not care to hear the word. "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear." 1 Peter iii, 1, 2. The word "conversation" here means behavior, or deportment, and not talking. Perhaps some Christian wives have talked too much to their unconverted husbands, and have not been sufficiently careful of their own spirit and temper. There is need of much care in this matter, and of much prayer also, and then blessed results may be hoped for. Meekness and quietness toward man, with prayer and faith toward God, have achieved great wonders.

The line of conduct called for from Christian women extends also to husbands, and is necessary for domestic happiness, even when both parties are Christians. It is obvious that the females in Scripture, who are most commended, are those who said very little. Sarah and Rebecca talk seldom, Mary of Bethany speaks once, and the woman who came to Christ's feet—See Luke vii—not at all. None of the *words* of Solomon's noblest woman, in Proverbs xxxi, are put on record—though it is said that "she openeth her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness"—but how much is said of her good doings and wise management!

But while thus referring to the wives, we must not overlook Paul's counsel: "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them." If husbands are churlish and fault-finding they may spoil, or else *crush*, what would otherwise be a meek and quiet spirit.

Let us now look a little more generally at this subject, for this meek and quiet spirit is an ornament that befits both sexes of all ages and conditions; and a blessed change there would be in the world if it was generally worn by all those who name the name of Christ.

There are plenty of *queer* people in the world, but comparatively few *quiet* ones; hence it is so difficult to get through the world without being dinned, and sometimes almost distracted. Real quietness must not only be contrasted with quarreling, noise, and scolding, but it is to be distinguished from two other things, that is, sullenness and a certain kind of ominous silence.

The first of these bad things is like the calm before the storm in Summer, which produces a gloomy foreboding; and the second is like the frost in Winter, cold, very cold, with large flakes of snow now and then falling. Quietness, real quietness of spirit, has its own gentle melodies; it is like the early dawn or tranquil eve of Summer—how many roseate smiles you see—how many sweet soft sounds you hear! Yet you say how *quiet it is!* Quietness is not suspension of energy; it includes gentle service. Quiet people often do most work; but they do it without parade. They do not run over other people without noticing them, nor try to run them down because they are noticed by others.

How pleasant it is to *feel* this quiet in the family, and in the Church also! There is a mode of quiet talking that wins attention, and does not weary it. Persons generally talk loudly when they are angry; and one who was inclined to this vice, conquered it to a considerable extent, by speaking in low tones when he felt his angry spirit rising. Then there is quiet *arguing* of things. This is sometimes between husband and wife, father and sons, or mother and daughters, also various other parties. This must be done at proper times and places. Not before strangers or young children should family affairs be arranged, or family differences be debated. Then, after quiet arranging will come quiet governing. If orders are given slowly and firmly, and not repeated over and over again till they become wearisome, nor too many things mixed together at once, they will be more likely to be attended to. If allowance is made for imperfection, and no allowance made for want of truth and lack of principle, and all parties know that this will be the case; and if scolding is excluded, unless in extreme cases, probably much annoyance will be avoided, and much happiness secured.

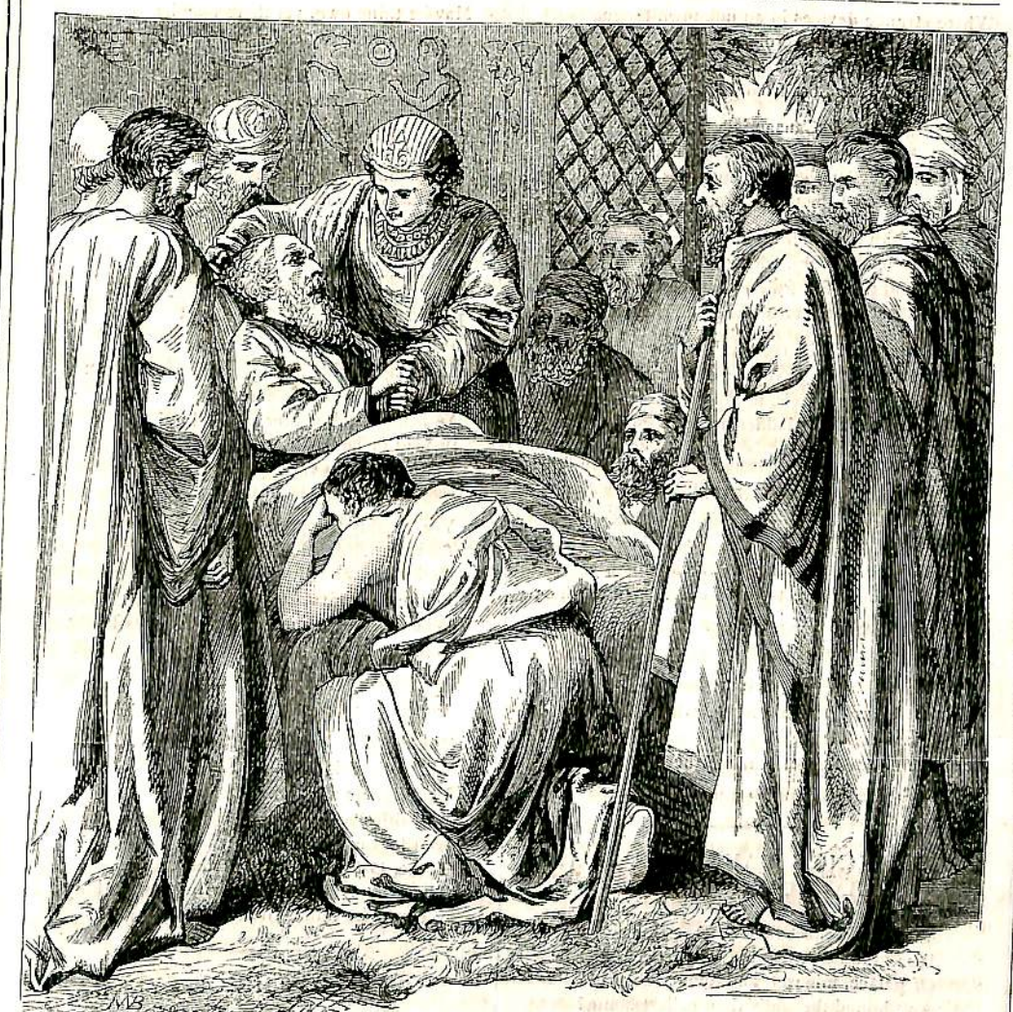
If we would possess this spirit in our intercourse with men, it is necessary we should have it first Godward. Then it will be a secret root from which many beautiful flowers will grow in social life. If this root is strong and healthful, there will always be a flower to pluck whenever we want one, either for the Church, the family, or the world. "It is good," says a chastened spirit, "that a man should both hope and *quietly* wait for the salvation of the Lord." And another prophet thus directs us to the only real source of this quiet mind. "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness *quietness* and confidence forever." *He* may well be *quiet*, who, resting securely on divine righteousness, has *peace* with God. To this God invites man. "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in *quietness* and confidences hall be your strength." Isaiah xxx, 17. Alas! he had to record of many, "but ye would not;" and then he soon says of such, "The wicked are like the troubled sea when *it can not rest*." Those who return to God, and rest in him, "shall have peace like a river." How quiet the broad river is, as contrasted with the troubled stormy deep! What a power there is in the noiseless river's full flow—what beauty around it, what fruitfulness from it! Such should our lives be. For this we need continual supplies from the fountain of all grace, for it is no easy thing to be quiet; or, amidst trials, temptations, and distractions, to wait God's time, and not join in the world's tumult, but to seek to overcome evil with good. Let us imitate the Psalmist, who says, "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child."

A deep thinker observes: "Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where he places us; to be what he would have us to be; and this as long as he pleases. If we have done all that lies on us we should fall quietly into the hands of God, and cease our wishing."

"Be *quiet* and *useful*. The precept is short, but the application of it requires much grace and wisdom. Take not a single step out of a quiet obscurity, to which you are not compelled by a sense of utility."

The apostle speaks of "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," and may we not speak of the *quietness* of Christ? Herein, as in every other grace, he is our bright examplar and perfect pattern. How unselfish, how unobtrusive was he in all his deportment, in all his relationships! How quiet in his discourses, his reproofs, his directions, and his controversies! Sometimes quite silent, not answering again, not threatening, "not lifting up his voice in the streets." What perfect self-possession without ostentation; what dignity without repelling any; what industry without any hurry! While working out redemption, what a leisure for little things! While suffering overwhelming agonies on the cross, what quiet attention to the cares and wants of others! What an awfully quiet grandeur clothed his whole character, and what quiet does the soul feel who realizes him as a Savior and a Friend!

Let us seek much fellowship with him; so shall we imbibe more and more of "the meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Never had we worn this heavenly pearl had we not been bought with the costless price of "His precious blood."



THE DEATH OF JACOB.

DARY with age, upon his dying couch
The patriarch lay and gently welcomed death;
His withered hands had clasped themselves in prayer,
Feeble and falt'ring came his weary breath.

Silent, with heads bowed reverently low,
Stood the twelve tribesmen near to where he lay;
Though the last blessing had been giv'n to each,
Yet the old man had something more to say.

"Joseph, my son, though these be radiant fields,
And the Egyptian breezes bring the scents
Of lotus-blossoms and the breath of flowers,
Yet lay me with my fathers far from hence.

For I am but a simple man of tents;
I could not sleep where the grim Pharaohs lie,
Where gaunt, hawk-headed figures on the wall
Leer at me with a vulture's hungry eye;

Where strange devices in an unknown tongue
Flaunt their quaint scrolls upon the storied urn,
And dim-seen statues stand like solemn ghosts,
While perfumes float from where sweet spices burn.

Within the land of Canaan is a field
That Abraham bought him for a burial-place;
There did they lay the old man, years ago,
And Isaac and the mothers of our race.

Bury me with my kindred, in that land
Dear to my memory, where my hopes and loves
Have found their full fruition, where my thoughts
In this last hour return like wand'ring doves.

Within the land of Canaan, at Luz,
Before these fading eyes were dim and old,
I saw God's holy angels, in my dreams,
Treading a shining ladder made of gold.

'T was there Heav'n's blessing fell on me and mine;
I talked with God and met him face to face,
And there still stands the pillar that I reared
In adoration on that hallowed place.

'T was in the land of Canaan Rachel died,
The fair-faced, sweet-voiced charmer of my life;
There did I leave her buried by the way,
The dearest and the best beloved wife.

Bury me not in Egypt, take me hence
From these strange scenes, when life away has passed;
Bury me not in Egypt, bear me there,
Where, with my fathers, I may rest at last."

"THE KING'S DAUGHTER IS ALL GLORIOUS WITHIN."

WHERE dwellest thou? Do columns great
Rise grandly 'neath the marble weight
Of palace, minaret, and dome,
And bound the walls thou callest home?

Do coaches to thy portals come
With gilded ensigns all abloom?
Do jeweled grandees enter there,
And velvets sweep each costly stair?

Who art thou? Doth a monarch's voice
Pronounce thee daughter of his choice?
And doth the brow beneath the crown,
Ne'er wear for thee a regal frown?

Art thou the daughter of the king?
Now bare thy soul's most secret spring!
Within the rivulets of thought
Are bitter currents coursing hot?

Or in thy spirit's secret nook
Doth purl the limpid water brook?
No stagnant pool, no turbid stream,
But Purity's own crystal gleam?

The columns grand, the palace halls,
The noble guests within the walls,
The pages waiting thy command,
Fond pressure of a monarch's hand,
May be thine own, yet there may be
A gulf betwixt thy claim and thee!

The russet walls, of cornice bare,
The weary pilgrim welcomed there,
The scornful smiles of rich and great,
The loving smiles of low estate,
The humble robe, the simple fare,
May make of life thy lowly share;
Yet if thy hand is always free
To deeds of mercy, and thy knee
Bows low, while thy affections rise
In grateful homage to the skies—
If all within thy soul is fair,
And bitter fountains flow not there,
Then thou, with loving trust, canst claim
Thy title to a royal name,
And thou be daughter of the king,
Instead of her whose praises ring
Throughout an earthly court, her heart
Engrossed in selfishness and art.

Yes, earthly trappings, what are ye?
And sounding titles? Ye shall flee,
And leave the naked soul alone
Before the universal throne!
When the revealings come, what shocks
Will thrill along the higher walks,
Till only they are left therein
Whose souls abhor the ways of sin.

The daughter of the king, we read,
All glorious is within. Recede,
Ye longings after worldly fame,
And titles prefacing our name!
And let our sole ambition be
To be, O Lord, a child of thee,
That when we 've done with mortal things
We may be thine, Great King of kings.

CLOSING THE OLD YEAR.

THANK God that toward eternity
Another step is won!
O, longing turns my heart to Thee,
As time flows slowly on.

I count the hours, the days, the years,
That stretch in tedious line,
Until, O Life, that hour appears,
And deathless life be mine.

I pray that from thy love divine,
No power can part me now,
That I may dare to call thee mine,
My portion, Lord, art thou.

And when the wearied hands grow weak,
And wearied knees give way,
To sinking faith O quickly speak,
And make thine arm my stay.

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow,
That one year more is gone,
And of this time, so poor, so slow,
Another step is won!

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

IN considering the duties of a minister's wife, there is one difficult question which has an important bearing on this whole subject—that of *support*. It seems an ungracious assertion, but certainly, judging from appearances which are not very unfrequent, one would be tempted to conclude that stinting and scrimping their minister's family was sometimes regarded as a special means of grace due them from the parish. Says Dr. John Hall: "Let not foreign critics blame us for wasting money on dress, equipages, and what not, since we can look the world in the face and, pointing to our pulpits, reply fearlessly, '*We have kept down the price of preaching!*'"

Many centuries ago, the wisest man who ever trod our earth declared, that "the workman is worthy of his hire."

"Worthy of his hire." If I were asked, I should say that, as applied to the minister, this meant that his salary should be sufficient to enable him to pay any old debts for his education, to live comfortably, to bestow something in charity, to educate his children thoroughly, and to make some little provision for his family when he is cast out of his stewardship by man, or removed from it by God—and that he should be able to do this without being obliged, to use a homely but expressive phrase, "to rob Peter to pay Paul." But is the question usually treated thus? Nay, is not so close a bargain sometimes driven, that the minister's family are at their wits' end to keep up a decent appearance, and to keep out of debt? There are, it is true, many struggling parishes that—doing their very best—can give their minister but a scanty stipend. Of these willing, but unable hands, his blood will not be required—they have done what they could. Many an excellent minister and wife have devoted themselves to some such needy flock, cheerfully sharing their poverty, and spending and being spent in their service. Verily, they shall not lose their reward.

Passing now to the parishes better endowed in this world's goods, twelve hundred dollars, or a thousand, with the use of a parsonage, is generally considered a liberal salary for a country pastor. And, judging by comparison, it is really so. But would your merchants and manufacturers, your lawyers and your physicians regard this income as sufficient for their support? And has your minister any fewer expenses? He may soon find himself so straitened that he considers it a duty he owes to his family to accept some city charge that offers two or three thousand dollars. This, in anticipation, may seem an ample provision, but he will probably find the same old difficulty in making ends meet. He must now pay five or six hundred dollars for a house, and every expenditure is on an equally increased scale, so that the question is again painfully pressing upon him—"*What can we do?*"

I remember hearing the wife of an able city minister remark that they had desired to take their children into the country for a few days, as a means of health, but that, on inquiry, they found it would cost them fifty dollars, and that they could not spare. How many of their people, do you suppose, were straitened in a similar way?—a people whose incomes, in many instances, reach the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars—a people reputedly liberal toward their minister, and, taking the world as it is, justly so, however short the provision may fall of an adequate support.

But taking facts as they are—admitting that, with a few noble exceptions, a minister's salary is usually barely enough, and that with much brain work and finger-work, to meet the necessary expenses—the question arises, what, under these straitened circumstances, is the duty of his wife? Her house must be well furnished, and her household well dressed. So much the parish deems necessary for its own respectability. For the parsonage is expected to exchange calls with ceiled houses, or what may well be termed palaces, and must be in proper trim for such honors. But do the people consider the grievous bondage thus imposed? Hard even as that of the Egyptian task-masters, who required the tale of bricks without furnishing the straw. They will sometimes scrimp a minister, and cut down and cut down his salary, and then gossip about madam's way of dressing her children, because she turns that garment upside down, hindside before, and inside out. They will work themselves up into quite a fever, threatening to get this, and that, and the other thing, for the suffering children. But the threatened gifts never come, while the gossip goes forever on. Poor, toiling woman, who has cheerfully sacrificed the mint, anise, and cumin for the sake of giving her dear ones what she has regarded as far more important! Unequivocally, I will venture to say, in behalf of the minister's wife, on whom the management of the pecuniary matters chiefly devolves, that she is *not* required to burn perpetual incense before Dagon, to stint herself in every direction that she may minister to the self-complacency of the parish. If she *chooses* to coin every hard-earned penny into clothing and furniture, and a general well-to-do appearance, it is not the parish that has

the right to say her nay. But if she and her daughters prefer to dispense with some of the "chains, and bracelets, and head-bands, and ear-rings, and changeable suits of apparel, and mantles, and wimples, and crisping-pins, and hoods, and veils," which that imperious changeling, Fashion, demands—if they heroically sacrifice the "loves of bonnets," and the latest style of hats and sacks—and if the minister and his sons wear their coats, or vests, or hats through two or three different dynasties of fashion, and all this in order that something from the narrow income may be devoted to charity, something to education, with a margin for certain accomplishments, if any have a taste that way, and something for future contingencies, why, I maintain that they have a *perfect right* to do so. It is not their duty to make themselves slaves to that most whimsical and tyrannical of all despots. They are under no obligation to join the multitudes who follow every new style. Yet Fashion sets up her court even in the smallest country village, sometimes appointing the strictest censors, who allow even a smaller liberty than the metropolis grants. By these censors, the clothing worn by the minister and his family is thoroughly criticised. The children, neatly, but economically dressed, and often, necessarily, in garments "made over," are freely commented upon. Their school-mates will make remarks greatly to their discomfiture, thus sowing discontent and false shame broadcast in the poor children's hearts. I have even heard of school-boys cutting, or throwing into the water, such garments as did not happen to suit them—a fit training to make them adepts in college hazing.

Now, if our ministers' wives dress neatly, and, in their circumstances, choose to do no more, they ought not to be gossiped about—though they certainly *will* be—as eccentric, and mean, and regular comers-out from Noah's ark; and, if the people *must* gossip, they are still justified in doing that which they have decided on as right.

But there is a more important view. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment? Apart from the question of limited means, can nothing be done to resist this insatiate worldliness, which is devouring every green thing, and crushing out every nobler sentiment, every higher purpose; this arch-deceiver, which is frittering away moments more precious than gold in the most meaningless frivolities?

Just consider the yoke of bondage which Fashion rivets on the neck of her votaries! What a haste and waste of appliances! what a flurry, and skurry, and worry to keep ahead in this disgraceful competition! What an absorption of one's energies! What a wear and tear of one's vital forces!

And there is no escape. You go to the springs or the sea-side for a bit of quiet. Alas! Fashion has preceded you with her endless train of mammoth trunks, bags, and bandboxes. Her claims are as loud as ever. Her spell is still upon you. Not one minute's cessation. There is, for her victims, absolutely no refuge from her tyranny but in the grave.

Even the numberless sewing-machines that were hailed as the harbinger of a brighter, better day for woman, are made to serve in the house of her enemies. What is gained by them is not more time for reading, and writing, and study, as was so grandly predicted; but more tucks, and flounces, and quilling, and frilling, and hemming, and trimming.

You visit a friend, to relieve a little the pressure of household cares, desiring a chat on some new book or the last magazine. But instead of this, you are entertained with the exhibition of some new device of Wheeler & Wilson to rob you of your leisure. Not that I mean to implicate the innocent machine. It was invented as a friend to woman, but is made to grind in the house of her enemies.

Alas, for these latter days! One did hope that the fabulous prices and the severe sufferings resulting from the war would purge out this wide-spreading leaven of worldliness; that the willing sacrifice of treasure, the fearful baptism of blood, and the thrice-heated furnace-fires of bereavement would burn up our dross, and chasten and elevate the nation. And, to some extent, we trust it has been so.

But the inane goddess still sits enthroned in high places, and few are they that dare set her decrees at defiance. Even the school-girls of our republican America dress far more extravagantly and showily than do the school-girls of England, notwithstanding they be the daughters of the nobility. And though the fashion may be as counter to the laws of health as to propriety, it requires more independence, more moral courage than most profess, to venture on resistance.

Now, in this state of things, who shall deny to ministers' wives the right to give the influence of their example against this crying evil, which is coining our life-blood into trinkets, and ringlets, and ribbons, and dangles, and gewgaws, and water-falls, and chignons? Who shall deny them the right to train up their sons and daughters to habits of Christian simplicity; the right to teach them that economy for such purposes is not meanness, and that extravagance is not generosity?

Not that I would recommend the formation of anti-dress-too-much-societies; but there must be some to make a stand against this swift current. And who can do this more fittingly than the moral leaders of the community?

If all the ministers' families in the country were to take this high position, and, without the affectation of singularity, were quietly to follow out the dictates of a simple, refined Christian taste and principle, what a light would their combined influence shed forth! And what a power would it become in elevating the women of America to juster views, nobler objects, and a more exalted standard of life!

BEHIND THE SCENES.

NEAR the center of a large town, between more imposing dwellings of brick and stone, like a wren's nest between those of jays and mocking-birds, stood in the middle of its square, green yard, a low, brown house. There was a simple latticed porch in front; around were plats of pinks and asters and fragrant mignonette; hanging baskets, with tiny flowering vines, depended from the big apple-tree on one side. Within there were three rooms, the windows shaded by snowy muslin curtains. On the very sill of one of these, in the early spring mornings, came a russet-breasted robin and peered at the doings within, watching till the mistress went to the garden and stirred the soil by pulling the weeds from her beds, then would she sit on the fence at a respectful distance, ready, when the field was passably clear, to seize her prey of dislodged bugs and angle-worms and convey them to her yellow-mouthed brood in the apple-tree. Thus year after year the programme was almost unchanged around the scene of our narrative; each season brought its peculiar and simple attendants, passing seemingly without a struggle against any foe, or a jar of discord among its machinery.

Five years had Jessie Moreton and her husband occupied this dove's nest, the first four by themselves; during the fifth there came a tiny stranger, a wonderful baby-girl, with the bluest of eyes, and the sunniest bright rings of hair on its little round head, and the busiest of dimpled hands, now folded sweetly in childhood's untroubled slumber, as it lay in a low cradle by its mother's side.

Jessie Moreton had been gazing long and thoughtfully upon her babe as she rested from her sewing, with her thimble on her finger, and her elbow on her knee, and she sighed as if something of disquiet was brooding in her heart. She had always been a thoughtful child, so they said, and she had not put aside a habit of thinking after she became a woman; almost always the working of the mind within reflected upon her face and made it extremely fair, and pleasant, and lovable, but to-day there was a shadow that drew a few impatient lines across the brow, and compressed the lips out of their curved fullness into slight sternness and discontent. She was thinking—what doubtless many women in the same position have thought thousands of times—her station in the world was a medium one, and her ambition and desires far beyond. She questioned within herself why her life had always been, and was likely to be, one of strife with limited means and restricted desires, while that of many no better by nature, perhaps not as good by practice, should flow on in ease, and abundance, and elegance.

These reflections obtruded themselves upon the mind of Jessie Moreton, more especially that day because she had been an almost unavoidable witness of what had been going on across the broad street, and around the mansion opposite her own dwelling. This structure reared its front high and grand, and was ornamented with all the devices that wealth and art could supply. The windows were lofty and deep, and generous—and costly drapery but half concealed the luxury within. Its owner was a man of influence and high repute through all the populous town; his wife and daughters bore themselves with such dignified grace and composure that to modest Jessie Moreton it appeared unlikely that the little annoyances of life ever assumed to ruffle the smoothness of their brows, or deepen to vexation the delicate bloom upon their cheeks. At this time there was for all eyes an unusual attraction to the great house; one of the three daughters was to be wedded, and rumor equaled the preparations to those of almost Oriental magnificence. There were wild stories afloat of the gorgeous furniture of the wedding-room, the splendor of the bride's apparel, the richness of the repast, and happy were they esteemed who received the broad, creamy-white envelope which contained the note of *entree* to the marriage festivities.

Mrs. Moreton and her husband neither received nor expected an invitation to the wedding. For this neither felt slighted or wounded; indeed, they would have felt uneasy and out of place among the proud guests of Arthur Heaton and his family; but as Jessie, no less a lady than the proudest of them, sat alone with ample

opportunity for reflection, a strong feeling of discontent took possession of her, and a wild longing for a taste of the lot of those who lived delicately, and were able to gratify their love of beauty and surrounding grace.

Two children, hand in hand, and robed beautifully as fairies, came dancing down the steps and out over the broad, sloping lawn. Her own little child, fair as a snow-drop, lay in the cradle beside her, and though it looked so pure and sweet in its garments of simple white, she whispered, as she bent over it with a passionate caress:

"I wish we were rich—rich! How beautiful you would be, my darling, even with the cast-off garments of those not half so fair and no more deserving!"

In this mood the afternoon wore away. By the time Paul Moreton came up the walk, with the satisfied look that the knowledge of a day's work well done leaves upon a man's countenance, his usually pleasant and affectionate wife had but a very faint smile with which to greet him.

"Are you not feeling well, wife?" he inquired kindly. She certainly was not, in her mind, and she said in truth, "No."

"Well, keep quiet then, and just set out a lunch for me—do n't worry to make a fire and get tea."

She followed his suggestion, for she had suffered so many painful thoughts to come into her mind that the heart-sickness seemed to weaken her hands also. After they had refreshed themselves with cake and strawberries, and a cool, crystal draught from the spring back of the house, they sat out on the little porch in the twilight, watching the passers-by, and, Jessie especially, frequently glancing across the street, where the mansion of the Heatons was illuminated with softened brilliance, and the accumulating guests began, in large numbers, to pass through the luxurious rooms.

"I suppose they 're to have a grand affair at 'Squire Heaton's to-night," remarked Paul, as he laid aside the book he had been trying to peruse in the uncertain light; "every body's talking about it; they say 't will be the finest wedding ever known in the town."

"Aunt Moreton will probably be there, and can tell us all about it," responded Jessie, as she rocked to and fro, holding to her bosom the household pet and treasure, and gazing fondly in its face. Then her eyes wandered again to the lighted windows of the great house, and she noted the glittering equipages as one after another they deposited the richly attired guests, women lovely in their graceful draperies, and men dignified by the advantages of affluence, and education, and position. Not for the mere purpose of display did Jessie Moreton envy these people their circumstances, but because there was an element in her nature that demanded the fine and refining existence of beauty in all its surroundings, and at times she was wildly impatient at what seemed the dearth of it.

"I wish we were rich!" she exclaimed again, and the vehemence with which it was spoken aroused her husband sharply from his reverie. He glanced at her quickly and inquiringly, then a shade of annoyance passed over his face; his tone was not harsh or rebuking, though the words in which he replied betrayed weariness and discouragement:

"I wish for your sake, Jessie, that we were; but that may never be our lot, strive hard as I may and expect to for it."

"O, do not think I ever have a thought of blame toward you, dear," Jessie hastened to reply; "but I sometimes am amazed at the order of things which withholds from the worthy their due, and bestows upon those who deserve them not all the good things of life."

"Still we may possess what our neighbor would like and has not; or I might say *have* possessed, for I think you have been happy and contented some of the time, Jessie?"

"Whatever has been lacking is not your fault, Paul," said his wife kindly, while a tear stole into her eye, and she laid her hand kindly on his, for she knew that he had sought to make her life pleasant and bright to the best of his means and strength, and that words uttered so impatiently had at first seemed aimed to wound him.

The next few days that passed were rife with floating rumors of the splendor of the wedding of Alice Heaton. They did not fail to reach the ears of Jessie Moreton, and her heart was filled with bitter discontent at the allotments of life, that gave gifts to those who prized them but indifferently, and withheld from others who, like herself, she thought, would realize from them so much comfort, physically and intellectually. She took her little child upon her knee and caressed it with passionate fondness; she gazed upon its sweet, innocent beauty, and impatiently wished, over and over again, that this fair little being, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and dearer to her than her own life, might have been born to the splendor that she saw in dreams and longed for in her waking moments; she pictured to herself how more than beautiful the child might be if only she "could have her wish; and was it more than she deserved?" Just as she asked this mental

question and answered it in accordance with her own ideas, Aunt Moreton opened the gate and came up the walk.

"I just ran over to gossip a little," said Aunt Moreton, as Jessie placed a chair for her. "I suppose you have heard all about the wedding, but I thought you would be better pleased in gaining the account from an eye-witness," she added smilingly, as she sat down and took out her patchwork.

"O, yes," responded Jessie; "and I have had a whole regiment of those troublesome thoughts, I have before told you of, marching through my mind, and vexing me."

"May be they won't always vex you so much when you have seen a little more of the world. May be you won't always wish you had married rich Dick Newington."

"I never do—I never did wish it," came indignantly from Jessie's lips, but Aunt Moreton went on: "And poor Paul feels sometimes as if he wished he could sell himself for what he is really worth, and send you a good round sum instead of bringing himself, a penniless husband, at night."

"Stop! you shall not talk so!" cried Jessie, thoroughly angry now as her child, with its father's eyes, looked up wonderingly in her face, but imperturbable Aunt Moreton went on:

"But we can 't have things in this world as we want them always, and if we could, the possession of all our desires would cloy upon us, and we should lose the zest of enjoyment. If we have been in extreme danger and effected our escape, we are happy; if we have toiled long for an object, and at last it falls into our possession, it is all the more prized from the effort put forth to obtain it."

Aunt Moreton paused, and laid two blocks together to see if the colors harmonized, then she started off on a new tack.

"The wedding was brilliant, and the bride *so* lovely! the supper was a marvel of good things, served in the richest manner; the table was one of the most beautiful things I ever saw; glittering like a crystal pyramid of glass and silver, and decorated with the choicest flowers. Mrs. Heaton was so proud, and the 'Squire so courtly and grand, and the girls so happy; and when the bridal party started off on the wedding tour every body, not in their places, said in his heart, 'How happy they must be! I wish it was only me!'"

Here Aunt Moreton stole a glance at the face of her niece; the lips were slightly drawn down at the corners, half in envy, half in scorn of the little woman's own known weakness. Then she continued:

"The next morning I was out feeding my little flock of choice ducks, you know, and I saw Mrs. Lowe walking around to the door of Mrs. Heaton's private room, instead of ringing, as usual, at the broad front one. I did n't think much about it until Mrs. Heaton called to me, two hours afterward, and asked me to come in a little while. We have always been very good friends, you know; she has always treated me with considerate kindness; she knew if there was needed a trusty friend she could find one in me; so I went in. She shut the door tight, and bolted it; then she came up to me and caught my hands, and burst into a passion of tears. I waited until she became more composed, and then I said, as she sat me down beside her:

"'Now tell me all about it, and I will help you if I can.'

"Even then I noticed the luxuriance of her chamber; the frescoed walls, the rich hangings, the velvet carpet, the mahogany stands, the canopied bed, and the rich ornaments scattered here and there; and even then I thought how my nephew's poor little wife would enjoy all these. But something had happened to destroy the charm of all for the mistress of them.

"'They all say my daughter's wedding was a brilliant success, do n't they?' she asked in a tone of sarcastic bitterness. 'Certainly,' I replied; 'what could have been more beautiful than it all was? 'So little the world knows of what is behind the scenes,' she replied. 'It commenced and proceeded with nothing but vexation, and now the culmination of it is almost more than I can bear. When we commenced to issue invitations there was a clamor because this one was invited, and because that one was not; when in a spirit of neighborly feeling, portions of the cake were sent around, some returned their packages untasted, because they had not been esteemed good enough, as they said, to eat at the wedding table; and others, because they did n't "appreciate leavings."'

"'That was certainly vexatious,' I replied; 'but, you know, people who have such dispositions are not worth minding.'

"'Very true,' she replied; 'I was only speaking of this to begin with; this is not the trouble I wished to confide to you. Last night I received word by telegraph that Lottie, the bride's younger sister, was taken violently ill a few hours after their departure, caused undoubtedly by the excitement attendant upon her sister's wedding and the contemplated journey. I am waiting for the noon train to go to her. Some of the bridal party are stopping with her and some are returning, disappointed, homeward.

My child, they make no secret of it, may not live until I get there.'

"She leaned her head on the table, and painful sobs broke from her anxious mother-heart. I knew not in what words to comfort her, but I laid my hand on hers and she knew she had my utmost sympathy.

"'Now tell me what you would have done,' at last I said, 'and if there is any way in which I can help you I will do so.'

"Suddenly she raised her head and looked me full in the face.

"'Help me?' she repeated. 'O no; there lies the trouble. I have not told you the half. In sickness and when death comes friends may help us, and succeed somewhat in assuaging our grief; but when the tongue of the slanderer assails us, what can arrest or heal the bitterness of its sting? The petty spirit of those who did not fall in pleasantly with the wedding arrangements scarcely disturbed me; the illness of my Lottie—nay, if Providence sees fit, her death even, I could bear and not be comfortless. But there has been struck a more cruel blow, aimed at the bride, my young innocent, hopeful girl that was wedded two nights ago, and looks forward to the future with so much anticipation.'

"'Do not repeat it,' I said, but she interrupted me.

"'Yes, you shall hear it from me first, for doubtless before the sun sets it will be leeringly recited to you a score of times. Well, Mrs. Lowe came in this morning with the air of one who, wishing to confide a dreadful secret, still hesitated for fear she might in some way come to harm for doing so; but she finally told me that they said that Alice was not what she should be. I did not comprehend her at first, and I asked, with a sort of bewildered feeling, Why, what should she be that she is not? Is she not bright? do they say she is foolish?'

"'Yes, very foolish—more than that—criminal in her conduct for the past year—been out at late hours with disreputable company; in short, that her husband will find to his amazement and disgust that he has taken to his bosom a false and dishonored bride!'

"'I was dumb with astonishment. I sat without speaking till she seemed frightened at what she had done, and sought to excuse herself. 'Mrs. Lowe,' at last I found voice to say, 'this is a dreadful tale you bring to me of my child, bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh—did you for one moment consider how such a thing would affect you were you in my stead? Go now and leave me. Your presence is hateful.' She would have said something in vindication of herself, but I opened the door and she went out.

"Mrs. Heaton again bowed her head, and sobs of grief, anger, and mortification convulsed her frame. Then when she became calm again, and before I could recover from the shock to my own feelings, she asked, as she searched my face with her beseeching eyes:

"'Do you believe in a tale like this concerning my daughter?'

"And I answered truthfully, 'I do not—believe me, I do not. Do not worry over it; let it die; it can not harm you where you are known; elsewhere it can be lived down, as can all evil, by a true and steady course, in silence and patience.'

"'Ah,' she replied, 'it is very easy to say that; forgive me, but you know not the bitterness of the trial; I might bear it better if I could shield the ears of my child and her husband against the evil tale, but it will be impossible. Some one there will be who will impart it, and thus seek to undermine their youthful happiness and destroy their peace.'

"Nothing can be done in such a case. The more the matter is agitated the worse it will become. So while those unacquainted with the circumstances are watching the brilliant, outside show with wonder, admiration, and envy, the principal actors are harassed with a grief and vexation which they seek to hide, but which gnaws at their vitals as did the fox beneath the vest of the determined Spartan boy."

Here, without further comment, Aunt Moreton folded her patchwork and prepared to depart. She saw, by the tear-filled eyes of the little woman who had made herself so unhappy by wishing for what was at present beyond her reach, that the comparison of her own peaceful and quiet lot with the stormy and vexatious one of her wealthy neighbor cast a happier light upon it, and made it easier to bear.

She resumed her work upon a dainty muslin dress for her little Edith, and when it was finished caught up the tiny girl and took her out under the old apple-tree where three adventurous young robins were flying awkwardly about, guarded jealously by the mother-bird, in their first attempts to see the world for themselves.

Her mind dwelt persistently upon what Aunt Moreton had been telling her, and as she looked, from under the overhanging boughs that shaded her humble dwelling, at the lofty front of the dwelling opposite, with its majestic columns, its sweeping lawn, its forests of flowers, she thought of the two shadows that for its possessors must sadly mar its vivid beauty—the shadow of death perhaps, and of that other which to Mrs.

Heaton's proud and sensitive nature was darker than that even of death, and which the tongue of envy and malice had woven under a mantle of smiles and obsequious flattery.

"The friends I have at least are true," she murmured to herself; "they have nothing to gain by false praises of me;" then she tossed wee Edith up under the leaves till the little one laughed aloud in baby glee as they fell around her forehead and hair.

As Mrs. Moreton lingered among the simple blossoms that grew in bright clusters around her door and smiled to the hand that cared for and caressed them, the family coach of the Heatons, with rich platings and silken curtains, drawn by high-stepping steeds, rolled slowly up one of the avenues to the house.

There came also behind it a receptacle of the dead, with nodding plumes and sable trappings, and velvet-coffined inmate wrapped in the awful and remorseless silence of death.

There alighted from the coach the sorrow-stricken mother, the mourning bride, and her husband; the burial casket was taken in with its fair and shrouded occupant; then the doors were closed upon the bereaved household; the fair outside remained the same, and a stranger riding by pronounced it good and much to be desired.

Jessie clasped her little child to her heart with a shudder and a prayer of thanksgiving that so gently, and not more cruelly, she had been made to realize how much there was around her own life that was blessed. When her husband came to the gate she went to meet him with a mien that warmed and lightened his heart, and that night, shut in with her treasures, she told him of the glance she had been permitted to take behind the scenes, and how she thought it would benefit her.

FROM ALSACE TO THE HARTZ.

II.

A SHORT stay at Stuttgard is enough to enable the tourist to see all that is interesting, and our way next lies through the fine old towns of Ulm and Augsburg to Munich. The railway passes the town of Cannstadt, already described, and proceeds up the valley of the Neckar through fields and vineyards to Esslingen, an important manufacturing town, formerly a city of the empire, and having not only a very fine Gothic church of the fifteenth century, but another—a Romanesque church—two centuries earlier. Esslingen is well worth an hour's halt, if only to glance at these churches, and enjoy the view of the valley from the Castle of Berfried.

Past Plochingen, where the rail quits the Neckar valley for that of its tributary the Fils, and leaving Göppingen behind, the road winds below the lofty summits of Hohenstaufen and the Rechberg, celebrated in German history, to the foot of the Rauhe Alp at Geislingen. This town is exquisitely situated at the opening of the deep and narrow gorge of the upper Fils, clothed with forest vegetation on one side, and with overhanging cliffs of granite on the other. The railway continues on the left side of the valley, gradually rising to the terrace of the Schwäbische Alp, which separates the watershed of the Neckar and its tributaries from the upper waters of the Danube. It then descends to Ulm, situated on the left bank of the Danube.

Ulm is a dull town with little to detain us. The tower of its Protestant church is indeed a very remarkable, though unfinished work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and if completed would have been the most remarkable in Europe. Its progress was stopped by a subsidence observed in the building. It is now three hundred and seventeen feet in height, and was intended to be raised more than half as much again. The view from the top is very fine and extensive, exhibiting the windings of the Danube in this part of its course. The interior of the cathedral is grand and massive, and contains much painted glass of considerable merit. It is four hundred feet long. The streets are picturesque, the houses being of considerable antiquity and rich in gable ends.

Out of Ulm, we enter Bavaria, and, running along in the valley of the Danube through a country not remarkable for interest, we reach Augsburg in about three hours, the distance being rather more than fifty miles. The city is of great antiquity, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ranked among the first in Europe. Its fine street rising with a gentle ascent—with massive lofty houses, having carved, painted, and scrolled fronts—presents, perhaps, the highest ideal in existence of the abodes of merchants, bankers, and other wealthy inhabitants of the middle class of society. In this fine street are three handsome ancient bronze fountains. One of the houses is the hotel of the Three Moors—Drei Mohren—which has existed as a hotel at least five centuries, and has entertained emperors and kings. The churches are less interesting than the houses, and being Protestant have lost much of their decorations; but the cathedral is massive and irregular, and contains some curious antiquities. The Town Hall is very

interesting as a specimen of Italian architecture of the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The old walls of Augsburg and the ditches still remain, but the fortifications are pulled down, the glacis leveled, and the ditches con-



BAVARIANS AND BAVARIAN COSTUMES.

verted into public gardens and walks. The town is large and well situated.

Munich is about forty miles from Augsburg, and is reached in about an hour and a half, or two hours, through an uninteresting country, gradually rising and forming part of the great plateau which extends to the south of the Tyrolese Alps, and corresponds on a small scale to the table-land of Tartary in Central Asia. The city of Munich itself is about 1,600 feet above the sea, and owing to this great elevation is subject to a very extreme climate. The plain on which it is built is neither fertile nor picturesque, and the city possesses no history of the smallest interest. The old town, however, of which fragments still remain, was built after the fashion of Augsburg, with many projections, numerous windows, and high gable roofs; very quaint, very irregular, and very pleasing to the artistic eye, but neither convenient for habitation, nor in conformity with the very modern and classical taste of the late King of Bavaria, who undertook to regenerate this poor ancient town and bring it into rivalry with the great cities of Central and Northern Europe. Its population has doubled; and the number of fine, modern buildings is out of all proportion to the importance of the town. It is now only in the great marketplace that the character of old Munich can be studied.

Almost all the modern part of Munich has, however, been in the way of addition rather than reconstruction, and has converted the former suburbs into the modern city. The old town was on the Iser, and the new portion on the ground toward the north—till lately a swampy waste. There was a vast old palace very ugly and irregular, but with some fine apartments; there were a number of churches; and there were also some hospitals and schools. Such was Munich at the beginning of this century. Noble streets have now been constructed, connecting the old with an entirely new town. These lead to, and are crossed by, other streets of like noble proportions, and all are crowded with public buildings, galleries, churches, and residences, on a scale of singular magnificence.

Munich may be visited with many views and studied from many aspects; but, whatever be the object of the visitor, he can hardly fail to derive gratification in some way from the singular variety manifest in the constructions, although all were built almost at the same time and under the eye of one man. In wandering over the city, you are led from one surprise to another, and each step affords something new. The architecture, including all classical styles, is certainly not prominently conventional. Byzantine, Gothic, and Italian jostle each other, and are blended without absolute confusion in the same building. Painting and statuary abound, and they are seen out-of-doors as well as in the galleries. All has sprung up suddenly at the call of one mind, and the results are brilliant and striking, crowded with human interest and intensely alive. Even Oriental and Egyptiant forms are not neglected; every thing that art has done elsewhere is here reproduced, but not without having undergone a certain process of digestion and assimilation. It is true that all is not real, and that much of what is very beautiful will not last; much, indeed, of very recent production is already decaying, but certainly no town has risen so rapidly into full growth with so little that is monotonous. No two streets are alike, and in this respect, if in no other, Munich offers a complete and favorable contrast to Paris, where it is difficult to find one's way, owing to the interminable repetition of the same idea and the uniformity of houses and even of public buildings.

Two of the principal streets of modern Munich are the Ludwig's-strasse and the Maximilian's-strasse. They represent father and son—the beginner and the continuer of Munich's glory. The former is crowded with public buildings imitated and adapted from all styles, but it has few houses, little life, and leads nowhere. The latter is pretty, lively, chiefly consists of houses and shops, is arranged in the style of the Boulevards of modern Paris, and is full of loungers. The difference of character of the two kings may easily be traced in this account of what each has done.

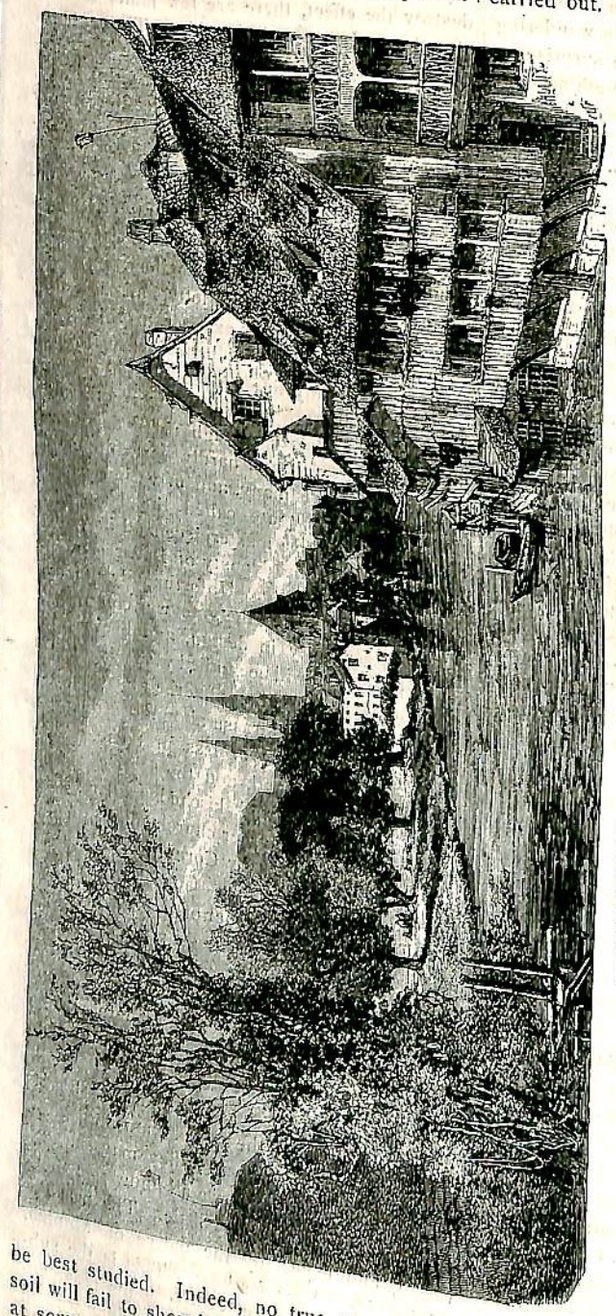
Much of the prettiness and effect of Munich is derived from the wide spaces left and the vegetation that is now beginning to fill them with tone and color. These mix well with the modern and fresh architecture, and the result is sometimes very striking. But this is rather in spite of, than belonging to, the original design. It is one of the advantageous results of a change of rule.

The public buildings of Munich very well deserve careful attention, and many of them repay a minute study; but a rapid glance at the most important is all that the mere tourist can afford. He will see the Glyptothek, or Sculpture Gallery, built in the Greek style, and certainly one of the most successful adaptations of that style to a northern climate that has been produced. Except at the back, where there are windows which destroy the effect, there are few faults of construction and many great beauties. The contents are of extreme interest, and include the celebrated Ægina marbles, and the Barberini Faun, alone sufficient to render the collection worthy of a visit. The Pinacothek, the Picture-Gallery of Munich, has much merit, but not the capital merit of being well adapted for its purpose. The view of the front is grand and harmonious, and the design is to a great extent original. As a great picture-gallery, however, the Pinacothek is much too lofty, and the hanging of the pictures rather exaggerates this defect than corrects it. The collection also, though not without many fine pictures, is as a whole poor, and it is both badly and incorrectly catalogued. The Palace, though richly decorated, is fatiguing to visit and hardly worth the effort. The churches are many, and of various points of interest. The gate called the Propylæan was intended to be a masterpiece, and its object was to celebrate the dynasty of Bavaria in the classic land of Greece. Unfortunately the dynasty terminated before the gate was completed. Though very faulty in design, and heavy and clumsy in effect, it will be studied with advantage for the variety of imitation of Greek forms it affords. The Ludwig-strasse abounds with public buildings of more or less pretense. The Royal Library is grand, and the Hall of Marshals lofty. The Ludwig's kirche is unattractive, but in this and some other churches and public buildings the frescoes by Cornelius and other artists are very remarkable. Cornelius is sometimes regarded as the father of modern German art, and is heartily appreciated by the numerous members of his family. Nearly a thousand artists, of various styles and many degrees of merit, honor Munich by residing there, and to all of these Cornelius, if not a god, is at least the high-priest of the divinity.

Munich is not only celebrated for its art. Its inhabitants, beyond the select thousand, know little of it, and care less. They may, indeed, see it at every turn; but we all know that those who do not look see very little. The true Bavarian, and especially the native of Munich, thinks of and lives for beer. This is the subject of his conversation as it is his chief enjoyment, and Ludwig would have done well to have availed himself of the national taste, and to induce a love of art worth more than the name, by decorating a gigantic beer-hall and

thus insuring a perpetual contemplation of some worthy objects.

The beer-houses of Munich, such as they are, must be regarded as truly national institutions, and they are places where the people can



THE PEGNITZ RIVER, INTERSECTING THE CITY OF NUREMBERG.

be best studied. Indeed, no true son of the soil will fail to show himself from time to time at some one of the gardens and cellars where the national beverage is to be had. Imitative Greek and Roman buildings are to be seen anywhere, and modern art, like ancient art, is not confined to one or even to several centers; but there is no such beer as that of Bavaria, and the worship of beer is nowhere so completely carried out.

To arrive at the Court Brew-House, the chief resort of the beer-drinkers of Munich, and the producer of the best beer, you must find your way through narrow streets to a bare open space, with low doorways and a mean aspect. The small square thus situated is called the Platz. Passing under one of the low archways, you come into a yard full of people, some standing, some sitting on casks. The yard is long and narrow. On one side are tables standing out from the wall, looking like stalls in a stable, separated by high wooden partitions and sheltered from rain by a narrow roof. On the other side of the yard is a small doorway leading to the kitchen and bar. At the bar is a tap with running water to clean the stone mugs standing ranged on each side. The customer takes down a mug, washes it himself, and sees it filled from a cask. He then endeavors to find a place at some table. Each mug holds a quart, and when emptied is quickly refilled by an old man who hovers about for this purpose.

A strange sight is this *Hofbrauhaus*—the royal beer-house of Munich. There are tales of one or other of its frequenters absorbing sometimes thirty quarts in a day. The place is crowded with men of all classes. Professors and men of learning, politicians and men of business, noble and even royal people, mix here freely with beer-lovers of the lowest class. The taste for beer is a true leveler in Bavaria. Nowhere is the beer so good, nowhere is it so thoroughly appreciated. This same beer-house has continued to supply the pleasant drink for centuries, and will no doubt continue to do so as long as Munich remains a town.

The Court Brew-House is of course only one of many; nor are all in the same style. There are also varieties of beer, according to the season, and various places where the different kinds are supposed to be procurable in perfection. Thus a particular kind, stronger than the rest, called "Salvator," is brewed only about Easter. At this season all the beer-drinking world—in other words, all the population of Munich—stroll out to the suburb of Au to the "Salvator" cellar, where a large shed has been erected, in addition to the tables without number placed under the trees, in anticipation of the annual visit. The "Salvator" drinking, fortunately, does not last long, for it steals the wit from the brains very rapidly and effectually; but the beer-gardens are never left empty.

On the whole, Munich is a pleasant city, both to visit in a transient manner and also to stay in for a time. It has its faults. Owing to its great elevation and position between the high Alps and the great European plain, its climate is very trying and extreme. But it has many advantages, and among them is the great one that it is not dull.

From Munich there is excellent railway accommodation, conveying the traveler in whatever direction he wishes. One of the most convenient ways of quitting the city is that which leads north-eastward toward the Danube. This great river is reached at Ratisbon, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, occupying from three to five hours by train. There is not much to detain us *en route*, and the scenery is not remarkable. The picturesque town of Landshut on the Iser is the only thing that is worth noticing; and the interval between two trains is sufficient to do it justice.

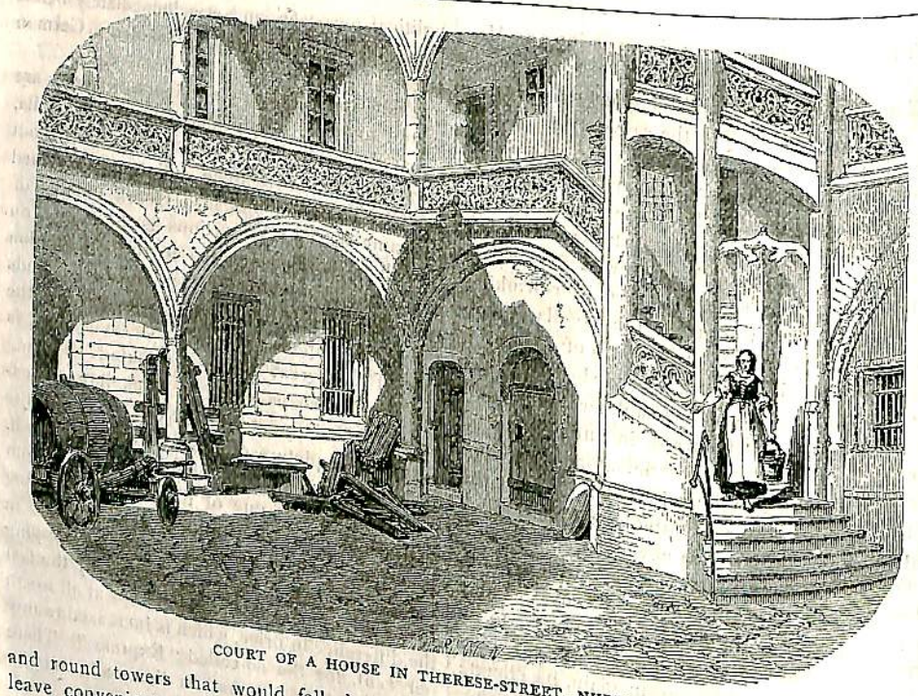
Ratisbon, like Augsburg, was one of the free cities of the Middle Ages, and was wealthy and flourishing accordingly. It is now rather dull and gloomy; for its streets are narrow, and there are several tall towers with battlements, that remind one of the time when life and property were not quite so secure as they are now in Central Europe. The public buildings are not very numerous, but the cathedral is interesting, as having been in course of construction for about six hundred years, and being now on the point of completion. The old town hall contains its torture-chamber, exhibiting some of the most horrible combinations to produce unendurable suffering that human ingenuity, exercised to the utmost by the stimulus of a so-called religion and fanaticism, could suggest. This torture-chamber was, however, used for political purposes, and was immediately below the great hall where the Diets of the German empire were held.

From Ratisbon all worshipers of heroes are bound to make a pilgrimage to the Walhalla, situated, overlooking the Danube valley, about six miles from the town, adjoining a ruined castle. The Walhalla is a Greek temple, of the same size and proportions as the Parthenon of Athens, and is devoted to the glorification of German heroes of all ages and of all kinds of celebrity. It is highly decorated by the principal sculptors of modern Germany, and is one of the great works originated by King Ludwig. Perhaps when in ruins it may possess greater interest both for the artist and the lover of the picturesque than now belongs to it.

Nuremberg is about eighty-five miles from Ratisbon, and is one of the most interesting of the old cities of Europe. It is reached in less than four hours by fast trains, but stopping trains take five. As the stoppages by the fast trains are numerous, the gain is not at all worth the difference in price, which is increased twenty per cent. for the so-called "Express." There is not much of interest on the road, and the country is flat.

Nuremberg is perhaps the very best example of a large mediæval city that still remains in Europe. Of smaller places there are instances elsewhere, as in the south of France, where towns exist that have been altogether abandoned, and that retain every peculiarity of human existence stereotyped without any human life remaining to interfere with the effect. But in Nuremberg we see man of the nineteenth century by the side of railways, and manufactures, and modern customs, living in the houses and walking along the streets that still retain the dust of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The very manufactures of the place smell of antiquity. The little quaint dolls, so largely exported, are no more like living children than the Nuremberg toys are like modern manufactures, or the Nuremberg streets like those of Paris or London. The streets are all spread out like spiders' legs; the houses are all individuals, each with its own history; there is no uniformity and no correspondence, so to speak, between any one thing in the whole place and any other.

Nuremberg is, as every body knows, or ought to know, a fortified town. Not like Portsmouth or Luxembourg, or any other fortified place in Europe that could resist for a few days the attack of a modern army with rifled artillery and soldiers with the needle-guns; but made to look formidable by means of certain crumbling walls



COURT OF A HOUSE IN THERESE-STREET, NUREMBERG.

and round towers that would fall down and leave convenient openings for the enemy, if rudely shaken by an old Roman battering-ram. It is astonishing that these walls can resist the wind, and one can fancy them falling flat if any army of Jews should march round them to the sound of the trumpet. All this, however, adds greatly to the effect. The town is built on a slight rise in an open plain, but is intersected by the rapid little river Pegnitz, which, after a time, falls into the Main, and ultimately swells the volume of old Father Rhine. The fortifications cross the river. The walls are now converted into pleasant shady walks, and the moat into public gardens, and thus the peacefulness of old Nuremberg peeps out even from among its frowning round towers and forbidding gates.

The Pegnitz divides Nuremberg into two nearly equal parts, and is crossed by a number of picturesque bridges. The houses are built close to the water's edge in some parts, and even on the bridges themselves, crowding up the little stream, which is at no time more than a thread of water.

The streets of Nuremberg are not very narrow, but the houses are lofty and large, generally provided with open courts, round which a picturesque gallery runs. Richly carved balustrades adorn the gallery, which is approached by an outside stair. The illustration will give an excellent idea of this peculiarity, and is highly characteristic. The houses are often very beautifully ornamented toward the street by fine oriel windows, large and lofty gable fronts, and a large number of windows, in ranges of gradually decreasing width, one above another. The oriel windows often have little ornamental turrets rising over the eaves of the roof, producing a degree of quaint prettiness nowhere rivaled. Besides the general distribution of this kind of ornamentation, which forms the charm of Nuremberg streets, there are some houses of especial beauty in various parts of the town. The Nassauer Haus, in the König's-strasse, and one near the Rath-haus or Town Hall, are among those best worth examining, and, if possible, sketching. Some of the larger houses extend back from one street to another, with a double front and two or three courtyards. Many of these houses are still inhabited by the families whose ancestors built them. They are constructed of stone, and were intended to last.

IN seasons of trial and perplexity we have been tempted to think that if we had only lived in the old dispensation an angel would have visited us with a message, or a vision have guided our indecision. But we have not availed ourselves as fully as is our privilege of the presence of the Angel of the Covenant in the personal humanity of Jesus, who went before us through all the stages of life and sorrow. In such seasons we are required to take but one step at a time, looking up all the way.

A LITTLE CHILD.

IT might have been business troubles; it might have been the long, slippery walk home; it might have been the east wind: it might have been one or all of these; but Mr. Dana, as he opened the gate of his cozy home, was certainly cross. It did not help his mood that the typical "dear light of home" did not stream from the windows, and that the first thing he did, after opening the door of the dark sitting-room, was to stumble over a pair of rockers; for Mr. Dana detested rocking-chairs.

"Bring a light!" he shouted to some one approaching. "There!" as the welcome lamp came, "this is pretty! Three rockers and two footstools, but not a decent chair in the room."

"Here 's one, pa," said a girl's voice, as Ellen, the eldest daughter, came from an adjoining room with one. "You know we girls do n't like to sit in these straight-backed chairs."

"All folly," grumbled the father. "You women make perfect babies of yourselves."

Then he took the chair and next attacked the fire. "Seems to me you 're fond of freezing here. The fire is always down when I come home."

Miss Ellen shrugged her shoulders, and her mother answered with proper spirit, "I 'm sure it 's warm enough. It was n't more than an hour ago that Dr. Blane was here, and said he did n't wonder we were sick so much, when we kept our rooms so hot."

"I 'm the best judge of things in my own house, I hope," stirring the fire vigorously. "Is tea ready?"

"Not quite."

"I wish you would hurry it, then. Where 's May?"

"Gone to see her cousins."

"O!"—a sigh that spoke volumes to one who knew the family. "Are any of the children sick? I saw the doctor's carriage there as I came by."

"I 'm sure I do n't know"—fretfully—"if any of them are seriously ill we shall hear of it."

"Had n't you better go over?"

"Now, papa," said the daughter, as Mrs. Dana knit in silence, "when Mrs. Edward do n't even recognize ma on the street! The way they 've acted is perfectly shameful, and I do n't think we are the ones to propose peace;" as the eldest daughter, Ellen felt that she had a voice in the family councils, and always took her right.

"May can tell if any of them are very ill," said Mrs. Dana. "If they are, I 'll go over; I 'm sure I 'm not in favor of family quarrels; and, if your brother's wife has used me badly, I 'll not lay it up against her if any of them are sick."

Mrs. Dana knit and Mr. Dana read the paper in silence after this until tea was announced. Then the family being gathered from various parts of the house—for they were not social among themselves, and each one had his or her pet hiding-place, from which they had to be called when wanted—they sat down at the table; a grace was sandwiched between Mr. Dana's grumbled wonder why they could not have warm biscuits oftener, and Mrs. Dana's answer that they were not fit for any human stomach. A discussion on healthy food was imminent; but Mr. Dana had other complaints:

"There was a music bill sent in to-day. Whose is it?"

"Mine, I suppose," answered Ruth, the second daughter, while the mother answered, apologetically, "You know she is taking of Bent, and he always charges more than the others."

"I think she had better stop if it 's going to cost at this rate," tossing the bill over to his daughter. "And another bill from Payson's. One hundred dollars, and not a charge, as I can see, over a dollar. How can you spend so much on"—after a moment's thought to pick out the smallest things he knew—"pins, and needles, and thread?"

"When you are a woman perhaps you will see"—an answer hardly satisfactory to her husband—but, having thus diffused a cheerful influence over the evening meal, he said no more, and tea was finished in almost utter silence.

They were by no means an ugly family, these Danas. Almost any father might have looked with pleasure on the five children at the board. They ranged in age from Ellen, three years since out of her teens, to little May, now absent; two boys, four girls; all of them bright, intelligent, and with no more total depravity than most persons; yet any one who knew the Danas must have seen that they were not a happy family, or rather, perhaps, that they did not live up to their privileges of happiness. There was too much will among them; they warred constantly, and small squabbles were so frequent that the parents only gave them a passing notice. None could be better than they when they tried; but, as a rule, only one tried at a time, and the result was failure. There was little giving up; few favors among the children. They were careful not to infringe on each other's known rights, but in the borderlands the skirmishing was constant. They were

truthful, fatally so sometimes, generous. In any great trouble they would have held firmly together, and they had too much pride to let their petty warfare be public. Only this last quarrel with Mr. Edward Dana had been too great to be hidden. For three months the families, living not half a dozen blocks apart, had not exchanged visits, hardly, of late, spoken on the street. The younger children played together, and that was the sole bond between the families.

After tea the family went back to the sitting-room. Mr. Dana sat down to his paper, Mrs. Dana to her knitting, the three girls to their fancy-work, while the boys played marbles in the corner, keeping still, and forbearing disputes for fear of disturbing their father and being sent to bed.

"Can 't we have some reading, girls?" said Mrs. Dana after a while. Fanny, the third girl, sighed as she dropped her work. She was the family reader, and liked the office well enough; but she had taken lately the air of conferring a great favor whenever she read. Hearing the sigh, Ruth remarked, with some tartness, that she need n't read on her account. Fanny, heing used to this, merely said, "What shall I read? Hand me that magazine, ma."

"I thought we were to begin the last volume of Motley to-night?" said Ellen.

"Don't," interposed the mother. "You know, girls, I hate that book; it is nothing but horrors. Do let us have something that wont give me the nightmare. Read a story, Fanny."

"There 's none here but a silly love story. I can read it, I suppose, though;" and she began.

"Awful stupid," she said, as she finished. Her comments by the way, as she read, had been frequent, making some confusion in the minds of her hearers, till, finding that half was hers and half the author's, a vigorous remonstrance induced her to give up the place of critic. "Now hand me the other; there 's a piece on amusements that I want to read."

The article in question, being a defense of almost all modern amusements, provoked, of course, a discussion. The Danas were born debaters. Almost their whole conversation was in the shape of arguments. A friend once said no two ever believed alike on any question of law, morals, or common life; and as each had a conscience about letting the others know just where he or she stood, they presented the spectacle of a debating society in perpetual session. Now Mr. Dana dropped his paper, and, each taking a side, the debate was in active progress when the sound of the gate, and the patter of little feet on the porch, suspended it. Ellen sprang to the door, and every one of the family greeted little May as she entered—every face brightening at her approach. May was the baby, with all the baby's rights and privileges. Not in years, for she was past seven, though small of her age, with a quaint womanly dignity that every one laughed at and admired. Slight as a fairy, and just as graceful, she stood there now a true Red Riding-hood, in her scarlet-hooded cloak, with, just visible beneath, two feet in dainty white stockings and red shoes. Great, unfathomable, brown eyes, curly brown hair, a rosebud mouth, and, withal, the stateliness of a grand-duchess—she was a beauty, every one said that, and her chief charm was her eyes. Clear, deep, wonderful, they looked straight through you, but let you see in their inmost depths only the innocent trust of a child. She was one of those angels that come to us sometimes in the guise of children, keeping her parents in perpetual fear lest she might take wings and leave them; yet, despite her angelhood, her grave, womanly ways, so sweetly human, so childishly charming as to be a perpetual delight, they held her with tremulous thankfulness; their fears making them more tender of her, and deepening their joy almost with presentiment of coming sorrow.

"Little Redbird!" her father said, stooping almost involuntarily to take her, "have you had a nice time, dear?"

"Yes, papa," answered May, speaking with a slowness and gravity that made them all smile; "but Cousin Nellie is sick. And I had to nurse her," she added, with an important air.

"Indeed, Miss May! What did you do?"

"I held the baby, O! ever so long, till I ached so—and then I fanned Nellie."

"Has she a fever?" Mrs. Dana asked.

"I guess so, but I did n't hear what the doctor said. Can I go again to-morrow, ma? Auntie said she would like to have me."

"We will see, dear. Have you had your tea?"

"O yes; and Cousin Charlie brought me home on his sled, papa. O dear! I guess—I 'm tired"—and she nestled down in her father's arms wearily.

"You must not hold the baby so much, dear," her father said; "you 're not strong enough. I wonder they allow it"—to his wife—who shook her head solemnly.

"O! I like to," said little May. "I was helping; and she is such a darling."

"You do n't look well," said the anxious mother. "Here, John, take this chair and rock her." And Mr. Dana, forgetting his chronic

horror of rocking-chairs, took it without a word. The discussion was not resumed. Mrs. Dana endured, instead, a chapter of the "Dutch Republic," without a word; and, it finished, May was reminded of her bed-time. She had dropped half asleep, but roused at her mother's voice.

"I 'll go; but, Ruth, won't you sing that new song first? You have n't heard it, papa, and it 's so pretty."

And Ruth, unable to resist the little pleader, sat down at the piano without a word. Mr. Dana never praised his children; so Ruth was left in uncertainty as to the pleasure she had really given; but perhaps the music bill was paid more readily the next day, remembering her song. Little May's kiss was thanks enough for Ruth, who, five minutes later, carried her off to bed.

All of the Danas were Church members. Mr. Dana gave largely to all calls of charity; his wife's name was always prominent on committees for Church fairs and entertainments; and the girls' fancy work and services were greatly in demand for the same. They went regularly to church and prayer-meeting; family worship was never omitted; and that all knew the Bible thoroughly any one who heard them debate on doctrinal points must have seen. Each felt ready at all times and places to give a reason for their belief; which meant, with them, an argument to prove its superiority over that of other people. Having no taste or talent for personal work among the poor, they gave through others, and consoled themselves by great activity in mission Sunday-schools. Yet they were far from being a model family. Out of books indeed, families are not either marvelously perfect, or startlingly imperfect. Most of those whom I know jog along in a comfortable, half-good, half-bad way, that might adorn a tale but would never point a moral. But the very perfection of the Danas' outer life made the discords of their inner seem worse.

But in all their bickerings little May was the peace-maker. One look from her wondering eyes would often stop the sisters in a dispute; and if looks failed with the boys, she generally tried words. She was, herself, exquisitely sensitive. So with the rest, only they had grown calloused to petty, provoking things—penknife cuts, that sometimes bleed inwardly for a lifetime. But what they disregarded among themselves was cared for in her. They seemed sometimes to soften their voices, to be careful of their actions toward her. Queen of the household she ruled her kingdom wisely and well. It was little May whose kisses and chatter charmed away the frowns on her father's face; her voice that made music to her mother's ears; her tireless feet that ran of errands for the whole family. She was not unnaturally precocious, but she sometimes showed in little things a wisdom that surprised them all.

The next day passed without other event than a visit paid by May to her sick cousin. She came home so flushed and tired that her mother felt anxious about her—anxiety that was deepened when, the next morning, she was found unable to rise; the fatal spot burned deeper in her cheeks. Awed by the sudden illness of one so loved, the family grew strangely quiet and peaceable. Even when, at the breakfast table, the mischievous older boy brought up the vexed question of amusements, little was said. Mr. Dana went to his store later than usual, and came home earlier, to find her no better. The simple home remedies having failed to give relief, the doctor was summoned, and Mrs. Dana laid down her endless knitting, and became nurse in good earnest. And little May's room was darkened, the house made quiet; and the family, in their frequent journeys from the home room to hers, had glimpses of a flushed little face, a slight restless figure, and moans of pain only half hushed when they were by. Perhaps nothing so quickly draws a family together as the prospect of the loss of one. Some, indeed, only know when one of them is brought face to face with death how precious is that life to the others.

So the days went by, and the fever ran its course, and she was living still—living, but so frail, so weak, that they feared she had not strength to rally. And as day after day went by and she grew no stronger, their fears increased. She had begged that, as soon as possible, she might be carried down stairs, wishing, in her tender heart, to save her mother fatigue. So a little bed was made for her in a small room off the sitting-room, and all day she lay there, patient and loving, suffering only from the weariness of weakness. When Mr. Dana came from his store at night his first thought was May, and he was never too tired to carry her up and down in his strong arms, and hush her to sleep with the songs she liked best; all the family were her servants, but she seemed especially dependent on him, and her helplessness made her nearer to him than any other child had ever been; for none of the others, being always strong and healthy, had ever so appealed to him.

One evening she lay in his arms, asleep as he supposed. The family, as it happened, were all out, save the mother, who, tired with work and watching, was lying down. They were in

the sitting-room, with no light save that of the red fire, that, flashing up on her thin little face, flushed it as if in health.

"Papa," she said suddenly.

Mr. Dana stopped his mental calculation of the profits to be made on the stock of goods just received, to say, "What, darling?"

"I asked the doctor about it this morning, papa."

"About what, dear?"

"My getting well."

"What did he say, dear?" after a moment's silent rocking.

"That he thought I would if I'd take my medicine like a good girl; but, papa, I'm afraid he did n't tell me the truth."

A silence, while Mr. Dana rocked slowly, and tried hard to steady his voice. "You are not afraid to die, May, darling?"

"No," May answered, slowly and thoughtfully, "I 'm not *afraid*—I would rather stay with you, I think, but Jesus told little children to come to him, you know, and he loves them."

"But, papa, if I do," she went on, after a pause, during which Mr. Dana had been utterly silent, "I want you to do something for me. Will you?"

"Certainly, if I can, dear."

Another little pause, while May knitted her brows, and thought. At length she said, "I have some money in my safe, nearly three dollars, I think; will you give it to the poor—to children?"

"Yes, darling."

"And, papa, I want to give my biggest dolly to Cousin Allie. Will you remember? The one you gave me my last birthday."

"I 'll see to it, dear."

"And my rocking-chair to Cousin Lucy. You won't mind, will you? You gave it to me, you know. I would give it to Charlie, only boys do n't care for such things. And my dolly's cab to Cousin Ruth."

"I understand, May. Is there any thing else?"

"Will you give them yourself, dear papa, or have ma? Papa—I wish—so much—that you liked us better."

"Who, child?" asked the slightly puzzled father.

"Every one—mamma, and the girls, and Charlie, and Ned, and—Uncle Edward's folks."

"Why, dear, I do love them."

"Do you?" her large eyes fixed wonderingly on his face; "but, papa, I do n't think you act as if you did always."

"Papa feels worried, sometimes, about his business, and that makes him—nervous—fretful, perhaps. Little girls can 't understand about these things."

"I do n't know as I do, papa, but you read to us from the Bible every morning that it is wrong to worry and fret."

Silence for a few minutes, apparently for May to think of appropriate texts.

"And uncle and aunt too, papa. What was it you read this morning about its being wrong to think folks were naughty?"

"'Charity thinketh no evil,'" Mr. Dana said slowly.

"And charity means love, my Sunday-school teacher says. So if you loved them you would not think so often that they meant to do wrong. And won't you try not, papa? Won't you try to be friends with uncle—and, dear papa," her hands clasped themselves closely around his neck, and the pleading, eager face was half hidden, "won't you tell us often that you love us?"

Mr. Dana kissed her softly. "My darling, I will try," and with that little May was content.

"Are you too tired to sing, papa?" she said after another silence. "I think I could go to sleep if you would." And Mr. Dana, softening his voice, sang "China," the wild, wailing measure of which soothed her soonest to slumber.

Outside moaned the Winter wind; inside the stillness was only broken by the rare crackle of the fire and that low breath of song. What memories of the past, what reproachful glimpses of the present came to him as he sat there, holding in his arms the dear one whose questions had so hurt him! Almost, as it seemed to him, already in the shadow of death, questions and petitions came to him with double force. And as he sang memories came to deepen the impression. The dear old hymn he had heard first, a boy, at his mother's funeral; and with the thought came the recollection of her love and care, and her parting counsel to "be good and loving to every body." He had heard it, grown older, sung over the coffin of a brother, the only one he had save this one from whom now he was so estranged. He had heard it—O, saddest memory of all!—when his first-born, his daughter, so like little May, had been buried. All the bitterness of that time came back to him; but he remembered that even then sorrow had not been to him so hard, because he had not borne it alone. And now, parted by a hundred cobwebs, none the less keeping them apart because such frail things, the husband and wife had ceased from that mutual love and care that makes wedded life happy. Where the separation began he knew; blind devotion to business on his part; the giving up of every thing that hindered him in

his race for wealth; the gradual growth of the thought that his family, with their numberless needs and wants, were an incumbrance to him. As for the wife, she had perhaps grown tired of having the devotion all on her side. And the children, seeing two heads to the house, had perhaps been led more into obstinacy and selfishness among themselves. And now, if he lost May, would it not be meant as a lesson to him? He laid her down, and as he did so his wife came from her room. They stood together a moment looking at her. The faces of almost all children in sleep are beautiful. May's, so fair, so pale, so peaceful, made one think of heaven. The same thought was in the mind of each as they gazed; the same words sprang to their lips as they turned and faced one another—"What should we do without her?"

"The will of the Lord be done," Mr. Dana said, but his voice shook not a little. "Why, Martha, Martha!" for his wife had burst into tears.

"I can 't say it," she sobbed. "You do n't know what she is to me."

Mr. Dana could say nothing, and his wife, after a moment, checked her sobs and went to the sitting-room. She lit the lamp, with fingers that trembled, and taking up her knitting tried hard to compose herself. Mr. Dana unfolded his newspaper, but there seemed to be nothing in it, and, after a little, he dropped it and turned to his wife.

"Have you heard from Edward's folks lately?"

"Lucy came over this morning to see how May was," blinking and frowning over the stitches her trembling fingers had dropped, "and Maria sent over some beautiful peaches."

"Maria is very kind when any of us are sick, is n't she?" Mr. Dana ventured doubtfully.

"Yes, I will say that for her. There are few better nurses than she. Do n't you remember when I had the typhoid, three years ago, how much she helped us?"

"Yes. Are you sure, my dear, that we are right in keeping up that quarrel?"

"I 'm sure I do n't want to. It seems to me now that it was a very little thing we quarreled about."

"Best make it up, then," Mr. Dana said, surprised and relieved to find his wife so willing. "Little May seems to have taken it to heart."

There was another little silence, and then Mr. Dana, stumbling and hesitating not a little, told his wife of May's talk and a few of the thoughts it had roused. "And I 've been wrong," he finished bravely; "I can see it now, though I never thought much about it before. I 've not been as careful of you and the children as I ought."

And his wife answered, speaking low but with a sudden glad ring in her voice, "We have both been wrong, John; but it 's not too late to mend."

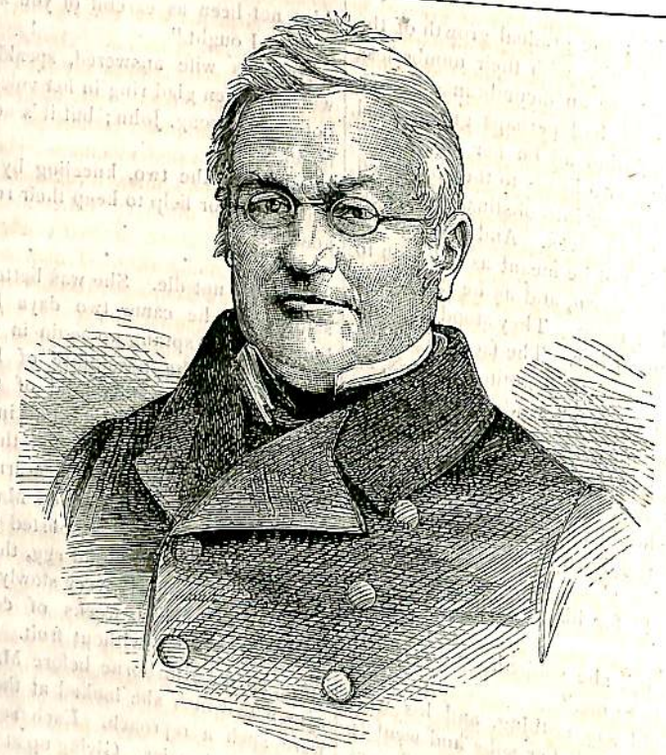
And then the two, kneeling by little May's bed, asked for help to keep their resolutions for good.

. . . . . .

May did not die. She was better, the doctor said, when he came two days later. Hope, long sleeping, sprang up again in the hearts of the family. The possibility of her recovery made each one keep a kind of thanksgiving, that, unconsciously, came out in their faces. Bright faces they were around that table, and Mrs. Dana's, behind the coffee-urn, was brightest of all. When she carried May her breakfast, and, coming back, reported that she had eaten half a biscuit and an egg, there was quite a jubilee. But slowly, very slowly, health came back to her. The weeks of convalescence, however, were not without fruit. Family bickering must be forborne before May. The sad eyes with which she looked at them, listening, were such a reproach. Each self-denial renders the next easier. Giving up at first to please her, gradually a more loving feeling grew in their hearts; and the strong sense of *meum* and *tuum* which had so long prevailed in the house was lessened. Nor was the example of the parents wanting. Once started in the right direction the husband and wife together began a new life. When May's little feet pattered once more through the rooms, the Dana household was somewhat different from what it had been when she was taken sick; not perfect, far from it, slipping often back into the old slough, but slowly being made brighter, more loving, more generous. The two households, so long separated, were reunited over the Christmas dinner that was also May's birthday feast.

"The best gift God ever gave me," the father said, as he kissed her that morning, and the sudden memory of a verse read the night before at family prayers, sang itself through his heart, "A little child shall lead them."

WHEN a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work. This is a secret that many never learned, and do n't succeed because they do n't learn it. Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and the greatest curse to a great blessing."



M. ADOLPHE THIERS.

FEW Frenchmen have been more constantly or more prominently before the public eye for the past half century than the historian, statesman, and orator whose name stands at the head of this article. Amid all the vicissitudes of French history, from the downfall of Charles X to the accession of Emile Ollivier as premier, M. Thiers has always been in the foreground; and again, at the downfall of Napoleon, rises to the front rank of interest. In office, he has displayed an energy and passionate love of his profession such as few men have exhibited; out of office, he has known how to turn from the turmoils of the tribune and the vexations of the council board, to the laborious but pleasant paths of historical letters. And it is hard to say in which he is most eminent, and for what he will be longest honored by posterity—whether his bold and positive statesmanship, his nervous and aggressive oratory, or the purity and force of his historical writings. The first quality won for him the premiership; the second gave him a power in the legislature which seems not yet to have waned; the third secured him, in 1833, when he was but thirty-six, a fauteuil as one of the Forty of the French Academy. His versatility is one of his most marked traits, and stamps him a true Provençal. Now, in his seventy-third year, he still seems as vigorous and laborious, as pugnacious and eager for the forensic fray, as in the earlier days when he declaimed against Bourbon oppression, and forced himself upon the unwilling doctrinaires of the Louis Philippe era.

Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles—a town prolific of men of genius—on the 16th of April, 1797. Unlike his great and almost life-long rival, Guizot, his parentage was humble, both father and mother belonging to the lower middle class. He received his education by means of a charity instituted at Marseilles by Napoleon I, by which a certain number of scholars were admitted free. A French writer—Mirecourt—tells us, that at school Thiers was "quarrelsome, obstinate, indolent, and disobedient." In short, he was not one of those precocious children who inspire prophecies of future greatness. It is related of him, as an illustration of his early traits, that he one day put some wax on the teacher's seat, whereby the worthy man was stuck to his place, to the immense amusement of the scholars and his own chagrin. For this Adolphe was locked in the garret for three days, being reduced to rations of bread and water. As he grew older he grew more studious, and finally plunged into his studies with the same passionate force which he formerly used in his quarrels with his classmates and his rebellions against his teachers. He rose to be the first scholar in the school, and for several successive years won the highest prize offered to the pupils for general proficiency. He had formed an earnest taste for books, and instead of pursuing, as his parents intended he should, a mercantile career, on leaving school he turned his attention to the study of the law. At the same time he began a course of historical reading, that seeming, thus early, to be the direction to which his mind leaned. He had grown up amid the splendid traditions of the first Empire, and was a doughty young partisan of the "recluse of St. Helena." Admitted to the bar at Aix, the old capital of his native province, he went, in his twenty-third year, to Paris, where he was enrolled among the advocates of the metropolis.

From this time Thiers seems to have had three loves, and to have constantly wavered between them—literature, law, and politics. "He brought with him," says a biographer, "a whole system of philosophy in his head." The intellectual temptations of Paris, the brilliant fields which it opened to his view, lured him soon away from his proper profession, and there was but little studying of the code or pleading at the Correctional Police, after he reached there. He quickly made the acquaintance of some of the leading *literati*, editors, and politicians. His ardor and wit were discerned, and he was every-where welcomed as a valuable recruit to whatever party he should join. His studies took a wider range; he now delved into philosophy and finance, into rhetoric and international law, political economy and the science of administration. His remarkable memory and keen zest enabled him to retain the most important maxims which came before his eyes. Meanwhile he took a zealous interest in the political movements of the day, assiduously attended the sessions of the Chamber, where he witnessed with delight and envy the stormy debates between the Bourbon ministers and the foremost Liberals of the day. He saw the great orator, Manuel, expelled from the legislative hall for the violence of one of his speeches; and the young Provençal, indignant and hot-headed, rushed up to the great man in the street, and exclaimed to him, "Vengeance, Manuel! As a deputy you are inviolable; your enemies have broken the charter!" Manuel was struck by his boldness and passion, invited him to his house, and soon after gave him a desk in the office of the "Constitutionnel," of which Manuel was chief editor. It was just the opportunity he had yearned for. His editorials became famous for their courage, pith, and aggressive irony. He was remarked by the Liberal leaders, who encouraged him to pursue the line which he had taken. He made the acquaintance of Lafitte, the Liberal banker, and especially of the aged Talleyrand, who, though chary of his praise, praised young Thiers to his friends without stint. Thiers had just commenced his famous "History of the Revolution." Talleyrand said that it would be a great work, but he feared the politicians would not leave the young historian time to finish it. Thiers did not leave it doubtful that he sympathized with the Liberal opposition. Serious events were preparing, and the young editor every day became more and more influential with his party.

Prince Polignac was Prime Minister, and the throne of the last Bourbon sovereign was beginning then to totter. In January of the eventful year 1830, Thiers left the "Constitutionnel," to found, in company with Carvel, an eminent Liberal, a more thorough-going opposition paper. This resulted in the famous "National." It was in the columns of this courageous journal that Thiers gave utterance to the memorable saying, "Le roi regne, et ne gouverne pas." (The king reigns, but does not rule.) Disciple as he was of the first revolution, he did not, however, go to the extent of wishing to overthrow the monarchy by a repetition of its horrors. On the morning of July 27, 1830, the day before that which was fatal to the crown of Charles X, Thiers was in his sanctum; a commissary of police entered with a posse of *gens d'armes*, and, in spite of the editor's remonstrances, proceeded to break up his presses. In spite of this indignity, and although he saw that the revolution was about to burst upon the city, Thiers was yet unwilling that events should come to the bitter end of force. Although he detested the government, he essayed to save it. He hurried to the chief of the Liberals, Casimir Perier, where the prominent members of the party had gathered, and urged upon them the necessity of preventing a collision of the troops. His remonstrances were vain.

The next morning—July 28—the storm came. Thiers, with all his passion and headstrong temper, had not a little caution in his character, and amid events which were inevitable, was disposed to make the best of his opportunities. After conferring with M. Guizot, and finding it probable that he would be arrested, he left

Paris and rejoined some friends outside the fortifications. Meanwhile the weak government succumbed, Polignac fell, Charles X fled from the Tuileries, and the insurrection, almost without a blow, held the city. Thiers hurried back to town, went to Lafitte's, where the Liberal leaders were assembled, and startled the meeting by proposing the Duke of Orleans for the vacant throne. After some hesitation the suggestion was adopted, and the Duke accepted the proffer, and Louis Philippe of Orleans became King of the French.

Owing his throne to the advocacy of Thiers, the new sovereign naturally took him as one of his chief advisers. At this date began Thiers's brilliant career as a statesman. For ten years we find him almost constantly holding high office. He became Minister of Finance in the administration of his friend Lafitte; was elected to the Chamber from Aix; and two years later, in 1832, he was intrusted with the portfolio of the Interior. He soon after became Minister of Commerce and Public Works. In 1836 we find him Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and again in the same office in 1840. Not only did he prove himself an able and efficient minister in all of these various offices, requiring each of them abilities peculiar and distinct, but he now shone in the Chamber as one of its greatest orators. With the heat of temperament which he derived from the warm southern province of his birth, and the pugnacious disposition which had displayed itself from childhood upward, he attacked his opponents right and left, electrifying the assembly from the tribune, defending his acts with great force, and overwhelming all who did not agree with him by his irony and denunciation. The cold and formal Guizot found in him a redoubtable antagonist, ever watchful, quick to perceive an error of judgment or policy, and determined to hit his mark.

When Lafitte was driven from power, and Casimir Perier became Premier, Thiers boldly transferred his abilities to the services of the new minister. This made him extremely unpopular. He was accused of deserting his oldest friends, and the epithet of "traitor" was hurled at him by his old colleagues. At Aix he was mobbed in his hotel by a furious crowd, who threw stones at his window, and threatened to hang him to a lamp-post. He only saved himself by timely flight, and by giving himself a protection behind the bayonets of the garrison. But his energy and perseverance overcame the hostility of politicians and people, and in 1836 he became Prime Minister, holding the offices of Foreign Secretary and President of the Council of State. It was partly by his influence that Isabella II was placed on the throne of Spain in exclusion of Prince Don Carlos; that France threw her weight into the scale against making Egypt a government independent of the Sublime Porte; and he did what he could to prevent the establishment of the Belgian kingdom. It was due to him that the remains of Napoleon I, which had long rested obscurely at St. Helena, were brought in pomp to Paris, and that, with a splendid funeral pageant, they were laid "by the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the people I love so well."

It was also during his premiership that one of the most romantic episodes of modern French history, the capture of the Duchess de Berri—whose recent death will be fresh in the memory of our readers—took place. The duchess was the widow of the only son of the ex-king Charles X, and the mother of Henry of Bordeaux, grandson of the ex-king, and consequently the Bourbon, or Legitimist, heir to the throne. She was a resolute and attractive lady, and, resolved to attempt the restoration of her infant son, she made a plan to enter France, penetrate to loyal La Vendée, and there to rouse the people to insurrection in following the white flag of Bourbon royalty. Thiers was alarmed, and saw that the only way to prevent a serious outbreak was to secure the person of the duchess. His measures to that end had but poor success. One day, however, he was invited by an anonymous letter to meet a man, at ten o'clock at night, under the trees in the Champs Elysées, who would betray the duchess into his hands. This man proved to be a renegade Jew named Deutz. The minister went to the rendezvous; the bargain was sealed; Deutz declared he knew where the duchess was, and would secure her, and for this service he asked a million francs. The duchess was in hiding at Nantes; Deutz, with two gen-darmes, went directly to her hiding-place, and she was arrested and imprisoned; but was soon after, through Thiers's leniency, politely conducted out of France, with a courteous intimation that she would do well to remain beyond the frontier.

In 1840, after ten years' almost continuous enjoyment of office, Thiers found himself forced to yield it up, and was succeeded by his old rival, Guizot. While minister, he had, however, found time to complete his noble "History of the French Revolution," which, begun in 1823, was finished in 1832. Finding himself, in 1840, relieved of the onerous duties of power, he rested awhile from political life, seldom appearing, except on grave and great occasions,

on the old arena. He reverted to his literary pursuits, and now took up the continuation, or sequel, of his "Revolution," which Talleyrand had recommended him to undertake. This was the "History of the Consulate and Empire," which, in his periods of leisure, he continued to write, from 1840 down to 1864, when the last—the twentieth—volume was published. It is the general judgment that the "Revolution" is the greater work of the two; it was written in the full glow of youthful enthusiasm, and before the statesman had modified the generous and perhaps too partial insight of the student. It was when the startling events of 1847 announced the approach of the third revolution, that Thiers was summoned from his study to play once more a leading part in public events.

Early in February, 1848, it became evident that Guizot could not longer retain power. Public disturbances became frequent and more and more ominous. The banquets began to be held, and the revolutionary leaders to threaten openly to overturn the monarchy, Guizot, who had grown extremely unpopular, resigned; Count Mole, a shade more liberal, was called to the helm, but failed to stem the tide; then the King called on Thiers and Odillon Barrot to save his throne; but they arrived too late. Thiers attempted to form a popular cabinet, but even as he deliberated the insurrection broke out, the barricades were thrown up, and collisions between the troops and the populace took place. Thiers harangued the mob, but they would not listen. The palace was attacked, the King fled through the garden, the revolution triumphed, the Provisional Government took up its place at the Hotel de Ville.

And where was fiery, restless little Monsieur Thiers? Not at all annihilated, not by any means discouraged, but still bold, energetic, and active. He went down with the monarchy in February; in June we find him re-appearing in the Constituent Convention of the Republic, chosen by four electoral districts, and electing to sit for the city of Paris. Seeing the Republic to be inevitable, he acquiesced in it, and put his shoulder to the wheel to make the best of it. He took a very active part in the proceedings of the Convention, was prominent in the debates on the new constitution, for which he voted, and acted as the moderate or Conservative leader. When the June insurrection took place, he strongly supported the proposal to make Cavaignac dictator. It is curious to observe that while Thiers was in the Constituent a leading Conservative, the recent Emperor—then Prince Louis Napoleon, deputy—was one of the most radical Democrats. Still, when the time for choosing a President of the Republic came, Thiers opposed the dictator Cavaignac whom he had helped to create, and sustained the candidature of Prince Louis Napoleon. So ardent a partisan was he then of Napoleon, that he fought a duel with a brother deputy for hinting that Thiers had once thought that the election of a Bonaparte would be a disgrace to France.

The Prince President elected and duly installed, Thiers at first gave his policy a cordial and effective support. He approved and defended the French expedition to, and occupation of, Rome—the first act which alienated the President from his former associates, the Republicans. The latter resolving to impeach him, Thiers vehemently opposed this course. At the same time we hear of him urging upon the Government the granting of full liberty of instruction. But at last Thiers began to catch a glimpse of the real tendencies of the President; and we find him gradually swaying over to the Opposition, of which he eventually became the leader. The celebrated electoral law, restricting the suffrage, being proposed by Napoleon, Thiers combated it, and, completely disgusted with his former favorite, he came off to England, on a visit to the ex-king, Louis Philippe. Notwithstanding that sovereign had departed from his advice, and had latterly neglected him, Thiers always remained at heart loyal to the Orleans dynasty, and even now is regarded as the chief of the Orleans party in France. Returning to the Chamber, he began to attack the President with the same heat with which he had formerly defended him. Early in 1851, it was no longer doubtful that the Prince was proceeding rapidly to the foundation of an empire. Thiers did his utmost to persuade the Legislature to oppose him. "If the Chamber hesitate," said he, in a famous speech, "there will hereafter be but one power; the form of the Government itself will be changed, and the empire will be re-established;" a prophecy which was within a year literally fulfilled. When the *coup d'etat* of December 2, 1851, took place, the President, as is well known, had the leading Opposition members of the Chamber arrested at day-break. Among them was Theirs, who was asleep in bed when the commissaire of police came. The officer awoke the statesman, and compelled him to dress and go with him. The little fiery man protested, and talked about the law, but it was of no avail. He was imprisoned for a fortnight with his colleagues at the Conciergerie, then was politely conducted beyond the frontier. He was exiled. He spent half a year traveling in England, Switzerland,

and Italy; at the end of that time he was permitted to return to his own country, for matters were then so far settled that he was no longer feared. The President had appealed to France, and had been elected by the people to serve as President for ten years longer.

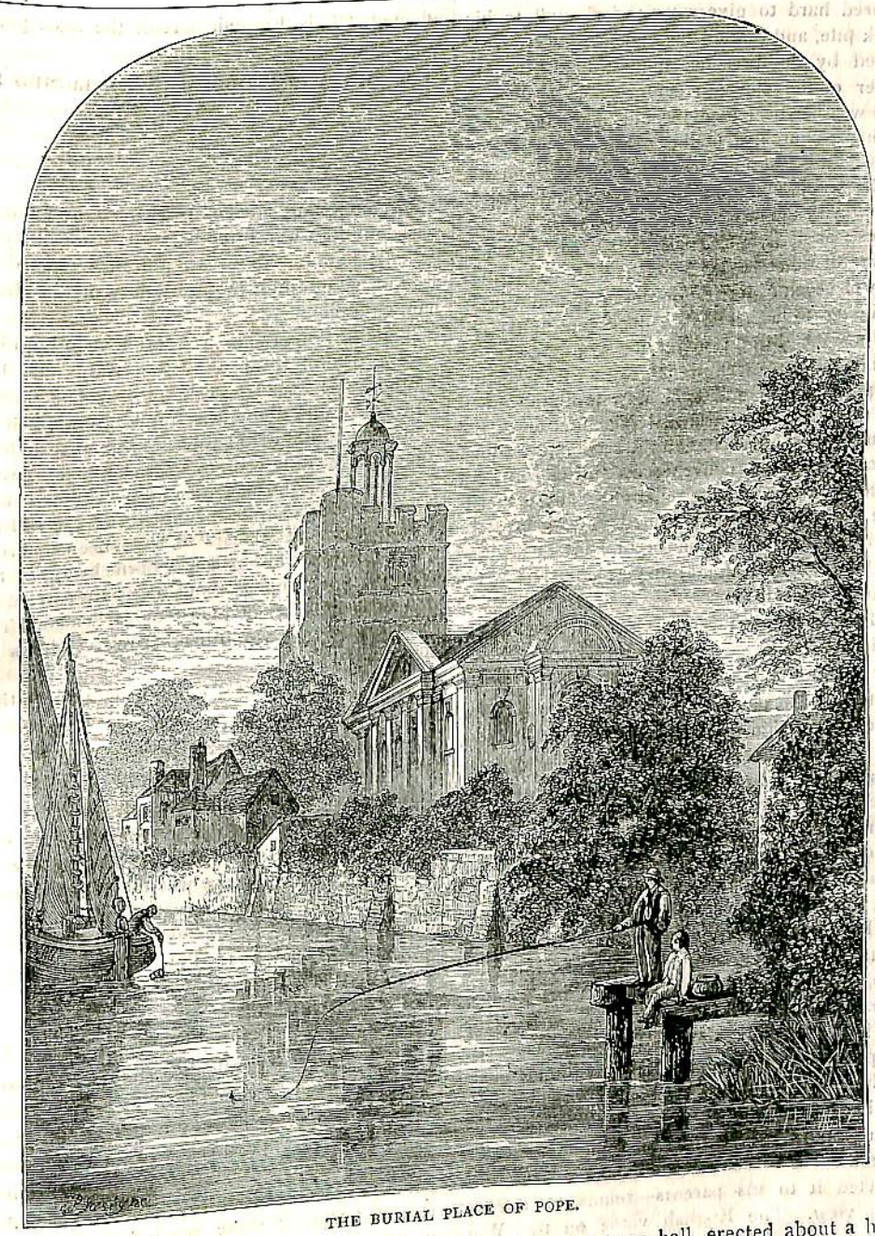
There being no political opportunities for him when he returned, Thiers resumed his labor on his "History of the Consulate and Empire." He was silent through the time of the foundation of the second empire, and only re-appeared in political life when the general election of 1863 approached. Then he offered himself as a candidate for the Chamber in one of the Paris districts, having finally persuaded himself to take the oath to the Empire, as he had done to the Republic, and to endeavor to mitigate the "evils" of personal government. He was chosen by the Liberal votes of the district, and he was one of the famous "Five" members of the Opposition in the Chamber. More moderate than some of his colleagues, he was never quite what is called an "Irreconcilable;" but, excepting on one or two occasions, he has constantly spoken and acted against the Emperor's ministers. He sustained the second expedition to Rome, separating, with Berryer, on this question, from the mass of the Opposition. He was re-elected as deputy for Paris in the last election, and when the Emperor introduced constitutional reform, and called upon M. Ollivier to form a Liberal ministry, Thiers announnced that he would support the new Government independently, but declined to take office. He has been a constant opponent of the Emperor's foreign policy, disapproving of the Crimean and Italian wars, opposing the Mexican expedition, and advocating opposition to Prussia, and a policy hostile to the doctrine of nationalities. He has also been stoutly inimical to the free-trade policy of the Empire, opposing the treaty of commerce with England, and being still the most energetic champion of the French Protectionists.

Although past three-score and ten, Thiers appears to have lost none of that physical and mental vigor for which he was noted forty years ago. His face glows with ruddy health, his rather piercing black eye is bright, his step has an elastic vigor, and his every movement is quick and restless. A large, round head and face, the hair snow-white, thick, and short cut; a high and rather narrow forehead, a strong, bold nose, lips thin, determined, and wearing a rather belligerent expression; a firm, positive chin, a short, dumpy body, stoutish, but not corpulent; and fierce eyes behind a pair of gold spectacles, which add largely to the general expression of determination and combativeness which all his features betray—such is Thiers. His manner of speaking is earnest, yet dignified, nervous, trenchant, often rapid and eager. He stands forth boldly, and uses the plainest and shortest modes of expression. His voice is round and sonorous, and he uses but few gestures, except in the more impassioned parts of his address. He commands the closest and most respectful attention from all sides of the Chamber when he speaks, and when it is announced that he will address the House, both the Chamber and the galleries are crowded with a multitude of eager listeners. He gives such variety and expression, alike to the tones of his voice, the movement of his declamation, and to the matter of his subject, that he carries his audience with a never-flagging interest. He is one of the few statesmen who, by his individuality, can lend attraction to the dryest topics; and his speeches on commercial and financial subjects are as eagerly heard and read as those on foreign policy, or the affairs of the army. No man ever bore age more lightly, notwithstanding his long and troubled career, full of incident, vicissitude, and conflict. Admitted to the French Academy in 1833, he soon afterward was elected also a colleague of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Few men have been so highly honored by so great a variety of distinctions; and so vigorous is his health, and so unimpaired his mental powers, that we may still anticipate for some years more his brilliant speeches and the continuance of his important services to France.

THE GRAVE OF POPE.

TWICKENHAM is so ancient, that it has forgotten the origin of its own name; nor can the antiquaries themselves settle the dispute, these gentlemen being divided on the subject. The name has passed through a variety of forms: Twinam, Twitham, Twittanham, Twittenham, Twiccanham, Twicknam, and, lastly, Twickenham, being among the diversities. Pope himself wrote Twitenham; and Twiccanham is found in a record of the eleventh century.

Though the place is not mentioned in Domesday-Book, it appears to be at least as ancient as the eight century, when that fiery king, Offa of Mercia, so far honored "Twittanham" as to grant some lands there to St. Savior's, Canterbury, that out of the annual proceeds the priests of that church might purchase vestments. Twickenham received still higher honor in the year 948, when the manor itself was granted to Christ Church, Canterbury.



THE BURIAL PLACE OF POPE.

Some readers will naturally expect that so ancient a place, and one brought into such close connection with Canterbury, must possess a noble church, in which Saxon columns and rich mediæval tracery are preserved. The expectation will be disappointed. Were it not for the ancient tower and the surrounding church-yard, the exterior of the church might lead a visitor to regard it as a town hall, erected about a hundred and fifty years ago, by some local builder, who had taken the job on "the lowest possible terms." Surely no one in Twickenham will quarrel with us for expressing our humble opinion. No parishioner of the present day is held responsible for the odd tastes of his ancestors in the days of Queen Anne, when the former church fell down, as if tired of the world and its ways. We admit, too, that the architect

labored hard to give a "classical air" to his brick pile, and that all his endeavors were frustrated by the presence of that obstinate old tower of the eleventh century. If that gray and weather-beaten pile would only have fallen with the church, all might have been well. The classical brick building, in the "Augustan" style, would not have been much out of harmony with the brick houses in front and at the sides; as it is, there stands that "stern old tower of other days," looking, with all the dignity of seven centuries, on the brick-and-mortar building to which it has been so unhappily united. A little ivy, of modern growth, is doing its best to clothe the walls with a picturesque covering, and even now is hiding much of the dull brick surface. The interior of the church has no architectural recommendations except neatness, conveniency, and capacity for accommodating a congregation. These merits are not to be lightly esteemed, and we must be satisfied with the absence of that suggestive architecture often found in places far less noted than Twickenham.

Twickenham church is chiefly interesting to visitors from the grave of one who has given the ancient village a place in the annals of literature. Alexander Pope lies in the aisle. There is no sign to point out the exact position of the grave, over which the congregation may pass, from Sunday to Sunday, without being once reminded of the famous "bard of Twickenham." The exact site of the poet's burial place, is, of course, well known to those acquainted with the church, and is readily pointed out to strangers. To see any visible memorials of Pope, we must go to the north gallery, which contains two monumental tablets, one raised by the poet himself to the memory of his parents, the other erected in 1761 by Bishop Warburton, in honor of his friend and literary associate. Pope seems to have intended that the memorial in honor of his father and mother should also be his own monumental tablet. The introduction of the word "*sibi*"—for himself—after the statement on the tablet that their son had erected it to his parents—seems to suggest this view. The English verse on the Warburton monument is supposed to be spoken by the departed poet, and, when thus viewed, appears insufferably arrogant, and utterly wanting in the calm dignity of the grave—pride and ill-natured satire speak in every line. Why should the poet pettishly declare that he "*would not* be buried in Westminster Abbey?" Because, forsooth, he scorned the company of "heroes and kings!" Very fine, doubtless, and very sentimental; but also very false and very affected. This English part of the inscription is as follows:

"FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Heroes and kings, your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too."

The concluding advice to Horace and Virgil was doubtless well intended, but is not likely to benefit them, as they can not be expected to read an admonition in the gallery of Twickenham church.

Though Pope raised a monument to both his parents here, it appears that only one, the mother, is buried near the poet. The father, Mr. Alexander Pope, was probably interred at Chiswick, 26th of October, 1717, just before the family removed to Twickenham. Mrs. Pope died at the age of ninety-one, and was buried in this church, "June 18, 1733, on Monday *night*." It appears to have been a torch-light funeral. The pall was borne by six of the "oldest poor women," and the coffin carried by the same number of poor "oldest" men. The old people had doubtless been recipients of Mrs. Pope's alms.

An incident befell a gentleman, a short time ago, in Twickenham, which shows how little memorials, even of famous men, impress the minds of your "ordinary folk." The gentleman was directed, by a pleasant-looking shopkeeper in the principal street, in the right way to the church. Seeing his informant afterward in the street, a reference was made to the monuments in the north gallery.

"Monuments! monuments to Pope in the gallery? Never knew that before, sir; I've gone to that church for twenty years, sir, and never saw those monuments. Well, it's very odd."

Of course the gentleman could only assent to the concluding remark—it was "very odd."

At this point some may inquire whether the *entire* body of Pope is really in the coffin under that stone marked with a P. Some writers positively declare that the skull, at least, was removed during some repairs of the church, many years ago. Another states that it was actually shown to an audience by a phrenological lecturer, who pointed out a peculiar thinness of the front bone. The celebrated Dr. Spurzheim is said to have had Pope's skull in his possession; and a recent writer seems to know its present hiding-place, in a private cabinet, so minutely does he describe some of its peculiar incidents. We are informed that £50 induced "somebody" to abstract the real skull, and to put another in its place. On the other

hand, some of those long connected with the Church disbelieve all these reports, and assert that the skull, or at least a skull, was seen in the coffin a few years ago. This last statement may be quite correct, but it proves nothing to the purpose, if the ingenious thief substituted a head for the one which he removed. We know there are enthusiastic phrenologists who maintain that such an "exchange is no robbery," and that the skull of Pope is more useful to science in a museum than in a grave. We really think the gentleman who has the relic should acknowledge the possession, and put an end to the controversy. The parish and other officials would probably now forgive the original offense, especially if a liberal sum were paid down as "conscience money."

The connection of Pope with Twickenham was of many years' duration. The father removed from his forest home at Binfield, in 1716, to "Mawsom's New Buildings," Chiswick; and in about a year after his death Mrs. Pope and her son took up their residence for life at Twickenham, where "The Villa" became another "House of Fame." Here the poet habitually received some of the most famous men of his time, and spent many a leisure and many a happy hour in beautifying his grotto and laying out his gardens. No visitor to Twickenham needs inquire for his villa; the "China House," as the people call it, now stands on the site, but the tunnel under the road, known as the grotto, remains, and we can still walk round the bit of land which once contained the floricultural treasures of Pope. The chestnuts, elms, and cedars remain, as "Twickenham Villas" have not yet been built on the site; but the "quincunx," the vines, melons, pine-apples, arches, porticoes, and columns have long since disappeared. Even the famed weeping willow, said to have been the first planted in England, has fallen, not, however, by any Vandal ax, but by a tempest in 1801. The visitor who now paces the silent road by the "China House," smiling at that formidable white dog, which, though only of stone, looks as if ready to tear down any incautious stranger who should trespass on the entrance to Pope's former garden, will, perhaps, recall the names of the famous men who oft assembled here. Pope was naturally proud of being the center of England's literary life. In the year 1736 he writes: "I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past." Most of these were visitors at the Twickenham villa. The mere enumeration of a few names of Pope's intimates is like the unfolding of an historic roll. The passionate and ironical Swift; the plotting and free-thinking Bolingbroke; the refined Addison; the easy, pleasant Gay; Steele, the dramatist, essayist, and politician; Congreve, the wit, poet, and man of fashion; Arbuthnot, the able physician and merry satirist; Prior, whose "City Mouse and Country Mouse" will not allow us to forget him; Bishop Atterbury, the Jacobite, and Bishop Warburton, the critic; the Dukes of Queensbury, and Buckingham, and Chandos; Lords Bathurst, Burlington, Carlton, Peterborough, Hervey, Halifax, Oxford, and the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, were all ranked among the friends of Pope. Then there were the ladies, the Duchess of Queensbury, Countess of Winchelsea, Lady Suffolk, Lady Hervey, and especially Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who all, at one period or another, were the associates and delighted patronesses of the "ugly little poet." The last, indeed, complimented Pope by first admiring, if not loving, and then fervently hating him. The "villa" was truly in those days the gathering place of wit, learning, literature, and beauty. The friends of Pope were of all religious and political parties; Whigs and Tories, members of the Church of England, adherents of the Pope, and speculative infidels, were the intimate companions of a poet, who was himself a Roman Catholic.

Most of our readers must be so familiar with the principal facts in the life of Pope that the briefest statement of these will suffice to revive the remembrance of his biography.

The future poet was probably born in the city of London, in Lombard-street, on the 21st of May, 1688, the year of the "Glorious Revolution." His father, Mr. Alexander Pope, seems to have been a linen merchant, trading with Portugal, whose residence was in Broad-street before his removal to Lombard-street. Attempts have been made to trace the descent of the family from the Earls of Down, and Pope was not unwilling to support this idea, on account of which one of his biographers is needlessly wrathful. The poet's mother was Edith Turner, his father's second wife, and the stone obelisk, erected to her memory by her son, was a few years ago removed from Pope's garden at Twickenham to Gopsall House, the seat of Earl Lowe, Leicestershire. The poet's life, to the age of about twenty-nine, was passed principally at Binfield, and the remainder at Twickenham. At the former place he was called when a child "the little nightingale." "Pope's study" is still shown at the old house, and "Pope's wood," on a hill close by, is said

to have been his favorite resort. Our poet had become famous before Twickenham became his home. He had published the "Pastorals" in 1709, and these were followed in rapid succession by the "Essay on Criticism," "The Messiah," "Rape of the Lock," his "Windsor Forest," and the "Temple of Fame." He had also published the first volume of his translation of the "Iliad," for which he had obtained subscribers for 654 copies, each to consist of six quarto volumes, at a guinea a volume. During Pope's residence at Twickenham he published his translation of the "Odyssey," an edition of Shakspeare, the famous "Dunciad," the "Essay on Man," and other works. The "Rape of the Lock," and "The Dunciad," are those which best show his peculiar powers. The light but elegant fancy of the former, and the vindictive sarcasm of the latter, are indexes to Pope's mental character. "The Dunciad," or History of Dunces, is the work on which this poet's fame will finally rest.

Pope continued his literary work to the end of life. Dropsy weakened him, and the power of continuous thought became enfeebled; but he wrote, argued, criticized, and talked to the end. Two days before his death he dined with many friends, most of whom were startled to hear a few hours later, on the 30th of May, 1744, that the great versifier of the eighteenth century was dead.

Space forbids us to attempt a delineation of his character. He may have been vindictive, but he was also generous; scornful he was toward the insolent and pretentious, but most gentle to his dependents; haughty we must admit him to have been, but his pride preserved him from flattering the infamous, or worshiping the mean. With all his faults, and all his defects, he fills a special niche in the Temple of Literature.

THE DOMESTIC CANKER-WORM.

ALAS! alas! that I should have to take up my pen for the first time, to make my misery known to you, dear public! I do not expect redress; 't is beyond that. I do not expect sympathy; it can not reach me. I pour my wretched tale into your listening ear merely to unburden my heavy heart. Every woman knows the relief of tears. These ink-drops, like them, shall drain a part of my grief, and perhaps touch a chord in your better nature.

I am a persecuted woman. I am persecuted by remorseless tyrants; I am made a captive slave in my own house. I must pay bounties and ransoms without number, which do not help me in the least. And all because I happen to be a mistress. I will first picture my surroundings, and then state my distress. Then, dear reader, if you have a heart, it will bleed its crimsonest drops immediately.

I have a husband, a splendid fellow—tall, handsome, with eyes that thrill you through, like electricity, by their fervid, intellectual glance; proud as Jupiter, with more than that myth's power and goodness. "For contemplation he, and valor formed." A perfect Adam before the fall, as Milton represents that godlike man. In short, such a husband as any woman would be proud of if she were in a good humor and not persecuted. My two little children are, of course, angels—a boy and a girl, beautiful as the golden sunbeams, no trouble in the world to any one, but with mirth and goodness enough to make happy the most morose. My home is "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," near the calmness and greenness of the holy country, near the convenience of the city—ah, you should see it! It is rose-embowered; it is arched with trees; it is ribboned with winding walks, bushed in on every side by the sweet blossoms; graceful green corridors leading to leafy anterooms, where our lovers—we have a pair in the family—hold court. And then the music! Why, our orchestra of birds startles you by its harmony. Their hymns seem truly a key-note to the heavenly choir. Indoors, I can say is also most fair. Art here has carried out the instincts of Nature, and produced that which is alone good and beautiful. The income and correct taste of my husband, united to my own refined womanly aptitude and love for the pure and beautiful, have presented in each consecrated apartment a scene of comfort and elegance.

I did not say, but will now, that my husband is liberal; all husbands are not, I believe—I wish it to be understood distinctly that mine is. I have a long purse, never empty, no matter how much or how often I shake it out. What is more—which perhaps you can hardly believe, although it is really true—I never have to say in subdued tones, just as my husband is leaving to go down town, "Dear, have you any change about you?"

Now, dear reader, I have tried to present before you a picture of my happy surroundings, with your humble servant—meaning myself—in the midst. Deary says I am a good little wife; so of course I may take my place modestly in the picture, even though I am a persecuted woman. My pen is dumb in describing, but if you let your finest imagination outline this paradise and happy family—leaving out the persecution—if you pencil with boldest strokes and paint with brightest colors, it will of course fail, just as the rainbow does on canvas, or the beauty of woods and waves when even Tennyson or Browning tells of them.

Now what is the canker, where the worm, in my bud of happiness? Alas! it is Bridget, or Jemima, or Jane, or Ann—varied yet the same, with perfection only in the art of knowing "how not to do." Bridget—let this name suffice for all of her class—comes into our peaceful home, straight into our exclusive midst, with her atmospheric changes, bringing storm-clouds and gusty winds. She is gone again, you may know by the banging of the doors and the wreck she leaves behind. No one expects perfect human nature; some divines say that it is possible, some not. Whichever way it is, I have never seen it, or felt it either; I must add, too, that I have never heard of a learned D. D. who ever did experience it, personally or by observation.

Human nature can not, I think, be pronounced perfect by even the most charitable, if they have had an opportunity of studying the idiosyncrasies of the race of Bridgets. I have often, myself, tried to find out the principle upon which their minds are constructed, and the laws which govern their movements. I can liken them to nothing so much as comets. That both are erratic bodies none will deny. They shoot through our households in a fiery kind of way, both as to temper and range, and are gone, no one knows whither, just as quickly, even if you want them to stay, which you don't. Besides, like comets, they appear to be heavenly bodies, according to the calendars of the "best references;" but you soon find these shining qualities run foul of something or other, and burst up or go out in the sootiest darkness.

Well, my last Bridget is not so bad, after all. She is cleanly; that's a comfort. She *will* put the tea in the coffee-pot, and never shut the back gate; still, she is willing, and I have never known her yet to stand with her hands on her hips—an attitude which makes me rather nervous, as I am then sure of a warning. I thought I should have to send her away immediately after her arrival, she was so ignorant of her duties. Husband said, "Be patient, little wife, and teach her." I love to obey my husband. I feel a perfect rest under his guiding, and my gentler nature gains great confidence and strength as I cleave to his wise counsels.

Well, I began to teach Bridget. The first breakfast was simple enough, for her sake. I told her to put a dried mackerel in soak. She brought it to me after a few minutes, unabashed by the company with me, saying, "Is this the way yez wants it?" I looked, and behold! 't was spread thickly o'er with—*soft soap!*

I spent long Summer days in teaching Biddy. Never a pleasant party could I join, because of my pupil; no friendly visitor receive with prompt welcome, because I was a captive below with Biddy. I heard the merry voices of my dear ones in the distance, and could not mingle in the evenings; and those last hours of the day are mine own, most prized. Biddy enters even here, and cleaves me from my joy.

O, Biddy! you are willing and I patient. What fruits shall these virtues bring? and how soon will they ripen? Well, I say, these troubles are only flesh wounds, and leave no scar. If my noble husband loves me still, though his collars are limp, and waits patiently until the new Biddy comes, who is a good washer and ironer—if he swallows his burnt toast and cold tea, looking across the cloth with eyes that are loving still—I am yet happy.

Then a wise thought rushes to the rescue—I will learn Biddy's trade. He shall breakfast after Adam's own fashion to-morrow. Biddy was not made in Paradise. I will "temper dulcet creams" for him; I will refine golden coffee and make the iron vessels sing again with their brown bounties for his palate. I will—yes, I will—pour nectar and dish ambrosia. O how I longed for the rosy morning, to serve my love! It came. Baby got me up early. It was very thoughtful in baby. Down I fly to the kitchen. Alas for me! what is to be done first I know not. I become very intimate with Biddy, and ask her advice rather humbly. Did you ever see a Biddy teach? It is tyranny personified; it is remonstrance, offended innocence, and equal rights. "I did it just that way, ma'am, and ye sint it back." Suffice it to say, Biddy and I dished up a meal, very much improved in quality indeed, but sadly deficient as to enjoyment. I piled up roses high on the table, between my husband's loving eyes and myself, so that they might not see the red rings round mine. Baby called me with wailings when my "soul was in the dishes." Deary missed me at prayer-time, and I—why, I was frantic with the hissing pans and spouting kettles. My swollen face was scarlet with the heat and steam, and my fresh morning dress bore many a streak. My experiment failed—I saw that. Husband was right about the teaching, but all Bridgets are not like Portia:

> "Happy in this, she is not yet so old
> But she may learn; and happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn:
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed;"

and my Biddy was most certainly not. I could not teach her—I could not take her place.

I thought, Well, it is plain that a wife's place is by the side of her husband, not in the dust and cinders below; a mother's duty to be ever ready to answer the requests of her babe, not to fry her blood into a fever when she is to give it cool nourishment; a mistress's economy, to keep her time free and judgment clear, to exercise benevolence and hospitality; for I hold that an economist of time and material can live the most usefully. And then I must not forget a lady's duty. Her lord has honored her by his preferment. Her sweet grace and delicacy won him first. Her calm beauty and elevated thought, he tells her, are more than thrones to him. Shall she not value qualities he so much prizes, keep them her own, and so still be ever the lady of his love? Yes, by all that is dear, she will. She must keep her hands fair for the melody her fingers rain out to him; her cheeks fresh, her curls bright, for the tenderness of his gazing; her mind stored with the wisdom from his books, so that she shall make her companionship intelligent and answering. She can not be all this and be a Bridget too. No, no; Bridget has a hard time among those seething monsters in the depths below, without doubt; and I am almost tempted to wonder if we have a right to expect things washed or cooked, seeing the terrible difficulty and universal failure. But, I thought, this is Biddy's vocation, just as it is mine to be a mistress, or yours, dear reader, to be a poet, or philosopher. She has no social duties, no intellectual, no benevolent ones. It is her trade, and she would do it well from practice alone, even were she badly taught at first; and that one alone is useless who can not cook, and not the whole species.

So I thought, with a sigh, I must make another "change"—a terrible thing to do, but necessary. I sighed again, seized the Times, thought of my darling and the blessing he gave me at parting, turned for the twentieth time to "Situations Wanted," and read, "A good cook," etc. Nothing said about washing and ironing. O, dear! she won't assist, that's plain, and we can not do without washing. I read again, "Good cook—will assist." Nothing said about reference. She drinks, or pilfers, or, of course, she could have one. So I went down the list, jumping over some dozen housemaids who will only make beds; companions to rich old ladies; and housekeepers for widowers.

At last I come to a real jewel—one of the "heavenly-body" kind, "Competent cook, etc. Will assist, etc. Good reference," etc. She will do, I say. Immediately the three lines are in my hand, and an oblong vacuum in the paper. Fearing she *might* fail, I look for and find another "bright, particular star." So, with these precious slips tucked in my porte-monnaie, I take the omnibus, and seek her. Biddy is at home. Yes, she can do every thing. She is satisfied with the wages—for, indeed, they are liberal—and smiles with pleasure at the reward of one pound to be given every year she stays; and she can come at once. I give her my address, a key to my paradise. Her face changes. She don't want to live in the country. I try to rouse a spark of sentiment in her bosom. I speak of the beauty of our garden town; I tempt her with the church which is near. No; she looks up and down the narrow court swarming with life, and decides she will not go, "it is too lonesome." I forgot to look if "no objection to the country" was in her advertisement; and, poor foolish I, dreamed not that "the pulse of dew upon the grass" and "silent shadows from the trees" had for her "no harmonious influences."

Well, I have another slip within my purse. I read, "Apply" dear-knows-what street—a name I never heard before—"Sursaddle-street, Kensington." However, I go. I wander up and down dirty alleys, and courts, gazed upon by rude eyes, inquiring my way, until I reach "my girl." She is very nice, and will do, I think, as I notice her neat attire. Has she any objections to the country. No, she has none. Will she give me her reference? She gives it with a protest. I look; it is some four miles away from my present position. I still have time to go there and reach home to my hungry darlings before dark. I have a good "character" for every thing—like her written one. I mention *sobriety*. Ah! that is her fault. The late mistress—also persecuted—left the word out in writing it, from pity for her; in pity to me she told it. She will not do, I think. One does not like to see the cook's head roasting under the range, instead of beef, or find the dregs of her whisky in the half-washed glasses.

I returned home tired and worn; worse than that—unsuccessful.

Many were the cooks I saw, and varied their answers to my housekeeping questions. "How do you cook a steak?" I said to one. "Well, some likes it *briled*—more likes it fried in *grace*." I knew it were well to bring that Christian virtue into our daily duties, but I told her I did not like it cooked in a pan so well. Another, a Churchwoman, she said—

High Church, I think, because her eyes were *crossed*—made me submit to such *cross*-examination that I was almost tempted to perjure myself, and say my husband did not wear shirts to be ironed, or the baby have frocks to be washed. She lived with three maiden ladies. "Things went on regular like—the ladies most ginerally cooked," and she could not undertake the shirts, etc.; besides, it was "lonesome"—that desolate cry—so she dismissed me rather scornfully, I am ashamed to say, because I was not an old maid, and had shirts in the wash.

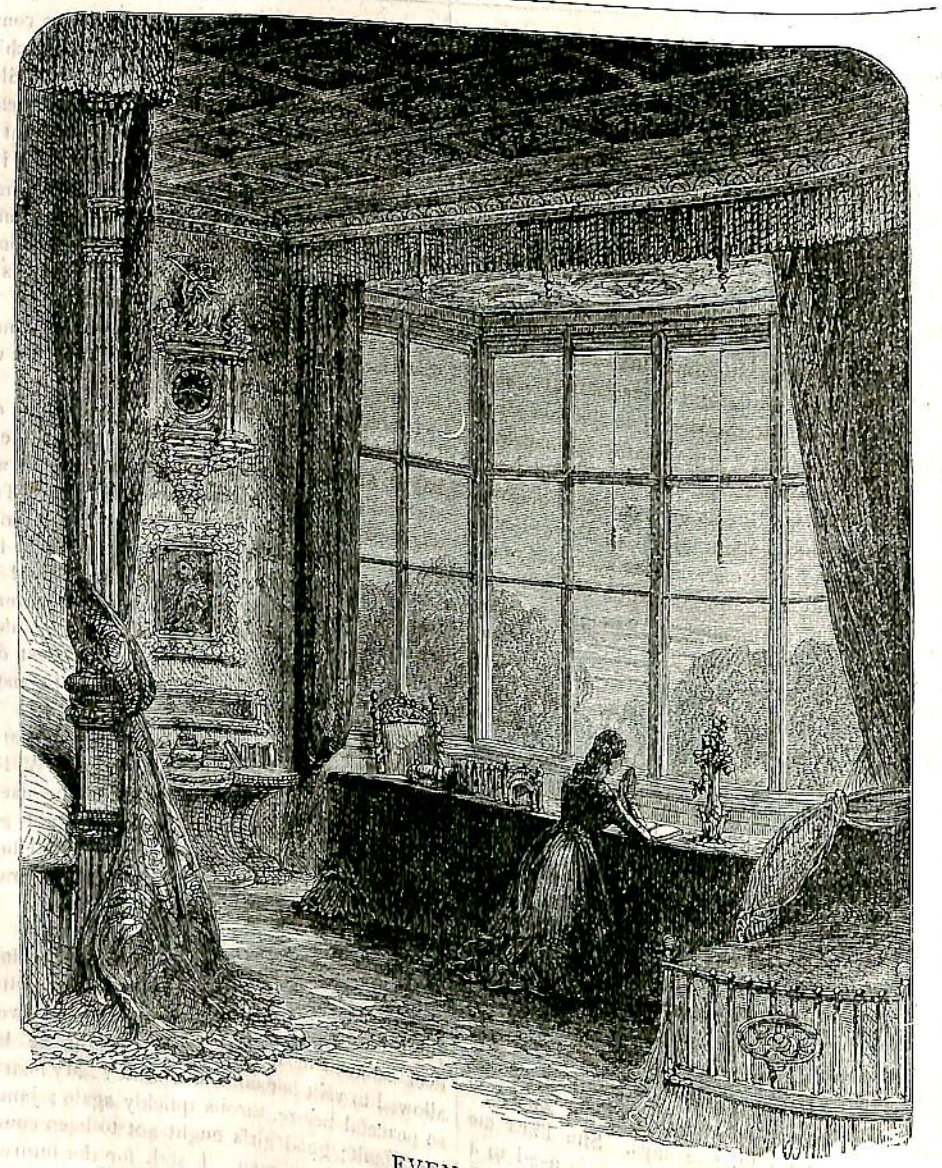
Time would fail, and your patience, dear, good-natured readers, were I to tell you all my experience. At last I get a cook. She comes: I tremble as she looks at the range, and asks for new cloths. She is off early next morning, leaving the doors open. I get another. I could not go for her reference, it was so far off: baby was sick that day, and starvation was telling in the face of my husband. I was almost ready to *beg* her to come. From my questions I knew she was a good cook. Visions of nice things rose up to tempt me for my husband's sake. She came that night. She spoke low and soft; I leaned forward to hear, and that unmistakable puff of whisky and garlic came into my face. I like her cooking; husband enjoys his meals so much. He compliments me upon my fresh looks and spotless attire. She has been with me just three days, and has not touched a drop yet. Yes, I will keep her. 'T is true she fires up when I propose to go for her character. But I will keep her and reform her. I turn from the rose-entwined gateway, with the kiss of my darling fresh upon my lips, and a flutter at my heart for his dear praise, when Biddy meets me, wearing on her face that "giving-warning" look. She is going, she says. She likes me and the place well enough, but she is used to a feather-bed. Besides, she did not come to stay. She must go away at once, and will I pay her a week's wages?

It has been just six months, dear reader, since I wrote those last lines. I have been a persecuted woman in every sense of the word—banished from my home, and braved in it; denied the society of my family and friends; visiting places and people most uncourtly; valuable time wasted, and money given to most unworthy objects—six long, weary, wasted months. A perfect panorama of Bridgets has passed before me—black, rusty, and red haired; short, tall, and medium; small-pox-marked and freckled, and artificial-flowered; with and without characters; with that breezy puff of liquid rye, and without it. Now I am settled with a real jewel—just three weeks to-day. She has come into my ways with sagacity, is fond of the children, and has won the regard of husband. She is most reliable and faithful; I can not speak enough in her praise. Heaven knows what a character I would give her if she asked for it! Her dinners are perfect; I never tremble when I have company. I am never obliged to tuck my silken robes around me and pry into her pots and pans to see if all is right. Yes, she is a culinary saint, uncalendared. Besides, she is no Biddy—she is Janet, and Scotch. Is not that charming? Does she not remind you of Jeannie Deans and her faithfulness?

I have also leisure to listen to the cooing of happy lovers. They know I love to see them happy, so they whisper their plans to me as we sit 'neath the stars, true eyes of heaven. To-day they told me a secret; I will tell it you, dear reader, if you are mum. They are to be married in the Spring. Gertie, sweet sister! is busy stitching on her rich damask her flowery initials. She glows with rare ideas of her domestic duties; she means to be the best of housekeepers, and Willie's home shall be perfect. O, how I hate to mar her happiness! I can not do it. I can not tell her that perhaps those very napkins upon which her Willie printed the letters for her needle may be used by Biddy as scrubbing-cloths; I can not go over to her my bitter experience, and tell her that the bridal veil is only a silken net to entrap her within a Bridget's toils.

. . . . . .

Janet has just come to me with a blushing face. She says she is keeping company with John M'Gregor! He has been her follower ever since she left Scotland. Might he be allowed to visit her once in a while? My heart, so peaceful before, throbs quickly again; Janet has a fault; good girls ought not to keep company with young men. I sigh for the future; visions of my persecutions come up to taunt me. Hardly one month of perfect rest, and then all to go over again. She will be married, I know, just as I want her most, for the wedding-breakfast. But I will not be selfish; Janet is worthy of a good husband, and I lose my dreadful anticipations in anxiety for her future: she must bring John to see me, I say. She leads him in—for he is waiting behind the door—all honesty and awkwardness. He likes Janet, he says, by my leave, and would I be pleased to let him come once and again to see her? I soon find out that he *is* worthy of my good maiden. Janet shall be made happy on her wedding-day by the bright new present I will give her for her cozy nest.



EVEN-SONG.

THE sun has set; the shadows darken slowly
O'er the cloud-mountains that were bathed in light;
And, Lord, to thee, with spirit meek and lowly,
I kneel in prayer to-night.

I thank Thee for my "daily bread"—the sorrow
And the gladness Thou hast given me this day—
The sweet, rich gifts which, through a long to-morrow,
Deep in my soul will stay.

I thank Thee for the grace that aye restrained
My passionate will when it was bent for wrong—
That fed the soul-lamp when the light had waned,
And made the weak hands strong.

I thank Thee that the gentle voice of pleading
Made itself heard amid the whirl and strife—

E'en when I walked my willful way unheeding—
Telling of light and life;

That in the sad hour of my soul's affliction,
When I looked backward as from parched lands,
The "gracious rain" of heavenly benediction
Fell still from outstretched hands.

And O! no earnest hope, no true endeavor,
Has been unanswered or unblessed by Thee;
Thou, Lord, who carest for thine own forever,
Hast cared indeed for me!

I think of all the blessing and the sweetness
Which made the burden of this day so light;
How my home-ties are still in their completeness
Wound round my heart to-night;

How Thou hast had my treasures in Thy keeping,
And yet hast spared them to be mine—still mine;
How o'er the beds where my loved ones are sleeping,
Thy folded wings will shine.

And, O my God, I can not thank Thee duly!
No word or deed which Jesus' love will take
Can span the measure of one blessing truly!
Forgive—for Jesus' sake!

DISAPPOINTED.

"Heights we've sought we've failed to climb,
Fruits we've failed to gather."

AH! how often re-resolving,
We our sandals bind anew,
For a time press on with vigor,
Keeping still the goal in view!
"Onward!" "onward!" still our watch-word,
Though our feet oft weary grow,
As we journey in the thorn-path,
Where no fragrant flowers blow.

Till, at length, we reach the mountain,
Up whose side our pathway lies;
Find that we must gain the summit,
If we would obtain the prize.
At the sight dismayed, and weary
With the rough, the tedious way,
At the mountain's foot we linger—
Cast our pilgrim-staff away.

Many a vineyard we have planted,
Tended in the early day—
But, grown weary, have neglected,
Fainting 'neath the noontide ray;
And the tendrils, lacking training,
Round the trellis fail to twine,
And the canker-worm unheeded,
Feeds upon our beauteous vine.

For ourselves we hew out cisterns
Broken, that no water hold,
And, because no fountain gushes,
Murmur like the race of old,
Who, forgetting Elim's palm-trees,
And the wondrous path they'd trod,
Murmured, when they came to Horeb,
To the fearful Mount of God.

Longing like the Syrian leper,
Some "great thing" to do or dare—
In some higher, holier mission,
Gladly would we have a share.
Rather would we join the reapers,
As the golden sheaves they bind,
Than alone the seed to scatter,
In the humble field assigned.

O'er our selfish sorrows brooding
Go we, weeping on our way;
In the darkness blindly groping,
See no promise of the day.
Vainly wishing—weakly yielding—
Oft we leave the path of right—
Thus we fail the fruit to gather,
Fail to climb the mountain height.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I BUILT a castle in the air,
In my wild boyhood's thoughtless glee;
And all the world was good and fair,
And every heart was true to me;
Till time's cold blasts, too rudely blown,
Shook down my castle stone by stone.

I built a castle in the air,
In manhood's morn, and called it Home;
And though sweet love and joy were there,
Yet winds would blow, and clouds would come;
And, spite of all my heart's fond trust,
I felt my castle stood on dust.

I built a castle in the air,
And deck'd it o'er with wealth untold;
But soon I saw that carking care
Was not kept out by bars of gold;
And Death would stalk through jeweled doors,
And haunt my gilded corridors.

I built a castle in the air,
Ambition gave the wood and stone;
But I looked forth and every-where
These castles lay on earth o'erthrown,
And naught survived but tarnished pall,
Or shivered tablet on the wall.

I ceased these airy domes to rear,
For time and thought had made me wise,
And taught me how 't was bootless here
To build on "aught beneath the skies,"
And air and earth alike were vain
The soul's large longings to sustain.

And chastened thus, as calm I roam,
What earth refuses, heaven supplies;
The thresholds of my Father's home
Shine bright and glorious from the skies;
And steadfast now, 'mid life's brief stages,
I build me on the "Rock of Ages."

ENTHUSIASM.

THE whole universe of matter and mind is under the absolute control of exact laws. There is no world in the upper spaces too ponderous, nor floating mote too minute to be beyond the reach of these systematic methods of God's working. Leverrier, the celebrated French astronomer, once staked his reputation with all the implicit trust of science on this mathematical precision of the skies. One night in the Summer of 1846, at a late hour, he might have been seen, pencil in hand, intensely studying sundry papers lying on the desk before him. He was solving the problem of the cause of the perturbations of Uranus. The next morning, over his well-known signature, the Academy of Sciences received the startling announcement that if practical astronomers would turn the tubes of their telescopes as he directed, they would find a hitherto undiscovered planet belonging to our solar system. The tubes were turned, and, as predicted, there shone Neptune, which had, till then, escaped the notice of mankind. Even the comets, that so frighten the untaught by their seemingly wild dashing among the stars, vary not a hair's breadth from the circuits assigned them by unchangeable laws. The poetic fancy of the music of the spheres rests firmly on a fact foundation.

Look at the human eye; how exact its structure, how exact the laws of refraction which light obeys in giving perfectness to the image it paints on the retina! The surfaces of its little water-lenses are curved with such delicate nicety of workmanship, and their distances fixed with such precision, that they wholly avoid that spherical aberration which has so long troubled science, and compelled learned men, in order to effect its removal from their instruments, to expend millions of money and months of thought.

In the vegetable kingdom are met the workings of the same immutable laws. A series of fractions, whose variations in value are controlled by the rule of arithmetical progression, determines the position of leaves on plant-stems; the peculiar arrangement of wood-cells shows the veining of those leaves; and their green pulp will tell the climate where they thrive, the average moisture of the atmosphere and the amount of sunlight that reaches the place of their growing. By some strange alchemy, whose secret has been intrusted to them by Him who fixed its unerring laws, those plants convert invisible gases into tinted flowers, change starch to sugar, and turn carbonic poison into wholesome food.

So exact and universal are the laws that govern in the structure of animal organisms, if you take to a comparative anatomist fossil bones from some one of the extinct tribes of beasts, he will tell the size, weight, and form of the animal, where he lived, and on what kind of food it was his custom to feed. Tempests and torrents that tear oaks in such fury from the soil where they have been rooting for centuries; volcanoes, that light the heavens with their lurid breath and cause palaced cities to stagger like drunken men; avalanches, that rush with thunder-peal down the mountain sides and sweep the plains with quick ruin—the very wildest forces in nature implicitly obey the dictates of law.

Higher in the scale of existences are found the same systematized methods of working. Metaphysicians give the laws of sequence that control those endless trains of ideas that begin at our birth, of association that govern their recall, and of conception which fancy is forced to follow in fashioning out of this rough lumber of the brain its gorgeous palaces of thought. Combination of colors, proportion of parts, varieties of motion, and succession of sounds, awaken their correspondent emotions with the certainty of fate. Love and hatred that bless and blight the heart, set on fire assemblies, hover over battle-fields to comfort and curse, are known to work by rule. In brief, search where you will among creations of matter or conceptions of mind, you will discover the same immutable laws reaching and ruling all.

Science discovers these laws that underlie phenomena, Art uses them. Science discovers the expansive power of steam; Art, by its cog-wheels and cross-bands, compels it to weave its fabrics, print its thoughts, and draw its trains of trade. Science discovers the chemical action of light; Art, properly preparing its canvas, seizes a sunbeam and, with single strokes of the brush, paints pictures that outvie the master-pieces of Raphael that hang on the walls of the Vatican. Science discovers that a compound of nitrate of potash, sulphur, and charcoal will explode when touched by fire; Art places the compound in the bore of a cannon and with it hurls iron balls into ramparts or into the ranks of rebels. Science discovers the chemical affinity of oxygen, zinc, and sulphuric acid; Art lays its Atlantic cables and weaves together the continents of a world. Science discovers the laws of beauty, of melody, and of eloquence; Art goes to the marble quarry and with mallet and chisel uncovers the Greek Slave's beauty, makes strong men weep while Paganini draws his bow across the

violin, and by Demosthenes' famed philippics breaks the charms of subtlety and turns the tide of war.

Effective geniuses are they, who, having diligently investigated, implicitly obey these fixed laws. They readily dazzle the unsuspecting by their seeming miracles of attainment, simply because they alone are cognizant of the existence of such laws. We naturally stand wonderstruck if, entering one of the workshops of the world, and unacquainted with the details of the process, we see rough bits of metal, passing through various machines and manipulations, and rapidly coming out watches, throbbing as if they had souls in them. Equally marvelous is the phenomenon of odd bits of experience, stray snatches of town gossip, neighborhood traditions, cast-away scraps of the street, thoughts and facts that any one can have for the asking, going into the nicely adjusted machinery of the busy workshop of some trained brain and coming out golden-orbed and beautiful, to please and polish the fascinated thousands. But if we have explained to us the training and drudgery submitted to by that brain through a long series of years; its painful, persistent, persevering efforts, the numberless rules and regulations it carefully sought out and strictly obeyed, if we are allowed to follow the process step by step, all traces of mysterious mental witchcraft rapidly disappear, its resources of power are found quite attainable. Relative suggestion, the great kaleidoscope of genius, in which the little broken pieces of ideas that are but the trampled rubbish strewing the thoroughfares of unthinking minds are changed into patterns of rarest symmetry, ceases to be a marvel when we discover its sides lined with hidden reflectors, and that only by its simple conformity to law does it become gifted with power. How the world wondered, when, for the first time, a philosopher whittled a sunbeam with his prismatic knife, or tamed the lightning into postboys! A husbandman drops into the soil a seed not weighing a penny-weight and without a mark of grace. Out steps a white-robed lily, whose praises are heard from the lips of the Savior. A genius plants a seed-thought, which, under the operation of laws that never can be changed or monopolized by him, sprouts, branches, blossoms, ripens, into fruit.

To secure accurate knowledge of these hidden laws that underlie phenomena, and effectually to practicalize in any field their restless energies by skilled appliances, demand frequently the unremittent industry of a life-time. Indeed, so filled are the biographies of the world's successful workers with instances of persistent painstaking, so seemingly evident is it that their achievements are but the requital of sleepless toil, and so uniformly has reward ever followed such persevering effort, that Buffon, one of the most indefatigable and brilliant explorers France ever furnished science, unhesitatingly pronounced patience to be the true touch-stone of genius; John Foster, the great English essayist, named it "the faculty of lighting one's own fire;" and one of our distinguished college presidents, "the power to make efforts." The best definition, however, I have ever found is, "Common sense *intensified*."

On final analysis of the methods of men's working, an enlightened and sustained enthusiasm will be discovered to be that into which all the essential elements of success can be resolved. There must be enkindled an intense longing to realize a definitely conceived ideal; that ideal must appear worthy of any sacrifice; that longing must glow with white heat. There are undoubtedly marked differences in mental endowment in the same department of effort, but those differences prove often more nominal than real, and, by operating as incentives, secure to the less gifted the more frequent victory. Thoroughness, concentration, and courage are the main distinguishing traits of great men, qualities rather of the heart than head, not necessarily exclusive inheritances to be enjoyed by the few, but possible acquisitions in the reach of the many. Gray spent seven years perfecting his "Elegy," which you can readily read in seven minutes. Into it he generously poured the very ripest scholarship, an intimate acquaintance of the rules of rhythm, and an exhaustive study of the varied excellences of English and Latin classics. Every syllable was submitted to closest scrutiny, the cadence of the verse was suited to the character of the thought, every outline was vivid, every tint toned, every picture perfect, before he suffered his poem to pass into print. This palace of thought was no single night's work of slave-genii obeying the behest of one holding some magical lamp of Aladdin, but was built up like coral reef, particle by particle. And this complete mastery of detail was secured only by the most protracted concentration of effort. By resolutely chaining his thought to his theme, completely surrendering himself to its guidance, the inexorable laws of suggestion irresistibly led him back through the past's faded and forgotten scenes in the humble lives of the sleeping cottagers, until the scenery and personages of every picture at last brightened and breathed

before his mental vision with all the sharply outlined vividness of real life. This vividness was absolutely indispensable to his success.

Fancy must first paint the canvas before the brush touches it. The Greek Slave stands before us now with no more clearly defined symmetry of form than she did before Powers, long ere with the chisel his skilled hand threw off her rough mantle of marble. Shakspeare forgot he was Shakspeare when he wrote. His heart at times burnt with all the murder-passion of Lady Macbeth; at times shuddered at the felt thrusts of the phantom-dagger of remorse. Mendelssohn, as he walked a stranger along the crowded streets of Rome, his eyes dreamily fixed on the heavens, heard as distinctly, as if struck upon the harp of some passing angel, all those his grand unwritten symphonies that afterward the organ sent pealing down the dim cathedral aisles of that splendid city.

Inseparable from these traits of thoroughness and concentration is that of unfaltering courage—courage to undertake great enterprises, "to scorn delights and live laborious days," to brave public sentiment in faithful adhesion to conclusions of your own thinking; courage that will not fail even in the hour of last extremity, but inspire you, as it did the gallant crew of the Cumberland, to pour your heaviest broadside on the enemy and boldly flaunt the banner of your purpose out just before you go down. Cortez, when entering upon that series of triumphs which finally overwhelmed with irremediable ruin the proud throne of the Montezumas and filled Europe with admiring wonder, first resolutely burnt every ship behind him, keenly discerning that by lessening the hopes of retreat, he proportionately lessened the chances of failure. Wellington conquered the armies of Napoleon, and twice rode victor into Paris, mainly because he was a warrior who durst carry out his own matured ways of warfare despite the mad clamor of all England, knowing and bravely trusting in the laws that governed the temper of the French army, inevitably falling to pieces when not led to frequent victory; and because he was one who, when the time was ripe, fell like an avalanche on the famed soldiery of France and pressed his advantage with indomitable will through dangers and difficulties and the most exhausting fatigue.

The quiet walks of literature demand this courage equally with the stirring scenes of national battle-fields. Wordsworth's sublime adoption and advocacy of his own deliberately formed judgment of true taste against the adverse criticism of the entire world of letters, his jeopardizing every prospect of earthly preferment rather than violate his convictions of poetic excellence, demanded as great a moral bravery as would be required to climb a ship's mast in a storm or face the fire of an enemy. These, then, I conceive to be the three essential gifts of greatness. Without them no alertness of intellect has ever achieved a work which bore the impress of immortality; with them, rarely need any one despair of accomplishing "that which the world will not willingly let die."

These gifts I further conceive to be but different manifestations of some one master-passion, enkindling and controlling every mental faculty; appearing, either as an intense love of the perfect seeking satisfaction in some acquired excellence, combined with a keen relish and aptitude for the chosen work; or as a thirst for power and fame akin, in the imperative nature of its calls for gratification, with the bodily thirst for drink; or else as the soul's nobler devotions that grow out of its warm attachments to home, country, or the cross of Christ. These passions, separate or combined, must be the mainspring of every action; they must be the inspiration of every thought; they must flood the whole life with an irresistible and perpetual influence. Through them even unlettered and ill-balanced minds have worked wonders in the world. Infuse men of enlightened common sense with their deathless fires, and obstructing walls of adamant crumble at their touch.

The farther our researches extend into the private histories of those who have acquired eminence through intrinsic worth, the more are we convinced that an enlightened and sustained enthusiasm has been their real source of strength, that only through its influence have been developed the mighty mental forces that have molded the character and controlled the destiny of any era, that only intense temperaments working under the stimulus of profound passion could ever have exhibited such exhaustless patience, such concentration of thought, such heroic fixedness of purpose—hunger, ignominy, even death proving powerless to dampen their ardor. What wonder that the world has ever persisted in calling its geniuses its madmen! Prescott, we are told, spent twenty years in the libraries of Europe collecting, from musty manuscripts and neglected letters, material for his Spanish histories. Gibbon rewrote his memoirs nine; Newton, his Chronology, fifteen; and Addison, his inimitable essays, twenty times. Dr. Harvey spent eight; Dr. Jenner, twenty; and Sir Charles Bell, forty years, maturing their three famed discoveries

in medical science. Titian painted daily on one picture for seven years, and eight on another. Calcott drew forty sketches of his "Rochester" before it met his ideal. It is related of a celebrated French novelist that, before commencing any work of fiction, he wanders week after week up and down the streets of Paris, studying different phases of character and prying into different modes of life; then, for months excluding himself from all society, he toils incessantly, perfecting his plot, unfolding the traits of his personages and polishing his periods. When he comes from his retreat a blanched cheek tells a tale of utter exhaustion consequent upon such protracted mental struggle. But his untiring industry by no means stops here. The proof-sheets undergo such thorough revision by striking out, substituting, and differently arranging, that all the types have to be reset. New proof-sheets, subjected to like ordeal, are blackened with fresh corrections. Again and again this process is repeated until his fingers are no longer able to hold his pen, nor his printer longer able to keep his temper. Montesquieu, speaking of one of his own writings, said to a friend, "You will read this book in a few hours, but I assure you it has cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair." Hugh Miller, even while he felt his brain burn with incipient insanity, while his imagination was conjuring up the horrid phantoms that flit only before the cursed eyes of the crazed, was so determined to write the last page of that marvelous book, "The Testimony of the Rocks," that he bent over his manuscript till long after midnight for weeks together, keeping at bay a horde of insurgent thoughts foaming to hurl reason from its throne, until the work was complete. Paganini profoundly studied the relations of sound to emotion and disciplined his muscles to utmost nicety of movement before he was prepared so wondrously to move and melt his audiences. Raphael acquired liberal college culture, carefully examined the works of the great painters, copied hundreds of their designs, spent several years in the study of perspective, personally dissected human and brute organisms, accurately observed facial expressions, postures of grace and strength, and noted precise effects of tints and shadings on the canvas. Goldsmith's style, famed for its simplicity, being clear, musical, flowing as a brooklet, seemingly artless as a child's talk, was acquired only by strict examination of every word, every vowel sound, every consonant. Not until Demosthenes had spent years in the practice of oratory in a solitary cave, with swords suspended over his hitching shoulders, declaimed on the noisy seabeach with pebbles in his mouth, frequently recopied many of the master productions of his times, submitted to every manner of drudgery, did he consider himself competent to appear before the Grecian assemblies. Burke, who was one of the most indefatigable of students until thirty, before he entered public life, on one occasion after holding the Parliament of England for over two hours with one of his masterly arguments on an important national theme, impressively pausing an instant, for five minutes spell-bound every heart with bursts of splendor. A friend, congratulating him after the speech, remarked, "I thought you had finished, but you extemporized such eloquence as I never expect to hear again." "Ah," said Burke, "that extemporaneous passage, as you are pleased to term it, cost me four days' hard labor, nearly two of which were expended on the closing sentence."

There were thirteen years of untiring effort, of the free outpouring of princely fortunes, and of disastrous failures, before the telegraphic cable, whose grand ideal was first wrought out in the workshop of an American brain, at last quietly rested, a signal success, on the broad plateau beneath the waters of the Atlantic, binding together the continents of a world. Thirty-three times Field crossed that ocean, and fought with tides and tempests. All the accumulations of a successful mercantile life went down, until naught but an unrealized ideal, sustained by an unconquered will, was left him. Twelve of those years were gone. Four times he had tasted the bitter ashes of disappointment. At the fourth trial the distant shores were joined, but the few faint throbbings of electric life served for the succeeding deathhush only as a prelude and a warning. The bonfires went out and the darkness of the night grew denser. Again he thought at last to grasp the prize; the imperfect cable parted and in an instant buried itself, and, to all seeming, the hopes of its projector under the sea. For a moment hot tears fell on the deck of the Great Eastern. "It is but a mad attempt at the impossible," was the judgment of mankind. One year more of dauntless striving, and Science claimed one of her proudest triumphs, and history recorded the name of another hero.

Though Ignatius Loyola was in the full noon of life, without the least knowledge of books, and engaged in a cause demanding the most thorough discipline of the schools, though he was deeply chagrined at thirty-three years already dissipated in aimless folly, yet, such was his enthusiasm to realize the ideal which he

had made the bright espousal of his thought, he gave, now already grown bald-headed, ten toilsome years to study, and kindled in the breast of Xavier and other of his countrymen the same fierce fires of devotion that burnt in his own. Sadly mistaken as was this founder of the Jesuits, despotic and blasting as was the hold of his order on the souls of men, still who can fail to admire, as he turns the pages of Jesuitical history, the well-nigh irresistibleness that lay in that singleness of aim, that full consecration to a purpose, which characterized this earnest man?

Garibaldi, the patriot of to-day, who has snatched glad Italy from the clutch of a despot; whether he coasted along the shores of the Mediterranean, or, foot-sore and fatigued, rested on his arms in the serpent-crowded forests of South America; whether he wept over the thinned ranks of his comrades as he desperately fought for the liberties of a strange people, or fled with a dead wife in his arms before the blood-hounds of power and dug her grave in the desolate pass of the mountains; never in his life was known to forget the enthusiastic vow of his youth, but rather made the rough, rude winds of trouble fan his zeal for country to a brighter and a purer burning.

W. L. HARRIS, D. D., LL. D.

A SYSTEM must be judged by the *men* it produces. Judged by this rule American Methodism can afford to challenge the criticism of all observing persons. American Methodism has produced some royal men. Of course it will always be a little difficult to trace precisely the influence of a great ecclesiastical system upon the character of an individual, or to say with any positiveness what a given person would have proved himself under other circumstances, but the influence of Methodism upon certain well-known men in the denomination has been so palpable and absolute, that it is simple fairness to say that they are the product of Methodism. Friends that are too partial to them may contend that they would have come to the front, and proved their power to be useful and good, without any such special aid as our religious system affords, but such claims must be disallowed. Methodism must have the credit of her own productions. However the pride of individual persons may be touched, they must be constantly reminded that the Church has made them what they are. Moreover, it is an observable fact that the men who have been the most marked in the Methodism of this country, have been, emphatically, the children of our denominational loins. Honored names, all through the century of the Church, will instantly occur to persons familiar with our history as illustrating this fact. When Methodism laid its hands on Bishop Janes, it found him a school-teacher in Connecticut, and has made him one of the foremost religious workers on the Continent, a practical ecclesiastic with scarcely a peer in the religious movements of America.

More than half a century ago, our Church found, in the wilderness of Kentucky, a bright, frail boy, on the bosom of a plain Methodist family, and at eighteen years of age thrust him out in that wild country to preach the Word. She instantly threw around her new *protege* the marvelous enthusiasm of her own spirit, kindled his oratory by the crowds that gathered in her outdoor services, preserved his simplicity by the sternness of her exacting discipline, urged him to culture by the increasing demands of his widening sphere, and at last permanently utilized his power by making him the executive of her missionary operations throughout the world. The venerable Durbin, shaking the hearts of men all through this country for the last forty years, preaching with equal power before rustics and Senators, is a product of Methodism. And so folios might be filled with touches of biography relating to both ministers and laymen, who have been developed into happy and extended usefulness by the peculiar adjustments, and by the delicate and influential forces of our religious system.

The subject of this sketch, the present efficient Assistant Missionary Secretary of American Methodism, must be assigned his place among the legitimate productions of the great religious denomination to which he belongs. Methodism met him early in life, and before young Harris was seventeen years of age, at one of those glorious old camp-meetings in Ohio, God converted him; and if he were not a living man, or if it could be absolutely certain that his own eyes would never see this picture, it would be a pleasant service to trace the flow of his nervous, busy, useful, happy life, down to where he stands at this hour, younger in his looks and hopes than he actually is, for, counting as the years go, he must now be flush upon fifty, but measured by the vigor of his carriage, and the quality of his endurance, he would be judged several years this side of the brow of that hill.

Soon after his conversion William entered the Norwalk Seminary, then our only literary institution west of the Alleghanies, and during

his two years of pupilage there, laid the foundation of his subsequent culture. Dr. Harris made the blunder of not conquering a regular collegiate education; to be sure he has passed that curriculum, he has dug out for himself the classic roots, and solved the university problems, and has creditably acquitted himself as a *professor* of the sciences that he ought to have mastered in the school, rather than on the circuits, but still he is to be blamed and rebuked for ever allowing the pressure of unwise counselors to drive him into the ministry, when he ought to have remained in the schools. It is a condemnation, however, which many another student must share with him. Thirty years ago, Methodism, in Ohio, wanted preachers, and she had no time to wait for the young men to linger about her academies. If they only had warm hearts, a ready utterance, and good strong common sense, the church would have them in her pastoral work; but the fact, that the most of these disappointed scholars have proved successful workers, and have often become cultivated men, must never for a moment be used as a reason for thrusting the young men of to-day into the pulpits of Methodism without the most thorough training of the schools. The many years of devotion to public education on the part of Dr. Harris, perhaps, ought to be accepted as his atonement for the blunder of his young life-time, and as a sufficient presumption that his own views on the subject are reflected in these observations.

Ten years of our brother's public life have been spent in the pastor's office. He began with the hard work of a Western circuit, and learned thoroughly the heart-secrets of the Methodist itinerancy. There is a kind of weird and sacred mystery about the inside experiences of a Methodist minister, that no one can know about until he has been admitted inside the charmed inclosure. An apprenticeship of a few years as a Methodist pastor, gives the workman, not only an aptness to use the consecrated tools of his craft, but a love for his fellow-craftsmen, and a passion for his work, that no subsequent changes of experience can ever shake out of his heart. Dr. Harris is a thorough-paced Methodist minister, and though for a number of years now he has divided his time between the chair of the professor and the office of the secretary, in a single week, he could as easily adjust himself to the routine of a pastor, and the work of a circuit, as if there had been no such parenthesis in his professional life.

It is this hearty identification with the great body of Methodist pastors, this moving on in whatever work is assigned to him, as if he belonged to the rank and file of our denominational battalions, that is at the bottom of the strong hold he has upon the sympathy and appreciation of his brethren. No man can be permanently useful to American Methodism if he throws himself out of line with the great army of his fellow-soldiers.

The most pronounced work in the life of Dr. Harris, thus far, is perhaps the work in which he is now engaged. For ten years he has been in the service of our Missionary Society, and for the last six years has been closely associated with his venerable chief in the entire management of our complicated, peculiar, and extensive missionary movements.

The devotion of the Assistant Secretary to the details of any work he has in hand find marvelous opportunity in the demands of his present office. It is doubtful whether there is a single person, or a single paper, in the whole sweep of our missionary work, either at home or abroad, that the watchful assistant does not know all about. It is to be presumed that the office now held by Dr. Harris is not invested with *creative* functions, so that we have no means of knowing whether, if he was differently related to our missionary work, deeper and broader plans for the evangelization of the world would not be developed by our American Methodism, and, perhaps, he is not in any wise responsible for the impression that our Church exhibits a slowness in her missionary movements that is fairly open to friendly, but sharp criticism.

Dr. Harris is, perhaps, best known to the Church as the Secretary of the General Conference. He has held that office now at four different sessions of that august body, beginning with the General Conference at Indianapolis in 1856. His predecessors were among some of the best ministers of the Church, and especially his immediate predecessor was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in our Western ministry, a man of pleasant manners, of adroit management, and fine clerkly abilities, and yet our new Secretary commended himself at once as eminently fitted for the post to which he had been chosen. It requires such a combination of qualities to be a first-class secretary, for weeks together, of such a body as the General Conference of the Methodist Church, as are rarely found in one person. Endurance, patience, accuracy, boldness, fidelity, and cheerfulness, permeated thoroughly with a certain intangible and indescribable something, which, for the want of a surer word, might be called *tact*, are some of the requisite elements demanded of a General Conference officer, such

as Dr. Harris has been since 1856. The only possible criticism that can be fairly made concerning him is a kind of brusque appearance occasionally, which, in a moment of great Conference excitement, leads one to suspect that the Secretary has a consciousness of his acquaintance with the subject in hand, that it would not be safe for any one to doubt, but then all sensible people know that there are certain great crises in deliberative assemblies, when such self-assertion on the part of an officer helps to calm the storm, and is, indeed, indispensable to the efficiency of his office. Dr. Harris has a commanding presence, with a large, open, genial face, a dark cast of countenance, and a benignity of expression, which may account, in part, for his personal magnetism. Of course no one can forecast his future, and especially his official future, but it is safe to prophesy that he will always be a true servant of the Church, no matter where he may be placed.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CLOSING YEAR.

THERE are few lessons for human beings so deep and solemn as those suggested to us by the silent, steady, irrevocable march of time. The years seem to move forward as if impelled by an awful power, in the presence of which man seems utterly helpless. Over some things he feels that he has some control; but here he is absolutely under a force as immutable as God, and as irresistible as fate. Yet even the steady, onward progress of this silent, resistless, changeless thing, fails to make its impression on the thoughtless, busy multitude. Now and then the gathering shades of night, telling that the day has gone, the recurrence of a birthday, announcing that a year has passed, the somber, wintery changes, as we approach the close of a year, solemnly indicating that the world and the whole generation are a year older, do arrest momentarily even the most giddy, and inspire a few serious thoughts in even the busiest devotee of the world. Still the earnest words of St. James ring out in our day with as solemn and forceful an applicability as ever: "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will we shall live, and do this, or that."

These are the gain-seekers, the worldly-minded, who make haste to get rich, and who, in their devotion to self-interests and self-plans, forget their dependence upon God, their indebtedness to him, and the uncertainty which overhangs their life and every thing which pertains to the future. Becoming absorbed in the pursuit of the things of the world, they lose sight of the things that are unseen and eternal, and, concentrating their thoughts upon the interests of the present, forget the interests of the vast future. By reminding such of their dependence upon God, and of their blindness to the future, and of their own brief and rapid life, the apostle would recall them to a better understanding of themselves, and to a grateful acknowledgment of their indebtedness to Him in whom they live, and move, and have their being.

Two faults are prominently apparent in the busy world-seeker: First, a forgetfulness of God and his providence, and, secondly, a forgetfulness of himself. He fails to realize his dependence on him who sitteth in the heavens, and who ruleth on the earth, and consequently presumes on the exclusive management of his own affairs. Many, indeed, boast of this feeling of freedom or independence. They do not realize their indebtedness to Divine Providence, and consequently have no gratitude to God. As a result of this, they of necessity become covetous, selfish, bold and presuming, illiberal, and concentrating their thoughts and affections and efforts upon themselves. There is no better way to make a covetous, selfish man, than by enabling him to throw off all sense of dependence on God, and of indebtedness to him. Only induce him to think that he is the master of his own destiny, the builder of his own fortune, the maker of his own fame—that he is the designer of his own purposes, and the executor of his own designs—and he is in a fair way to become a godless, friendless, selfish miser. Ceasing to regard God—his thoughts concentrated on himself—requiring an object of devotion, he deifies himself; forgetting his indebtedness to the Divine Being, and overlooking the partnership of Divine Providence in all his enterprises; failing to see the countless instances in which Divine care must come to his aid, and the innumerable, unforeseen, and to him uncontrollable contingencies, which God must regulate, he not only deifies himself, but to that deity he brings all his offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. He stands alone, the maker of his own position and fortune, the possessor of his own wealth. He thanks no God, he implores no providence, he claims no friend, he feels no obligation, he

exercises no charity. What claim has the cause of God on him? He is without God in the world. What claim has humanity? He asks no providence. What claim has charity? He is above all obligations.

It may seem a strange paradox that he who has become so supremely selfish—who has, indeed, deified himself; who has become, through his forgetfulness of God and his providence, his own idol, his own god, and who brings every offering, every sacrifice, every trophy of an active life, to lay upon the altar of his own self-worship—should yet in this strange infatuation forget his real self. And yet it is true. There is no man who more completely forgets himself than the covetous self-idolater, the gain-seeker, and the worldling. And this is not only true, but it is natural, it is philosophical; it could not be otherwise. Look at it for a moment in actual life. Take first that ever-busy worldling, that devotee of pride and pleasure, that worshiper of sense, who devotes the day and penetrates far into the night to secure the gay pleasures of the world. He forgets God, yields him no obedience, and acknowledges no dependence. Yet he has a god, for he has become a god to himself. His worship asks for no self-denial, and he exercises none. Every impulse is indulged, every sense is gratified. Beauty is sought for the eye, music for the ear; the air is made redolent with perfumes, the table is burdened with the choicest viands for his taste; he clothes himself in purple and fine linen, and gathers around him articles of the softest texture and most delicate fiber. He builds a mansion in which to set up his dagon, and garnishes it with gold, and marble, and plate, and jewels, and brings into it every-day offerings of beauty, pleasure, and wealth, gathered from all the world. For whom are all these efforts? For himself. To whom is yielded all this worship? To himself. Who, then, will say that, in the midst of all this self-seeking and self-serving, he has forgotten himself? All of us will say so. All of us can see that in all this there is nothing for the real self; that these are all offerings made at the shrine of an imaginary being, provisions made for a mere creature of sense, who has eyes for beauty, ears for sound, a palate for tastes, and a body for sensual gratifications. But what is here for the real self, for the true being, for the immortal man? Nothing. The devotee bows with faithful worship before his idol, under the delusion that it is himself, forgetting that his real self is a spiritual and deathless being.

The same thing is true of the world-seeking, covetous idolater. He is bent on being rich. He is forgetting God, and is unmindful of his providence. He lays out his own plans and executes his own designs; and as truly as the needle turns to the pole, so truly do all his plans and designs concentrate upon himself. This is right, for he has become his own idol, and a worshiper of himself. See how faithfully he, too, serves his god; how every thing tends to promote the interests of self, to increase the possessions of self; with what religious faithfulness he brings each new treasure as an offering to self; how each new enterprise points to self-aggrandizement! He rises early and sits up late, he plunges more deeply into business, he enters into new speculations, he lays out new and enlarged plans for each coming year, he makes perilous voyages, enlarges his store, pulls down his old barns and builds greater, advances his prices, withholds and reduces the prices of labor, becomes close and miserly in his purchases, heeds no charities, turns the poor away empty, speculates upon the necessities of his neighbor—and all for self; and as a result of all his toil, which he complacently calls diligence, of his self-devotion, which he calls prudence, of his avarice, which he calls providence, of his meanness, which he calls economy, he brings his nightly deposit into the bank, credited to the account of self, and offered as a whole burnt-offering to the object of his worship—SELF.

After all this faithfulness and devotion, can we say that this man, too, is forgetful of himself? Yes. Of his real self he seldom thinks, except when circumstances thrust before him this being to whom he is almost a stranger.

But who is this self that receives from the worldling and the world-seeker this faithful homage and devotion? Can it be that being that, like a vapor, appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away? Can it be that spiritual and immortal being whose true life is beyond the grave?—whose true happiness springs from things spiritual and divine?—whose true treasures are the fadeless crown and the immortal joys of an eternal life? The self that the worldling and the world-seeker worship is a false, and, to a great extent, an imaginary being. In the one case it is a being made for pleasure, in the other a being for possession. The worldling's self is a sensual being, into the idea of which death, and spirit, and immortality never enters—a being of sight, and sound, and taste, and feeling, whose highest good, whose greatest happiness, whose only interest is to be amused and pleased. For this false and imaginary being he lives and labors; for it he forgets God and overlooks his provi-

dence; yea, and in it he forgets himself. The self of the world-seeker is a more substantial, but less beautiful being than the one we have contemplated. It is a being of many wants, and cares, and anxieties, surrounded by many dangers, and threatened by many contingencies. It is a being that has appetite and wants food—must have raiment, a house to dwell in—is in danger of sickness, is in dread of poverty, has misgivings of a dreary old age, and forebodings of want and suffering; but into this strange and formidable being there enters no idea of death, spirit, and immortality.

How unlike either of these beings is man's real self! A dying creature, whose life is but a vapor! A being of soul, of mind, of heart; a being of spiritual wants and an immortal destiny; a being of a brief and rapid probation, yet long enough to win eternal life! Go to now, ye forgetters of God and his providence—ye that in fancied independence say, "To-morrow we will go into such a city and spend there a year, and buy, and sell, and get gain," forgetting that you know not what shall be on the morrow, and that your life is but a vapor, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away.

However easily the devotee of pleasure and sensual enjoyment may delude himself into the belief of his freedom and independence—freedom we mean from moral restraint and independence of God—and however much the covetous thirster after wealth may persuade himself into a forgetfulness of God and his providence, and a consequent disregard of his will, none of these can persuade themselves into the belief that they are masters of the future, on which they presume so largely. That they are ignorant of what shall be on the morrow—that time is not a treasure placed at their disposal and under their control, is a truth so apparent to themselves that they need only to be reminded of it, to feel its weight and the power of its condemnation on their selfish and thoughtless lives. True, they do not like to be reminded of it. They do not like to hear that that future on which they are in the habit of presuming so much, is an imaginary thing, whose very existence is uncertain—merely a supposed or anticipated duration, over one single moment of which they have no control. Such truths as these shake their independence, interfere with their large designs and plans which penetrate so far into that future, and bring them to a remembrance of that God who alone holds in his possession and under his control that vast futurity, the moments of which he deals out at his pleasure to his creatures.

No other truth brings us like this to a realization of our dependence on God. Tell us that our lives came from God, we may answer, No matter, we live. Tell us that health is the gift of God, we may reply, No matter, we are well. Tell the seeker or the possessor of this world's goods, that every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father of Lights, and he only remembers that industry, and diligence, and economy have gathered for him a fortune. Tell him of his dependence on God and his providence, and his mind only reverts to his business, to his houses and lands, his deposits and his bonds, as the means of his independence in the present, and as his security for the contingencies of the future. But tell him that he knoweth not what shall be on the morrow; tell him that time is not under his control; tell him that this treasure is dealt out to him moment by moment, and to what then will his pride and independence resort? Can he reply, No matter, I have it? No; he has not a moment but this present instant, which flies away with such lightning swiftness we have not time to say "it is ours," till it is gone, and we need another. Can he say that by his industry, his toil, his economy, he will gather it up in store? No; God gives it, but in particles so small and delicate that they perish in the using. Can he say I have much of it laid up in store for many days? No; time can not be treasured or laid up in store. God gives it for the present, and each moment as it is used is destroyed. It may not be deposited in the bank, nor invested in property. It is not ours—it never was ours. God lent it for our good—we used it, and he withdrew it again into his own eternity.

Here, then, O sensual worldling—here, then, covetous idolaters—here, then, ye makers of your own fortunes, ye independent designers and executors of your own schemes—here God brings you into contact with himself; here he reminds you of your dependence on him. Here your first and greatest want—here the very basis of all your pleasures and of all your schemes—TIME—that treasure without which all your pleasures and plans fall lifeless to the ground—TIME is above and beyond you! To-morrow is God's, not yours. You can not make a single moment, you can not grasp a single instant from that boundless future, you can not recall a single second from the past, you can not lay up in store one single day! Here God rules, and God only. Here, at the very basis of your life, at the very root of all your joys, and hopes, and purposes, and possessions, you are dependent on God. You know not what shall be on the morrow. It is with God alone to say, "Thou

fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee," or to grant the commission, "Let him alone another year, and if he bear fruit, well; but if not, then after that thou shalt cut him down." It is his to grant you to-morrow, or to withhold it, and all your might and ingenuity can not seize from his grasp a moment, nor can any of your designs or schemes be projected a single instant beyond his will and pleasure. Here every moment God says absolutely to every creature, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further," and encircles within the sweep of his own will every living soul. By this truth the apostle would recall us to a remembrance of our dependence on God: "Ye ought to say, if the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that."

HOW GENIUS EATS AND WORKS.

THAT Rossini was fond of macaroni is not strange, since he was born at Pesaro, and his mother was the daughter of a baker there; nor is it more so that Kant especially liked turnips with bacon, and pease and dried fruit with pigs' feet, for he was a native of Königsberg. Englishmen know how to value not only long sheep's wool, but juicy mutton also; consequently Bulwer attributes to the latter antispasmodic, and, after a violent passion, a tranquilizing virtue. Lessing, the Saxon, would have sold his birthright for a mess of lintel pottage, in spite of Esau. Klopstock always wished for truffle-pies, trout and salmon, which he probably learned to know and like on his father's estate in Mansfield. Wieland, on the contrary, that Frenchman among Germans, preferred cakes and pastry, "for when two Frenchmen meet, then must there be dainties and sweetmeats."

I knew a celebrated statesman of Baden, father of the tariff union, who was absolutely able to work only in his dressing-gown, felt shoes, and his pipe in his mouth, which was the occasion of many a pleasant incident with His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke. Haydn appeared, early in the morning, in full toilet, so that he had only to take his hat and cane in going out, and whenever he undertook a great composition he had his best clothes brought out, put them on, and placed the ring of Frederick the Great upon his finger. So adorned, he sat each forenoon at his writing-table, and composed one immortal sheet after another. What a contrast to Beethoven, who, in the hours of his deepest meditation, strode through his room in complete *negligé;* now and then stepped to his writing-table to make notes, then, again, placed himself at his wash-basin, poured one pitcher of water after another over his hands, without remarking that he already stood like a duck in water, meanwhile alternately humming and howling, then, with rolling eyes, or fixed, staring countenance, going to the piano. Buffon never wrote except in embroidered court-dress, and with laced cuffs. Virginia d'Ancelot draws on perfumed gloves whenever she seizes her pen. Certain odors do, in fact, serve to put the brain into a kind of narcotic state, and the little anecdote is well known to all, how Goethe went, one day, to visit Schiller, and when he found him not at home, took a place at his work-table, but was soon seized by a miserable indisposition, which increased to faintness. At last Goethe remarked that out of a drawer near him proceeded a fatal odor of decayed apples, whereupon he went to the window to admit the fresh air, but Schiller's wife told the astonished, and indeed much more healthful-natured poet, that the drawer must always be filled with decayed apples; that such an atmosphere was favorable to Schiller, and he could live and work in no other. Socrates could so bury himself in his thoughts that sometimes he remained standing in the same place, lost in reflection, hours together. Rousseau found his best thoughts when he went botanizing in full sunshine; in like manner, Roderick Benedix can work only in Summer, when he can reflect upon his thoughts and plans in long and lonely walks; and Jacob Grimm says, "I have often experienced that, when remote paths led me over meadow and field, good ideas came to me even under my quickened pace; if, at home, doubts had anywhere remained, they were suddenly resolved during my reflection while walking." Milton, on the contrary, seldom wrote in Summer, while Kant, in directions how to become master of one's morbid feelings, counsels especially against thinking vigorously while walking, because in doing so one recreates far less. But, in fact, the action of the mind is frequently sustained by some such mechanical by-work; as, for instance, Laplace, while at work, played with a ball of thread, which must be given into his hand at the right time by his servants; or Madame de Staël, the celebrated conversationist, always while speaking twirled a flower, or a pencil, between her fingers—even the thread of discourse was broken if this were wanting; even Kant's delivery was interrupted when, on the coat of the student opposite, a button was lacking.

A mathematician in Göttingen once laid a wager to solve a problem in the higher analysis

while twelve drums were beating before his door. In the sensitiveness to outward disturbances individuals are very different, yet this sensitiveness more frequently exists than otherwise; hence the predilection for night-work. Dickens wrote on the "Chimes" a whole month long, entirely shut away from the outer world; he was, before he wrote the word "end," as he himself reports, as thin as a murderer. Yet Dickens also was a night-moth when his imagination was wrestling in the birth-throes of a new novel. Then he wandered about at night in strange passages, seeking rest, and finding it not. Milton went regularly to bed at nine o'clock, yet he frequently began then his poetical musings, when he rang for his daughter, or amanuensis, to write down instantly his verses. Byron composed his Don Juan at night, in company with gin and water. Francois Endes de Me Leary, historiographer of France, made for himself during the day an artificial night; in his rooms reigned continually the deepest darkness, and when friends visited him, he lighted them to the door at the clear midday. The speeches of Demosthenes, as is known, smelled of lamp-oil, and the owl of Minerva served the Athenians, therefore, for the symbol of deep, unwearied study, because she first began her flight at the breaking dawn, "*Nacht muss es sein, wo Friedlands Sterne strahlen.*"

Though "Early to bed and early to rise" may bring to a man health and wealth, yet Wisdom does not seem to be favorable to it. When the children of the earth rest, she soars on solitary pinions up to heaven.

MENTAL INDEPENDENCE.

WE love to flatter ourselves that the ideas and opinions which we have acquired are the emanations of our own unaided intellect. Yet this is, doubtless, farther from the truth than we are apt to imagine. It can not, indeed, be denied that every idea must be originated by some one, and even that the same idea may be original to many different individuals, for, by using the same premises, many would necessarily arrive at the same conclusion. But what we would positively assert is simply this, that by far the great majority of mankind spend their whole lives without acquiring a single idea for which they are not indebted to others.

It is a doctrine held by Bacon, and later by Coleridge and others, that all knowledge is indestructible; that by the operation of certain fixed laws, every thought of our whole past existence may be restored. We are incessantly, and sometimes almost unconsciously, receiving into the mind thoughts and opinions from others; we can not help it if we try. They are continually pouring in upon us on all conceivable subjects, from the press, from the public speaker, and from daily converse with all we meet. The sources whence we derive these ideas may be temporarily absent from the mind, or, at least, the connection between the idea and its source lost sight of, and, as we forget nothing, these thoughts and opinions will return to us, suggested perhaps by some trivial circumstance, and of course will naturally lead us to infer that they are purely our own. We frequently light upon sentiments in the productions of others, which we had before proclaimed with comforting assurance of perfect originality, and, while delighted to find our views confirmed by others, do not even think that both may have come from the same original source.

But whence are derived all the ideas which meet us on every side? Doubtless not from one, or a thousand sources, but perhaps from nearly as many as there are distinct ideas. An Aristotle, a Newton, a Bacon, a Kepler, a Harvey, a Franklin, or a Fulton, spends his whole life investigating some favorite subject, and thus, by his persistent efforts, is born an opinion, or principle, hitherto unknown. This is heralded to the world, and thus becomes the common property of all. In this manner are ideas, from time to time, promulgated, till the world is filled with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," collected from the exhaustless store-house of the past. And, owing to the natural indolence of our constitution, it is far more reasonable to suppose that we should appropriate to ourselves ideas already existing, than that we should go back to first principles to acquire them.

But notwithstanding all this, mental independence, according to its popular acceptation, is by no means a dream of fancy. That the repository of thought has been exhausted is not for a moment to be admitted. Though great have been the conquests of mind in the past, its triumphs for the future are not to be circumscribed. The propagators of new principles have ever been ridiculed, calumniated, and persecuted on account of the prevailing ignorance of their times; yet the truths which they labored to establish have surmounted all opposition, and now stand as beacon lights to the world. Occurrences, which were once looked upon as little less than miracles, are now but natural phenomena, which a mere tyro can explain; and there are, doubtless, phenomena continually exhibited all about us which we

do not even perceive, much less understand, but which it is the office of independent thought to discover, investigate, and explain. We are frequently reminded that "secret things belong to God," and that we have no right to pry into those things which he has not revealed; but it is idle to suppose that we have been endowed with powers of inquiry and investigation, and irresistible desires for knowledge, without opportunities of employing and gratifying these principles of our nature.

Revolutions and reformations, the result of free and honest inquiry, are the great hope of progress to the world; every one of these, in Church and State, has made the world richer, wiser, and better, and left it on far higher vantage-ground. And there are revolutions yet to take place; the rotten foundations of our present political fabrics but too clearly indicate this. The Church, too, must have yet other reformations, till its great end shall be, not to oppose sect to sect and doctrine to doctrine, but to unite into one mighty host, whose glorious and exclusive work shall be to subdue the powers of sin and to evangelize the world. And the arbitrary laws of popular custom need to be completely revolutionized, and so modified as to leave every individual free to think, and speak, and act, as his own conscience and unbiased judgment may dictate, without fear of losing caste or reputation.

The field of intellectual achievement opens to indefinite extent on every side, and he who is willing to leave the old beaten paths—to turn out of the ruts which other men have made—has a career of glory and usefulness before him to which the past can furnish no shadow of comparison. He must not be satisfied with the collection of opinions and principles already within his reach, nor must he accept these as true without impartial and careful investigation. He must not believe a thing is true simply because his father believed it and he was born and bred in the same belief, nor because the opposite idea may chance to be repugnant to his preconceived notions and habits of thought; this is a species of unmanly servility, unbecoming to these days of independent inquiry. It is by no means conclusive proof that a doctrine is true because past generations of men have considered it indisputable. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy was fully believed in for a score of centuries, and afterward found to be fallacious; and it is even so with Romanism and Mohammedism: and we know not how many favorite theories of the present day will be swept away by the advancing floods of intellectual progress.

We are told that the young eagle, at a proper age, is driven from the eyrie, and thus compelled to fly or perish; and so the mind, if early left free from external dependencies, will soar away in the regions of thought and attain a loftiness of flight otherwise inconceivable.

THE STAR ALGOL.

WE read of Adam that he gave names to all living things. This process is not completed, though it has lost its pleasures. If a fortunate observer discover a new planet, he can only turn over the leaves of a classical dictionary, and do homage to some long-forgotten deity, whose name has filled up a halting line of Ovid; or, in other sciences, he may immortalize a friend, and Tompkinsoniana serves to distinguish some new species. But, at first, man named, fettered by no such rules. A ready fancy transferred the word of daily use to the skies. The clouds were the flocks and herds of the sun, stolen by the sly thief twilight, who, on the return of the god shooting with golden arrows, was compelled to restore the prey. Confusion, indeed, arose in after-times. The cluster of the Plough, with its seven stars, soon won a title meaning "the bright;" and as the shiny-coated, quickly gliding bear obtained it too, when the word grew obsolete, the link was dropped; and to restore it, the poets feigned the tale of the fair, though frail Callisto dogged by the implacable Juno.

The twins doubtless won their title in early times; not till later did they become Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Leda. With but little to build on, the poets feigned much. Perhaps the most complicated results of their toils is the story of Andromeda which they read in the heavens. There, Andromeda is seen chained to the rock. Below, the whale or sea-monster hastens to devour. Above, nearer the pole, her parents, Cepheus and Cassiopeia, in agony await the end. But Pegasus has hastened up, and his rider, Perseus, with uplifted sword, is about to slay the monster. In his left hand he holds the Gorgon's head, the prize of his former victory. This head, with hissing serpents for hair, and literally petrifying all beholders, is marked by a bright star. So figured, when the Arabs took up the study of the heavens, they named it Al Ghul, the ghoul or demon, in and the form Algol the name is still preserved.

This star well deserves notice. Few things, generally speaking, are more striking than the changelessness of the heavens. All that the perfect man of Uz saw of human greatness in

his day has long since passed away; but the Pleiades shine now as they then shone, their sweet influences heralding the Spring. We hardly wonder that Aristotle, regarding the changelessness of the stars, fancied they were formed of some quintessence, some substance other than the four elements of this world, which are ever undergoing change. Yet, even in the stars, changes have been detected; some new ones have appeared, others have waned and disappeared. Such facts suggest catastrophes, but nothing akin to the regular changes of our world. But Algol is an exception. Usually, it appears as a bright star of the second magnitude. Not far to the south is a star of the fourth magnitude. If carefully and constantly watched, the bright steady light of Algol is seen to lessen. For some three and a half hours this waning continues, till Algol is no brighter than its little neighbor. For some quarter of an hour, the eye can detect no change; and then, as gradually as before it waned, Algol resumes its usual brightness. For some two and a half days, the light continues steady, after which the same strange eclipse again occurs. Such a change is not easy to detect; many a casual glance may be turned on the star before it is seen in its eclipse; the chances, in fact, are, roughly, twenty to one against our so seeing it.

Thousands of times had this star thus pleaded kinship with our revolving system ere the eye of man caught and read the lesson. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, more than one observer had detected some variation in the light of the star; but it was not till 1782 that Goodricke, to whom we owe the discovery of several similar phenomena, announced the true law of the variation of Algol's light. At the same time he suggested the probable cause. He supposed Algol a sun like our own, to have revolving round it a large planet, which, periodically passing between us and Algol, cut off part of its light. The three and a half hours of gradual diminution of light is the time during which the dark body of the planet is slowly advancing on to the full disc of Algol. When the light is least, the planet is completely projected upon the disc of Algol, and is passing from one side of that disc to the other; the gradual increase of light marks its gradual passage off the disc. Algol, indeed, is removed to such a distance that we see no disc even in the best telescopes, only the varying brightness, which evidently depends on the proportion of Algol's disc which is not eclipsed. If the disc of the planet were half that of Algol, half Algol's light would be eclipsed by the planet. Reckoning, then, by the amount of light Algol gives when full and when eclipsed, it is found that the planet obscures 17-24 of the disc of Algol; or, if the disc of Algol be represented by 24, that of the planet would be 17. Geometry shows us from this that their diameters will be about as 49 to 41, or nearly as 5 to 4. Thus, this attendant planet will have 4-5 the diameter of Algol. Jupiter is but 1-10 the diameter of the sun. We have, then, a wide departure from the analogy of our system. We know, however, that there are systems in which a single center is replaced by two or more suns revolving round each other, so that the idea of a giant satellite is not untenable.

Were we near enough to Algol, we should, after seeing his full clear disc for a while, notice on one side a slight notch appear, which would gradually enlarge, and reduce the disc of Algol to a horseshoe crescent, the horns of which would slowly advance till they met. Then the black disc would slowly move across the orb of Algol, forming an annular eclipse, till the horseshoe crescent is again formed, the horns separate—there is but a piece, as it were, bitten out—it lessens, and Algol is as bright again as ever. Eyes of ours will never see this, yet it is as real to us as much we see.

Not only does the variation of light enable us to compare the size of Algol and its attendant, but the time during which it varies helps us to estimate their distance apart. If we stand by a large water-wheel, each paddle-board hurries past our eyes, but the shaft itself seems to revolve very slowly. All parts of the wheel are indeed turning at the same rate, but the time during which they are in our line of sight depends on their distance from the axis. So, too, with Algol's attendant. If it be close to him as it revolves round Algol, it will appear to cross his disc slowly; if it be far off, it will appear to hurry across it. Now, for about a tenth of the time occupied in one revolution round Algol, his attendant planet is passing across his disc. This enables us to calculate their distance apart. The radii of Algol and his attendant, and their distance apart, are about as the numbers 49, 41, and 280. On what scale the system is constructed we can not tell, probably on a far grander one than our own. To take as an illustration. If Algol be 49,000,000 of miles in diameter—not at all an impossible supposition—his attendant planet would be 41,000,000 of miles in diameter, and their distance apart would be some 280,000,000 of miles.

The reader may wonder at our interest in these numbers, and imagine it would matter little what they were. They, however, afford a very striking proof of the theory before given respecting the variability of Algol's light.

The prism of glass has told us, strange indeed as it seems, that iron, sodium, hydrogen, most, in fact, of the substances composing our globe, exist in the sun and in the almost immeasurably distant stars. In many stellar systems we have full proof that the law of attraction which regulates our system regulates them. We are thus justified in assuming a close analogy between fixed stars and our own sun. Take, for instance, density. Density means the amount of matter contained in a given space. Thus, if a bale of cotton be compressed into half its bulk, its density is doubled, as there is twice as much matter now in the same bulk of cotton as there was before. The average densities of the different bodies of our system have been measured; the sun is but a quarter as dense as the earth; Jupiter has nearly the density of the sun, Saturn considerably less. We can not expect, then, that with such diversity in our own system, other stars should have the same density as our sun. Still their densities will probably be comparable. One star will not have a thousand times the density of another, though it might naturally exceed it in a more moderate ratio. Nor can we forget that the density of our sun is continually altering. As year by year it pours out its flood of heat and light, it inevitably cools, and cooling condenses. Thus the density of our sun is continually, though very slowly, increasing. Ages past—say in the carboniferous era—the sun contained more heat, and was more rarefied than now; and as such rarefaction would be compensated for by larger bulk, it must have been a larger sun. Hotter, and with a larger surface, it exceeded in brilliancy its present condition; now, indeed, it is quite a second-rate star. Thus the denser stars will, so to speak, be the older and duller ones; the young brilliant star will be far less condensed. Algol might well feel affronted in being compared with our sun. Removed to his distance, our sun would probably be invisible to the naked eye. His diameter is, probably, at least some eight times greater than our sun's, his bulk exceeds it at least some five hundred times. Algol is probably, then, a young star, but little condensed, less dense than our sun. Now let us see how our numbers agree with this supposition.

When a body revolves round another, as a planet round the sun, or a moon round a planet, the periodic time, or time taken in describing one complete orbit, depends on the distance of the two bodies and the sum of their masses. If the earth and sun had only a quarter of their present density, the sum of their masses, or the amount of matter contained in them both, would have but a quarter of its present amount. The earth, to describe its present orbit, would have to move more slowly, and take two years instead of one to encircle the sun, as the force pulling them together would be so much lessened. If, on the other hand, a miniature system were framed, with the densities of the earth and sun the same as now, but their diameters and distance apart all reduced in the same ratio, such a baby earth would still encircle the sun in a year. Were the earth 8 inches in diameter, the sun 840, and their distance apart 91,000 inches, if the materials were the same in density as now, a whole year would be taken by the 8-inch sphere to describe its orbit of but 286,000 inches in circumference.

Thus, then, when you know the relative size sand distance of two bodies, their time of revolution round each other depends simply on their average density. Now, we do know the relative sizes and distance of Algol and its attendant, their radii and distance being as the numbers 49, 41, and 280. Hence, as we can compare the period of Algol's planet with that of the earth round the sun, we can, by mathematical computations of no great difficulty, compare the density of Algol with that of the sun.

We find, on calculation, that our sun is some five times as dense as Algol. The wonderful agreement of this with what *a priori* reasoning led us to expect, seems an incontrovertible proof of our theory. Of course this density is the average density of Algol and his attendant. If the attendant planet be but rare, as is probably the case, Algol will perhaps have a fourth, or even a third, the density of our sun.

To the general reader, the course of argument which has led to this conclusion may appear dull, but the results themselves are most interesting. They are not, indeed, certain, but they are most highly probable. All other investigations of the different stars have been confined to suns. In some cases, two or more suns revolving together have thrown light on each other's magnitudes; but never have we been able to show that these suns, like our own, have attendant planets. Hence the interest we feel in Algol.

Algol certainly has an attendant planet. We can watch it slowly eclipse its central sun, and roughly draw the system to scale. If we take a shilling and a sixpence, and put their centers about 2 1-2 inches apart, we get a very fair representation of the only planetary system we

know other than our own. Certainly the two differ widely. But the very reasoning that shows why Algol is less dense than our sun, explains the strange character of the satellite, and its gigantic size. Just as our sun cools and contracts, so our earth cools and contracts, as is indeed proved beyond a doubt by the wrinkled folds of its crust. In the carboniferous era our earth was hotter internally, and larger than now—possibly so much larger as sensibly to lessen the force of gravity on the surface of the earth, in which case life would develop into the gigantic, as it seems to have done. Algol's satellite is in a far earlier phase than any geology reveals to us in the crust of our globe. It is probably the rough, formless mass from which, by the action of the same divine laws as rule our earth, in due time a fit habitation for life may be framed.

But we have not exhausted our star yet. It has been found, by careful observation, that the time between successive eclipses varies. The results show that the period is decreasing, or, in other words, that Algol's attendant is continually getting a little nearer to it. From the year 1784 to the year 1793, the period diminished by about a whole second—the period is, roughly speaking, a quarter of a million seconds. Since then the period has still decreased, more rapidly at some times than others, apparently. Yet, considering the difficulty of accurately ascertaining the period of Algol's variation of light, it is doubtful whether we may certainly assume any thing more than that the period is constantly diminishing. That, however, it certainly is. To what is this due? Several causes have been suggested. One is, that it is analogous to what is called the moon's annual equation. The sun weakens the earth's pull on the moon, and causes the latter to describe a larger orbit in a longer time than it would do did the sun not disturb it. In Winter the sun is nearer than in Summer, and the moon more disturbed; so in Winter time the moon takes longer to go round the earth than in Summer. In the same way, if we had a large planet moving in an orbit round Algol at some distance, its alternate approach to and recess from Algol would lengthen and shorten the period of the eclipsing satellite. And there is, indeed, a little faint speck close to Algol, which might be an attendant star revolving round it. But this is uncertain, and it is on other grounds difficult to account for the diminution of period by this hypothesis.

Probably the true explanation is to be found in the results we have obtained above as to the density of Algol. Without doubt, Algol itself must have the lion's share of the density, and the attendant will probably be not much denser than a cloud. Such a body will specially suffer from any resistance to its motion which it may experience. However violently we may throw a feather, the resistance of the air checks its motion in a few inches; but a stone is far less impeded. There is no question that the universe is filled up with a fluid through which the vibrations of light are transmitted from star to star. Our solid earth and the other planets of our system experience no appreciable resistance. Not so, however, the attenuated cloud known as Encke's comet. It is found to suffer considerable loss of velocity. Such loss of velocity enables the sun to draw it into a smaller orbit, and hence the comet takes less and less time to describe its course round the sun. Its period of three and a half years has been shortened by about two and a half hours during a single revolution. Yet this perhaps, owing to the peculiar shape of the comet's path, is but partly produced by the light medium. Probably, too, compared with the comet, even Algol's satellite must be considered as of great density, so flimsy is the texture of the comet. We can thus see how Algol's satellite will experience some resistance, far more, indeed, than the earth or other planets, yet less than the comet.

We thus find three widely different facts in Algol's economy—his great splendor, his small density, and the diminution of his period, all coherently explained by one hypothesis. It is difficult, then, to resist the conclusion that our hypothesis is true—that our reason has seen what eyes and telescopes never may—the attendant planet of a distant star. If we watch Algol with the spectroscope, we learn nothing of the cause of its eclipse; the light waxes and wanes, but no change in its character can be detected. Nor will the telescope aid us; all we require is observation with the naked eye.

We thus have reason to believe that there is one planet not belonging to our system of which we know something. Probably it is but a ball of fiery vapor coated with cloud and fog; were it otherwise, still no life could exist upon it, exposed as it would be to the full glare of Algol, which would blaze down upon it a huge orb some fifty times the apparent diameter of our sun, giving about 2,500 times the light and heat which we receive. Still, as it cools down and condenses, our fancy will naturally, and not improbably, present it as invested, in due time, with the varied life so familiar to us. Such times are more remote in the future than the earliest eras in geology are in the past, yet it is not impossible that when our system shall have ended in its inevitable decay, Algol's attendant planet may be the seat of happiness as great as that which now crowns our globe.

CHRIST TRANSFIGURED.

THE Mount of Transfiguration seems nearest heaven of all the heights in sacred story; the brightest radiance rests upon it that ever strayed beyond the pearly gates to visit this dark world. There the loving disciples, who heretofore had known their Master only as a man among men, wonderful though he were in being and in working, caught a glimpse of the glory he had with the Father before the world was, and received one brief but blessed foretaste of the fullness of joy awaiting them in his presence above. What wonder their mortal eyes could hardly bear the sight, that they fell on their faces and were sore afraid, or that, despite their fear, they wished to make there three tabernacles, and retain the heavenly guests! And though they were not permitted to remain upon the blessed heights because of the work to be done in the world below, we can well believe the hallowed influence of that hour followed them through life, the brightness they had seen upon their Master's countenance and the glory that overshadowed them were present to their mental vision evermore.

And is it alone to Peter, and James, and John that the Mount of Transfiguration has been made accessible? Can not all the Lord's disciples recall some favored hours when they have stood upon the same sunny heights, been overshadowed by the same bright cloud? And, having once seen, can they ever forget? Can the blessed radiance ever fade from their lives, leaving them cold, and dull, and sordid as before; their apprehensions of what He is as poor, and meager, and unsatisfying?

How little we know of Him when first we hear and obey the call to follow! Perhaps we are half afraid of him, and, more than likely, we wholly misapprehend him. Awed by his terrible denunciations of sin, the stern tests by which he tries self-confident disciples, the keen lightning glance by which he shrivels in a moment every mask of hypocrisy, we overlook, perhaps, his yearning tenderness toward the sinner, his infinite patience with the weak, the timorous, the erring, the overflowing richness of his grace and pardon to the truly penitent. On the other hand, we may see only the gentle and compassionate, the meek and suffering side of his nature, and so lose the impression of dignity, and strength, and grandeur, which we can not miss without marring fearfully the symmetry of that wonderful life.

Perhaps we grossly misconceive the aims and motives, the very meaning of his mission among men, deeming it was some cold choice that moved him, or even an outward constraint, not the irrepressible outflowing of an eternal spring of love within his bosom, the inner compulsion of that royal nature which would not let him see us sin and suffer without laying down his very life to save us, so that, being what he was, he could not do other than he did.

It may be that without any positive misconceptions, our ideas of his person and character are vague, and crude, and misty; we worship we know not what, a phantom rather than a living feeling entity, warm with all sweet human sympathies and glorious with divine perfections.

Ah, well! after a while we look back to those days and wonder if we really loved Him then. Be that as it may, he loved us, and led us, step by step, through devious, perhaps through thorny ways, to our transfiguration mount, to juster, clearer, sweeter views of him, our Lord and Master.

And what he is to us now, how shall we find words to tell? Of old he charged the three disciples, "Tell the vision to no man, till the Son of man be risen again from the dead." The command seems hardly needed, for how could they relate it as it was, and who would understand them if they did? And we—what can we do but show by our lives how we love and adore our transfigured Lord, and plead with others in the tender, earnest accents love inspires to "come and see," to know for themselves what he is to those who trust him?

BE HAPPY.

TRUE religion confers the only true happiness in the present life. It is a mistake commonly made to suppose that happiness depends upon external circumstances. Situation indeed has something to do in gratification of our desires. But happiness has its seat within. There may be riches and honor, and all the luxuries and pleasures that these can furnish, and yet a rankling wound within the breast may imbitter all. There may be poverty and persecution in the lot of the child of God, but grace can put a well of delight in his soul, springing up into everlasting life. Calumny, and hatred, and coldness, and disappointment, may drive happiness away from a palace; while peace, and affection, and kindly ministries, may make sunshine in a hovel. We have the

testimony of one whose path led him through weariness and painfulness, cold and nakedness, hunger and thirst. "*Godliness*, with contentment, is great gain." "Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come."

How does godliness appear to be an advantage in the present life? It is not that it contributes to our worldly estate, though the industry and frugality it teaches tend in that direction. Godliness is chiefly profitable because those graces which it inculcates, and in which it consists, confer true happiness. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." If the heart be inhabited by these, all the evils that are without can not make a man unhappy. As the loving household, mingling joyously around the warm hearth, is unmindful of the cold winds that rage and break against the walls that protect them, so the heart that is warmed by love, and cheered by joy, and sustained by all the graces of the Spirit, is undisturbed by the waves of persecution and affliction that beat against it.

Every one of the Christian graces is promotive of happiness—faith that reclines on Jesus and his word—love, that seeks God's glory and another's welfare—joy in the Lord, that lights up every providence—peace, that tells of a reconciled God and counsels harmony among men—patience and meekness, that with unruffled spirit bear all things—faith, and gentleness, and goodness, that in the way of integrity meet the asperities of life mildly and blandly, and by a benevolent hand seek to remove them. A life that has these characteristics of godliness in it can not be unhappy.

Though the harvest of these precious fruits of the Spirit that we commonly gather is, alas, too scanty—though we do not live up to our privilege as Christians—can we not see enough to confirm the view presented in our observations among men? Whether in prosperity or adversity, are not those who give evidence of true piety the happy ones? Has not he the greatest happiness in prosperity who receives it with thankful mind as the gift of his Heavenly Father? And in adversity, in sore affliction, is not he whose graces are in more vigorous exercise the more enabled to submit and even rejoice? Paul could glory in tribulation, take pleasure in infirmities and distresses, when the power of Christ rested upon him.

By mere force of will men may meet trial, and even death, with stolidity and seeming indifference. But religion puts *songs* into the mouth of the afflicted, and persecuted, and dying. Philosophy, or brute insensibility, may make the murderer brave upon the gallows; but Christianity in the heart alone can make a Paul or a Stephen a rejoicing, triumphant hero. Be a Christian, that you may be happy. Let grace rule in your heart. Be an eminent Christian. Grow in faith and holiness, that you may be increasingly happy.

MY REAL ESTATE.

I'M not purse-proud, nor do I meet,
With head erect and glance of scorn,
My humble neighbor in the street—
An honest man, but lowly born,
Who unlike me no gains may rate
By ownership of real estate!

My title 's good—"to have and hold,"
The deed reads thus, and "to my heirs
And assigns in fee simple"—sold
To me and mine forever; dares
Then any man presume to prate
Of doubts concerning my estate?

My property 's not gone to waste,
For large improvements I have made;
Two costly mansions reared with taste,
And handsome grounds and pleasant shade
Charm all alike, both poor and great,
Who loiter near my grand estate.

O'er marble fronts—Italian stone—
The clustered ivy creeps and clings,
While just above with plaintive tone
A robin in the willow sings;
Her song bids me to curse my fate
For ownership of such estate.

Amid the willow's boughs is hid
Her little nest securely made,
And never 'neath a coffin-lid
Has she a single birdling laid,
Nor mourns she wildly for her mate
To share with her life's bright estate.

Nor beats she madly with her wing
Against a stony marble door,
That yields no bolt, nor bar, nor spring—
Closed, closed to her for evermore;
My God! why did a cruel fate
Bequeath to me such sad estate.

Look up, my soul, thy faith renew,
Nor longer o'er thy sorrow brood;
This promise holds forever true—
All things together work for good
To them who love the Lord, and wait
To share with him his rich estate.

A few more griefs, a few more tears,
Then be this precious promise claimed;
Though slowly drag the lengthened years
Of loneliness that ne'er was named,
I know that heavenly mansions 'wait
The crowned heirs to Christ's estate.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

THOMAS WILTON—A TRUE STORY.

YEARS ago, in a little village in Yorkshire, England, there lived a man named Thomas Wilton. He was noted for being a lazy, good-for-nothing man; never so happy as when he was sitting at the beer-house, with his pipe in his mouth, and his jug of ale before him. Whenever there was a row, or disturbance of any kind, Thomas was almost sure to be in it. People began to think there was no good in him, and that sooner or later he would come to a bad end.

Among his other bad habits, this man had that of poaching; that is, at nights he used to go out into the woods and plantations of the 'Squire and set traps and snares for the game. Several times he had been caught in these practices, and sent to prison, but this kind of punishment did not seem to do him any good. No sooner was he out of jail than he went back to his former life, and was as bad as ever, although for each offense he had to suffer a longer imprisonment than on the former occasion. In fact, he became such a disreputable character that no one cared to employ him, except when really obliged.

The name of one of the gentlemen who suffered the most from Thomas Walton's poaching expeditions, was William Mangall, partly because his woods and plantations had the greatest number of rabbits, and other game, in them, and partly because he was a kind and a lenient man, and had never convicted any poacher, and sent him to prison.

One dark night, however, Thomas had been at his old business, and had got quite a load of game on his back, with which he was stealthily making his way out of the woods. He was even calculating how much he should get for his night's work, forgetting the old proverb, "not to halloo until you are out of the woods," when suddenly two men sprang from behind a clump of trees, and laid hold of him so tightly that all his struggles to free himself were in vain. He was placed in the lock-up for the night, and on the following morning was taken before the magistrate. Mr. Mangall was on the magisterial bench, for he was one of the justices of the peace for the borough. When the poacher was brought up before these men, and saw the one among them whose grounds he had been robbing, and had robbed so often, his heart sank within him, for he felt that this time he should surely get a heavy sentence, and perhaps be transported—that is, sent across the sea, with a great many other wicked men, to work hard, and in chains, for many years.

Fancy, then, Thomas's surprise when, after his case was heard, and the gentlemen on the bench had talked together in a low tone for a few minutes, the oldest magistrate told him that he was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment. He was ready to jump for joy, and was even on the point of stammering out some words of thanks to the kind-hearted judge, when he was taken away by the officers in charge of him.

His term of confinement was soon over, and he was once more at liberty. When he got to his lodgings again, he and his companions began to talk over his getting off so easily, and were wondering what it could mean, when a man stepped into the little dark room, and asked for Thomas Wilton.

"I am the man," answered Thomas, jumping up, "what do you want?"

"I have come with a message from the 'Squire, Mr. Mangall; he wishes to see you," said the man.

Thomas looked at him incredulously, scratching his head, and wondering what he wanted him for, above all others; but he promised to go, and the messenger departed.

His companions tried to dissuade him from going—telling him that there was some trick in it, he might be sure. But whether or not, Thomas said he would keep his promise. Accordingly he presented himself in the kitchen of the hall, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the 'Squire, a middle-aged man, with a broad chest, open countenance, and grayish hair.

The poacher stood by the door, with his hat in his hand, apparently noticing carefully the design on the carpet, but in reality ashamed, and unable to look the 'Squire in the face.

"Thomas, I understand you have no regular work, and have not had for some time."

"No, sir," replied he, glancing quickly up, but as quickly casting his eyes down again before the earnest gaze of Mr. Mangall.

"Well, I am in need of a gamekeeper; and I was thinking of making you my gamekeeper. What do you say to it?"

Thomas looked up now, and fixed his eyes on those of the speaker with astonishment; but he did not answer.

"What do you say?" he continued; "would you like to be my gamekeeper? If you will, I will give you a pound [five dollars gold] a week, and you shall keep the place so long as you are honest and industrious."

"I should like very much, sir," said Thomas, "but—" and here he stopped short.

"But what?" inquired the 'Squire.

"I was going to say," said Thomas, hesitatingly, "I was going to say that, if you really meant it, I should like the place very well."

"O, you need not fear that I am not in real earnest," replied Mr. Mangall, "and you may enter on your duties this very day, if you like."

Thus the bargain was made, and the 'Squire, sending the poor poacher down into the kitchen, and bidding them give him something to eat, told him that in about an hour he would go round the estate with him, and show him the woods and game which would be made his charge. Accordingly he took his new gamekeeper round, and showed him every coppice and cover, and was so kind in his manner, that Thomas was bitterly ashamed of himself for ever having trespassed on his property.

Well, a year or two passed away, and the 'Squire never had occasion to repent having taken the poor poacher to be his gamekeeper. He proved a dutiful and honest man. At the end of this time, Thomas Wilton exhibited in a still more distinct manner how grateful he was to his benefactor. Mr. Mangall had a son whose name was Henry, who became very desirous of going to Australia, whither so many others seemed to be going to amass sudden wealth.

At last, after much hesitation, Mr. Mangall gave his consent for his son to go to Australia. So the preparations were all made, and the day even fixed for his departure. One day, however, as Mr. Mangall was sitting in his study alone, a rap was heard at the door, and Thomas Wilton entered.

"Well, Thomas, what is it?" asked the 'Squire.

"If you please, sir, I want to go to Australia," replied Thomas.

"What's that you say!" asked the 'Squire, in astonishment.

"I want to go to Australia," again said the gamekeeper.

"How's that; have you got tired of me?" asked the gentleman.

"No sir, not a bit; but you see, sir, your son Henry is going away to Australia all by himself, and it is a very rough place out there, they say, and he has never been used to roughing it; so I thought if you would not mind it, I would just go with him to take care of him. I have saved a little money since I have been with you, so that I shall not be burdening you with the expense of my passage money."

After Thomas had spoken these words, in a hesitating, stammering manner, he stood by the door holding his cap in his hand.

Mr. Mangall did not reply for a few seconds, and when he did his voice was thick and low. He said, "You may go down into the kitchen, Thomas, and I will think of what you say, and call you up, and tell you my answer, in a little while."

The result was that Thomas went with the son of the 'Squire to Australia. They were away for many years; but Mr. Mangall lived to see both his son and his old gamekeeper return, and to hear from the lips of the former how much he was indebted to the once despised poacher. Through sickness, hard times, and dangers innumerable, Thomas had ever been kind, faithful, and affectionate, thinking no sacrifice too great, or hardship too severe for him to bear in the service of the son of his benefactor. When he had been sick, he nursed him with the gentleness of a mother, and when dangers surrounded him, he fought like a lion in his defense.

Had not the poor poacher repaid his benefactor a hundred fold? And such is the law of kindness. Like a drop of rain, it filters into a hard and stony soil, fructifies the dry seed lying there—for God leaves no heart without some tendencies to goodness—and, after many days, brings forth abundant fruit.

Think no heart beyond the reach of a good deed.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

"HARRY," said a faint voice to a pale, haggard-looking boy, who had just entered a miserable garret, "have you got any bread?"

"No, Minnie, I have n't. I have been all over to try and get something to do, but the snow has gone, there are no door-steps to clean, and I have no brush to sweep a crossing. O, if I had only eight pence! But, Minnie, are you worse? O, do n't moan so!" and the boy bent over his little sister's pale face with a frightened and troubled look.

"O, Harry, I 'm dying; I know I am," murmured the child.

"No, you 're not, Minnie—no, you 're not; just wait a few minutes longer, and I 'll try again. And, Minnie, do you remember the prayer that old Giddy taught us, 'Give us this day our daily bread?' Say it over and over, and I 'll go out again, and I do n't think—O, I do n't think God will let you starve! Here 's some fresh water, and I 'm off. Do n't forget to pray, Minnie dear; I shall feel more sure then."

And with a nod and a smile the lad turned and ran into the street. For ten minutes he wandered up and down, the keen air striking through his scanty clothing and almost numbing him, until he came to an archway, by whose wall was comparative shelter from the cold blast. Here he stopped, and stood looking the very picture of despair.

"I wonder if Minnie is praying still? I think I 'll pray too; may be God will hear us."

So there, in the twilight, all alone, Harry knelt, and said over and over again, with a sad earnestness which must have moved any passer-by, "Lord, give us this day our daily bread; Lord, Minnie is starving; O, give me some money, or she will die!" Then, stopping for a moment, he said, "Giddy said we might always ask God for what we wanted, and I 'm sure I want money. O, if I had only a brush to sweep a crossing with!"

He thought he was all alone, but he was mistaken. A gentleman entering the arch had been struck by the eager sound of entreaty which met his ear, and listening had heard all Harry's prayer. He was so much moved by the earnestness and simplicity of the words that he quietly turned back, hastened to the nearest brush shop, and bought a nice, large broom. Carrying this he again entered the arch, hoping still to find Harry there. To his great joy he perceived him in the same place, and going up to him he quietly laid his purchase beside him, together with a shilling, and quite unconscious, Harry, in his earnestness, went on with his prayer. It was now very dark, and the gentleman stood unperceived close to the kneeling boy. Presently Harry rose, and at once struck against the broom, and looked down to see what was in his way. With a cry of joy he flung himself beside it, and literally hugged it in his arms. But soon the gentleman saw that he hesitated, and drawing nearer he heard him murmur, "They 're not mine; some one must have left them by mistake; but I never heard any one pass. O, if this shilling were only my own, Minnie should have plenty of bread."

So the stranger went up to him, saying, "What have you there, little boy?"

"O, sir!" he replied, "I have found a brush and a shilling. Whom must I take them to?"

"Why, if you found them, you have a right to keep them, have n't you?"

"O, no, sir, I think that would be stealing; and though Minnie is starving," he added, with a sob, "I 'll never steal."

"My dear boy," returned the other, "keep them both; I put them there for you. I came here and heard you praying to God for money, so you see your prayer is answered."

"Did you say, sir, that they were for me?" said Harry, unable to comprehend such good fortune.

"Yes."

"O, sir, Minnie—" but his joy was too great for utterance, and he burst into a flood of tears.

With joyful steps Harry raced to the garret, after having promised to meet the gentleman in the same spot the next day, and very soon he and little Minnie were eating together such a supper as they had not tasted for months.

Minnie, however, was in far too weak a state to eat much, and soon she leaned back on the straw pallet, with a happy look on her thin face, as she said, "O, Harry, God *is* good to us. I prayed all the time you were away, and he has heard our prayer."

The next day Harry kept his appointment, and the gentleman, who was a merchant, after some inquiries, offered him a situation as errand boy in his establishment, which, it is needless to add, he accepted thankfully. As for Minnie, when recovered, she was taught knitting and other work by the merchant's daughters, and by her industry helped to keep the tidy little house they now live in. But still, in all their troubles and sorrows—for perfect happiness is reserved for a brighter world than this—they pray to God, remembering their prayer that cold Winter's night, and its answer.

UNCLE SIMON'S QUEER REPLY.

WHAT a funny old man Uncle Simon was! I remember asking him, one day, as I pointed to a house ately built and occupied by a stranger, whether its owner was rich.

"Well, that is as you look at it," was his answer.

"As I look at it! How absurd!" I said to myself; "as if my looking at it in any way would make the man rich or poor!"

On another occasion, I inquired, "Uncle Simon, do you think we are going to have a pleasant day?" We children were going to have a picnic, across the lake, on a lovely little island, and, of course, we were anxious for fine weather.

"Well, that 'll be as you look at it," was the reply, with a twinkle in his gray eye.

"The same old answer!" I said to myself. "What a goosey I was to ask him! I might have known I should get no satisfaction!"

That was about all I thought of the matter at that time; but I have since learned the meaning of Uncle Simon's words.

Mr. Smith, about whose wealth I had been curious, I afterward learned, was the owner of a large tract of valuable land, a whole block of fine houses in the city, and had plenty of bank and railroad stocks. Almost any body but Uncle Simon would have promptly answered "yes," when I asked if he was rich. But, as I also afterward discovered, he had a sullen, morose disposition, and was so selfish that he kept all of his money for himself and his children. He was never known to give any thing in charity, even when urged to do so. Instead of enjoying, by a proper use, the wealth God had given him, he hoarded it, and made himself miserable by coveting still more. If he made fifty thousand dollars in one year, he grumbled because it was not one hundred thousand. If he had made the desired hundred thousand, he would still have sighed because it was not a million. When any pleasant event occurred, he could not enjoy it, because something else, which he would have preferred, had not happened instead. With the ideas of wealth I then had, if I had known of Mr. Smith's possessions, I should have thought him a rich man; but as I now view the matter, he was a *very poor* man.

Uncle Simon's reply to my question about the weather, meant that even if it rained, and we were disappointed in our picnic, the day might be pleasant, provided we viewed the disappointment in the right way, and tried to enjoy whatever kind of sky God sent; and that it might be very unpleasant, even if the sun shone, and we had our party, if we did not enjoy and improve it in the right manner.

And Uncle Simon was right! Things are as we look at them—dark or bright—and men are rich, not according to the lands and stocks they possess, nor poor according to their privations and penury, but in proportion as they receive either with grateful, submissive, and obedient hearts, the wealth or poverty which God in his wisdom and love apportions to each. A poet expressed this truth when he wrote,

"The source of outward good lies deep within."

There are poor rich men like Mr. Smith, and there are rich poor ones, who lack what the world calls wealth, but

"Who, having nothing, yet have all;"

for they possess the incorruptible wealth of religion. As the Bible expresses it, they "are rich toward God."

Which is the better kind of riches, children? And was Uncle Simon's reply so *very queer*, after all?

"IN A MINUTE.'

FOUR hours Mrs. Moore had ironed steadily, and now the last article from the basket, so heavily laden in the morning, had just been hung on the "frames," and tired and heated, she had sat down to rest.

She looked up to the clock, then out of the window, anxiously wondering where Charley, her little boy, could be, for he had promised to come directly home from school.

This was not the first time he had disappointed her; and she sighed to think what habits he was forming.

He was not called a bad boy; but, like too many other children, he did not like to mind *at once* what he was told to do. "In a minute," was his frequent reply to orders given him.

To-night, Mrs. Moore really needed his assistance; and when she saw him running into the yard, she hastened to the door, and with a pleasant smile instead of frowning looks and angry words, she said, "I 'm glad to see you, Charley. I hoped you would come before; but now hurry up, and split a little wood for the morning fire. You must do some of the chores to-night. I am very tired."

"Yes," answered Charley, "in a minute; but I must take this book into Johnny Lee's first." Away he went; and thirty minutes passed before his mother saw him again.

This day's experience was similar to many others. There were many times when he might have cheered her heart, and lightened her burdens; but, instead of that, he added to her cares.

Charley has grown to be a man; and, in business life, some of his old habits cling to him; so that, as one man said of him, "You can 't depend on his word to fill out orders when he says." I know many other boys besides Charley that give great annoyance to their parents by this evil habit, and am quite sure that it will annoy themselves when they come to be men.

Children, beware of falling into habits that will annoy others and injure yourselves. Remember to obey *promptly* your parents and teachers; which is one sure way of gaining the love and esteem of those around you.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

SPOILING CHILDREN.—Spoiling, in the earlier stages, is rather pleasant. It consists in letting one's darling have its own precious little way on all occasions, and the way is such a pretty, roguish, winsome way, nobody can see any harm in it. Grown-up willfulness is quite a different thing from baby willfulness. It gets teeth and claws, so to speak, and is n't nice to contemplate. Spoiling appears to mean a great many different things. One of its mild forms is total disregard for the feelings and convenience of others. If you meet a peculiarly upsetting woman on a journey or a party of pleasure, who ought to be square when she is triangular, and triangular when she is square, you may set it down that she was a spoiled child.

There are parents who would stint their allowance of fire or food in order to indulge their children's whims. The idea of parental sacrifice becomes morbid, especially if the child happens to be admired and praised. There are mothers who pinch their own wardrobes to bedeck their little girls in expensive garments, fostering a taste of extravagant dress which they can not honestly indulge.

Although people in the lower ranks or the middle class do contrive, occasionally, to spoil their children by indulgence, the business is not carried on wholesale, as it is among the rich. Necessity is a severe and yet a kind step-dame. Her motto is service, and service is the salt of life. In a large family, not very well-to-do, the older children educate the younger ones. They feel almost as responsible as the parents, and, perhaps, exert more influence in their own little way. Such a child-life seems bald and gray compared with the fairy scenes through which richer children dance and sing; but it, in reality, keeps young tastes fresh and pure, and whets the appetite, instead of cloying it with enjoyment. This is only a part of the benefit derived from a childhood taxed with some responsibility, and judiciously denied as well as indulged.

Self-control is the one thing spoiled children never learn. Their desires are always rampant. We see the features of the boy who kicked his nurse and browbeat his mother in some passionate, dissipated, irregular young man, and we shake our heads and say, "We knew how he would turn out."

The spoiled girl develops into an exacting, unscrupulous woman. Life must center round her, the world must wait upon her, not because she has ever done any thing, but merely because she was a spoiled child. Her husband is a martyr. I have generally noticed that such girls marry meek little men who seem to consider it their principal business in life to carry about a load of shawls and attend to the poodle.

DOMESTIC CHRISTIANITY.—It is not so much the great trials, the great requirements, the great demands, that test our character, as it is the little things of daily life, that we meet, and must meet, continually. These probe us through and through. They draw out our innermost being, and show it up to those about us. Every weakness they detect and make known. Every element of actual strength they surprise into play.

There are many tolerably good Christians in the Church and among society at large, who will hardly pass muster as such at home. They are mournful illustrations of the fact that the results of self-discipline are variable, and vary according to time and place. They pour oil on the troubled waters of their souls when, in the midst of "company," any thing vexatious occurs, but overflow with the bitterest of bile under similar circumstances if alone in the bosom of their family—which is not Christianity, as even they will admit, and of which in their secret hearts they are heartily ashamed.

A new gospel ought to be preached from every pulpit, and with a new unction—that of Domestic Christianity. New, did we say? Scarcely that. It is as old as that which Christ uttered on the Mount, but it would come to some people with a strange sense of newness. Religion in the home should be sweeter than anywhere else in the wide world, and should there bear sweet fruit. Home is, or ought to be, the real sanctuary of the heart. Were it such, in fact, as it is usually admitted to be in name, the searching tests that there so much abound, and which can not there be avoided, would not try characters so severely—would not so frequently weigh them in the balance and find them wanting. Let us have more real, vital, deep-breathing, sweetly influencing domestic Christianity!

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.—There should be music in every house. A house without music is like Spring-time without birds. The air may be balmy, the fields green, and the bowers beautiful and fragrant; but without birds welcoming the first rays of the dawn with their joyful notes, and singing the

world sweetly to quietness and rest in the evening, the Spring would not be the happy season it is. The happiness of a family is not complete without music. Home has not all the delightful attractions which make it too pleasant for any son or daughter to forsake it for other places, until there is music.

Many have the idea that the only use of music is to sing in worship. That is the highest use of music, but not the only one. We need it to refine the mind. We need it to awaken all those finer sentiments and emotions which respond to musical harmonies. We need it to lighten the burden of care, and to drive away, as David's harp did, the evil of discontent. We need it to bind the members of the family into closer unity.

There is no kind of music that can excel the human voice, when well cultivated; but instrumental music has the same happy effect, and can often be enjoyed when the other can not. With a piano, a daughter may gather around her the whole family, and make the evening at home their most pleasant and most wished hour enjoyed. We know some think it a useless extravagance; but the same persons will probably pay as much for a fine horse, or for some piece of ornamentation about the premises. For ourselves, there is no scene more delightful than the evening gathering of the family, and the brilliant music of the piano stealing or dancing its way into the hiding-place of every joyful emotion. There are other instruments that excel for particular purposes, as the organ for sacred music; but for compass and power, for sweetness and softness, for adaptation to ever-varying moods of mind and to all tastes, we think there is no instrument equal to a full, rich, mellow-toned piano.—*United Presbyterian.*

WHY DO CHILDREN DIE?—In answer to this question, the Medical Recorder holds the following language: "The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, splashed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, and steamed in bedclothes. So much for indoor. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in Summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings and thick double-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood, and bone and constitution, goes out with shoes as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare—an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to an exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter-pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty had any hand in it.

SMALL TALK.—Of all the expedients to make a heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meager fare—how continue existence in such famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is that such men and women there are, who will go on from fourteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon on her bonnet!" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think "it's high time, if John intends to marry Lucy, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.—*E. P. Whipple.*

SAYING "HATEFUL" THINGS.—What a strange disposition is that which leads people to say "hateful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them! You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend—a sneer which is masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your person, your mental failing, your foolish habits of thought, or some little secret of faith or opinion confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; nay, since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush and an eye lose its brightness, only spoken because he is afraid you are too happy, or too conceited. Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted men! How after them one awakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before every thing—that bright, sharp, well-aimed needle of a speech that probed the very center of your soul!—*Household.*

DAUGHTERS.—Let no father impatiently look for sons. He may please himself with the ideas of boldness and masculine energy, and moral or martial achievements; but ten to one he will meet with little

else than forwardness, reckless imperiousness, and ingratitude. "Father, give me the portion which falleth to me," was the imperious demand of the profligate prodigal who had been indulged from his childhood. This case is the representation of thousands—the painter who drew his portrait, painted for all posterity. But the daughter—she clings like the rose-leaf about the stem to the parent home, and the parental heart; she watches the approving smile, and deprecates the slightest shade on the brow; she wanders not on forbidden pleasure-ground; wrings not the heart at home with her doubtful midnight absence; wrecks not the hopes to which early promises have given birth, nor paralyzes the soul that dotes on the chosen object. Wherever the son may wander in the search of a fortune or pleasure, there is the daughter within the sacred temple of home; the vestal virgin of its innermost sanctuary, keeping alive the flames of domestic affection, and blessing that existence of which she is herself a part.

RESERVE POWER.—It is not wise to work constantly up to the highest rate of which we are capable. If the engineer of the railroad were to keep the speed of his train up to the highest rate he could attain with his engine, it would soon be used up. If a horse is driven at the top of his speed for any length of time, he is ruined. It is well enough to try the power occasionally of a horse or an engine, by putting on all the motion they will bear, but not continuously. All machinists construct their machines so that there shall be a reserve force. If the power required is four-horse, then they make a six-horse power. In this case it works easily and lasts long. A man who has strength to do twelve honest hours of labor in twenty-four, and no more, should do but nine or ten hours' work. The reserve power keeps the body in repair. It rounds out the frame to full proportions. It keeps the mind cheerful, hopeful, happy. The person with no reserve force is always incapable of taking on any more responsibility than he already has. A little exertion puts him out of breath. He can not increase his work for an hour without danger of an explosion. Such are generally pale, dyspeptic, bloodless, nervous, irritable, despondent, gloomy. We all pity them. The great source of power in the individual is the blood. It runs the machinery of life, and upon it depends our health and strength.

A mill on a stream where water is scanty can be worked but a portion of the time. So a man with a little good blood can do but little work. The reserve power must be stored up in this fluid. It is an old saying among stock-raisers, that "blood tells." It is equally true that blood tells in the sense in which we use the word. If it is only good blood, then the more of it the better. When the reserve power of an individual runs low, it is an indication that a change is necessary, and that it is best to stop expending and go to accumulating, just as the miller does when water gets low in the pond. Such a course would save many a person from physical bankruptcy.—*Herald of Health.*

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE UNCIVILIZED RACES OF MEN IN ALL COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD. *By Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S. With designs by Angas, Danby, Wolf, Zwecker, etc. Two volumes. Royal octavo. Pp. 693, 788. Hartford: J. B. Burr & Co.*

Mr. Wood has been doing immense service to the world by gathering together, in compact forms, a vast amount of interesting and valuable matter in the department of Natural History. He has given to the public in this way those excellent books, "Illustrated Natural History of Animals," "Anecdotes of Animal Life," "Homes without Hands," "Bible Animals," etc. He possesses peculiar talents for this kind of work, and has been eminently successful in it. In the two fine, large volumes before us, he has gathered what may be called a Natural History of Man, giving a comprehensive account of the names and customs, and of the physical, social, mental, moral, and religious characteristics of the uncivilized races of men throughout the world. We esteem this great work as one of the most valuable contributions that have been made to the literature of the age. It is replete with healthful information, and fascinating in its style, and by the vast variety of its incidents. It is copiously illustrated—containing nearly five hundred engravings. The American edition, at a cost of less than one-third of the English edition, is, in some respects, superior to the English edition itself. It treats more largely of the American Indian, and of the inhabitants of our newly acquired territory in the regions of Russian America, and far surpasses the English edition in the copiousness of its index. It will be a valuable book in every household.

SACRED HEROES AND MARTYRS; *or, Biographical Sketches of Illustrious Men of the Bible. By Hon. J. T. Headley. Numerous Illustrations from original designs by A. L. Rawson. 8vo. Pp. 623. Sold by subscription. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Cincinnati: E. Hannaford & Co.*

The subjects of the Bible are ever old, yet ever new; they are characterized by a simplicity which at once attracts attention and excites interest, and yet are so deep, and comprehensive, and many-sided, that we never exhaust them, or grow weary of their study. Every class and variety of mind finds points

of interest by which these Bible subjects touch it; the simple and unlearned, the wise and thoughtful, the devout and contemplative, the enthusiastic and heroic, alike find something to enlist their interest and awaken their sympathy for these subjects and characters. The men and women of the Bible bear to be studied and written about by all kinds of minds, and each new study under new aspects, and from new points of view, only serves to give to them new life and freshness. Mr. Headley, the author of the beautiful volume that lies before us, brings to the task of depicting these grand old Bible heroes peculiar qualifications. As a popular writer, he has few superiors; his imagination is vivid, his descriptive powers are unsurpassed, and his sympathy with the subject is always living and intense. He approaches these Bible heroes with becoming reverence, and yet he is in sympathy with them as a man, and treats them like men, so that his narratives, while they take away none of the sacredness of these heroes, bring them nearer to us in a fresher and more tender interest as our fellow-men. He says well, "The heroes and martyrs of the Bible were men with the same hopes and fears, and emotions that belong to men of every age, and it was designed that they should awaken in us the same personal interest and sympathy. Simply as men, they are entitled to as high a place on the scroll of fame as the heroes of Greece and Rome." It is from this point of view Mr. Headley re-studies these illustrious men, and by his power of vivid narration and description, he makes them live before us, as heroes of our own common humanity, "The martial conquests of Jacob, his struggle in the mountains, and victory, the wonderful story of Joseph and his brethren, the career of Moses and his mysterious burial, the events which transpired under the leadership of Joshua, the story of Deborah, and of Samson, the lives of Saul and David, the life of Christ, portrayed with unusual tenderness and power, of St. John, and of St. Paul, and of many others, are thus described in this volume." The book is issued in good style.

HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES; *or, Fifty Years of Western Methodism. By Rev. John Stewart, of the Ohio Conference.* 12*mo. Pp.* 396. *Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.*

Here is another book of heroes, and, we might add, in a qualified sense, of martyrs too. If to face unflinchingly perils from nature and from men, from individuals and from mobs—if to move forward steadily under the impulse of a high and holy purpose over every obstacle and in spite of every opposition is heroic, then the men described here were heroes; if to sacrifice all things for Christ, if to suffer hunger, and exposure, and want, if to labor for a mere pittance, and to suffer for no other purpose than to win Christ, and to be approved of him, is the spirit of martyrdom, then these men were martyrs. Father Stewart tells the story of a half-century of Western Methodism, and tells it as an eye-witness and participator. Within four years of being fourscore years old, his life covers nearly the life-time of Methodism in the West. He comes on the stage of action when Ohio was a "Territory," and most of it a wilderness; when the great States of Indiana and Illinois were only Methodist circuits. He has lived to see these "territories" become great and flourishing States, and these "Methodist circuits" transformed into a large family of Annual Conferences. The author tells the story of the labors, self-denials, and sufferings which led to these great triumphs and conquests in a simple and modest manner. The volume is replete with facts and details that will be of interest especially to every lover of Western Methodism, and of value to the historian. Get it and read it, and see what wonders God hath wrought, and what labors and sufferings our fathers performed and endured.

THE COMING OF CHRIST IN HIS KINGDOM. *By a Congregational Minister.* 12*mo. Pp.* 396. *New York: N. Tibbals & Co.*

The full title of this book is, "The Coming of Christ in his Kingdom, and the Gates wide open to the Future Earth and Heaven. Adventism, Millenarianism, and a Gross Materialism Exposed and Refuted, and the true nature of Christ's Kingdom as promised in the Latter-day Glory of the Earth, and the Consummated Glories of Heaven, Unfolded; Embracing the Scripture Doctrines of the New Earth Era, The Coming of Christ, The Resurrection of the Dead, Messiah's Triumph over Hades, The Judgment Ordeal, and the Future Heavenly Glory"—feast enough surely for the veriest theological gourmand. The author writes with vigor, and has evidently devoted years of study and labor to the production of his work. His investigations are fair and candid. His refutations of some forms of error are complete. The author seems, however, to believe in no real second advent of our Lord. The reign of Christ he holds to be a spiritual reign only, such a moral renovation as the Gospel when fully applied, including the outpouring of the Spirit, and the holy living and faithfulness of Christians, is calculated to produce. The book is a valuable one, well worthy of careful study; it contains much that is good and true; there are many things in it, however, contrary to our received notions.

WHAT IS JUDAISM? *or, A Few Words to the Jews. By Rev. Raphael D'C. Lewin.* 16*mo. Pp.* 84. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

"What is Judaism?" is by no means a small or uninteresting question, nor in our days is it an uncommon question. Many are asking it, and there are many reasons why it should be asked. Certainly the Old Testament is no longer an exponent of Judaism as it now exists; from these old landmarks the Jews have long since passed away. What are they now? what do they believe? what are their modes of worship? what are they doing? are questions of great moment. Dr. Lewin very briefly and quite satisfactorily answers them. He aims to place before the public a brief but thorough explanation

of the principles of modern Judaism, in a style simple enough to come within the range of all. It is small and well worth the reading.

BESSIE ON HER TRAVELS. *By Joanna H. Matthews.* 16*mo. Pp.* 376. $1.25. *New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

This is the last volume of a very interesting series of juvenile books called "The Bessie Books," six in number. Very beautiful, very interesting, true to nature, and pure, are these books. Children who read them will be wiser and better for them. Really older people would be made better by reading them; their hearts would be made younger and warmer by association with the sayings and doings of the quick, bright, loving little pet, Bessie. The author knows how to write for children.

HERBERT PERCY. *By L. A. Moncrief.* 18*mo. Pp.* 241. GREYSTONE LODGE. 18*mo. Pp.* 172. CONSIDERATION; *or, How can we Help One Another? By Emma Marshall.* 18*mo. Pp.* 180. THE STORY OF THE TWO MARGARETS. *By the same Author.* 18*mo. Pp.* 192. ROGERS'S APPRENTICESHIP; *or, Five Years of a Boy's Life. By the same Author.* 18*mo. Pp.* 180. *New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby.*

These little volumes all belong to Carter's Fireside Library, and are good reading for the little folks.

WORK-DAY CHRISTIANITY; *or, The Gospel in the Trades. By Alexander Clark, author of "The Gospel in the Trees," etc.* 12*mo. Pp.* 300. *Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Springfield, Ohio: Methodist Publishing House.*

Mr. Clark handles an earnest and eloquent pen. He sees and feels the symbolism of the material and human world around him, and is very happy in the use of these symbols in illustrating religious truths. These illustrations are drawn, in the present instance, from the methods and processes of the mechanic arts. The method is ingenious, his thoughts are fresh and suggestive, and his style, always flowing and graceful, is often eloquent. It is a good book and will do good.

AN INDEX TO HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. 8*vo. Pp.* 433. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is a happy thought, and will be appreciated by the thousands of readers of Harper's Magazine. It is just what the Magazine needs, a full Alphabetical, Analytical, and Topical Index. The volume before us accomplishes this for the first forty volumes of the magazine, embracing the volume ending May, 1870.

ORIENT BOYS. *By S. F. Keen.* 16*mo. Pp.* 408. $1.50. *Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

This is one of the offered manuscripts for the prize. It did not win, but, we should judge, came very near it. In interest and instructiveness it is not inferior to either of the prize books. The boys, we are sure, will welcome it.

MOTH AND RUST. *A Very Plain Tale. A Prize Story.* 16*mo. Pp.* 394. $1.75. *Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET. *A Prize Story. By Mary Spring Walker.* 16*mo. Pp.* 319. $1.75. *Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

These very handsome and very good books are the selected stories for the prizes offered by Mr. Hoyt. They are issued in very neat style, and prove the publisher's plan to have been a success, for they are very excellent and interesting books. "Moth and Rust" is one of those true books of fiction, which depict human life and human influences true to nature; just such events and such characters as surround us in every-day life. Its moral is, "Beware of the beginnings of evil." "Both Sides of the Street" took the first prize out of over three hundred manuscripts offered in competition. It is a very interesting and instructive book. Give them both a place in the home and the Sunday-school library.

MARGUERITE; *or, the Huguenot Child. By Miss T. Taylor.* 16*mo. Pp.* 188. *Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.*

This is a beautiful story, beautifully told, and published in very tasteful style. "The Huguenot child" very soon becomes a young woman, and is subjected to cruel persecution by a Roman Catholic uncle, and by Catholic priests, for being a Huguenot. At length she escapes and flies to this country along with some Huguenot emigrants, who are forced to leave their native France by cruelties put upon them. The story is very interesting, and will be read with profit by the young people.

DRAYTON-HALL SERIES. *I. Lawrence Bronson's Victory.* 16*mo. Pp.* 191. *II. Christy's Grandson.* 16*mo. Pp.* 218. *III. Allan Haywood.* 16*mo. Pp.* 197. *New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby.*

This is intended to be a series of stories illustrative of the "Beatitudes," written by the author of the "Golden Ladder Series."

NO MOSS; *or, The Career of a Rolling Stone. By Harry Castleman.* 16*mo. Pp.* 319. *Cincinnati: Robert W. Carroll & Co.*

A lively, entertaining, and instructive book for boys.

TONY AND PUSS. *From the French of P. J. Stahl. With twenty-four illustrations from designs by Lorenz Frolich. Quarto. Pp.* 48. *Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

EVENING AMUSEMENTS. *By the Author of "Letters Every-where," etc. With twenty illustrations by Paul Konewka.* 16*mo. Pp.* 150. *Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

These beautifully illustrated books, intended for the "wee ones," remind us that we are approaching the holiday season. They will immensely please the youngsters for whom they are gotten up.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A MISSIONARY MONUMENT.—The mail has just brought us, from our mission in China, a noble-looking volume of over eleven hundred pages, bearing the title "An Alphabetic Dictionary of the Chinese Language in the Foochow Dialect, by Rev. R. S. Maclay, D. D., and Rev. C. C. Baldwin, A. M." It is indeed a monument of patient and long-continued labor. Dr. Maclay is the Superintendent of our Missions in China, and Mr. Baldwin is a member of the American Board of Missions at Foochow. The work has been jointly prepared by these earnest missionaries, and is issued from the press of our mission at Foochow. Twenty years ago we made the acquaintance of these noble men in China, and even then they were gathering materials for this monumental work. We may say it is the ripe fruit of twenty years' study and use of the Foochow dialect. When we look back to the state of things a score of years ago in this great Chinese city, when the American Board and the Methodist Missionary Society were just beginning their missionary operations at Foochow, and remember that all then was new and unknown, that the Foochow dialect was a sealed book, that the missionary had no available helps in the study of the language, that his only method was to take a Chinese scholar, who did not know a word of English, and almost literally dig out of his teacher's mind a vocabulary for himself, and then look on this noble volume, constituting a complete vocabulary of the dialect, printed on metallic types, on excellent paper, and neatly and substantially bound, we are really amazed at the progress these missions have made in Foochow, and at the results these missionaries have achieved. The mechanical part of the work would not discredit an American publishing house, and yet it is all Chinese, and done under the supervision, and at the expense of our printing establishment at Foochow. Our excellent friend, Mr. Baldwin, of the American Board Missions, merits a large share of the commendation due for this monumental work, and the Church will hold the name of Dr. Maclay in fragrant remembrance for generations to come. We implore the blessing of God richly upon these our precious friends, and upon their great work, and upon their labors abundant which they are performing for China.

ANOTHER YEAR.—We close the thirtieth volume of the Repository, giving to our readers a substantial book of nine hundred and sixty royal octavo pages, matter enough to make ten good-sized volumes worth a dollar and a half each. This matter is distributed into about two hundred and fifty different articles, in addition to which the volume contains about one hundred poems, thirty-six pages of original and selected short articles bearing on the duties and blessings of home-life, thirty-six pages of literary notices, and twenty-four of editor's notes and gossip. More than a hundred different pens have contributed original articles to our pages. We have used our best judgment in selecting our matter, and look over our index with considerable satisfaction, feeling that there is sufficient variety and fullness to content the veriest literary epicure. We are under great obligations to our contributors who have been so patient and courteous, and who have so kindly received our decisions with regard to their communications. We have welcomed a number of new ones, but death has been unusually busy this year in removing some of our most esteemed writers. To our agents, for their efforts in behalf of our subscription list, and to the press, for its abundant good notices, we give our hearty thanks. We are ready to open the new year with the best prospects, and cordially solicit the cooperation of our contributors and agents, and the continued good words of our exchanges.

GOLDEN HOURS.—We desire, in closing the year and volume, to call the attention of the readers of the Repository to an admirable companion for it, that we would really like to see accompany it into every household. It is the neat little magazine for boys and girls bearing the above title. It is published by our own Book Concern, and is issued by order of the General Conference to meet a felt want in the families of the Church. It is a pure, high-toned little monthly, elegantly gotten up on good paper, bountifully and beautifully illustrated with wood-engravings, adapted to the young people of the house, ranging from about ten to sixteen or seventeen years of age. Each number contains fifty-two pages, the variety of matter covering a wide field—stories, travels, biography, natural history, science, incidents, etc. The whole is written from a Christian point of view, and every thing in it tends to refine and elevate. Parents can not do a better thing for their children than to give them the monthly reading of this elegant magazine. Our agents should take special notice of the offer of the publishers to give a copy of this magazine for every ten subscribers to the Repository, in addition to the usual commissions or premiums. Its subscription price is two dollars a year. All ministers of our Church are authorized agents.

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.—Our city was favored in October with the largest Exposition of industrial objects that this country has yet had. In useful articles it exceeded the World's Fair in London and Paris, and its success was so pronounced that the managers will, no doubt, repeat it next year, or the year thereafter.

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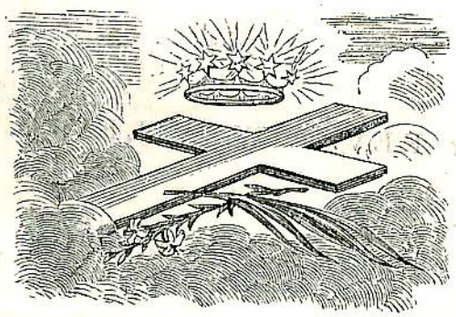
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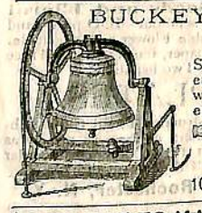
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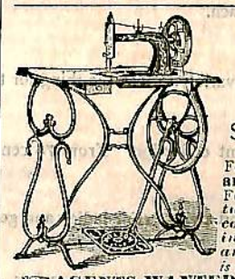
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