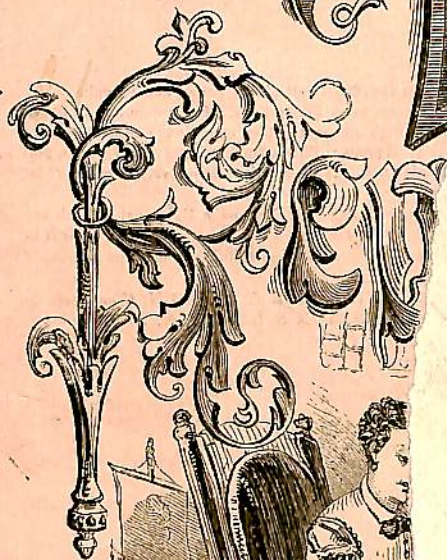


November, 1870.

THE



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VOL. XXX.

OLD SERIES.

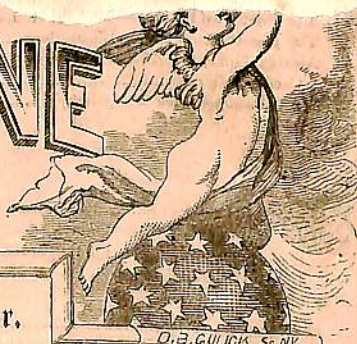
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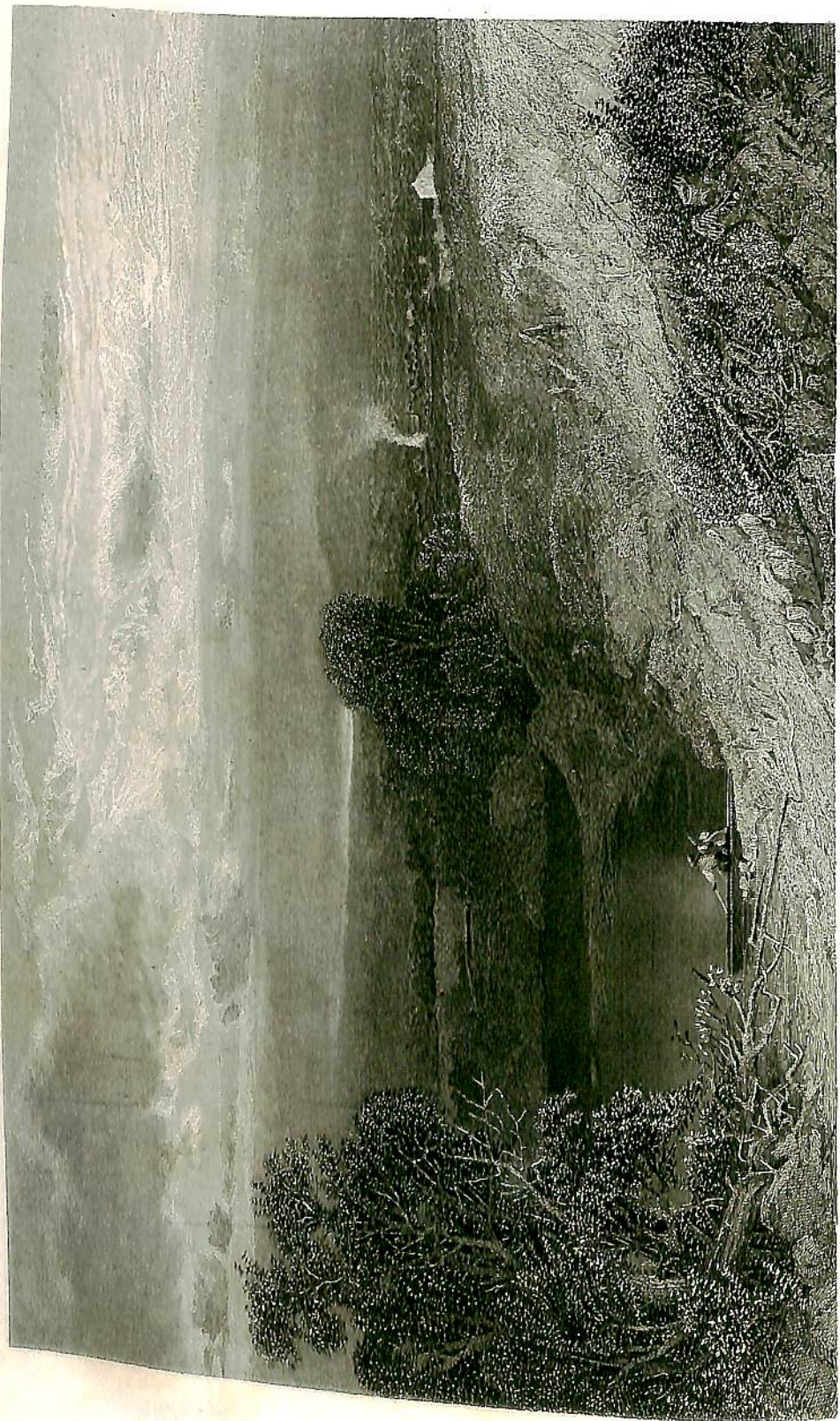


D.E. GULICK Sc. N.Y.

VOL. VI.

NEW SERIES.





200. A. P. THE GREAT RIVER, FROM THE MOUNTAINS, N. Y.





ENGRAVED BY W. WELLS

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1870. NOVEMBER.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT." firm lips; wonderfully beautiful and transparent black eyes had an indescribable power—a strength from which it was difficult for the soul to escape. One gazed again and again into these wonderful eyes. It was as if one might learn in them all celestial things, and thus become holy and elevated. The heart throbbed in the breast when these dark eyes drew it toward them, for then one must believe that they could not be blinded. It was as if a black veil were drawn over the unfathomable sea of light that quivered and burned below.

This is the man of whom we are now to tell, Johann Sebastian Bach, well known throughout the whole country for his great skill as an organist. The good people, however, called him a queer fellow, of whom nobody could get the better, and often shook their wise heads dubiously over his wonderfully intricate figures and incomprehensible organ fantasies. Not one of them, however, could leave the church when the master played, and a shiver ran through the soul of every hearer when the mighty tones swelled out and rushed through the church as if they would burst the walls, and bury the weak crowd of trembling humanity beneath the falling ruins.

On the right of the director sat his wife, a vigorous figure with clear, good features and calm eyes, in snow-white cap and dazzling neck-erchief. She held in her lap her youngest born, Christoph, a chubby child of some three months. Several other stout boys hung around their mother, eating roasted apples and playing with the smallest brother. Bach's eldest son, Friedemann, a tall, stately figure, resembling his father, only without his gentle friendliness, stood near the great stove and looked thoughtfully at the noisy group of brothers. On the left of the friendliness played around the corner of his clothes. His face was full and rosy; a serious boards and curiously shaped chairs, sat a man little room, ornamented with great dark cup-collected.

At the heavy oaken table, in the midst of the sounded there, for a harmonious family was day. Many joyful voices of men and children peculiarly bright light flickered on this October near the most stately church of Leipzig, a part of the director of the venerable Thomas School, trary, were rarely visible. In the dwelling of seen on the roofs. Church spires, on the con-balconies. Here and there little turrets might be almost all narrow and high, with odd, pointed well defended and formidable. The houses were by deep moats, high walls, and stately lindens, which I write is Leipzig. It was surrounded It was about the year 1732, and the city of tokens of home comfort.

all the windows shone friendly gleams of light, Autumn, shut up in their warm houses. From cheerful than outside. Men had laughed at the compressed, lay in a vast plain, it was more snow-flakes. In the city, however, which, closely horror, long, dark nights, of ice blossoms and in malicious whispers of the coming days of of Winter sounded from the far distance, telling anxiety or a dull grief. It was as if the voice by. Over all Nature brooded an oppressive ing them under the hurrying feet of the passers-their feeble strength to the beloved tree, strew-beautiful colored leaves that still clung with icy wind arose and tore away ruthlessly the ber day. Misty fogs glided over the fields, an Winter, was followed by a dull, cold, Octo-A N Autumn evening, full of forebodings of

organist sat a slender, well-dressed young man, with thick black hair. His mild, dark, amiable face bore a strong resemblance to those of the family. It was Bach's second son, Philipp Emanuel, who had come on a visit from Frankfort on the Oder to take his beloved friends by surprise. He had told his father of the new music academy which he had established at Frankfort, and which he directed with success. He had also spoken of the industry and talent of his scholars, and he now slyly drew some sheets of music paper from his pocket. Blushing, he pushed it toward the organist, with the words, "Dear father, see if it is good for any thing."

It was a beautiful sonata, which the elder Bach, with joy-dimmed eyes and light finger movements, ran over, then pocketed, and said kindly, "You will do well in time, my boy; only go forward industriously with the help of our Lord God. Friedemann is also doing finely; does not play at all badly. Perhaps I shall yet have great joy in you."

The two eldest sons listened gladly, and laughed like children over the revered father's speech, pressing his hand gratefully. Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and immediately afterward a violent knocking on the house door. The two eldest sons sprang from the room in terror, the children forgot their noise, the mother turned pale. Only Sebastian Bach looked calm and quiet in the midst, and said, "How can you behave so? Yet none of us has an evil conscience. Let what will come."

In a few minutes appeared a messenger exhausted and splashed with mud. He came directly from the Electoral Residence at Dresden to speak to the organist, Sebastian Bach, and gave him a note from the powerful minister, the dreaded Count Brühl. The organist drew the great oil lamp nearer to himself, shaded his eyes slightly with his hand, and read, while Philipp Emanuel politely offered the man a chair:

"MY DEAR DIRECTOR,—Our most gracious Elector and master, August of Saxony and Poland, wishes to hear you, the renowned and famous organist, Sebastian Bach, in his Residence. You are to play on Sunday, October 24th, in the church at Dresden. Two days after the receipt of this letter the royal carriage will call for you at Leipsic, and bring you to the Residence, where we await you with great eagerness. Prepare yourself properly for the high honor, my dear Director."

"By order of my most gracious master I salute you."

"Signed,

COUNT BRÜHL."

A long time the organist stood there meditating. Scorn and anger struggled in his face. His eyes turned from one to another of the beloved faces. Philipp and Friedemann remained modestly silent.

"Herr Courier," said the Director at last, slowly but firmly, "say only briefly to the minister that I, Sebastian Bach, Director of the Thomas School of Leipsic, will obey the command of my sovereign and go to Dresden."

"I must still beg a written document," replied the courier.

"Man," thundered Sebastian Bach, drawing himself up to his full height, "how dare you ask it? Did you not understand me? Have I, Sebastian Bach, not given you my word? Do you take me for a faithless villain such as flourish in the air of a court, and whom a miserable scrap of paper binds faster than the word of a man spoken before God?"

"Dearest father," entreated Philipp Emanuel striving to mollify him.

"Hush, boy, you do not understand," exclaimed the father hastily. Then turning to the courier he said, more quietly, "You have your answer. Tell all to the Count. I shall not mind."

The messenger was pale with fright, and shrank back a step. Bach seized him by the collar, drew him toward himself, and said kindly, "Well, that will be a wholesome lesson for you, will it not? Observe it, but not only so long as you are in my house. The Residence is not every-where. And now, basta! will you share our evening meal, and drink a mug of beer with us? I shall be pleased and glad."

The courier, however, was confused, and departed quickly, and the Director sat down again cheerfully. Then his family crowded hastily and anxiously around him, and Frau Gertrude cried, "Ah, my Bastian, thou wilt go forth into the wide world—forth to Dresden, to the pomp and splendor of the great wicked city? And O! the long, long, cruel journey! No, my husband, thou shalt not treat thy wife and children thus."

And forthwith she burst into hot tears, and flung herself sobbing upon her husband's neck. The children, who saw their mother weep, began also to cry and hang on their father's coat. The two sons debated loud and eagerly over the interview. There was a frightful uproar in the little room.

At length the full, strong voice of the head of the family rose above the storm. The Director cried, "Wife, take the crazy boys into the children's room. Only Friedemann and Emanuel shall remain here."

Herewith he shook off the screaming children, and the mother led the little flock to the old nurse.

Then the master measured the room with long strides, until the faithful one with moistened eyes again took her place at the table.

"Thou must not grieve so over the long journey, Gertrude," he said to her kindly. "See, in a fortnight I shall be, unless the Lord ordains otherwise, again in my old nest. Moreover, I intend to take these two," pointing to Friedemann and Emanuel, "to the Residence with me. They shall for once see the uproar there, and will take good care of their father in all respects."

The sons thanked him with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, children," he continued, "we will once with the glorious, clear voice of the Lord God," so he sometimes called his beloved organ, "strike the heart of the children of this world, so that, staggering and anguish-stricken, they shall stretch out their hands and softly and silently cry, 'Pater peccavi!' And Master Hasse shall also see that there are still higher, more divine strains than the sweet, luxurious melodies of beautiful Italy."

He seemed transfigured as he spoke, and they looked at him with an expression of boundless veneration. Soon after he cried out gayly:

"Come, mother, call back the screamers and bring us the soup."

The table was spread; a large stone jug full of foaming beer was placed before the seat of the master; an immense loaf of bread was laid beside it, and now Father Bach, after pronouncing a short grace, divided them with loving care, beginning with the eldest, to each his little piece and draught. Meantime Frau Gertrude served the smoking soup, and all feasted, laughed, and joked.

The next day Bach went to the Rector to obtain the necessary leave for his important journey. This was a burdensome step for him, for he avoided as much as possible coming into contact with his superior.

Rector and Director were by no means friends. The first complained bitterly of the coarse conduct and stubborn character of his inferior, while Bach was accustomed in his anger to rail at the Rector for "a God-forgotten, dried-up pedant." There were indeed no fresh twigs to be found on this Rector-tree, not to speak of little green leaves. Both within and without the whole man was wintery. His soul was dried up and shriveled like his body, perished and sunken in the thick dust of moldy book-learning. He could not rejoice over the beautiful flowers. He counted their stamens, studied

their calices, and then threw them away. The joyful birds and other animals he cared for only when he was experimenting on the effects of poison, which was his chief recreation. Men were all indifferent to him—he loved nobody. He called the playing of the refractory Director "diabolical." He withdrew his interest and never went to the early service. He even spread a report that Bach had entered into a compact with the devil, who was to blow the bellows when he practiced. As often as he could, he put stumbling-blocks in the way of the Director, and rejoiced like a goblin at the frequent hasty outbreaks of wrath of this giant nature. Gladly would he have overthrown him, but to shake such a rock required far more than his own strength, and he stood alone in his hatred, for teachers and scholars looked with love and reverence at the mighty master of the swelling organ.

And now Sebastian Bach entered the Rector's study impatiently, for he had just had a choir rehearsal with the scholars, and was consequently somewhat out of temper, and his peruke, as was usual on such occasions, was in a forlorn condition. The Rector sat erect in a leather-cushioned chair and, fixing his eyes on the new-comer, asked solemnly:

"Now what does the Director come to complain of?"

"To complain of nothing, Herr Rector," answered Bach. "I only wish to inform you that I am obliged to take a long journey tomorrow at the command of our sovereign, and would, therefore, like leave of absence for a fortnight."

"What do I hear?" half breathless with surprise and anger—"a long journey?—obliged?—sovereign?—and yet I am not informed of it? Go, Herr Director! that is a cunning little plot of your ingenious artist-brain. How should Prince August?"

"I am to play the organ at Dresden," interrupted the Director mildly; "the Elector has so commanded."

"That indeed sounds somewhat mysterious and incredible," sneered the Rector. "The journey appears to me not to be fixed for any particular time, so I can say to you frankly that I can not spare the Herr Director for the next four weeks. After that I will put no obstacle in the way of your wish."

Bach's clear face during this spiteful harangue showed no trace of anger or emotion. The wonderful eyes only looked steadily at his puny adversary, and an indescribably compassionate smile played around his mouth. At last he said firmly and clearly:

"Herr Rector, be kind enough to give me a positive answer. Will you allow me a fortnight's vacation?"

"No, no, and forever no!" cried the Rector angrily.

"Very well. Then I will only notify you that I am going without leave," replied the Director. He turned about and with rapid steps left the room of his adversary, who trembled with rage.

Never had there been collected in the large and beautiful Catholic church in splendid Dresden so select a crowd of distinguished and brilliant men and women as on the afternoon of that Sunday on which Bach had promised to play the organ. The numerous cavaliers in their glittering court-dresses, the splendid women in sparkling ornaments, costly stuffs, jewels, or in fresher and more charming youth, formed a brilliant living garland, in the midst of which was enthroned the kingly face of August of Saxony. Though the Prince was advancing in years, his form was still unbent and the head held aloft. The features, however, whose only beauty was in the fine lines of the mouth and nose and the outline of the chin, were sunken and haggard, and the fire of the large eyes was extinguished. August conversed softly with his darling Brühl, who, with the elegant bearing of a man of the world, stood beside him and in apparent submissiveness listened to the words of his powerful master. Indomitable pride lay on his sagacious forehead, insatiable ambition flashed from his unquiet eyes, immeasurable imperiousness played around his lips.

"So he would not come to court last evening, this droll Director," whispered the Elector, smiling. "Well, to-day I will torment him so much the more. As soon as the concert is over I will ask to see him. He shall come to supper and to the ball, and the most beautiful of our court-ladies shall ask him to dance."

Brühl bowed silently.

"But we are all very curious about the famous organist," continued the Elector. "Attention shows itself in almost every face. Hasse draws up his thick eyebrows in expectation, and the charming Faustina looks with such restless eyes around the church as if to discover a rival. Only our performer Marchand has not laid aside his sneer. But hush! there are three figures in the choir. Look, Brühl, two young men take their places modestly on the side. They are indeed lovely, innocent faces."

"They are the Director's two eldest sons," replied Brühl. Then swelled forth an organ tone, and, like a

breath of celestial air, it purged all hearts from idle thoughts. Deep silence reigned, an inexplicable devotion vibrated through all, and all eyes turned upward. A glorious prelude flowed out like a full golden stream, on whose borders stood heavenly flowers, and drew the waiting soul on mighty waves, floating ever higher in the all-powerful, rushing choral,

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

The magnificent chant of the Evangelical Church swept from the choir. Father Bach deepened the tone and accompanied every note with a happy smile. He saw in this moment the triumph of his beloved Church. Like a crowned victor the sublime melody swelled through the beautiful hall, powerful as if an invisible and innumerable choir of angels joined in the song of praise. But the stream of harmony rolled ceaselessly forth, and the soul of Father Bach soared higher and higher. Ever holier, more wonderful were the thrilling sounds. A gigantic voice from above plunged down into the sea of sound. Ever stronger did it swell forth and dash mightily on every man's heart as if it would break it, and floated around every man's head as if it would sink into it annihilated.

And now began the columns of the church to shake, for it was as if the ringing voice of all the sins of men had arisen and cried in agony, as if a whole world were in tumult and imploring mercy. But in the midst of it arose, ever again, like a sweet breath of availing obliteration, the melody,

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Then sounded the mystical tumult stronger, as if faithful love answered to the cry. At last, at last, however, seemed the imploring voice to weary. Softer and ever lighter were the sounds, the beseechings denied, when came, O wonder! the sweet forgiveness! The high vault of the church seemed to melt, heavenly streams of blue and golden light gushed in, intoxicating fragrance—the breath of Spring—filled the large hall. Sweet, warm tones trickled down, and a holy, ardent voice, full of measureless love, promised to sinners eternal pardon. A devout wonder trembled forth in pure, heavenly sounds, a pious shout—and ever ascended highest, most powerful like a million of blissful human voices interwoven with the jubilant halleluiahs of angels, the glorious song of victory,

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

The tones of the organ died away. Johann Sebastian Bach still sat on the organ-bench

with folded hands. A celestial glory transfigured his face. Pale as death and trembling with delight at the victory of their venerated father, stood his two sons beside him. A low murmur ran through the church. A side door of the choir opened and the Elector appeared, behind him at a respectful distance a glittering train of attendants. Augustus of Saxony drew near, almost timidly, to the great man who sat before him so meekly. Sunken in holy dreams he had not noticed the approach, and the Elector seemed hardly to dare to interrupt this praying soul. At length, however, he laid his hand lightly upon Bach's shoulder. The Director started, rose, looked at his sovereign, and smiled in his face. The great soul of the master was so filled with the glory of God in the heaven to which he had risen on the tones of the organ—how could worldly power or earthly glory touch him in this moment of ecstasy? Even to find words for earthly speech cost him much pain.

"Most gracious master," he said, after a long pause, "the voice of the Lord God has sunk into the depths of your heart also; that I see in your face. Tell me, is it not a wonderfully blissful feeling? yet it also makes one fear and tremble. Is it not to you as if there were sunshine all around us? And do not larger and more beautiful worlds crowd upon your view than this little grain which has borne us? Does not all earthly splendor fall to nothing before the blinding glory from above? Can you not resign yourself in soul and life to the voice of God, bearing them with you to whence they came in the eternal light?"

"Bach," answered the Elector with trembling voice and drawing nearer to him, "when I heard you play the thought of my death came to me. Yet it entered my soul like a mild genius; it had lost all its terror. I did not tremble before its face as formerly, when sometimes, in still hours, I meditated on the dark riddle of human life. O, master, could I but hear thee in the hour of my death!"

Bach answered not. He looked at his trembling royal lord with eyes that overflowed with tearful emotion and lofty joy. His pious heart saw in this spectacle a greater triumph than that of his artist pride.

A noise was heard at the door. A woman pressed eagerly through the suite of the king, a woman in the full bloom of youth, a tall, luxuriant figure with a Juno head. It was Faustina Hasse, the admired singer, the celebrated darling of the whole residence. With the unrestrained ardor of an Italian, glowing and weeping, she rushed to the Director, fell upon

his neck and kissed him upon both cheeks amid continual sobs.

"Blessed, O, ever blessed be thou, dazzling ray of light!" she cried in highest excitement.

Bach knew not how it happened, the by-standers smiled. Then Hasse entered, drew his wife gently toward him, spoke her name, and pressed the hand of the Master with an expression of unfeigned veneration. Then came the frivolous French mocker, the elegant *virtuoso* Marchand. No sneer played now around his fine lips, but his eyes shone with a fiery light of inward agitation. Silently he pressed the hand of the Master to his breast. The attendants of the Elector followed the example of the favorite. The charming court-ladies did not stay behind, and soon the most beautiful little hands touched the Director's cheek or finger, and the loveliest lips spoke their thanks.

But the Master suddenly released himself with giant strength, and cried with a voice of thunder, which echoed through the arches of the church:

"Enough! Such soft caresses and trifling are not the reward of earnest, holy organ-playing. Take your charming faces away from me, I will see you no more. Know that I, in luxurious Dresden, wish myself away from all the beautiful flowers and serpents, and back in the dear, quiet home of my wife and children. Most gracious lord," he cried quickly and imploringly to the Elector, who had smiled faintly at the scene, "let me go! I see well that old Sebastian Bach can never live here. He will never learn to swim in this stream."

"I will not let you go," replied the Elector kindly, "until you have asked a favor of me."

"You can give me nothing, my Prince," answered the Director frankly. "I am richer than you, but I thank you."

"But do you remember your sons?" asked Augustus mildly.

"Ah yes, most gracious lord. If you could do something for Friedemann," here he drew the blushing youth toward himself, "I should be very glad. But not for the next two years, for I want my son yet to help me. He is an excellent engraver, and we are working now on the Passion music. My Philipp," here he pointed to his second son, "is already provided for by the Lord. He succeeds very well. I thank you again, my most gracious Prince."

The Elector now dismissed the venerable master with the brightest promises for Friedemann's future, and gave the father and son his hand in farewell with assurances of his continual favor.

The high-born cavaliers crowded around the

forces its way close by the foot of Lebanon. Nearer, under the very base of Hermon, the waters of the Hasbany are collected in the Wady et Teim. But the valley, as it sweeps round to the west base of the mountain, is hidden by its western spurs. Facing west and south-west you look down on a wonderfully wild, desolate mountain tract, between Hermon and the sea. Through this the Leontes forces its way to the sea. Sweeping the eye round to the south-west, the great mountain axis of upper Galilee falls under the eye. This is Jebel Jermuk. On one of its lower eastern heights is Safed. From this the mountains and hills settle down southward, becoming gradually lower and also more distinct. Here and there patches of plain separate them. Among them I can descry Karun Hatlin, Tabor, and Little Hermon. Hereabout they all drop down into the great Plain of Jezreel. You can trace its whole course and extent from the Jordan Valley to Akka on the Mediterranean. It is fifty miles away.

Beyond it, and out of it, the mountains rise like an undulating wall. On the left, near the Jordan, are the mountains of Gilboa; farther to the right those which connect Gilboa with Carmel, farthest to the right and highest of all. Far away, in the south-west, the level outline suddenly bends down into the sea. Just before this happens I can see, shining on its crest, the white walls of the Convent of Elijah. At the same place, at the foot of Carmel by the sea, on the south shore of the Bay of Akka, lies Haifa. From this point northward to where Lebanon shuts out the view, the whole sea-coast is visible; except for a short distance south of Tyre, I can see Akka, Tyre, Sidon, and other places along the coast. Far out beyond all, right and left, till blended with the sky, in a milky horizon, is the "Great Sea."

South of Gilboa and Carmel the billowy rounded mountains of the table land of Samaria extends, until on the confines of Judah and Benjamin, or beyond, vision can penetrate no farther. Over the back of Carmel the shore, down almost to Jaffa, is visible. I can see the points on the pale, yellow edge of the plain, occupied by Athlit, Tautura, and Cæsarea.

Turning south I had, lying under my eye, the whole length of Great Ghor or Jordan Valley, from the south-west base of Hermon to the Dead Sea. From no other point can so striking and satisfactory a view be had of this remarkable feature in the physical geography of Palestine. I can now better than ever see how the Hauran on the east, and Galilee, Safed, etc., on the west of it, break down suddenly into it. This seems most remarkable in

the upper on the west, in the lower part on the east of the Ghor.

Seemingly not far from the base of Hermon lies the Sea of Galilee, the whole extent of it under the eye. Between the Sea of Galilee and Hermon the Jordan Valley is much less rugged than I had been led to suppose from descriptions I had read. I could not see much of the Hulet. I did not see its lake. Beyond the Sea of Galilee, southward, the Ghor stretches in long perspective into the pale mist which hangs over the Dead Sea. To the left of the Ghor was the Hauran from Hermon to Moab—and extending from the Jordan Valley on the right to the far-off horizon on the left. This region is much more level than I had supposed. The prevailing tints are dark, usually gray and brown, sometimes blushed with green.

Putting out from the south base of Hermon is a strong, irregular ridge, which descends south for a few miles, giving off ridges which descend to the east. It is not so striking, nor does it extend so far south as I had expected. Beyond this, south and south-west, the country seems comparatively level, except occasional small conical hills. South of a line drawn eastward from the south end of the Lake of Galilee the country seems to rise and to become more undulating toward the dimly visible highlands of Moab. Far away to the south-east on the horizon are the mountains of the Hauran, or Ajlun. Nearer in the east south-east are the dark chocolate-colored mountain clusters of Jebel Aswad and Jebel Maria. The whole course of River Abana, or Awaj, was in view as it led by Sasa toward Jebel Aswad.

The whole of the yellowish-brown Plain of Damascus, more than twenty miles distant, could be seen; in it a green spot, close by the south foot of one of the southern ridges of Anti-Lebanon, and in this the light-colored patch, which I knew was Damascus—"The Eye of the East." Beyond this dark mountains and yellowish-brown plain extend, limited on the left by Anti-Lebanon, on the right and in the east only by the purple horizon—in the direction of Palmyra and the Euphrates. The most remarkable general features of this scene were its ruggedness and desolation, and its freedom from forests and signs of the presence of man.

Such, in brief, is the remarkable scene which rewards the traveler who will make the ascent of Hermon. It is not too much to say no scene of such extent and, at the same time, of so high interest is to be found in the world. With these feelings I made my way down to Rasheiyah.

OVER-PARTICULAR.

IN the beautiful village of D., delightfully situated on the banks of the Ohio River, Mr. Henderson had purchased a pleasant home for his family, which consisted of his wife and their three—I suppose in true story style I ought to say "lovely"—children.

But the Hendersons had been boarding for several years in one of the Western cities, and the children, kept under constant restraint in their two or three rooms, were not as healthy or full of life and spirits as other children of their age, having the freedom and run of the whole house and garden in their own homes, usually are.

'Tis true Harry now and then had roguish mischief shining out of his eyes as if he could enjoy a real boy's frolic, but poor little Mattie, his elder sister by three years, had been so repeatedly checked by her mother for the slightest misdemeanor, and was so constantly on the watch to shield Harry from any reproof that it gave her a peculiarly old, quaint look. One would hardly imagine, seeing her quiet, sedate manner about the room arranging things, or when seated at her work, that she was but ten years old. And yet that little heart was naturally full of warmth and sunshine, and she would have been gleeful under different circumstances.

But Mrs. Henderson, her mother, was not one to enter into the pleasures of her children or call forth their affections. In the first place she had never been particularly fond of children, or understood their many little wants and ways.

To keep them neat, and clean, and in their rooms as much as possible, away from troubling the other boarders, seemed all that was necessary. All this was well enough had she only made even their narrow quarters bright and home-like to her children. But strictly carrying out the maxim, "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place," and not wishing her one parlor to be "littered up," as she called it, with children's books and toys, she was—alas! the truth must be told—*over-particular*.

Mr. Henderson observing this, and seeing that his bright Harry and darling Mattie were fast losing their once frank, happy spirits, and that even little Jennie, but three or four years old, was becoming less artless and child-like, as if afraid to sing or shout when pleased, like other children, attributed it all to their manner of living, and decided to purchase a pleasant home just out of the city, where they could have more freedom and fresh air.

Ardently attached to his family, and wishing to promote their happiness in every way, he had regretted that his limited means prevented his sooner carrying out this plan.

The past year having been a more successful one, he determined to take them all by surprise and present a home to his beloved wife on the anniversary of her birthday, which occurred the forepart of May—the very time to settle themselves in the country.

In purchasing "Woodbine Cottage," as Mr. Henderson called it from the luxuriant woodbine clambering all over the front piazza, he considered the present and future comfort of all. For, like many a fond father, he was ever castle-building for his children. Harry was to be his partner and successor in business, Mattie was to become a beautiful young lady, should be highly educated, and perhaps—ah well, that was looking a little too far forward—marry some rich merchant or professional man. Winsome Jennie, who was still so young, he hoped would make home bright to her parents when they became aged. Thus the happy father thought and planned for his loved ones.

In planning for the house he concluded the furniture they had in the city would do well enough for their bedroom and sitting-room; but there should be handsome new furniture for his wife's parlor, while Harry and the girls must have pretty new sets of cottage furniture for their bedrooms. Then he arranged a play-room for them over the back building, where they could be as merry as they pleased on a rainy day without disturbing their mother.

It took some little time to carry out all these plans—repairing and altering the house, etc. But Mr. Henderson kept his secret, though his wife often wondered why he came home so much later than usual, and seemed so absorbed about something. On being questioned he would pleasantly evade too close inquiry by saying,

"O, I have a little business that takes me out of the city occasionally after office hours, but I think I will get through with it before long."

"O, papa," exclaimed Harry, "won't you take me with you some day, for I am so tired of the city, and would so love to see the country!"

"Yes, do, dear papa," echoed Mattie, "Harry would enjoy himself so much in seeing all the beautiful trees, the green grass, and the muly cows with their cunning little calves frisking about—and O, I can't begin to tell what all!"

"But, darling, why do n't you speak for yourself; you seem capable of appreciating all these things?"

"Ah, but, papa! you know I am older than Harry," said quaint little Mattie, "and you and mamma took me once in the country to see Aunt Martha, who, you say, I am named after. It was ever and ever so long ago," she added, as if many years had passed over her head, "but Harry has never been, or at least he was such a wee mite of a thing he did n't remember any thing about it."

Dear, unselfish Mattie! she was but three years older than her brother Harry, and could only have been five or six years old at the time she visited her aunt, but ever since it had evidently been treasured up in her mind as a vision from fairy-land, and now the very mention of the word country made her long to have her darling brother see all she had seen, and often talked to him about.

Mr. Henderson, absorbed in business, had long since forgotten the incident which Mattie so treasured up; but, thus reminded of it, he recalled her wild delight, and thorough appreciation of all that was beautiful in nature, and saw how her mind and spirits had since been dwarfed. More than ever pleased that he now had it in his power to make them all happy, he cheerily said:

"Well, be good children and I will take you all out in the country soon."

"Me, too; me, too!" said little Jennie.

"Yes, darling, 'me, too,' shall go."

Away danced Jennie, clapping her hands with joy, such as she had not shown in many a day. The happy father giving them each a kiss then left for the office.

The mother, who had been down-stairs, coming up while they were still excitedly talking over their expected treat, exclaimed:

"Why, children, what is all this noise about? Harry, just look at the way you have cluttered up the room with your books and things! Martha, I wish you would put this room in order; it is not fit for any one to come in."

The weird, old look settled on poor Mattie's face as she went about picking up one thing after another and placing them all in precise order, as she knew her mother wished to have them.

Then Mattie and Harry started for school, leaving little Jennie to play quietly alone while Mrs. Henderson seated herself at her work.

Thus to check the children in their play, and have every thing "straightened up," was no unusual event. But the mother, with too large a "bump of order," as phrenologists would say,

did not notice the effect it was having upon her children, or that the bright gladness of their young hearts was too early checked and might cause premature sadness, or, at the very least, less lightness of spirits than they ought to have.

Bright, sunny May, so eagerly looked forward to by Mr. Henderson, came at last.

Every thing in and around the cottage was in perfect order. The fruit-trees were loaded with blossoms, shrubbery well trimmed, and some of it in full bloom, while the grass on the lawn had that bright, fresh green of early Spring, which is so refreshing to look upon.

To please the children Mr. Henderson had purchased an additional acre joining the cottage grounds, and had a young calf placed in it for Harry, and a lamb for the girls to feed and pet themselves.

On the third of May, Mrs. Henderson's birthday, her husband said, quite early in the morning, "Mary, what say you to spending your birthday with the children out in the country?"

"Well, I suppose it would be a good plan, for the children have been whispering together about the country for the past month. But where can we go? Your sister Martha has given up the old homestead, and we have no intimate friends just now living in the country."

"O, well, leave it all to me; only get yourself and the children ready after breakfast, and I will take you somewhere. Remember, it is your birthday treat, so you must not ask any questions."

On hearing the good news the long-pent-up children were perfectly delighted, but it was almost sad to see how they repressed their joy, fearing to annoy their mother, and instead of tossing up their hats or other things around, as children might have done upon such a grand occasion, were carefully moving about not to misplace any thing. It seemed to them as if breakfast time *never* would come—they ate at the second table, and had to wait until their parents and other boarders were through—but finally, with a well-filled basket of lunch, they were all snugly packed in a carriage, ready to start out of the city, Mrs. Henderson as much mystified as the children as to where they were going. After two hours' pleasant ride the carriage drove up before an elegant-looking cottage.

"Why, Mr. Henderson!" exclaimed his wife, "where are you taking us to? I do n't know any one living here!"

"You certainly are intimately acquainted with

the owner," laughingly replied Mr. Henderson; "only step out of the carriage and I will prove it to you."

With some hesitation, and with many words of caution to the children as to not making a noise, behaving polite, etc., she followed her husband up the walk, leading Jennie by the hand. Harry and Mattie had already spied the calf and lamb eating young grass near the fence, and were ready to scream out with joy at their discovery, but cautioned by their mother, demurely followed her and Jennie. In the mean time Mr. Henderson had rung the bell and said something to the nice, matronly looking woman who attended the door. His wife and children were then ushered into the handsomely furnished parlor. Seeing the uncomfortable look of anxiety and suspense on his wife's countenance, he took her by the arm and led her to the large pier-glass, politely saying, "Allow me to introduce you to the owner of this house, if you do not already recognize her."

"Why, Mr. Henderson! James, what do you mean?"

"Is it not your birthday? How do you like my present of 'Woodbine Cottage?'"

Utterly amazed, she could not for some moments realize what her husband meant, then a happy smile settled on her face, and after warmly thanking her devoted husband, she turned to the wondering children and explained to them that it was their own, their *very own* home. Many a year afterward Mr. and Mrs. Henderson recalled their joyous look when they fully comprehended that this was indeed to be their future home.

After they had all admired the rich and tastily furnished parlors, Mr. Henderson took them over the rest of the house, planning where the furniture they already had was to be placed, showing the children their own pretty bedrooms and play-room, etc. Then they went to look at the grounds and outhouses. Harry was delighted with the chicken-house, and all were pleased with a little Gothic-shaped shed for the calf and pet lamb. They had already made acquaintance with these pets. The lamb was following Jennie, who hugged and kissed it from the first without the slightest fear. When wearied they returned to the house, where their mother had spread out in the dining-room the lunch they brought with them, no provision being yet made to cook a regular dinner. The person who let them in was only a kind neighbor, wife of the carpenter, who had charge of the keys while the repairs were being made. After eating their lunch and taking one more happy survey of every thing, they returned to

the city to pack up and get ready to move out to their new home.

A few years have passed by since they were settled in it; now let us see if a more joyous spirit pervades the new home. Alas! no; for the same disposition to be particular about every thing fills Mrs. Henderson's mind. In fact, it had increased; for her pride in her beautiful home, and her ambition to keep her furniture and every thing in the most perfect order, often makes others uncomfortable instead of adding to their happiness. The servants are constantly overlooked and corrected if the least thing is misplaced. The children are not allowed to go here or there; must not play on the front lawn, or go among the flowers for fear of spoiling something, and even Mr. Henderson is reminded to leave his boots in the hall, and put on his slippers *before* coming into the parlor, no matter how tired he may be of an evening, after having been at the office in the city all day. Or if he threw the newspaper carelessly down on the lounge instead of the table, it was folded up before him as a silent reproof, then laid where it belonged. Thus home was not made as bright to any one as it might have been.

Poor Mattie had a more strangely weird look than ever, for she was constantly striving to shield her younger brother and sister from reproof by having her eyes in every direction, to replace as quickly as possible any thing they might leave in disorder. She perfectly idolized her brother, but he, boy-like, was often thoughtless of the trouble he caused his sister, though he loved her very dearly, and confided to her all his little troubles or ambitious secrets of "when I'm a man." The one he most talked of was having a home of his own, where his sisters could come and see him, and scatter and bang things about *just as much as they pleased*, not realizing that if they all lived, they too would be grown up, and not care so much about such things as they now did.

One day Harry came in from school with his cheeks flushed, and a wearied look. Flinging down his books, he threw himself on the lounge in the sitting-room.

"Harry," said Mrs. Henderson, "get up at once, and put your books in the right place."

"O, do let my books be where they are; my head aches."

"Well, if your head does ache it would not have made it any worse to place your books where they belong. I expect you have been playing too hard."

Thoughtful Mattie at once placed them on the

shelf, Mrs. Henderson not caring who did it so her love of order was gratified. At tea-time Harry scarcely tasted any thing, and after tea his father noticing his still flushed cheeks called him to his side, and asked him what was the matter with him.

"O, papa, my head aches so!" exclaimed the child, as he laid it down upon his father's shoulder.

Finding that his head was hot, and hands very dry and feverish, he told Harry he thought he had better go to bed, and as he noticed his wife was busy, upon some "household care intent," he proposed to go with him to his room. The child looked pleased, and took his father's hand till they reached the foot of the stairs, then he seemed unable to lift one foot before the other, and complained of being "O, so dizzy." His father at once raised him in his arms, and carried him up to bed. With almost womanly gentleness he undressed his dear boy, then bathed his hands and forehead until they seemed cooler. Seating himself by the bedside, he begged Harry to go to sleep. After tossing about for a while he finally fell into a restless sleep. Mr. Henderson then stole softly downstairs, and told his wife that he feared Harry was going to be really sick.

"Why, my dear, you are always so anxious about the children! He came in tired from school, as if he had been playing too hard." But before going to bed she looked in upon him, and saw he was asleep, but Mr. Henderson, still anxious, left their doors open, so that he could go to Harry if he should awake in the night. Feeling uneasy, he did not sleep very soundly, and toward morning heard Harry moaning as if in pain. Hastily slipping on something, he was soon by his bedside. The child did not seem to recognize him, and was evidently delirious. He called to his wife, and some one was aroused to go for the doctor. The doctor, after looking at Harry, and feeling his pulse, shook his head gravely, as he made up a prescription. When he left the room the anxious parents followed him into the hall, begging him to tell them what was the matter with their darling boy, for Mrs. Henderson, though not usually demonstrative, had an affectionate heart, and when it was roused showed deep feeling. The doctor told them that Harry seemed to have all the symptoms of scarlet fever, and advised them to keep the girls out of his room. But Mattie, loving her brother with all the warmth and depth of an ardent nature, repressed toward others, had been by her brother's bedside a long time in the evening after his father left him. He had awaked and

called for a drink just as she was going to her own room, and as he complained of his head aching, she had stayed with him till he again fell asleep. She told her mother this, and begged to be still near him. It was too late now for any precautions to avail aught, so Mattie was permitted to soothe her brother's wandering mind. O, how the mother's heart ached as he begged her not to reprove him for tossing his things around. "O, my head aches so; do let the books stay where they are," he again and again said, repeating his last words to his mother.

A day later Mattie was not seen in her brother's room, or Jennie's voice heard anywhere about the house. They, too, lay moaning in pain. How glad, O, how very glad, would Mrs. Henderson have been, could she only have seen a misplaced chair, or school books lying around! Every thing was in too perfect order now, while a hushed stillness reigned over the whole house, except in the room where the precious little sufferers lay. Toward the end of the week they grew worse, then it was known that the "Angel of Death" hovered near. One by one was lightly touched with his icy hand, the angels of "Pity" and "Mercy" standing near to safely convey them over the River Jordan to the heavenly home, where they would have eternal joy and peace. Who can describe the desolation of that home? The father's bright day-dreams for his children's future happiness on earth all vanished, and his heart left desolate and almost broken; for he had found his greatest source of pleasure and happiness in his children, when free from the cares of business. Over the repentant mother, crushed with grief and anguish, we will draw a veil. It was years before she could banish the longing wish to have her little ones back, to make them happier than she now knew they could have been while with her, but the wish, alas! was in vain. An unvaried order and oppressive silence followed her every-where as a daily reproof, as a lesson learned too late. Are there not others who may learn the same sad lesson *too late*? Home, remember, can not be made too happy for the little one, who may be "only lent for a while."

BELIEVING is neither more nor less than heart-looking. Whosoever looked at the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness was made well, however feeble his look. Just so, whosoever looks at Jesus by faith is pardoned, however great his sins may have been, and however feeble his faith.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

SIMPLE in her manners and accessible to all, she puts every one at ease. When she makes calls on the people she is never disturbed, however homely their way of living. She is equally social with the farmer who is husking corn, with his wife at her wash-tub, and with the old mother by the kitchen fire-side. And this is without affectation, from her genuine interest in her husband's people. She is one of those that seems born to do the very thing that needs to be done; entertaining company, tending baby, washing pots and kettles, copying sermons, writing letters, and darning stockings. All this within the parsonage, while outside she visits sick and well, and makes herself agreeable to young and old, and this without ever producing the impression upon the rich that she is trying to curry favor, nor upon the poor that she feels herself to be condescending to their estate. This is her comprehensive gift, her *karisma*, fitting her to do every thing in the right place and time.

Such is the ideal minister's wife. But few are fitted for this variety of effort, and no parish can properly demand it. Each one must do good in her own way. And if the family duties of a minister's wife are such as to make it inconsistent for her to be prominent in parish matters, she ought not to attempt it. She is then bound to save her strength for home use, especially for cheering and sustaining her husband in his arduous toils. If she urges herself to more than this, you may be sure her conscience is a little morbid, even though she may act from the very best of motives. Of course there are emergencies, such as we have recently passed through in the war of the rebellion, when every patriotic woman, were she a hundred times wife or mother, is called to special duties and sacrifices. When our country needs our services, in the great struggle for right and freedom, it is no time to hesitate between conflicting claims.

There are also seasons of unusual religious interest which bring their unusual demands. If at such times, by some word of counsel to the perplexed and of comfort to the troubled heart, she can assist in leading sinners to Christ, the faithful minister's wife will seek out such opportunities as one of her highest privileges. Thus from love to her Master, and sympathy with her husband, she freely gives the flock a service which they could not require of her.

I have a letter before me written more than a century ago, which bears happily on this

general subject. It is from the Rev. Thomas Smith, of Pembroke, Plymouth county, Massachusetts, to his daughter, who had just married Mr. Dunster, a grandson of the first President of Harvard College. Mr. Smith was a fine scholar, and one of the distinguished men of that day. A popular preacher, he drew such crowded houses that even the gallery stairs were occupied as seats. The only difficulty he had with his people was the same that tries the souls of so many ministers—on the subject of church music. But this was only a ripple in his long and successful ministry. He preached till his sight entirely failed him, which was at the age of eighty-three. I copy his letter from the original manuscript, yellow with age, but which has been carefully framed and preserved by loving hands.

"MY CHILD,—You will accept this as a token of my permanent affection and concern for you, and take in good part the advice I give. As you were always a dutiful and pleasant child to your parents, so I hope I may conclude you will be dutiful, faithful, and agreeable in your present station, and prove as great a blessing in it as ever woman did. Set before you the best and brightest patterns of female virtue and economy, and among the rest, forget not the example of good old-fashioned Sarah, of whom you have read, and will do well to read again, as also Solomon's description of a virtuous wife.

"I am highly desirous you should excel the common rate of even clergymen's wives, and shine with the stronger luster in the orb appointed for you. I mean that you should excel in gentleness, goodness, and usefulness. You can not do yourself a greater honor nor a greater pleasure than by indulging this ambition and this pursuit; nor can you reflect a greater honor upon your father and mother, who have had the care of your education, nor give them a greater pleasure.

"There is no need I should recommend hospitality; I am sensible you are no niggard; but I may tell you that all the parishioners claim an interest in such as you. Allow the claim—be easy of access to all and affable—that may be without any low familiarities. Despise not the lowest for their foibles and infirmities, but pity and assist them rather. If you meet with any rough or clownish, or otherwise ill treatment from any, watch for an opportunity to do them a good turn; if resentment seem necessary, beware that it proceed not too far, yea, rather leave that matter wholly to Mr. Dunster. I would have you so innocent, discreet, pure, that even malice itself should be put to it to

find any thing to object against you. Your mother will propose to visit you sometime in the Spring, unless there be some particular difficulty to prevent; for I intend to allow her a month, which you know is a great matter for me. Mr. Dunster will not take it amiss that he is not particularly addressed. If he should happen to find it a fault in me, I know he will forgive it when I ask his pardon.

"I am his and yours affectionately,
"THOMAS SMITH.

"Pembroke, December 29, 1767."

I remember hearing one of our popular lecturers, who had traveled all over the country, and had frequently experienced the hospitality of ministers, remark that he regarded the wives of our country pastors as among the noblest of martyrs. And it seems to me that never were words more fitly spoken. Occupying a situation of extreme delicacy and difficulty, with ceaseless claims upon narrow means, and obliged to resort to every possible contrivance to give an air of refinement to their homes, yet meeting the multitudinous and seemingly conflicting requirements made upon them with rare prudence and with uncomplaining patience and self-denial, they do, indeed, constitute a heroic band.

And here I can not forbear quoting the following eloquent tribute from a gifted clergyman:

"Side by side with the Christian pastor, through every generation of our Puritan story, moves one who, though over her head no prayer of consecration attended by imposition of hands was offered, has surely been faithful as he in the ministry of the Word. The wives of New England's hill-side ministers—they are a class whose achievements have been seldom celebrated or sung. Self-denying, overworked, placed in a situation of critical difficulty; tasking every virtue of prudence, every grace of humility; struggling, with scanty means, to preserve an atmosphere of refinement for the Gospel's sake in a household where poverty makes narrow the ribbon and threadbare the coat; patient, zealous, benevolent; the angels of the bedside of suffering, the unfaltering helps of the preacher of the Word—if ever there was a class whose virtues deserved the tribute of eloquence and reverent admiration, they are the wives of our country ministers. Sacred above apostolic benediction has been their ordaining to the work.

"The vision of one such comes before me now, has been before me from childhood—never let me forget it till a mother's countenance fades from my dying memory—whose life-long work is set forth in the apostle's words, as if written but of her. 'She brought up children; she

lodged strangers; she washed the saints' feet,' yea, the feet of sinners, too; 'she relieved the afflicted; she diligently followed every good work.' And yet, I do not speak of her as doing an unusual labor. She is but one of the thousands who have worn themselves out in the past, are wearing themselves out now in the cheerful, uncomplaining labors of a rural pastor's wife. I say not these things to gain for them any false and commiserating sympathy. They do not ask for it. They would be the last to exaggerate their services or their trials. What they do they do for the Gospel's sake; but if there is any such thing as obligation in the world, the world is under obligation to them."

Yes, what they do they do from sympathy with their husbands, and for the sake of their Master. The love of Christ is a hidden fire, which, however circumstances may limit its expression, will, perforce, break out in some earnest petition, some tender or encouraging word, or some deed of love or mercy.

It should never be forgotten that the wife of a clergyman occupies a peculiarly trying position. To fit her fully for it she is sometimes called to severe discipline. In their frequently recurring afflictions the members of the flock look to her for sympathy and consolation; but how can she give this who has not herself been afflicted? There are seasons of unusual trial in the community. Her husband's parish may be on the sea-coast, and some fierce gale wrecks the returning vessel almost within sight of home, at a single stroke bereaving a large number of households; or some fatal epidemic sweeps over the place, cutting down the flower of many a family, and how can she, who has never parted with a dear one, understand the ministry of consolation? But let her dwelling be darkened by the great shadow, let one of her own blossoms of love be stricken down, and she begins to comprehend the profound mystery of sorrow. She sees the rose slowly fading from its cheek, and the sunshine from its laughing eye. Its little, dimpled hand is now white and delicate as alabaster, yet she hopes on! Alas death knows no relenting. The tiny pulse beats more and more faintly, and as she gazes with a breaking heart the fluttering prisoner escapes, her birdling soars forever from its nest. Or a bolt out of a clear sky falls upon her household without one moment's notice, crushing the hopes of a life-time, and working a wide-spread desolation, which no pen can describe. What a lesson has the sufferer learned! How near to her now are the afflicted ones in the flock! How close can she draw to those who are going down into the

deep waters! She may not be able to utter a single word, but the mourners divine what she feels, and are comforted by her presence; henceforth the sanctuaries of grief are open to her, for she has the key to them, and a mission there.

But do not forget that I have disclaimed perfection for the minister's wife. To have one who knows not how to bridle her tongue, who is weak or inconsiderate, inefficient, untruthful, or indiscreet, is a trial to any parish. But is it not a greater trial to her husband? and have you not affection and respect enough for your pastor to throw a veil of charity over her failings, and to shield him so far as possible from the effects of her wrong-doing? With the very best intentions, however, your minister's wife is liable to mistakes. In a moment of excitement she may utter a hasty word. Some injudicious person repeats it, and so it travels from one to another, with additions and colorings, till a great fire of indignation is kindled. Ah, do not write bitter things against her. That hasty word was from the impulse of the moment, and meant not half that it implied. She regretted it at once, and has suffered for it ever since. Can you not pass it over, and quiet the breezes it has stirred? And do not believe every bad thing you hear about your pastor's wife. Of course, you are not to look for an angel, yet, if you do your part, who knows whether she may not become to you an angel of mercy?

O, if we could all cherish the Divine spirit of charity, how many bitter misjudgments might be spared! "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This high and noble enactment is a chain let down to us from heaven, every separate link of which is of purest gold, and the closer it binds us to one another, the nearer will it draw us to heaven. Thus, there will be better ministers, better ministers' wives, and better parishes, and they will go on, growing better and better, till pastor and people meet together in the perfected blessedness of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is the life of Christianity. It is the revealed law of God's dealing with us, and of our godly dealing with each other. It is the principle of the incarnation itself, and of the relation between man and man. Without compassion, or fellow-feeling, the love of God is a mere unintelligible word, and human love a pretense. We can not truly love that with which we have nothing in common, and we can

not apprehend how God can *love* us unless there were some means by which he might *feel* for us. Therefore, we accept the mystery that he took our nature upon him in Christ. In this lies the power of the atonement, of the reconciliation of God and man in the Savior. We believe that God is brought into special contact with man in Christ; and that thus he can have compassion upon us.

Thus, compassion is the life of Christianity as between God and man. And without compassion, without fellow-feeling, there can be no true human love, no true Christian union. Without it, indeed, man can not fill his right place in the world, or discharge his proper duty to his fellow-men.

Compassion is that which chiefly distinguishes us from other animals with whom we share common life. With them there seems to be no place for the law, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." A passing instinct may make the parent bird wail and twitter while the nest is being robbed, but, as a rule, the weak animal is destroyed by the strong, and the only sense in danger is one of self-preservation. This may seem to be so true as to need no notice, but as human compassion is of so nice and essential a nature, I will ask you to look with me at some bastard forms of it, that we may, if possible, have a juster conception of what compassion or fellow-feeling is, and what the apostle means when he tells us all to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." For instance, the feeling which is aroused by a sight of distress may be divine and right, and yet take a mere selfish or mischievous form, as when with inconsiderate sensitiveness we toss a shilling to a beggar. Or we may pay a passing tribute to some form of impure rejoicing simply because it seems to give enjoyment, and we have a vague notion that it is pleasant to see others pleased, no matter what contributes to their mirth. Or the sight of suffering in another may lead us not only to say, "I can not bear to see it," but to escape from the pain we feel, and which is the sign of our capacity for showing divine tenderness, by simply turning away, that the impression may fade.

Now, I am not supposing it desirable, even if possible, that we should try to change our tastes; but I am sure that there is much departure from the divine law to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," in our yielding selfishly and readily to the nice promptings of taste. The divine law before us is very large. It involves not only a quick appreciation of real joy and sorrow in

others, but much effort of perception, and much forbearance. We might possibly suppose that there was much to offend and little to appeal to the taste of one so pure as our Lord Jesus Christ in the circumstances of many whom he relieved. The widowed mother weeping over the bier of her only son might melt any heart, but the blind beggar in the ditch, and the poor, commonplace, shrinking leper, were sights too frequent to rouse unusual emotion. We might thus suppose that Christ had pity on such somewhat against the grain of his divine refinement, but I am sure such a supposition would be false. The truly divine heart responds as readily to common sorrow as to that which is peculiar and obviously pathetic. Let us be sure that, as we have the mind of Christ, so we keenly perceive and considerately try to cure all suffering, however mean and repulsive it may be; so we sympathize with honest, genuine rejoicing, however ignoble it may appear.

One curse of the present day is indifference. It is supposed to be a mark of some sort of superiority to hear with phlegm and see with stolid stare. True, there is a divine steadiness, which is swift to hear and slow to speak, but the spirit of indifference to which I allude is but a base caricature of this. We are not wanted to cultivate a hysterical susceptibility, but we ought to resist the fashion which admires a careless and unfeeling composure. It is not Christian, it is not right. It tends to spoil that which is best in us, that capacity for divine compassion which sees with readiness and helps with consideration.

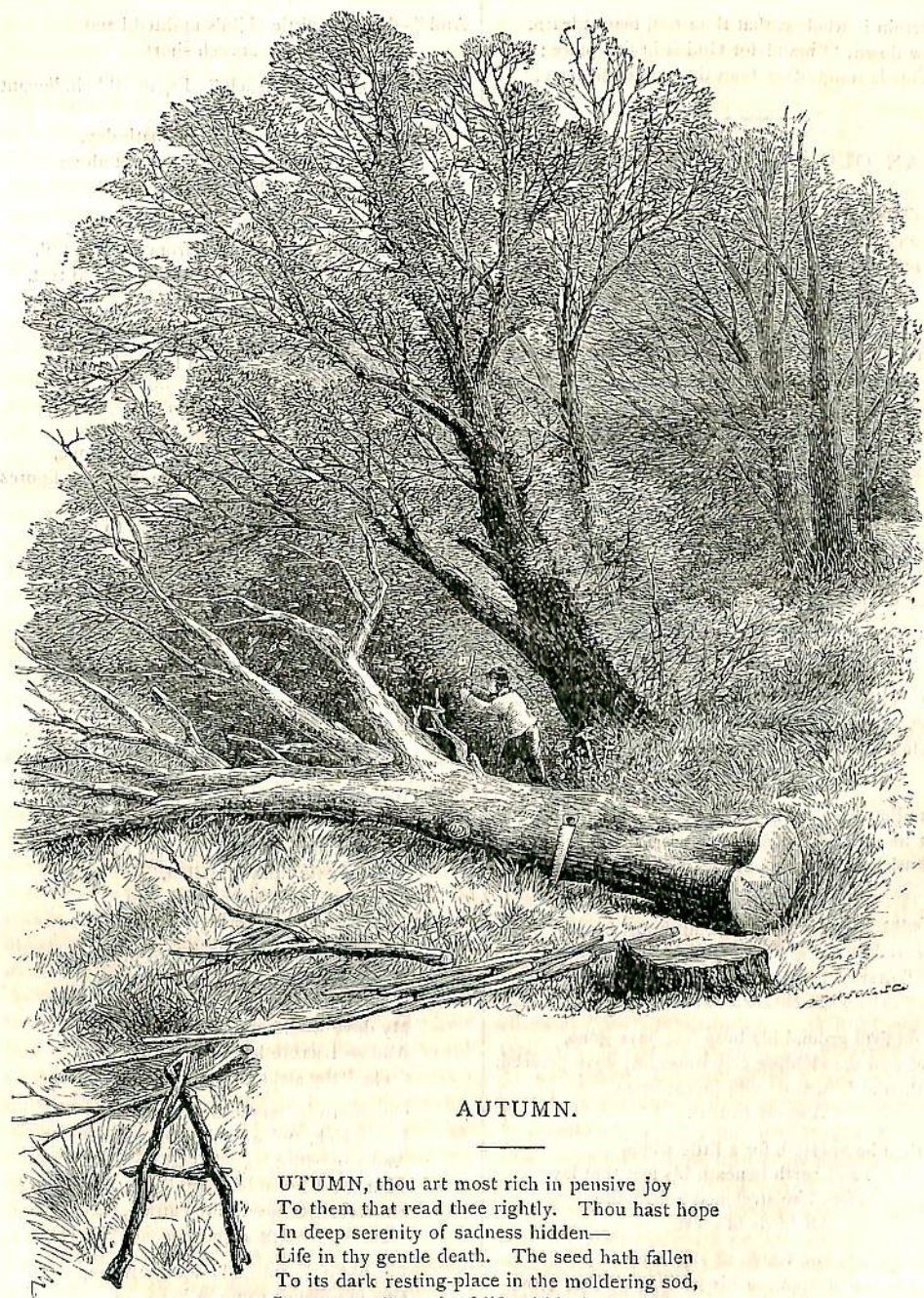
True compassion is the most lovable grace, and one charm of it is that there always is scope for its exercise. It is the secret of the best legislation, for it includes that perception of genuine human wants which prevents irritating or merely theoretical law. It is the secret of all good government and management in politics, in society, in home life. We say that one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin. Whatever we do, let us recollect that the law before us assumes a power to put ourselves in the position of others. We are not to judge any thing merely from our own standing-point, but make strong effort to get out of ourselves, and move round to others' side of a matter, and try to see it as it appeared to others. This, more than any thing else, prevents misunderstanding. It enables those who differ to join issue fairly. It preserves good faith in controversy. It sets people to seek the right result, unswayed by merely personal feelings. It eminently leads to this in the matter of religious

differences. There, if anywhere, we have a large scope for speculation. Being impressed, as we should be, by the fact that history and experience tell us that there are good men, sincere, devoted, who hold opinions opposite to ours, who see the same facts in contrary lights, we should apply the principle of the divine law, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," especially in religious antagonisms. And if we, happily, are little affected by these, we have still wide range for the use of the principle at home; and home is the cradle of human life. Let us try more not to think of ourselves so much in our sorrows and joys. Let us be ready to listen to *others*, even in their smallest vexations. Let us oil the wheels of home life by taking more interest in what others are doing, and saying, and wishing. As a very little matter, a little grit, or stick, or nail may make a hitch in the working of a great machine and mar the best-made engine, making its well-aimed purposes abortive, so in a family, peace and comfort, the love and life of home, may be spoiled by slight instances of inconsiderateness. An unkind, wanton word, a rough reception of a well-meant act, an overlooking of some homely interest which concerns the children, or the servants, or the weak, may be enough to set the whole household ajar.

Do not think that these are considerations too little for one who has, may be, great business in the head, or great schemes in the head. Do not think that they are beneath the serious notice of the largest Christian mind. When we remember of what countless items the fabric of the commonest human life and hopes is built, when we remember with how intimate a recognition of lesser things the whole world is conducted by God, let us see in the law of our text a great Christian principle, influencing not only the central article of Christian belief, but reaching down to the routine of the lowliest society, and the day's round of the humblest home.

Let us carry home a conviction that if we would live as members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, there are no times and places in which we need not do our best, with prayer to God, to keep the great law of compassion, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," however humble the rejoicing, however uninteresting the tears.

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SIMPLICITY is an exact medium between too much and too little. Grace is the medium of motion; beauty is the medium of form, and gentleness is the medium of fashion.



AUTUMN.

UTUMN, thou art most rich in pensive joy
To them that read thee rightly. Thou hast hope
In deep serenity of sadness hidden—
Life in thy gentle death. The seed hath fallen
To its dark resting-place in the moldering sod,
Its own small spark of life within it glowing
We know not how—that unseen quickening power
Lodged there by Him whose least-regarded work
Is past our understanding. Canst thou tell,
Thou that hast sought with weary and subtle toil!
By what still-working silent spell it draws
Unto itself all needful elements,
And weaves them into fabrics passing art,
Yet toils not, neither spins? How meekly there,
With what glad quietness in the dreary time,
Do these abide their rising from the earth!

Therein is wisdom that thou well may'st learn,
Bow down, O man! for God is in this place;
"This is none other than the gate of heaven!"

AN OLD CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

UPOSE the sun o'er dripping hill and dale;
The clouds, glad of dismissal, broke away;
And nature smiled above her tears, to hail
A Sabbath day.

A clearer, bluer luster filled the air;
A richer, deeper fragrance floated round;
And pools of liquid crystal every-where
Lay on the ground.

The faithful ones who dwelt in Nazareth
Came slowly out, and with a righteous awe
Went to the synagogue, with bated breath,
To hear the law.

They heard, and straight returned; nor dared they
room
Among the glories new about them spread;
Each, silent, solemn, took the way for home,
Each thither sped.

One child there was would not be thus confined;
One, seven years old, who sallied out to play,
To drink the joys of freshened earth and wind
That Sabbath day.

His mother checked him not, yet saw him leave,
For he was wise beyond her wisdom's reach;
Her husband shook his head; he could but grieve,
He could not teach.

The child, with youthful glee, his sport began,
Cheered by the glories of the newborn earth;
From flower to flower, from pool to pool he ran,
In childish mirth.

Now on firm ground his busy feet have gone,
And now the yielding clay those feet have pressed,
And then at last, tired out, he sat upon
A stone to rest.

And then he sported, for a little while,
With the soft earth beneath his feet that lay;
And soon before him stretched a little file
Of birds of clay.

Old Benjamin, the Rabbi of the town,
Had watched from out his window all this sport,
And came, with pompous step and gathering frown,
Down to the court.

"Hail, Rabbi!" said the child then; "Master,
hail!"

"Son," said the old man, "heard I not thee say
That mere professions nothing will avail,
We must obey?"

"Why hast thou then thus broken God's com-
mand,
Profaned his holy Sabbath with thy sport,

And"—here the little child's uplifted hand
Cut his speech short.

"What, dost thou teach," began th' indignant
tone,

"The chosen people on the Sabbath day,
And hast not learned that God says not alone
What thou dost say?"

This is the word the Father hath expressed,
That all should rest this day from worldly toil,
From wearing, carking cares this day should rest,
And constant moil.

His will it is that man should goodness do;
His will it is that man should happy be;
Now I am happy; now I work; and who
Shall hinder me?"

This said, one earnest glance he turned above,
Then clapped his hands. The earthen figures
heard

The sound; they started; each began to move,
A living bird!

They started up, instinct with new-found life;
New breath inspired a new and joyful song;
Then whirled their way, vying harmonious strife,
The woods among.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

My wife had left her home to seek
The glow I worshiped in her cheek
Like Persian old; my sky had paled;
A letter every day I mailed,
And often said, in cheerful vein,
"The baby slept all night again."

All hallow'd by her tears and prayers
He stay'd with me, it lessen'd cares;
If he, the nestling, slept, I knew
My dove would slumber sweetly too;
And so I wrote her now and then,
"The baby slept all night again."

One morn he languished at my side,
Death-sick, and with the day he died,
And day with him. It was my will
That she I loved be happy still,
So wrote I in my wonted strain,
"The baby slept all night again."

But when, in turn, she fondly wrote,
Her pet names using in her note,
With artless talk about the bed
Of him who slept so cold and dead,
I sat the bitter truth to pen,
"He sleeps to wake no more again."

And when upon my breast she lay,
And sobbed her precious bloom away,
And grief met grief, while of the dead
We thought within his narrow bed,
I said, and saw it ease her pain,
"He wakes to sleep no more again."

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

THERE had been a heavy fall of rain for several days, and as brother G. and I looked out of our temporary abode on the morning of January 29, 186-, we at once decided that our only hope of reaching L. in time for quarterly-meeting, would be to leave the buggy and put the horses under saddle. It was during a periodical rain and thaw, after two weeks of good traveling, and any one who knows Southern Illinois will easily comprehend the situation. Farmers had been in earnest about hauling corn, wheat, and other farm products to the railroad station where we were, and the "mud roads" of the country had been cut up and deepened into sloughs, many of which were not faint imitations of the celebrated "slough of despond." The prospect, therefore, for a day's ride was not particularly attractive. We must, however, go through, so, equipping ourselves with "leggings" and spurs—the traditionary saddle-bags were wanting—we set out, and plunged into the middle of the mud, deep, in some places, as our horses' bellies, and were in for a thirty miles' ride before midnight, if our steeds could endure the work of it.

The day proved beautiful, beyond almost the best of Winter days, when Nature delights to give men at once a foretaste of a coming millennium and a reminiscence of the lost paradise. April scarcely spreads a brighter sky or fleecier clouds to curtain the sleeping earth, and May is niggardly of balmy air than that which seemed to nestle itself close to our faces as we rode eastward to meet the glorious coming of the sun. Our road was over prairies wild and primitive in some places, and cultivated to rural abundance in others; then among patches and spurs of timber, where great oaks and hickories made canopies over us, on which the dry oak leaves were still hanging to play with the southern breezes of Spring after having defied the tempests of Winter. Sometimes we wound along the sides of streams, and through their overflowed waters, in which our horses could almost swim. We traveled slowly, occasionally resting after toiling through a stretch of sticky bottom-land—so called, perhaps, because some bolder man than I has actually sounded its mud, and found a bottom to it.

We talked of the roads, the country, religion, politics, education, the Church, and some old friends, whom we both had known and prized in our circuit-riding days in Ohio, for although when we resided in that State we had both been in fact local men, yet we had traveled circuits,

and supplied more than one hard appointment. No one will wonder, then, if he is told that our ride was delightful, and that we really were making better progress than we had dared to hope. A little time before noon we rode into a tract of moderately rolling land, covered with fine oaks. A grander forest Nature never made. The trees stood apart. There was no underbrush. The whole ground was covered with dried leaves, soft as a carpet and nearly as clean. Now and then the branches opened above, and let in great masses or bodies of sunlight, which, as it fell on the lower limbs and trunks of the trees, and on the rounded points of the swells, or in the basins which they made, broke into brooks and lakes of molten gold, all quivering, as it seemed, with life and laughing joy. Nothing was wanting to make the scene a complete Summer enchantment, save the song of birds, the odor of flowers, and the sight of green foliage.

As we rode out of this forest we came upon a log cabin covered from ground to chimney-tops with climbing roses and honeysuckles. A trumpet creeper, such a mighty vine as you sometimes see wild in this region, had climbed each chimney, and, with its outspread branches at the top, had made quite a tree, and looked as if it only needed a wink from the distant Spring to giggle forth with its peculiar, laughing leaves, and to manufacture a thousand brilliant trumpets for the fairies to blow. A rose had taken possession of a rustic frame-work over the door, where its green shoots hung as if longing for just one hint from the smiling sun to burst forth into rainbows, as does a cloud after a Summer shower. Honeysuckles clambered over the windows like frolicsome children over the ladders and ropes of a gymnasium, and looked as if they could hardly wait till March before filling the whole air with perfume. In the front yard were several species of evergreens—among them a hemlock—looking so like unfading worth and honesty that I cried out, "There lives a good woman, one whose good nature never fails, and who is all the more excellent and even beautiful in bad weather and hard times, and I am certain she is from New Hampshire."

"You are partly right and partly wrong, as usual," said he; for I had often guessed at the politics of the settlers as we rode along, and, as he knew them to a man, he had sometimes tripped my conjectures. "This time," he went on to say, "you are wrong in your most important point."

"What!" cried I, a little warmly, "do you mean to insinuate that a bad woman made that cabin into such a picture of beauty?"

"I neither said nor intended any such thing," he replied, breaking out into a laugh.

"Then what do you mean?" I demanded.

"O, you said a good woman lived there, and she was from New Hampshire," said he. "Now I assume, and I think correctly, that you esteem it a better and even a more important thing to have been born in New Hampshire than to be good. That is all. Now do n't be too hard on my honesty and frankness."

I had been praising New England, and particularly New Hampshire that morning, and had spoken of Daniel Webster and John Stark, and others of her sons, and of course had no defense against G.'s wit. So I merely looked at my watch, and asked if the good woman of the vine-covered cabin was a Methodist.

"Certainly," said he; "but you can not stop here for dinner. That large flock of chickens, which you are looking at so longingly, is not to be depleted to replete your stomach to-day. So put up your watch and call up patience, and we will jog along."

"You are bishop and commander-in-chief of this expedition," said I, "and I shall obey, but not without a protest, which I here record in case of future starvation. You do n't catch me riding at dinner-time in this country, past a good Methodist sister's house, with such prospects as that yard affords, without some trifling compunctions and some stern protestations."

"I can do better with you at Dr. L.'s, whose wife, by the way, is a New Hampshire woman, and who, in her school-keeping days, boarded here with Mrs. R. for two years or more."

"She did?" said I, interrupting him. "She did? Did n't I tell you a New Hampshire woman made that beauty of the cabin and its yard, there behind us? I knew it upon instinct. That hemlock I knew came from the side of some great rock by a country home in the Granite State. The school-ma'am made that cabin. I am reconciled to go on, and joyfully withdraw my protest. Let the expedition move on. But what sort of a woman is sister L.?"

"You shall see her for yourself," said he. "Her husband, Dr. L., knows we are to go to L. to-day, and he knows, further, that I never get within five miles of his house at noon without calling for my dinner. And, moreover, he knows wild turkeys and prairie chickens, and knows how to shoot the very best of the flock. So you may withdraw your protest or not as you choose. You are my captive to-day whether you will or not."

"You offer inducements which are potent to make captive willingly any Methodist preacher who has ridden from before sunrise to half-past

eleven, in such a stimulating Winter sunlight, and over such a country as we have. How far is it to Dr. L.'s?"

"Not far from a mile and a half," said he. "And Dr. L. is brother to Mrs. R. who lives in your enchanting cabin back yonder."

"Good, and better," said I. "Before I could add any thing further brother G. cried out, 'How do you like that now?'"

"Good, better, best!" said I; "let us rest here. This is one of my Ebenezer's. I think I could sing now."

"But I only ask you to look. I know how you sing, and I did n't ask for voice at all. Eyes were made for just such prospects as this. You can use yours on occasion. Will you use them this once?"

"I accept the hint," said I, and looked silently, stopping my horse just in a spur of timber, and looking eastward and northward, as once Abram and Lot did. And certainly the garden of the Lord could scarcely have been more entrancing. First we looked over a wide rolling prairie, with many log cabins, and some white frame houses, and one or two brick dwellings. Nowhere else in Southern Illinois have I seen houses so surrounded and sentinelled by thrifty evergreens, guardian grenadiers of firs, and pines, and cedars, and hemlocks, standing by the doors to warn off the cold of Winter, and welcome the warmth of Spring. Nearer was a school-house, just in the edge of the forest, with a dozen great oaks partly hanging over it, as if raising their arms to give a benediction to all who entered the rose-sheltered door. There was a little forest of hemlocks—to me the prettiest of the evergreen tribe when young, and the grandest when old—standing so trim, and soft, and dark green at the back of the school-house. And nearer yet, a little to the left, stood the neatest of churches. The ground was scooped out into a sort of basin where it stood, and elm and black walnut trees grew, with their straight stems and mighty branches, on two sides of it. On the other were the evergreens and roses again. I had seen pretty churches before, but never another like this. It was a silver ornament set in an emerald bowl, and overarched with a canopy of golden net-work, as the noon-tide poured on it and the tree branches from the blue sky. In such a place men ought to be devout.

"Surely some fairy has come to this 'settlement' and made it her home," said I still stopping on my horse. "Such places do not spring up in this wilderness without a cause. I feel the presence of some good genius near at hand. I really sniff the ethereal spirit in the air."

"Nonsense," cried brother G. "You smell the dinner at Dr. L.'s, or, if you do n't smell dinner, my horse smells corn, and oats, and hay. I am sure I have felt that dinner for miles, and I shall not relish the spoiling of it, I assure you, as you will spoil it if you stop here drinking in sentiment."

"Dinner be spoiled and more too if it please," said I. "Good dinners are common enough in Southern Illinois. But such charming and humanly cultured landscapes as that, and such school-houses and churches as these, are not to be seen every day. This Winter landscape of houses and warm evergreens, and this noon-day January sunshine here in the edge of this protecting forest, with the school-house and church—the one pointing to the world of science open to every industrious learner, and the other pointing to a world of glory open to every believing worker—are worth a hundred dinners. I am not to be hurried now. And, more than that, I am going into that school-house too. Who is teacher?"

"I do not know," he replied. "Before she married, Mrs. L. was for some ten years teacher here."

"The wife of Dr. L., where we are going, do you mean?" asked I eagerly.

"Exactly," said he.

"Then I am almost sorry for my rash vow about going into the school-house, for I am beginning to long to see this good sister L. from New Hampshire."

By this time we were at the school-house, and were dismounting. After hitching our horses to some posts provided outside of the neat fence, I led the way and knocked at the door. While we were waiting a second or two, I had time to mark the hemlocks, such fine emblems of patiently enduring goodness in the midst of trials and misfortunes which, while every thing else is bare, and bleak, and juiceless, still remain fresh, and green, and beautiful as amid rains and suns, to notice the vines over the windows, and to observe one very large and spreading sweet-brier, still holding its wondrous crop of large crimson berries. Turning to G., I said, "Will you introduce me to the woman who keeps the school?"

"Woman?" said he. "How do you know it is a woman? But you would come here, now introduce yourself and me too, if you please."

"Nobody but a woman, and a rare one at that," said I, "could keep seventy children from pulling off those tempting berries."

At that instant the door opened, and a pair of black eyes, good natured, and yet full of fire, seemed to open wider than the door. I knew

I had seen them somewhere, listening to me in some crowd or other. The owner of the eyes, a tall, graceful woman, said, "I think this is Mr. Allyn," and then seeing brother G. she greeted him very warmly and with evident pleasure, and he at once came forward and formally introduced me to Mrs. L., the lady at whose house we were to dine. When we were seated she told us that she had been hurrying through the forenoon so as to get home for the dinner, and that the last class was then on the floor. We heard the class recite. G. said a few words to the scholars, all of whom seemed to know him, for he had traveled that circuit the last year, and then Mrs. L. said to the scholars, "Here is a gentleman whom I heard make an address to students twenty years ago. I can remember now what he then said, and it has done me good ever since. I am sure he loves still to talk to those who listen. Would you be glad to stay a few minutes and hear him?"

A hearty "yes ma'am" told me that they fully believed all she said, and I said something, I am afraid not as good as they had been led to expect from their teacher's words and manner, and school was dismissed. Dr. L.'s house was near, and we led our horses, walking along with Mrs. L.

"But where did you ever see me and hear me speak?" I asked of her as we went.

"Do you remember having addressed the students of the Academy in S. some twenty years ago? I was then among those students," said she.

"Well," said I, "your memory is good, and you remind me of one of the pleasantest visits I ever made, and of one of the best audiences I ever spoke to in all my life. Up among the mountains I found some three or four hundred young men and women, eager in pursuit of knowledge, and they seemed to hear me for an hour almost with raptures. I have often thought I would like to find another such 'fit audience.' But brother G. here tells me you were from New Hampshire. How came you at school out there in S. so far from home?"

"O, a great many things are more mysterious than that. For instance, why am I here in Southern Illinois?"

"And why am I here, too?" I interrupted her by asking.

"Do you know," said she, taking up the conversation again, "any thing of Professor P., who was at S. when you spoke there? You of course knew him, for I believe you and he were in college together, though not in the same class."

I was going to ask how she knew so much about Professor P. and myself, when I thought I noticed a sigh, and then I remembered P. was also from New Hampshire. So I simply told her in few words how, after P. left S., he entered the ministry and preached a few years in the same Conference with me, and then falling to a hereditary fit of despondency, he thought himself unfit to preach and became a lawyer. He rose to some degree of popularity at the bar, as he had done in the pulpit, and then returned to the ministry, and at the time of my speaking he was preaching with good success in G. station. She appeared satisfied, but I was not, and went on.

"Do you remember what a confirmed old bachelor he seemed to be when he was at S.?"

Before she could reply we were at the house, and her husband came forth, crying out, "Well, brother G., you are more welcome than usual to-day, as you bring home this truant wife of mine. I knew, indeed, she was a confirmed school-ma'am when I married her. But I thought I could cure her of that chronic complaint, being a doctor as I am, and I do really think I should have done it, if it had n't been for that church down in the basin which you and she, I believe, though it was she and you, built when you were at this circuit six years ago. She got a hitch in her head that it must have carpets, and she's gone to keeping school again."

Here she was able to introduce me to her husband and cut off his speech. I looked at the house, while a negro led the horses to the barn, and admired its porches, and vines, and hemlocks, and rare shrubs in the yard. I had somehow found out that she had been married less than two years, and while I was certain that the whole of the plant beauty was due to her, I wondered how she had produced it in so short a time. The doctor's barns and fences were in disorder rampant, but the garden and house were real gems of cultivated taste and skill. The dinner was ready almost as soon as we entered the house. And it was such a dinner—no one who has not "traveled circuit" in Southern Illinois for full twenty years could do ample justice to it in the description. I think, however, I did in the eating of it, or rather in trying to eat it, but I certainly was obliged to leave whole acres of it almost untouched. The doctor had been up at daylight, and killed the king of all the wild turkeys, and a half dozen prairie chickens and some pigeons, and his maiden sister, who kept his house, had cooked these, and ham and fowls, as only the women of "Egypt" can cook. The table was large

and strong, and bore the load in a manner that might have made Atlas envious. There was the twenty-pound turkey, stuffed with half as many more pounds of the most savory condiments, and the chickens, baked or sleeping under the melting coverlets of snowy pies, and pigeons in pies with brown tops, and ham boiled so tenderly—where does all the ham come from? I have often debated the question whether the hogs in this region do or do not have just sixteen hams apiece. Then there were potatoes mashed, white as flour, and sweet potatoes with their brown skins and bursting hearts of gold, and white bread like fleecy down, and corn-bread smoking hot like the foam of cream; and on every vacant spot stood some curious sort of fruit, or preserve, or jelly, or jam, of pear, or peach, or plum, or apple, or cherry, or strawberry, or currant, or blackberry, or some other good thing, made better by the housewife's art. It was a dinner to kill Methodist preachers, and yet to make them long to live forever. Alas! gout and dyspepsia, indigestion and nightmare, every-where lie in wait for the heralds of the Cross in this Egypt of Illinois. Mount a horse, as I have done, and ride from sunrise to midday in an Autumn air and sunlight, and then sit down to such a table as I have attempted to describe, and see if you do not behold your grandmother when night comes. Yet the preachers of this country have the usual share of health belonging to their class, and some of them carry round with them at least an eighth of a ton of such dinners, and seem to enjoy it.

Dinner was finished within in an hour and we prepared to continue our journey, and sister L. to return to her school. After I had bidden all good-by and had mounted my horse, she came running out toward me and asked:

"Do you know whether Professor P. is married yet?"

"I think not," said I. "Certainly he was not last July when I saw him, and he seemed still a confirmed old bachelor."

I thought the black eyes fell and that another sigh escaped as she walked alone toward her school-house. I rode along making a little mental picture of my unexpected finding of so much beauty in the wilderness, and of my meeting in the midst of it one whom I had seen—though never known—among the mountains of Vermont. Soon the thought of my old friend Professor P. came back and I began to wonder why Mrs. L. was so much interested to learn his history. "Why," I said to myself, "P. was from New Hampshire; and so brother G. said Mrs. L. was. P. taught school in S.,

and there Mrs. L. was a scholar." Then I began to overlook the hidden stores of memory, and sure enough it flashed into my mind that P. had told me a name dear to him, and confided it to me alone of all his college companions. That name flashed into light in an instant; and I called to G., who had not observed my reverie, and was riding on before at some little distance:

"What was Mrs. L.'s maiden name?"

"How do you suppose I know?" he answered. "And if I do know, of what consequence is that to you?"

"None at all, of course. But as you told me that you had known her for twenty years, and married her less than two years ago, I do not think it any improbable thing that you should remember her maiden name. But wait a moment, I can guess it."

"No you can't."

"Well, then, it was Markham."

"And who told you?"

"A bird of the air," said I.

"Then you did really know her? I thought you, and she also, said that she had seen and known you, but that you had never either seen or known her."

"So I thought, but I was wrong. I never saw her, but I have known her; she was from Rockingham county, New Hampshire."

"Did she tell you that?"

"No. Neither did any body tell me in this vicinity. And now I must know all of her history since she came out here."

"I thought you had been seeing her history in these hemlocks which you have so praised, and in the church and school-house which almost threw you into transports a little while ago."

"Do you call the works of a man or a woman the history? I know that is the way of the world, but it is all wrong. The history of a person is made up, not of what he does, but of the growth and changes, the struggles and successes of his soul. What was he? how has he been purified or degraded? and what is he now? These questions answered make one's history."

"Then I don't know Mrs. L.'s history only in part—and that a very small part. Twenty years ago when I was a single man on this circuit I tried to penetrate the personal seclusion in which she appeared to keep herself. But she seemed doomed to a nun's life, and I concluded I could never know her. We have been the best of friends ever since, but she has been a mysterious life to me. But as you know her name it is possible you can tell more than I."

"I think I can," said I. "But you must first tell me all about her coming to this region."

"Very good," he replied; "we have the afternoon before us, and we must have something to amuse us while we plod through this mud, and I know nothing really more interesting and profitable than talking about good women. So if you will tell her early life, I will her later."

"No, sir," said I. "You will begin, and, after the manner of old 'Dan Chaucer,' we two together will tell a 'legend of a good woman' as we ride."

"If you are inexorable and imperative, I must introduce the history."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM ALSACE TO THE HARTZ.

THERE is no district in Europe that so entirely combines accessibility, beauty, novelty, and economic interest, as Alsace. Although a great highway, it is little visited, for travelers pass through it generally in the dark, and always at full speed, on their way from Paris to Strasburg or Mühlhausen. The traveler by the night train to Strasburg reaches the Alsatian frontier about five o'clock in the morning, half asleep and thinking more of coffee and rest than of the scenery that he is rapidly leaving behind him. At Saverne, with its great red castle—now a barrack—and its reminiscence of old Roman occupation, the plain of Alsace is reached; and the broad, richly cultivated tract that intervenes between the Vosges Mountains and the Rhine—forming the eastern side of the great valley of that river—is crossed in about an hour, the railway entering the outer fortifications and gates of Strasburg, one of the most interesting and remarkable cities in Europe.

But the tourist who has a few hours to spare will not thus quit the region of the Vosges and the plains of Alsace. Before arriving at the station of Saverne the German country has been reached, for Saarbourg—the previous station, a walled town on the upper part of the river Saar, seventeen miles from Saverne—is the real boundary line, and this line is so sharply drawn, that while French is the language of the upper town and upper classes, and the official language, German is spoken by the lower classes and in the lower town. From this point the interesting country begins, and from Saarbourg to Saverne the railway winds its way through hills, through valleys, and burrows, in its course, through the northern

extremity of the Vosges Mountains, which extend southward from this point, and are crossed again at their southern extremity by the important branch of the Great Eastern Railway of France from Nancy to Mühlhausen. The chain is reached by no less than three branches, one on the French, the other two on the German side, between the two lines which cross it.

The Vosges, as a mountain chain, is not lofty, but presents a great variety of picturesque and delightful scenery. Its principal elevations—called *Ballons*, from their rounded form—are about 4,000 feet above the sea, and consist chiefly of granitic rock, upheaved through a red building-stone—*grès de Vosges* of geologists—and many overlying rocks of the secondary period. The hills are covered in places by magnificent forests, and are rich in minerals, especially in iron-stone. Coal is also worked, and the district is celebrated for its mineral springs, of which that of Plombières is well known. From Strasburg the principal points of interest are easily reached by railroad, and will justify a delay of several days for those who have time at their disposal.

The traveler in Alsace must make up his mind to put up with many minor inconveniences, and to see a little of wild life, but he need not fear starvation. The forests still contain wolves and wild boar, and these occasionally in Winter make their appearance in the villages. I remember being told by the guard of one of the trains, while crossing the country a few years ago, that the wild boars would sometimes run across the line, and that he had seen them endeavoring to outrun the train. Their chance in a stern chase of this kind is very small, even when allowance is made for the absence of very high speed and the proverbial tedium of such chases.

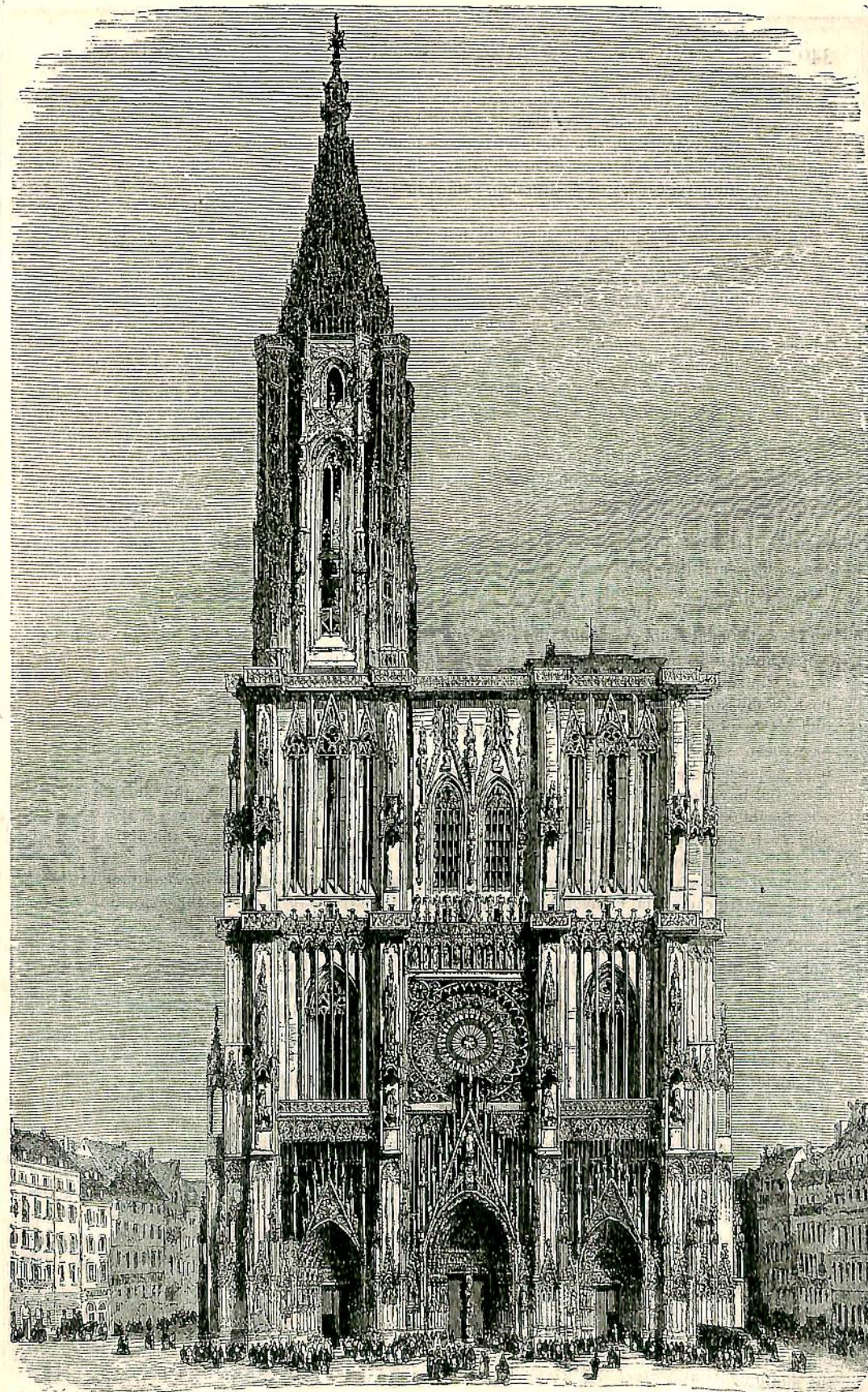
The human inhabitants of the valleys and smaller towns partake of the picturesque, and their customs have been comparatively little altered since the middle ages. They are honest and good-natured, but wedded to their old ways. Now and then a group of them may be seen in the market-place at Strasburg; but the costumes are dying out here as every-where else. They are not a very communicative, and by no means an industrious and active race. On the contrary, their lands are often cultivated and their crops cut and carried by their neighbors from Switzerland. The language of most parts of Alsace is more German than French; but French is generally taught, and is much more spoken than formerly.

Strasburg is so easily reached, and so situated, that it may well serve as head-quarters for

the tourist, whether he is merely on his way to Germany, or is prepared to visit the most interesting points of the district he has crossed before reaching that noble and ancient city. To those who have not traveled in Germany it presents a great contrast to the towns of France hitherto visited, not only in language, but in general aspect. Being a frontier town, close to the Rhine, it has been converted into a fortress of the first class; and by a system of sluices the surrounding country could, at any time, be laid under water, except on one side, where there is, however, the protection of mines to be exploded in case of need. There are, of course, many extensive outworks, and on entering the city by the railroad the peaceful visitor can hardly fail to be affected by the exceedingly warlike character of every thing around. Once within the fortifications, however, all this is forgotten in the multiplied objects of interest that crowd upon him, and the busy and flourishing appearance of the town.

The streets of Strasburg are narrow and dark, and the houses lofty, but there are several open spaces. The town is built on an island in the river Ill, which communicates with the Rhine at a short distance. There are several canals. The citadel is on the eastern extremity, and the railway station from Paris on the north-western. The cathedral—the most remarkable and interesting of the public buildings—is not far from the center of the town, and is surrounded by old streets.

The view of the cathedral which is given in the engraving conveys an admirable idea of the extraordinary richness, beauty, and magnitude of the western end, and of the towers, and also of the noble spire, which rises in fretted stonework of the most elaborate tracery to the height of four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement. It is the loftiest Gothic spire ever constructed, and, unlike some examples of very lofty constructions, it looks its height. Seen from the small open space around it, no one can help being struck with this characteristic. It has not a bright appearance, being built of the dark-red sandstone of the neighborhood; and, owing to the singular openness of the sculpture, aided, no doubt, by admirable proportions, there is no appearance of heaviness. The real and exquisite beauty of the details can only be appreciated by close examination. The stone is cut so as rather to resemble iron castings or carved oak than chiseled stone, and is carefully tied together throughout with iron, so as to give additional strength to resist the action of wind. It is to be hoped that its



THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Fourteen miles north of Carlsruhe is the junction station of Bruchsal, where we enter the system of the Wurtemberg railroads, and after another fifty miles may reach Stuttgart. There is, however, another line branching at Durlach, and coming into the Wurtemberg line at Mühlacker. This is shorter and more direct, and some trains are continuous. It takes at least five hours to reach Stuttgart from Carlsruhe under any circumstances. The line from Durlach to Mühlacker lies through Pforzheim, a large and interesting manufacturing town, with iron works, cloth factories, and other industries, among which must be ranked certain gold and silver works which have some general reputation. The country traveled through from this town to the Neckar Valley is not particularly interesting.

The valley of the Neckar, near which Stuttgart is situated, is remarkable for its picturesque beauty. The railway, however, leaves the river at Heilbronn, about thirty miles north of Stuttgart, where a charming view is obtained from the Wartburg, or watch-tower, overlooking the town. Heilbronn is a place of great interest, and well worthy an excursion. It is very picturesque, with many towers, gable ends, and old walls, and, besides these, a very fine church of the thirteenth century, the choir of which is pure in style and well preserved.

From Heilbronn the railway passes over the plain and through some hills, past Mühlacker—the junction from Durlach—to Ludwigsburg with its deserted palace, and then by other tunnels opens at last on Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg. This small town is prettily situated, being almost surrounded by low hills covered with vineyards, which yield a fair wine in large quantity. It is not, however, very remarkable for picturesque beauty. One of the prettiest parts is the great square or Schloss Platz, in which are situated the old and new palace and the theater. This square is planted with trees, and one side of it is a wing of the palace.

There are two principal and very broad streets, besides many squares or open spaces, and the population being small the largeness of the space gives an air of desolation. Perhaps the most interesting objects of the town are the Neckerstrasse, which contains the finest buildings, none of them, however, very remarkable, and the palace gardens, open to the public, and extending for two miles, with carriage drives and winding footpaths, and well shaded by avenues of trees. The Museum of the Fine Arts is rich in sculpture and drawings. Among the former are works by Dannecker, Rauch,

Schwanthaler, and other well-known German artists, and casts of Thorwaldsen's best works, presented by himself. There is also a rich cabinet of medals, and a public library, containing, it is said, more editions of the Bible than are to be found elsewhere in any collection.

No one should leave Stuttgart without a visit to the pretty little town of Cannstadt, with its mineral springs, of which as many as forty rise in various places in and about the town, discharging as much as five millions of gallons of water per day. The sources are partly saline and partly chalybeate, and are regarded as very efficacious in cases of disordered digestion—a complaint not unlikely to exist in Germany, where the food—especially in some parts—is any thing but simple or light. All these waters are cold, and they appear to rise in connection with extinct volcanic rocks immediately around. There is a *Kurssaal*, or bath-room, where the water is delivered, and where baths may be had on very moderate terms. Behind it are pleasant gardens, and connected with it is a restaurant greatly frequented, especially on Sundays and festivals, when the midday *table d'hôte* is always fully and pleasantly attended. A railway connects Stuttgart with this suburb, which is, indeed, more busy and flourishing than the capital itself. Cannstadt was founded by the Romans, and was made use of extensively in the time of the later Roman empire as a resort both for health and pleasure. Remains of their thermæ, or baths, and other public buildings, and many fragments of Roman sculpture found in the neighborhood, attest the importance of this place in ancient times.

A curious palace, built at Cannstadt about twenty years ago in the Moorish style by the late King of Wurtemberg, affords an instructive example of royal extravagance. It is said to have cost a quarter of a million sterling. It is built something in the style of the celebrated Alhambra palace, or rather of one of the courts of that famous Moorish palace at Grenada, and was intended to be filled with a collection of pictures and statuary. Many of the specimens that were placed there by the founder of this building have been removed by the present king, Charles I, who does not quite appreciate the style and execution of this whim, and the palace is not now generally occupied. It is, however, well worth a visit, and is perhaps less absurd, or at least less objectionable in point of taste, than George the Fourth's caricature of a Chinese joss-house at Brighton. It is true that it came into the world a quarter of a century later, but lapse of time does not always remove human folly.

THE FIRST TWO BROTHERS.

THE first question which Jehovah is represented as asking man is, "Where art thou?" the second, "Where is thy brother?" The former was put to the first father, and the latter to the first son. The one was proposed just after the first man had destroyed himself, and the other just after the first son had slain his brother.

Adam and Eve went sorrowfully from Paradise to enter on their sin-cursed inheritance, but through the virtue of mediation, by the promised seed of the woman, the penalty as to their natural death is suspended, and they have experience of mercy as well as judgment. Eve soon forgets her sorrows, in the joy that a son is born unto her. In the fullness of gratitude, and perhaps, also, thinking it to be the seed that was to retrieve the loss, she called him Cain—a possession or treasure.

Again she rejoiced in the birth of another son, whom she calls Abel, signifying vapor or vanity—just the opposite of Cain. It was natural that she should esteem her first-born a treasure. What mother does not? Little did she know, however, with what anguish he would fill her heart, and how expressive he would render the name of her second son—a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

Here, now, are the two first brothers. Abel, the younger, was a shepherd, and the history shows him to have been an amiable and dutiful son and a man of faith. In connection with the promised Deliverer, God required the sacrifice of animals as a type of Christ, the Lamb of God, to foreshadow to the world his timely advent, and to awaken and keep alive faith in the promise. Abel was a firm believer in this promise, and obeyed implicitly the requirement in regard to the sacrifice.

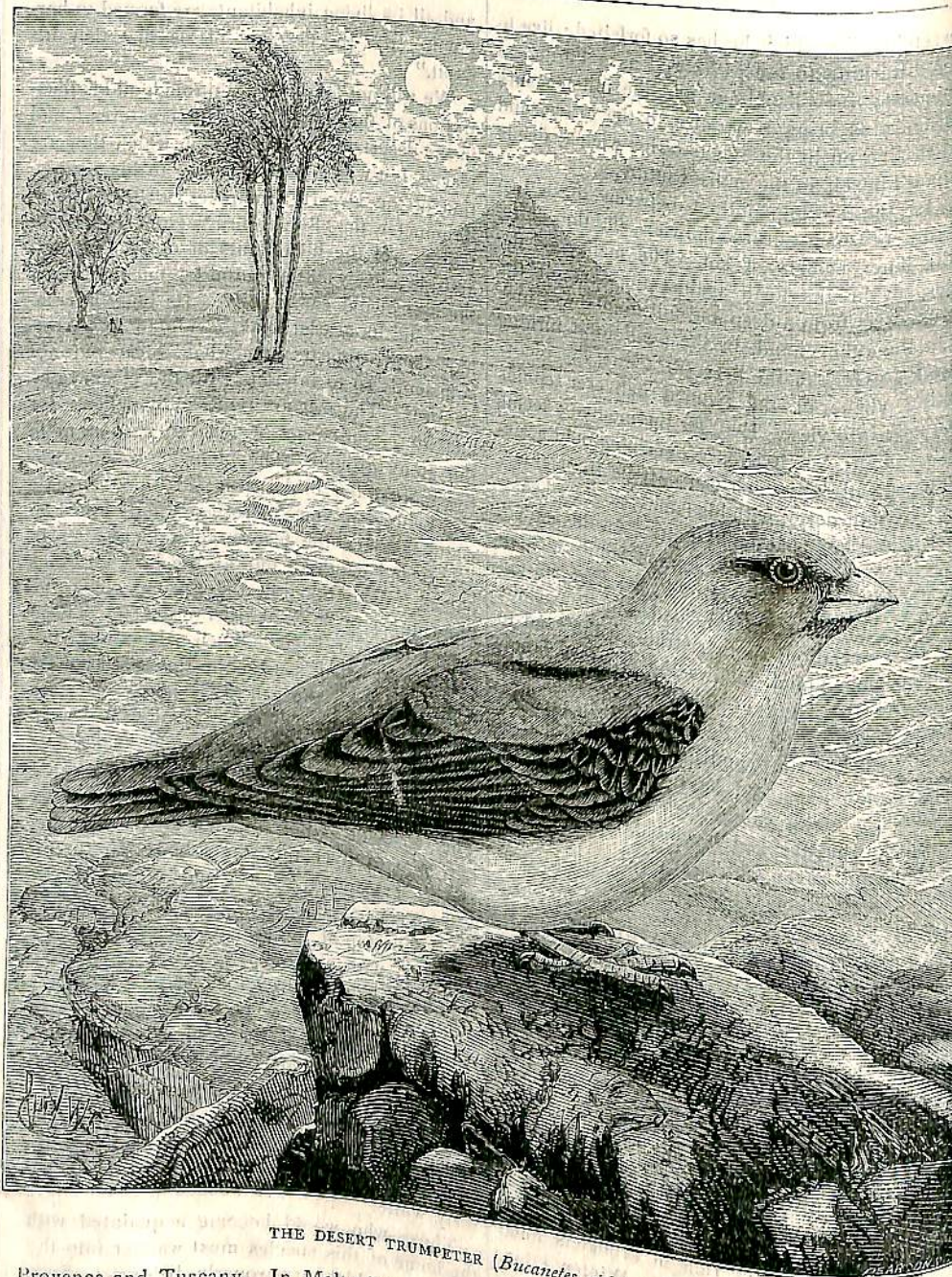
Cain's occupation as a farmer was not only useful and honorable, but was favorable to moral and intellectual development. It kept him familiar with the manifestations of the Divine power and goodness. He planted the seed, but God sent the sunshine and the showers, else it would have withered and died. Like his younger brother, he had the green earth continually before him by day, and the star-sown canopy over his head by night. But, unlike him, he was not properly impressed with the tokens of sin—the thorn and the thistle, the brier and the bramble, which sprang up in his path. Hence he refused obedience to the law of sacrifice. He brought only, in his worship, of the fruit of the ground, an offering unto the Lord.

Here stand the two brothers as worshipers, with this marked difference: God accepts the offering of one, and not that of the other. What is the cause of this discrimination? They have both come to the altar, in external appearance they may be equally devout, and their vocations are equally honorable. It was not their circumstances, then, but some element of character that occasioned the difference. What was that element? "By faith, Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." This explains it. "By this he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts."

Cain had no faith. He did not believe in this declaration of man's need of atonement. He rejected the doctrine of salvation by the sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty, and, because he did not believe, he declined to bring the required sacrifice, and his offering was not accepted. Pardon to the guilty, through the suffering of the innocent, unreasonable! A dishonorable reflection upon the perfections of the Deity! Hence his vegetable offerings seem not so much to honor God as to show his own skillful husbandry, at a kind of agricultural fair—a Pharisaic thanksgiving that he was not like his weak-minded brother, who thought acceptable worship consisted in killing innocent lambs.

Admitting Cain, up to this point, to have been what the world calls moral, and externally religious, yet he does not long continue this character. In the self-complacency of such a morality he stands proudly, somewhat flauntingly, before his Maker, with a peach, a pear, or a cluster of grapes in his hand. Abel, on the contrary, makes no boast of excellence of any kind. He lays upon the altar his sin-offering, accompanied by confessions of guilt. Cain's offering expresses, it may be, gratitude, but nothing of penitence. Abel's expresses both gratitude and contrition. The one says, "I thank thee for thy gifts," but declines obedience to the command; the other, "I am unworthy of the least of thy mercies," and does as God bids him.

This radical difference, as yet, may seem quite unimportant, relating only to forms of worship. Were they not both religious men? Did they not hold all the essentials of theology? But the difference is not less real because at this point so little visible. Some diseases do not appear on the surface, and, on this account, are sometimes more fatal. God saw the difference between these two brothers, and that it was not an unessential one. How very erroneous, often, are our judgments, formed from external appearances. God, whose discriminations are infinitely just, treated these two men exactly as their characters and conduct required. How



THE DESERT TRUMPETER (*Bucanetes githogeneus*.)

Provence and Tuscany. In Malta it may frequently be seen during the Winter. The places frequented by the Desert Trumpeter are barren spots exposed to the hottest rays of the sun; it prefers arid and stony places, where scorching heat blazes down upon the burning rock, and seems to luxuriate in glare and dazzling brightness that are perfectly blinding to the traveler upon these treeless wastes.

The favorite haunts of the Desert Trumpeter

yield but few blades of parched, dry grass, and the stunted shrubs, to please its taste, must be few and far between. On such a spot it de-gliding along near the ground on noiseless wings. It is seldom possible to follow the course of this bird to any distance, for the red-dish gray of its plumage blends as perfectly with the surrounding stones and leafless shrubs as do the paler tints of the young with the

color of the sand, tufa, or chalk. To this difficulty is added that of the dazzling and deceptive play of light so common in these deserts, which teaches us to appreciate the delightful relief that grass and foliage afford to the weary eye. We should soon lose the object of our pursuit were it not for its voice, which constitutes its most remarkable feature, and will prove our best guide in this search.

Hark! a sound like that of a tiny trumpet is ringing through the air; it swells and trembles, and if our ear is acute enough we shall find that this strange clang is preluded or followed by a few light, silvery tones, which fall, bell-like, upon the desert silence, much resembling almost inaudible notes struck upon a musical glass by an invisible hand. At other times the sound it produces is extraordinarily deep, and not unlike that made by the tree-frog of the Canary Islands, consisting of a few harsh notes rapidly repeated, and which, strangely enough, are answered by the little creature itself, the second sound being produced by a sort of ventriloquism, and appearing to come from some distance. Few things are more difficult than to attempt to render the note of a bird through the medium of our alphabet, and in this case it would be particularly so, for the voice of the Desert Trumpeter consists of tones entirely different from those to which we are accustomed, and must be heard before it can be imagined. No one would expect to find a singing bird in such localities as those above described, and the fantastic voice of this creature appears well suited to the places it inhabits.

The cry mentioned above is often followed by a succession of crowing, rattling sounds, which, like its trumpet-call, seem by their strangeness so completely in unison with the surrounding scenery, that we always stood to listen to them with pleasure, and wished to hear them recommence. In such places as are entirely covered with moving sands the Desert Trumpeter is never met with, as it is not fitted, like a Curlew or Courser, to run with ease over loose ground; it frequents the barren lava streams upon which not a blade of grass could grow, and in such fissures and holes as these places offer it finds a hiding or resting-place, but is never seen upon a shrub or tree. In inhabited districts the Desert Trumpeter is very shy, only seeming to have full confidence when surrounded by silence and solitude; but in its native haunts the young may be often seen perched close beside their parents, and when a traveler approaches them they only acknowledge his presence by staring calmly in his face with their bright little black eyes.

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These birds may generally be met with all along the rocky shores of the Nile, and from the valley of that river as far as the desert. In the northern and middle parts of Nubia they alight upon the ground in parties consisting of fifty to sixty, or fly over and about the rocks; indeed, the steeper and more rugged these latter are, the more attractive they appear to be.

The food of the Desert Trumpeter consists almost exclusively of different kinds of seeds, with, probably, a small quantity of leaves or buds. Water is an indispensable requisite. However troubled, scanty, or lukewarm the spring may be, these birds will visit it at least once in the day, so that their appearance is ever a welcome sight to thirsty travelers. They are always seen at the spring, both morning and evening, drinking much and in long draughts, and frequently bathing in shallow water. The breeding season commences in March, at which time the male has donned his gala dress, and, with his chosen mate, has separated himself from the flock; the little couples may very frequently be found perched sociably near the clefts of the rocks, while through the air rises the protracted trumpet-like call of the male, and the lark-like note of the female.

We saw a pair of these birds upon the banks of the Nile, busily carrying away materials for their nest, but were unable to discover what they consisted of, as the rocks on both sides of the stream offered far too secure a brooding-place to allow us any chance of finding them; we learned, however, from the goat-herds, that the Desert Trumpeter builds in the clefts and fissures of the blocks of lava, or under large overhanging stones. The nest, we were told, is artistically constructed of large blades of grass found in the desert, and lined with wool or feathers; in this the three eggs that constitute the brood are laid. It is probable that these birds breed twice in the year, and that they only again join the flocks among which their young ones are already numbered, when their parental duties are accomplished.

During the Autumn and Winter they wander to a considerable distance, appearing even in the Canary Isles, and some instances have been known of their falling exhausted upon the deck of ships that were passing in that neighborhood. They are never molested by man, and were there no such creatures as wild cats and ichneumons, falcons or kites—the latter being very destructive to them in their Winter flight through the desert—these remarkable birds might live an undisturbed and happy life. The naturalist may, with care, capture them while drinking, and as many as heart can desire may be ob-

tained from among the stones. It is, however, difficult to take them alive, as a decoy of the same species is indispensable for the purpose. The latter should be fastened in some desert place, or on the borders of a stubble-field, as far from trees or bushes as possible, in such localities as they are known to frequent. The decoy-bird instantly commences uttering its incessant call, and soon attracts large numbers of its wild companions, who alight and hop, as though dancing, from one stone to another; they will linger for a moment at a distance, but come near enough to be recognized by their plumage and the brightness of their eyes; next they begin to peck up the food that is strewn about, and a few hours later behold them captives in the net.

At first the little prisoners are wild and defiant, but soon become tractable, and eat the canary-seed laid before them. The sport of catching these birds is one that we have fully enjoyed, and may boast our skill in this respect. What could be more exhilarating than an expedition, net in hand, during the early morning, through those boundless plains, when, after a short concealment behind a mass of rock, we emerge to find our labors so richly rewarded?

ALEXINA TINNE, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

NOT long ago a telegram brought us tidings of the murder of the young African explorer, Miss Alexina Tinne, who had sacrificed her life to her intense desire of penetrating the then hidden mysteries of the wonderful land of the pyramids. Following the telegram came a message from the English consul at Tripoli, to G. Rohlf, at Bremen, briefly giving the particulars of her tragic death. She had been maliciously murdered by the wild and warlike tribe of the Tuareg, while standing in a tent-door, conversing with the chief, and witnessing a dispute among the camel-drivers. Supposing Miss Tinne to have valuable treasure in her iron sea-chests, avarice had prompted them to the horrible deed. Both her Holland servants, while hastening to her assistance, met the same fate. In the following we subjoin a brief sketch of the life of Miss Tinne:

Some years ago there resided, in a beautiful villa of Cairo, a Holland lady, of whose great wealth there were widely spread rumors, which were not without foundation. Madame Tinne was the owner of a charming residence on the banks of the Nile, in which she, together with her sister, the Baroness von Capellen, and

daughter, Alexina, spent her Winters, and was, besides, the possessor of a princely income. She was the widow of an Englishman, and originally from the Hague, where, in 1839, her daughter, Alexina, the future famous traveler, was born.

Visits to the Egyptian ruins had first awakened the enthusiasm of Alexina Tinne, and when, later in her life, she beheld for the first time the broad surface of the holy stream, she conceived the wish of following it in its onward course, and knowing, at last, its then unrevealed source. The Occident had lost all its beauties for her. Disappointments, still keen and fresh, had made her home hateful, and inclination drew her away from a land in which she had awakened to the sad knowledge of having placed her affections upon an unworthy object.

In the Summer of 1861, as she lingered for the last time in her old home, she laid her plans for an extended journey up the Nile, in which she at length persuaded her mother to join. At last, every arrangement completed, on the 9th of January, of the following year, the ladies went on board the three splendid barges they had obtained for the journey. Whatever seemed necessary for convenience and comfort had been procured. Provision had been made for a whole year. The household seemed a small army, and, as exchanges are effected with difficulty in the far South, they took with them ten camels' (\$5,300) in copper coin. Proudly sailed the barges toward Korasko, where the river makes a broad bend toward the great Nubian Desert. Arrived here, not less than a hundred and two camels were necessary to convey their baggage on that eight days' desert march to Abu Haud, where they again reached the Nile, up whose palm-studded banks they traveled from Barbary to Chartum, the principal city of the South, where the Blue and White Nile unite their billows. Wishing to reach a healthy place before the rainy season set in, they remained in Chartum but a short time, and again sailed up the White Nile.

This journey upon the Nile ended, happily, before the African destroying angel had leveled his annihilating darts at any of that still happy company. At Chartum the Egyptian prince, Halim, placed his steamer at the disposal of the ladies, upon which, in May, of the same year, they arrived at Gondokoro, the farthest point which steam-ships generally reach, and the last place where Egyptian power is manifest. With the white houses of Chartum the last signs of civilization disappeared, and, as they approached the Arabian tribes who live along the borders of the Nile, south of Chartum, the faintest

traces of a belief in a Supreme Being had vanished, and these brave women, accustomed to every comfort and luxury of European life, found themselves in the midst of the heathenish land of the blacks, with their fearful barbarity before them. But, however dark their prospects or great the difficulties which here began to present themselves, Nature, which had here, in such an almost magnificent profusion, bestowed her gifts, made the deepest impression upon Miss Tinne. Though here the traveler finds no grand forests, the mimosas and tamarinds present the most grateful foliage upon which the eye could rest. The farther they journeyed toward the south, more enchanting became the scenery and more varied the forms of animal life. Under the mimosa trees groups of giraffes were grazing, and farther on whole herds of the graceful antelopes, and even the king of the forest—the lion—was not missed from among them. Above all, the friendly spirit so unexpectedly evinced by the natives gave them the greatest pleasure. These soon discovered that they had nothing to fear from the travelers, and, when Miss Alexina galloped through their villages on a palfrey she had brought from home, they made the most extravagant demonstrations of good-will, and, clapping their hands, cried, "She is the daughter of the Sultan." They would have even paid her allegiance as subjects, could she have aided them in resistance of the cruelly oppressing power of the slave-traders.

Again proceeding on their journey, they reached the Nousee, one of those eastern rivers emptying into the Nile, as yet comparatively unknown, and which they followed on account of its navigableness until they reached the Gazelle River; and now, after a ten days' journey, they found themselves in the vast swamp region through which this river flows. As far as the eye could reach they saw nothing but a desolate—seemingly endless—swamp, through which the river slowly toiled its wearisome way. Not even a reed was to be seen on either side, and the water was alive with the most frightful crocodiles, and yet human beings lived in these swamps. Often the natives ran toward the boats, both men and women perfectly nude, with their hair dyed a flaming red, and bodies streaked with ashes. They looked like incarnate fiends, and carried a horrible weapon, consisting of an iron armlet, with long darts attached, resembling the claws of the leopard, with which they pierced the bodies of their enemies in battle.

That they gradually took leave of every comfort as they advanced in these wilds is unnecessary to say. The farther they proceeded

toward the south, so much farther they left behind them every thing belonging to civilization. Wine, bread, sugar, tea, gradually gave out, and hunger became, in reality, the best sauce with which they served their now scanty fare. An immediate supply was not to be thought of, and yet this journey upon the Nile was each year costing them not less than forty thousand dollars.

On the 4th of the September following, they arrived at what had been a mission station. Here, for years, had the noble, self-denying missionaries labored, preaching the Gospel to these poor benighted wretches. In spite of hunger and misery, they had been sustained in their labors as if by a miracle, until, at last, the fearful climate, added to every privation, un-murmuringly endured, had accomplished its work, and one by one they had gone to receive their well-merited rewards. Of all that band of missionaries only one remained, and he was about returning to Chartum. Nothing could equal the sad sight which the half-famished natives presented to our travelers. They surrounded the company and begged for grain to stay the sacrifices each day saw yielded up to the famine; and, added to this, the information given them by the missionary, of the surrounding country, was such that almost any other woman than Alexina Tinne would have speedily turned homeward. She, instead of giving way before these united discouragements, after making short excursions into the interior, gave the order to proceed farther toward the south.

Before setting sail, there remained a last deed of remembrance and honor to be performed toward a countryman of theirs who had here met his death the preceding year.

Beneath a thorn-covered mound, upon which no inscription gave the name of him who rested there, slept the German nobleman, William von Harnier. He had come to these regions in the search of knowledge, where first his two companions, and soon after himself, were stricken down with the fever.

On the 15th of this same month they proceeded on their way, gradually leaving the endless marshes behind, and, on the 30th, they arrived again at Gondokoro. Here they were exactly two hundred and fifty miles from Alexandria, one hundred miles from Chartum, in the midst of African barbarism, and in a hot, unhealthy climate that soon began its ravages.

Nearly the whole company were down with fever, and still Miss Tinne struggled onward. She followed the river five miles beyond Gondokoro, but here the hostility exhibited by the natives obliged her to return. Toward the close of October they left Gondokoro, and on



ALEXINA TINNE.

the twentieth of November the white mosques of Chartum again gleamed upon them. In December the members of the German expedition, sent out to seek Edward Vogel, arrived at Chartum, where Miss Tinne met them. Theodore von Heuglin, Dr. Steudner, and the botanist, Schubert, had visited Abyssinia, and had met with the kindest reception from King

Theodore. Their means were now nearly exhausted, and as Miss Tinne invited them to take a part in the expedition up the Gazelle River, they concluded to accept her offer. The ladies warmly welcomed the company of the learned naturalists, who thus gave the expedition something of a scientific character. The Baroness von Capellen had remained in Char-

tum, and in her stead a relative, Baron Arkel d' Abiaing, had joined them. On the 2d of February, 1863, Miss Tinne set sail, while both Heuglin and Steudner traveled toward the interior. This expedition, the equipping of which had taken nearly three months, consisted of a steamer, two Nile boats, two other sail-boats, two hundred soldiers and servants, thirty sumpter mules, four camels, and a horse for Miss Tinne, besides provision for ten months. Sailing up the Nisee they again reached the interminable marshes of the Gazelle River. Here hundreds upon hundreds of elephants lazily traveled through the swamps, and not far from them the Nile horse was to be seen, and still farther on were whole herds of buffaloes. Here, in the center of a miry slough, lies the Maschra el Rek. The advent of the Tinne fleet, with the Sultana on board, had naturally created great excitement here. Flags were raised from the merchant vessels lying along the shore, and a salute was fired from a hundred guns, which the travelers returned. Tents and huts were rapidly erected, in which the ladies remained, while Steudner, Schubert, and Baron d' Abiaing visited the interior. The steamer and boats were sent back to Chartum to take in a fresh supply of provisions.

Here commenced difficulties which only the indomitable courage and energy of Miss Tinne could overcome. The Chartum merchants were incensed over the visit of strangers to what they chose to call "their country"—a country over which they indeed ruled, and without mercy for the wretched natives, whom they crushed down into still greater depths of degradation. The carriers and soldiers began to murmur, and even the negroes could hardly be induced, for the highest price, to transport their baggage toward the interior. Their experience with the whites had taught them to fear that not only would they receive no remuneration, but would be, at the end of the journey, kidnapped and sold to the slave-traders. The situation of the ladies was most distressing. Madame Tinne and her two assistants were ill with fever, and only Alexina sustained a courage which even the arrival of Heuglin, with the intelligence of Dr. Steudner's death, failed to break. Under the shade of the palm-trees, in the village of Ware, he had buried his faithful companion, who added one more to the throng who have martyred themselves for knowledge.

Arrived at the end of their land journey, they turned their sails westward, and on the 22d of July they reached the seribah of an Italian named Briselli, who here carried on a

sort of wholesale plundering. The heavy tropical rains had converted the surrounding forest region into a wonderful park. A greenness of Spring seemed to have spread itself over every thing, and the numberless creeping plants had woven a beautiful carpet over the turf. The crops looked rich with promise, but were yet far from maturity. This was the cause of the scarcity and high price of food. Besides this there were no cattle to kill. "It is," writes Heuglin at this time and place, "almost impossible to procure bread for the soldiers, and we have not seen a piece of meat for weeks. I myself, though ill, am obliged to eat the heavy swamp wheat bread of the natives."

The negroes who live here belong to the Dschur tribe. Through fear of the slave-traders they at first kept themselves at a distance from the travelers, but they soon saw the difference between the band of travelers and the object of their terror, and received Miss Tinne in the friendliest manner. Many a time she had visited their village, accompanied by only one servant, when they would bring her whatever they considered as delicacies, but horrible messes from which the European girl shrank in disgust.

Without cessation poured the rain, until it seemed as if the very flood-gates of heaven had opened upon them, converting the whole country into a vast swamp. Carriers were not to be found, and to return by the swollen stream was impossible. Want increased from day to day, and though Heuglin himself despaired of freeing them from their sad situation before the expiration of the rainy season, he left no means untried. He sent Schubert to the mountains to do all in his power to further the journey, but the brave man never returned—only a messenger brought the news of his death. Near the end of July Miss Tinne buried her mother, while she herself daily expected death's messenger.

An improvement in the condition of things began to make itself apparent as the rainy season neared its close. Vegetables now abounded in the land, and honey was found in great quantities. Miss Tinne and her remaining companions recovered strength, but as all their beasts had been killed they gave up all hope of advancing on their journey. In the beginning of the year 1864 Miss Tinne received the intelligence that her five ships had arrived at the Maschra el Rek on their return from Chartum. Overjoyed at this good news, they all began preparations for the homeward journey; but yet another misfortune awaited her. Before all preparations were completed her two remaining waiting-maids

died, and she, together with Baron d' Ablain and Heuglin, were all that remained of the expedition begun under such happy auspices.

On the 14th of February they began their homeward journey, and reached Chartum at the end of March, after an absence of fourteen months. The cup of grief seemed not yet full for the already bereaved Alexina. On the 19th of the following May her aunt, the Baroness von Capellen, also died of the fever. Again Miss Tinne set sail, and this time for Cairo, where arrived, and surrounded by the devoted blacks she had brought from the interior, she excited no little curiosity. Though independent, and possessed of a princely fortune, she still could not give up the exploration of Africa, which seemed to possess her like an evil spirit which she could not exorcise. Traveling through the northern part of Africa, she had more than once entertained the desire to penetrate to the interior, pursuing the same course marked out by Henry Barth and Gerhard Rohlfs. True, she forgot not how many brave explorers rested beneath the hot desert sand, "but," she questioned, "has my good star watched over me through every danger under which my companions sank, and will it forsake me now?"

At the end of January of the following year she reached Tripoli, the principal port of entry of Northern Africa, and once more a caravan of fifty persons, and not less than sixty mules, journeyed toward the interior. In February they arrived at the desert, whose fearful aspect can only be equaled by the marshes bordering upon the Nile. Not a green shrub or brook far or near; only the blue, eternal heavens, from whose vast expanse the melting sun seems to have driven even every cloudlet, and a barren landscape, into which the weary travelers only bring life. But even the desert has an end. Mursuk, the next stopping place, appeared to the gaze of the tired travelers a smiling oasis, a magic circle drawn in the midst of the desert. Here they bid farewell to their desert life. Yonder is the earth bedecked in a fresh, green dress, and the gazelle rests in the shade of the palm-trees, and amid such a scene, among these real children of the desert, this brave woman met the death related in the beginning of this sketch.

Thou must content thyself to see the world so imperfect as it is. Thou wilt never have any quiet if thou vexest thyself because thou canst not bring mankind to that exact notion of things and rule of life which thou hast formed in thy own mind.

SOCIAL POISON.

"COME, come, girls, what is the good of all this?"

They were sitting on the bank of a graceful mountain stream, where the sunlight shimmered down through the forest leaves and lay about them in shining patches, and the sweet little birds were filling the air with joyous melody as they glanced in and out among the branches.

"Come, come, girls, what is the good of all this?"

They turned toward her quickly, and her black eyes flashed haughtily as she met their surprised glances.

"I should think you would be the last one, Ada, to stand up for Grace Somers," remarked her sister; "I thought you disliked her thoroughly."

"It is n't Grace I'm standing up for," she retorted hurriedly, "my conscience would never let me do that—the pale, spiritless little thing—with all her self-conceit," and she bit her lip.

"But I think we might be in better and much more agreeable business, at least till we find some body to talk about that is worth the breath we spend on them," tossing her head scornfully.

"I am afraid we should have to go a good way beyond the circle of our acquaintance," rejoined fair Minnie West with a gay laugh, in which they all joined—all save Ada Wyld, whose averted eye and contracted brow expressed little sympathy in their mirth.

Then, quickly regaining her self-possession, she turned toward two of the group, who sat with their light robes gathered carefully up about them as if there were contamination in the touch of the velvety earth—turned toward them with one of her sweetest smiles as she said,

"I hope you'll not judge of us country people as Minnie seems to, for really we are, some of us, better than she seems inclined to acknowledge, and I am happy to say there is only one Grace Somers."

"At least in her own estimation and that of her mother," added Jennie Banks mischievously.

They laughed a little. Bell and Laura Fielding shrugged their shoulders as the elder sister made some remark—the most sensible words that had been spoken—about human nature being the same in the country as in the city.

"Not even the half has been told," muttered Jennie in an under-tone, "not half. If you began to know what I do of Grace—"

"O, girls, I've a delightful plan in my head," interrupted Minnie West with her wonted

vivacity, "and you shall let Grace and every body else alone, to talk it over with me."

And they were soon discussing an excursion which she proposed, though their spirits seemed to have suffered a slight dampening.

A little way down the stream, where its western bank rose gradually up to the feet of a bold, craggy mountain, stood a sweet little cottage, almost concealed under the drooping branches and clinging vines. It was a lovely place, and in its pleasant parlor a happy family were gathered that afternoon.

A pale-looking woman sat in the window with her needle-work, her dark robes and careworn countenance telling a sad story of bereavement and loss; yet there was a peaceful light beaming in her mild, blue eyes and lighting up her delicate features, that made her seem almost joyous. Four-year-old Frankie sat on the floor with his baby brother, scarcely two years younger than himself, constructing mimic castles and towers to the little fellow's great delight, while their older sisters, two dark-haired little girls, were busy with their pictures, and gentle, thoughtful Mary sat near them intent on the ruffle with which she was helping mamma.

"It makes me so happy, ma," said the oldest daughter, pausing in the lesson she was practicing and turning round to face the little circle; "so very happy that I may at last do something to lighten your burdens and to prove that dear papa's care for my education was not in vain; that the first years of my life have not been wasted. O, it will be glorious to do something!"

Grace Somers's fair young face glowed with enthusiasm, and her slight figure took on an air of unwonted dignity as she spoke.

"Yes, darling," replied her mother, smiling fondly, "it is always glorious to do well; and we need to do all for ourselves that we can," looking wearily at the group about her, "but we shall miss our Gracey sadly."

"Mary is getting to be such a help that you really don't need me at all, ma," added the girl quickly.

"Yet can we miss you any less, dear?" asked her mother with the same fond smile.

"I feared Mr. Fielding would hardly want so young a governess in his family; but it is not as if you were unaccustomed to children."

"No, mamma, of course it is not. Hear what he says about it, too," and she took from her pocket to read, for the twentieth time, the letter she had received a few days before.

"I hoped you were a lady of more years and experience," it went on, "but your friend rec-

ommends you so highly I am inclined to give you a trial, especially since it is a companion for my older daughters that I desire as well as an instructor for the younger children. They are all away at present to spend the Summer holidays and will not be home again for a month or two. I will write you again on their return, if in the mean time you hear of no different arrangement."

"So, you see, I am almost certain of it," she added as she folded the letter in triumph.

"Yes, almost, but it is never safe to feel quite sure of any thing in this world," replied the mother gravely. "Besides, you see he does not himself consider it fully decided."

"Yes, ma, I know," and with the acknowledgment there came a little shadow over her face. "But, then, I should n't think he would disappoint me now—of course he won't," she added decidedly. "And I will perform my duties so faithfully that I can keep the place a long time. Then when the girls get older so Mary can leave home, I'll find a good situation for her, you know; or perhaps we can afford to send her away to school then; she would make a brilliant scholar if she only had the opportunity."

Mary's eyes sparkled with delight as her sister went on, and together they painted for themselves a bright future, while their mother sat by and smiled fondly, only remarking in her quiet way, "Trust no future, my daughters."

The days flew lightly by and gathered themselves into weeks, each one making Grace Somers's prospects seem more certain to her, till she came to regard them as quite sure, and was already making preparations for her departure.

Bell and Laura Fielding went to their city home when the days began to grow cooler, having spent a delightful season in a round of visiting among their country relatives.

They were sitting in the library with their indulgent father on the evening of their return, entertaining him with an account of their visit and rehearsing some of its most amusing adventures, setting them out in glowing colors and laughing merrily the while, when he suddenly announced, with the air of one who is bringing good tidings, "O, girls, I have at last secured a governess for the children. I had almost forgotten to mention it to you."

"Good, good," they both exclaimed at once with animation. "Who is she?"

"A stranger, but very approachable I judge. She is highly recommended, of a good family, and young enough to be a companion for you. Her name is Somers, I believe."

"Somers!" and the young ladies exchanged glances quickly.

"Somers—where did you find her, pa?"

From a pile of letters he drew out one, remarking as he opened it, "Clara Wheeler recommended her; it seems she is a friend of Clara's." Then he read: "Clifton—Grace E. Somers, Clifton." That is where you went to visit your cousin, Jennie Banks; did you see Miss Somers?"

"Yes, we saw her once or twice, but did not have the opportunity to make her acquaintance, I am happy to say; we heard enough about her though—plenty enough to know she is very far from such a girl as we want in our family. It will never answer, father; never in this world."

He looked up in surprise. "Why, girls, what is the matter?"

"She is n't thought any thing of in Clifton; they say she is proud and haughty, and I do n't know what all. Indeed, we can not have her."

Mr. Fielding was silent and looked very thoughtful. He seldom crossed his children's wishes, and the will of his daughters was almost absolute law in the household. He reproached himself that he had not consulted them.

"I think I mentioned that I might change my mind," he said, "but it was some time ago that I corresponded with her, and it would not seem right to disappoint her now. Had we not better let her come for a little while at least?"

"No, not for a single day," they both exclaimed. "If you had heard as much about her as we have you would think so too."

"Perhaps it won't disappoint her much—and no matter if it should"—Laura added in an under-tone, and the subject was dropped.

Late at night Mr. Fielding sat alone with his head bowed upon his hand. Then, taking his pen, he wrote slowly and deliberately the few lines that should blight Grace Somers's hopes and overshadow her future—wrote them with a firm hand, folded the sheet carefully, placed it in its envelope, and then retired.

On the afternoon of the next day Grace sat singing a happy little song over her work. "Yes, ma," she said, "if I turn this silk and gore it as I spoke of, it will make over beautifully and be quite a stylish dress."

"A letter for sis, a letter for sis!" and the two little girls bounded into the parlor.

She reached out her hand and took it, saying as she broke the seal,

"It is from Mr. Fielding. I did not expect he would send for me so soon."

Her face flushed as she read, and then turned very pale: without uttering a word she passed

it over to her mother and leaned back in her chair.

The children looked wonderingly from their sister to their mother, and then picking the envelope from the floor laid it reverently upon the table.

"Mr. Fielding writes that 'circumstances are such' he does not wish Gracey to come at all," explained Mrs. Somers as she met their inquiring glances.

"Then she will stay at home with us," they exclaimed joyfully, for, child-like, they thought more of present comfort than of ultimate good.

"Yes, stay at home and do nothing," added Grace bitterly; "nothing, as heretofore."

"Perhaps there will be something which you can do," suggested her mother encouragingly; "let us hope for the best," but her forlorn countenance told how little hope there really was in her heart.

A cloud had arisen over that cottage home, and each of its inmates felt the chilling influence.

"It must somehow work for our good, mamma, I suppose," Grace would say, "yet I can't see how; it is such a disappointment," and then she would look sadder than ever, notwithstanding her efforts to find the silver lining to her dark cloud.

The days and weeks went by, and each seemed very long to the Somerses, for their burdens settled down upon them heavier than ever, when the hand that promised to lighten them was withdrawn.

Autumn winds whistled dolefully about their little homestead, and then the snows began to sift down upon them, and still they were toiling patiently to keep want from their dwelling and despondency from their hearts.

"Mary is getting along beautifully in her algebra," remarked the elder sister to her mother one evening when she had just been helping her with a knotty problem.

"She will make a scholar yet in spite of all her difficulties," smiling encouragingly into her eager face.

"And all the better for them," added Mrs. Somers, "since opposition sharpens our faculties, you know."

Just then there was a sharp ring at the door-bell, and Mary arose to usher in their neighbor, Mr. Harding. He was a whole-souled, genial man, who had done them many a favor, and he greeted them kindly.

A few commonplace remarks were exchanged, and then he turned suddenly toward Grace and said a little abruptly:

"I've come to ask a favor of you, Miss

Somers. Our school-teacher left us in haste this afternoon; they were just getting organized and the term promised to be a very successful one, when she was summoned home. I did not learn for what reason, but she said she probably should not be able to come back. It seems a pity to wait upon such uncertainties, but we do n't see what we shall do, unless you would step in and go right along—what think about it?"

"If you think the people would be satisfied I should like to try it," she replied after a little pause.

So it was arranged that Grace should recommence the school on the following morning. And she went forth with a cheerful heart, thanking God that though the greater good toward which she had so longingly reached her hands was snatched away from her, she could still serve her dear ones and honor him in humbler ways.

The Winter slipped pleasantly and quickly by, for Grace Somers was happy in her new vocation, and her patrons were pleased with the rare success of their new teacher.

When the first term was finished they wished to engage her to teach another, and then another, until she became the constant presiding spirit in the village school-room, dearly loved by the little circle that gathered about her there, and the oracle in the community where she lived.

Thus the years went on—years that were rich in discipline and crowned with glory, for Grace Somers was developing into a sweet and joyous woman, and the white cottage under the hill was full of beauty and sunshine.

It was the glad Summer-time again, and Laura Fielding was visiting her friends in Clifton—visiting them alone this time, for she was sisterless now. Her life had grown very dark and troublous in the three years since she saw Clifton last; she was a sadder girl than then.

"You must see my friend Grace Somers," said her cousin Jennie to her one evening.

"She did not live in the place when you were here last, I think."

"Grace Somers," replied Laura thoughtfully, "I have surely heard of her somewhere. O, yes, do n't you remember, Jennie? She was here then, and you did n't any of you like her at all. How do you happen to speak of her now as your friend?"

Jennie Banks's face flushed a little as she remembered how they had treated Grace Somers when she first came to live among them, and when she first came to recollect all that Laura Fielding was pained to recollect all that

had happened in connection with that name three years before.

"Well," said Jennie, "we were not acquainted with her then, and if for awhile we thought her rather cold and haughty, it was only because we did not know her, or, perhaps, that we were a little envious of her beauty and accomplishments. But we have learned to love and esteem her now, and she has this long time been our district school-teacher, honored for her efficiency and her fidelity to her trust. She is a precious friend, too. I know you would enjoy her acquaintance, cousin."

Laura hoped she might never meet Miss Somers, and was about to say something to that effect when Jennie sprang up quickly and rushed out, exclaiming, "There she goes now."

Jennie Banks was the same impulsive girl as when we saw her three years before, but her many excellencies were developing and rounding her character into a beauteous whole. So it happened that Laura Fielding and Grace Somers had their first meeting, and after this they were often together, sometimes meeting in their walks or at the house of a mutual friend, and sometimes exchanging calls, for Jennie and Grace were on very familiar terms.

"Miss Somers is a very pleasant young lady," said Laura to her cousin a few days before her departure. "I always feel myself cheered and benefited in her presence, and I can't help liking her."

"Of course you can't help liking her, for there never was a sweeter girl in the world." Jennie always grew enthusiastic when speaking of her friend.

The passing acquaintance which Laura scarcely desired at first was ripening into a warm friendship. When she went back to her darkened home and frivolous life, they seemed to her more desolate and empty than ever before. Sick at heart she sought refuge in the retirement of home, but her soul was famishing still, for there was no nourishment and rest for her even here, and the days seemed long and bitter.

It was Saturday night, and the winds were whistling pitilessly about the dying year. The father and daughter were in the library again, but this time there were no happy voices or merry laughter there. The father was sitting thoughtfully in his easy chair, with his fingers pressed down over his eyelids, and the paper he had been reading had slipped from his hand and fallen upon the floor.

"Poor father!" sighed Laura. Then rising softly she stole up to his side, and leaned against his chair. "Papa," slipping her fingers in through his thin, whitening hair.

"Yes, dear," and he drew her near him, rousing himself to smile and speak pleasantly. "Your father is a sorry companion for you, dear. I fear you are very lonesome sometimes," stroking her bright hair caressingly.

"Yes, papa, very lonesome sometimes," and her eyes filled with tears. "Perhaps I should not be if I could sit with you all the time; but the days when you are from home are so very long. Fred's reckless ways make me very anxious," lowering her voice as she spoke of her brother, "the children are noisy and tiresome, and Isabelle has n't a particle of cheer or sympathy for any body."

"Poor child, you must invite some of your young friends to spend the Winter with you. Whom do you want to see?"

"I do n't believe I want to see any of them"—she looked very wretched and unhappy then. "If I only had somebody to point out the bright spots in my life—if there are any—somebody that would be with me always, as Isabelle is—"

Her father looked very grave then, for this question of a governess was always perplexing, and it was only for lack of a better one that Isabelle Grey had not been dismissed long before.

"I know you think that can never be, but I have a bright little plan in my head," her voice grew firmer as she went on, "let me tell it to you. When I was in Clifton last Summer I met a sweet young lady whom I grew to love very much. There was something so bright and sunny in her presence that I always felt warmed and strengthened when with her, and was sorry to part with her. But I did not fully realize how precious was her influence till I came away from her; now it seems to me as if I should be happy if I could only have her with me all the time. Her home is there, and she is the village school-teacher, a superior one, too. I am half afraid she would prefer to remain at home, but she has been teaching so long she might like a change, especially if we offered her the inducement of better pay. Now how do you like my plan, pa?"

"Excellently well. I should be scarcely less pleased with a change for the better than you would, Laura."

"Then you will write to her, won't you, and if she can come—no matter how soon—give Isabelle her dismissal?"

"With pleasure," reaching for his paper and pen. "Whom shall I address?"

Laura's countenance fell a little as she replied, "I am afraid you won't like to write to her when I tell you it is the same Grace Somers whom you engaged once, more than three years ago."

It was his turn to hesitate now, for the recollection was not pleasant.

"But I don't think she has the least idea that it was we who disappointed her then, and nobody ever knew any thing about it."

"Suppose you write to her, Laura," suggested her father, who was still averse to doing so himself. "Tell her how much you would like to have her with you, how many children there are—"

"She knows all about that now," interrupted Laura.

"Well, tell her we should regard her as a sister more than a hireling, and that we will pay her a handsome salary, much more than she is earning at present."

"Yes, papa, that is just the thing, and I'll do it," and she left the room with more buoyancy in her step than her father had seen in many a week.

A few days passed away, and Laura bounded into the library one morning with an open letter in her hand, announcing to her father, in joyous tones, that Miss Somers said she would come.

"The last of March or first of April," she went on. "The dear girl! Are n't you delighted, pa? The Winter will not seem half so long or lonesome now."

Laura waited patiently for the return of the Spring-time, and with its first balmy breezes Grace Somers came to their luxuriant home. She seemed to bring with her the freshness and perfume of the beautiful country, so sweet and joyous was her presence; and there beamed in upon the Fieldings a new light that made their household radiant. The children, a trio of rollicking boys, who had grown wild and rude under the careless training they had received, felt the magic of her mild, firm teachings, and breathed a spirit so gentle that Laura and her father wondered what was the charm to which they were so readily yielding; and under her influence the restless girl found new beauty and excellence in her life, and many a treasure of happiness that brought light to her soul and joy to her eye, investing the days with a rare and beautiful meaning. Together they planned many a new pleasure and many a sweet surprise for the sad, care-worn business man, till by and by he was becoming almost young again. Thus the weeks went by, and then the months, and the young governess seemed indeed as a sister, and was very dear to them all.

It was Winter-time again, a Winter so much brighter and happier than the last had been. The young ladies had drawn their chairs up near the grate, for it was a bitter night.

"How very forlorn I should feel to-night if

you were not here, dear Grace!" said the younger of the two. "Nobody ever made me forget my loneliness as you do," Grace smiled as she fondly pressed her hand in reply. "If we could only have had you with us last Winter. I wonder how I ever lived without you; it was a miserable kind of a life."

She paused, and a painful flush swept over her face.

"Don't think of it now, Laura, dear," said her companion soothingly. "The past is forgiven, we trust, and only the present is ours."

"But there is something I've felt as if I must tell you, Grace," she went on after a little. "I do n't know why I feel so, unless it be that I tell you every thing lately," lowering her voice as she spoke. "Perhaps you have forgotten the time, three years ago last Summer, that two dashing city girls came to Clifton to visit their cousins, the Bankses. Those girls were Belle and Laura Fielding, but they never made your acquaintance. Belle was a sweet girl; you would have loved her I am sure, but I was wild and thoughtless then. I presume you remember that a certain Mr. Fielding corresponded with you that Summer about becoming governess in his family, and I dare say you expected to do so. Well, that Mr. Fielding was our father."

Grace Somers gave a little surprised start when she heard this.

"Yes, our father, and but for us, his daughters, he would never have written you that last letter."

Tears came to Grace Somers's eyes, and she almost trembled even then as she remembered how bitter was that disappointment.

"But we did not know you, dear Grace," Laura added tenderly as she looked up—"did not know you, and had become prejudiced against you while in Clifton. You know you were a stranger there then, and for some reason, or rather without any reason at all, every body had taken a dislike to the new family that had come among them. I well remember one day in particular, when we had paused to rest in our rambles, and were sitting on the river bank, how your name was mentioned among others who did not escape the cruel lashings of our tongues, and many unkind remarks were made about you—vague insinuations they were that had nothing tangible on which to rest, and yet were not without their evil influence. It was what was said that afternoon, more than any thing else, that made us think ill of you, and so we begged of our father that you might not come to live with us. And he never went contrary to our wishes, so he wrote that letter; but

it pained him to do so, I know, though he knew nothing of you save by the recommendation of a friend. But we have suffered for our rashness, suffered greatly, for if you had been here instead of those frivolous, weak-minded young ladies, how much we might have been spared, how much more happiness we might have known!"

Her voice choked, and she buried her face in her hands.

"Dear Belle felt the need of just such a counselor and comforter in her last sickness, and we have all needed you, O so much! Fred would not have fallen into these habits of dissipation, nor would Frank and Georgie be the rude, ill-tempered boys they are. And how much I have lost! We are all becoming better every day, I know, and papa seems ten years younger than he did last Winter—but O how much we have lost in these years!"

Grace sat gazing steadily into the glowing coals.

"O, how poisonous is the gossiping breath!" she said sadly, as if to herself, for she was thinking of the shadow it had once cast upon her own life. "How terribly poisonous!"

"Terribly poisonous!" repeated Laura with emphasis.

And they sat together in the silence, each busy with her own thoughts.

"I fear the whole world is victim to the deadly charm," Grace added at length. "Who-so keepeth his tongue saveth his soul from troubles."

THE GRAVE OF RICHARD BAXTER.

THE west end of Newgate-street has a peculiar history. Records of crime and death, of bitter agonies and darkest infamy, are mingled with the glad notes of many a merry time.

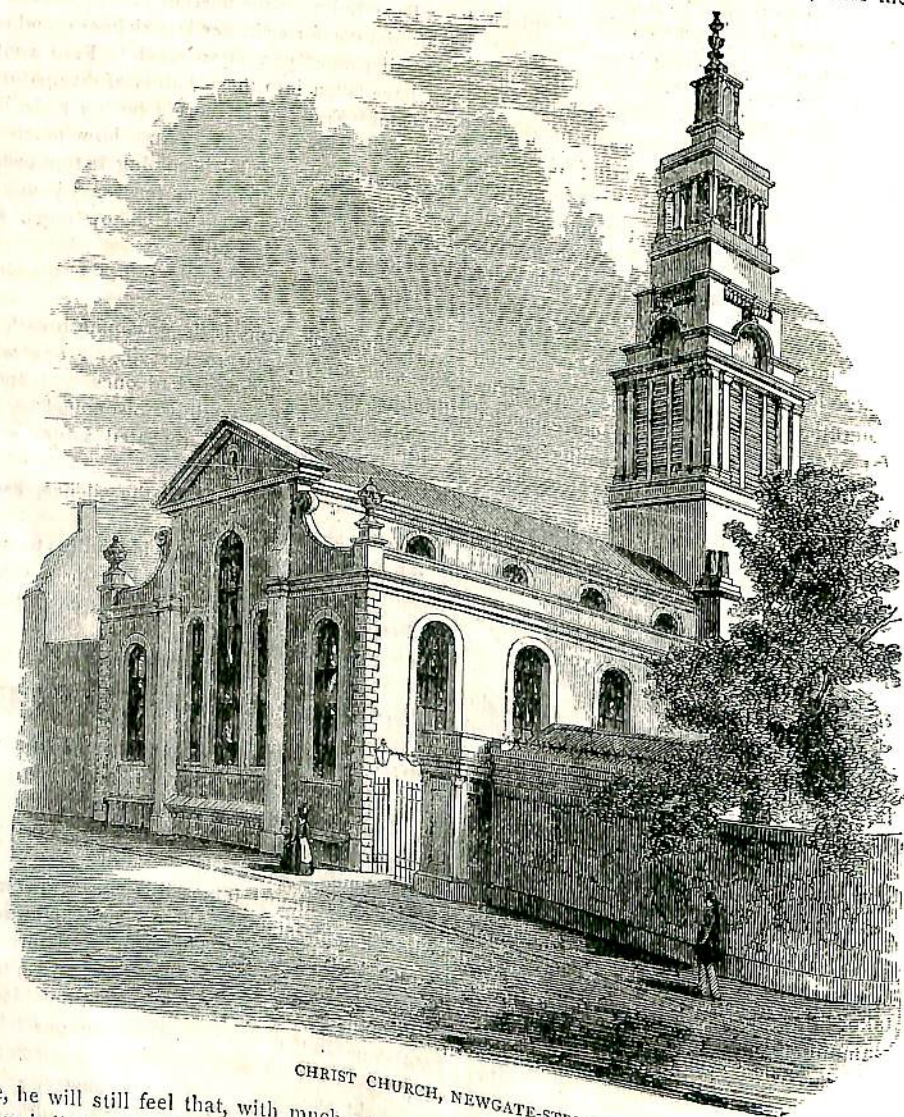
It seems almost impossible for a spectator who takes his stand at the corner of Newgate-street, looking toward Holborn, to picture the scene as it appeared in the thirteenth century. Let us imagine ourselves there just outside the old crumbling city walls—close on our left is the New Gate, already turned into a prison; on the right stands the famous monastery of the Gray Friars; further still, in the same direction, we see the more ancient priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew, where its poet founder, Rahere, sleeps, revered not only by the "Black Canons," but by the sick, the maimed, and the halt. In front are a few "country houses," pleasant meads, and old English gardens. Before us rolls the river Fleet, receiving the

gushing brook of the "old Bourne"—Holborn—on its way.

We have been looking at a vision; not only the Fleet, but convents, stately mansions, ancient walls, and time-grayed monuments have vanished. The Gray Friars have gone, but Christ's Hospital nobly stands on the old conventual ground; the chant of the Franciscan is silent, but from the crowded galleries of Christ's

Church the Blue-coat boys sound out the responses of the English Liturgy. This church and the great public school connect the London of to-day with the old city.

Were a stranger to pass for the first time down "Christ Church Passage," and through the ample porch, he would perhaps see little to excite attention. Even when he learns that the church was rebuilt by Wren, after the great



CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE-STREET.

fire, he will still feel that, with much neatness, there is little of architectural beauty.

The present church probably stands on or near the choir of the magnificent chapel of the Franciscan or Gray Friars. Who raised the vast conventual pile, which here stood the rival of its neighbor at Blackfriars? Let us listen to the old chronicler. In the Summer of 1225

four Franciscan friars came to London. Their dress of undyed gray cloth, the hempen girdle, the marvelous fame of St. Francis, their founder, the skill of the men in the simple medicine of the times, and especially in the treatment of leprosy, soon drew toward them the superstitious reverence of some, and the religious regard of others.

John Jwyn, a rich citizen of London, gave them a piece of land and some houses close to the city walls, and near one of the main gates. It was evidently then a *low* neighborhood, being near the "shambles."

The gray-coated men, who boldly proclaimed the holiness of begging, soon had the purses of the rich at their command. Benefactors rose on all sides; in 1239 Sir William Joynier, the mayor—not yet lord—built the first part of the Friar's church; the nave was erected by another mayor, Henry Waleys. Walter "the potter," and also sheriff, raised the Chapter House in 1270, and gave "brazen" cooking utensils for the kitchen. A dormitory was constructed at the cost of Sir Gregory Rokesby, and William, the "tailor" to Henry III, brought a supply of pure water into the convent from the suburban springs. Margaret of France, the young and second wife of Edward I, rebuilt the choir; John of Brittany reconstructed the nave; and Whittington, when Mayor of London, laid the foundation stone of the Library, on the 21st of October, 1421.

In this London convent were buried four queens, one duke, two earls, eight baronets, thirty-four knights, and nearly seven hundred peers. Nine magnificent tombs in the choir, and one hundred and forty marble sepulchers in the church, proclaimed the spiritual dominion of the sons of St. Francis.

"The end cometh" may be written upon all things; but how did it come to the Franciscans? It was the old law at work—"Change creepeth by little and little." The Gray frock had provoked a dangerous foe: he had opposed the men of the "new learning;" they bided their time, and in the end brought him to the dust.

The last warden of the London Franciscans, Dr. Thomas Chapman, surrendered the estates and buildings to the Crown on the 12th of November, 1539, twenty-five of the friars signing the deed with their superior.

The subsequent history of the building is soon told. The church was made parochial, being opened for service on the first Sunday in 1547, January 3d, when the *mass* was celebrated. The king died in the same month, and, under Edward VI, rapid changes were made in the old church. Not only were "altars" removed, but the richly colored walls were "whitewashed," the building shortened, the west end being let to a school-master named Bolton, and the marble monuments removed and sold for £50! Truly, this was going very fast. But the ruin was arrested. The city received a grant of the monastic building, for the establishment of a great school for poor children. Money

was collected from the citizens, and on the 23d of November, 1552, about four hundred children were admitted. Thus, from the ruins of the Franciscans, was raised the far-famed Blue-coat School.

Let us now enter the church. The building itself has no remarkable memorial of the great or the wise. Here, however, sleeps one remarkable man, famous in his own day, and not yet to be forgotten—Richard Baxter, author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest;" the chaplain of Cromwell, and yet his opponent; the friend of the king, but the enemy of tyranny; the man of practical life, and a profound thinker; as a preacher, combining popular power with intellectual energy; as a man, undaunted by the mockery of Jeffreys, yet gentle unto a child; and as a Christian, doing the work of earth while listening to the hymns of heaven.

Doubtless his peculiarities were many; a Non-Conformist, and yet a worshiper in the parish church; a Calvinist, and yet an Arminian; longing for peace, but a firm controversialist. The sects of his day were puzzled; no party could really claim him, he was the epitome of all, but the image of none. He had been a chaplain in the parliamentary army, but his sermon to the House of Commons in St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1660, urged the restoration of the king. The Presbyterians had selected Baxter as their great champion at the Savoy conference; but, nevertheless, the Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, offered the bishopric of Hereford to the Non-Conformist divine. The offer was refused; Baxter chose insult, persecution, and imprisonment in place of honor and power.

Many who know Baxter only by his own great work, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," may not be aware how small a part of his writings this book forms. One hundred and sixty-eight treatises came from his ever-active pen, and of these the practical alone fill twenty-three volumes. This library was written by one man of infirm health, driven by persecution from place to place, spending much time in preaching, and having little of "learned leisure." We get, from his own words, a peep into his study. One of his greatest works, the "Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ"—System of Christian Theology—was written, he says, "at Totteridge, in a troublesome, smoky, suffocating room, in the midst of daily pains of sciatica and many worse." Do you see Baxter cowering over the fire as he mentally composes a Latin period, the sentence interrupted just at the turning-point, by the double assault of a sciatic pang and a villainous puff of smoke?

Jeffreys would, probably, have rejoiced over both smoke and sciatica, had he known of them; for Baxter was the marked object of his brutality. The number of published works especially stirred up the rage of the judge. This being somewhat intolerable, Jeffreys launched at the author the judicial summaries of "fanatical dog" and "old knave." The "old" alone was true, Baxter being then in his seventieth year.

Baxter has always been ranked among the great preachers of the seventeenth century. He wants, indeed, the rich imagery of Jeremy Taylor, the bold energy of South, and the exhaustive logic of Barrow, but there was that union of intellect with feeling, without which no speaker can long rule an audience. His great pulpit victories were doubtless won in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Kidderminster, where he was appointed lecturer; but wherever Baxter spoke, words of power fell upon the ear. Whether preaching to the House of Commons in St. Margaret's, to the Corporation of London in St. Paul's, or to crowded congregations at the Tuesday lectures in Joiners' Hall and Fetter Lane, he excited thought and stirred up emotion—men did not leave with the remark, "There was nothing in it."

The exact site of Baxter's grave is unknown. "Buried in the chancel" is the answer to every inquiry; but no short epitaph, no memorial words tell under which of those time-worn and unlettered stones lies the body of Baxter. The church registers inform us that he was buried on the 17th of December, 1691, and that is all which Christ Church can tell the world about Richard Baxter.

A summary of Baxter's life is soon told. He was born at Rowton, near High Ercal, Shropshire, 1615; received ordination at Worcester, in 1638, from Bishop Thornborough, and, in 1640, was chosen lecturer at Kidderminster. Being driven away by political tumults in 1642, he returned in 1646, and continued there during all the changes of the next fourteen years. Baxter rejoiced in the restoration of the king, but the Act of Uniformity found him unable to comply with its requirements, and then came not only banishment from his beloved Kidderminster, but a long series of insults, ending in a trial before Jeffreys, and an imprisonment for two years. Just as these days were coming he found a young lady willing to share with him all the opposition of enemies by becoming his wife. There was nothing very astounding in thoughtful and enthusiastic Miss Charlton being married, in her twenty-fourth year, to the famous Richard Baxter in his forty-seventh. He had,

however, so often recommended a single life to preachers, that some of the gentlemen who had acted upon his advice naturally pointed to his practical comment upon his own precepts. Doubtless Baxter was a wise man; he certainly gained, by his own confession, nineteen years of "love and mutual complacency."

The great revolution came, and the Toleration Act nearly terminated legalized persecution; but a great change was also then approaching Baxter—the end of life was at hand. He understood the significant signs of the coming event. His will was made in July, 1689; every sermon became more suggestive of the approaching hour; and on the 8th of December, 1691, he passed into the state of which he had so earnestly written, and entered into "the saint's everlasting rest."

The fame of his writings, labors, and sufferings drew a vast concourse to his funeral, the line of carriages extending from Christ Church far down Cheapside. The royal, the noble, and the knightly dead lie forgotten in the ancient burial-ground of the Gray Friars; but the greatest of those who sleep in the modern Christ Church is Richard Baxter. We may no longer fully sympathize with his style; we may have learned to accept conclusions from minds, the strongest understandings, the widest hearts, and the most earnest Christians of the present time, will see in this old divine many points of attraction for one of repulsion.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

POLYGAMY throws its terrors, either as a possibility or a fact, over the heart of every married lady in India. Creation and divine law have ordained woman's heart to be queen of her husband's heart, and to reign without a rival. But heathenism has dared to overthrow that right, and sternly tells the loving and trusting wife that she must, and without complaining, admit a partner in her husband's affection if he desires it. How often are long years of duty and fidelity thus rewarded, and the true, faithful heart is crushed for life, as she sees herself superseded by some youthful stranger, who has stolen her lord's heart and attention, and leaves her to pine in neglect and sorrow!

It little avails for this contradictory legislation to say, "In whatever family the husband is contented with his wife, and the wife with her husband, in that house will fortune be assuredly permanent;" "Let him be constantly satisfied

with her alone"—or that, "Neither by sale nor by desertion can a wife be released from her husband"—when the legislator straightway proceeds to open this terrible door to man's caprice, and leaves him to be the sole judge of when and how soon, or often, he will enter it. He ordains that a woman must meekly endure all the wrongs and slights heaped upon her forbearing heart, without leaving her one avenue of escape or retaliation, and deliberately hands over to the husband every resource of power over her, so that she is utterly defenseless against even the cruel revenge that may at any time choose to crush her.

The right to become a polygamist, should he prefer it for any reason, must unsettle any man's heart, and be a barrier to true and permanent affection, while it renders him weak in the development of that real love which sorrows and mutual trials ripen into the realization of that priceless union of heart, and hope, and destiny, which sings amid its maturity:

"We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's sorrows,
And wiped each other's tears."

That right to be thus unsympathetic and fickle, and to inflict this terrible wrong upon her whom he ought to cherish and cleave to, "forsaking all others as long as they both should live," Menu fully grants in the following ordinances of his code: "If after one damsel has been shown, another be offered to the bridegroom, who had purchased leave to marry her from her next kinsman, he may become the husband of both for the same price;" "Even though a man have married a young woman in legal form, yet he may abandon her, if he find her blemished, afflicted with disease, or . . . and given to him with fraud. If any man give a faulty damsel in marriage, without disclosing her blemish, the husband may annul that act of her ill-minded giver;" "A wife who drinks any spirituous liquors, who acts immorally, who shows hatred to her lord, who is incurably diseased, who is mischievous, who wastes his property, may at all times be superseded by another wife. A barren wife may be superseded by another in the eighth year; she whose children are all dead, in the tenth; she who brings forth only daughters, in the eleventh; she who speaks unkindly, without delay; but she who, though afflicted with illness, is beloved and virtuous, must never be disgraced, though she may be superseded by another wife with her own consent." (Sec. 204, C. 8.)

Here is wide range enough from which to

select a cause of dissatisfaction, in any hour of alienation or dislike; no tribunal or process is required; the husband is sole judge and executor of this facile law, and in a single day the virtuous and faithful lady may find herself a discarded outcast without pity or redress on earth.

If she escape all such causes of divorce, and keeps possession of her home and husband, there still remains the liability of polygamy. He may at any hour wander from his place—a new face may strike his fancy, or a desire for more sons, or some other pretext, may urge him to add to the occupants of his zenana; and the terrible fact may be only known to her by the arrival of the one who leaves her to weep alone.

I have been often asked to what extent polygamy prevails in India. For reasons already manifest it is not easy to give a sufficient answer to this inquiry. I fear it is more general than is supposed. Of course the crime is limited by its expense. It is a luxury that poor men can not well afford, yet even they are not innocent of successional polygamy; they often forsake or change their wives, and then take others. Among the rich it is very common. Indeed, with that class it is viewed rather as an exhibition of wealth and splendor, and cases are not rare where ten or a dozen ladies may be found in the zenana of a Rajah or Nawab.

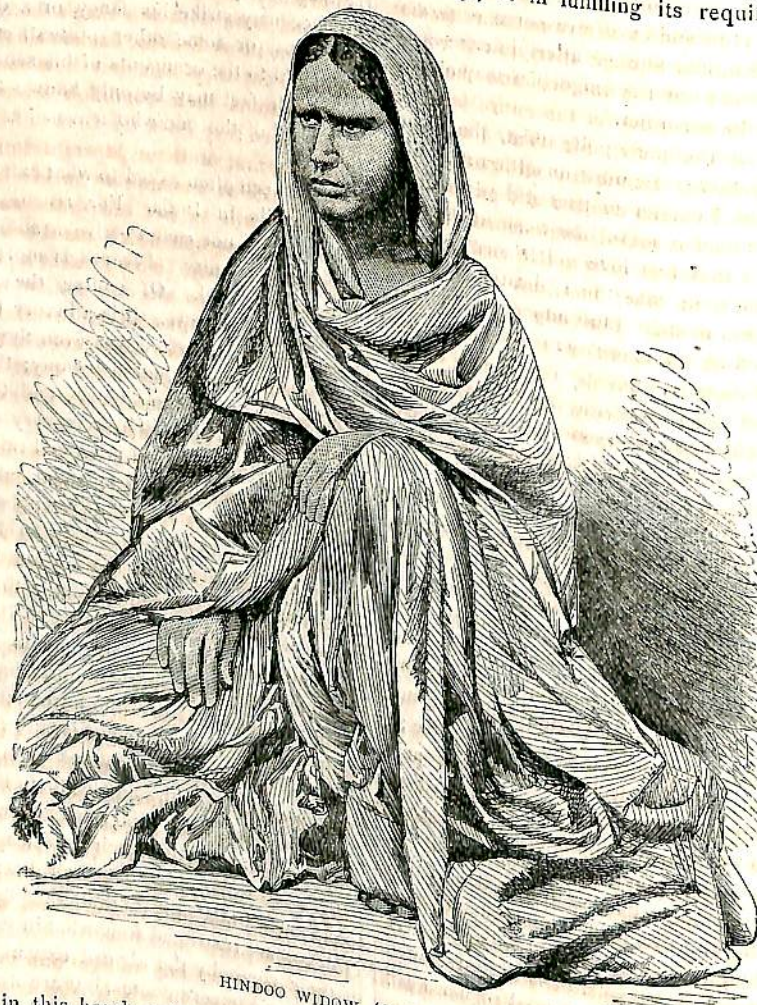
There are varieties in the law and usage of the different religionists of India in this regard, but all of them allow the practice. The Parsee faith and usage limits polygamy to a second wife, and then only where the first is childless, and gives her consent to the introduction of the second. The Mohammedan is allowed by his Koran to take up to four wives or concubines, and few of the wealthy among them limit themselves to less than this number; while it is notorious that they use their facilities of divorce with so little scruple that their license under their law is practically unlimited. The opulent Hindoos are restricted somewhat in the increase of their wives by the absurd expensiveness of their marriage ceremonies, but are limited in no other way as to the number they choose to take. The unbounded polygamy of the Kulin Brahmins has been described in a former article.

The law lays down the subordination which is to exist in a home where there are several wives. The first married remains mistress of the family. The others are designated *sapañis*, or auxiliary wives, and she is expected and required to treat them as she would younger sisters. Every additional wife added is thus instructed by the Hindoo authority called *Sacon-*

tala: "Here, my daughter, when thou art settled in the mansion of thy husband, show due reverence to him, and to those whom he reveres; though he have other wives, be rather an affectionate handmaid to them than a rival."

A plurality of wives necessarily involves a home where strife and divisions dwell. There is no happy family where such outrages exist on the hope and trust of a loving woman. How can there be where she has such cause to doubt

the honesty and constancy of her husband's affections, and where, in addition to being neglected for her rivals, she must fear and know that even were she to die, he would probably shed no tears for her, but deliberately proceed to supply her place by another, who would bear no reverence to her memory, even if he, which is very unlikely, should desire to cherish it. And every lady in India in looking forward to marriage, or in fulfilling its requirements as



HINDOO WIDOW, (In her usual dress.)

laid down in this harsh and one-sided law, is liable to this life of anxiety, disappointment, grief, and alienation, with all its consequent envy, strife, and sorrow, with her rivals, and their children and connections. The secret of domestic felicity can not be extensively known in India for want of the divine virtue,

"To love one only,
And be true to her,"

in the sense of the beautiful covenant of Christianity. What harvest of sorrow did Menu

sow when he ordained these laws of license for his countrymen!

Extremes meet, and that often when we should least expect them. Who would imagine, in a country where such rules of social life exist, that we should meet with a custom so opposite to it, in all respects, as *polyandry*? And yet this singular and amazing relation existed in India twenty-five centuries ago, and lingers to-day in some localities to such an extent as to call for the legislative action of the

English Government. It is bad enough to be one among many wives, but to be the wife of many husbands must be a wonderful relation for any woman to sustain.

India's greatest poem is the Mahabharata, and its lovely heroine, Draupady, is represented, at the great tournament, as throwing the garland of preference over the neck of the valiant Ajuna, whom she loves so well. But with him she accepts his four elder brothers, and is henceforth regarded by all five as their common consort. Singular enough there is not a word of reprehension for the relation, and the story ends with the reception of the entire family to the home of the gods. Sir Wm. Jones, our great Orientalist, facetiously designates this family of the Pandian chiefs and their common consort as "the five-maled, single-female flower," and there is reason to believe that this curiosity bloomed then in other localities of the land besides Indrapresta. The code must certainly have tended to its abolition, for except in the Ceylon Mountains, among the Nairs of the South, and very limitedly in the Himalaya Mountains, the daughters of India have ceased to lament the dwaper yug—a departed age—when they sang:

"Prepost'rous! that one biped vain
Should drag ten housewives in his train,
And stuff them in a gaudy cage,
Slaves to weak lust or potent rage!
Not such the dwaper yug! O then
One buxom dame might wed five men!"

Whatever may have been the motive for this unnatural alliance in the ancient days the purpose in our own, as I learned in the Himalayas, is the gain to be realized by the sale of their fairer daughters to supply the zenanas of the plains, and the dearth of women thus occasioned led to the continuance of this unnatural custom; and so one vice created another, and that, too, its very opposite. The English Government has done what it could to repress the practice of polyandry where it still exists.

A widow in India is undoubtedly the most miserable of her sex anywhere. The life of women in the marriage relation in that land, even at its best, must be an object of commiseration to those who are blessed with a higher civilization, but what woman becomes when she sinks into the fearful condition of Hindoo widowhood can not be fully described. She is now more than ever under the tyranny of her cruel law, and the bitterest dregs of a woman's misery are and the bitterest dregs of a woman's misery are then and henceforth wrung out to her. Her youth, her beauty, her wealth give her no exemption whatever; the rules, relentless as death, enforce their dreadful claims upon her and

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crush her down. She may even never have lived with her husband, never seen his home, never received a single kiss or salutation from him, but be simply a betrothed wife, not a dozen years old, it may be—she too, though a mere child that never left the paternal roof, must sink to the fearful level. For this accursed law dooms the virgin widow to the same fate as the lady that may have lived with a husband for forty years.

Formerly they were expected to become Suttees and burn with the man's body. British humanity, thank heaven, has ended that hellish custom. So they live, but how much better than death is their condition let my readers judge when they learn the facts in her case.

In the first of these papers I introduced a Hindoo wife as she appears in her best estate, a married wife in her full dress and jewelry. From a photograph which has been engraved with equal fidelity, I now present a picture of a Hindoo widow as she appears in her weeds, sitting upon the ground in her sorrow. Her aspect and her attire show, even to a stranger, at first sight, the agony of her condition, which will be better understood when the rules of her now hopeless existence are stated.

In the forms of their exclamations, when they first realize that they are widowed, there are terribly reflective phrases which imply that, for aught they know, they may be responsible for their husband's death; that not misery alone, but guilt also may fasten upon their wretched hearts. This arises from their fear that in the responsibilities of their caste duties, in preparing food, etc., they may have, even unwittingly, violated some rule of the Shaster, and that the gods have visited the violation with their vengeance in the sickness and death of the husband. The terrific fear thus seizes on the lacerated heart that they may be guilty of the death which they mourn! Her own children and friends she justly fears are entertaining similar thoughts concerning her, and this dreadful weight sinks her to despair.

If there were any mitigations in her condition henceforth to which she could turn for relief, her sense of innocent intention might help her now. But the tender sympathy and divine compassion which Christianity inculcates for the widow in her sorrow—the assurance that such afflicted hearts are taken under the peculiar protection of the God of the Bible, who says to the dying parent, "Leave thy fatherless children to me and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me"—the blessed book that so tenderly instructs those who yield themselves to its guidance that

"true religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction"—that book, that faith, that compassion is peculiar to Christianity, and has no counterpart whatever in the heartless and cruel code of Hindooism. So woman, in the sad condition where the divinest sympathies of our faith surround and sustain her, is deserted and insulted by the heathenism which loads on her wretched heart a weight of woe which, in its atrocity, as the fruit of its peculiar civilization and the outgrowth of its thirty centuries of oppression, has come at last to consider the sorrowing one as though the words widow and accursed were synonymous.

The enumeration of her wrongs almost sickens a man's heart to describe them. A part of them, and the evidence of the cruel law which ordains them, we present here.

The day she becomes a widow the lady in India sinks to a lot little less terrible than death itself. All her ornaments and beautiful clothing—on which her poor, uninstructed mind has doted—are taken from her, so that "jewelless woman" is the well-understood designation for a widow. She is henceforth to wear the dun-colored robe in which the engraving represents her, on which there must be no seam, no fringe, no figure. Her *Thali*—the equivalent of the marriage ring in England—which her husband tied round her neck when he married her, is removed. From her forehead the bright vermilion mark is wiped away. Her raven locks are ruthlessly cut off. And how much they value them is illustrated by Robinson in the case even of a female convict in the Agra prison. This woman had defeated the magistrates and wardens for seven years. She said she never had worked and she never would work. Mr. Woodcock, the Inspector of Prisons, determined that he would bring her to terms, so he issued the order that her head should be shaved. She no sooner found that he was in earnest than her ferocity was conquered; she came into his presence and fell at his feet, and promised if he would only spare her hair she would work as much as he liked; and there she has been spinning ever since. What a hardened convict could not endure, the afflicted widow must submit to, without an exception. The terrible indignity is perpetual, for the head is henceforth shaven every ten days. The terrors of the "God of Hell" breaking forth against the departed husband are employed to make her endure the degradation, for, says the *Casi-Candam*, "If matrons who have put off glittering ornaments of gold still wreath

their hair in unshortened locks, the ministers of fiery-eyed Yaman shall bind with cords the husband of her desire."

In a former article I stated that I had never seen the face of a respectable woman in India during my nearly ten years of residence there; the subject under remark reminds me that there is one qualification of this statement. I did see ladies on the occasion of the "Maha-Mela," which occurred while I was in India. The mela, so called, occurs but once in twelve years, and at it, as a peculiar right and in view of the religious austerities and duties to be performed, the ladies are released from the obligation of seclusion and go about in the mela unveiled. I have stood by and seen a row of barbers on the brink of the Ganges engaged in ruthlessly cutting the beautiful tresses from the heads of these ladies. They crouched down under the fearful operation, and their rich raven locks were swept off and flung aside in heaps on the shore, when the timid creatures would put on a small white cap on the shaven head, and, looking like so many convalescents from a fever hospital, with an aspect that told that they felt disgraced, they trod their way down into the river, and, performing the required immersion, returned to their camp with the poor consolation taught them by their priests, that sins as numerous as the hairs they had sacrificed were washed away by that ablution. My heart never ached more for my fellow-creatures—save on an occasion at the burning ghat—than it did that day as I saw this satanic religion thus openly insulting and humiliating the women of India.

But even this is not the end of the widow's misery. She must henceforth consider herself as a creature of evil destiny, practicing severe austerities; her weary limbs are no longer to repose upon a comfortable bed, her food is to be taken but once a day, and then only of the coarsest fare, and, lest her presence should involve the dreadful doom of a widow's condition, she is prohibited from ever appearing in the wedding ceremonies of another woman, no matter how nearly related to her. The higher rules exacted; so that a Brahman's widow is the most wretched of all. And this is "according to law"—a doom laid on willfully and wickedly by their legislation and its commentators. Menu ordains as follows: "Let her emaciate her body, by living voluntarily on pure flowers' roots and fruit, but let her not, when her lord is deceased, ever pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties,

avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practicing the incomparable rules of virtue which have been followed by such women as have been devoted to one only husband. (Institutes, Secs. 157 and 158.) To this the *Casi-Candam* adds, "On the death of their attached husband, women must eat but once a day, must eschew betel and a spread mattress, must sleep on the ground and continue to practice rigid mortification. Women who have put off glittering jewels of gold must discharge with alacrity the duties of devotion, and, neglecting their persons, must feed on herbs and roots, so as barely to sustain life within the body."

Can any thing equal this cruel audacity of proscription to hearts which their system had already crushed! Yet it may be matched by the willful blindness of our American transcendentalists, who profess to find in Vedic teaching and Hindoo philosophy sentiments and ethics which they deem and commend as even superior to our Christian faith and morality; men of whom true scholarship will yet be ashamed as it calls to mind their one-sided representations and their concealment of the whole truth, which they know well they dare not quote, as they practice upon the credulity of American audiences in their lectures, and sermons, and publications. Compared with such deceivers Menu and his commentators were honest men, and might answer it in some sense to their consciences, for they knew no better and had only the lurid glare of a fallen nature to guide them; but their modern admirers and champions, on both sides of the Atlantic, can not be extenuated by any such plea, and, therefore, their responsibility to God and to woman, as to society in general, is all the more inexcusable and dreadful.

It was for the interest of Brahmanism that these wretched widows, henceforth so useless and inconvenient, should die, and their valuables be divided in the ceremonies of the suttee. For ages this was done, and the young and beautiful ladies of the land were immolated amid solemn religious ceremonies and music, before applauding crowds of priests, and pundits, and philosophers, while no voice was raised against these vile murders until the Christian missionary came to plead for the widow's life. Then a merciful God, in response to their prayers and efforts, sent that noble man, Lord William Bentinck, to India as Governor-General, and to him was given the honor to face the opposition of Moonshies and Brahmins, and in 1829 to sign the law that extinguished these murderous fires forever. The women of India will yet hang his portrait in



LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK.

their homes and gratefully cherish his memory as one of India's greatest benefactors.

The law of Christ and the legislation of Christian countries permit a widow, where she chooses to do so, to create and enjoy the sunshine of a second home. But from this right Hindooism has for twenty-five hundred years bitterly prohibited every widow in India. The terrible alternative presented to these bereaved ones in the first hours of their agony was, either to burn or live a life of woe, without the privilege of remarriage or any mitigation of their misery. Their legislation and customs in this regard are worthy of themselves, perhaps a little more mean, especially in that ordinance where they provide for robbing a lady of her claim to virtue if she should dare transgress the vile code that dooms her, whether she prefers it or otherwise, to a life of perpetual widowhood. A part of the ordinances on this subject are too vile for quotation, but we give sufficient for the purpose.

The Code declares: "A widow who slights her deceased husband, by marrying again, brings disgrace on herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord [in heaven]. She who neglects her former [*purva*] lord, though of a lower class, and takes another [*para*] of a higher, becomes despicable in this world, and is called *parapurva*, or one who had a different husband before."

To give the force of social seclusion to the law, he ordained that "a keeper of buffaloes, a husband of a twice married-woman, and a remover of dead bodies for pay, are to be avoided with great care." In another place he mentions

the children of such a marriage as equally objects of contempt, and then adds his last motive for the avoidance of the crime of a widow's remarriage, by declaring that she is bound by the law to her husband even *after* he is dead, and that to change her life is to sacrifice her claim to be a virtuous woman. He says: "A faithful wife, who wishes to attain in heaven the mansion of her husband, must do nothing unkind to him be he living or dead; while she who slights not her lord, but keeps her mind, speech, and body devoted to him attains his heavenly mansion, and by good men is called *sadivi*, or virtuous. Let her obsequiously honor him while he lives, and when he dies let her never neglect him. Nor is a second husband allowed in any part of this code to a virtuous woman." (Institutes, Secs. 151, 162, 165.)

Let me remind the reader of the statement, that these rules refer not only to the aged widows, whose long life-relation to their husbands might give some color to these stern demands, but as fully place the obligation upon the virgin widows who never knew the husband's care or love. The law is explicit here. Two authorities give the rule: "It is said to be unlawful for any to touch jewelless women, whose eyes are like the dewy cavi flower, being deprived of their beloved husband, like a body deprived of the spirit." "Nor must a damsel once given away in marriage be given a second time."

Old or young, faded or lovely, it is all one dull uniformity of woe. The number of widows is necessarily larger in India than in any other land on earth. For none of them is there sympathy, or help, or love. Let a true woman imagine, if she can, what the state of such despairing hearts must be. Of them how surely may it be said, "She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies." Lamentations i, 2.

Can Christian ladies in this happy land wonder that these villainous laws have brought forth their fruits of death, that women in India, being thus degraded by system and rule, have dragged the nation down into their own ruin, or that their sisters there have become demented and broken-hearted, so that they have so long and often preferred immolation to the sorrowful lot of a Hindoo widow. Alas! tens of thousands of them, after such married lives as theirs, ignorant, impulsive, and indolent, when the terrible alternative has stared them in the face, have either committed suicide, or else, bidding a long farewell to peace and virtue,

have taken refuge in the living hells that abound in every bazaar in India!

If the men who made these vile laws, or those who to-day try hard to sustain them, had acted with even the least impartiality, by subjecting their own sex or order to similar obligations, or any degree of it, our criticism might be qualified. But the unmanly wretches, who bound these grievous burdens and laid them on the shoulders of weak woman, would not touch them with one of their fingers, or share a single self-denial that they so freely imposed upon her. On the contrary, not merely in practice but also in the provisions of this ancient law, see how these dainty Brahmins expressly provide for a renewal of their own comforts in such circumstances. The code, at the close of the rules for the treatment and obligation of widows, ordains: "Having kindled sacred fires and performed funeral rites to his wife, who died before him, he may again marry and again light the nuptial fire. Let him not cease to perform day by day, according to the preceding rules, the five great sacraments; and having taken a lawful consort, let him dwell in his house during the second period of his life." (Institutes, Chap. vii, Secs. 149 and 150.)

Christianity has attacked also this great wrong, and demanded for the widow a mitigation of her misery and the right to remarry. They moved the government to act, and appealed to enlightened natives to aid them in the attempt to secure to the widow, rescued from the suttee, the blessings of virtue, health, and peace. A few responded, petitions were prepared, the public generally appealed to, and the measure submitted to the Dhurma Sabha for its approval and aid. This confraternity represents "Young India," and plumes itself upon its advanced ideas. But it met the proposal with scorn, declaring that sooner than sanction the removal of the disabilities of Hindoo widows, they would rather sign petitions for the restoration of the requisite permission for the burning of a thousand widows per annum. Yet the devoted missionaries and their noble English allies persevered, and twelve years after, in 1856—the year the writer reached India—on the 25th of July, Lord Canning signed "An act to remove all legal obstacles to the marriage of Hindoo widows." Human and divine law have thus declared such a marriage to be as valid as any other. It is true that but few such unions have yet been celebrated, for the Brahmins have considerable power still to mold public opinion. Yet much has been won for the poor oppressed one, and time will yet bring healing on its wings even to her sad condition.

The death and funeral of the Hindoo wife is a very sad topic, which closes our view of the condition of woman in India. Those final scenes there are complete contrasts to what such words express under Christianity. In our civilization, with all its honor, and love, and blessing for woman, as wife and mother, what tender thoughts and holy memories surround a wife's or a mother's grave!

In contrast with the melancholy picture with which I have to close these papers, Mrs. Norton sketches the hallowed though chastened view which our holy faith alone can furnish, and which I quote, notwithstanding its length, for its comparison, by contrariety of facts and emotions, with the heathen scene. Every bereaved husband's heart, in proportion, too, as it is manly and Christian, will respond to the truth and tenderness of each line, while they will touch with similar sympathy the soul of the child whose gentle mother is thus lamented:

"I saw the widower mournful stand,
Gazing on the sea and the land;
O! beautiful seem the earth and sky—
Why doth he heave that bitter sigh?
Vain are the sunshine and brightness to him;
His heart is heavy, his eyes are dim;
His thoughts are not with the moaning sea,
Though his gaze be fixed on it vacantly;
His thoughts are far, where the dark boughs wave
O'er the silent rest of his Mary's grave.
He starts, and brushes away the tear;
For the soft small voices are in his ear,
Of the bright-hair'd angels his Mary left,
To comfort him lonely and long bereft.
With a gush of sorrow he turns to press
His little ones close with a fond caress,
And they sigh—O! not because Mary sleeps,
For she is forgotten—but that he weeps.
Yes! she is forgotten—the patient love,
The tenderness of that meek-eyed dove,
The voice that rose on the evening air,
To bid them kneel to the God of prayer,
The joyous tones that greeted them, when
After awhile she came again—
The pressure soft of her rose-leaf cheek—
The touch of her hand, as white and weak
She laid it low on each shining head,
And bless'd the sons of the early dead—
All is forgotten—all past away
Like the fading close of a Summer day:
Or the sound of her voice—though they scarce can tell
Whose voice it was that they loved so well—
Comes with their laughter a short, sweet dream,
As the breeze blows over the gentle stream,
Rippling a moment its quiet breast,
And leaving it then to its sunny rest.
But he—O! deep in his inmost soul,
Which hath drunk to the dregs of sorrow's bowl—
Her look, and her smile—the lightest word,
Of the musical voice he so often heard,
And never may hear on earth again,
Though he loved it more than he loved it then—
Are buried—to rise at times unbid,
And force hot tears to the burning lid;
The mother that bore her may learn to forget,
But he will remember and weep for her yet!
O! while the heart where her head hath lain
In its hours of joy, in its sighs of pain—

While the hand which so oft hath been clasped in hers
In the twilight hour, when nothing stirs—
Beat with the deep, full pulse of life,
Can he forget his gentle wife!"

No, for his heart, no less than his religion, has taught him to cherish the blessed memory. The Christianity that adorned her character, and made her to him "more precious than rubies," makes even her resting-place the dearest spot of earth, for he knows that the loved one that sleeps there will yet awake and live again, and that they shall be friends for eternity.

But O! there is nothing at all equivalent to this in India. Womanhood is cheap there even while she lives, but when dead her mortal remains are scattered like her memory—to be forgotten. She receives no grave, she looks for no resurrection.

In nothing are the Christian and the Hindoo wife and mother more contrasted than in this very respect. Christianity is peculiar in the manner in which it treats the person and the memory of woman when she is dead, while Hindooism, with all its boasted civilization, cruelly outrages both.

The tender thoughts, the grateful memories that linger round the Christian lady's resting-place, are honors which Christianity has originated and cultured in the heart of him whose thoughts thus often turn to the precious grave where his "Mary" sleeps, and recalls and desires to linger upon the remembrance of the worth and the love that lived and thought for him alone. That memory even is a benediction in the home she illuminated by her presence while here. "Her children arise up and call her blessed," while it also throws its claims over the soul of her who may be called to fill the place of the dear departed, laying it upon her mind and heart, as a sacred trust, to be, in comfort and affection, all that she was to the bereaved man who mourns her, and a true mother to the little ones she left behind.

It is only our holy faith that can make such step-mothers as we see around us—"a repairer of the breach, a restorer of paths to dwell in"—cherishing these children as gently and lovingly as though they were her own, and earning, what she will doubtless receive, the grateful love of her whose place she has consented to fill. It is our religion alone that, in its disinterested devotion and love, can enable a second mother to realize to these little ones that protection and care which, in its efficiency and value, is the very next blessing to the one that was taken away, and which may lead those children in after life to such affectionate appreciation as the writer heard expressed by a young minister at

EX-GOVERNOR ALLEN TRIMBLE.

ALLEN TRIMBLE was born in the county of Augusta and State of Virginia, November 24, 1783. He was descended from the hardy and adventurous Scotch-Irish stock, which, at an early day, settled the valley of Virginia, and formed the bulwark between the savages of the North-West and the eastern settlements of the Old Dominion.

In one of the numerous attacks made on this border population of Augusta county, John Trimble, Esq., the grandfather of Allen, was slain, while defending his family and fireside, and James, his only son, the father of Allen, then a lad of ten years, taken a prisoner. The marauding band of Indians who perpetrated this outrage was successfully pursued over the Alleghany Mountains by a party of settlers under Colonel Maffit—step-son of John Trimble—who surprised and routed the savages, and rescued the prisoners.

James lived to punish, in honorable warfare, the murderers of his father, and the disturbers of the peace of the frontier. In 1774, when only twenty-one years of age, he participated in the bloody and decisive battle of Point Pleasant, fought by the valley troops under General Lewis, with the chosen warriors of the confederated Delawares, Mingoes, Cayugas, Wyandots, and Shawnees, led by their most renowned chieftains. This decisive victory enabled Governor Dunmore to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Indian chiefs—a peace, however, which proved to be of short duration. Stimulated by British influence, these perfidious savages again took the field, at the very beginning of the Revolutionary war, in 1776, and the frontier settlements became the theater of conflict between the combined British and Indian forces and the border militia; James Trimble commanded a company of these border troops during the war, and rendered his country important service in that position.

At the close of that memorable struggle he married Miss Jane Allen, whose family had borne a conspicuous part in the war of Independence; and having previously located in Kentucky the land-warrants received for military services, he resolved, in 1784, to make Kentucky his future home. He accordingly organized an emigrant company, which grew into such unexpectedly large proportions—in all over five hundred souls—that a military commander was chosen to conduct the expedition. General Knox, of Revolutionary fame, was selected for this difficult and important post. Under his skillful leadership this large

party traversed the wilderness, the scene of recent and terrible disasters, unmolested by the roving bands of Indians that filled the country, and reached Crab Orchard, in the Territory of Kentucky, in November, 1784. Allen Trimble at this time was eleven months old, and was carried in his mother's arms on horseback.

Captain Trimble settled a few miles from M'Connell's Station—now Lexington, Kentucky—where he continued to reside until his death, in 1804. He had, two years previous to his decease, influenced by high moral and religious considerations, and with a view to the ultimate interests of his growing family, resolved to manumit his slaves and make his home in the territory north of the Ohio River. In accordance with this purpose he visited Ohio in 1802, accompanied by his son Allen, and selected lands in the Scioto and Paint valleys, and on Clear Creek, in the county of Highland. On the latter he determined to locate his family. When, in 1803, he presented his deeds of manumission to the County Court of Woodford county, for record, the judge hesitated to admit them, on the ground that the proposed liberation of slaves was contrary to public safety and interest, and would be dangerous as a precedent. His Honor finally yielded, however, under the potent arguments of Henry Clay, then a young lawyer, and made the record as desired.

While busily employed in making preparations to remove to Ohio, Captain Trimble was taken sick, and died in October, 1804, leaving Allen, his oldest son, not yet twenty-one years of age, the responsible head of the family, with all his father's projected plans to carry out. For this high trust, however, the young man was well fitted. He had already acquired a good English education, a thorough knowledge of surveying, and business experience and habits unusual for one of his age. Having settled the affairs of his father's estate, in Kentucky, he took possession of the new residence in Ohio, in the preparation of which the father was employed at the time of his death. The removal took place in October, 1805. William, the next eldest brother, was left at a classical school in Kentucky, and was afterward distinguished both in the civil and military service of his adopted State. Two of the younger brothers were sent to Philadelphia, and one to Newport, Kentucky, to complete their education. Two of the brothers—William and Cary—had barely completed their studies and entered upon the active duties of life, when the war of 1812 summoned them to the field. They both joined Hull's army, at Dayton, as volunteer privates.

William was elected Major of M'Arthur's regiment, and Cary Lieutenant of a company in the same command. They shared the disaster of Hull's surrender, but, as soon as exchanged, joined the forces of the Northern army, enlisting for the war. They were conspicuous for courage and capacity, and promoted for good conduct—one to brevet Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a regiment, the other to a Captaincy. Colonel Trimble was severely wounded in the sortie at Fort Erie, but sufficiently recovered to continue in the service until the war closed. In 1817 he was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Ohio.

In 1809 Allen Trimble was appointed Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and Supreme Court, for Highland county, a position which he held, in connection with the office of County Recorder, for seven years. While performing the duties of these offices he became familiar not only with the practice and decisions of the courts, but with the general principles of common law, and the statute laws of the State.

Notwithstanding his official position, and his responsibility as the recognized head of his father's family, and, in addition, the care of a young and helpless family of his own, he responded to his country's call for military service, for brief periods in 1812-13. When General Hull's surrender exposed the northern frontier and to the incursions of British and Indians, and before the Government at Washington had provided means of defense, Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, had appointed General Harrison to the command of the Kentucky troops. He issued a call for mounted regiments, for thirty days' service, to be raised in Ohio, and to join his Kentucky forces. Allen Trimble was elected Colonel of one of the regiments raised in Southern Ohio, and joined General Harrison at St. Mary's. He was ordered to the relief of the garrison at Fort Wayne, then threatened by the Indians, and also to disperse the Indians combining on the Wabash and Eel Rivers. This service was performed in such a manner as to elicit the complimentary approval of General Harrison.

In 1813, at the general call of Governor Meigs, he marched to Upper Sandusky with a regiment raised in Highland and Adams counties, holding, by election, the position of Major, but discharging in fact the duties of Colonel. For want of supplies General Harrison was compelled to dismiss this patriotic force, and direct their return to their homes. In 1816 Mr. Trimble was elected Representative from Highland county, and took his seat in the first General Assembly that ever convened in Co-

lumbus. One year later he was elected to the Senate of Ohio, by the counties of Highland and Fayette, the same constituency returning him to the Senate for four successive terms. At the session of 1818-19, he was chosen President of the Senate, a position which he held by almost the common consent of that body for eight years.

We believe we speak within the limits of truth and justice when we say, from the general testimony of his contemporaries in public life, that Allen Trimble was the ablest and most popular presiding officer the Senate of Ohio has ever had. That he should have been continued in that office so many years, at a time when the Senate was distinguished for men of ability, is sufficient proof that he was remarkably gifted with executive abilities, and that he must have possessed, in no ordinary degree, the moral courage, sound judgment, and incorruptible integrity, without which no one can successfully perform the duties of a position at once so delicate and responsible.

At the session of 1821-22 Governor Brown was elected United States Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Colonel William A. Trimble. The President of the Senate, by the provisions of the Constitution, became the acting Governor until the office was filled by a general election in 1822. While discharging the duties of the executive office at that time, Governor Trimble was authorized by the Legislature to appoint a committee carefully to consider and report at the ensuing session what action should be taken by the State in reference to common schools. He was very careful to select for this commission men of enlightened and progressive views, and their report, made after mature deliberation, was unanimously in favor of adopting the free-school system, now the pride and glory of the State.

At the October election, in 1826, Allen Trimble was chosen Governor of Ohio by an unusually large majority, there being three other candidates before the people. In his first message to the General Assembly he pressed upon that body, with great earnestness, the importance of extending and improving the common school system of the State, until it should provide the means of a good English education for every child in the commonwealth. In 1828, after a campaign of unusual party violence, he was re-elected Governor, although at the Presidential election, a few weeks later, the State was carried by the opposite party. The administration of this term of two years, besides urging upon the attention of the Legislature

the important interests of education and internal improvement, was devoted to a watchful care over all the great public interests of the State, and a hearty co-operation with the coordinate branches of the Government in efforts to carry out the measures of public policy previously adopted.

At the close of this executive term, in December, 1830, Governor Trimble retired from public life, carrying with him as large a share of respect and confidence, probably, as any man who has served for so long a time in prominent official positions. For twenty-one consecutive years he had been honored and trusted by the people of Ohio as few men have been, and in every position to which he was called he discharged his duties with honesty, capability, and fidelity. He had aided in maturing and putting into successful operation liberal and enlightened systems of policy, which secured to the State a rapid growth and substantial prosperity, making it a worthy example as the first-born of the free States of the North-West. It is not at all strange, therefore, that he carried with him into the retirement of private life, the affectionate good-will of a people whom he had so faithfully served.

In forming an estimate of Governor Trimble, we shall find, underlying all his success in public life, and more than any other characteristic of the man the secret of his power, a pure private character. Upright and blameless conduct in domestic and social relations is essentially necessary to prepare one for the highest usefulness in any public sphere. No one could have been more scrupulous than was Allen Trimble, from his boyhood, to avoid the prevalent and popular vices of the times, and cultivate the higher faculties of mind and heart. To have been in public life for so long a period, and retire with an unsullied reputation, indicates a nature of no common mold and a virtue of the highest order. He seems to have commenced life with lofty aims and pure purposes, and to have utterly scorned the ordinary, easy, self-indulgent modes of existence, so common among young men born to a high social position.

He was a man of extraordinary firmness of character. The history of distinguished men in all ages attests the truth, that without this fixity and steadiness of character, great achievements are impossible. There must be a oneness of purpose, a singleness of aim, and an unswerving adherence to the great life-pursuit to which our powers have been consecrated, or else those powers will be frittered away and life itself gone ere one worthy end is reached.

Governor Trimble was early taught the lesson of self-reliance. Placed, in the providence of God, while yet a youth, at the head of a large household, and managing the finances of a great estate, he found it needful no doubt to take responsibility and exercise authority. He was not rash in reaching conclusions, but when he formed a purpose few men were less easily moved. There can be no doubt that, in the various public offices he filled, this characteristic was a most important element of success. The man who is steadily true to his own convictions, even though these be sometimes wrong, is the man who, in the long run, will secure the largest measure of public confidence and esteem.

Governor Trimble was a man of very rare humility. He assumed no official dignity. His manners and domestic habits were as quiet and unobtrusive, while he filled the first place in the State, as in the retirement of his village home. If he long occupied positions of honor they sought him rather than he them. In these days of greedy and indecent self-seeking it is pleasant to contemplate the life of a man who, amid all the seductions of place and power, was clothed with Christian humility—an honest, disinterested, straightforward, guileless character—a man who could participate in great undertakings without any scheme for his own honor or profit—a man who would always say just what he meant, and do just what he said.

It needs hardly be added that Governor Trimble was a man of the strictest integrity. He belonged to a generation of public men who put a very high estimate upon personal honor. A good name he esteemed above office, or riches, or any price, and not the least valuable legacy bequeathed to his descendants is a name without a spot upon it. At the session of the Legislature of 1826-7 he was authorized to select the half million acres of land granted by Congress to the State for canal purposes. That reposed in him by those who knew him best. So delicate and difficult a trust would ordinarily be confided to a commission of several men.

Governor Trimble was a Christian. In the years 1821-2 he buried three brothers within twelve months. This bereavement produced great seriousness, but did not lead to his conversion. According to his own statement he was awakened under the first sermon he heard preached by his son, Joseph M. Trimble, then a student in the Ohio University. This sermon was preached in Hillsboro in the Spring of 1828. The Governor made no revelation of the state of his mind at the time from motives of

delicacy, he being then before the people for re-election. His fear seems to have been that the violence of party spirit would attribute a wrong motive to his open espousal of the cause of religion on the eve of an election. After his re-election he made an official visit to Columbus, to be present, as required by law, at the opening of the votes for President and Vice-President of the United States. While there he wrote to his son Joseph, referring to the sermon which had aroused him to so keen a feeling of his sinfulness, and expressing the most earnest desire to become a Christian. Returning from Columbus he found a gracious revival that was in progress in the Methodist Church.

"Though I was much exhausted with the ride, and not very well," he said in a letter to his son Joseph, November 19, 1828, "I determined to go immediately to the church. The house was full to overflowing. Fathers Collins and Elliott were there. The latter was preaching, and half through his sermon, which was animated and powerful. Father Collins gave an exhortation, and invited mourners to the altar. I had to pass through a long and narrow way, but resolved to go. When I knelt I found myself beside my son C., who had no knowledge of my being in the house, for none of the family at church knew of my arrival home. After a prayer we were requested to occupy a seat. Not until he rose did C. discover me, and then his surprise and joy were equally great. He threw his arms around my neck, and when the invitation was given to unite with the society on probation, he proposed to me to go with him and join the Church. I advised him to wait until the next day, and that his mother would then probably go with us. The next morning your sister E. insisted on being permitted to join with us. After the first sermon an invitation was given by father Collins. C. led the way, and we all—your mother, sister, and myself—followed. In the evening, after another sermon, mourners were again invited to the altar. No tongue can describe the deep solemnity that pervaded the congregation. My own feelings I shall never forget. A darkness hung over my mind which produced unutterable anguish. Before the meeting closed I felt a partial gleam of hope, and my mind became more calm, but in the night my fears returned, and I thought I was deceiving myself. Sleep left my eyes, and I was in great distress until morning, when Father Collins came in and prayed for us, collectively and separately, in a most tender and affecting manner. I told him the state of my mind, and

he said it was no doubt a device of the devil to throw me back into despair, and that I ought not to indulge such thoughts, but think only of God's goodness in providing a Savior, and by faith lay hold of the promises, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ—that if I did so God would pardon all my sins. I have felt very much relieved since then, and ready, I trust, to take up my cross and follow Christ through evil and through good report."

Governor Trimble's religious course was, from that day consistent, uniform, and exemplary. He loved the Church, and took a lively interest in all that related to its progress and purity. He was for many years a Trustee of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and a Vice-President of the American Bible Society.

He was first married to Miss Margaret M'Dowell in 1806. This happy union was, however, dissolved by death at the end of three short years, and on the 10th of January, 1811, he was married to Miss Rachel Woodrow, who, in extreme but green and beautiful old age, still survives. For nearly sixty years they shared together the triumphs and trials of a most eventful history, and rarely indeed has a public man been blessed with a wife of equal gentleness, purity, intelligence, and piety.

The close of Governor Trimble's life wonderfully displayed the triumphs of grace. "The Lord," he said to the weeping group gathered around his dying bed, "has been my God, and it is my earnest prayer that he may be the God of my children, and of my children's children, to the latest generation." Soon after, and shortly before his death, which occurred February 3, 1870, he said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! How thankful I am for the victory!" His last hours were marked by perfect consciousness of his approaching end, and a calm, serene trust in the atoning sacrifice.

"O, may we all like him believe,
And keep the faith and win the prize;
Father, prepare, and then receive
Our hallowed spirits to the skies,
To chant with all our friends above
Thy glorious, everlasting love."

A BROKEN HEART.

THE young wife sat by the window and leaned her head on the sill. There was a frolicsome Spring air fitting hither and thither among the young leaves, awakened into gladness at his dainty touch. It even raised the bright ringlets of the little lady, and ventured a game of hide-and-seek in their luxuriant gold; but, toy with her as it would, it was unheeded, and

by and by it stole away, and rocked itself to sleep in a yellow daffodil.

This girl-wife was usually alive to all of Nature's charms. In the days gone by she had roamed for hours in field and wood, collecting new specimens of grasses and flowers, and the insect world had yielded her many a day's enjoyment and much wisdom. Now, a butterfly, of a different species from any she had ever seen before—though she had an elaborate collection—rested on a stray curl the wind had coaxed outside, poised, unsettled, as though loth to leave so pretty a thing, then flew away, while she never raised her head or made an effort to grasp it. Next, a humming-bird fluttered its brilliant wings in the vine clambering up by the window; and, this time, an influence, stronger than breeze or flower or bird, lifted the drooping head and wreathed a smile about the sad lips. It was the voice of little May, the sweetest blossom among the many that opened their eyes that morning in the lovely garden.

"Mamma, mamma, see pitty bird; div me, please."

"May catch it," and mamma lifted the little fairy to the window-sill, where she stretched out eager hands; but just then the bird flew down to the lilies below, and mamma lifted her down again and watched her as she sped through the little grassy mounds alive with bloom, now laughing with exultant glee as about to grasp the prize, then, when it had flown, flitting after with untiring feet. The bird, too, seemed to enjoy the chase, for it was a long time before it flew away entirely from the little garden, and the fair watcher at the window grew half gleeful seeing the pretty things at play.

"It would be hard to tell which is the more bird-like," she said, as her husband came and stood beside her; "May is the lovelier, for she is our bird of Paradise."

"She'll soon be in paradise if you leave her much longer on that damp ground."

All the girlish brightness died out at this, and the weary look came back to the face, and a sad quiver went over the pretty lips as she slipped outside and held out her arms to her darling, at sight of which May forgot bird, flowers, every thing to climb into the dainty nest and be soothed to sleep, like a little birdie as she was, by a low warble of a voice sweet as a nightingale's.

The scene just past may give an idea of the difference between this man and woman—may help to lift a little the veil from the carefully contained sorrow of the young wife. Bertha Glen had been reared in an atmosphere perfumed with love. At no time was this "fair exotic of the skies" suffered to droop for want

of care, and, inhaling daily its delicate fragrance, she grew to feel that life without love were an impossibility; and, truly, to her it was. Petted and cherished, as an only child will be, yet her parents had too much wisdom to spoil her by an injudicious show of affection. Gentle and affectionate, the training of the child was a light task; little pruning was needed; the direction marked out, the soul-tendrils readily twined thither. So she grew a fair vine, the delight of all who beheld her.

Seventeen Summers touched her lightly with their golden fingers. Then came a long, dark Winter of grief. Father and mother were stricken down and buried out of her sight, and she was left alone. Her early affection had been taught to flow toward God or she could not have borne it; but now she remembered, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and clung the more closely to her Heavenly Father. In the three years that followed her friends could see her growing more spiritual and lovely. We believe God places such beings in the world—so thoughtful of others, so constantly about the Master's business, so holy—to be an incentive to all around them. Had Bertha Glen not married, or married one of a different nature, we believe she still would have been with us, to carry out the bright design of her Creator. It was not *goodness* shortened her life. When Major Sterner wooed her, he was not wanting in those little attentions and graces that are calculated to win the heart of woman. Drawn to seek her acquaintance by the universal love she excited wherever she went, he soon found himself *admiring* the frail creature who seemed to float in a spiritual atmosphere, and yet was by no means unadapted to a work-a-day world—shrinking from no duty, and interested in the smallest details of common life.

Besides this, the Major found her possessed of intellectual powers he never would have suspected. Proud of his own capabilities, he was no little surprised to find, if he would sustain himself in a literary discussion with her, he would have to do some harder thinking than was at all habitual to him. She was conversant with as many languages as he, and in the classics was more fluent; add to this a wonderful skill in music and a rare, sweet voice, and you can readily see how the Major grew to admire her as he never had woman before. I say *admire*, because I doubt if Major Sterner was capable of that holiest impulse of the human heart, *love*. He had more intellect than heart, and it was Bertha Glen's *intellect* that he married. Doubtless, the intellect would not have satisfied him unadorned with womanly grace, but

these meeting his requirements he had no more to ask.

He expected, of course, because Bertha was a woman she would have a heart, and if she accepted him at all it would be for *love*. Indeed, he would have demanded that; he would have been truly incensed to know that she married him only because of mental qualities; she must give him love—that was woman's special prerogative—and he would give her guardianship, patronage, what you will, in fact, only not love. Not that Major Sterner put it in this way; he really thought he loved the young creature whom he ought never to have won for his bride. Of course it could not be expected that Major Sterner would indulge in foolish petting and sentimental endearments; he would love his bride in a rational way, as became a man of his merits. Bertha fully met all his requirements. He believed that every man who could afford it ought to have a home of his own—it was more pleasant, comfortable, and independent than any other style of living; but to make that home, companionship was needed, and hence a wife. He did not desire beauty, but demanded that his wife should be attractive, conversational, sprightly; Bertha was all these, and Major Sterner thought he had reason for self-gratulation; he had, more than Bertha, for she, poor child, poured upon him all the love which had gone down into the graves of her parents, and been buried so many years. So alone in the world she felt the need of something to cling to, and, blinded by his sympathy and deference, Major Sterner seemed just the man of all others to make up the great loss of her life.

Indeed, as sweet Bertha Glen counted over his merits there seemed not one thing left to ask for; a man of high-toned principles, one who would rather be a martyr than betray his honor, fair and just in all his dealings, and respected by the entire community as an upright man; added to these his social attractions which made him every-where a welcome guest; and as to love, Bertha judged of his from the depth of her own and was satisfied.

Satisfied? Yes, not enthusiastically but placidly. Not until they had been married a year did she begin to feel a vague unrest, a consciousness that something was wanting to complete her ideal of married life. Through all the months past she had not questioned her husband's love, nor did she question it now; yet there was a gnawing hunger at her heart that made itself felt. She had looked for a greater oneness with the man of her choice, but as the years rolled on, instead of that she felt

conscious of a drifting apart. But she never thought of blaming him—the fault, if any-where, must be in her, and then she would try—O, how hard!—to adapt herself to him. Had she been an artist and the Major a study she could not more faithfully have noted every expression; every look was photographed on her heart, and every movement was regarded that she might learn just how to meet his every wish.

Two years the struggle continued, Bertha growing more and more shadowy all the while, and then the thin, white hands were clasped despairingly over her heart. She knew now it was all over; there was not and never could be any real affinity between them. Marriage came to her as a terrible reality instead of the sweet Eden she once had dreamed it would be.

As for the Major, he was not entirely at ease either. He was vexed that, despite the elegant surroundings he had taken the pains to provide, his wife was fading away from them. As to the cause of this fading, he could have no idea; the refined inner temple of her nature he was incapable of entering, and so it seemed passing strange that she who had always allowed him his will in every thing should dare cross him in this. Of the needs of a human soul like Bertha's he knew nothing. He did not mean to be unkind, but he had an unbending will, and the idea that it could be wrong was absurd—so his wife and all about him were given to understand that will was law. Some women would have rebelled and claimed the privilege of thinking for themselves, and even consented to a domestic thunder-storm rather than forego the privilege, but Bertha was of a different mold.

When she admitted to herself, after a hard struggle to resist the conviction, that her marriage was a bitter disappointment, she drooped. Then for the sake of little May she rallied and sought to live; but the morning after the race in the garden the child lay in unconsciousness, while a burning fever raged through her veins.

"I told you so," was Major Sterner's sympathetic reply to the wife's mute appeal for comfort. So Bertha sat down to watch her darling; the black drapery of a worse than widowhood gathered about her heart, and sitting there with gaze fixed on the little one, and one tiny hot hand in hers, the light went out of the dreamy blue eyes, the long lashes folded themselves on the white cheek, trembled a moment, and were still.

A half hour afterward Major Sterner, entering the room, was struck with the pallor of her face,

and going up said more tenderly than was his wont,

"Lie down and rest, Bertha; I'll watch little May."

But there was no response; he touched her and shuddered. It was the coldness of death. Friends gathered in and said, "Sweet Bertha! she was too frail to bear the shock and fatigue of May's illness."

No one dreamed she had died of a broken heart; for had she not the most upright of husbands, and was she not surrounded with elegance? No one but a maiden aunt, who had studied keenly the life of these two as she saw Bertha fading, if by any means she might save her—no one but she read the truth, and, determining Major Sterner should know it also, glided into his library, the evening after the lovely wife had been laid away in her splendid tomb, and placed a paper before his eyes, on which was written in large characters, "Died for want of love." Cruel? Major Sterner thought so.

NOVELS AND FICTION.

A READING age must have matter to read; we are fully into such an age, and publishers are manifesting the highest zeal in providing the mental pabulum to satisfy the great demand. Papers, magazines, reviews, appear in millions of copies daily, weekly, and monthly, while books are issued in such numbers and with such rapidity that even literary magazines can scarcely keep before the public a running list of their titles. In this mass of book issues, novels, romances, fictitious narratives, and various forms of what are usually classed as "light literature," hold a prominent place in point of numbers, though even in this respect is commonly supposed. They are issued, to be sure, in great numbers; but then it is peculiarly an age of book-making; and they still hold, even in respect to quantity, quite a subordinate place. In an issue of three thousand and sixty-three new works by the English presses for 1869, "novels and other works of fiction" reached the number of four hundred and sixty-one, leaving a list of twenty-nine hundred of valuable and substantial works, of which more than one thousand were in the department of theology and religion. Our American issues bear about the same proportions in the different departments of literature. These facts at once set aside the very common, indiscriminate judgment pronounced on the current literature of the age as "frivolous,"

"trashy," "worthless," etc. Never was the brain of the world more busy in producing valuable books, and never were they more eagerly demanded and read than now. With all its dangers, and it has many, the press is a mighty and beneficent power, by far its greatest force being expended on the side of religion, morals, good government, science, education, and those subjects which tend to elevate, refine, and instruct the world.

But it is true we must not judge the influence of fictitious literature simply by its proportion in point of numbers. Novels and romances sell by the thousands, while the substantial works are sold only by hundreds. Good books are read by the few, novels by the many. Writers and publishers of substantial works rarely grow rich, while producers of fiction often amass large and rapid fortunes. The fact is, novel-reading is the rage of the day. The ban seems to be quite removed from them, even among most Christian people, and they are read among all classes. They are adapted to all tastes, the most of them, however, being addressed to young people, among whom they find their greatest number of readers. Nor would we have a complete view of the case without also taking into consideration the multitudes of story-books and fictitious narratives published for children and circulated so largely in our families and through our Sunday-schools. The vast issues of our monthly magazines, numbering hundreds of thousands every month, some of which are nearly entirely made up of fictitious stories, and all of which find it necessary to give at least one, or two stories a month, also immensely swell the bulk of fiction which is constantly devoured by the public. The weekly papers and even the religious journals feel the pressure of this insatiate demand, and profit by it by furnishing their weekly installments of "a serial."

Novel-reading, then, is a fixed fact. Whether it be right or wrong, the majority of persons in every community make it an unquestionable habit to draw from some department or other of fiction a large share of their mental food. The love of it is born with our children, and the passion becomes intensified by their education and the reading furnished to them; the appetite is confirmed in youth and continues in the real influence of this kind of reading on the minds, the morals, the health, and the social life of the people is one of the gravest questions of the day, and also one that is by no means easy of satisfactory solution. The indiscriminate condemnation of all fiction as a

thing in itself essentially pernicious would simply awaken a storm of indignation among the masses who read, and would give to the man who believes in it a work of pruning in the fields of literature far wider and more radical than he at first dreamed of, and which would leave his literary garden so barren of beauty and fragrance that but few would ever be attracted to walk in it.

Fiction is a term that includes under it the whole range of the products of imagination—poetry, metaphors, tales, parables, novels. It enters into all departments of literature. It is certain, then, that in this broad sense we can not maintain the doctrine that imaginative creations are essentially evil. The rule of total abstinence here would simply cut us off from every thing purely ideal, and shut us up in our reading to the dry, unimaginative narrative of literal facts. Discrimination, therefore, is necessary in settling this grave question. Evidently the Creator did not give us the wonderful faculty of imagination and then absolutely forbid its use. At the bottom of this question lies the preliminary one of the legitimate and healthful use of the imagination, which will itself determine the legitimate field of fiction.

A great part of the apprehension and anxiety of some minds with regard to the tendency of this great prevalence of fiction-reading arises from classing it all under the head of novels, a term which has, perhaps justly enough, gained for itself a bad reputation, and thus indiscriminately condemning it all. There are multitudes of novels which are pernicious and only pernicious, and deserve nothing but uncompromising censure and condemnation. But there are multitudes of prose works in the department of fiction, to say nothing of the whole realm of poetry, which in no sense deserve the opprobrium that for a long time attached to the novel. There was a period when the word *novel* meant only an extravagant, false, pernicious story, a degenerate, unprofitable, and villainous style of trash, which every wise and good man could do nothing else but condemn and cast away from his house. In so far as the novel still embraces this kind of literature, it still can only receive the utter condemnation of the wise and good. Here the only rule is total abstinence. But, happily, with the increased growth of fiction-reading, this vile trash is driven out of decent society, and finds its only place in the scums. Among the people of education and refinement a much higher order of fiction is demanded; a fiction that is true to human life, to our common, every-day life, with its joys and sorrows, virtues and vices. Extravagance, impossible

characters and scenes and adventures, things which are inhuman, which never, or even which very rarely happen—constituting at one time the whole material of the novel—are now discarded, or read only by the ignorant and degraded. The fiction of the people in our day must deal with actual facts, and must lead one to positive realities; the characters must be such as are met with in the world; such as we feel our own to be; the positions in which they are placed must be natural, such as often occur in our human life; the scenery must be true to nature. It is said that when Sir Walter Scott wanted to describe a hill-side, he first went out and sketched from nature, so that his scenes, the bush, the knoll, the wild flower, the grass, and even the vine, are faithful reproductions of actual Scottish scenery.

We thus get the question somewhat narrowed. There is a kind of fiction utterly to be condemned, and it exists in great masses; it is found plenteously in bookstore windows, on street-corner bookstands; it is hawked about on railroads and steam-boats; many newspapers and some monthly magazines are wholly filled with it; it deals in the most unnatural wonders, breathes a preternatural atmosphere, is filled with impossible adventures and hair-breadth escapes, grinds over and over again the most pointless and enervating love stories, and as thoroughly ignores Nature as she seems to be, in confused dreams and horrid nightmares. This kind of fiction is evil, and only evil, and that continually. It is to the mind, the morals, and the taste, what slow poison is to the body. Out of such unmitigated balderdash could come nothing but corruption. The rule with regard to these books is simply "touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

The question recurs on the higher order of fiction. Shall this also be totally forbidden? There are some excellent persons who seem to perceive so keenly the injurious effect of all reading of fiction, especially on the young, that they forbid their children ever to read a story. Others, and able and excellent men, too, are warm in praise of the good story-writer as one of the great educators of the people and promoters of high civilization. Evidently, then, there is something to be said on both sides of this question. Dean Stanley, in his Westminster Sermon, did not hesitate to give the highest character to the pure novelist as a public educator. "Poetry," he says, "may kindle a loftier fire, the drama may rivet the attention more firmly, science may open a wider horizon, and philosophy may touch a deeper spring, but no works are so penetrating, or so persuasive,

enter so many houses, or attract so many readers as the romance or novel of modern times; and he proceeds to speak of a good novel as an unmingled good; as in fact the same sort of teaching by vivid illustration which we observe in the parables of Scripture. On the contrary, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, speaking of these very works of Dickens, urges upon his students "to abstain from such mental food, which excites and weakens the mind, and from which nothing but ill can be augured to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement it should be their business to strive after."

Perhaps the best that can be said in favor of even the highest and purest fiction is, that it is not necessarily sinful or injurious in itself; that it is interesting and attractive, and important and useful lessons may be taught, through this medium, to multitudes who would neither read nor receive them in any other form; that such works are generally characterized by the highest and best styles of composition; that they are often more true to nature, life, and even history, than biography or partisan history, there being no need to suppress facts or cover up faults of character in fictitious personages; that they commend virtue and expose vice, delighting to show the triumphs of the former and the providential retributions of the latter; the writer's hero is his ideal, and round this ideal clings all that he feels to be great and good in human character; that the love of fiction is born with us, and the imagination is a powerful and beneficent faculty, undoubtedly designed for important uses; the mind must have recreation; to read only what requires close thought makes a man stern, exacting, and too much shuts him out from those small concerns of life which have so much to do with our happiness. Even with these excuses and palliations, the thoughtful moralist would still claim that they should only constitute the recreations of a busy mental life, and should never be more than a moderate indulgence.

The fact that works of fiction have ever been held under suspicion by the wise and good is itself evidence that there must be something dangerous in the use of them. Such unanimity of opinion could not be merely the offspring of prejudice; there must be some strong rational grounds on which this opposition rests. Let us see if we can find some of them.

And first, there is a strong tendency in the habit of indulgence to become excessive and all-absorbing. But few things are more infatigable. The play of the imagination is easy and spontaneous, and its exercise rather delightful than laborious. It is with this faculty that the

novelist plays. He takes possession of it; keeps it in constant excitement and expectation; frets it with a concealed mystery, to be suddenly flashed upon it in the future; through it plays powerfully upon the feelings; by it paints unrealities, and almost invariably, in spite of himself, presents his characters and his facts in an excessive and extravagant light. The reader finds himself under a constantly increasing tendency to give way to the wild play of the imagination—a practice most deleterious both to the intellectual and moral habits. The weak mind becomes completely mastered by the passion; the duties of life are neglected; real life becomes tame and uninteresting; all that is worth living for is made to yield to the fascination of this world of fiction. The habit thus weakens the power of attention, impairs the judgment, and withdraws the mind from the important pursuits of life.

It has on the mind precisely the same effect as that kindred vice of reverie, in which the mind is allowed spontaneously to wander through scenes of imagined wealth, ambition, frivolity, or pleasure, and the evil of which is so forcibly sketched by John Foster. Says the great essayist: "The influence of this habit of dwelling on the fallacious forms of imagination will accompany the mind into the most serious speculations, or rather musings, on the real world, and what is to be done in it and expected. The vulgar materials that constitute the actual economy of the world will rise up to its sight in fictitious forms, which it can not disenchant into plain reality, nor will even suspect to be deceptive. It can not go about with sober, rational inspection and ascertain the nature and value of all things around it. Indeed, such a mind is not disposed to examine, with any careful minuteness, the real condition of things. It is something more delicious than such knowledge in the paradise which imagination creates." The world of the novelist is, after all, an ideal world, and the feelings, the tastes, the desires, and the purposes of the reader, gradually become adjusted to this false ideal world; and he is unfitted for the stern realities of the world in which he lives.

This tendency is all the more dangerous because of the age at which we usually have the greatest passion for these works of fiction. Were the readers always mature persons, or independent thinkers, they might discriminate between the false and true, between the natural and the extravagant, their own experience having already taught them the wide difference be-

tween a real and an ideal life. But multitudes of the readers are young and inexperienced, with tastes unformed, with characters still plastic, and who are just at that transition period of life when the impressions received are likely to become permanent. They thus become unfitted for the responsibilities of practical life, dissatisfied with the natural and real things that fall to their lot, impracticable, unreasoning, and moody. It would be a subject of interesting inquiry, how far excessive indulgence in novel-reading may be chargeable with some of the irregularities that prevail among us in a degree unknown at any former period.

Dr. Abercrombie, in his "Intellectual Philosophy," and Dr. Arnold, in the sermon already referred to, point out a peculiar evil, subtle in its growth, and, therefore, the more dangerous. Says Dr. Abercrombie: "It produces a disruption of the harmony which ought to exist between the moral emotions and the conduct. In the healthy state of the moral feelings, for example, the emotion of sympathy excited by a tale of sorrow ought to be followed by some effort of relief to the sufferer. When such relations in real life are listened to from time to time without any such efforts, the emotion gradually becomes weakened, and that moral condition is produced which we call selfishness or hardness of heart. Fictitious tales of sorrow have a similar tendency; the emotion is produced without the corresponding conduct, and, when this habit has been much indulged, the result is that a cold and barren sentimentalism is produced, instead of the habit of active benevolence." Dr. Arnold puts the same thought in this form: "Such works contain many good sentiments (I am taking the better sort of them); characters, too, are introduced, virtuous, noble, patient under suffering, and triumphant at length over misfortune. The great truths of religion are upheld, we will suppose, and enforced, and our affections excited and interested in what is good and true. But it is all fiction; it does not exist out of a book, which contains the beginning and end of it. We have nothing to do; we read, all; we cool again; nothing comes of it. Now, observe the effect of this: God has made us in order that we may go on to act in consequence of feeling. If, then, we allow our feelings to be excited without acting upon them, we do mischief to the moral system within us, just as we might spoil a watch, or other piece of mechanism, by playing with the wheels of it. We weaken its springs, and they cease to act truly. Accordingly, when we have got into the

habit of amusing ourselves with these works of fiction, we come at length to feel the excitement without the slightest thought or tendency to act upon it; and, since it is very difficult to begin any duty without some emotion or other, a grave question arises—how, after destroying the connection between feeling and acting, shall we get ourselves to act when circumstances make it our duty to do so?"

We have only space at this time to glance rapidly at a few other considerations that will illustrate further the evil tendencies of this indulgence. In many novels, even in the class of which we are now speaking, various forms of vice and intrigue are freely dealt with. Indeed, a novel is shorn of much of its power unless it exhibits the mean, base, underhanded working of one or more villainous characters. True, there are such characters in actual life, and the skillful writer draws them to the life, and generally brings about their discomfiture and punishment, and never, in the better sort of fiction, approves or commends their villainy. Still there is here a source of grave danger, even when the conduct exhibited is shown to end in remorse and misery; for by the mere familiarity with vice an injury is done, especially to the youthful mind, which is by no means compensated for by the moral at the end of the story. It is still true that

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Another objection to this class of literature is, that it unfits the mind for the enjoyment of other books. Few readers of fiction would deny this, and it is plainly a great evil. It lowers the standard of their taste, and shuts them out from all that is great and good in the writings of our best men and women. The mental exercise in this kind of reading is merely passive; unlike works of history, of science, of morality and religion, even of the higher order of poetry, these works require no exertion of the power of thought, of memory, of reason, of observation and classification. Under such use the mind becomes weak and listless; and when a book requiring mental effort is placed before such a reader, it is found to be "dry," "irksome," "laborious," and the mind refuses to lay hold of it. In fact, the mind is debilitated, and as indisposed to any real labor as is a sick man.

The question of time spent in this useless employment will be one of importance to all serious persons. When indulged, the habit, like every other kind of fascination, grows. More

"But he was tempted," said the holy Word, "like unto us in all points," and softly as an angel voice came the sweet thought, your Savior never yielded to sin, but he felt its power. He knew how fiercely the poor heart must struggle with its fatal strength, and as he knows your weakness so he will grant to you his strength. Rising with a prayer upon my lips, I laid aside my finished work resolved to do better in future.

Years have fled, but those words have all their old music, and in hours of darkness they return as a shield between me and the tempter.

HEAVEN.

O, LAND of light, or near or far,
No bard or prophet tells;
We only know 'tis heaven where
The loving Savior dwells!

Our clouded senses fail to trace
The pictured glimpse of thee;
We only know the landscape's fair
That eyes of angels see.

We only feel in hearts that ache,
And souls that upward soar,
That broken links of Christian love
Are parted there no more.

His children there, from East to West,
And ocean's farthest strand,
Of every nation, kindred, tongue,
One family shall stand.

And there the poet pines no more
For praise's perfect speech,
With lips whose lisping utterances
The shining seraphs teach.

And there earth's gathered choristers
In music's home shall sing,
And all earth's hinted harmonies
In perfect chords shall ring.

Across the anguish of the earth
Oblivion's hand shall sweep,
And prayers no more shall plead for us
Whose eyes forget to weep;

And toiling hands forever rest,
And empty hearts are filled,
With peace of God forever calmed,
And cares forever stilled.

Omnipotence in nature veiled,
Unclouded there shall be,
And face to face the pure in heart
The King in beauty see.

O, land of light, we long to see
The gleaming of thy walls,
As he who waits the morning longs
To hear thy warder call.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I soon shall see the visions
Hidden from earthly eyes;
I soon shall pierce the mysteries
Beyond the azure skies;
I soon shall float familiar
Amid the shining stars,
And gaze on glories brighter
Than gild the sunset's bars.

I soon shall know why trials
Were given me on earth;
Why life is one long striving
After a holier birth;
Why hearts are always yearning
And never, never filled;
Why every warm emotion
Is ever, ever chilled;

Why the soul is ever longing
For happiness and love,
While doubts and fears are thronging
Where'er our feet may rove;
Why our hearts are ever springing
To reach to higher ways,
And the thorns are ever clinging
Where'er we fix our gaze.

I shall know what petty troubles
Caused me such grief on earth;
What a very sea of bubbles
Checked all my joy and mirth;
What a narrow faith I followed,
What blind, blind eyes were mine,
When I murmured at correction
From a Hand that was divine!

I shall look with pitying vision
On my friends within the veil,
To see what very shadows
Make their earthly spirits quail;
To hear the bitter wailing
When Death invades their hearth,
And their smiles and songs of gladness
Over a baby's birth!

I shall know their life, at longest,
Is but a passing breath,
And that Love is far the strongest
When wrestling with Death;
And that God had never made us
With these loving hearts below,
To have tempted and betrayed us
To a life of utter woe.

O, Friends! I shall be wiser
Than the greatest Sage that lives;
I shall comprehend the value
Of each gift our Father gives;
I shall know the boundless mysteries
That Heaven and Earth divide,
And how Love attains fulfillment,
When I reach the Other Side!

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

CARRIE'S SECRET.

"WHY, pet, what are you doing?" said Mrs. Clayton as she entered her sister's sitting-room, where Carrie Strong was curled up in a large arm-chair surrounded by work-basket, bits of cloth, etc., and seemed so intently fashioning a garment that she did not notice her aunt's entrance.

"Why, auntie, is that you? Do come and give your pet a kiss, for, you see, I can't get up."

"As your gracious majesty sits enthroned, I suppose I must obey. But, Carrie, you have not yet told me what you are so very busy about. Is Lady Dolldrum going to the sea-side, and are you making her a new outfit?"

"Lady Dolldrum! Why, you know that was Harry's name for my beautiful Lady Isabella Fay! But I am not working for her now. It is a great secret what I am doing, but you may guess if you can."

"A night-slip for pussie."

"Now, auntie, you are making fun."

"Well, but did n't I see a little girl one evening putting baby's night-slip on pussie?"

"O, Aunt Mary, did you see that? Was n't it funny when I got it all drawn up round the neck with kitty's two front paws through the sleeves, and then laid her down on the pillow beside Lilly? I was playing Red Ridinghood, and kitty was the wolf covered up in bed."

"It was rather comical, Birdie, and you are so good at inventions that I can't begin to guess what you are busy about now, so you will have to tell me."

"Well, if I whisper my secret to you, will you promise not to tell any one?"

"O, of course not! I will keep as still as a mouse about it."

"Well, you must know, auntie," said Carrie, with a very grave face, "that mother took me the other day to see a poor sick woman who had a little baby, and the poor thing had nothing on but a torn slip and an old piece of flannel wrapped round it, so I got nurse to cut me out a new one just like Lilly's, and I am trying ever so hard, whenever mother goes out, to get it done, ready to take when she goes there again. Won't it be a nice surprise for them all?"

"But, darling, what first made you think of working yourself for the poor baby?"

"Why, you see, Miss Wood, our Sunday-school teacher, told us all about a good woman named Dorcas, who used to make garments for the poor. And mamma, you know, is all the time doing something for them."

Dear little Carrie! she was but eight years old, and such a roguish little elf that her Aunt Mary never imagined her capable of possessing such a tender, thoughtful heart. It also taught her a lesson; for she saw how good seed rightly sown may early take root, spring up and bear good fruit, and feared that she had not set as perfect an example before her children as her sister was daily doing. After a few moments' thoughtfulness she pleasantly said:

"Well, Carrie, as your dear mamma is out, and you are as busy as a bee, I think I must go home now and tell your cousin Lizzie what an industrious little girl you are."

"O, auntie dear, don't go just yet; mamma will be home in a few moments I am sure! There she comes now, for I hear her step; O, do help me to scramble away these things!" and away flew Carrie up to the nursery with her arms full of work.

"Why, sister Mary, are you here alone?" said Mrs. Strong as she entered the sitting-room, "Where is Carrie? Does n't she know that you are here?"

"Yes, she has been with me, but she just ran off to the nursery about something."

While they were talking in came Carrie with her great wax doll, looking as demure as possible, but with a roguish twinkle in her eyes whenever she glanced toward her Aunt Mary.

"From your looks I imagine you two have some great secret. Won't you tell me what it is?"

"O, Carrie, you know, is always plotting something!" replied Aunt Mary.

"Hush, hush, auntie! Do n't you tell."

"Why, Birdie, I am not going to tell your secret, for it is such a real good one that I hope you will be able to keep it till the very last minute."

"Last minute! ah, then I suppose you will tell me some time, so I will be ever so patient. I guess, though, it has something to do with dollie and dress-making, for that arm-chair looks very suspicious of cutting out."

Carrie gave a frightened look at the chair for fear that she had left some of her work behind,

but there were only the scissors and a few scraps lying round, so she laughed merrily over her mother's guess and said:

"Why, that is just what Aunt Mary thought; but I assured her that I was not working for Lady Isabella Fay. Only think, mother, she called her 'Lady Dollrum!' That ridiculous name of Harry's, I am sure, will stick to her."

As she ran off to her play, Mrs. Clayton remarked to her sister: "What a lovely child that is of yours! There seems such an odd mixture in her of the grave and the mischievous—at one time there is so much thoughtful dignity about her, at other times she is so artless and roguish that you can hardly give her credit for much thought. Yet, in all her moods, she is so winning and lovable. I do wish my Lizzie had as sweet a disposition as she has."

"She has, indeed, a lovely disposition, and often surprises me by some thoughtful act far beyond her years. I wish you could have seen her last Tuesday, when I took her to see a poor, sick woman; she showed so much feeling."

On hearing this, her sister felt tempted to tell what Carrie was now doing, but remembering, in time, her promise, she only replied:

"Yes, she has, indeed, a tender heart, and shames me into being more thoughtful for others than I have been. It is the little ones who often lead us by the hand, and 'praise is perfected' from their artless mouths. I must go now. Do come round soon to see me, and tell Carrie she must spend the afternoon with her cousin Lizzie. There comes Carrie herself."

"Carrie, I have just been asking your mother to let you spend the afternoon with us. You can bring your work too, you know," said her aunt, giving a peculiar look, which Carrie readily understood.

That afternoon, Carrie, with a good deal of mystery in her manner, and having what her mother thought a pretty large bundle of work for such a little girl, started for her aunt's.

"O, auntie!" she exclaimed, "you can't begin to think what a time I had getting here. Mother had so much curiosity about my bundle of work. And, then, Harry, up to mischief, came near spoiling all, for he teased me so about that I came near letting my secret out. What a tease that boy is," said Carrie, with a sigh, as if she were a young lady out of her teens, and not often up to roguish mischief herself.

For a while, with some help from her aunt, upon a difficult part which she could not do all by herself, Carrie sewed quite industriously. But her cousin Lizzie, a restless, impatient body, was

not content until she had enticed her off into the play-room. There they had a merry time till tea was ready. After which Carrie went home.

Though her work progressed but slowly, the garment was nearly all completed by herself, and just in time to go with her mother again to see the poor woman.

Mrs. Strong had a little basket full of nice things, and expected to have some help from Carrie in taking it to the sick woman, but when she entered the room, equipped for the walk, her mother exclaimed:

"Why, Carrie, have you that mysterious bundle again, and larger than ever! What does it all mean? Has it any thing to do with your secret that I had forgotten all about? If so, you have kept it wonderfully well. Won't you tell it to me now, darling?"

"Just wait a little while longer, mamma, and then you shall know all about it."

The child had such a bright, happy look, as she walked by her mother's side, she felt sure Carrie's well-kept secret must be a good one.

When they reached the tenement house, they had to mount a rough flight of stairs before reaching the sick woman's room. There they found her still quite feeble, but propped up in old garments that had been given to her. The baby was lying by her, but with no better garments upon her, and had such a pinched, cold look that Carrie felt happy she had worked so hard in getting the new slips made. The nurse and her aunt, two little sacks. As she unrolled all these things, and laid them by the baby, her mother was greatly surprised, and could hardly believe it possible that Carrie had made the little slips herself.

Tears came into the poor woman's eyes, as she thanked her and said:

"Dear little lady, I hope you will always be so kind and thoughtful for the poor and needy. May the good Lord bless you as one of his little lambs!"

Mrs. Strong's heart was also touched by her dear child's thoughtfulness, and, as they walked home, she said:

"Darling, your secret, so well carried out, has made me feel very happy, for it was on the principle of 'not letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth.' That is, dear, not talking about or making a boast of doing good. I trust that you will always be kind to the poor. And remember what the Holy Bible says: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and that 'God loves a cheerful giver.'"

TWO RULES, AND HOW THEY WORKED.

"HERE are two rules for you, Fred," said Giles Warner, looking up from the paper he was reading, and addressing a younger brother, who was sitting by the stove playing with a favorite dog.

"Well, what are they? let's have them," said Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.

"The first is, 'Never get vexed with any thing you can help.' The second is, 'Never get vexed with any thing you can't help.'"

"Are not those rules as applicable to you as to me?" inquired Fred archly.

"No doubt of that," replied Giles, good-humoredly; "but then it is so much easier to hand over a piece of good advice to another than to keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind of generosity that don't require any self-denial." Fred laughed.

"But what say you to these rules?" continued Giles; "how would it work if we adopted them?"

"I think they take a pretty wide and clean sweep," said Fred. "They do n't leave a fellow any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them," said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better, or happier for getting vexed. I think they are sensible rules. It is foolish to vex ourselves about any thing that can be helped. Let us assist each other to remember and obey these two simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually ready to agree to any thing his brother proposed, if it was only proposed good-humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next morning while making preparation for school.

"What's the matter?" inquired Giles. "I have broken my shoe-string, and it is vexatious; I'm in such a hurry."

"It is vexatious, no doubt," replied Giles, "but you must not get vexed; for this is one of the things that can be helped. You can find a string in the left corner of the upper drawer in mother's bureau."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the string, quite restored to good humor.

Several opportunities occurred during the day for putting in practice the newly adopted rules. The best was this:

In the evening Giles broke the blade of his knife, while whittling a hard piece of wood.

"It can't be helped," said Fred, "so you must not get vexed about it."

"It might have been helped," said Giles, "but I can do better than to fret about it. I

can learn a lesson of care for the future which may some day save a knife more valuable than this. The rules work well. Let's try them to-morrow."

The next morning Fred devoted an hour before school to writing a composition. After he had written half a dozen lines his mother called him off to do something for her. During his absence his sister Lucy made use of his pen and ink to write her name in a school-book. In doing this, she carelessly let fall a drop of ink on the page he was writing. Fred returned while she was busily employed in doing what she could to repair the mischief.

"You have made a great blot on my composition," he exclaimed, looking over her shoulder. "I am very sorry. I did not mean to do it," said Lucy.

Fred was so vexed that he would have answered his sister very roughly if Giles had not here interposed.

"Take care, Fred; you know the thing is done and can't be helped."

Fred tried hard to suppress his vexation. "I know it was an accident," he said pleasantly, after a brief struggle with himself.

Lucy left the room and Fred sat down again to his composition. After a moment he looked up. "No great harm is done after all," he said; "two or three alterations are much needed, and if I write it over again I can make them."

"So much for a cool head and not getting vexed," said Giles, laughing. "Our rule works well."

At night Fred tore his pants while climbing over a fence. "That's too bad!" he said.

"It can be helped," said Giles; "they can be mended."

"The way to help it is what troubles me," said Fred. "I do n't like to ask mother, she has so much to do."

Giles proposed that he should get over his difficulty by asking Lucy to do the job for him, as her mother had taught her to mend very neatly. Fred was not at first disposed to adopt this measure. He knew that Lucy disliked mending very much, and was afraid she would be cross if he asked her to do it, but at last decided to run the risk of that. They found Lucy busily employed with a piece of embroidery and quite absorbed with her work. Fred looked significantly at Giles when he saw his sister was employed; but he concluded he had gone too far to retreat, and must make a bold push.

"I wish to ask a great favor of you, Lucy, but I fear I have come in the wrong time," said Fred.

"What do you want?" said Lucy.
 "I am almost afraid to tell you. It's too bad to ask you to do what I know you dislike."
 "You are a good while getting at what is wanted," said Lucy, laughing. "Come, out with it."

Fred, thus encouraged, held up his foot and displayed the rent.
 "Well, take them off; I will do my best," said Lucy, cheerfully.

"You are a dear, good sister," said Fred. "When I saw what you were about, I thought you would not be willing to do it."

"My uncommon amiability quite puzzles you, does it?" said Lucy, laughing. "I shall have to let you into the secret. To tell the truth, I have been thinking all day what I could do for you in return for your not getting vexed with me for blotting your composition, so now you have it."

"So much for our rules," exclaimed Giles triumphantly. "They work to a charm."

"What rules?" inquired Lucy.

"We must tell Lucy all about it," said Giles. They did tell her all about it, and the result was that she agreed to join them in trying the new rules.

TAKE CARE OF THE FOX.

"I AM glad of one thing!" She spoke out suddenly, a sigh of relief following the sentence. It was little Helen. She had been sitting very still for a good while, holding a picture-book in her hand.

"Glad of what?"

"That I am not a hen," she answered, lifting her serious eyes to mine.

"Not a hen! why, darling, what do you mean?"

She brought me the book, and I saw at a glance what had disturbed the quiet of her mind. The picture of a mother-hen frightened at the appearance of a fox, was on the open page.

"Poor thing, how scared she is!" said the child tenderly. "Will the fox eat her up?"

"Unless she can escape him," I answered.

"O, I'm glad I'm not a hen, to be frightened or killed by a fox! It is so dreadful!"

And I saw a little shiver run over her. "May be you are in as much danger as the hen," I said.

"Me? There are no foxes about here. Why do you say that, mamma? And, anyhow, a fox would n't hurt a little girl."

"I heard Mrs. Claire say something about foxes when she was here yesterday."

"What did she say, mamma?"

"She said take care of the little foxes."

"O, yes! I remember now; and I could n't help wondering what she meant."

"She did n't, of course, mean live foxes that run about in the woods."

"I knew that she did n't mean them. Are there any other kinds of foxes?"

"Yes."

"What kind? Where are they?"

"Inside of you."

"O, mother!" Helen exclaimed, a tremor of surprise in her voice. "Foxes inside of me?"

"Yes, my darling; and you are in as much danger as the bird you so pitied just now."

There was a half-scared, half-wondering expression in my little girl's face.

"O, I understand!" she said, a faint smile playing about her lips. "By foxes you mean naughty feelings."

"Yes, foxes are cruel and cunning. They hurt and destroy. You know how cruel Herod was; how he sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem from two years and under; and how our Lord called his namesake and imitator 'that fox.'"

"O, yes! I remember. And was it because he was cruel that he was called a fox?"

"Yes. The evil and cruel feelings, represented by foxes in nature, had destroyed all the kind and compassionate feelings in his heart, and made him inwardly as cunning and cruel as a fox. And this same thing is happening now, every day. I have seen a great many people—foxes than lambs; more like hawks than doves, each other. O, my child, take care of the fox! Don't let him get in among the gentle and loving things of your soul, or he will hurt, and, it may be, destroy them."

KIND and gentle I must be,
 All from hate and envy free;
 Slow to strive, quick to forgive—
 Full of love as I can live.

Kind and gentle, I must pray
 To be led in wisdom's way—
 To be kept from every sin,
 Hand without and heart within.

Kind and gentle, I must try
 Jesus-like to live and die,
 Doing good in every thing,
 When I work, or pray, or sing.

Kind and gentle, I must learn
 Right to do, and Wrong to spurn,
 Truth to seek, and Error shun,
 Folly lost, and Wisdom won.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BE PLEASANT AT HOME.—A just appreciation of this duty would teach the practice of what is good and amiable at home and abroad. To be pleasant to those who are as pure as any sensible person would desire the inmates of his home to be, requires that one's character be spotless—that his presence be redolent only of that which is congenial to the taste of the tender-hearted and lovely. No delicate, refined spirit can be happy when it hears gross profanity from the lips which plighted love has taught it to kiss; or when it realizes that its own society is often of choice exchanged for that of the depraved and wicked.

Besides, there must be a sense of similar tastes and common innocence and purity, in order that there may be mutual appreciation and whole hearted trust and love. How would a pure-hearted wife, or daughter, or sister feel in the midst of a company of the profane and abandoned? Does she not feel something of the same kind of repugnance when she is in the company of one such, though, to the sorrow of her heart, she knows that that one is her husband, father, or brother?

But to be pleasant at home requires the exhibition of constant love and sympathy. This leads to unfailing care in the performance of those many duties which the welfare of the family depends. It prompts to unselfish effort to gratify and to bless one another. It secures a tender regard for the feelings which prevents any unkind or ungrateful words or tones, choosing rather to suffer than to occasion suffering in the hearts of those beloved. It estimates good humor, gentle smiles, kind words, and simple tokens of affectionate care and thoughtfulness, as of far greater worth than fine pictures or costly presents or splendid furniture.

Comparatively few in society know how much of evil and unhappiness is occasioned by the want of pleasantness at home. Sensitiveness, fault-finding, selfishness, and obstinacy make the association of those who ought to be one a perpetual exhibition of unlovely tempers and discord. Such things often drive men from home to places and pleasures from which wise and faithful wives would have saved them; and the same things often wear out the peace and health, and hope of devoted and habitually ing wives. Whenever both parties are habitually unpleasant to one another, home becomes a shame and a torture to inmates and visitors. The influence

of such things on the taste, character, and habits of children is truly deplorable.

We do not deny that unconverted persons often make pleasant partners in life, but in such cases it will always be found that they practice to some extent the virtues which religion comprises, and their pleasantness grows out of this practice. By far the wiser, safer plan for all is to choose a companion for life whose heart is imbued with the sweet spirit of Christianity—whose love is purified by the holy influences of that charity which is better than all possible trust and expectation without it.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—We would by no means always justify plainness of speech. Very rude things may be said by ill-tempered or disagreeable people, under the guise of frankness. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," but in most cases a friend may refrain from wounding. The sweet charity that hopeth all things, will usually so qualify the speech that it shall not offend the most sensitive.

But there are times when it is real Christian kindness to speak very plainly. A lady, for instance, is interested in an orphan or motherless girl. She teaches her in the Sunday-school; she follows her up during the week, she prays for her, she loves her. After awhile she sees the fruit of her labors, in the awakening intellect, in the reaching out after a purer life, in the coming of the soul meekly and trustingly to Jesus. But the girl, unused to the refinements of life, untrained from earliest years, in what to us are necessities, has, perhaps, uncouth manners or careless habits. She may not be tidy. Neatness may be foreign to her ideas and habits. What shall her friend, being truly her friend, do? Hints are useless, for a hint to be of service must have some-thing to take hold of. A pin can not be driven into a stone-wall. Yet true kindness requires that something shall be said and done. Let the lady, in the utmost tenderness and love, and in the most delicate and private way possible, tell the person of her neglect and its consequences. It will not be pleasant thus to speak plainly, but it will be right and kind, and in some cases heroic.

It may be a servant who offends your eye by the carelessness of her attire. "I must dismiss Bridget," says the wearied housekeeper. "Her torn dresses, her slipshod shoes, her back hair forever down, are an offense to me." So Bridget goes, and begins to

carry her slovenly dress, and shoes, and hair from house to house, till her nomadic tastes are so developed that she is as restless as the wandering Jew, and as baleful as a malevolent Banshee. A little judicious plainness, a gentle word, spiced with a smile, helped along perhaps by a gift, as an apron, or a paper of hair-pins, has kept this stone from rolling, and irritating with its friction many a home.

"Why does that young man come into church late, and tramp down the aisle with his heavy boots, disturbing the whole congregation? I have noticed him for several weeks," said a lady to her friend.

"I will ask him," was the reply.

"Don't, I beg. You will hurt his feelings." But the lady knew how to speak without "hurting his feelings," a true womanly art. She drew from the stranger the story of his loneliness in the city, of his bedridden mother, of many home troubles and cares, and finally out came the pathetic burst in broad Scotch:

"I canna keep from the kirk, ma'am, tho' I'm e'enamost always late, and I'm sair fashed in tryin' to gang in quietly."

The lady went to work, like the practical Christian woman she was, to help the youth. She found for him work—for his mother, a neighbor to come in and assist her, and soon the congregation were annoyed no more by the nervous tramp up the aisle of the tardy worshiper.

I have indicated two or three instances where plain speaking has been useful. We can all think of many more. But it can never be so, unless it is first sanctified; its motive love to God, and its outflow love to man.

TOO EXCLUSIVE ATTENTION TO BUSINESS.—This world of ours is a world of inflexible commerce. Nothing is ever given away, but every thing is bought and paid for. If by exclusive and absolute surrender of ourselves to material pursuits we materialize the mind, we lose that class of satisfaction of which the mind is the region and the source. A young man in business, for instance, begins to feel the exhilarating glow of success, and deliberately determines to abandon himself to the delicious whirl. He says to himself: "I will think of nothing but business till I have made so much money, and then I will begin a new life. I will gather round me books, pictures, and friends. I will have knowledge, taste, cultivation, the perfume of scholarship, winning speech and graceful manners. He bends his thoughts downward and nails them to the dust. Every power, every affection, every taste, except those which his particular occupation calls into play, is left to starve. Over the gates of his mind he writes in letters which he who runs may read: "No admittance except on business." In time he reaches the goal of his hopes, but now insulted Nature begins to claim her revenge. That which was once unnatural is now natural to him. The enforced constraint has become a rigid deformity. The spring of his mind is broken. He can no longer lift his thoughts from the ground. Books, art, knowledge, wise discourse,

and the amenities of friendship, are like words in a strange tongue. To the hard, smooth surface of the soul, nothing genial, graceful, or winning will cling. He can not even purge his voice of its fawning tone, or pluck from his face the mean, money-getting mask which has grown there. Amid the graces and ornaments of wealth he is like a blind man in a picture-gallery. That which he hath done he must continue to do. He must accumulate riches which he can not enjoy, and contemplate the dreary prospect of growing old without any thing to make age venerable or attractive. Like the youth in the Eastern story, while he was down in the magician's cave, and busying himself with the treasure there, the door of the cavern had closed upon him, on the beautiful things of earth and heaven.

There is nothing stranger, in the multitude of human inconsistencies and contrasts, than the difference between the ideal of life which men form to themselves, and the reality into which they are content to shape their actual existence and its practical ends and aims. Every one who looks to the future at all, sees before him when he enters upon his career, be it high or humble, some fancied haven, and prays for favorable winds to carry him there, and where he is quite resolved, if luck serves him, to drop his anchor and furl his sails, plowing the troubled seas no more. How few ever reach that haven of rest!

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—There is always a liability, when sons and daughters have gone away from the home of their childhood, and have formed homes of their own, gradually to lose the old attachments and cease to pay those attentions to their parents which were so easy and natural in the olden time. New associations, new thoughts, new cares, all come in, filling the mind and heart, and, if special pains be not taken, they crowd out the old loves. This ought never to be. You should remember that the change is with you and not with those you left behind. You have every thing new, much that is attractive in the present and bright in the future; their hearts cling to the past, they have most in memory. When you went away, you knew not, and will never know till you experience it, what it cost them to give you up, nor what a vacancy you left behind. They have not, if you have, any new loves to take the place of the old. Do not, then, heartlessly deprive them of what you still can give of attention and love.

Visit your parents. If you live in the same place, let your step be, perhaps daily, a familiar one in the old home; if you are miles, yea, many miles away, make it your business to go to them. In this matter do not regard time nor expense; the one is well spent and the other will be fully, yea, a hundred-fold repaid. When some day the word reaches you, flashed over the telegraph, that father or mother has gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel which last bore you to their side.

Write to your parents. I have known father and mother wait with sick hearts through weary months,

longing that some word might reach them from an absent son. They have watched the mails till in despair they have ceased to expect any more, and while they may not have the grief of a great bereavement, they have what is almost as bad, the bitter consciousness that they are not in mind enough even to call out a few poor lines from one whose infancy and early years they watched with sleepless love. Sons are often guilty of this crime—I can not call it less—from sheer neglect or indolence. While an hour, perhaps a few moments, would suffice to write a letter which would give unspeakable satisfaction, they let months and even years slip away in utter indifference to all the pain they are causing. O, how full is many a mother's heart of sorrow and foreboding, when just a few words from an absent son would fill it with joy and praise! Such indifference or neglect is shameful and wicked. One need not wonder that sons guilty of it are not prospered, that they wait in vain for those turns of fortune which will send them home, as they dream, to surprise the old neighborhood with their wealth. Their thoughtlessness has been productive only of disaster.

Keep up your intercourse with father or mother; do not deem it sufficient to write when something important is to be told; do not say, "No news is good news." If it be but a few lines, write them; write, if it be only to say, "I am well," if it be only to send the salutation that says they are "dear," or the farewell that tells them that you are "affectionate" still. The little messengers shall be like caskets of jewels, and the tears that fall fondly over them will be treasures for you. Say with a warm-hearted son—

"The hills may tower, the waves may rise,
And roll between my home and me;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee!"

BLUSHING.—What is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word, or look, or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a Summer sunset? Strange is it also that the face only—and that the human face—is capable of blushing; that the hand or foot does not turn red from modesty or shame, any more than does the glove or sock that covers them. It is the face that bears the angel's impress; it is the face that is Heaven. The blush of modesty that tinted woman's face when first she awoke in Eden's sunny land, still lingers with her pure daughters. They caught it from the rose, for all the roses were first white; but when Eve plucked one of the buds, seeing her own face, more fair than flowers, blushed, and cast its reflex on her velvety cheek. The face is the tablet of the soul, whereon it writes its actions. There may be traced all the moral phenomena, with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. If innocence and purity look outward from within, none the less vice, intemperance, and debauchery make their indelible impression upon it. Idiocy, rage, cowardice, passion, all leave their traces deeper even than the virtues of modesty, truth,

chastity, and hope. Even beauty itself will grow more beautiful from the pure thoughts that arise within it.

WOMANLY MODESTY.—Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full-blown rose, leave him unmoved, but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from beneath a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given to the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of the "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virgins should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, which diffuses an unwholesome odor, and which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the aloe, which blooms and dies in a few hours, but modesty gives the female character charms which supply this transitory freshness of youth.

A NAME TO LIVE.—An ancient king desirous of living by some good deed in the remembrance of posterity, ordered a light-house to be erected on an exposed part of the coast, and his name to be engraved on it. The architect, coveting a similar distinction, but not daring to disobey the royal mandate, wrote the monarch's name on a perishable material which resembled the stone of which the building was composed, while he secretly engraved his own name on the rock beneath. Years rolled away; time performed its work; and the next generation beheld the name of the artist indelibly impressed on the solid marble.

Behold the emblem of the fame of the Church. Other institutions are on the surface; time will efface their records. The mightiest empires will crumble, but the Church will live. It hath a name, of which Jehovah hath said, "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands."

KEEPING CHILDREN AT HOME.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces and words are harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

FEAR begets falsehood; and, as fear is the principal instrument in procuring family obedience, falsehood has been called, with striking and fearful significance, "the epidemic of the nursery."

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY. By E. De Pressense, D. D., Author of "Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work." Translated by Annie Harwood. The Apostolic Era. 12mo. Pp. 536. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

The name of De Pressense is sufficient introduction to any work that may appear from his pen. He is nearly as well known in this country as in Europe. His "Life of Christ," his "Religion and the Reign of Terror," and his "Rome and Italy at the Opening of the Ecumenical Council," have made his name familiar to earnest, thinking Christians, and have made him beloved on this side of the water, as in France and England for his earnest defense of pure, evangelical Christianity against the attacks of infidelity on the one hand, and the schemes of the Papacy on the other. He was born in due time; he is the natural antagonist of the specious infidelity of Strauss and Rénan, and of the ultramontanist of extreme Popery. The equal of any of them in finish of his style, he is superior to most of them in the power of patient and accurate investigation, and in a profound and fearless consecration to the cause of truth. He is not a bigot, determined at all hazards to maintain a system or defend a theory, baptizing them in advance with the name of truth, but is a lover of truth in itself, ready to yield preconceived notions when found to be erroneous, and to welcome the truth when actual investigation and criticism make it apparent. He is a man and a writer for the times, willing to re-open the investigation of questions that some have thought closed, and to follow the inquirer into the deepest and most radical criticism, candid, impartial, aiming at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In this spirit he has written the admirable volume that lies before us. The facts of apostolic and primitive Christianity demand re-investigation, and especially re-statement. The fact is, every age must make its own literature, and even in every department of Christian literature, each age must have its own investigation and its own statement. This is especially true in our own earliest, inquiring age. The present volume is only the first of a proposed series, embracing a second volume, on "Martyrs and Apologists;" a third, on "Doctrine and Heresies;" and a fourth, on "The Church Workship and Christian Life." The whole will comprise a thorough study of primitive Christianity. To illustrate the need and the aim of this new study of old facts, we quote a few passages from the Preface to the English edition:

"Of all the topics of the day, none is of graver importance than the early history of Christianity,

and the foundation of the Church. Every thing points inquiry in this direction. A bold criticism claims the right to snatch from our hands the documents of this great history, and to scatter them in fragments to the winds. It is not enough for us to take refuge in our faith as in an inviolable sanctuary; we must establish that faith on solid ground, and produce its original titles. Our part is not to linger on the shore, lamenting the constraint which keeps us there, but rather to abjure the false dominion of a faith imposed by authority, to cross the stormy sea, and plant our feet in the enemy's country, on the much-cultivated soil of contemporary criticism. The fact is not to be disguised that science, hostile to Christianity, has long ago left the lonely height from which it was once wont to bend a pitying eye upon the ignorant masses. No lips take up in our day the cry, 'Odi profanum vulgus;' every one feels that such a motto would be the confession of weakness. The law of most democratic reform has finally asserted itself in the world of thought; we are governed by the universal suffrage of minds. Therefore science has assumed, in its hostility to Christianity, a popular form. It has not contented itself with the light, quivering arrows, as piercing as they were brilliant, discharged in such rapid flight by the great satirist of the eighteenth century. It has forged other weapons; it has transfused into the vulgar tongue the results of criticism; it has coined a currency, heavy ingots which seemed immovable in their ponderosity. While in Germany, Strauss's 'Leben Jesu' has been read and pondered in cottages and workshops, men in France, unaware of the very existence of that famous book, have been initiated into its conclusions. M. Rénan's 'Vie de Jésus'—circulated by thousands of copies—has given a new popularity to the results of negative criticism, by casting them into a poetic mold.

"Thus, from day to day, a form of skepticism is being developed which is so much the more dangerous because it conceives itself better informed. It is present in the very air we breathe; it finds its way into the lightest publications; the novel and the review articles, skilled in giving grace and piquancy to erudition, furnish it with arguments which appear weighty because they are so in comparison with the pleasantries of Voltaire. Such a condition of things is critical, and calls for grave and special consideration. If those who are convinced of the divinity of Christianity slumber on in false and fatal security, they must be prepared to pay dearly for their slothfulness; and the Church and mankind—which have need of each other—will pay dearly for it also. The voice of skepticism will alone be heard, and the

sweeping assertions of an unbelief—often more credulous than bigotry—will pass for axioms.

"There can be no doubt of the ignorance which extensively prevails, even among the highly cultivated, as to the nature and origin of Christianity. This is the newest of themes, because that which has fallen into deepest oblivion. We are persuaded that the best method of defense against the shallow skepticism which assails us, and which dismisses, with a scornful smile, documents, the titles of which it has never examined, is to retrace the history of primitive Christianity, employing all the materials accumulated by the Christian science of our day; for it must be well understood among us that there is in truth such a thing as Christian science in the nineteenth century. Those who have taken upon themselves, during the last few years, to initiate other countries into the scientific movement of Germany, have only brought into view one side. The other side deserves a like publicity; and as this very subject of the early history of Christianity has been treated with a marked predilection by the greatest Christian divines of our age, we are bound, in approaching it, to remember their labors, and profit by all the treasures their patient researches have amassed."

ANNA LAVATER; A Picture of Swiss Pastoral Life in the Last Century. By Rev. W. Liethe, Pastor of the Parochial Church, Berlin. Translated by Catharine E. Hurst. 16mo. Pp. 226. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

This is another very neat little volume, and an excellent piece of Christian biography. It is a faithful and simple portrait of a true Christian woman. In both her character and labors she resembled that pleasant lake which flowed near her home, and which, though it does not equal the majesty of many of the surrounding lakes, which are inclosed by lofty Alpine peaks, yet excels them all by the attractiveness and loveliness of its unsurpassable banks. Beautiful and peaceful as is that lake, with its magnificent surroundings, not less so, in the adornment of faith, appears the life of that Zurich woman to the believing and thoughtful observer." She was the wife of Rev. Dr. Lavater, the pastor of a Swiss parish in the last century, who spent his life in the service of the Reformed Church. He was an indefatigable laborer, and his wife was a most exemplary helpmeet. Two more congenial souls were never before knit together as man and wife.

CONSECRATED TALENTS; or, the Life of Mrs. Mary W. Mason. With an Introduction by Bishop James. 12mo. Pp. 285. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

No name of authorship appears on the title-page, but the Introduction informs us it was prepared by filial hands. The subject of this biography was well worthy of embalment in this beautiful form, for the volume is very neatly executed. She was for many years an active, laborious Christian in New York city, and one who exhibited in her daily life and ex-

perience the highest and most blessed things provided for us in the Gospel of our Lord, and who was a pattern in her godly activities of the great good that may be accomplished by an earnest and consecrated Christian woman. Bishop James well says in his Introduction: "These personal histories are an essential part of the general history of the kingdom of God in the earth. What would a history of the Israelites be with the character and acts of Moses left out? How could a true and philosophical history of the primitive Church be written without stating the conversion of Saul: how Mary chose the good part? how the Lord opened the heart of Lydia? how the dying Stephen saw Jesus? or how Aquila and Priscilla expounded unto Apollos the way of God more perfectly? how Paul and Christian women labored in the Gospel at Philippi? how the apostle sent his salutation to the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord? Leave personal experience and personal effort, individual character and individual actions out of Methodism, and what would be left?" Whoever will read this sketch of an experienced Christian and an earnest worker for Christ, will be a wiser and better man or woman.

THE LADY PREACHER; or, the Life and Labors of Mrs. Hannah Reeves. By the Rev. George Brown, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 343. Philadelphia: Daughaday & Becker. Springfield, O.: Methodist Publishing House.

Mrs. Reeves was the wife of Rev. Wm. Reeves, D. D., of the Methodist Church, a woman of remarkable powers and blessed with great success in preaching the Gospel. She seems to have been a "gifted, pious, zealous, popular, and laborious preacher," her labors extending from 1819 to 1868, and reaching to England, Canada, and the United States. She preached at camp-meetings, quarterly and protracted meetings, in city stations, on the circuits, at church dedications, and on the outskirts among the poor. Wherever she preached the crowd attended her ministry. "She stood erect in the pulpit, with a pleasant, open countenance, calm, self-possessed, and apparently without the fear of man. She made but few gestures, and they were graceful. Her voice was full, round, and clear. Her articulation was remarkably distinct. Her preaching was plain, pointed, pathetic, and generally full of holy unction. She made no effort at adornment or display. All her figures and illustrations were natural, free, and easy. Her eye appeared to be single to the glory of God and the salvation of perishing sinners." The author, Dr. Brown, pleads the case of this lady preacher well. He says: "I am aware that I am treading on new ground, for in most of the churches female preaching is a novelty, not allowed by the ruling ecclesiastical authorities in our day. But to remove all objections out of the way, as far as possible, it may be well to remember that this lady preacher did not ambitiously aspire to the high places of the Church, or seek any position that would give her ruling authority or dominion over men. She never sought ordination, or the right to administer the

sacraments, or to have a seat in the quarterly or Annual Conferences. Her only wish, claim, or desire was to be a teacher of the Christian religion, a preacher of the Gospel, leaving all official ecclesiastical matters to the male portion of the Church. And for this great work of preaching the Gospel, the volume now presented to the public will show that she had many rare qualifications."

THE MANUSCRIPT MAN; or, *The Bible in Ireland.* By Miss E. H. Walshe. Eleven Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 232. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is a very interesting little volume, and will attract the attention of both old and young. It is a republication from the London Religious Tract Society, and is from the pen of an eminently pious Irish lady, lately deceased. Its object is thus stated in one of her letters: "I have tried to produce a faithful and in no wise exaggerated picture of the religious state of my poor country people. Most of the incidents are from life, and for every statement I have authority." Incidentally it illustrates the insufficiency of the Roman Catholic faith, as now held and taught, to give comfort and moral power to its believers. It also shows the bitterness with which a class of Papist priests meet the attempts of Christians to give the Bible to the people.

POEMS. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. 16mo. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Somehow one can tell immediately when he is in contact with a genuine poet. One does not need to drink a whole cask of wine to determine its flavor. The very first poem in this volume, "The Blessed Damsel," wins you, and you pronounce its author a genuine poet; the second, third, and fourth confirm your judgment, and by this time your interest is en-

listed, and you read on, scarcely awaking from the delicious feast till you find yourself half through the book. Gabriel Rossetti has all the gifts of the true poet, and is destined to be as distinguished in this department as he has already become as a painter. Passion, imagination, creative power, tenderness, and pathos are all here, and they are under the direction of a pure mind, controlled and limited by a Christian spirit. Every poem has that easy, spontaneous flow which is found only in the productions of real genius, and that mysticism in thought expressed in clear and striking symbols which is the charm of real poetry.

THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL. By Grace Aguilar. Two Volumes. 12mo. Pp. 270, 336. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

These are the concluding volumes of the Appletons' beautiful edition of Grace Aguilar's works, and we would count them among her best. They recount, in most fascinating style, the histories of illustrious Jewish women from the days of Eve to the dismemberment of the Jewish nation by the Romans. It will be observed, however, that no mention is made of the women of the New Testament; of course it is known that Grace Aguilar was a Jewess and adhered to the faith of her fathers. Yet nothing is said in these admirable volumes against Christianity; she simply passes it by, her attention being limited to the history of her own race and as well as to the Jew; we have a longer list than Grace Aguilar, but her list is ours as far as it goes. Her sketches of these noble women are of the highest order, thoughtful, appreciative, well-studied, and written in a style that few can equal. We can heartily commend these volumes to our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

REVOLUTIONS.—History makes itself so rapidly in our day that it requires the daily paper to keep within sight of its rapid evolutions; in vain does the monthly magazine attempt to preserve a contemporaneous record. The changes of a month make volumes of history; we describe the aspect of things to-day, yet even before our lines can reach our readers the whole phase is changed, empires have passed away, governments have been revolutionized, cities have been overwhelmed, and thousands of helpless victims have been hurled into eternity. At this hour conquering Prussia seems to be marching steadily on to the complete subjugation of France. A vast army of 400,000 men, flushed with conquest, surrounds the proud city of Paris, and is ready to dictate terms of peace to a nation that only six weeks before declared war, and boastfully avowed its purpose to

overrun and desolate Germany. Surely God is higher than the nations, and his purposes are sure and inevitable. The world simply looks on with amazement, astonished at the rapid success of the Prussians and the stupendous overthrow of the French. "We are living, we are moving, in a grand and awful time."

Frenchmen still seem to be insatuated, and unwilling to listen to the terms of the conqueror. Paris most probably must undergo a siege. Paris has a great debt of crime yet to pay for; she has been for generations a wicked, God-defying city; perhaps the mind shudders at the thought of so great a city undergoing siege and bombardment—a city of two million inhabitants, ornamented and enriched by all that centuries of industrious accumulation could

create. Indications also thicken that there is growing excitement and danger within the walls; the criminal classes are becoming desperate and breaking out with ungovernable license. God only knows what lies before the proud, wicked city, drunk with its own debaucheries and mad in its infidelity and godlessness.

What will be the final result of this bloodshed and carnage no human acumen can foretell. America would be ready to rejoice in the establishment of a genuine republic of France, strong enough to maintain order at home, and to defend itself against despotic neighbors. We confess, however, that we have but little hope from the present revolutionary government. France, we fear, must be taught many lessons yet before she will be ready for a republic. She must become more cool in blood; she must be less under the power of Roman Catholic hierarchs, and less subject to the subtle machinations of unprincipled Jesuits; she must have more virtue, more religion, less atheism, and more of the fear of God. It is the Son that makes men free, whether as individuals or as nations. Lawlessness is not freedom; licentiousness is not liberty. And yet the masses of Frenchmen have but little better notions of freedom than these. They create a republic in a single hour, and in an hour the same mob may destroy it. The Republic of 1870 simply presents many strong points of resemblance to the Republic of 1848. The present Republic was born just as former French republics were, and nothing short of a miracle can save it from their death. Yet our sympathies instinctively turn toward the people who struggle after freedom, though they may stagger and blunder in their efforts. Our latest advices give us the terms proposed by Prussia; they are humiliating to France, they are severe on the part of Prussia. France resists and determines for war to the bitter end; Prussia is haughty in her victories and betrays somewhat the pride and arrogance of the conqueror. Paris, therefore, must stand a siege. What the end will be we must wait to see. God's providence is in it all, and he will surely make the wrath of man to praise him. In the mean time events of equally great social and religious importance are going on in other parts of Europe. A mortal man puts himself in the place of God, exalting himself above all that is called God, and his impious declaration is scarcely published to the world when God hurls him from his blasphemous seat, and sends him forth a beggar in the world. The Italian troops enter Rome, and the Eternal City forsakes her Pope, and his temporal authority perishes forever just as he arrogates to himself attributes almost divine! "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the isles thereof be glad."

THE SIEGE OF STRASBURG.—Since the journey of Prof. Ansted through Alsace, a part of the account of which we give this month, that region has become the center of attraction to the civilized world. The tread of conquering armies has followed the steps of the peaceful traveler, and the desolations of war

have been wasting the beautiful plains, and towns, and cities of which the Professor writes. When he was there all was peaceful, prosperous, happy; quiet contentment characterized the people, and the traveler could leisurely study the wonders of nature and of art; now war holds its vast carnival over the whole territory. Among the illustrations that we present in that article is one of the famous cathedral of Strasburg, then standing in its unique beauty, but now battered, broken, and burned. The loss of this great cathedral is among the most lamentable results of the war thus far. It was one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe. It was founded A. D. 504. The choir was built by Charlemagne, probably about A. D. 800, though it was not completed until 1439. The material of which the cathedral is built is a brown stone, very much resembling Connecticut Portland freestone, so extensively used in Fifth Avenue, New York. It was obtained from a quarry at Wassebonne, in the valley of Couronne, a few miles from Strasburg. The architect of the existing edifice was Erwin von Steinbach, of Baden. One John Huelis, of Cologne, was the architect of the peerless tower. Its spire is the loftiest in the world. Its height, 466 feet, surpasses St. Peter's, and is about equal to that of the Great Pyramid. The greater part of the entire structure was destroyed by fire in 1007, and the restored edifice was begun in 1015 and completed in 1439. The cathedral is in every part richly decorated with sculptures; and the western front, rising to a height of 230 feet, is, or was, particularly fine with its wealth of statues, ornamental carvings, and bass-reliefs. It has a circular window forty-eight feet in diameter.

The astronomical clock, the product of a German clock-maker, in about the year 1550, is a marvel of ingenuity and mechanical skill, and has no counterpart. It performs not only the ordinary service of a clock, but exhibits the days, and the months, and the years; the process of the seasons; the signs of the zodiac, and the names and movements of the heavenly bodies. At each quarter of an hour an angel comes out and strikes one stroke on the bell; at every hour another angel comes and strikes twice; and at twelve, meridian, a figure of Christ appears, accompanied by the twelve apostles, all of whom move around a central point and pass in, out of sight, by another door, the stroke of twelve being given, and a cock flaps his wings and crows. The clock is enormous in size, like every thing else connected with the vast cathedral, and is invisible from the outside street—the spectator passing through the nave of the cathedral to see it. It has suffered from fire and violence before the present year, having been out of repair and motionless since the revolution of 1793, until the year 1842, when it was repaired by a watch-maker of Bas-Rhin, and has been in operation since. It is to be hoped that this ingenious piece of mechanism has not been irreparably injured by the present bombardment.

The loss of the Strasburg library—a vast collection of 800,000 volumes, including many collections of rare and curious monkish parchments—is total

and irreparable. It can never be replaced by any collection hereafter made. It was the slow result of a thousand years, and its destruction by fire, caused by the Prussian hot shot, is like the burning of the Alexandrian library in this, that of a great number of the works destroyed no duplicates can be obtained.

As we write the brave city still holds out, but probably before this reaches our readers it will be in the hands of the besiegers, and most of it in ruins. Our latest news says the siege still continues with unabated vigor. Four thousand Baden troops are working day and night in the third line of trenches, quite near the city, and under constant fire from the defenses. Over two thousand citizens have been killed. The scream of shells can be heard five miles. The beautiful cathedral is partly destroyed. There are now over five hundred cannon bearing upon the citadel, and forty thousand Baden troops ready to enter as soon as the walls are broken.

Over twenty thousand refugees are within the walls, suffering all the horrors of a bombardment. The fortifications are slowly burning. The Germans captured have their heads cut off and stuck on poles. One hundred Germans expelled from the city have been killed between the fires of the two parties. The city is in flames in twenty different places, and the rabble are pillaging the houses and destroying thunder-storms, and the Rhine has risen, driving the inhabitants from the cellars. The people are fighting for places in the sewers to escape destruction from the shells poured by hundreds into the streets.

Six hundred citizens were buried by the falling buildings. Every night the horizon is starred for miles like a mimic sunset with the blaze of the Baden batteries. Horse flesh is the only meat to be obtained, and the inhabitants are on the verge of starvation. Awful scenes are witnessed. Many citizens are killed in bed, and the commander shoots at once all who talk of surrender. The city has not fired a gun since the 6th. It is under fire from three sides. The sluices which furnished the city with water are destroyed, thereby adding to the suffering of the people. It is known that two hundred thousand chassepots are stored in Strasburg. The immediate surrender is predicted. There are only seven thousand regular troops now in the city.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—This Society originated in the fact that our male missionaries in India, and to a great extent also in China, were confined in their efforts entirely to the male population, owing to their peculiar social system. Women alone can have access to the women of those countries, whose condition is far worse in every respect than that of the men; and until the women there are elevated and converted the progress of our mission work must be very slow.

For the proper working of this new field the ladies of our Church in the city of Boston organized the above-named Society on the 30th of March, 1869, with the hearty approval of the missionary authori-

ties. An appeal was issued inviting the co-operation of all Christian women. The response was prompt and cheering, and auxiliaries were formed in various parts of the country.

So rapid was its growth that a change of Constitution was necessary, creating, instead of one central society at Boston, six co-ordinate branches, as follows: 1. Boston, embracing all the New England States. 2. New York, embracing New York and New Jersey. 3. Philadelphia, embracing Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. 4. Cincinnati, embracing Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky. 5. Chicago, embracing Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. 6. St. Louis, embracing Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota. The central organ of administration is the General Executive Committee, consisting of the Corresponding Secretaries of the branch societies, and two delegates from each branch. This Committee meets annually.

During the year ending April 1, 1870, the Society raised \$7,000, one hundred and thirty auxiliaries were formed, two missionaries—Miss Isabella Thoburn, of St. Clairsville, Ohio, and Miss Clara A. Swain, M. D., of Castile, New York—were sent to India, and the "Heathen Woman's Friend" was established and is now self-supporting, as the organ of the Society. It is proposed to raise during the year ending April 1, 1871, \$20,000, and to undertake, besides the support of the two missionaries already in the field, the maintenance of the Girls' Orphanage at Bareilly, a hospital for women, the support of girls' schools, zenana work, Bible women missionaries, one of whom sailed in September last for India.

The plan adopted to advance the interests of the Society is to enlist the services of the women of our Church. They can help by organizing auxiliary societies. These auxiliaries spread intelligence of mission work, deepen interest in the cause, and call out the needed funds. Wherever ten ladies can be found who are willing to give two cents each per week, or one dollar per year, an auxiliary can be formed, which will be a blessing to its members as well as to their heathen sisters perishing in the darkness of paganism.

DEATH OF A CONTRIBUTOR.—Mrs. Emmie L. Griffith, wife of Rev. T. M. Griffith, of the Philadelphia Conference, and daughter of the late Rev. David Best, died August 14, 1870. Her sketches, stories, and reviews have frequently appeared in the Repository. We publish in this number the last article which came from her pen. She was converted in very early childhood, was educated in the "Wesleyan Female College," of Wilmington, Del., where she graduated with the highest honors of her class, and became the bride of an itinerant on Thanksgiving day, 1863. Having a tender conscience, an affectionate disposition, and a finely cultured mind, her life was a brief but happy one, and her death has left a void in a wide and loving circle of friends.

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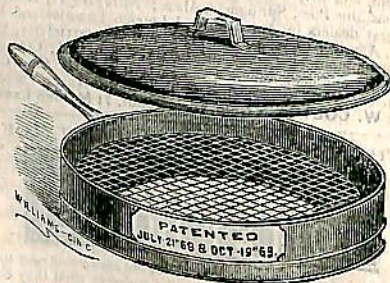
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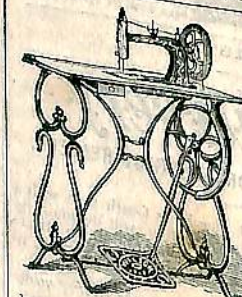
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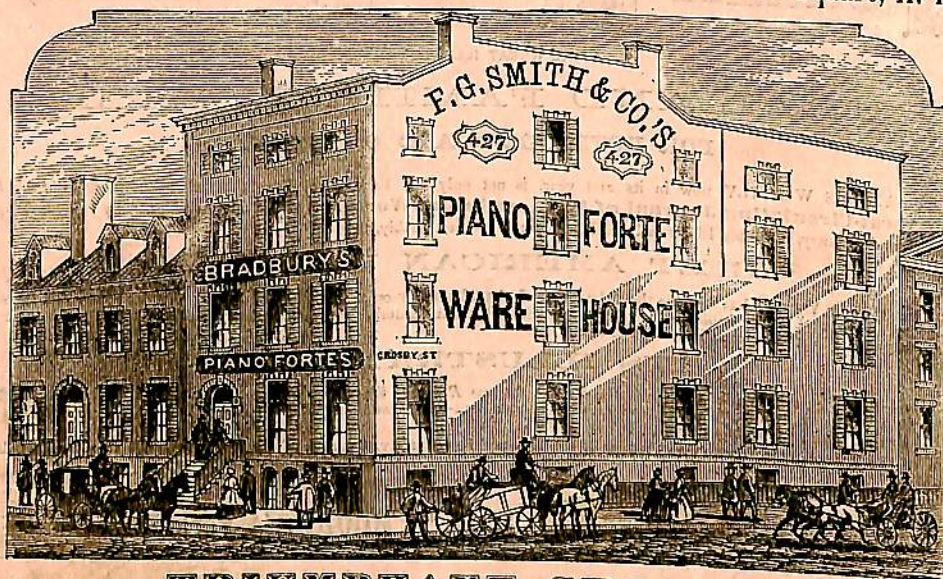
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