

Lie Up Nearer, Brother.

The *New England Diadem*, a magazine published many years ago, gave its readers the following beautiful stanzas, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Captain Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California. The poem deserves rescue from oblivion by republication:

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
Whon thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my arm will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darkens
And I go from hence away.
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I may one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother (God assist her)
Now that she is growing old,
Tell her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now,
Tell, oh, tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burnt my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when I last held them,
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He said so in His Word.

Oh, my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I have gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
As the thoughts their mem'ry stored;
Tell them I ne'er reached the heaven
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But I have gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for each a share—
Hark! I hear my Savior speaking,
'Tis I know His voice so well,
When I am gone, oh, don't the weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

THE RIVALS.

Miss Imogene De Forest was eighteen years old, a beauty and a belle. Girls of all kinds, if they live, can be eighteen years old; but to be a beauty and a belle needs a concurrence of favorable circumstances. In Miss Imogene these favorable circumstances were of a decided order. She had a lovely face, a graceful figure, and she was the only child of the Hon. Lysander De Forest, an ex-governor, an ex-senator, and a probable foreign minister.

Besides, she had a very respectable private fortune, though young Jefferson Duval and Captain Milton Fontaine both averred that was the very least point in her charms, and not worthy to be named with her dark eyes and her bewitching smile. Girls of eighteen are not all-wise, and perhaps Miss Imogene believed this; at any rate she looked as if she believed it; and both Duval and Fontaine had many hours in which they certainly firmly believed it. When wondering in the moonlight under the orange trees, or when whirling through the waltz in some splendid feast, they were both quite certain that nothing but Miss Imogene's personal loveliness entered into their dreams concerning her.

Hitherto, though both pretenders to Imogene's favor, they had preserved the semblance of friendship. Duval rather wished to do so; it gave him an honorable opportunity of watching his rival's chances; and Fontaine was of that order of men who like a little opposition. He intended at some favorable opportunity to make a *coup d'etat*, and at once and forever put poor Duval out of the painful uncertainties of love. For somehow he regarded his own success as certain—and if the confident heart wins the fair lady, and the faint one loses her, he had some reason for his blissful security.

One lovely evening in the charming May—for May is charming in Central Texas—Imogene was slowly riding across a prairie that was one billowy sea of grass and flowers. Duval was by her side, reciting Byron in a very touching manner. Imogene had casually noticed that two horsemen had emerged from a little wood, and were slowly following them; and she had also noticed that they had passed, and rather closer quarters than she liked, a herd of cattle feeding. Whether the magnificent bull leading them was irritated by Duval's floating scarlet

neck-tie, or by the poetry, or by motives beyond human comprehension, is uncertain, but his anger was positive enough. Bellowing and tearing up the ground, he came furiously after the lovers. Poetry and sentiment collapsed, and the first law of nature promptly asserted itself.

Both put their horses to their utmost speed, but the prospect was not cheering. In fact the question was this, Would the bull or the horses have the best of it in a race over two miles of open prairie?

"He is gaining on us, Duval, and I am turning sick and faint. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Let us separate. He cannot follow both, and perhaps he will select me."

Suddenly the shouts of the men behind attracted their attention. Imogene glanced fearfully around. The two horsemen she had noticed were coming on at a thundering pace; and before she could check or turn her horse one of them had risen in his stirrups and thrown a lasso around the frisking animal. It was now evident that Governor De Forest was one of these horsemen; the other, who still held the rope, was quite unknown both to Duval and Imogene.

The governor quickly dispatched the bull with his rifle, and then, as the herd were evidently growing uneasy, the whole party rode rapidly home. Thanks and introductions were practically delayed, although the stranger knew that no thanks and no introduction would ever be more satisfactory to him than the glance and smile he had received in the swiftest moment from Imogene.

Duval was very unhappy. He wondered if he had behaved in a cowardly manner. The whole affair had been so sudden and rapid he could neither analyze his feelings nor his actions. Imogene had only said that she "quite excused him." Had there been anything to excuse? And then this stranger! He was quite as inexplicable. Governor De Forest had simply introduced him as "Mr. John Winthrop." He was a little man, with a plain, positive face. His skin was tanned, his hair light and his eyes of that steely blue which always annoys weak and incapable persons.

Mr. Winthrop made very light of the adventure, and gave all the credit of the rescue to the governor, except perhaps for one moment, in which Imogene and he once more changed eyes. The news soon spread through the little town, and Fontaine was very indignant at fate. "If only he had been with Miss Imogene! Managing wild cattle was a trifle to him. He would rather have enjoyed such an encounter than otherwise. He had half a dozen plans always ready for such emergencies," etc. And really he did look so gallant, so handsome, that most girls would have been willing to face a herd of wild buffaloes under his protection.

Duval felt Fontaine's bravado a personal slight, but he did not wish to make Imogene the subject of a quarrel, and after a rather unsatisfactory visit the two men went home together.

However, next morning Captain Fontaine had the most graceful little note from Miss Imogene, asking him to bring his guitar and assist her in entertaining a few guests that evening. Duval had also one, equally flattering; for it touchingly referred to their mutual danger and escape, and hoped he would come prepared to finish the exquisite poem which had been so terribly interrupted.

The evening was a remarkable one in many respects. Scarcely ever had the ex-governor's mansion been so profusely decorated and so brilliantly illuminated, and to the magnificent feast prepared all the principal magnates of the neighborhood had been invited.

Imogene had never looked so bewildering unreal and poetic. Her oval face, with its creamy color and soft dark eyes, was crowned with great waves of black hair and snowy flowers, and her long drapery of some soft silky tissue seemed to shimmer and glance like a fairy robe, as with winning smiles and gracious, graceful manners she flitted to and fro among the guests.

John Winthrop was among them. He did not dance, and he did not sing, and he smiled queerly at the very idea of his reciting poetry; consequently neither Duval nor Fontaine felt uneasy about his influence. Indeed he seemed only to be able to converse on two subjects—property and politics.

Still he had one great advantage—he stayed in the same house with Imogene, and could see her in many favorable moments forbidden to less happy mortals. But Duval, who watched him closely, was soon convinced that he was indifferent to this immense favor; for Duval had found opportunities of putting very clever leading questions to Winthrop, and that gentleman had answered them with the greatest candor.

Indeed, he was so much more polite and sympathetic than he expected that Duval, who really longed for a confidant, poured out his whole soul to him, and asked John candidly what was his

opinion about his own and Fontaine's chances. Did he really think Fontaine would win Imogene?

John said he knew very little of women, but he thought Fontaine would not win Miss Imogene.

It is a comfort to have a confidant, and Duval brightened so much under the process of pouring out his hopes to John that Fontaine noticed the change, and began to fear that his rival had comfort and encouragement of which he did not know.

He was pondering this question very gloomily one night when he met John Winthrop. How it happened he never could tell, but in five minutes the two men were talking of Imogene, and Fontaine had told John all his hopes and fears with regard to her. John listened with interest, and even encouraged the conversation, though he tried to moderate Fontaine's complaints of Duval.

"For," said he, "it is only right to tell you that I am also Duval's confidant. I must say the affair is full of interest to me, and I can partly understand how it fills and colors all the hours of your two lives. For me, things are different. If I should fall in love, I could not afford to lose either an hour's time or an hour's sleep about any woman."

In this way matters went on for some weeks. John was the known confidant of both men, a post not half as difficult as it appears at first sight. For Fontaine often wanted to say something about Duval he did not care to say to Duval's face. He therefore made the remark to John, hoping that he would be his mouthpiece; and it is needless to say that Duval followed the same plan.

John smiled, and smoked, and listened, and kept very quiet—a thing easy enough to do, for both lovers only cared to hear themselves complain. That they kept up so long an appearance of friendship was entirely due to John's wise reticence, and his charitable rendering of such scraps of conversation as he felt obliged to report.

But smoldering fire cannot always be controlled, and one night, when Imogene had been very haughty and cross to both Duval and Fontaine, they unfortunately met on the piazza of their hotel. Duval was despondent and prostrate, Fontaine angry and scornful, and Duval's air unconsciously irritated him.

"How ill-tempered Miss Imogene was to-night!" he said, fretfully, flinging his half-smoked cigar into the street.

"Miss Imogene is never ill-tempered," answered Duval, warmly. "I will not allow you to say such a thing."

"You won't allow me! Understand I shall say what I choose about that lady. I do not recognize your right to defend her."

"Nor I yours to blame her."

"Perhaps I have more right than you know of."

"That is a lying insinuation; you are no gentleman to make it."

"Do you dare to say it is a lie?"

"Yes, I don't mind saying it is a solid lie."

"You know the consequences of that speech I suppose?"

"I know them very well. I am not afraid of you."

"Duval! Duval! I'll—"

"Oh, keep cool, Fontaine! Send your second to me at midnight. If your valor holds till morning, I'll give you a chance to prove it."

"Very well, sir. Understand this goes to the bitter end. I will receive no apology—not the most abject one."

"No apology will be offered you."

Then Duval flung his hat on his head, untied his horse, and rode rapidly up the street. He went, in fact, to John Winthrop to ask him to make the proper arrangements for a meeting between Fontaine and himself the next day. After a little persuasion John agreed to do so; but ere Duval left Fontaine tapped smartly at John's door and made the same request. The two opponents bowed to each other, but left all speech to John, who, in truth, seemed admirably adapted for the part he found himself almost obliged to play.

He tried first to effect a reconciliation, but finding that impossible made the strange proposition that he should act as second for both. "Gentlemen," he said, with a winning courtesy, "you are both equally my friends, and I am honestly disposed to do equal justice to each. Fix on some place and hour and I will bring my friend Dr. Allen, and see everything as pleasantly and honorably settled as possible."

Both Duval and Fontaine bowed to this proposal. Perhaps neither of them was in his heart as bloodthirsty as he pretended, and a peaceably inclined second has a great deal in his power. So a little wood about two miles out of town was fixed upon, and sunset the following day was the fated hour. John had insisted on this delay, partly, he said, because he still hoped the principals might change their minds, and partly because it would allay any suspicion which their quarrel and late visit to himself might arouse.

So both Duval and Fontaine were at

their usual desks in the morning, and their evening horseback ride was so common and natural that no one attached any unusual meaning to it. Both men arrived at the designated spot by different roads, but within two minutes of each other. Duval bowed, leaned against a tree, and smoked what might be his last cigar. Fontaine paced nervously up and down, waiting with great impatience John's arrival with the appointed weapons, which both men had entrusted to him. The sun set. The little wood got darker and darker—so dark at last that Duval's cigar made a distinct glow. Still John did not come.

Neither liked to make the first remark, yet it was evident that for some cause or other their wounded honor would have to endure another twelve hours' wrong. Yet Duval was just lighting another cigar, when a little negro boy came running through the wood.

"Done found you at last, Mas' Jeff. Thought you'd done shooted each other for sure. I's been a-lookin' all round yar since sundown."

"What have you come here for?"

"Mas' John Winthrop send dese two letters—for sure he did, now."

"Where is he?"

"Done gone."

"Fontaine," said Duval, "will you have a match to read yours by?"

"Thank you, Duval, I will."

So by the light of a succession of lucifers both gentlemen read the following words:

"My friend, I am opposed to duels on principle; so is my dear bride, who hopes you will both remember her too kindly to stain her name with your blood. Your little foolish quarrel hurried our arrangements, which had been made for a month later. You will see now the wisdom of the advice I have always given you both."

"JOHN WINTHROP."

There was a moment's dead silence, then Duval said: "Fontaine, we have no quarrel now; and if we have, we have no weapons. Suppose we go back to the hotel and have supper?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

The King and the Miller.

Near Sans, Sonci, the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill which much interfered with the view from the palace. One day the king sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill; and the unexpected answer came back that the miller would not sell it for any money. The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but folding his arms, quietly remarked: "The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia." And he took legal proceedings, the result of which was the king had to rebuild the mill and pay a good sum of money beside in compensation. Although his majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter he put the best face he could upon it, and turning to his courtiers he remarked: "I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom."

A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller of whom we have just been speaking had come into possession of the mill. After having struggled for several years against ever increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on with his business, he wrote to the king of Prussia, reminding him of the incident we have just related, and stating that, if his majesty felt so disposed, he should be very thankful in his present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply with his own hand:

"MY DEAR NEIGHBOR:—I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must be always in your possession, as long as one of your family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear that you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you, herewith six thousand dollars, in the hope that it may be of some service in restoring your fortunes. Consider me your affectionate neighbor,
FREDERICK WILLIAM."

Seventh-Day Adventism.

In the course of the history of the Christian church many sects have arisen by whom the speedy coming of Christ to set up a visible empire has been proclaimed. The Seventh-day Adventists, says Professor Schlem, originated as early as 1844, and one of the first organizers of the movement was Elder James White. Their headquarters are at Battle Creek, Mich., where they have a flourishing publishing house, etc., and they have several denominational papers in various languages. The same writer adds that they hold strict temperance views, including the prohibition of the use of tobacco, and abstinence from pork, tea and coffee is recommended. They have about 350 churches and a membership in the neighborhood of 9,000. They set no time for the coming of Christ.

The apple is now considered excellent food for brain workers. Well, we believe this fruit originally came from the tree of knowledge.—*Boston Courier.*

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Have Courage.
There are times in one's life when all the world seems to turn against us. Our motives are misunderstood, our words misconstrued, a malicious smile reveals to us the unfriendly feelings of others. Oh! how hard it all seems, and the more so that we cannot divine the cause. Courage, patience, disconsolate one! God is making a furrow in your heart, where he will surely sow His grace. It is rare when injustice or slights patiently borne do not leave the heart at the close of the day filled with marvelous joy and peace.—*Words of Faith.*

Religious News and Notes.

The income of Talmage's Tabernacle for 1882 is estimated at \$25,000.

Six healthy Baptist churches have grown out of one at Minneapolis, which was organized in 1853.

St. Paul, Minn., is to have a fifty-thousand-dollar Christian seminary for young ladies. It is to provide unsectarian education of the highest order.

Although more than half the Baptist churches in the State of New York report no baptisms for 1881, the 874 which do report foot up a total of 3,539 persons baptized.

The Reformed Presbyterian church (Covenanters) has in this country 107 ministers, 122 congregations, eighty-three pastors. Of the congregations thirty-four are without regular pastors.

The net increase of communicants last year in the Protestant Episcopal church in the whole United States was only 3,739. There was a decrease of 3,000 in baptisms, of fifty in confirmations and of forty in candidates for orders.

In the first decade of the Methodist Episcopal church there was one minister to every 190 members; in the fifth decade the proportion was one to 284; the present proportion is one minister to 147 members, against 142 in the ninth and tenth decades.

The New Jersey Baptist Sunday-school is preparing for the campaign of the summer months. A great Sunday-school convention is to be held in June at Asbury Park, for which the best speakers and singers on the continent have been engaged.

At Lead City, Dakota, the miners worked as steadily on Sundays as on other days until the Rev. Mr. Bryant began to preach there. He has exerted such an influence in the place that most of the miners have dropped their Sunday work, and have become regular attendants on his ministry.

An order has been issued in India that in future all Protestant and Roman Catholic churches which have been built by the government or which have been made over to the government shall be repaired and maintained in proper order at the cost of the state and be treated as state property.

According to the Unitarian Year-Book for 1882 the total number of churches is 344, and of these 252 are without pastors or stated supply. Fourteen clergymen died during the past year and only seven were ordained. The Unitarians support one foreign missionary, the Rev. Mr. Dale, at Calcutta, India.

There were built last year in the United States 141 Lutheran churches. Of this number twenty-three were in Ohio, twenty-seven in Pennsylvania, thirteen in Illinois, and ten each in Indiana, Michigan and Nebraska. In the past four years the Lutherans have built 505 churches, 309 for German and 162 for English congregations.

A Mountain's Fall.

Buffalo mountain, running north and south, ends abruptly five miles southeast of Johnson City, Washington county, Tenn. Immediately on the end of this mountain, several hundred feet above the surrounding country, is a tremendous massive rock, known as "White Rock Summit." It is noted for its lofty height and picturesque grandeur. In years gone by the Rev. Harry Anderson, colored, preached to the colored people of the neighborhood, who gathered there on the Sabbath day. But "White Rock" peak is no more.

On a recent morning a powerful crash and fearful rumbling noise startled the inhabitants of the entire vicinity around the terminus of the mountain, and many of them ran in wild excitement, panic stricken, crying and praying as though they were in the midst of an earthquake. A glance toward where this lofty mountain of nature has stood unmoved and apparently immovable for centuries past, proved it had sunk down into one huge mass of earth, logs, trees and rocks. The whole end of the mountain has melted or rather slid off, and the summit around which the clouds loved to gather of their own accord no more holds aloft, toward the sky with its white-capped peak.

The people who lived in the country around this fallen mountain were greatly excited. The unlooked-for and strange occurrence is supposed to have been caused by the long and almost incessant rains that have descended on the country for several weeks.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

According to Darwin there is a species of monkey which can sing a complete and correct octave of musical notes.

The value of the waste paper collected from various offices in England and sold for the public benefit averages \$50,000 a year.

There are thirty Egyptian obelisks scattered over Europe. Rome has eleven, four of which are higher than the one in New York.

In Siam there is a race of cats with tails only half the ordinary length and often contorted into a kind of knot which cannot be straightened.

News of the result of a "Derby" at Epsom, England, reached New York last July in exactly five seconds after the horses past the winning post.

In Europe a copy of the first edition of the Decameron has been sold for over \$11,000, and one of the Gutenberg Bibles on vellum for \$17,000.

The State of Missouri contains several hundred springs which send forth a large volume of water with sufficient energy to run large mills or factories.

The railway system of India includes 8,611 miles. The gauge is three feet six inches. All lines are built primarily for military and commercial purposes.

According to Spanish historians eight centuries of warfare elapsed, and 3,700 battles were fought before the Moorish kingdoms in Spain submitted to Christian arms.

The silver coins of the United States and of France are made of nine parts of silver and one part of copper. Less copper is used in making the silver of Great Britain.

There was a question among the early Christians as to the propriety of wearing in military festivals laurel wreaths, because laurel was called after Daphne, the lover of Apollo, a goddess god.

An English statistician calculates that every man on an average speaks fifty-two volumes of 600 octavo pages per annum, and that every woman yearly brings out 520 volumes of the same size in talk.

In a southern seaboard district of China wild silk worms are found, which feed on the camphor tree, and their silk is utilized in a singular manner. When the caterpillar has attained its full size and is about to enter the pupa state, it is cut open and the silk extracted in a form much resembling catgut. This substance, having undergone a process of hardening, makes excellent fish line and is generally used for that purpose in the Pakhoi district.

Color Blindness.

There are three kinds of color blindness. There are the red blind, the green blind and violet blind. A very large proportion of those afflicted are red blind, some are green blind, and very few are violet blind. Some are blind as to two of the base colors, generally red and green. There are only a few authentic cases of total color blindness. To such everything in nature appears black or white or light or dark gray in various degrees. To a red blind red will appear yellow, green, brown or black, according to the shade of red used and the degree of the blindness. A bright red will appear dark-green and an equally bright green can be distinguished from it only by being of a lighter shade. To the color blind every change in intensity of light, from twilight, fog or from changed physical condition, as by fatigue or excitement, represents a change in color or shades of color. Santonine, a medicine not very frequently used, temporarily makes everything appear yellow, while alcohol and tobacco used to excess permanently impair the chromatic sense. To the green blind, whose only two concepts of base colors are red and violet, green, being composed of almost equal parts of those colors, appears gray; reds appear brighter than normal, orange and yellow as more or less luminous red, blue as an intense violet.

A Wholesale Grocer's Rule.

Every established local newspaper receives subscription, from large cities, which puzzle the publishers to account for, but which the New York Times lately threw some light upon in the following: "A wholesale grocer in this city, who had become rich at the business, says his rule is that when he sells a bill of goods on credit to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously he rested, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space he took the fact as evidence that there was trouble ahead, and invariably went for his debtor. Said he: 'The man who is too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business.' The withdrawal of an advertisement is evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to act upon.—*Exchange.*

Twenty years ago Virginia paid New England \$3,000,000 for cotton cloth. Last year the factories in Petersburg alone made over \$7,000,000 worth