

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Progress of Christianity.

In an upper room were gathered on the first Whit Sunday a few Hebrew working-men—poor, despised Galileans, without money or friends or learning. Those men founded an empire such that of Alexander the Great nor that of Augustus could equal in extent. That spiritual empire has lasted over 1,800 years, and gives no real signs of decay. It is, and it has been, a power in the world. It has spread to lands and realms where neither Macedonian phalanx nor Roman legions ever trod, of which the philosophers and poets of Greece and Rome never dreamt. Dynasties, empires, languages even, have passed away, and yet the work of these twelve men is as vigorous as ever. Was it really their work? Could they have done all this? Or were they but the tools in the hands of the Divine Artificer, who used them for his Divine ends? They themselves suggest the solution of the tremendous problem, and it at the very least is the most probable mode of explaining it. Not the twelve apostles but the Holy Spirit, by the twelve apostles, did this.—*Church Times.*

Religious News and Notes.

The revised New Testament has been formally adopted at Yale Theological seminary.

Fifteen hundred colored Methodist churches are used as school-houses on week days.

St. Thomas church parish, Fifth avenue, has had but six ministers, although it was organized in 1823.

Twenty-nine candidates from Presbyterian theological seminaries have applied for appointments in the foreign field as missionaries. This is the largest number of applicants in the history of the foreign board.

The great Methodist hospital of Brooklyn is to be located on Prospect Heights. The nine buildings are estimated to cost \$400,000, and this, with the price of the land, will bring the total amount to about \$500,000.

There are one full-blooded Indian priest and seven deacons in the Episcopal mission to the Chippewa or Ojibway Indians of Minnesota. Besides there is one mixed-blood clergyman, a priest, also connected with the mission.

The vote of the Presbyteries of the United Presbyterian church, on the overture permitting the use of instrumental music in public worship, is very close. With only two foreign Presbyteries to hear from the vote stands 616 in favor and 606 against.

Many of the Indians of British Guiana are becoming Christians. One missionary has lately baptized 1,393 of them. Some of them had been traveling for two weeks, and had lived during that time on very scanty rations in order to reach the place where they could be baptized.

"There are three things," once said an old pastor of much insight and experience, "that are necessary to make a really successful minister—grace, learning and common sense. Now, if any one has not grace he can get it from God, and if he has not learning he can get it from man, but if he wants common sense neither God nor man can do anything to help him." It is to be feared that there is a good deal of melancholy truth in this somewhat startling declaration.—*Christian at Work.*

The Salamander.

We have always considered the popular mythical legend or delusion, in regard to the salamander's being able to go through fire unscathed, as one of the most preposterous of mythical delusions. A Western gentleman, however, whom we know to be reliable, recently related to us a story in relation to the lizards of Nevada, which would seem to confirm the possibility of their enduring intense heat for a short time at least. The black lizards of the sage-brush State are very easily domesticated, harmless, social and intelligent. This gentleman had several pet lizards, one of which lived near a furnace where he burned retorts or molds for silver bullion. The work required a very hot fire, which he made open at each end. The lizard would sit on the tree near by, watching him. His dog would frequently chase the lizard if it ventured to the ground, and compel it to take to the tree again. Frequently, however, the lizard, apparently for the sport of the thing alone, would dash down off the tree and induce the dog to give it a sharp race, when it would run right through the furnace, coming out of the other end like a flash, unscathed, while the dog in his eagerness would be burned at the fire before he could stop. This would be a daily occurrence, and the lizard actually seemed to enjoy the joke on the dog. The time that the lizard, or salamander, was in the fire was very short, and it doubtless could not have remained there a very great length of time; but the fact of its not being burnt by the fire is sufficient to have given rise to the idea of the fireproof salamander.—*Saturday Night.*

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Remove all garbage and refuse as soon as possible, especially bedroom slops.

Have the walls or ceiling whitewashed or calcimined once or twice every year.

Don't live in dark, gloomy, close rooms if you can get sunny, cheery ones.

Dr. Foot's Health Monthly asserts that asparagus and celery are good food for rheumatics.

The *London Medical Journal* insists that Bright's disease is the result of the immoderate use of lead drinks, and seeks to prove this with figures showing that the disease prevails in any country in proportion to the amount of ice consumed there. People in the United States use ninety per cent. more ice than any European country, and the disease is seventy-five per cent. worse in Europe.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes it.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.

It is possible for a man to be so very shrewd that in the long run he cheats himself.

The crown belongs to achievement, and not to aspiration; to the maturity of a noble career, and not to its juvenescence.

Bed in Japan.

You really do not go to bed at all in our acceptance of the term, for the bed comes to you, and the style of preparing for the night is about the same wherever you are. First, a cotton-stuffed mat is laid anywhere upon the floor, and a block or roll is placed at one end to rest your head upon. Then you lie down and a cotton stuffed quilt is thrown over you. This quilt is like a Jap dress on a big scale, with large and heavily stuffed sleeves, which flap over like wings. But the difficulty is that these capacious sleeves, with all the rest of the bedding, contains unnumbered legions of voracious flies hid away in recesses known only to themselves, but which only wait till you get fairly nestled in sleep, when they begin their onslaught on their defenseless victim. Awakened by the merciless havoc they are making upon you, it is in vain that you roll and toss and shake your clothes till you are wearied out; that only increases the vigor with which they renew the battle, and though you may spend hours in the faint glare of the primitive oil-lantern, which is set in one corner of the room, and strive to rid yourself of the tiny tigers that are devouring you, it is all to no purpose, and you sink down at last to sleep—but only for a short time. You are awakened again, only to undergo the same tribulation, and the long hours of night pass away as you pace up and down the narrow limits of the room, listening to the snoring of the dozen or more of the tough-skinned sleepers who surround you, and peep through the sliding shutters of the house to see if the day is breaking or not. You cannot lie down again, for the floor is crawling with the creatures you dread, and you cannot sit down, for there is nothing to sit upon, and such a thing as a chair was never heard of in that region. You only suffer in silence and wish you were at home.

Bothering a Poet.

When Dickens was in Boston there was a great desire among the people to catch a glimpse of him, and one fellow even climbed up a waterspout to see the great man shave. Ruskin said lately that he no longer had time for literary work, for nearly every morning when he sat down in his study he received a telegram from Mr. So-and-So saying that he was going to do himself the pleasure of calling on the author that forenoon—and there was that morning gone and the charges to pay on the telegram! A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* tells us how Tennyson is tormented by people curious to see him: In his horror of the public Tennyson keeps himself quite secluded, and thus whets curiosity to an intense degree. His Isle-of-Wight residence is so besieged by tourists that he has been forced to build a high wall about it, with locked gates, to keep curious people away. The locked-out crowd prowls outside and climb up the wall and look over.

When the poet comes out to walk in his garden the crowd rushes frantically to the side where he is. Photographers stand ready to catch pictures of him. Some of them have made holes in the wall and inserted the tubes of the cameras therein, hoping and watching for a chance to take the poet's picture. He looks despairingly at the heads; he frowns at them in vain. They stare, they make audible comments about him. "Why does he stand there like a post?" says one. "Like a Stoughton bottle," says another. "What queer buttons he has!" "And where could he have found that cloak?" say they.

They bring their dinners and lie in wait for him. The land around is trampled. A path lies about the walls trodden hard as adamant.

A Tale of a Shirt.

A tale of a shirt may not be very sentimental, but one told of the length of time Henry Clay Dean, the great Iowa statesman, wore a garment is at least characteristic, suggestive and interesting. General Sherman and Dean had been friends for years, and when Sherman became general and Dean happened to be in Washington, the latter, naturally enough, felt a desire to renew the acquaintance. So he called at Sherman's house, and was received by the general with open arms. They talked over old times, and nothing would do but Dean must stay to dinner. The chronicle continues in this strain: "But, general," remonstrated Mrs. Sherman in her husband's ear, "I can't have such a dirty-looking man at my table; can't you spruce him up a little?" The general said he'd fix that, and so at an opportune moment he hustled Mr. Dean upstairs, ransacked a bureau and produced a clean shirt for him to put on. Mrs. Sherman was mollified, and the dinner was really a charming affair, for there is no more delightful, entertaining and instructive conversation than Henry Clay Dean. One year after this event General Sherman was at the Lindell hotel, St. Louis, with his family. A card was brought up bearing Henry Clay Dean's name, Mrs. Sherman was very much pleased. "He is such a charming talker, we must have him to dinner. Only you must see that he looks presentable." These were madame's words to the warrior. So Sherman welcomed Dean, and, just before going to dinner, slipped him into a side room and gave him a clean shirt to wear. Dean doffed his coat and vest, and, after a brief struggle divested himself of the shirt he had on—a soiled, grimy, black thing that looked as if it had seen long and hard service. Then they all went down to dinner, and Mr. Dean was more charming than ever, and Mrs. Sherman was in ecstasies. The next day, as Mrs. Sherman was getting her husband's duds and clothes together, preparatory to packing them for the onward march, she gave a sort of wild, hunted scream. "What is it, my dear?" called the general from the next room. "Just come in here for a minute," replied Mrs. Sherman between faint gasps. The general went in. There stood Mrs. Sherman holding in her left hand the begrimed shirt Henry Clay Dean had left. With her right hand she pointed to certain initials on the lower edge of the bosom. The initials read "W. T. S." It was the identical shirt General Sherman had loaned Henry Clay Dean in Washington twelve months before.

The Grab Street Hermit.

Perhaps the most curious person that ever lived here was Henry Welby, Esq., the Grab street hermit. He was a native of Lincolnshire, where he had an estate of more than £1,000 per annum. In 1592, when about forty years of age, a younger brother, with whom he had some difference of opinion, waylaid him in a field and attempted to shoot him. He at once formed the resolution of retiring from the world, and became the tenant of a good-sized house at the lower end of Grab street. Three rooms he had furnished for his own use, as bedroom, dining-room and study, respectively. These rooms led into each other, so that he was able to keep out of sight while his bed was being made or his meals laid by an old servant named Elizabeth, the only person who was allowed to see him for forty years. His diet was oatmeal porridge with a salad in summer time, and on high festivals the yolk of an egg, with a slice out of the middle of a loaf and a little jam, though he ordered dishes appropriate to those festivals to be carried into his dining-room. On such occasions, after reverently saying grace, he would tie his napkin under his chin, draw on a clean pair of Holland gloves, and carrying brawn, beef, goose and capon in succession, would send dinners to his poorer neighbors till the dishes were emptied, without touching anything himself. He bought all the new books, but all relating to controversy he laid aside unread. The greater part of his time was spent in reading, meditation and prayer. He died October 29, 1831, aged eighty-one, and was buried in St. Giles' church, Cripple-gate. The servant died, not above six days before her master. His only daughter married a Yorkshire gentleman, Sir Christopher Hilliard, but neither she nor any of her family ever saw her father after his retirement.—*London Magazine.*

A Western editor offered a prize of \$50 and a year's subscription for the best written proposal of marriage from a lady. He picked out a nice proposal from a beautiful and wealthy widow, answered it accepting the proposal, and with the threat of a breach of promise suit actually captured her. Editors may not acquire wealth by writing twenty-three hours a day, but when their genius takes the right about they procure the permissims.—*Boomerang.*

Sixty papers in the United States are published by women.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The mills of the eighty silk manufacturing firms in New Jersey last year consumed 1,570,000 pounds of raw silk. New Jersey exceeds in this industry all others combined. The capital invested is \$7,524,200, and the value of the manufactures last year was \$18,053,210.

The peach trees of Delaware have exhibited unusual vitality this year in more ways than one. They have resisted the determined assaults of a hostile season, have blossomed luxuriously, and now are "all of a strut with the young fruit," says the *Smyrna Times*, which adds: "This intent of nature to do its best after a year of rest is notable in the great number of twin peaches; one farmer says he found no less than three on a twig of six inches, and others have noticed the number of double peaches in the same blossom cup. Such a strong interest in production has not been noticed since 1875."

The following States have been redistricted under the new apportionment of Congress: New Hampshire, Vermont, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Kentucky, West Virginia, Texas and Mississippi. In Massachusetts, New York, Tennessee and Nebraska the legislatures are still busy with the problem. Maine, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kansas, California, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Arkansas will each elect one or more congressman-at-large. In the other States the apportionment law made no change in the number of representatives, and the districts remain as before.

Upon the supposition that the upper air currents are such that a balloon starting from the United States and kept at an altitude of about 2,000 feet would eventually reach Europe, Mr. King, the aeronaut, proposes to construct a balloon with a capacity of 300,000 cubic feet of gas, and attach to it a rope 5,000 feet long. He argues that this balloon could not ascend much higher than 2,000 feet on account of the weight of the rope, nor fall much below that altitude, the rope being buoyed up by the ocean. By this simple contrivance he supposes that a uniform elevation could be maintained and that the eastward air current would waft his air-ship to Europe.

It is to be hoped that the good to be done with the \$3,400,000 recently bequeathed to charity by Miss Sarah Barr, of New York, will outweigh the pernicious example of her private life. The evidence in the will contest case arising from the disposal of her funds shows her to have been revoltingly uncleanly in person, improvident in her household, and given to the use of the meanest utensils for the preparation of her edibles. She made coffee in a saucepan, was always hungry, demanded supper two hours after dinner and dressed in garments so soiled and olorous that the court in whose presence they were unwrapped in evidence, and the stenographers who sat near him, unanimously held their respective noses.

Major B. W. Bellamy, who owned several hundred slaves before the war, now employs a thousand negroes, who cultivate his farm of 16,000 acres near Quitman, Ga. They live in neat, white-washed cottages, and are provided with churches, schools, and, if the local newspaper is not mistaken, with dance-houses. Every dwelling has its garden, potato patch and orchard, and every tenant is encouraged to save money, buy land and develop his individuality. It is said that all the children over ten years of age can read and write. At the plantation house things are done in the old style. A reporter who recently dined with the planter writes that the principal dish was a gigantic chicken-pie, and that the round of beef made the stout boy who set it on the table stagger.

Some hours before the schooner Java, bound from St. Jago, Cuba, for New Orleans, entered the Mississippi, the other day, Captain Patrick was confronted by a strange passenger. The man leaped from the fore-castle and, gracefully kneeling, offered the captain the butt of a silver mounted revolver, together with a palm full of gold coin. Captain Patrick was amazed. He had encountered almost as many stowaways as sharks, but never before had the stowaway been of such knightly bearing and impressive presence. The stowaway, who spoke in Spanish, said that he had been a captain in the Cuban army and that, being weary of tyranny, he had made up his mind to fly to free America. He had managed to escape from the mountains and hide in the hold of the Java. Hunger drove him out, as he had been without food or water for six days. Captain Patrick took pleasure in introducing the refugee to the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Notwithstanding the decay of our carrying trade, says a city exchange, the race of skillful and courageous American seamen is not wholly extinct.

It is often said that the introduction of steam and iron in place of wood and sails was fatal to the romance of the sea; but the case of Captain Burrows, of the steamer Rio Grande, while there are no pirates or privateersmen or mutineers in it, while there is no story to tell of shipwreck on an uninhabited island, illustrates in a remarkable way some of the best qualities of sailors and men. The Rio Grande was found to be on fire at sea. In the face of this most terrible of calamities, her captain succeeded, by example and by reassuring words, in preserving order among her passengers and transferred them, without panic and with scarcely any inconvenience, to a sailing vessel which he overhauled. Having thus secured their safety, he turned his attention to that of his own ship, and navigated her ninety miles to the Delaware Breakwater, where he scuttled her upon a shoal. When the fire was extinguished he floated her, got up steam, overtook the sailing vessel, again transferred his passengers, and brought them to New York. Gray-haired sailors who, with something like contempt for modern improvements, recall the good old seafaring times, will probably admit that Captain Burrows has accomplished an achievement brilliant and unprecedented in its way, although he has encountered no "long, low, black, suspicious-looking schooner," trained no "long-tom," fired no broadsides, and engaged in no hand-to-hand struggle with pistol, cutlass, and boarding pike.

He Got the Desired Information.

It was in the smoking car on the New York Central. There was one chap who was blustering a great deal and telling of how many duels he had fought, and behind that a small man reading a magazine.

"Sir!" said the big man, as he wheeled around, "what would you do if challenged?"

"Refuse," was the quiet reply.

"Ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! What if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or a public horsewhipping—then what?"

"I'd take the whipping."

"Ah! I thought so; thought so from the looks of you. Suppose, sir, you had fouly slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, sir, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you. What would you do?"

"I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, and reach over like this and take him by the nose as I take you and give it a three-quarter twist—just so!"

When the little man let go of the big man's nose, the man with the white hat on began to crouch down to get away from bullets, but there was no shooting. The big man turned red, then pale, then looked the little man over, and remarked:

"Certainly—of course—that's it exactly!"

And then conversation turned on the general prosperity of the country.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Secret of Genius.

"They talk," said Tom Marshall, of Pennsylvania, the brilliant lawyer and orator, "of my astonishing burst of eloquence, and doubtless imagine it is my genius bubbling over. It is nothing of the sort. I'll tell you how I do it. I select a subject and study it from the ground up. When I master it fully I write a speech on it. Then I take a walk and come back and revise and correct. In a few days I subject it to another pruning and then recopy it. Next I add the finishing touches, round it off with graceful periods, and commit it to memory. Then I speak it in the field, on my father's lawn and before my mirror, until gesture and delivery are perfect. It sometimes takes me six weeks or two months to get up a speech. When I have one prepared I come to town. I generally select my own subject. I speak my piece. It astonishes the people, as I intend it shall, and they go away marveling at my power of oratory. They call it genius, but it is the hardest kind of work."—*St. Louis Republican.*

Three Tales About Trees.

Two red oaks are growing three feet apart on the farm of H. H. Whittington, Griffin, Ga. Six feet from the ground they are joined by a limb which appears to be equally a part of each tree. It has been found impossible, without destroying the curious joint, to determine from which tree it sprang.

A pine tree that was supposed to be 200 years old was recently cut by John Grover, of Rye, N. H. It yielded 1,800 feet of lumber, and made two and a half cords of wood besides. A four-inch tire spike was found imbedded in the tree nearly six inches beneath the bark.

After twenty years the fruits of seed brought from Spain yielded their first revenue to their owner, a Sonoma (Cal.) farmer. They are five cork trees, which are now thirty feet in height and twelve inches in diameter. One coat of cork one and a quarter inches thick has just been stripped off.

Sheaf and Blossom.

Soul by soul our loved are leaving,
For the beautiful to be,
Eyes are weeping, hearts are grieving,
As they vanish silently.

There a leaflet, there a blossom,
Calls the resper as he goes;
Now a lily from love's bosom,
Golden sheaves and then a rose.

Thus the reaper onward passes,
Leaving heartstones lone and chill,
Making vacant chairs and places
That can nevermore be filled.

Still he gleaneth, ever gleaneth,
Treasures from our clinging hearts;
Darkness o'er life's pathway leaneth,
When the dreading one departs.

Soul by soul the loved are leaving,
For the beautiful to be,
Day by day pale death is weaving
Garlands for eternity.

—Annie M. Carpenter.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The farmer is known by his fruits.

Does a clergyman fall when he makes a European trip?

Many a lightning rod agent has been known to strike twice in the same place.

A dumb-bell raises the muscle, while a belle that is not dumb simply raises the temper.

The proper remedy for a young lady who is short of stature is to get spliced as soon as possible.

We saw a man yesterday who had no advice to give an editor regarding the tone of his paper. He was dead.

A man advertises: "Hands wanted on boys' pants." Hands won't do any good out this way; it takes a leather strap.

An Arkansas editor says: Our women are accused of being fond of whistling. Well, so be it. What is more lovely than tulips well blown?

A scientist claims to have discovered a species of wasp that does not sting. What lots of fun he must have and in experimenting before he found it.

It is said that a process has been discovered for bottling sunshine. This will be a great boon for Sunday-school picnics when caught in a thunder-storm.

The eyes of the small boy are bigger than his stomach until he has eaten green apples, then the stomach appears to be bigger than anything else in the world to him.

"What did you do to break that vase?" "Ah, madame! nothing could be easier. I had it in my hand—like this—and I struck it against the corner of the table, so—" And he breaks the mate to it!

"A dog with a memory" is the title of an article in a daily paper. In this particular the animal doesn't strikingly resemble the young man who borrows ten dollars and promises to return it "next Saturday night."

"A newspaper under the vest makes a capital chest protector." Care should be taken, however, to select a paper on which there is nothing due. Dew creates dampness, and the wearer might catch cold therefrom.

"Is there such a thing as luck?" asks a correspondent. There is. For instance, if you go home at 2 o'clock in the morning, after promising your wife to be in early, and find her asleep, and don't tumble over any chairs, that's luck, but it isn't to be depended on.

The old man sighed as he took the golden-haired, laughing boy upon his knees, and stroking his shining tresses, said: "Ah! how much I should like to feel like a child again." Little Johnny ceased his laughter, and looking soberly up into his grandfather's face remarked: "Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"

DESTINY.

Three maidens, bright and pretty as can be,
So that I scarce can choose between the three,
Sat Sunday evening in the gallery.

The first her mother joined when church was done,
And two were left—I wanted only one.

The second met some other girls, and took
Her homeward way with them—without a look.

The third another fellow got—while I
Went home alone. Can this be destiny?

A man who believes in self improvement suggested to his wife recently that they should argue some question frankly and freely every evening, and try to learn more of each other. The question for the first night happened to be, "Whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat," and he took the affirmative; but when he was last seen he had climbed into the hayloft, and was pulling the ladder up after him.

One by one the illusions of centuries are being dispelled. The Roman Pantheon has been considered a temple of the gods for ages, but an archaeologist has recently discovered beyond doubt that it was simply Agrippa's bath-house. Agrippa was a rich Roman general who could afford such extravagances. The seven large niches in the walls were intended for furnaces to heat the place, not, as was supposed, to hold the statues of the principal gods. If they search a little closer they may, perhaps find the nail in the wall where Giphung his shirt when he took his morning ablution.