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Terms of Publication.

Somerset Herald,

WOOLEN MILLS

ESTABLISHED 1812.

Having for the past year or two been entirely unable to supply the increasing demand for my goods I have built an addition to my mill and put in a large amount of

NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY

and thereby almost doubled my capacity for manufacturing.

I have now on hand a large stock consisting of

BLANKETS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS, COVERLETS, CARPETS, YARNS, &C.,

which I wish to

TRADE FOR WOOL.

Farmers, I have the kind of goods you need. I want your

WOOL!

to work up

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN COUNTY,

and in order to reach all my customers in good time, I have employed the same agents I had last year, and in addition Mr. Joseph L. Daugherty, who first introduced my goods into many part of this county.

I will strive, as in the past, to give first class goods and full value to all.

☞ New customers and those we failed to find last year, will please address card to

WM. S. MORGAN,
Quemahoning, Pa.

Apr 7

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

(Above Henry Haffley's Store)

SOMERSET, PA.

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.

☞ SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. ☜

WALTER ANDERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE,

AND

NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,

JOHN HICKS & SON.,

SOMERSET, PA.,

And Real Estate Brokers.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.

aug 18

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,

108 BALTIMORE STREET,

CUMBERLAND, Md.

WATCHES, CHAINS, SOLID SILVERWARE, DIAMONDS, AMERICAN CLOCKS, FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVER PLATED WARE, JEWELRY, &c.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Watches and Jewelry Repaired by Skilled Workmen and returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra charge for Engraving. Goods warranted as represented.

oct 14

NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank,

CHARLES J. HARRISON,

Cashier and Manager.

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.

Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid to denominations of $50, 100, 500 and 1,000.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale on the premises, on

Friday, January 14th, 1881,

at 1 o'clock P. M. the following valuable real estate late of the home place of Peter Berkeybile deceased, viz:

A tract of land situate in Paint Twp. Somerset county Pa., containing 18 acres more or less of which there are about 14 acres cleared, 20 acres in meadow having a large two story brick Dwelling House, Bank Barn, and other outbuildings thereon erected, a never failing Apple Orchard thereon, adjoining lands of Frederick Ott, Simon Berkey, John Ogle, Emanuel Kummel and others, said farm being pleasantly located, being convenient to church and school.

If desired the farm will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchasers, and will be sold subject to a dower of $2,222 83, the interest of which is payable annually to Elizabeth Berkey, and at her death the principle sum to be paid to the heirs of Daniel Berkey, deceased.

—TERMS:—

One-third cash, one-third in six months one-third in one year with interest; security payment to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, 10 per cent of the purchase money to be paid at time of sale or property knocked down.

JACOB HOFFMAN.

Dec. 29. Adm'r of Peter Berkeybile dec'd.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Estate of David Lohr late of Jefferson Township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 15th day of January, 1881, at residence of David Lohr, dec'd.

HENRY SCHLAG,
Executor.

Dec. 6

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.

To Elizabeth Kepler, widow, residing at Jenner X Roads Somers county, Pa. Copeland Kepler, of Hillegas, P. O. Montgomery county, Pa., Reuben Kepler of Crooked Hill, Montgomery county, Pa., Jonathan Kepler, dec'd, who left Hannah Kepler, his widow, and to wit, three children viz: Clara Hagy, widow of Keely Hagy, dec'd, of Boyertown, Berks county Pa. Harry G. Kepler, of Philadelphia, Pa., Sallie Kepler, of Boyertown, Berks Co. Pa., Sophia intermarried with Henry Hosel, of Salem Station, Perkiomen Branch of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, Edward Pack Kepler, of Crooked Hill, Montgomery Co., Pa., Sallie, intermarried with James F. Neal, of No. 3348 North 20th St. Philadelphia, Pa., and Levi Kepler, of Boldington, Berks Co., Pa.

You are hereby notified to appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, on Monday, the 24th day of January next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of John Kepler, dec'd, at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Dec. 11, 1880. } EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Pile & Way has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The book will be left with Mr. Way, who will carry on the business at the old stand.

JEREMIAH WAY,
HARRY G. PILE.

"THE WHITS STORY."

"My story, Mamma? Well, really I haven't much to say;
But if you'd called a year ago, and then again to-day,
You need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eyes could see
How much the the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed.
Now, just peep in the larder, marm, there is flour, sugar and tea,
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the street, feeling so mean and low,
As if he didn't dare to meet the folks he used to know;
But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold and free,
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

A year ago those little boys went strolling through the street,
With scanty clothing on their backs and hustling on their feet.
But now they've shoes and stockings, and other garments as you see—
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play,
But now when supper time is o'er, and the table cleared away,
The boys all frolick round his chair and baby climbs his knee,
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

Ah! those sad, sad days are over, of sorrow and of pain,
The children have their father back and I my John again.
Oh, pray excuse my weeping, marm—they're tears of joy to see
How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

Each morning when he goes to work I upwards look and say:
O Heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day,
And every night—before I sleep, thank God on bended knee,
For what the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me."

ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOMERSET COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

BY S. U. TRENT, ESQ.

SUBJECT.—SENTIMENT IN EDUCATION.

After thanking the audience for the generous greeting accorded him, and expressing his pleasure in again meeting in an old-time way with the teachers of Somerset county, Mr. Trent spoke as follows:

When Jupiter offered the prize o immortality to him who was most useful to mankind, the court of Olympus was crowded with competitors. The warrior boasted of his patriotism, but Jupiter thundered. The rich man boasted of his munificence, and Jupiter showed him a widow's mite. The pontiff held up the keys of heaven, and Jupiter pushed the door wide open. The painter boasted of his power to give life to inanimate canvass, and Jupiter breathed aloud in derision. The sculptor boasted of making gods that contended with the immortals for human homage, Jupiter frowned. The orator boasted of his power to sway a nation with his voice, and Jupiter marshalled the obedient hosts of heaven with a nod. The poet spoke of his power to move even the gods by praise, Jupiter blushed. The musician claimed to practice the only human science that had been transported to heaven, Jupiter hesitated, when seeing a venerable old man looking with intense interest upon the group of competitors, but presenting no claim, "What art thou?" said the benignant monarch. "Only a spectator," replied the gray bearded sage. "All these were once my pupils." "*Crown him!*" Crown him!" said Jupiter; "Crown the faithful Teacher with immortality and make room for him at my right hand."

This old myth illustrates very forcibly the influence, the position and importance of the teacher, and because of this the true teacher ought to study the needs and the tendencies of the age for which he educates men and women. He ought to penetrate its meaning, sympathize with its hopes, and blend with its endeavors, helping it by helping its developments, and save it by fostering the best elements in its life and growth.

Mr. Leckey, at the close of his powerful and eloquent look on Rationalism, in which he celebrates with just pride the successive victories of intelligence over ignorance, prejudice and superstition, falls into a strain of sadness as he reflects on the tendencies of our times. He regrets the decay of the old heroic ethics, the decline of the spirit of enthusiasm, the departure of the grand virtues of magnanimity and disinterestedness, the lack of devotion to high idealisms which distinguishes the otherwise barren periods of history, and declares that in our intellectual progress we have lost spiritual qualities of priceless worth. He deplores the mercenary, venal and prosaic character of our modern utilitarian age, the feeble action that men of culture and genius exert on the masses, the intimate connection between our dominant philosophy and a morality based on vulgar conceptions of interest. There is a touching eloquence in such a confession from such a man, so clear, so consistent and so brave, and being fully sustained in his opinion by other great thinkers we are compelled to hearken to it and to do what we can to regain these lost qualities to the life of the race.

It cannot be denied that in our country the general tendency is one that is making the American race more and more feverish, mercenary and unsatisfying. This insatiate desire for gain is well illustrated by the story of the Yankee. Sam Jones was his name, and he called at the store of Mr. Brown with an egg in his hand, and wanted to dicker it for a darning needle. This done he asked Brown if he wasn't going to treat. "What on this trade?" "Certainly, a trade is a trade; big or little." "Well, what will you have?" "A glass of wine," said Jones. The wine was poured out, and Jones remarked that he preferred his wine with an egg in it. The store-keeper handed him the identical egg which he had just exchanged for the darning needle. On breaking it Jones discovered that the egg had two yolks: says he, "Look here you must give me *another* darning needle."

It is a sad thing to see a man pledge every power of his manhood to Mammon, to be bound to a dollar like Mazeppa to the horse, or Ixion, in the fable, to the wheel. It is a sad thing to see the nobler nature wither under the baleful clutch of greed. It is a sad thing to see a man reduce himself to a fossil in this universe, but grievous to behold the Gorgon of avarice petrify the palpitant heart of a great nation.

In addition to this sordid spirit there is a disposition among a large class of educated people to shake off as the trappings of a worn out superstition all belief in anything which cannot be tested by the senses, and measured by the intellect. Indeed our age is charged on all sides with signs of the passing away of old things; signs, such as have not been seen since Luther's voice rocked Europe. And in view of these barren, materialistic tendencies of our age, I propose to speak with all the earnestness of heartfelt sincerity of the present pressing demands for an education conducted with reference to man, not merely as an intellectual, but as an instinctive spiritual being. In the various theories of education that have of late years been advocated by the oldest educators in our own country, England, France and Germany, and to a greater or less extent brought into practice, this important phase of education has been left quite out of sight, as something well enough in its way, but that can be left to take care of itself. In proof of this I refer you to the writings of the world's greatest educators, Prof. Tyndall, Prof. Henfrey, Prof. Huxley, Prof. Payet, Herbert Spencer, Dr. Hogdson, Prof. Faraday, Prof. Whewell, Dr. Youmans and President Barnard. And what may be said to be the predominant idea of these great leaders of thought in regard to education? I answer the scientific and practical idea; the idea that education consists almost exclusively in learning and being trained to discover and apply the laws of nature, to trace facts to their scientific causes and advance logically from causes to facts; that it consists in developing that power of the mind which recognizes positive knowledge and implies that the development of the other faculties of the mind is unimportant and unessential.

And this I believe to be a fatal error in the education and philosophy of our age; an error that is bringing unhappiness upon our race, that is tending to deaden if not destroy in it faith in those spiritual instincts and spiritual susceptibilities, which constitute the basis of a living hope and faith in immortality, and through which man may know, intuitively, without thought, some of the highest truths, truths which lie beyond the reach and discourse of reason. For that part of man's nature which the training now advocated calls into action is not the whole of his complex being. Spiritually, and intellectually even, it is a very small part. A man may be very able and very eminent as a scientist, immensely learned, astonishingly acute and yet be a poor creature tried by the true criterion and highest standard of humanity. He may be a stranger to all the deeper experiences of the soul, morally and aesthetically meager, lank, hungry, destitute. With great activity of brain there may be an utter want of interior life. I, therefore, wish to plead for more Sentiment in Education—Sentiment not in its mawkish, romantic sense, but in its broadest, best meaning, denoting those complex determinations of mind and heart, of taste and feeling whose development alone can restore to our feverish, fretful race the peace and reverence of a happy past. And I hope you will not refuse consideration of this important phase of instruction by using an argument similar to one an embryo citizen of this free republic once used to me when I insisted upon his studying geography: "My father never studied jogrify and he never lost hisself no place."

The materialistic philosophy which obtains so widely among the intelligent, which leads its votaries into seas of despair and sunless gulfs of doubt owes its peculiar development largely to a concentrated and exclusive study of the physical world through the intellect alone. This philosophy recognizes little more in the controlling power of the universe than a blind automatic *force* which somehow or other acts in and by and through nature. Thought is regarded by Vought, Moleschott and other leading German philosophers as simply a motion of matter. "Without phosphorus," say they, "there is no thought." A saying which has passed into a maxim with their school, "Ohne phospor kien gedonke." About the same conclusion has been reached by the materialistic school of English and American philosophy, only it is clothed in a somewhat more attractive and therefore more deceptive garb. "Abandoning all dogmas," says Prof. Tyndall in his famous Belfast address, "the confession I feel bound to make before you is that by an intellectual necessity I discern in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." From these and many other utterances which I might cite we learn that our time is verily a fulfillment of Locke's farsighted prophecy: "A chemist shall reduce divinity by the maxims of his laboratory, explain morality by sal, sulphur and mercury. Let a man be given to the contemplation of one sort of knowledge and that will become everything."

Now, shall we immolate the finer feelings and deeper necessities of the soul before this Juggernaut of modern stoicism? Shall we follow educational ideals which pitilessly subjugate us to the yoke of a crushing fatalism and which will bring us hopeless at last in our philosophy to that negation and despair beside the portals of which

"That immense solitary spectre walks.
It has no shape, it has no sound; it has
No place, it has no time, it is and was
And will be, it is never more or less
Nor is the nor and it's name is *Nothingness*."

That there are higher and subtler organs of discernment than the discursive intellect, and higher things to be discerned than are dreampt of in the gross philosophy of to-day the lowliest men and women no less than the most exalted in intellect and genius have throughout the whole recorded history of the race borne an incontrovertible testimony. Look upon the awful sublimity of all these cathedral firmaments that rise in the astral city of God and explain to me that mysterious power which urges the successive and infinite changes of the universe from chaos to cosmos with such firm and exquisite grace. How enchanting the rhythm of its movement, as with the sweetest dignity and most unerring judgment it handles alike atoms, planets, constellations, tossing the golden balls from centre to circumference and making the empyrean sparkle from bound to bound with the lively play of the flashing suns! The frozen hearted atheist and scoffer calls it chance, the misguided philosopher, a thousand fold complexity of force, but the natural sense of every honest, sentient man exclaims with Carlyle: "Ah it is an unspeakably God-like thing toward which the best attitude for us after never so much wisdow is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul, worship if not in words then in silence!" Sentiment bids the soul kneel here, for she feels the breath of an Infinite Presence upon the heart! Here is a problem which no mortal thought or immortal inquiry can oversound. The profane intellect is baffled when we ask how and whence came this remant force and whither goes it? Mystery! Mystery! And I have often thought man needs this mystery for the health of his spirit as he needs for his physical well-being the sweet intercession of overshadowing night. He needs the relief of shade for his mental eye as well as for his bodily sight. Without this realm of sentiment life would degenerate into a mere mechanical philosophy, into an arithmetical calculation, into a useful bane and burden.

Science is profanely arrogant when she attempts the solution of metaphysical things, and the man who would conform life to the cold, heartless, mechanical laws of science, or to the godless greed of our growing utilitarianism is an enemy to the happiness of mankind, for he teaches that which shortens life and bereaves the day of its light. But let me not for one moment be understood to depreciate Science and her *real* conquests. Far be it from me to undervalue the importance of the intellect in education, or to speak disparagingly of the scientific mind in its own legitimate province and function, nor would I cast a scintilla of contempt upon scientific pursuits, for this would be about as rational as the Hibernian who, sweating at his work, indignantly smashed the thermometer and then boasted that he had killed the baste which made the weather so hot. Next to Christianity, science has been man's greatest, best friend; a shining angel in the pathway of his progress. Out of her love for the true she has repudiated the false. For untold centuries the earth was saddened by infamous doctrines and superstitions. Science demanded the truth, the everlasting truth, and nothing but the truth, and now the creeds of fear and the dogmas of hate are slowly moving their stiffening lips in death and man catches a light from heaven instead of a shadow from the pit and looks forward with immeasurable hope to the greatening magnificence of the coming time. She has swept away our infantile beliefs and necessitated a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which she disclosed. She has given us infinitely sublimer conceptions of the universe and more awful views of Him who made and rules it. She has forever eradicated the deep rooted prejudices of race and has been an efficient agent in bringing men into a recognition of a universal brotherhood, making them feel that all must live for each and each for all and that our highest interests are indissolubly interlinked. She makes the rude forces of nature the willing servant of man, disarms the surgeon's lancet of its terrors, and transmutes the agonies of the flesh into tranquil dreams. Who can help revere her power and triumph in her achievements.

But there are things which she can never do and which she is arrogant in attempting to do. She can never analyze and formulate the real life of things. She reveals the underlying laws of nature, but does not touch that subjective state of feeling which beautifies and vitalizes this life and world of ours. She knows the chemical substances of space, analyzes and measures it with its heights and its deeps, its earths and its suns, its stuffs and its shows, still the material universe is but a sprinkling of dust upon the spiritual All which incloses it; and forever and forever beyond the furthest sweep of her materialism and positivism there must remain

"A glory veiled to her sight,
A voice her ear hath never heard,
A law no hand can write,
Yet stronger than the written word!"

This supernatural realm is the home of Sentiment and Faith is her messenger. The natural world is the field of Science and Reason is her guide. Both are essential in any system of Instruction that is loyal to the highest interests of man. Not long ago I read a charming little allegory which clearly illustrates the relations of Reason and Faith, or Science and Sentiment in Education. In this allegory Reason and Faith were represented as sisters who had each been visited with a sad affliction from birth. Reason was deaf, Faith was blind. Useless and unhappy each without the other. So they joined hands for their perpetual journeyings over the globe when day and nightfall alternate. By day the eyes of Reason were the guide of Faith, by night the ear of Faith was the guide of Reason. For an eternal, harmonious union of these two, in life and education, I to-night plead before you, the educators of the youth of our county. For there are demands in the human soul which Science and her goddess Reason can never satisfy, and while I recognize Reason as the faculty which renders all progress possible, I believe Sentiment is no less a divine faculty implanted in our nature for the purpose of ennobling and beautifying the condition of human existence.

"An orphic song indeed,
A song Divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted."

Science is that which individualizes a man. Sentiment is that which socializes him and makes him distinctly a member of the human family. Science without Sentiment can only produce barrenness and isolation. The spirit which everywhere plants the rose of beauty on the brow of chaos would also grow over a coarse life and adorn with loveliness a hard nature were it not for our half-hearted system of education. Shall the living God adorn stocks and stones and not hearts and souls?

Having at heart the truest interests of humanity, we ought not entirely yield to the demands of a debasing materialism, but we ought to recognize in the present hour the necessity of our emphasizing in the strongest possible manner the richness, fullness and importance of those possibilities of human feeling which relate us to a higher existence, and which being brought to light, clearly reveal the divinity there is within and behind them, for this alone can stay the materialism and spreading unbelief among the millions. It is evident that the education of the past and present will not meet the needs of the future. The homely reasonings of the darkey who made application for a divorce from his wife is foreday in point here. "De ground ob dis occasion am sufficient enough. When I rented ten acres and worked one mule, I married a woman for de occasion, now I rent sixty acres of land and work five mules. My first wife is a mighty good 'un acre will but she don't suit de occasion ob sixty acres. I needs a woman what can spread more," so I want to see a broader education in place of the narrow one now. I want to see as much reverence for a soul as for a dollar. I want to see more hope and less doubt, more heart and less greed, more Christian mermaid lower Christian mushrooms. Dwarfed as the human soul is by the overshadowing materialism and mechanicalism of the present day, to need cultivate assiduously every influence which tends to enlarge our faith and to assist us in the contemplation of the true and beautiful. We need to realize distinctly that there is an *ideal* no less than a real side to civilization, and that while rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, we ought also to render unto God the things that are God's. We need to feel that amid the heat and dust of this world's noisy hurly we ought at times dream awake that the spirit is not always the bondman of the flesh, that there is something immortal within us, something which amid the din of life urges us to aspire after the attributes of a more spiritual nature. Yes, let the cares and business of the world sometimes sleep, for this sleep is the awakening of the life of the soul. But unfortunately for the intuition and sentiment of this age, its materialism and positivism have induced a condition of humanity which has thrown itself almost wholly upon its intellect and its genius in physics and has done marvels in material science and invention but at the expense of the interior divinity.

The awakening of this interior divinity, ought to be as much the aim of the education of the future as the exercise of the mere intellect is now. For what is a man if he discerns no traces of infinite skill and goodness in the pillars and dome of the mighty palace which his thought inhabits? What if no emotion is prompted in him or tempted from him of reverence to an all pen-trating Mind; of awe toward a sovereign Holiness, of aspiration for the blessings of an infinite Tenderness? What if his knowledge be such that it has banished poetry, mystery and sanctity from the walls of the very air of nature. Then I say, that though his life is mentally keen, it is spiritually shallow, that his soul is the inmate of an almshouse, though his body be in a palace, and though his lips talk in phrases of Paradise. And the man who looks up to the stars with no knowledge of their vastness, but with an instinctive recognition of a power of which they are mere sparkles; the man who knows nothing of Botany but takes a simple flower as Christ took the lily of Galilee, feeling an effluence from the Creative Goodness in its fragrance; nay the poor woman who ignorant of the meaning of the sciences, yet looks upon the grave of her child as the bond between her heart and heaven, each has a deeper life because a deeper faculty awakes to receive life from the world without, than he whose brain is encircled with the icy crown of an unbelieving wisdom. The culture which induces men to see the All-Good, the All-Beautiful, which sets the springs of aspiration in the heart flowing toward their infinite ocean, which brings great thoughts, great feeling like instincts unawares, which makes conscience the guide and rule of life, which prompts within us that immortal hope inwoven with the starlight that arches over the cemeteries of Christendom; this culture is worth more to the State and race than earth's mints of gold or than a knowledge of all the laws and *wonders* that to-day burden and bewilder the soul.

Therefore, the teacher ought to strive to awaken more sensibility, sympathy and enthusiasm, for these are the elements of the soil and atmosphere in which the intellectual, the moral and the spiritual nature can alone germinate and grow, and in later years bloom and shed a wholesome fragrance. The best, the clearest brain stands over the glowing heart. When Elaine was crossing the seas, he landed upon that island sacred to filial affection, and ordered games to be performed about the tomb of his father Aurelius. Among others he instituted prizes for those who would try their skill with the swift arrow. The mark was a dove tied high up on the mast of a vessel. But when he came to award the prize, it was bestowed not upon him who had hit the mark with his arrow, nor upon him who had severed the string, nor yet upon him who pierced the dove in her upward flight, but the prize was given to that aged chieftain whose far-ascending shaft knelled amid the clouds of heaven and marked its track with flame. The best teacher will kindle the vestal fires of the soul as well as fill the mind with the treasures of truth.

And how are these elements of sentiment to be developed and brought more effectually into play. I answer only through concrete representations of the True, the Good, the Beautiful, not through an abstract enunciation of principles, nor through a code of rules. The greatest teachers the world has ever known have exhibited least of abstract moralizing. They have clothed their gospels in the tissue of objective imagery and incident, and by so doing have given them the power which alone awakens sympathy and prepares the mind for the reception of higher truths and the comprehension of grander principles. How deep is the meaning wrapt up in the command of the Divine Master: "Follow me!" That is do as I do, live as I live. In the thirty beautiful little stories the Saviour gave us, educators may discover the highest principle of their calling. For instance, if the great truths are formingly embodied in the parable of the Prodigal Son and been presented in a naked abstract form, how much of its power would have been lost, how little of it secured. But embodied as it is in one of the sweetest stories ever told, it will be cherished as long as there are human hearts and human sympathies to cling around it, and they will sing with the personal pronouns and the tenses of the fury.

But I must no pursue these topics further by speaking of the application of these principles. It is enough to know that the methods which are only material relations to the mind are not adequate through physical things are the right forms of life, simply crumbles in its grasp. Therefore the whole system of studies are organized and pursued on the nature of man instead, the custom of taste, and the feeling of the life of the soul. Some one has said: "A man may dwell in Paradise and dream of a cabbage-garden, or he may dwell in a cabbage-garden and dream of Paradise." Few of our race are more than half alive. The faculties which inspire life have not opened their eyes. How many there are souls primarily real absorbing truth and beauty and goodness out of the homeliest heavens, while side by side with him under the same starry canopy exist a hundred mortals who never organize anything grand or stately into their natures, just as the hitchwort bursts its pleated parasol out of the same ground and in the same sunlight from which the lordly oak fills his magnificent proportions. The Psyche in many natures that ought to burst forth into a beautiful life, remains forever imprisoned within the walls of the chrysalis. And yet there is not an atom of matter, not a form of beauty and grace, not a star in heaven nor a flower on the earth, nor a rill that cleaves the soil, nor a sea that claims the shore that does not appeal for the awakening of our inner life. Yes.

Earth is filled with heaven
And every common bush is afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries
And call this common earth, common.

And if one can be an atheist in presence of a tree, or a mosstone, or a human form, or the rising or setting sun, or the glistening orbs of night, it is because he lacks the power of sentiment, because the best qualities of his nature are palsied or undeveloped.

So let Science pursue her beneficent course and lean her bolder against the stars, yet we know that after all it is Sentiment that builds the house where life and honor love to dwell. All great works, all noble births, all that is most saving and precious in life—scriptures, temples, hymns—all beautiful arts, all saintly and heroic lives, all grand and sublime things are her offspring. When Sentiment languishes, civilization droops, empires perish. The course of history is tracked by her benefactions. Her monuments are everywhere. God is her father and humanity her mother. Cherish her, and when the materialism of the age that is now hanging upon the souls of men and riding them, lean, like the old man of the sea on Sinbad's back, shall be superseded by a culture that will set our dull nerves throbbing, then men will renounce atheism, and will learn that Nature is the language and imagery of Divine ideas, that "the world is a bud from the bower of His beauty, the sun a spark from the light of His wisdom, the sky a bubble on the sea of His power."

GARFIELD AT HOME.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN HIS DAILY LIFE.

MENTOR, O., Dec. 20.—They've got ahead of me, said General Garfield the other day, as I called his attention to a vast pile of newspapers on one of his office tables. There is a sad waste of labor, time and postage on the part of thousands of editors who mail their journals to General Garfield. It is impossible for him to open one tenth of the number. It was formerly his custom to glance over all the newspapers he received, and if articles had been marked by the senders he gave them special attention. One of his secretaries was employed much of the time in clipping articles worthy of preservation and putting them in classified scrap books, for future reference. But now, thousands of newspapers come to him, including nearly all the dailies in the country, and an innumerable multitude of country weeklies. Hundreds of these contain marked articles, which the able editors have written with great care, and contain valuable suggestions in regard to cabinet making, civil-service reform, the southern question, etc., all of which the able editors aforesaid expect the President-elect to read carefully and inwardly digest. His inability to open thousands of these marked papers causes a daily loss of expression, advice and admonition the enormous value of which can only be estimated by the writers thereof.

Mentor has two postoffices. The one at which General Garfield receives his mail is West Mentor, and L. H. Luse, M. D., the village physician, is the postmaster. Six mails arrive and depart daily, and every one of them brings a large amount of matter for General Garfield. The postoffice is half a mile distant from Gen. Garfield's residence and no often goes there on horseback and carries home a sack of mail on the pommel of his saddle. The General is a good horseman, and his manly form shows to good advantage in the saddle. I have seldom seen a more striking figure than his "mare on horseback," prancing as he gallops down the road, erect and graceful in the saddle as a trained circus-rymen, but dressed like a plain farmer, and the broad brim of his sombrero hat flapping in the wind. His neighbors never tire of gazing at him when he passes in his buggy, and his unassuming manners help to confirm them in the belief which they most devotedly cherish, and which they emphatically declare on every occasion, that "Jim Garfield is the best man in the world."

The other day George Ewart desired to see a gentleman who was living in a remote part of his township, and went to the house to call him out, filling up to the gate to hail and to the familiar manner of the country among neighbors on this holiday, and the lady of the house came to the door. The stranger inquired whether her husband was at home, and being told that he was not responded the lady in full form to call at his, the speaker's, house to see about a certain matter of business. The lady had never seen Gen. Garfield, except on public occasions, and by his former partially did not recognize him. "I can tell all who where you live," she answered, "I will tell my husband to call at your house." "My name is Garfield," said the General modestly. And that lady will probably never forget her embarrassment and mortification at not recognizing her distinguished townsman before he made himself known.

General Garfield is kind and courteous to poor and humble strangers as he is to all his townspeople. Some of the letters he receives from such people are very amusing, and not a few are pathetic by their appeals for favors. I could fill a volume with pathetic illustrations of the kindness of heart. Recently he received a letter from a lady stating that her husband was dead, and that he family was destitute. She also stated that her husband was entitled to a pension which he had never received and requested Gen. Garfield to obtain the pension for him. She did not state her husband's name, nor state who he would apply for a pension. The General wrote a kind reply, inquiring of these questions, but assuming that her husband had been a soldier gave her minute instructions as to the manner in which an application for a pension should be made. Another woman who celebrity has confidence in the better half of mankind, wrote to Mrs. Garfield to ruin other. "We're very poor. My husband is competent to fill the office of postmaster in this village, and if Gen. Garfield will give him this office I will give you a switch made of my own hair." A Michigan lady applied for a postoffice, apparently confident that the application will be favorably considered, because, as she alleged she attended a teacher's institute twenty years ago at which she heard Gen. Garfield deliver a "lecture on grammar, which was just splendid." A lady who appears to believe in the rule "first come, first served," enquires soon after the Chicago convention and applied for an office. Still some again, a few days ago, Gen. Garfield listened with apparent patience to her story, and then gracefully said: "Madam this is not in my power to do anything for you. I am out of office myself."

Some of the presents which the President-elect receive are as quaint and amusing as are some of the applications for office. Recently an honest German of Pa., who is engaged in the manufacture of rustic chairs, came here, bringing a specimen of his handiwork for Gen. Garfield's use. It is a rustic chair made entirely of hickory switches, very curiously and ingeniously wrought together. In the centre of the back is a representation of a canal boat, made of the same material as the rest of the chair. In its way, it is an elaborate and artistic piece of work, and the maker was very proud of it. When he arrived at the railway station he was met by the ubiquitous interviewer, who said: "You want an office of course?" "Mein Gott, no!" replied the chair-maker. "I shust vant to see Shenral Garfield—und advertise mine chairs!" A tobacco firm of one of the cities sent an invoice of smoking tobacco,—a present, I fear, which is not appreciated, as Gen. Garfield and his gentlemen about him do not indulge in the pleasures of the pipe. A few boxes of cigars might have had a warmer reception.

Such incidents are the bubbles on the surface of Gen. Garfield's life, but below, it is a deep, still current of earnest thoughtfulness, careful study of political problems and diligent preparations for the great duties and responsibilities of the future. Never did a man more earnestly and conscientiously desire to serve his country unselfishly; and although he is temporarily out of office, he is devoting himself day and night to study and labor for the public good. His extensive correspondence is attended to with scrupulous care, and every visitor is accorded with as much time and courtesy as the increasable demands of business will permit. Fortunately his physical basis is exceptionally sound and substantial. If it was not, his health would be broken under the heavy burdens which his hard master, the public, imposes upon him. And these burdens will increase in number and weight as the time for his inauguration draws near.

Spoopendyke's Burglars.

"Say, my dear," ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke, sitting bolt upright in bed with a sudden jerk; "say, my dear, wake up! I hear burglars in the house."

"What, what, burglars?" demanded Mrs. Spoopendyke, rousing up beside her husband. "Where?"

"Hush! Quiet, will ye? I don't know which burglar, but I hear some one moving around."

"Oh, my! What shall we do?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Is he over up near heads."

"Why don't you get up and light the gas?" pronounced Mr. Spoopendyke in a hoarse whisper. "Spose you can see who it is in the dark? Strike a light can't ye? If you had your way we'd both be murdered in bed. Going to fight no before we're killed?"

"I'm afraid," whispered Mrs. Spoopendyke, sticking one foot out of bed and hauling it in as if she had caught a fish with it.

"Going to sit there like a shot-tower and have your throat cut interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke. "How is going to find a burglar without a light? Find a match and light this moody gas, now quick!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled out of bed and hunted around for a shirt.

"What's the matter with your? Can't you find a match? Why don't you move," mused Mr. Spoopendyke.

"I am as fast as I can," replied his wife, her teeth chattering. "I'm looking for a pin."

"Oh! you're moving like a railroad, ain't you? I never saw anything move like ye do. All you want is to be done up in white and blue pepper to be a sickliz powder. What d'ye want of a pin? Going to stick it in the burglar? Why don't you light the gas?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke broke half a dozen matches, and finally got a light.

"That's something like it," exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke. "Now hand my pantaloons."

"You won't go down where they are will you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, handing over the garments.

Mr. Spoopendyke, unheeding the supplication, disdained the habiliments. "Now you open the door," said he, "and go to the head of the stairs and ask who's there, while I find my stick. Hurry up, or they'll get away."

"Suppose they are there. What'll I do then?"

"Tell 'em I'm coming. Go ask 'em will ye? What's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke opened the door almost instinct, squealed "who's there?" slammed the door again and toppled into bed.

"What ails you?" demanded her husband.

"What do you think you are, any way, a musical show? Get up, you fool, and look out. Where's my clothes? What have you done with 'em? Say it to school hasn't ye? Go out and ask who's there will ye before they come up and slaughter us."

Once more Mrs. Spoopendyke approached the door, and tremblingly demanded who was outside. There was no response to her irate behest, and she went to the head of the stairs.

"See anybody," whispered Mr. Spoopendyke, looking over her shoulder.

"Where there?" sneered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Go right away, because my husband is here."

"Oh, you've done it!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hauled her back into the room. "Now, how d'ye s'pose I'm going to catch 'em? What do you want to create an uproar for? What'd you say anything about me for? Think this is a refreshing convention? What made you have the lights open? Come on down with me, and I'll show you how to look 'em."

Down they went, and careful scrutiny demonstrated that everything was fast.

"I don't believe there was anybody there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as they returned to their chamber.

"I guess your head isn't right," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you'd got up when I first told you and kept your mouth shut we'd have got 'em."

"But you said nothing of the sort," bridled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I never mentioned your name. We might have been killed the way you went to work."

"I think we'd ought them if they'd been there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, sinking down her hair, and proceeding to put it up again.

"You'd ought 'em!" sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "All you want is some chloride of lime and your accounts short to lie a penitentiary. Another time a burglar gets into the house you stay abed, and don't you wake up again. I won't have any dog-gasted woman routing me out this time of night, ye hear."

"Yes, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke wound her hand in the collar of her liege lord's night shirt and went to sleep, secure in his protection.

Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this way they are guilty of a great wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune.*