

The Family Circle.

MISS MUFF AND LITTLE HUNGRY.

A BALLAD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY MISS A. WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOLLARS AND CENTS," ETC.

PART III.

Little Hungry crept round the corner, And trotted away down the street, In one little summer-thin garment, And two little ice-cold feet.

Then seated herself on a door-step, And opened her basket and store, And searched out two crusts, dry and mouldy; Little Hungry could find nothing more.

So mouldy, you would not have touched them; So dry, it was all she could do, Though her teeth were well sharpened with hunger, To bite the hard bits through and through.

And there she sat munching her dinner, With plenty-fall tables so high; Fresh loaves in plain sight at the baker's, And the smell of roast beef floating by.

On her head God's sweet sunshine lay lightly, Streaming down as from heaven's own door; But no human smile came to cheer her, People looked and passed on—nothing more.

The lady in green and in purple, Trilled along her magnificent dress,— She was loaded with all sorts of blessings, But she never attempted to bless.

And the gentlemen wrapped up in broadcloth Never stopped by the way to inquire If the beggar child lived in a cellar, And if she had food and a fire.

People looked—and said, "O how distressing To see such a sight in the street! To see a child eating her dinner With fingers as black as her feet!"

"Did one ever imagine such tatters? Did one ever see such a rough head?— And it's just about fit to hold cinders, That basket she has for her bread."

So they drew to the edge of the sidewalk, And kept as far off as they could; So busy in thinking "you should not," That they never remembered, "I should."

The wind gaily played with their feathers, And stroked their soft tippets of fur; Then gave Little Hungry a shiver— It had nothing but roughness for her.

Their rich silken robes swept the pavement And caught that same dust from the street Which to their great disgust and amazement Had covered her poor little feet.

But who could see dust on such dresses? And what could such ladies do wrong? The very air seemed to grow sweeter For them, as they fluttered along.

Fluttered home to their Avenue houses, Their fires, and dinners, and rest; Where all they could look at or handle Was made of the richest and best.

Miss Muff lived in one of these houses; And her intimate friend lived next door; And below, and above, and just near her, You could count up such friends by the score.

But who shall describe the dark alley To which Little Hungry crept in? That highway of dirt and of sorrow, Of poverty, suffering and sin?

Who shall tell how the many were crowded In places too small for a few; How, while some got a living by thieving, Others starved—having nothing to do.

The street, with its great heaps of rubbish,— Ashes, cabbage leaves, old bones and rags; Which the rag-pickers searched every morning, Putting many a scrap in their bags.

The houses, all ruined and dirty; The men, with their dark lives of crime; The children—more dirty, more ruined,— The women, that fought half the time.

Who shall tell of the air that was breathed Who shall speak of the sights that were seen there? So very few blocks from the dwelling Of the lady in purple and green!

Within a stone's throw of the houses Where gay dinner tables were set For the gentlemen wrapped up in broadcloth Who had this poor alley to let.

Yes, they owned the tumble-down houses; They rented those cellars for gold; They knew how the small rooms were crowded With poverty, hunger and cold.

They knew how the sharp broken pavement Was trodden by wretched bare feet; They knew that the city street-cleaners Were never sent into that street.

But the alley was left in its foulness, And the people lived on as they might; In darkness, and evil, and suffering, With twenty church steeples in sight.

And there Little Hungry crept homeward,— Found nothing to eat, as she said; There took a few blows for her supper, And lay on the floor for a bed.

So the winter's day came to its ending, And Darkness and Night ventured out; All over and through the great city They went silently, swiftly about.

In a robe gaily spangled with gaslights Night walked at her ease through Broadway, And watched the Fifth Avenue houses,— Lest some one by chance went astray.

But Darkness all muffled and gloomy Joined hands with the wind and the sleet, And down on the close, narrow sidewalks Where the poor people lived, took her seat.

What matter, if they slipped and stumbled? Their rags wouldn't spoil in the storm; And all the broadside in the city Was safe—and the broadcloth was warm.

PART IV.

Another day came in its brightness, When the world looked all glad as before; And Muff jolly tripped down the staircase, And opened the heavy street door.

Then turned down the very next crossing, And marched off to the Broadway, And eagerly looked for her beggar,— For Muff had a great deal to say.

And presently, where the green ivy Climbs lovingly up the church wall, Where the church goes weekly come thronging When the bell sounds its musical call:

She found Little Hungry—just standing, Her face on the iron rails pressed; And her fingers thrust through, vainly striving To pull one green leaf from the rest.

One left!—and was that all her portion? One leaf from the cold outside wall, When leaves for the healing of nations Were within offered freely to all!

Now Muff was not learned in lectures, Nor knew much of giving advice; So the minute she saw Little Hungry, She poured out her thoughts in a trice.

"Little girl, it's because you are naughty That you have so little to eat,— If you were a good little beggar, You never need say in the street.

"But people must wash their own faces, And brush out their hair a great deal, And make themselves neat little children; No matter how badly they feel.

"So, mamma says, when I say I'm tired, And call it a bother to dress; And nurse says, it's folks that look pretty, That God up in heaven will bless."

"And then you must always remember To say your prayers twice every day. You can ask just for what you've a mind to, God hears every word that you say."

Little Hungry had listened and wondered— With a face that said, "Is it all true?" And when Miss Muff spoke about praying, Her thin, blue lips uttered, "Do you?"

"Why, yes!" said Miss Muff,— "what a question! To be sure I do, morning and night; When I'm ready to come down to breakfast, And before nurse has put out the light."

"There are so many things that might happen When we are alone in the dark: And all the day long we want something, As I've heard mamma often remark."

"So you must kneel down on the hearth-rug, And say your prayers nicely and slow; And ask God to keep you and bless you,— It'll make you feel better, you know."

"I don't know my prayers," said the beggar, Looking up with her pitiful eyes; "And I live 'way down in the alley,— And God's away up in the skies."

"But God can look down in the alley, And hear just as well," said Miss Muff; "And I only say just 'Our Father,— And, 'For Jesus' sake,—that's quite enough."

Miss Muff turned away with her dolly, And the sunshine dropped down towards the west; And everything bright on the sidewalk Hurried on to its home and its rest.

And down to the dark, noisy alley Little Hungry crept back for the night, Looking up towards those far, blue heavens, All aglow with the pink evening light.

"But they make such a noise in our alley,— I don't think God ever can hear. And there it's so dirty and ugly— He never would come very near."

"And then, if he lives up in heaven, He couldn't care much about me,— The rich people push me, and scold me,— And why God shouldn't, too, I don't see."

But still as she trotted on sadly, Her little heart gave its low cry: "Our Father!"—"For Jesus' sake, hear me!" And still she looked up to the sky.

And down from the sky God was looking, Right into that poor little face, With his eyes which see straight through the darkness, And his love which can warm every place.

People pushed her aside, and said, "Really These beggars are under one's feet!" And God saw the beggar, but touched her With pity so tender and sweet.

He sent such a message of comfort, He gave such a thought of his love, 'Twas as if that warm flush of the evening Had dropped in her heart from above.

And in spite of the dark, noisy alley, In spite of the shouting and heat, Though without any fire or supper, Little Hungry went happy to bed.

She did not kneel down on the hearth-rug— No carpet nor hearth-rug were there; The boards were all dirty and broken Where she knelt to say her short prayer.

But the words went as straight up to heaven, And God was as ready to hear; And the little child wearily rested— For Jesus seemed there, very near.

Though she was a poor little beggar, So ragged, so helpless, so small, Yet Jesus remembered and loved her,— And Jesus was King over all.

She crept to her place in the corner, And lay on the hard wooden floor, Where the wind stirred her hair and her tatters, Roaming in through the old broken door.

Then thought of her Father in heaven, "Our Father!"—the words came so sweet! Then breathed out the dear name of Jesus, And fell fast asleep at his feet.

THE BRIDGE OF BALE.

Where the majestic Rhine rolls its broad waves like a silver landmark between France and Switzerland, stands the wealthy Swiss town of Bale. It forms, as it were, the entrance gate to a country which abounds so greatly in magnificent mountain scenery, that it well deserves to be called the "gem of Europe." The Rhine divides Bale into two parts, great and little Bale, and a large wooden bridge spans the river. At the farthest end, toward great Bale, there once stood a toll-gate, surmounted by an ornament of very questionable taste, called the "lolling king." It was a huge, wooden, painted figure with a crown on his head, and whose tongue and eyes were kept in perpetual motion by a water wheel. In a time of discord between the two parts of the town, this wonderful piece of art had been erected by great Bale, in order to annoy little Bale, and centuries afterwards, long after taste had been refined, and peace re-established, the "lolling king" still surmounted the gate, a relic of barbarous ages, the delight and pride of all the urchins of Bale. But many years since the toll-gate has been done away with, and the lion king's reign has come to an end.

A hundred years ago, a toll collector was sitting at this gate to receive the accustomed toll from the passengers. He was a very powerful man, measuring six feet without his shoes, and once his features had been as bright and intellectual as they were now dull and bloated. Alas! one master passion had reduced the poor man to a mere wreck of himself—the toll-man was a drunkard. It is said that, in the pride of her heart, the Egyptian Queen Cleopatra presented to Augustus a cup of wine in which the powdered dust of a huge pearl was dissolved, thus wasting, in one draught of wine, what would have saved from misery many of her poor subjects; but this toll-man did far worse, for the cup which he emptied from morning till night, swallowed not only his earthly property, but it brought his young, loving wife down to a premature grave, and ruined his

immortal soul. And yet he was so good-tempered, that even in his worst state of intoxication he did not rave like other drunkards, but the enemy laid hold on his intellect, and reduced the man of forty to a poor, tottering wretch, whose eyes were dim, whose head and hands were trembling, and whose limbs often refused to carry him. Thus he vegetated on from year to year, sunk in a state of torpor, and unmindful of that soul for which he had one day to give an account, and of the God who made it. And yet there was one being who could animate with life this worthless mass of clay, who could call a ray of intellect to these dull eyes, and a loving smile to these heavy lips. It was Mary, his motherless girl of five years old. She was a bright little thing, and the poor man loved her with all the power of heart which was left to him, and even in his most deplorable state of degradation, he never spoke an unkind word to his little Mary. And Mary loved her poor father too; her tender age prevented her from seeing deeper into the mystery of his helpless condition. "I am getting old, little one," he once had said to her, when she asked of him the reason of his reeling gait and trembling hands, and the innocent child believed him. "Poor father is so old! so old!" she used to whisper, when the curse of sin would press heavily on the miserable man, and then she would look up in his red bloated face with tearful eyes, and again and again she would kiss those trembling hands with the tenderness of pity. And as he looked down upon that sweet innocent face, so full of love, dim visions would rise before the drunkard's mental eyes, thoughts of a life of purity and holiness, and of those bright, spotless beings, which are said to be ministering angels to our fallen race. "I wonder whether that child is my guardian angel?" he would often mutter to himself, and in such moments shame and love would wring from his soul the resolution to break the chains of slavery, and to live more worthy of the charge entrusted to him. But "the way to hell is paved with good resolutions," says an old proverb, and the next evening, Mary found her father as "old" as ever.

Yet Mary's life was not without its pleasures; all the passengers had a kind word or look for the pretty child, some had even a bonbon or a ruddy apple, and her greatest delight was to run up and down the long wooden bridge. Often when from the one side of the river, the father's heavy snoring could be heard, Mary's silvery voice would ring from the other side, as she was singing some sweet nursery rhyme, or talking with the big monster over the gate, and challenging him to come down and catch her. Then the passers-by would often look at the unconscious child, and whisper, "Poor little thing!"

One evening the father had been drinking harder than ever; scarcely able to hold up his heavy head, he sat at the gate, when a merry peal of laughter came floating toward him from the other side of the bridge; he knew this voice—even now it had the power to dispel some of the heavy spell that bound him. He looked toward the bridge; there, on the old worn-eaten balustrade, stood his little Mary. The setting sun glittered in the golden curls, her face and outstretched arms were diffused with rosy light, and her white frock fluttered in the wind. The father looked at her with a kind of stupefied wonder. Was it his child? was it his guardian angel, ready to take wings and fly back to that glorious heaven from whence it had come to save him, come in vain?

Again he heard the clear, melodious voice, "See, father, how high Mary can climb, and look, I can play see-saw!" Catching hold of the balustrade, the child suddenly suspended herself over the water, and began to swing fearlessly to and fro. The father saw fluttering garments, and waving tresses, he heard the rotten wood work creak, and suddenly the dangerous position of his darling presented itself to his dull intellect. What if she should loose her hold? if the old balustrade should break? He started to his feet, he would fly to the rescue, but O, horrors! his feet refused to carry him; reeling to and fro like a reed in the storm, he again, and again, and again fell back against the wall. "Come here, Mary," he shouted in dreadful agony; "Come fetch me, father," the merry voice answered, and the dangerous pastime was only pursued with greater energy.

Once again the unhappy man tried in vain; he snatched the full bottle from the table, and emptied it in one draught. Alas, it was but to seal the sentence of his doom and that of his child. The hour of heavy retribution had at last come, and the man but reaped what he had sown. He had given himself, body and soul, into the power of the devil's great agent, and no earthly hand could restore to him what he had lost. One more desperate struggle, and the miserable wretch lay rolling on the ground, and groaning most fearfully. No man was nigh, no help came, and suddenly the creaking sound of the breaking balustrade smote like a knell upon the father's ear; he heard a fearful cry, "Father, help, help!" he heard the splashing of

the water, as the merciless waves closed over their lovely prey, and then all was silent. For a while the man lay silent. For a while the man lay there in a state of misery which no words can express; but overstrained nature, even in this moment, would have its sway—he soon dropped asleep, and slept while the only being that had loved him was drifting away on the glittering waves of the sunlit Rhine!

It was midnight when the toll-man awoke. He found himself lying on the floor of his room, and his first glance fell on a still, white form at his side. The flickering light of several lanterns was playing over features which were surpassingly beautiful in their solemn repose, and a voice said, "your child is dead!" The bereaved father threw himself over the lovely sleeper, and from his breast rose the despairing cry, "She is dead, and I have killed her!" Alas! he was sober now, sober enough to measure the full extent of his guilt and his loss; all the powers of his mind seemed to return for a minute, to show him, in glaring vividness, the fearful consequences of his sin, and then night, deep mental night, threw her dark veil over the wretched man's mind, and when he rose from his knees, he rose as a poor, harmless idiot. The hours rolled heavily on; the little body was laid in its last bed; he suffered them to do so. "Carry her gently," he whispered, "she sleeps so sweetly." Dust was given back to dust; many tears fell on that little coffin. The father shed none, and once more he could be seen sitting daily at the gate, but not to drink wine, or to receive toll. There he sat, looking down into the waters, and muttering broken sentences full of intense tenderness to his unseen companion, to his Mary. It was a touching sight to see him thus, and one that would move and warn many a thoughtless heart. One evening the sun was shedding its last rays on the river, and the dancing waves sparkled as they had done on that eventful day. The childless man suddenly rose, and stepped farther down to the waterside, where the reeds were waving in the evening breeze.

"Hush!" he whispered, "She is calling me! I am coming, Mary, my darling, see I can come now!" And stretching out his arms, as if to embrace his child, the poor man took a desperate leap, and the waves received their second victim.

HERSCHEL THE ASTRONOMER.

The life of Sir William Herschel affords a remarkable illustration of the force of perseverance. His father was a poor German musician, who brought up his four sons to the same calling. William came over to England to seek his fortune, and he joined the band of the Durham Militia, in which he played the oboe. The regiment was lying at Doncaster, where Dr. Miller first became acquainted with Herschel, having heard him perform a solo on the violin in a surprising manner. The Doctor entered into conversation with the youth, and was so pleased with him, that he urged him to leave the militia band and take up his residence at his house; for a time Herschel did so, and while at Doncaster, was principally occupied in violin playing at concerts, availing himself of the advantages of Dr. Miller's library to study in his leisure hours. A new organ having been built for the parish church of Halifax, an organist was advertised for, on which Herschel applied for the office and was selected. While officiating as organist and music teacher at Halifax, he began to study mathematics, unassisted by any master. Leading the wandering life of an artist, he was next attracted to Bath, where he played in the Pump-room band, and also as organist in the Octagon chapel. Some recent discoveries in astronomy having arrested his mind, and awakened in him a powerful spirit of curiosity, he sought and obtained from a friend the loan of a two-foot Gregorian telescope. So fascinated was the poor musician by the science, that he even thought of buying a telescope, but the price asked by the London opticians was so alarming, that he determined to make one. Those who know what a reflector telescope is, and the skill which is required to prepare the concave metallic speculum which forms the most important part of the apparatus, will be able to form some idea of the difficulty of the undertaking. Nevertheless, Herschel succeeded, after long and painful labor, in completing a five-foot reflector, with which he had the gratification of observing the rings and satellites of Saturn. Not satisfied with this triumph, he proceeded to make other instruments in succession, of seven, ten and twenty feet. In constructing the seven-foot reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that

would bear any power that was applied to it, a striking instance of the persevering laboriousness of the man. While sublimely gauging the heavens with his instruments, he continued patiently to earn his bread by piping to the fashionable frequenters of the Bath Pump-room. So eager was he in his astronomical observations, that he would steal away from the room, during an interval of the performance, give a little turn to his telescope, and contentedly return to his oboe. Thus working away, Herschel discovered the Georgium Sidus, the orbit and rate of motion of which he carefully calculated, and sent the result to the Royal Society; when the humble oboe-player found himself at once elevated from obscurity to fame. He was shortly after appointed Astronomer Royal, and by the kindness of George III. was placed in position of honorable competency for life. He bore his honors with the same meekness and humility which had distinguished him in the days of obscurity. So gentle and patient, withal so distinguished and successful a follower of science under difficulties, perhaps does not occur in the whole range of biography. —Christian Intelligencer.

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS—2D SERIES. VIII.

BY REV. EDWARD PATYSON HAMMOND.

TWO LETTERS, FULL OF MISTAKES.

In a city in Central New York, many little children were taught by God that they needed Jesus as their Saviour. Hundreds at the same time were seen seeking Jesus with tears. Several hundred of these children from the Sabbath schools have since joined the church. It rejoiced my heart to get a letter, a few days ago, from one of their dear ministers, in which he said, that of the hundreds who joined the churches, he did not know of one but that seemed still to love the Saviour.

This leads me to hope that this little girl, who spells so poorly, is still showing that she is a Christian. Her letter reads very much like that of one who has a new heart. I think I saw her happy face some seven months after she wrote this little letter. She does not tell how old she is; but if you could see her letter, you would think she must be a very little child.

I hope the printer will not try to improve her letter, but print it just as it stands, with the little "i's" and all. Some of you who read these words may have had better advantages, and so are able to spell better; but can you say, with her, "Now I think I have the dear Jesus in my heart?" If you can't say this, then your name is not written in the "Book of life," and if you should die to-day, you would never go where

"Around the throne of God in heaven Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiven, A holy, happy band."

This child says: "I went home, feeling very badly about my sins." Have you ever felt badly about your sins? Just think of some of the naughty things you have done. Read over the ten commandments, and see if you have not broken some one of them. I fear you will find that in thought, if not in deed, you have broken almost all of them. Then read in Mark xii. 30, 31, where Jesus says: "The first of all the commandments is, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." Have you done this? If not, you then, too, are a great sinner, and you must repent of your sins and believe in Jesus, or you can never be forgiven. You must go with all your sins straight to Jesus, and believe Him, if you want such a "Bible-loving, sin-hating, holy, happy heart" as this little child seems to have.

The first meeting I went to I did not have Enny interest in them, they did not Enny speak to me I went Home, not feeling very Happy on seeing so many weeping I Came the next Day Also, an staid to Inquir meeting they was a man spoke to me and ask me if I do not now his name I went Home that Night, feeling very Badly About my Sins I Came the next Day, an staid to Inquir meeting and then I began to see what a Grate Sinner I was I will tell you what I done I asked the Dear Jesus to Give me a new heart I got up from my knees, feeling very Happy I Came the next Day, at the Same man spoke to me an Asked me I had found the Dear Dear Jesus an I told him I thought I had found him an he Asked me how I nowed I had found him I told him because I felt a grate eal Happier than I did before an he Prayed with me to now I think I have the Dear Dear Jesus in my heart an I think I have a Happy heart Holy heart sin hating heart an Bible loving heart an Jesus loving heart praying heart Don't forget I you in my Prayers Mr. Hammond pray for me that I may keep a Christian an Resist all temptation that's before me. Yours, Affectionately, ***

"WHILE I WAS READING MY BIBLE, IT SEEMED AS IF JESUS WAS WAITING FOR ME TO COME TO HIM."

These are the words of another little Rochester girl who does not know how to spell very well; but I should think, from her most interesting letter, that she knows a great deal about Jesus. And if she does, He will be her Teacher now and in heaven forever.

Yes, Jesus has been "waiting" for her, and so he has been for you, a long,

* Copyright secured.

long time. He is now knocking at the door of your heart.

"Behold a stranger at your door, He gently knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is waiting still, You treat no other friend so ill."

As I have been writing these words, and reading over these little letters, I have been lifting up my heart in prayer, that every one who reads them may be led by them to "BELIEVE IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND BE SAVED."

Try and do just what this little girl did—come right to Jesus, who is "watching" for you, and you will find His words true in John vi. 37: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

I have been a great sinner. I did not love my saviour at all till three weeks ago. Some one ask me if I love the saviour. I told him I did not, then he ask me if I pray to him. I told him I did not, he told me when I got home to go up in my room and take my Bible and read it, and after I got through reading, to get on my knees and Ask him to forgive me, as soon as I got Home I went wright up stairs to my room and tok the bible and read Seven chapter, then I got on my knee and Ask Jesus to forgive my sins, while I was reading my bible it seem as if every word I read that Jesus was waiting for me to come to him. Oh, how happy I was then; it made my heart glad, next time I met him he ask me if I love Jesus. I told him I did, he said that he was happy then. He told me to be a Christian, then when I die I will see my father how is in heaven above. I have got tow brothers in heaven beside. Oh, how happy I would be if I could see Jesus' sweet face in heaven and hear him say, suffer Little children to come to him, these words are sweet, it sounds as if I were at his side, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," Oh, how I love the bible, my mother taught me to love that blessed book first, she wanted me to love her saviour. Oh, how happy I am because I have found a saviour to love, he is my best frind I got, mother is going very soon, for the Dr said so.

Saviour, may a little child Through thy grace be reconciled, Who can feel indeed within Much of evil, much of sin? Yes, thou said'st, and that's my plea, "Suffer such to come to me; Turn no little child away, Heaven is fill'd with such as they."

LONGEVITY OF TEMPERANCE MEN.

Let us call over the honored roll of the early advocates, and note the facts. Lyman Beecher, Heman Humphrey, President Hitchcock, S. V. Wilder, Dr. Mussey, John Kittridge, Rev. Dr. Hewitt, John Tappan, Dr. Justin Edwards. The death of the last named man was cut short by an acute disease, if I recollect aright, while traveling on a mission of mercy in one of the Middle or Southern States. The other eight, two or three of whom still live, all passed their eightieth year. Rev. Drs. Storrs of Braintree, Ide of Medway, Snell of North Brookfield, and Cooley of West Granville, all took early and strong ground against the drinking customs of their people, and the liquor traffic. They fought the battle manfully, periling their places by their boldness, thoroughness, and persistence; and what was the result? They secured such a hold on the confidence and affections of the people, that in our age of change these men never changed their places. Their life-long ministry has been with the people of their first settlement. All passed the eightieth year. Two of them still live to enjoy the well-earned confidence and unabated affection of their people. L. M. Sargent, whose brain and pen have made more numerous and valuable contributions to the literature of the enterprise than those of any other man on this continent, has passed his eightieth year, and still retains, in an eminent degree, both bodily and mental vigor. The old hero of many battles in this war, Rev. John Pierpont, is over eighty, and still doing excellent service in the Treasury Department at the Capitol. Father Hunt, whose voice has been heard all over the New England and Middle States in the advocacy of the cause, is I think over eighty, and he served through the late war as chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment. Right up to the front, in many of the most terrific battles ever fought on earth, the good man was found doing his duty among wounded and dying, among flying shot and shell, and when the battle and the day were done, finding needed rest in the tents, wrapped in his blanket, with his bronzed soldier boys, who almost worshipped him. Such is the record of so many of the early friends of our cause in this country.

Then in Connecticut there was Chief Justice Williams, one of our earliest and most devoted friends, and Benjamin Silliman, one of the most distinguished teachers of natural science in this country. Both passed their eightieth year before they passed to their lasting rest from labors. More than three-fourths of the early champions of the temperance cause in New England, who attained distinction sufficient to be known throughout the country as the friends of the cause, from 1813 to 1830—so far as I have been able to learn, passed their eightieth year. Let the advocates of alcoholic stimulants, by many held to be the very milk of age, show us a better record than we can show of the early friends of abstinence—so far as concerns mental development, usefulness in life, and longevity.—Dr. Jewett.

PRAYER is the path that God made, on which man travels back to him.