



THINKS NEATNESS HALTS AGE

Doctor Tells of Beneficial Psychic Influence of "Sprucing Up."

Neatness, bathing and massage are recommended to men past middle age who would avoid manifestations of decline. Dr. I. L. Nascher, of Boston, writes in the current issue of the New York Medical Journal:—

"The improvement in the general appearance has a profound psychic influence, not only directly through the stimulation of the sense of pride in appearance, but indirectly through the flattering comments which it arouses. This important measure is generally neglected by men, yet aside from the beneficial psychic influence, for aesthetic reasons alone the old man should endeavor to make himself appear as attractive as possible. This does not mean that he should resort to the artificial devices that middle aged and elderly women employ to enhance their charms. It does mean that the old man should stimulate the surface circulation by means of baths and massage, remove wrinkles and folds by intunction with animal fats, try to stimulate the growth of hair on the head and remove hair from abnormal situations as the ears, use a cane and wear braces to overcome the tendency to stoop, employ harmless cosmetic measures to improve his appearance, and, above all, observe a sense of neatness in dress. Instead of decrying such a course as vanity it should be encouraged as a laudable effort to maintain a youthful spirit."

THE DECREASING PENSION ROLL.

When the service pension law was passed by congress in February many people thought that there would be a notable increase in the amount paid by the government to the veterans of its wars. The measure provided for pensions graduated according to the age of the recipients for all soldiers and sailors who served at least ninety days in the United States army during the civil war and were honorably discharged. A veteran aged 62 was to receive \$12 a month, one 70, \$15; one 75 or over, \$20. It was thought that the extra amount needed to provide for such pensions would be \$15,000,000.

About 340,000 applications have been received under the provisions of the act. Some of these will be rejected for good and sufficient reasons. About 3,000 names a day are being added to the list from these new applicants and the work is being pushed with all possible dispatch, a large force of clerks being kept busy. But of the applicants it is found that 98½ per cent are already on the pension roll receiving a smaller amount than that provided for under the new plan. Some of them receive now \$8 or \$10 a month and some a less amount. The net increase, therefore, will be small. It is estimated to represent about \$3 a month per pension on the average.

Of the remaining 1½ per cent of applicants some will be rejected for reasons which led to previous refusal of pension. The others are men who have never before applied for a pension, but the number is so small comparatively that it is hardly to be considered.

Instead of \$15,000,000 additional it is believed that the increase will not reach \$13,000,000 the first year, and in addition another force is working rapidly toward marked reduction. During the month of April 382 names were added to the roll, but in the same period 3,616 old soldiers died, and there was a net reduction in the number of pensioners of 2,977, every reason being counted. It is now more than forty-two years since Appomattox. The maximum of the pension roll was reached on Jan. 31, 1905, the number then being 1,004,196. Since that time the monthly loss from death has passed the average of 1,000, is close to 2,000, and, as stated before, in April it exceeded 3,000. The veterans of the civil war are fast answering the last roll call. The widows of veterans are dying in increasing numbers. The commissioner of pensions believes that the death rate will increase by leaps and bounds with each year now, so that the reduction of the amounts needed for pensions will be in large figures in the immediate future.

No true patriot has regretted the provision which the United States has made for those who fought for the union when its life was threatened. One hundred and forty million dollars a year is a large amount. But the service rendered was great and the obligation correspondingly sacred. There is a feeling of sadness at the thought that a generation is passing away and that it will not be long till the last of the "boys in blue" who answered the call of "Father Abraham" is gone. That those who yet survive may enjoy a peaceful and quiet life during the few years that remain will be the hope of many thousands during this week of national memorial.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With satiated heart he bears the pangs
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wears in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, and hardier spirit,
A king of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes to enjoy'd with humble things,
A rank adorned with toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs;
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learn'd of being poor;
Courage if sorrow come to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toll
That with all others level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine—
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-til'd past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell

BRAIN WORK.

The intellect of man is the noblest part of his compound nature. When we speak of intellect we refer to that power of the mind acquired by study and observation. It is more potent than the lever of Archimedes.—

It is limited by no conditions, but expands beyond the bounds of physical sense into the mystical regions of supernatural existences. Prison bolts or bars cannot confine it, nor can disease or death suspend its operations. As far as the bestial is above the heavenly, so far is the intellect of man above the instincts of the brute. It is a part of that divine essence with which God endowed him when he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. The achievements of intellect are the finger-posts of the world's civilization. The genius of intellect is the guiding star of empire.— And when a nation has reached the meridian of its intellectual splendor, it soon sinks into the night of national decay. No nation can maintain its pre-eminence unless it keep pace with the onward march of intellect. It is the intellectual power of England which makes her the arbiter of nations. That little sea-girt isle controls the destiny of four hundred millions of human beings by the power of intellect alone. Any nation, people or individual that would become truly great—great in the impulses of a noble nature—great in the accomplishment of good—great in the building up of the downcast and in the amelioration of the condition of their race, must cultivate their brain power. The pages of history are a prolific record of the great moral and social achievements brought about by men of remarkable intellectual power, such as Martin Luther, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Lord Broughman, Cobden and Sumner possessed.

What are the achievements of intellect? If we turn back a dozen centuries we discern through the haze of the past the gradual progress of knowledge. We can detect here and there those scintillations of light which broke upon the mind, and half revealed what has in the course of long-succeeding ages been made so plain to us.

We see a king measuring time by the rings painted on a candle. To-day we smile at the absurdity, and turn with pride to our manufacturers, who turn out hundreds of patent levers daily.

If we go back only a century, and as insensible as we have been to the gradual enlargement of ideas, we are almost startled by the change that has come over us. Now telegraph wires lace the earth like a net. From London to San Francisco these messengers of light speed silently and swiftly, conveying to the ears of the wandering Californian the latest news the day before it was sent; outstripping the earth in velocity; bearing from continent to continent the assurances of good will, and binding in a catholic bond of national brotherhood the nations of the earth.

By the force of intellect man has subordinated the elements to his will and utilized the expansive power of steam in so many departments of human industry. With it the wind and the waves can be breasted, and the most delicate manipulations of the human hand imitated and surpassed. The Iron horse, harnessed with steam, dashes o'er the earth with almost lightning speed; while the white-winged couriers of the sea are borne across its waves by the same potent agency.

By the wonderful powers of the microscope we have set before our eyes objects of overpowering magnitude and sublimity, demonstrating the unlimited extent of the Creator's empire, and impressing us with the littleness of this world when placed in competition with the numerous and more majestic worlds which compose the universe.

Knowledge, then, being power, the cultivation of the intellect is the means of becoming possessed of that power. The human mind is continually reaching out in every direction for pabulum with which to satisfy its cravings. Whether we explore the rich fields of literature spread out before us, or investigate the phenomena of the physical universe, with all its wonderful adaptation to the wants and requirements of the beings which inhabit it, the mind will derive unexpected gratification from the investigation. From no other source flow such noble and elevating influences. They lead the mind away from pursuits and apparent pleasures of a vicious character, and induce to the gratification of a taste for that which is pure and ennobling.

When we compare our intellectual status with that of those about us we are sorry to say that the disparity is too painfully apparent. For over twenty-five decades we have held a servile position, until nations had begun to regard us as mere machines to be utilized for the good of civilization. We have been the muscle while we have been content to let the Anglo-Saxon represent the brain of civilization, and right well has he utilized the time, for around and about us, on every hand, we behold imperishable monuments of his intellect and genius, while this century still finds us hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Is it not worth while for us to enquire into the cause of this state of things? In what consists the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon? Why, in the more vigorous exercise of his intellectual faculties. Our inability to compete with him in this particular arises from several causes. 1st. From the repressing influence upon the mind engendered by a barbarous system of slavery. 2nd. From the lack of means to acquire an education. 3rd. From a somewhat inherent indisposition to mental labor.

Our distaste for anything like literary or intellectual activity is deplorable. All our energies seem directed towards living well.— We grow healthy, hearty and fat. We live on the best of the land, and generally we have healthy digestion and good appetites. There is not one man or woman in ten that we meet that does not present a perfect picture of physical development. But anything like intellectual food turns sour on our stomachs.— We are said (by way of compliment, I suppose,) to be the bone and sinew of civilization; and why? because we have been developing one-half of our natures—our bodies,—while our minds remain dwarfed by inaction. We eat, lie down and sleep, get up and repeat the formula, day by day. In this respect we accomplish no more than the lower animals, for all their energies are put forth to the same end. If we had spent but a fraction of the time that we have wasted upon our bodies in cultivating our minds, we would not be so far behind the age as we are. Our young ladies dress themselves in gorgeous apparel and look fascinating, while their heads are as empty as a last year's gourd. Our young men strut about in fine clothing and polished boots, while their heads are as empty as their

pockets. If you appeal to them to take part in a literary entertainment the reply is: "I can't do it; I'm not qualified." The more shame for you! That living in a free country, surrounded by unsurpassed educational facilities, that you are *not* qualified.

Now we never can succeed as a people in this way. I do not need to advise you to commence at the bottom of the ladder, for, unfortunately, that has been our position all along, and there we seem contented to remain. Contentment is a national characteristic.— With us it is "Come day, go day, God send Sunday." We are contented to be poor, while other classes are getting rich. We are contented to be ignorant, while other classes are getting educated. We are contented to occupy all the most menial stations, while others are striving for positions of power and emolument. We have no aspirations to get above what we are. And if a paroxysm of ambition seizes any of our young men they are not satisfied unless they can mount to the top-most ladder at one bound. They must be a lawyer, minister, doctor, or they will be nothing. They consider it too much like hard work to learn a trade, and if you induce them to enter an apprenticeship, they soon grow tired and discontented, and finally gravitate to a hotel table. There is a great disposition at present to rush into the professions and what are called "genteel" occupations, in consequence of which they are becoming over-crowded and hundreds are annually disgorged, who are unable to eke out the scantiest subsistence. We would advise young men who do not desire to enter the mechanical or commercial pursuits to *stick to the farm*. You need education for that purpose as much so as for any other. Education will teach you the necessities and requirements of your soil and stock so that you will be able to supply whatever is deficient. It will enable you to calculate with a reasonable amount of certainty upon the profits of your labor.— It will afford you an endless amount of entertainment in hours of recreation; and you will be all the better farmers from having been educated.

This is an age of progress, of unprecedented intellectual activity, and any people who are content to slumber in mental inertia may expect to wake up far behind in the race of life. Ignorance, whether in white or black, cannot expect to take precedence with education and refinement. You may put forth extraordinary pretensions and claim extraordinary concessions, yet you will never be able to command regard for the one or respect for the other, until you are in a position to enforce your demand by the power of intellect. The pen is as much mightier than the sword as intellectual force is mightier than physical. As an illustration of the superiority of intellect over pure mechanical or physical force, take for illustration the grades of labor employed upon a building. First, you have the laborer, who digs the cellar, mixes the mortar and carries the hod. It requires great physical strength and powers of endurance, and yet he receives nine or ten shillings a day only. Next you have the mechanic who puts the material together. He is paid two or three dollars a day. Then the finishers or decorators and skilled mechanics, who get paid by the job or piece, realizing, perhaps, five or ten dollars a day, according to the neatness and facility with which they can do their work; and over all these the architect,

whose labor is entirely intellectual, and whose knowledge must cover all branches of building, try employed on the building. He sets his own price upon his services. So that you will find that a cultivated intellect will not only secure for you the respect of your fellow man, but it will be to you a source of wealth of which no man can rob you.

The holy week just past should remind us of that memorable Friday when Christ, overburdened with the weight of the cross, sank down in a faint, surrounded by a motly mob, comprising Medes, Parthians, dwellers in Mesopotamia and in Judea, Romans, Jews, Cretes and Arabians. Out of that mass of spectators there was not one eye to pity, one voice to defend, or one arm stretched forth to succor; nothing but taunts, insults and ridicule—"He saved others, himself he cannot save," "If he be the Son of Man let him come down from the cross," and they spat upon the prostrate form of our bleeding loving Saviour. Those friends who but four days before, when he entered Jerusalem, thronged around him with shouting and waving of palm branches, and eager to obtain some mark of His divine approbation, stood by passive, listless, silent, distrustful, or in the helplessness of despair. His chosen followers had deserted him, and even his favorite Disciple, Peter, followed him afar-off. His hour had indeed come. Forsaken by God, deserted by man, falsely accused, condemned, insulted, tortured, is it any wonder that his physical nature should have given away. But Jesus found in this dark hour of anguish one pitying eye, one arm stretched forth to succor. Simon, an African, a native of Cyrene, in the face of the taunts and jeers of an infuriated mob, raised the bleeding prostrate form of our blessed Saviour, and bore His cross up Calvary's rugged height. How auspicious the occasion! How heroic the act! What an episode in the tragedy of man's redemption. Let us canonize St. Simon, and cherish the memory of this event and thus keep alive our devotion to the cause for which our blessed Saviour suffered the ignominious death of the Cross. It is a remarkable coincidence that at the two most critical periods in the history of the life of our Lord, when men were thirsting for His blood that he could find no sympathy or protection, but among those despised Africans, Joseph and Mary, fleeing from the cruel edict of Herod, arose, took the young child and fled into Egypt,—“that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, out of Egypt I have called my Son.” It may be pre-ordained that this people shall come the repository of His word when other nations shall have turned to their idols.

Of all the odds and ends of humanity collected in Washington during the Civil War, there was none more conspicuous than Sojourner Truth. She was a remarkable negro woman of about eighty years of age. It is said that she was a slave in the state of New York for forty years. She is remarkable for her witty sayings and cutting repartee. It is not possible for any one to say smarter things than Sojourner if allowed to say them in her own way. She was at one time a guest of Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe: on retiring at night Sojourner found that a nice, clean, white bed had been prepared for her accommodation, and when one of the family entered her bedroom expecting to find her snugly in bed, she was found lying on the floor and the bed had not been disturbed. Mrs. Stowe wrote a very interesting sketch of her visit for the *Atlantic Monthly*. Among other things she said Sojourner was asked her opinion as to the equality of the intellectual faculties of men and women. She replied:—"Honey, you fill a pint cup with milk and den you fill a quart cup, aint de milk in de pint cup jes as good as dat in de quart cup." So she maintains that their intellects are equal.

She was one of the speakers at the Woman's Rights Convention held in New York in 1870. She remarked to a friend, on reading her speech to her in the *New York World*, the following morning: "You see chile, de world does move." Some benevolent society in Massachusetts sent her to Washington, D. C., to look after the freedmen. On her way there she was forced to ride in a smoking car. She was complaining afterwards to a friend of the indignity to which she had been subjected, and said that she pulled out her pipe and puffed away also; but, said her friend, you were guilty of doing that which you complain of as being offensive in others, Sojourner replied: "You see chile, I had to smoke in self-defense; I'd rather smell my own smoke than other people's." She was an inveterate smoker. A friend said to her on one occasion: "Sojourner, don't you know that smoking is a filthy habit and that it makes your breath foul and unclean, and don't you know that the Bible says nothing foul or unclean shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven?" Sojourner threw her spectacles up on her forehead, straightened herself up, and replied sharply:—"Honey, I spees to leave dis breff behine when I go up there."

She is a woman of remarkable vigor, erect carriage, and her conversation is very epigrammatic. She visited President Lincoln, who received her very cordially and wrote his autograph on the back of one of her photographs, which she carries about for sale. She is looked upon as possessing the faculty of divination and is on that account regarded with feelings of veneration by a large number of intelligent white people who should know better. She exerts such a peculiar influence on those who come in contact with her that Mrs. Stowe has called her the "African Sybil." There is certainly something about her appearance and demeanor calculated to command respectful attention.

From the time that the old lady at the corner undertook the training of our youthful precocity up to the present, we have been taught to believe that "contentment is a virtue." We remember distinctly that it was the first essay that our "school marm" set for us after we had successfully mastered the

"pot hooks and hangers." Let us consider to what extent it is true before we accept the dogma without limitation or qualification. Are there not some exceptions to this rule? Is it not more honored in the breach than the observance? May it not have too wide an application to make it practically true. If we study the development of our own character from their earliest beginnings we find that the whole course of our lives has been in direct opposition to its precepts. Discontentment made us scream and kick until we had rid ourselves of the swaddling clothes that encumbered our infantile exertions. It made us totter and tumble until we could stand on our feet. It made us tug at the apron strings until we broke loose from parental restraint. Nature abhors a vacuum. It may be said with equal propriety that nature abhors inertia. The planets in their unending march, the seasons in their continuous rounds, and the ever-busy, never-tiring operations of nature attest the fact. Then why should man be exempt from this universal law? Has he no duties which lead him outside of the stereotyped formulae of every-day life. Does he not tire of doing the same things that his father has done? Of saying the same things that his father has said? It was the constant dissatisfaction with traditional formalities, time-worn customs, and effete institutions, which lead to all the improvements which bless our age. It was a spirit of discontentment which wrested from King John the *Magna Charta*; that fanned the cause of the Huguenots into the open flame of rebellion. It drove the Pilgrim fathers to Plymouth rock. It gave us the steam carriage whistling rattling, dashing over the land like an infuriated Prometheus. We would not be contented if we could. Discontentment makes the captive strike for liberty, the soldier for glory. It quickens the pulse of business and sends the life-giving current through every channel of human activity. Ask the lawyer if he were content to remain an article clerk. Ask the merchant if he were content to remain a shop boy. Ask the artist if he were content to remain a novice. Ask the editor, if you please, if he were content to remain a "devil." If we claim to be progressive creatures we will find an impulse urging us on to better our condition, to enlarge our influence, to widen our sphere of usefulness, rather than sit sapinely upon the stool of do-nothing, humbly content to spend the remainder of our lives in aimless, purposeless inactivity. There is a something, call it aspiration, pride, ambition, enthusiasm,—call it what you may, there is a something which burns within us with an unquenchable fire; that tortures us with an insatiable thirst; that ransacks us with an unsatisfying hunger. A something high, over-reaching, whose range is perched beyond the range of our imagination out to which our frail mortality essays to soar. It courses through our veins with no leaden ceaseless impulse; it tingles in every nerve; it thrills every fibre, and electrifies our whole nature.

Show me a contented man, and I will show you a gluttony nonentity, without a will or a way to do anything, whose only object in life is to gratify his sensual appetites. He is incapable of conceiving a thought or originating an idea. Visions of wealth, honor, or fame, never ruffle the serenity of his composure. There is no spur that could make his noble

ambition overleap itself. He has the least possible degree of pity for those who spend their lives in physical or intellectual toil to better their condition. He will tell you frankly that he would not be a great man if he could. We entertain nought but contempt for such a moribund specimen of humanity. We feel as though we should like to accelerate the motion of such a one in such a manner, which, if it did not succeed in rousing him from his lethargy, would, we hope at least, make him feel uncomfortable; for we should no more expect to penetrate the cuticle of his sensibilities than we should expect to irritate an oyster with pepper and salt.

It is said that the spur is a disagreeable instrument to the horse, and its misapplication has lost many a race ere now; but there is no disputing the fact that it can arouse into action such dull temperaments as thus unstimulated would never discover their own powers, nor exert themselves to do their best. Contentment is not a virtue then, in the common acceptance of the term. A spirit of discontentment kept within proper bounds will prove the main-spring of much useful labor, much vigorous effort, much eventual success.

We cannot pause on this up hill, plodding journey of life, without retrograding. We cannot be content to do the same thing our fathers have done—to say the same things our fathers have said. Our work is to amplify, elaborate, improve, argument,—in a word, to crystallize our germ thoughts into living practical realities.

BEECHER-TILTON.

As the names of these two men, both eminent in the walks of literature, have been prominently before the public for some time, perhaps a slight sketch of their antecedents may prove interesting, especially in so far as they relate to our interests. Beecher in our opinion has never been very pronounced in his anti-slavery opinions. While admitting the enormity of the crime of slavery, he like a great many others was willing to submit peacefully to the great wrong inflicted upon his fellow-man until some fortuitous circumstances should bring about its overthrow; for that reason we class him in the category of those latter day saints whose death-bed repentance has been brought by the physical agency of bayonets and bullets. When Andrew Johnson the impersonation of all the pusillanimity treachery and duplicity of the Southern slave-holder proved a traitor to the Republican party, Mr. Beecher, like many other lukewarm abolitionists became a strong advocate of his views. Although he had never found it expedient in the course of his duties as a teacher of morality and religion to publicly express his condemnation of slavery; so soon as the arch-traitor Andrew Johnson sounded the key note of his new policy of reconciliation. Henry Ward Beecher caught up the re rain, and in a powerful speech attempted to arouse the dormant energies of the moribund democratic party. He was in

favor of turning over the helpless, crippled freedmen, struggling into a new life, to the tender mercies of their former masters. It was in reference to this speech that Frederick Douglass when asked what he thought of it, replied, "if Beecher was my slave and I was standing over him with a whip, I would take that opinion out of him in twenty minutes."

Mr. Tilton on the contrary, has been a bold and uncompromising advocate of the cause of humanity. From one of the proudest editorial chairs in the U.S. he hurled his death dealing philippics against the institution of slavery until he had the satisfaction of seeing that monster of iniquity wash out with its blood the awful record of its crimes. Tilton would be a fearless champion of any cause; but the anti-slavery movement seemed to have touched the moving spring of his highest nature. Forneither in the editorial chair of the *N. Y. Independent*, nor from the forum did he cease to use his voice and pen in condemnation of the national crime. He was a Reformer in the true sense of the word—Reform with him was no mere abstract principle applicable to certain classes, but based itself upon the planks of a common humanity, reached out and touched with its beneficence every level of mankind. He was also an advocate of Women's Rights. In one of his lectures he expressed a wish to see the day when Elizabeth Cady Stanton would be President and Frederick Douglass Vice-President of the U. S. At a fair given at Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the United States Sanitary Commission he affirmed as his belief that Americans were destined to become a composite nationality derived from Caucasian, African, Mongolian and other races, and counseled his hearers to extend to the representatives of those races on the American continent the same rights and privileges that they, the Caucasians enjoy. Such declarations may appear somewhat ultra to our Conservative minds but there is no denying the fact that to proclaim doctrines so repugnant at that time to American thought and feeling exhibited the moral heroism of a master mind. We afterwards had the pleasure of hearing him address a large audience in the Legislative Chamber at Washington, D.C. on the occasion of the Anniversary of the National Freedmen's Aid Soc'y. The house was full to overflowing, Secretary Chase presided and we never heard Mr. Tilton to better advantage. His magnificent voice could be heard in every part of the hall, and his utterances, warmed with eloquence and pathos, when he appealed to the sympathies of the American people on behalf of the newly emancipated—the Rev. H. H. Garnet had preached in the same place in the morning, an account of which will appear in our next issue.

Of the honor or dishonor of his domestic relations, we have no means of judging, therefore we will not venture an opinion. In the year 1865, we had occasion to ride some distance with Mr. and Mrs. Tilton in the street railway car. The opinion we formed then of Mr. T. was that he was a man with a skeleton in his closet. In the light of subsequent events we are convinced that we were right. Mr. Beecher, backed by the wealth and influence of a powerful religious body, may seek to prove Mr. T. a monster of perfidy, yet the truth concerning this great scandal will never be revealed till the day of judgment. Whatever may be the issue it cannot blot from history the part that Theodore

Tilton has played in the great anti-slavery drama; and any colored man who would refuse to speak for him now when he is branded down by Plymouth Church, proves himself unworthy of the devoted labors of this distinguished philanthropist and scholar.—Beecher can live without Plymouth Church, but the converse of this is not true.—Let the truth be told, though the heavens fall!

WOMAN.

Of all God's workmanship woman is supremely His first, best. He has displayed His handiwork in many objects of design, color, form and finish. All nature is teeming with His beautiful creations. But when He formed woman He transcended all terrestrial types and made her as near the ethereal as this mortality is allowed to approximate. She far surpasses man in all those elements which may be termed spiritual, such as love, joy, sympathy, fear, hope and grief. While man is commanding, bold, heroic in his nature, demanding rights, claiming precedence, enforcing authority, self-asserting, self-seeking.—Woman is self-sacrificing, self-denying, returning good for evil. Her delicate and beautiful presence, her grace and charm of person; her loyalty to truth, her kindness of heart, gentleness of disposition, purity of character are the all-providing, all-controlling influences by which man is made subservient to her utmost wish. Although he vaunts himself upon being the "God of creation" yet in the next breath he is forced to admit that she is his "better-half." She is noble, she is lofty in her nature and aspirations, she is high as Olympus though born in a cellar; she is as sweet as glycerine and as innocent as calves-foot jelly; she is the condiment which man puts in his gravy; she is the treacle which he spreads over his pancakes; she is the ornamental part of his existence; she smooths the wrinkles of care, and wards off the angularities of his crude nature. She is the sparkle and sunshine of the household. The coldest sprinkle of adversity cannot dampen her ardour; like the month of April, she is all sunshine and flowers. The tear drop of sorrow is soon evaporated by her bright smiles ere it courses the cheek. Griefs bubble out of her bosom to burst in the atmosphere of joy, and joys like tutaniam flowers spring from the warm bed of her heart. Woman is as tender as a chicken and her heart is as much softer than man's as beeswax is softer than butter. Her sympathies are as delicate as down and are as fresh and unfading amid the sorrows of adversity as the comforts of prosperity. She lives in a realm of ideality. Her miseries are mingled with romance. Her present is always bright and her future still brighter, she stops not to pluck the weeds that peep out from this stony pathway of life but she pushes on to the elysian bowers of her fancy. She is delighted with the rainbow tinted bubbles which float upon the wave of time, ever happy, ever joyful, she dances in the sunlight of her imagination and seems to use every endeavor to coax male and moody mortals into brighter and happier paths.

MAN'S MORAL RESPONSIBILITY SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED

The question as to man's moral responsibility is one admitting of a wide range of argument. Some persons maintain the ground that man is responsible for all his acts. Some claim that he is irresponsible; that all his thoughts, acts and deeds are directed and controlled by influences extrinsic and irresistible; others maintain that he is responsible within certain limits only. The argument in support of the first proposition is scarcely tenable if we are to include the case of idiots and those hopelessly insane, for our system of jurisprudence has ever held this class of persons irresponsible for their acts and when crimes have been committed by them the civil law has not regarded them as criminals; so that we need not dwell longer upon the discussion of this point. Whether they are morally responsible is a point not so easily determined. The second proposition that man is morally responsible to any other being but himself; that he possesses within himself the pains and penalties adequate to the punishment of whatever crime he may commit; or in other words it is maintained that the gripings of a guilty conscience, the moral and physical degradation which crime entails, are in themselves tortures more relentless than flogging or the rack. Shakespeare exemplifies this principle in that beautiful expression "Thus conscience makes cowards of us all," and again, where he puts into the mouth of Macbeth, the words, "even handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned cup to our own lips." If the second proposition were true there could be no necessity for a criminal code; but we opine that society has not reached that Utopian state of moral purity; when a mere consciousness of guilt would act as a sufficiently powerful deterrent in preventing the repetition of crime. The frequency and magnitude of the crimes committed at this day lead to the conclusion that the criminal law of the country which visits with the penalty of death the man who takes the life of another, is not sufficient to deter some men from committing murder when their passions are aroused. Consequently, society is driven to the other extreme of imposing penalties and responsibilities in the administration of human law that divine law does not sanction. Therefore, while ignoring the second proposition that man is not responsible to himself for his acts, legal acumen oscillates in an unsettled and undeterminate manner between the two extremes.

The third proposition, that man is morally responsible to both human and divine law, to a limited extent only, is not received with unqualified approbation by the majority of Christians, especially that class of them who preach an indiscriminate visitation of hell-fire and damnation on all evil-doers. As it is our intention to examine the subject from a scientific point of view, we shall happily avoid any of these logical quagmires which may happen to fall in our path.

Human character contains two elements always acting and reaching the one upon the other—the evil and the good. "Evil is always present with us," is a scriptural quotation, the truth of which appeals to every man's experience. These elements emanate or are evolved from our inner consciousness, or will, and manifest themselves in thought

the case may be, and so long as our conduct is governed by this simple mental operation of willing and doing, we may be said to be responsible to both human and divine law. It is a fact, however, which cannot be successfully controverted, and which is cognizant to every man that he cannot always, indeed, that he very seldom can control his thoughts. We frequently think of the thing which we do not wish to think of, and cannot think of what we would wish to think of. A horrible sight attracts our notice; we would feign forget it, but our thoughts haunt us with it, night and day, and no force of the will can enable us to forget it. On the other hand, how frequently ineffectual is the attempt to bring to our mind some familiar incident, word or name. How often does it happen that those impulses which arise from a super-sensitive emotional organization overwhelm the will and rage with unbridled fury, until the reason becomes dethroned, and the hapless victim becomes a raving maniac. Love, joy, grief, anger—no one of these is at all times under the control of the will. We may be able to conceal them, but we cannot always control them. If, then, our acts are the manifestations of our thoughts, and proceed from and are controlled by them, it follows as a natural sequence, that they must partake of the same aberrative character.

It is only upon such an hypothesis that we can account for those sudden impulses which impel men to commit suicide or mothers to destroy their offspring. A mercantile man, whose life has been that of an honest, honorable trader, of irreproachable character, and a successful business man, without any premonitory symptoms indicating mental aberration, is suddenly seized with an uncontrollable impulse to take his life. A mother is seized with a sudden impulse to kill the child whom she loves and which has been the dearest object of her solicitude and maternal care. She has no reason for such an act, it is simply an impulse that she feels that she cannot resist; and in a moment of frenzy the deed is done. Many persons appreciating the danger of such murderous intentions, and their inability to control them, have counselled with their friends, and have submitted passively to surveillance and even physical restraint.

Man is a creature of circumstance and there are as many circumstances which tend to modify a man's moral responsibility, as there are circumstances over which we have no control. No sane man will have the temerity to maintain that the pagan is as responsible for his criminal acts, as we who enjoy the blessings of civilization. In no greater or less degree are we responsible, then, for those acts of a criminal nature, which the influence or incidence of circumstances force upon us. A man's physical nature is made for him, he cannot be held responsible for having a squint eye, red hair, or potato nose; neither can he be held accountable for those hereditary taints such as scrofula, gout, and consumption which he inherits from his parents. Just as the physical organization of the parent is transmitted to the offspring so is the mental. Hence we find the child at an early age indicating certain mental peculiarities of the parent, such as irritability of temper, kleptomania, impulse to burn, and suicidal tendencies. Although, on the other hand, you may find commendable qualities overruling all these by early training, they exist notwith-

NAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THE PRESIDENT, DR. A. R. ABBOTT, BEFORE THE CHATHAM LITERARY SOCIETY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is my first duty in assuming the duties of my office to thank you for the very flattering compliment that you have paid me in electing me your President for the past two terms. I appreciate this mark of your favor inasmuch as it was conferred upon me without any solicitation on my part, and during my absence from the town. Under other circumstances probably, I should not have accepted of it; but an expression of esteem coming so spontaneously, could not have been promoted by other than the most honorable motives.

Owing to ill-health and a sore bereavement I was unable to assume the duties of my office at that time; but, I trust that for the remainder of the term I may be able to meet with you as often as my multifarious duties will permit.

The intellect of man is the noblest part of his compound nature. When I speak of the intellect I refer to that power of the mind acquired by study and observation. It is more powerful than the lever of Archimedes. It is the noblest part of man's compound nature. It is limited by no conditions, but expands beyond the bounds of physical sense into the mystical regions of supernatural existences. Prison bolts and bars cannot confine it, nor can disease or death suspend its operations. As far as the bestial is above the heavenly so far is the intellect of man above the intellect of the brute. It is a part of that divine essence with which God endowed man when he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.

The achievements of the intellect are the finger posts of the world's civilization. The genius of intellect is the guiding star of empires. When a nation has reached the meridian of its intellectual splendour, it soon sinks into the night of national decay. No nation can maintain its pre-eminence unless it keeps pace with the onward march of intellect. It is the intellectual power of England which makes her the arbiter of nations.

That little sea-girt isle controls the destiny of 400,000,000 of human beings, by the force of intellectual power alone. And any nation or people that would write its name high up in the scroll of time, must cultivate the intellect.

History is a prolific record of the great moral, social, religious, civil, political and industrial achievements brought about by men of remarkable intellectual powers—the names of Cromwell, Luther, Cobden, Broughman, Wilberforce, Clarke, Newton, Stephenson, Brindley and Sumner are so intimately associated with important events in history, that these names will be handed down in imperishable lustre to the remotest generation.

What are the achievements of intellect? If we turn back a dozen centuries we discern through the haze of the past

the gradual progress of knowledge. We can detect here and there those scintillations of light which first broke upon the mind and half revealed what has in the course of succeeding ages been made so plain to us. If we go back only a century, and as insensible as we are to the general enlargement of ideas, we are almost started by the change that has come over us.

Now, telegraph wires lace the earth like a net. From London to San Francisco, the lightning message speeds swiftly and silently, outstripping the earth in velocity; bearing from continent to continent the assurances of peace and good will and binding in a catholic bond of brotherhood the nations of the earth. By the force of intellect man has subordinated the elements to his will, and utilized the expansive power of steam in so many departments of human industry. With it the wind and the wave can be breasted and the most delicate manipulations of the human hand imitated and surpassed.

The iron horse harnessed with steam dashes o'er the earth with lightning speed; while the white-winged messengers of the sea are borne across its crested wave by the same potent agency.

By the wonderful powers of the microscope, we have set before our eyes objects of over-powering magnitude and sublimity, demonstrating the unlimited extent of the Creator's empire, and impressing us with the littleness of this world when placed in competition with the numerous and more majestic worlds which compose the universe.

Knowledge, then, being power, the cultivation of the intellect is the means of becoming possessed of that power. this may be accomplished in three ways:

- 1st. By reading and study.
- 2d. By observation and travel.
- 3rd. By taking part in debates.

The latter method necessitates the employment of all the others and brings into exercise all the faculties. Reading will not do this alone—there have been men who have moved for a lifetime within the narrow limits of their studies, and yet have not given to the world any great evidence of their literary attainments.

There are others who confine their reading to one branch of research, to the entire neglect of those rich fields and green pastures which are spread out in such luxuriant beauty on every side.

An accomplished scholar must push investigations into every channel of human research if he would attain to literary pre-eminence. And there is no more favorable opportunity for utilizing the knowledge that he has gained in his walks through the fields of literature than is afforded by the Literary Society.

There he can collate his treasures; arrange, embellish, and present them in their most favorable aspects.

By taking part in debates he acquires not only the art of arranging his arguments methodically, but also, the power of expressing them with perspicuity and conciseness.

I would take occasion to remind the members of this Society, in this connection, that a due observance of the rules of order and debate will render our debates more instructive and entertaining. However animated the discussion may become, we should never lose sight of the fact that there are two sides to most every question, and the only way to prevent differences of opinion assuming the character of a personal dispute is to respect your antagonist's views although you cannot yield your own. Whenever a difference of opinion exists upon any subject, I think the best plan is to approach the question in a spirit of impartial criticism—not with a blind confidence in your own judgment—but with a desire to arrive at the truth amid the conflicting evidence which may be presented on both sides. Of course this would not be incompatible with you defending your views with all the spirit and "pluck" that you possess; for there is, certainly, nothing more insipid than to listen to a wishy-washy debater, who merely reiterates the arguments of his colleague, and who is never sure upon which side of the questions his arguments apply. In such a one, there is a lack of that mental attrition which stimulates thought. Your only resource in such cases is to use him much in the same manner that a pugilist in training pounds a padded weight, in order to strengthen the muscles of your intellect for more formidable encounters.

Very often, when the spirit and enthusiasm of the meeting seems to flag, a lively discussion may be aroused by some member submitting some preposterous proposition. Under the stimulus of such occasions, some of the finest oratorical efforts have been made. At the same time, do not jump at the idea that the proposer wishes to thrust some objectionable measure upon you, and that your first duty is to demolish him. Examine his arguments calmly and deliberately, and see if there is anything in them. He may be looking for light himself upon the question or point submitted; and during the progress of the discussion you may have to alter your views materially. The object of the discussion of a question is to elicit the truth,—to cull the practical and material from the false and theoretical; and this can be affected only by approaching it with an unbiassed mind.

The writing of essays stimulates thought, improves the penmanship and spelling, making you more familiar with the properties and uses of words, contributes to a more condensed and finished style of expressing ideas than can be acquired by public speaking. Both Cicero and Lord Broughman were not only fluent speakers, but ready writers as well. These authorities tell us to write much, to cultivate rapid and easy composition, and thence will be derived fluency of language and grace of diction. Edmund Burke who wielded a most trenchant pen, sent manuscripts to the printer that were almost illegible from constant erasures.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, As those more easy who have learned

Readings and recitations form a very enjoyable feature of our entertainments. There are persons who have no special talent for oratory or debate, who cannot express their thoughts with facility in composition; but who have histrionic talent, which enables them to interpret the thoughts and feelings of others, and give life-like representations of the characters they present. This is a talent of no mean order; and when cultivated to proficiency it is capable of affording unlimited gratification and pleasure. In this talent lies the power of the actor to delineate the human passions, and to call up from the vasty deep images which seem to live move and speak in all their corporeal and mutual characteristics and to give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name." In a somewhat less degree the professional reader has the power of producing a like effect. To faithfully portray the thoughts and feelings of others as produced in their writings, requires a close study of the text; a ready discernment of human passions; a knowledge of the mental and physical make-up of the characters to be represented; a facile imagination; a flexible intonation of the voice and a grace of gesture appropriate to the occasion. But to stand up as stiff as a poker and read the words of an author in a dreary monotone, without emphasis, inflection or gesture, is simply torturing the sensibilities of the audience and emasculating the spirit and conception of the author.

We hope some lady or gentleman will come forward and make this the most attractive feature of our exercises.

MUSIC.

Probably, there is nothing which affords us more pleasure than music. Music is the natural outlet of the affections. It is the language of the angels. Of too ethereal a nature to have pre-ordained for this sin-fraught world, it must have been dropped accidentally upon the earth from the lips of a cherubim. It adds pathos to our prayers and rapture to our devotions. The voices of earth are ever co-mingling with the voices of the air in one universal psalm of praise to Him the maker of us all.

Who can estimate the social influences of music? When the chilly blast piles the bright snow in eddies and drifts around our door-way; when the stars shoot for their multicolored scintillations through the misty air and we gather around the cheerful fireside, it is then that the genius of music asserts her sway. How it lightens the tedium of a long winter night? The youth discards his wicker companion in the street, and hurries home to mingle his voice in the chorus of the home circle. The weary husbandman forgets his toil when his wife sings that familiar ballad that she was wont to sing in halcyon days when both were flushed with the golden dream of love.

The drunkard struggling with his first step, will pause beneath the window when he hears some song that he long years ago, and curse the music that shuts him out of home and har-

When the wayward impulses of youth lead him astray, and he wanders forth in the voyage of life, how quick his thoughts will revert to the scenes of his childhood when the strains of some familiar air, which he used to sing, strike upon his ear. 'Tis then he can sing with the Spirit and the understanding,
 "Mid pleasures and places wh'er I roam,
 Be it ever so humble there is no place like home."

And if he cannot sing, the sentiment travels through the chambers of his memory; while his heart beats responsive to the rhythm of its melody.

I need not urge upon you the necessity of providing that this important feature of our programme be carried out satisfactorily, for upon it much of the success of our entertainments depends.

Thus I might go on and enlarge upon the special advantages that each class of

exercises, usually participated in by members of Literary Societies possess. But I have taxed your patience too much already. I cannot, however, close this address without noticing some of the social advantages which the Literary Society officers.

SOCIAL.

The instinct of association, which is common to all the animal creation, is particularly manifest in man. We like to meet together and mingle in each other's company. This Society affords means for the social union of both sexes. It was a happy idea when the Society determined to admit ladies to membership. It has been fruitful of the best results. Their efforts have contributed in no small degree to the success of these entertainments. Young women exercise the greatest agency in forming the character of the sex. Young men, though their characters are in a great formed, require some powerful restraint just when they are becoming acquainted with the world. Young women with whom these young men associate are the guardians of their conduct and habits to a greater or less extent, because, they will pursue that line of conduct generally which will be most likely to meet their approval. Any young man who has no such restraining influence, becomes addicted to evil tendencies and ruinous practices. It is not surprising that young men, although, having no ambition to be classed as rowdies and loafers should, in choosing the alternative of spending a night in a dull abode, without agreeable company or home comforts of any kind, prefer the gambling or drinking saloon, or the midnight carousal of wicked and vicious companions. This may account for the shortcomings of many young men. They will have society of some sort, and must continue preforce to haunt the saloons if more healthy influences are not brought within their reach. Those young men who are destitute of religious principle, whose conduct and habits are immoral and vicious, are just that class who do not like the Society of females. In societies such as this, we have the deterrent influences of one sex modifying, controlling and regulating whatever is unseemly and distasteful in manner and conduct of the other; and thereby doing

much to round of the angularities of our crude natures. Nor do social, religious or political considerations operate as a hindrance to any one becoming a member of this Society. We extend a cordial invitation to all who are desirous of improving their minds without distinction of sex, creed or political predilections; so that we may be able to combine in one organization all the conditions that are necessary to enable us to cultivate to the best advantage all that is intellectual, heroic and aesthetic in our natures.

This is an age of progress of unprecedented intellectual activity; and any people who are content to slumber in mental inertia may expect to awake far behind in the race of life. Ignorance whether in white or black cannot expect to take precedence with education and refinement. You may put forth extraordinary pretensions, and claim extraordinary concessions, yet you will not be able to command regard for the one or respect for the other until you are in a position to enforce your demand by the power of intellect.

We are met to-night in the capacity of a Literary Society for the purpose of mental, moral and social improvement, a more commendable object could not engage our attention or enlist our sympathies.

In view of the demoralizing tendencies of the age the social entertainment of the young becomes a question of the gravest importance.

Therefore, no effort should be slighted that seeks to compass with healthy influences the youth of our town; that they may grow up to be good citizens and useful members of society. In no better way can this object be affected than by organizations such as this. We have young men and women of talent in our midst. Some have a talent for public speaking; some for writing; some for reading; while others have a talent for music. The Literary Society affords each an opportunity to exercise that talent and not only to acquire increased proficiency; but to develop that which is latent.

It is gratifying to take a retrospective view of the history of our Society, extending over a period of five years, and to notice the increased interest that has been manifested by the attendance at our monthly entertainments, as well as the improvement that has taken place in the character of the exercises. Some fine voices have been brought out in the musical department, while some of the literary efforts would cast no reflection upon the reputation of much older Societies.

It would not be amiss to remind the audience in this connection that a great deal of the success of the performers depends upon the approbation that they receive from the audience of their efforts to please. When amateurs volunteer to come before the public in order to promote a good cause, it is as little as the audience can do to shew their appreciation of the spirit which brings such persons out of the private walks of life. Especially should this obtain in the case of ladies. Their innate modesty naturally makes them of a retiring disposition, and disinclined to expose themselves to the ordeal of public criticism. And when they do come forward, actuated by such commendable motives, it is only reasonable that they should ask of the audience:—

"To be to their faults exceeding kind,
 And to their imperfections blind."

THE PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF INTemperance.

The moral effects of intemperance have been so frequently dwelt upon that it has become a theme, alas! too familiar to us. But there is another effect of intemperance, namely, the physical, which is quite as manifest in its operations and pernicious in its results, but which does not receive that attention which its importance demands.

There is an old Latin maxim, "A sound mind in a sound body." The question as to how they stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect, is one well worthy of investigation. In our humble opinion it would change the whole aspect of the temperance question to determine how far physical disability induces a craving for alcoholic stimulants. The drunkard would then be treated as any other invalid. Doubtless there are cases where men indulge merely for the purpose of gratifying a sensual appetite, but it is safe to assert that they are exceptional. It will be found on a closer investigation of the subject that where a man is tempted to indulge he is suffering from some real or imaginary physical discomfort, and in nine cases out of ten, he obtains temporary relief from the inhibition of alcoholic stimulants. In this way, he begets a habit of tipping, which grows upon him, day by day, until he becomes a confirmed drunkard.

The diseases, induced by a long-continued and excessive use of intoxicating beverages, are numerous, but we shall enumerate the most prominent only. The first upon the category of death's messengers, is *delirium tremens* or the mania of the drunkard. A few years ago, a case of the kind came under our observation. We found the sufferer tossing about on his bed, talking incoherently, staring wildly around him, grasping at whatever was within his reach, suspicious of those about him. He fancied that they intended him some bodily injury. He declared that rats and black cats were under his bed, that snakes and lice were crawling around him, and ferocious animals were about to pounce upon him. At times he would spring out of his bed, crouch down in a corner of the room in abject terror. His cries, shrieks, imprecations, together with his struggles to get out of bed, and the efforts of his attendants to restrain him, formed a spectacle truly appalling to witness. Here was a man of intelligence, formerly a magistrate, capable of unravelling knotty legal questions, with reason completely dethroned, and reduced to the condition of a disgusting, trembling idiot. This disease may be truly termed the "horror"; for there is no condition of the human mind capable of conjuring up such horrid phantasms, as haunt the brain of a dipsomaniac.

There are certain diseases, characterized by fatty degeneration of the tissues, engendered by the excessive use of alcohol. The heart, blood vessels, liver and kidneys, are particularly liable to take on this degenerative process. This condition often gives rise to those troublesome and oft-times incurable maladies called "dropsies." Frequently, it is the first intimation of the serious injury, that the system has received, from a long-continued habit of tipping. The walls of the heart become so attenuated, by becoming converted into fat, that frequently on the occurrence of an unusually strong effort to force the blood

through the obstructed channels of the body, they burst, and the drunkard may be said literally to have died of a "broken heart." The liver becomes converted into fat also, and when in that condition, it is called "gin-drinkers liver." Apoplexy frequently results from fatty degeneration of the blood-vessels in the brain, induced by the excessive use of liquor.

Alcohol, like grit in the machinery, interferes with the steady and harmonious action of the vital organs; and when the habit of drinking is carried to the extent of daily libations, it favors the production of almost all diseases, by lessening the power of resisting them. We do not claim that there are not certain conditions of the system which call for the use of alcoholic stimulants, (the nature of which only a medical man is competent to judge); but we do maintain, that the daily use of alcohol by a man in health, is positively injurious, and if persisted in, will engender disease in his system, and shorten his life.

The indulgence of a glass of wine begets a desire for stronger stimulants. He drinks more and more, until, becoming overstimulated, he is rendered incapable of doing himself further injury by the very excess of the debauch. He awakens from his drunken stupor, cold, nerveless and lifeless, drags his miserable cachectic body around to the nearest tavern for another dram, in order to quicken his feeble pulse, and infuse some warmth into his quivering frame. He loses his appetite; his digestive powers become weakened; his health impaired, miserable in body, imbruted in mind; his intellectual and moral faculties progressively deteriorated, until, at length, he has but one object in life, namely, to gratify a morbid appetite for alcohol. If death does not soon cut short his career, idleness steps in and draws a black line across the tablet of his memory, and cancels his past, present and future.

Alcoholism is as much a disease as consumption, and the victim is as wholly unable to control the ravages of the one as the other. It is a species of insanity; for that reason, Nosologists have classed it among diseases, and given it the name of *Alcoholomania*. It is amenable to medical treatment only. No amount of moralizing will deter a man from drinking who is confirmed in the habit. You may talk, preach, and pray, and while he will readily admit the cogency of your arguments, and will give gratifying assurances of his purpose to reform, he has not the moral power to carry out his good intentions. Therefore, it is to the reclamation of the moderate drinker, that the efforts of the philanthropist must be addressed. It is he who stands in the position of imminent danger. He flatters himself that he is able to restrain his appetite, and, therefore, indulges in a moderate course of tipping for many years, thereby implanting the germs of disease in his system, which, in course of time, will break out in some form of organic disease.

We might enumerate other diseases engendered by alcoholism, did space permit. Let the above suffice to show, that there is something more than the intellect and morals depraved. No one can look upon the emaciated form, bloated countenance, tottering gait, and agitated hand of the confirmed inebriate, without being convinced that the physical degeneration is quite as absolute as the moral and intellectual.

SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

A distinguished doctor has said that the tendency of science is towards atheism, and the apostles of modern scepticism have chuckled over the seeming conflict between science and revelation. Give science license and she will undermine our confidence in the authenticity of the divine revelation, and lead us by insidious devices to scepticism. The Romish clergy, startled by the clarion voice of the impending conflict, pronounced anathemas upon all who thought, wrote or spoke the heretical blasphemy of scientific truths—excommunication, persecution and imprisonment were but the precursors of the still more lingering torture of the rack, to those who had the temerity to promulgate scientific discoveries. When Gallileo affirmed that the sun stood still while the earth revolved around it, the startling declaration was pronounced a heresy, and the old man was thrown into prison, and there wasted in destitution and disgrace the hey-day of his life. His name was covered with obloquy, and his theory ridiculed by the Romish Clergy, until, his spirit yielding to physical infirmity, he was forced to pronounce upon his knees his recantation, as follows:—"I, Gallileo, being in my seventieth year, and a prisoner on my knees before your eminence, having before my eyes the Holy Gospel, which I touch with my hand, abjure, curse and detest the error and heresy of the movement of the earth."

Thus for a time revelation and science were in direct antagonism to each other. The efforts of the Romish clergy were directed to stifling the discussion of scientific truths, and every new discovery was looked upon with suspicion. Gallileo's theory of the earth's movement ran counter to the Scriptural declaration that the foundations of the earth are fixed so firmly that they cannot be moved. How could Joshua have commanded the sun to stand still, if it did not move? These were some of the questions with which the priests were wont to confound Gallileo. Very crude notions pervaded the minds of philosophers at that time with regard to the movements and construction of the earth. From the passage in Isaiah which reads, "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, that stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain, and spreadeth them out like a tent to dwell in." Casmos drew a theory that the earth was of the shape of a box surrounded by heavy walls which were cemented to the sky, and bounded by four oceans. The passage in the Psalms, "Praise him ye heavens and ye waters that be above the heavens," was interpreted to mean that there was a great cistern in the sky containing water. We can readily understand the language used in those passages to be rhetorical expressions, and within the comprehension of

the people at that time; for what could they have known of the nebular hypothesis, the binary theory, or cosonital changes?

The most imminent point at which science and revelation threaten to come into contact, is the evidence furnished by geology of the history of the creation. Geology, or that branch of science which treats of the formation and structure of the earth's surface, has revealed the fact that the earth is much older by millions of years, than the Scriptural account of the creation would lead us to suppose. A stone has been found in the mountains in Russia sixteen feet thick, which is composed of millions upon millions of animalculæ, and which must have existed ages before this world was fit for the habitation of man. There are those, however, who claim that the world was made in six days, as the Mosaic account of the creation affirms. Upon this seeming conflict between religious and scientific truths rests the malicious sophistries of atheists, pantheists, and the conservative doctrine of the positive philosophy. We are not sufficiently versed in that branch of science to offer any plausible explanation of such conflicting testimony. In the present crude state of scientific knowledge all speculations anent the matter must necessarily be vague and unsatisfactory; but I would merely remark that the Scriptural signification of the word "day," may mean a period of indefinite length; as we are told that with God one day is as a thousand years, and it may have been more the design of the narrator, in adopting that form of expression, to give us an idea of the purpose and plans of the Creator, than any conception our finite minds could form of its extent or duration.

The doctrine of miracles seem opposed to divine revelation, because they are a denial of natural laws, and could not have been performed in the manner indicated. Miracles were accomplished by supernatural agency; and because we finite beings, with our limited knowledge of physical and natural laws, cannot accomplish them, that is no proof that God cannot do it. A man dies, his body lies before us perfect in every part. Why cannot the appliances of science speak life into that body? because of our ignorance of those vital laws upon which life depends. The ancient magicians were enabled to turn their rods into serpents, because they were in possession of physical laws unknown to the people. How much more out of place does it seem to doubt the miracles of a Being whose presence is universal, and whose power is infinite.

We can safely assert, therefore, that there is nothing in science which leads to scepticism or atheism. The investigations of science may at times cause doubt, but that is not necessarily an evil. Doubt leads to inquiry and truth, and that word which is truth will emerge with super-

added glory from every obscurity thrown around it by the cunningly devised sophistries of sceptics predicated upon crude and fallacious scientific discoveries.

In my next article I will show in what way science is enlightening our understanding, and leading us to a proper knowledge of the plans and purposes of God in relation to us as the Creator and Sustainer of this earth and its inhabitants.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Is there any love like a mother's love?—the bleeding body of her favorite Son beside Ask that reprobate son how she sat up night the crystal waters of Paradise. In the muta- after night anxiously yet patiently waiting tions of time other calamities may become until morning he returned intoxicated, and familiar and loose something of their poig- with what disdain he regarded her love for nancy. But the contemplation of death, him. How he disobeyed and grieved her by whether it visit us in the busy whirl of every his spiteful treatment. How she toiled, day vocations, or in the more contemplative slaved and schemed for his benefit; and in quietude of our inner-life falls upon our senses the silent watches of the night how her pray- like sleet upon the new-born flower. What ers ascended in ceaseless petitions to God for are the fleeting joys of earth when compared his reformation. The more he hated and des- with the stern realities of death? They are pised her the more she loved him. This sin- but bubbles, which, for an instant, float light- gular inequality of affection is but one more- ly and gracefully upon the ambient air until of those beautiful arrangements of nature some rude breeze breaks their crystalline shells, made by that Providence which bestows good and then they vanish like vapor. The muta- so liberally in return for evil.

A mother's love is pure, spontaneous, un- selfish, patient, long-suffering, self-sacrific- ing. It is limited by no time or place condi- tion or circumstance. It is not chilled by ad- versity, or warped by inconstancy. It flows as purely for the wayward child as for the hope and promise of her declining years.— There is a something in the memory of it that breaks down the pride of manhood that softens the heart and brings back the feelings of childhood. ^{When she} ~~He~~ has suffered in sickness and despondency, or pined in a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, ~~but~~ ^{she} has thought of the sympathy of that mother who looked upon his childhood—that smoothed down his pillow and administered to his helplessness. Can you forget her ten- der solicitude and how the tendrils of her af- fection seemed to entwine around you? Have you any perception of that "good-bye" which pierces the mother's heart as she kisses the wondering little faces of the offsprings for the last time? if not you will realize it when you come to implant the last kiss upon that cold brow as she lay wrapped in the cerements of the grave. No! there is no love so forgiving, patient, trusting and endearing as a mother's love.

Death thrills our hearts with the same an- guish to-day that it did when Eve first beheld the bleeding body of her favorite Son beside the crystal waters of Paradise. In the muta- tions of time other calamities may become familiar and loose something of their poig- nancy. But the contemplation of death, whether it visit us in the busy whirl of every day vocations, or in the more contemplative quietude of our inner-life falls upon our senses like sleet upon the new-born flower. What are the fleeting joys of earth when compared with the stern realities of death? They are but bubbles, which, for an instant, float light- ly and gracefully upon the ambient air until some rude breeze breaks their crystalline shells, and then they vanish like vapor. The muta- tions of time, as seen through nature's kaleid- oscope, are constantly presenting to us the emptiness of earthly happiness, the frailty of human life, and the unerring certainty of death. At this season of the year, when nature hastens to decay, we are reminded in unmistakable accents that there is nothing certain in this life but the grave; that death is as inevitable as the rising and setting of the sun, and that death we are all dying. How impotent is the human mind to realize truths of such momentous importance. These are lessons which we cannot learn; these are warn- ings which we do not heed. We cannot con- ceive how reckless is the spirit which dances around the yawning chasm of the grave. We are all alike, guilty and morally blind. Am- bition weaves her illusive web before our eyes, and through its meshes our mental vision is held spell-bound by the fancy pictures which she paints—the wild, yet pleasing vagaries of a sinful life. Yet we cling to it with all the tenacity of a forlorn hope, although it so often disappoints our dearest joys, hopes and aspira- tions, and when we would drink to satiety of its comfort and consolation, and we imagine that we are in possession of that which will make our life as happy as a Syren's song. Fate dashes the cup from our lips, sips its sweetness from our soul, and leaves the bit- terness of grief to fill the void.

THE EMPTINESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

At times when the pulse of nature has ap- parently run down, and the tired spirit sighs for a release from the prison-house of clay; when discouraged battling against the woes and ills of life; when a loneliness steals over the mind and the heart flutters and frets against the bars of its prison-house, like a caged bird when it pants from its exertion, and would go out to mingle with its kindred, or seek to find companionship with its fellows; when the world looks cold and drear, and the sympathies of our better nature are crushed and bleeding; when our affections have been withered by the cold blast of misfortune—at such times as these do others feel that life is but to mourn and drag ourselves as worms through a weary pilgrimage. Do others look upon death as only a breaking off of the chains of Servitude? a closing up of a long and fearful catalogue of ills? a haven beyond a dreary desert in traveling over which our wants and feelings have never been satis- fied? Do they look upon life as a stormy ocean, where waves are continually tossing us to and fro, giving no rest to the weary wan- derer, and death as the distant shore, where they shall land and rest in safety? Do others look upon the ills, the vexations, the disap- pointments, the trials, the sorrows, the afflic- tions, and the heart burnings of life as neces- sary to our existence, and so bear up against them with fortitude and an iron will, could I believe that others thought so.

I would not borrow trouble,
For double is trouble when sought.

But then we cannot control our thoughts, they will ask the question of us, What is life that we should desire it, when with it there is so much of misery and wretchedness, so much of sorrow and sadness, so much grief and woe, so much of disappointment and trouble, vexa- tion and weariness? Have we a joy, it is mingled with pain; have we a pleasure, it is followed by a pang of sorrow; if there is a bright spot in our horizon it is soon covered with a cloud; have we an idol it is taken from us; or a love for any thing in life it is des- troyed, and we are left to mourn its loss. Yes, such is life, and as a part of the great family of man we must learn to bear our share without a murmur or repining.

APPOINTED.—Dr. Anderson R. Abbott has been appointed to the charge of the To- ronto General Hospital, during the tempora- ry absence of Dr. Hampton, the resident house surgeon.—*Toronto Leader*.

—At the hour of going to press, we received intelligence of the death of Ellen, beloved wife of Wilson R. Abbott, Esq., Toronto, and mother of Anderson R. Abbott, Esq., M. D., (associate Editor of this paper), Rev. Wm. H. Abbott, and Mrs. Amelia Watkin. Obituary in next issue.

OBITUARY.

It afforded us much gratification to be able to be present and take part in the obsequies of the late Sister Ellen Abbott, whom we have known for many years. For the past year, the disease with which she has been afflicted, namely, Disease of the Heart, had reduced her health and strength until she had become entirely helpless, and her relatives and friends lived in daily expectation of her death. Her physical sufferings were very great, but she bore them with Christian fortitude. In her dying moments she had the inexpressible sat- isfaction also of having all those most near and dear to her around her bedside, adminis- tering the last offices of affection and kind- ness.

The funeral services were conducted at the B. M. E. Church, which was suitably draped for the occasion. The body—enclosed in a beautiful casket, upon which was placed a wreath of flowers, and heavy silver plate bear- ing the following inscription—

"ELLEN ABBOTT,

"Aged 70 Years,
"Died, October 14th, 1874,"

was met at the door by the presiding Elder, the Rev. Seth D. Smith, and was borne by six pall-bearers up the aisle—the Elder lead- ing the way, reading the beautiful burial ser- vice, commencing: "I am the resurrection and the life." After the body had been de- posited before the altar, the Choir sang the favorite hymn of deceased—commencing, "How tedious and restless the hour,
When Jesus no longer I see."

After which Elder Smith preached the funeral sermon, which was eloquent and effec- tive in its warnings, admonitions and appeals to the hearts and consciences of those present. It was delivered with more than usual fervor. At the conclusion, the choir rendered a fun- eral anthem, in an impressive manner. A short time was then allowed for friends to view the corpse, which was taken advantage of by a large number of friends of the deceas- ed. After which the lid was removed over the glass case, which shut out forever, from the sight of weeping relatives and sympathizing friends, the face of one who exemplified in her life the graces of womanhood in all her relations of wife, mother and friend, and all the virtue and piety which adorns the charac- ter of a devout follower of the meek and low- ly Jesus.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

The days previous to the assassination of President Lincoln were devoted to festivities exceeding in brilliancy and grandeur anything I had ever before witnessed. Washington it may be said was on fire and the enthusiasm of the people ran up to white heat. All the resources of science and art were brought into requisition to give appropriate expression to the intense feeling of joy which thrilled the national heart. When it was announced that Richmond had fallen, such illuminations and feasts and military displays, firing off cannon and ringing of bells, will never recur in our generation. I little thought, as I strolled along Pennsylvania avenue that memorable Thursday evening, and witnessed the gay banners floating in the balmy spring air, and listened to the strains of martial music, and watched the crowds of people wild with excitement roll by,—I little thought that at that moment a plot was brewing which would turn all that meridian joy to sorrow's darkest night. I left the gay throng and wended my way homeward feeling somewhat hungry, for I had partaken so much of the general enthusiasm, that I had neglected to eat anything since morning. After supper I sallied forth, in company with a friend, in quest of some ladies who were to accompany us to witness the torchlight procession, which was to visit the house of Secretary Stanton that night. We were not long in finding either, for the ladies were found awaiting our arrival, and the whereabouts of the procession could readily be ascertained. The light of the torches and the music of the bands indicated that it was approaching from the direction of the Capitol. As far as the eye could reach from the elevated position we occupied, it appeared like a large fiery serpent winding its sinuous course through the streets and avenues. As it approached thousands who were assembled in front of the Secretary's house sent up a shout which made the welkin ring, which was echoed by the fiery cavalcade. After the waving of torches and banners, marching and counter-marching for some time, the Secretary stepped forward and addressed the people calmly and earnestly, and congratulated them upon the prospect of a speedy restoration of peace. It was nine o'clock p.m. when the Secretary had finished speaking, after which we repaired to a friend's house intending to spend the remainder of the evening in a quiet musical social. We had arranged to sing a quartette, and the young lady who presided at the piano had struck the first chord upon the instrument, when just at that instant a fierce ringing of the door bell was heard. On opening it the proprietor of the house entered with a slow hesitating step and an expression on his countenance I shall never forget, and said in a tremulous voice "I have sad news to tell you, President Lincoln has been shot at Ford's theatre to-night, and is dying; and Secretary Seward's throat has been cut from ear to ear." The effect of this announcement can be better imagined than described. We all stood dumb-founded or like statues. "Oh horrible!" exclaimed the ladies. "The Lord have mercy on us" was the pious ejaculation of the hostess. As soon as we had recovered from the shock I proposed that we should go around Secretary Seward's whose residence was at a short distance from there and satisfy ourselves as to the truth of the report. The

ladies acquiesced at once, in a short time we were on the street. For the first time during my stay in Washington I must confess that I was penetrated with a feeling of uncertain safety. I had been in the city on both occasions that it was besieged and when all means of escape had been cut off, but had no such apprehension as I experienced on this occasion. To what extent does this infamous plot extend? Is Sumner safe? Is Chase alive? These are some of the thoughts which chased each other through my brain as I walked along. By this time the clock had reached half-past eleven. The night had become very dark and Washington streets at that time were proverbially dark, because they are wide and were but sparsely lit with the gas, and the dark shadows of alleys, areas, and porches afforded convenient lurking places for garroters, murderers, assassins, and thieves. On this night it appeared unusually dark and unsafe to be abroad. As we passed Secretary Stanton's, we observed a cavalry man's horse standing at the door. We supposed it belonged to the courier who had been despatched to acquaint the Secretary of the danger. Lights appeared in the houses where all was darkness but a moment before, and as the inmates received the intelligence the illumination became more general and the windows and doors became crowded with anxious seekers after the latest news. But no one dared to ask. Conversation was carried on in a suppressed murmur, passers-by peered into each other's faces, as much as to say, "did you see anyone pass this way." At the corner of "H" and 15th streets, we met a man dressed in rebel clothing. He paused and scrutinized us for an instant then enquired the way to the corner of 15th, and 16th, streets. As these streets ran parallel, there could not possibly be such a locality. My friend supposed him to be one of the paroled prisoners who had been brought in but a few days previous. I was satisfied that he was one of the Military detectives who was scouting about the city in quest of the assassins. In the neighborhood of Lafayette square and Secretary Seward's house, we found an excited crowd of soldiers and citizens, who seemed to be arresting anyone who looked at all suspicious, so that my friend and I thought it prudent to remain at a safe distance. I remained in charge of the ladies while my friend was sent forward to reconnoiter, which he did with alacrity, and soon returned with news which, but too painfully, confirmed all that we had previously learned. In addition, he had been informed that J. Wilkes Booth was supposed to be the assassin, and that he had approached the President from the rear of the stage box, in which he was sitting in Ford's theatre, fired the fatal shot, jumped out of the box upon the stage, and had escaped by the side entrance. By this time the dreadful intelligence had been very widely circulated. Senators, Congressmen, heads of the different departments, Government clerks, rushed by us in a frenzy of excitement. Upon the opposite side of the street from the Secretary's house, the soldiers had arrested a man who had been found in the adjoining Park, (Lafayette). As the gates are locked at nine p.m., the fact of his being in the Park at that time of the night, was regarded with suspicion. It required the most strenuous efforts of the soldiers, and the most lavish use of the man's tongue, to prevent the crowd from tearing him to pieces! However, he

proved as satisfactorily as an intoxicated Irishman can, that he had fallen asleep on one of the benches, and had been locked in. Two other persons, who appeared to be in their *robe de chambre*, were pleading with the crowd for their freedom and lives. They had been dragged from their beds in adjoining houses, and were supposed to be implicated. It has always been an inexplicable fact to me how an assassin could ride up to a house, hitch his horse, force his way past a servant at the front door, ascend the stairs, strike down a man, enter a bed-chamber, mutilate another, and have a fierce and bloody conflict with another, and make his escape by remounting his horse and riding leisurely away, and all the while a sentinel pacing in front of the door, and part of the time a lady screaming "murder" out of the window. Overlooking the street, everything seemed tranquil about the Secretary's house, but a dull, deep gloom seemed to hang over it, and there was an ominous silence which indicated that something serious was transpiring within.

In only one room could a light be seen, and only at long intervals was anyone seen to pass in or out. The crowd around us had grown to a great extent, so that we thought it prudent to retire. On our return we met mounted officers galloping about; cavalry videts taking up positions in the streets; couriers making their way to the different outposts of the city; squads of pickets marching to the houses of the Cabinet Ministers. After escorting the ladies to their homes, my friend and I went to Ford's theatre, where we found pretty much the same state of things as we have just described. The soldiers had cleared a large space opposite the door of a three-story brick house opposite the theatre, in one room of which was the dying President, while his companion was prostrated with anguish in an adjoining room. We soon returned to our respective places of abode, and the lapse of a very brief period found us comfortably in our beds. About two o'clock a messenger from Mrs. Lincoln came to the door with a message requesting that Mrs. K. would come to her at once. I volunteered, of course, to accompany the lady. When we reached the White House, which we did with great difficulty, we found an impassable barrier to our further progress in the form of a squad of military; and it was with the greatest difficulty we could induce any one to take in our cards. After we had succeeded, we found our efforts were futile in that direction, for Mrs. Lincoln was with the President, at No. 453 Tenth street; we had therefore to make our way to that point. When I returned home I felt thoroughly jaded, and soon sank into a profound slumber, and was not conscious of anything more until twenty minutes past seven Friday morning, April 15th, 1865, when I was aroused by the first stroke of the bell, which told us that the President was dead. When I went down to breakfast I found the family in great consternation about a report in circulation that the water in the reservoir had been poisoned, so that we had to go without our tea and coffee. The report, however, proved to be unfounded. At nine o'clock I saw the remains of the President enclosed in a common pine "shell"—borne by six young men from the Quarter-Master's department,—removed to the White House. Business was suspended, and a spontaneous movement was being made to drape the public buildings, private residences, and places of

NOTICE.

business in mourning. Thus passed the night of horror and the dawn of day made memorable in the annals of infamy.—Reminiscences of Washington by Dr. Abbott.

any taint in the blood. Then, man cannot be held accountable for all his acts by moral laws, how can civil law, which is a human institution, so nicely adjust the scales of Justice as to meet out to each transgressor that just apportionment of punishment commensurate with the gravity of his crime.

This liability to overstep the province of justice becomes a question of serious import when the alternative is life or death. A too rigid penalty for crimes of a minor degree, such as burglary, arson, forgery, &c., may be swayed or curtailed by certain judicial loopholes by which a prisoner may escape a penalty, which, upon more mature deliberation, may be found to be too severe. But in those cases in which the death penalty is inflicted, there is no further appeal to earthly tribunals, and sometimes the hapless victim is launched into eternity before his crime has been weighed in the balance of "dispassionate, sound and adequately cultivated judgment." A very deplorable mistake under any circumstances, but especially so in the case of those whom there is reason to suspect are *non compos mentis*.

It is claimed that society must protect itself against lawlessness and violence, and that in defence it is to consider its own welfare paramount to other interests. It matters not what may have been the mental condition of the prisoner at the time of committing the crime, the only effectual safeguard against the recurrence of the crime is to stretch his neck. Does the infliction of capital punishment act as a moral deterrent. It is true that the sight of a human being launched into eternity while in the full vigor of health, surrounded by all the sombre accessories of a public execution: the coffin, the scaffold, the rope, the solemn procession, the pale, trembling, pinioned prisoner, the stern officials appointed to execute the law, the black cap drawn down over the face, the kneeling attitude over the vortex of the grave; the suppressed and earnest pleading for mercy, the thrill, the deep thud; the writhing, struggling, half-inanimate man; and then the cold, limp, lifeless thing, suspended between heaven and earth, as though it were unfit for either; form a picture well calculated to haunt the imagination. But what effect, as a moral deterrent, would such a scene have upon the morbid susceptibilities of such a man as McConnell, when even his position as chief actor in such a tragedy could elicit no demonstrations of contrition or remorse for his crime.

Society can never protect itself from the recurrence of such crimes as the one which had its mournful sequel in the City of Hampton a few months since. There is no effectual protection from the vagaries of a diseased mind. But from McConnell's fate we may draw some useful instruction to guide us in our intercourse with our fellow-man. There are many McConnells in our midst, and the expression "he is cracked," has a deeper significance than we usually give to it. Insanity in its incipient stages prevails to a greater extent than is commonly supposed. Yes, as full as is the contemplation, nevertheless, a fact. Individuals hitherto considered perfectly sane are suddenly and without any apparent cause seized with the most anxious emotions, and with a homicidal impulse explicable to themselves as to necessary, is it, then, in dealing with such cases, that we should

observe his mental qualities, observe his foibles, eccentricities, peculiarities of temper and disposition, and endeavor to avoid, as much as possible, any act on our part that would have a tendency to stir up these bad propensities. If we knew more of mental science we could trace with more distinctness the causes which lead to these peculiarities. We frequently speak of a boy as being irredeemable, irretrievably bad; of some man as a miscreant; of some woman as abandoned; and there is no condemnation too severe that we do not heap upon their defenceless heads.— But if we knew more of mental science, as we have before intimated, we should be able to make a proper allowance for those hereditary transmission of moral, physical and intellectual idiosyncrasies, which must always act as powerful factors in moulding the human character. As we said in a former connection, no one doubts the transmission of such diseases as consumption, scrofula, rheumatism and physical deformities, why should we doubt the transmission of those peculiarities in the parent which we see cropping out in the offspring. How frequently are these mental germs propagated by a vicious course of training, by circumstances by which we are surrounded, and over which we have no control. We had no choice of parentage, the time or place of our birth or our early education. We came into the world without our will and we leave it whether we will or no.

Yet our laws are framed upon the assumption that we are worldly responsible for all our acts. And upon this hypothesis we punish with imprisonment or death every infringement of the statute in such case made and provided. The young fledgling of a criminal has meted out to him the consequences of his crime with the same rigor as the hardened old criminal. And what is the result? We build more prisons, and our juvenile class of criminals increase. A standing refutation of the idea that either imprisonment or capital punishment is a preventative of crime—we do not mean to say that crime should go unpunished by any means, or that imprisonment or capital punishment should be abandoned—but that punishment should be for crime, and not as a preventative, because it does not prevent it. The only security society has against lawlessness, violence and crime, is in the proper training of the youth. "As soon as we see a youth exhibiting vicious propensities, lock him up in a reformatory. Let him become habituated to the good and the beautiful. Let him see, feel and know that he can have a thousand times more happiness and pleasure in the path of honesty and virtue than in the path of crime, and when the time comes for him to be placed in the world, the great probability is that he will make a respectable member of society, notwithstanding his inherent criminal propensities. Parents, knowing their own weak points, should watch for its appearance in the offspring, and do all they could to throw up barriers against their inherited weakness, simply by habituating their children to act both contrary. Habit cannot destroy inherited principles, but it can so modify them as to render them harmless, therefore, it is impossible to begin at too early an age to habituate a child to do what is right; and that great right is simply to be humble, respectful to parents, and obedient to parental authority. The next good that would be the result would be to have a man, so that

that previously borne a good character committed a crime, we would carefully examine, and see if he was not morally insane. If he is con-

THE NEW YEAR.

At twelve o'clock Thursday night the year of 1875 came tripping up, jocund with life and youth, and threw a beam of light upon the ghastly face of the old year, lighting it up for an instant with a smile like the hectic flush of Autumn before it passed into the oblivion of the eternities. It is very natural for us in reflecting upon the past year to ask ourselves the question, In what respect have we improved the time? Have we mastered any great resolve? Have we done anything to complete the symmetry of our characters, or do the sharp and irregular outlines of moral and religious deformities still remain to torture us with a consciousness of guilt? Has any bad habit which rendered our lives in the past a reproach to ourselves and a burden of anxiety to others, been removed? Are we any better for having lived another year; or, is the past to us a memory of wasted talents and misused opportunities. Does it tell of buried hopes of small achievements resulting from great expectations of bitter disappointments; of mountains evolving mice; of high ambition overleaping itself and sitting down in the darkness of despair? These are important questions. Let us now balance the account and see upon which side the credit stands,—for, what we have done we have done, and a record has been made of it either for our weal or woe. What we have written we have written. We cannot turn back the leaf to write it over again. How necessary is it then that we should make good use of the time that remains to us in doing good and bringing our lives more in conformity with His divine will.

What changes have taken place in the past year? What has death done to rob us of household idols? How many vacant chairs of absent or dead can we count at the table? How many eyes once so bright and full of expression, moving the heart with rapturous effect, now look out from the memorial windows of the soul a ghastly, sickly smile of disease and death? How many who were rich, by some sudden reverse of fortune, have become poor? Let these impressions sink deep into our hearts, and while our orisons ascend in grateful acknowledgment to Him who has lengthened out our days and preserved our unprofitable lives through the vicissitudes of the past year, let us begin the New Year with a renewed determination to "redeem the time not as fools but as wise." We wish our readers a happy New Year.

OBITUARY.

Died at Toronto, Ont., in the 70th year of her age, on Wednesday, Oct. 14th, Ellen Foyer, beloved wife of Wilson R. Abbott, Esq., and mother of Rev. Wm. H. Abbott and Anderson R. Abbott, Esq., M. D.

The subject of this obituary was born in Maryland in the year 1802. In the 17th year of her age she embraced religion in Baltimore, and up to the day of her death she strove to keep a burning lamp. She lived a consistent Christian, and was always ready to give an answer to those who asked her concerning the hope she had in and through Jesus. She delighted to talk about Jesus—

Jesus, all the day long,
Was her joy and her song.

One day I found her sitting up, and said to her, "I am glad to find you so much better as to be able to sit up." She replied, "Yes, I am here yet, but, like Paul, I must say: I live yet; not I but Jesus lives—in me the hope of Glory." On Tuesday, 13th, the day before she died, I administered to her the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After having partaken of the wine she remarked in a low voice, "I will drink it next in my Father's Kingdom." At 12 that night her eldest son, Dr. Abbott, who was watching at her bedside, noticing an unusual change in her appearance, aroused the family. On seeing her son-in-law, who entered shortly after, she said to him, "Well, you see I am still here. I may last a day longer, but my pilgrimage will soon be o'er." Mr. Watkins replied, "Mother, you have one consolation; you are not as one dying without a hope." "Yes," she said, "My faith is fixed upon a rock; nothing shall shake me from that foundation. Was it not for that I should be timid, nervous, and excited." While tossing about on her pillow she would exclaim, "Oh! how tired;" but in the next breath she would add, "I must wait with patience the Lord's time."—She requested them to sing, and her favourite hymn was sung—

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see,
Sweet prospect, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me.

This hymn led to her conversion 55 years ago, and was her favorite hymn to death.—On being asked by her husband how she felt with regard to Christ, she replied, "All right—sure, very sure!" On the following evening about six o'clock she began to sink very rapidly, but as she sank and Jordan's chilling waters began to freeze her life blood, yet she continued to express her strength and confidence in Christ Jesus. She could say with unfaltering firmness, "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." About one hour before she died she suddenly exclaimed, "The angels are coming, and I will soon be on the other side of Jordan; there I shall find rest and peace." In a few moments after she added, "Guardian angels watch over me; Jesus receive my spirit; Oh! Lord, receive us to rest," and then she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Oh! you that have no portion in heaven, no hope beyond the grave, come, see a Christian die. What supported her in the dying hour? what filled those dying eyes with such unwonted brightness? what gave such angelical animation to her dying countenance? Oh! glory to God. One mightier than death is in her dying chamber. King Jesus the conqueror of death is there, and she can sing with the psalmist—"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none upon the earth, I desire besides Thee."

The funeral moved from her late residence, corner of Terauly St., to the B. M. E. Church, Chestnut St., followed by a very large procession, where the funeral services were conducted by Rev. S. D. W. Smith, who took as his text 73 Psalms, 25th and 26th verses.—Sister Abbott leaves to mourn her loss an aged husband, three children, two sisters and others. May God enable them to bear up under their bereavement, and grant that when their pilgrimage ceases, they may die the triumphs of faith and sing with their departed saint the language of the poet—

Meet am I for the great reward—
The great reward I know is mine;
Come, Oh! my sweet, redeeming Lord,
Open those loving arms of Thine,
And take me up thy face to see,
And let me die to live with Thee.

The prayer is sealed, the soul is fled,
And sees her Saviour face to face;
But still she speaks to us, though dead,
She calls us to that heavenly place,
Where all the storms of life are o'er,
And pain and parting are no more.

AMEN.

For the *Messenger*:

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Sleep, Mother dear, thy task is o'er,
Those loving hands shall toil no more;
No more those tender eyes shall weep,
Sleep, dearest Mother, gently sleep.

The quiet eyes in heaven we see,
A loving light rain down on thee;
All living things around thee keep
A holy calm, sleep, Mother, sleep.

The birds that fly above thy tomb,
The flowers that o'er thee bud and bloom,
Seem weeping for thee, Mother dear,
And I cannot suppress a tear.

No longer in this world of woe
Thou roamest sadly to and fro;
All sorrow stayed, all gain is o'er,
Anguish and care thou wilt know no more.

Sleep, Mother dear, beside the now
I stay to rest my weary brow;
A quiet calm hath stilled my breast,
Rest, Mother darling, gently rest.

E. F. J. SNOWDEN.

For the *Missionary Messenger*.

FEAR OF DEATH.

Why do we fear death? Ah, who can answer? Monarch and subject, rich and poor, old and young, christian and sinner, all fear death. Life may be filled with joy for some, and the fear of death is to give up the known for the unknown. Many would drink still longer of the intoxicating cup of ambition. Drink to the very dregs, and their own souls peril. No wonder they shrink! Pitiless as they have often been, they are conscious of deserving little pity or mercy at the end. The sinner cries out "my sins are mine accusers," forgetting Mount Calvary, the thought of death to such as them is too terrible to be borne. If the fear of death, for obvious reasons, comes alike to the ambitious, the worldly joyous, and the sinner, why should it haunt the christian?

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

Not they of long visage, for pharisaical they stand in public places; nor they of great experience or long prayers, for they would be heard for their much speaking, but the christian in little things, self-communing, watchful, secretly praying, and they shrink. True, we may say, all are timid of changing the known for the unknown, but their faith is founded on a rock. Said a gentle long-suffering christian, "I am not afraid to meet my Judge, I am prepared for that, but I dread the dissolution, the parting of body and soul." There is the mystery explained. More beautiful it could not be.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The mystery of dissolution, the shadow, the shadow as deep and dark as the valley. The gentle invalid sleeps restfully; the dread of dissolution passed away before she slept, and her spirit is with the Judge she feared not to meet. A life of suffering that we would shrink from, even as from death itself, yet a life exceeding beautiful, patiently suffering, triumph closing.

REVIVAL AT VICTORIA CHAPEL.

A scene was witnessed at the last eucharistic feast in Victoria Chapel, Chatham, which must have stirred the deepest depths of human emotion. Thirty young converts, ranging between the ages of ten and twenty years, bowed in penitential reverence around the table of the Holy Communion. What a scene to contemplate! The whole company of angels with a shout, "loud as from numbers without number," must have proclaimed this signal victory over the flesh, the world, and the devil throughout the great empyrean. Whether it be viewed in its ethical results upon the community, or as a wonderful manifestation of the Holy Spirit, its importance expands beyond the range of human conception. Thirty young and tender hearts, with budding hopes, aspirations and yearnings for a better life, devoting their first-best being to the service of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

In former times revival efforts were undertaken solely with a view to the spiritual awakening of adults; and if incidentally, those of tender years were brought to Christ under their influence, it was regarded as the result of some collateral effort, not especially directed to the accomplishment of that end. It is only now that the Church is awakening to a sense of its duty in this respect: and these special efforts directed to the conversion of the young, are the first fruits of a more liberal and comprehensive spirit. It is apparent to every one that the youth is the natural source from which the church is to be strengthened and replenished; in view of the languishing condition of some of them, the question as to the best means of absorbing this great amount of youthful energy and activity, becomes a matter of vital importance. Doubtless, the Sabbath School is doing a great work in moulding the plastic nature of the children; but of what avail can it be if that work is not supplemented by the watch-care and oversight of the Church, at that period of adolescence, when, released from paternal authority, they stand upon the middle ground of moral restraint and total depravity.

Let us strive to encompass these little ones with every moral, social and religious influence that will sustain their growth in divine things. Now, more than ever, these tender plants need the brace of friendship to support them against the withering blast of evil tongues; the refreshing showers of spiritual advice and consolation, to comfort, direct and guide them in their struggle after a higher life; and the sunshine of christian love and sympathy, to encourage and strengthen them in a determination to live nearer Christ and to conform their lives more in accordance with his divine will and pleasure.

Almighty and ever-living God, who has vouchsafed to regenerate these thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins; we beseech thee, strengthen them, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and daily increase in them thy manifold gifts of grace; the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness; and fill them, O Lord, with the Spirit of thy Holy fear, now and for ever. Amen.

SOCIAL PESTS.

We all have our faults, whether they be faulted upon the right side or upon the wrong; whether they be errors of Omission or Commission; whether they spring from the head or the heart, in one way or another we are apt to overstep the golden mean. Therefore, when persons err, the tenor of whose lives has been in the main correct, we can palliate their offences, for inasmuch as "to err is human, to forgive divine." There is, however, a class of persons around whom we can throw no cloak of Charity; persons who are designedly and systematically disagreeable to those with whom they come in contact. Their chief purpose in life seems to be to ruffle the feelings of their fellow creatures. They are conscious of the power they possess, and take a special delight in exercising it. To this class of persons we apply the epithet "Social Pests." It is difficult to determine from what motive such a malevolent feeling springs, that renders the victim of it as irritating and obnoxious as an infectious disease. It would seem to arise from an innate human depravity, uncontrolled by any moral principle. Such persons have acquired the art of tantalizing you without provoking a direct *causus belli*, unknown in any other sphere of action. They may be found in every state and condition of society, and the higher you trace them in the social scale the more unlimited their prerogative becomes. You frequently come in contact with them in public conveyances. They are longer in getting in and longer in getting out and take up more room than anyone else. They tread on your toes, thrust their elbows into your ribs, and, by their restlessness and selfish demeanour, render themselves very disagreeable traveling companions. Although very effective in putting everybody on nettles in this way, yet it is in places of public amusement that they find a more legitimate sphere for the exercise of their peculiar traits. They convert what you intended should be a source of pleasure and relaxation, into a mental blister, by cracking nuts and throwing the hulls on the floor, and by carrying on a noisy conversation. They will find it necessary to go out fifty times during the performance of a piece, no matter how many heads they have to climb over or how many persons are inconvenienced thereby. An innate love of mischief-making frequently prompts the erratic behaviour of social pests. At one of the last of Mr. Dickens' readings in Washington it is said that while reading one of the most effective passages in "David Copperfield," where poor Tim exclaims in the agony of his soul, "God bless us all," one of these characters sitting in the audience pinched a dog's tail which set up such a prolonged and doleful howl that it threw the audience and Mr. Dickens into profound laughter, and entirely spoiled the effect of the passage. On another occasion one of these brumagens has been seen to request a friend sitting near him to touch a stranger and indicate to him (the stranger) that he wished to speak to him, and when his friend complied with his request he pretended to be perfectly oblivious of the presence of either, and left both to explain matters as best they might.

There is another class of social pests who are continually mortifying the flesh, and seem to be in their natural element only when they are thrusting thorns into somebody else.

They will meet you in a narrow path and step out into the mud before you approach them. After you have passed they will say:—"Did you see that ignorant fellow elbow me into the mud? that is what he calls politeness!" There are persons who render themselves social pests, not from any desire to be considered, but from an inability to appreciate the sensibilities of others; they display that lack of mental equipoise that we characterize as eccentric. The most important enquiry which concerns us is what is the proper remedy for this evil. A great deal of nonsense is talked about letting people do as they please. People may do a great many things which are offensive to public taste so long as they do not trench upon the comfort and privileges of others; but common sense dictates that there is a limit to the extent a man may do as he pleases either to himself or his neighbor. As it is the duty of society to protect itself from annoyance, insult and injury; the question as to how far a man may exercise the right, power, or privilege of annoying his neighbor without rendering himself liable to judicial proceedings, may become some day the subject of judicial enquiry.

TIME FLIES.

We are living in an eventful period; new wonders are ceaselessly unfolding themselves, and so fleet is their succession that we cannot suppress the conviction that the present state of affairs presages one of the most eventful periods in the history of the world. Mutability is written on all things, and the world does not exceed in stability the vaporous life of man. The earth is the capacious mortar of that Arch-chemist, Nature in which nations, families and individuals are being triturated into new combinations. One half of the world is supporting the other half and the fight between life and death is a battle in which victory is evenly balanced. Every succeeding year is forcing the conviction upon the mind that the cycle of time is cutting its final swarths. Disasters on the sea, conflagrations on the land are continually thrilling the heart with terrifying details; men distinguished for their learning, statesmanship and valor have been swept away as in a malstrom. Fires lay waste vast tracts of country and lick up with remorseless tongues the accumulations of years. Earthquakes and tempests rend the earth and sweep over forests and city. The telescope reveals to us changes taking place in the stellar system; planets which have been visible for centuries have suddenly disappeared; others have changed their color from blue to red, and *vice versa*. A most intimate relation seems to exist between these solar disturbances and the condition of the world. We should be reminded that forces are in existence and surrounding us which are able to destroy the world at any moment. We see social upheavals violent and extensive in all their character taking place, and we see schism of every kind under the garb of liberalism esconced within the pale of the church. Mormonism, socialism with their gross sensuality has set up its shrine, and summoned their devotees; along with these spiritualism, positivism and pantheism.

An insane greed of gold has made us supremely selfish, and obliterated from the minds of many all sense of right and wrong. We now go upon the principle of the eastern Kings, "Let him take who has the power, and let him keep who can." Yet with all these

imperfections the present seems to be the *ne plus ultra* of civilization; the intellectual power of man is broad-cast over the land. The genius of education is marshalling powerful states and kingdoms and bringing an almost irresistible enginery into the world. Each succeeding year astonishes us with some new discoveries, improvement and inventions of scientific, mechanical and artistic appliances.—Events follow events; crisis comes crashing upon crises in such rapid succession that we no sooner begin to wonder at one than we are startled and overwhelmed by the magnitude and gravity of the other.

The question, whither are we drifting, might very reasonably be asked this year of 1875. The rapid achievement of great events would seem to indicate that the remaining space is short, and therefore, work that has to be done must be done quickly. It is not our intention to cause unnecessary apprehension, but we cannot refrain from expressing our conviction that the cycle of time is cutting its final swarths. Is the end of the cycle of time spoken of in Daniel when the stone out of the mountain should fall from the head of the image and the toes should be broken to pieces, approaching its consummation; contemporaneous with this event we are told is to be the fall of the papacy. So much of the prophecy has been fulfilled in the destruction of the Napoleonic dynasty, we are told also that we are to "run to and fro," which may have reference to our increased facilities for travel, and 'knowledge shall be increased.' The diffusion of knowledge is to date from the papacy and the restoration of the Jews to the Holy Land is to follow after which, according to the prophecy the third and last stage of the world's existence will approach rapidly to the final scene; moreover the lapse of two periods of 2000 years each records the two most important events in the history of the world. It was about two thousand years after the creation of the world that it was destroyed by a flood; the lapse of 2000 years more records the birth of Christ. So that the conviction is gradually forcing itself upon the minds of thinking men that we are living in a period pregnant with such thrilling events which, if they do not pretend a speedy dissolution of the earth, certainly indicate the proximity of some wonderful transformation. Therefore let us set about putting our house in order, for our days are swifter than a weavers shuttle, they pass away "as the swift ship, as the eagle that hasteth to the prey."

—The late Mrs. Abbott once remarked to a friend, during her illness, that she did not shrink from death more than the physical struggle attending dissolution. This remark suggested to an accomplished young lady the thoughts embodied in an article which appears in our columns under the caption—"Fear of Death."

Two interesting letters from Rev. Mr.

BIRTH.

At Melton, on Friday, the 21st inst., the wife of JOSEPH B. ALLEN, merchant of a son.

At Dunnville, Ont., on the 19th inst., the wife of A. T. MACARTNEY, of a daughter.

At Chatham, on 25th inst., the wife of Dr. A. R. ABBOTT, of a daughter.

In this city, on the 6th Nov., WILSON RUFFIN ABBOTT, Esq., in the 75th year of his age.

The funeral will take place from the B.M.E. Church, Chestnut-street, on Wednesday, the 8th inst., at 2 o'clock p.m. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend without further notice.

At Belleville, on the 25th October, GEORGE ANAT.

DIED,

In Toronto, Ont., Monday, 6th of November, at 5 o'clock a. m., Wilson R. Abbott, Esq., in the 75th year of his age.

The deceased was born in the City of Richmond, Va., in the year 1801. He was the eldest of five children. As soon as he could work he was apprenticed to a trade, and at the age of 15 he left his home and went to Alabama. Although quite a young man at this time his energy and ability secured for him the important and responsible position of steward on one of the large steamers plying upon the Mississippi River. While in this employment he married Miss Ellen Toyer, of Baltimore, Maryland, in the year 1830. He had accumulated sufficient means by this time to enable him to open a provision store in the city of Mobile. It was at this time that he experienced the wisdom of the choice he had made of a companion for life. She taught him to read and write, and by her frugal industrious habits aided him very materially in accumulating considerable means in money and property. She taught him to read the Bible, and by her soft and gentle disposition assuaged the strong impulses of his ambitious spirit. It was by the influence of her piety and christian example that he was convinced of the error of his way, and was induced by the influence of her leading an exemplary christian life to join the Methodist Church. He carried on his business very successfully until the breaking out of the "Mat Turner" insurrection, about the year 1835, when a statute was passed by the Legislature of the State of Alabama, compelling all free colored men to enter into bonds of \$500 and two securities, white male citizens as a guarantee for their good behavior. His noble spirit could not brook such an outrage, and he would not submit to it, in consequence of which he received warning that his house should be broken into that night, and his store pillaged, and that if he and his companion would escape violence and perhaps death, he had better leave the city forthwith. He immediately sent his wife to New Orleans, and, gathering up what means he had available, followed her. His house was pillaged and his business scattered to to the winds by these desperadoes, one of whom was his secret informant. Finding no hope of ever regaining his losses he determined to leave the United States and come to Canada. He landed in the city of Toronto in the year 1835. He took part in the rebellion which broke out in 1837. Was present at the attack on the rebel forces which had taken possession of Montgomery's tavern, outside of Toronto. He served as a soldier at Queens-ton also, and was stationed with a company of colored men at Navy Island. His subsequent career in this city is familiar to many, and need not be recited here. Suffice it to say that he has lived an exemplary life as a husband, father, citizen and friend, and died a christian. He leaves to mourn his loss two sons—A. R. Abbott, Esq., M. D., Coroner of Kent Co., and Rev. Wm. H. Abbott, Pastor of the B.M.E. Church, at Hamilton; also an only daughter, Mrs. Amelia Watkins, an accomplished christian lady, who seems to be imbued with many of the noble qualities of a christian mother; also a large circle of relations and friends. His remains were con-

veyed to the B.M.E. Church, where a funeral sermon was preached to a large congregation, by Rev. S.D.W. Smith, from Rev., chap. 21, 3rd and 4th verse: And I heard a voice out of heaven saying, "There shall be no more death."

The funeral sermon will appear in the next issue by request.

S. D. W. S.

WILSON R. ABBOTT,

This illustrious and venerable old gentleman, father of Dr. A. R. Abbott, of this town, and Rev'd Wm. H. Abbott, of Hamilton, after a prolonged illness of six weeks has been removed to his residence in Toronto. He was very feeble, and fears are entertained of his possible death ere he reaches his home. Two of his children—Dr. A. R. Abbott and Mrs. Amelia Watkins—accompany him on his upropitious journey. We wish the party a safe arrival.

Since writing the above we have learned of the safe arrival of all the party at Toronto.

AUTUMN.

Autumn may be said to be the senescence of nature. It is the season when the emotional faculties are most active, and poets tune their harps to loftier strains. A deep melancholy broods over things. The calm beauty of the sky, the plaintive melody of the birds, the sighing of the wind, the gloomy clouds, all seem to invoke the weary soul to Nature's cloister, to find rest from the irritating cares of life. But soon the hectic flush which now brightens the face of Nature will disappear, and the waning season will sink into the sleep of death. Leaf after leaf will drop, and tint after tint will fade, and so will pass the glories of the slowly fading year. While the woodlands are aglow with the variegated hues of autumnal foliage, come with me to the blue-capped hills and evergreen vales of our woodland districts, and view the ever-changing beauties of the landscape. The gorgeous scenes of foreign climes, bathed in the mellow blush of a summer's sun, have attractions which justly challenge the highest admiration, but none which can surpass the beautiful landscapes of our Canadian woodlands, in all the gaudy magnificence of their multi-colored dress.

The narrowing circuit of the sun now shortens the declining day. His flaming lances shoot far, far into the immensity of space above, below, around, fringing the purple clouds with silvery white, and casting over the broad surface of the lake a bridge of molten gold.

The gaudy plumage of the maple, beach, oak and elm trees, shaken by the autumnal winds, cover the earth like a variegated carpet, or hang shimmering on the branches in brilliant hues of crimson, yellow, russet and golden green.

The wild deer snuffs the soft breezes of the balmy Indian summer air, burdened with the fragrance of autumnal fruits.

The perfume of wild flowers, which love to bloom in woodland bowers, seem to rise like a votive offering to the God of all this beauty.

The frightened rabbit, startled from his mid-day lair, darts swiftly athwart the winding path; and from the dense growth of cedars the whirring partridge cleaves the trembling air. High over head the chattering squirrel nimbly hops from tree to tree, and calls his glossy mate to some newly discovered feast.

From the wooded hill the thrush bursts forth in melody, and the soft coo of the pea-dove falls upon the ear like the plaintive cadence of some once familiar song.

The swollen rivers madly rush on for many miles, amid tree-clad banks and mountain gorges, to swell the mighty inland seas, which stretch out, in unbroken magnificence, far, far beyond the setting sun.

You may have gazed on gorgeous landscapes beneath Italian skies, or from the summit of the capitolian dome looked forth upon the combined grandeur of both God and man's handiwork; and yet you will not have seen all that is beautiful, wonderful, and comparatively grand, until you have beheld a Canadian autumnal scene.

A.

Toronto, Oct. 26.

WHEN ALL IS DONE.

From The Bookman.

When all is done, and my last word is said,
And ye who loved me murmur, "He is dead,"
Let no one weep, for fear that I should know,
And sorrow, too, that ye should sorrow so.

When all is done and in the oozing clay,
Ye lay this cast-off hull of mine away,
Pray not for me, for, after long despair,
The quiet of the grave will be a prayer.

For I have suffered loss and grievous pain,
The hurts of hatred and the world's disdain,
And wounds so deep that love, well-tried and pure,
Had not the pow'r to ease them or to cure.

When all is done, say not my day is o'er,
And that thr' the night I seek a dimmer shore;
Say rather that my morn has just begun,—
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun.

When all is done.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

FOR THE MESSENGER.

The sunset lingers in the West,
The sea-bird's gone to rest,
The evening shadows gather fast
Upon the ocean's breast.

My white-winged bark floats gently on
To blue and sunny skies,
Where the golden-plumed Oriole
In wintry weather hies.

Here I would find a safe retreat
From life's tempestuous seas;
Here, on this wild of waters, would
This heavy heart find ease.

But in this peaceful twilight gloom
Sad thoughts unbidden rise,
Fond hearts and kindred ties.

For one sweet face among the throng,
Still haunts my memory;
True as the south-bird's homeward flight,
My heart love turns to thee.

Oh! Virgin empress of the night,
Effuse thy silvery sheen;
Oh! Twinkling stars whose trembling light
Descend in liquid beams,

Shed o'er the path of her I love
Thy warmest purest light,
As lonely, sad she wanders by
The surf-washed shore to-night.

Oh! Gentle, loving, weeping heart,
No more with anguish burn,
Whisper winds so softly kind—
Beloved, I will return.

Chatham, May 12, 1875.
ARA.

ENGAGED.

When we see a seat marked "engaged" at a concert or lecture, we know that it has been secured for the use of some one. But is difficult to understand how such a term applies to such a creature of volition as man. "He is engaged to me," quoths the fair one; and, although he may not have a ticket appended to his person attesting the fact, nevertheless he is as much at her disposal as the seat at the concert or lecture. Probably this may account for the strong desire so generally manifested to keep a matter of such a delicate nature a secret. I think it is the only thing about which a man may be excused for prevaricating. From the time that he drops a confidential hint to his washer-woman, the news of his engagement spreads like a prairie-fire, until it is in the mouth of every tea-drinking female in the community. He becomes "an object of interest." People stare at him as if he were some *rara avis*. Even the boys in the street notice something unusual in his appearance. His gait, dress, and conversation become the subject of criticism, and it can be told with the most painful accuracy how many times he has sneezed during the last 24 hours. To avoid the quizzical eyes of the public, he makes circuitous trips on unfrequented thoroughfares, for to be seen walking in the vicinity of a clergyman's house is positive evidence of matrimonial predilections. Ladies, usually sympathetic in other respects, take peculiar pleasure in tantalizing victims of this sort. They will meet him in a crowded street and subject him to a *chasing* cross-examination, and although

he may disclaim with the most solemn as-servations all knowledge of the matter, yet they will protest in congratulating him on the event as though it were a *fait accompli*, admitting of no such contingency as a slip between the cup and the lip. It is difficult to conceive a man placed in a more embarrassing situation than to be surrounded by a dozen females bent upon mischief of this sort: he must needs be as impassive as an oyster to maintain his mental equipoise. If battle engagements try men's souls, marriage engagements try men's reputations.—Every exhibition of infantile perversity or indiscretion of which he has been guilty—the result of adolescent ignorance or youthful inexperience—is hashed up for the delectation of the *quid nuncs*. His name is borne about upon every whiff of gossip, and he may congratulate himself if he passes through the ordeal without his reputation being seriously compromised by the malicious tongues of loose-lipped gossip-mongers. Even otherwise well-ordered people are guilty of prying into other people's business in such matters as this. It is difficult to understand why they should interest themselves so much about a matter so personal.

He is not only subjected to annoyances abroad but at home: he is treated as an imbecile: he must tamely submit to have every domestic privilege ruthlessly curtailed: he is ordered to sleep in the garret: his room is turned topsy-turvy: his diet is reduced to cold meat and crackers, which he must eat with very primitive appliances: every chair in the house is improvised into a sort of clothes-horse, for the reception of silks, tarltons,

laces, and other furbelows: he is prohibited entering certain rooms, and he steals about the halls and passages of his once quiet home with a cowardly apprehension that he will see or do something that he should not.

However religiously he may have observed secrecy with regard to the matter, the time comes at last when he must make a full confession to the clergyman and magistrate. He approaches those officials with the hesitating step of a guilty school boy, and conducts himself in a manner to justify any uncomplimentary allusion to the length of his ears.

The dress coat usually worn on such occasions is another source of anxiety. Dame Fashion could not have devised a more fruitful source of discomfort and folly than to compel a man to wear such an *outré* garment under the embarrassing circumstances of a wedding ceremony. Procuring the license, and the etiquette to be observed on such occasions present obstacles to him more or less insurmountable.

Surely, then, the preliminary arrangements incident to an event of so much importance present difficulties sufficiently perplexing without the official intermeddling of persons, who, perhaps, if they should hear that you had died suddenly, would not trouble themselves to look in the papers next morning for your obituary.

SEMPER VIRIDUS.

Spring Flowers.

Welcome, welcome, first-born flower!
What hast thou to tell
Of genial sun and April shower,
And birds in leafy cell?

Tell me of what the flowers are dreaming
These many months of snow;
Tell me of all the beauty sleeping
In the warm earth below.

Tell me how the asphodels
Are donning their coats so showy,
And how the blue-eyed heather bells
Are bursting into glory.

Oh, speak of all the feathered throng
That fill the encircling air
With a thousand sparkling gems of song,
When all around is fair.

Oh, speak of all the pretty birds,
Of brooks with ripples gleaming;
Of all the joyous flocks and herds,
And streams with fishes teeming.

Tell me when all the beauty rife
In earth, in air, in main,
Touched by the magic wand of life,
Shall blush and bloom again.

Oh, Sister, take this lovely flower,
And nurse it tenderly;
Twill breathe and bloom its fleeting hour,
Dear one, alone for thee.

And if, perchance, it seem to die,
And all its sweetness wane,
In the warmth of your soft bright eye
It will revive again.

Toronto, April, 1870.
ARA.

A WOMAN AT THE CENTENNIAL.

LETTER NO. 1.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot speak in too enthusiastic terms of this Exposition or give you an approximate idea of its magnitude. Words are inadequate to portray its magnificence or splendor. It stands unrivalled in the history of the world, not excepting the glories of Solomon's Temple. Whether you view it as a triumph of the human intellect or a result of human energy it expands beyond the gauge of human conception; it transcends all powers of description, and therefore I will not attempt to describe what is absolutely indescribable. I will merely enumerate some of the most prominent objects which came under my personal observation during a few days' visit. It would be impossible for me to tell you all that I saw. I came here with the determination to see everything, but the constant strain upon the eye cannot be borne without considerable pain and discomfort. I spent the greater part of a day in Machinery Hall and looked, and looked, and looked, until I thought my eyes were crossed, and then did not see more than the hundredth part of the exhibits. I arrived at Philadelphia at 1 a.m., after an irksome journey of thirty-one hours. We missed the passage through the Lehigh Valley by day light owing to a bridge being broken down, which had precipitated a freight train into the Susquehanna river.

It is said that a monument intended to be placed in the Exposition in honor of Bishop Allen, the founder of the A. M. E. Church, went down with it. The accident above referred to compelled me to take the Buffalo & Erie R. R., and it was a trip full of discomfort and inconvenience. Landing at the depot you take the street cars to the hotel. When you arrive here you will find that by leaving your checks at the office of the Union Transfer Co., your baggage will be brought to your hotel for 75 cents. If you wish to go into the grounds you must provide yourself with even change, either a fifty cent piece for one person or a dollar for two, for in no case is change given at the gate. You then take your position in the file of people, and await your turn to go through one of the twenty gates for entering the grounds. At the front of the gate stands a man who passes you through a turn-stile. About midway is a receptacle attended by another person, into which you drop the fee or ticket of admission. You then pass on through the inner gate, where stands another attendant. The turn-stiles register every one who goes into the grounds. If you

have any luggage or traps which may be inconvenient for you to carry around with you, by paying 25 cents, you can leave them at one of the numerous repositories for baggage on the ground, taking a check, so that you can claim them again. The best way is to proceed methodically by taking a general view of the grounds on board the cars of the all-around-the-grounds Railroad, for this you pay five cents, and they whisk you around in twenty minutes. During this ride you pass the Main Exhibition Building, 1880x464 feet, composed of glass and iron, having a foundation of brick six feet high. All the buildings except Memorial Hall are composed of the same material. Memorial Hall is a roughly fire-proof building composed of granite and iron, erected at a cost of a million and a half dollars. It is 365 feet by 210 feet wide, surmounted by a dome. It is appropriated to the display of the fine arts, and is designed to remain a permanent structure. Machinery Hall is 402 feet long and 360 feet wide. Agricultural Hall is 826 feet long by 540 wide. Horticultural Hall is 383 feet long and 193 feet wide. Besides these there is the Woman's Building, the Government buildings and one hundred and fifty buildings of minor importance, some of which you can see in five or ten minutes, while others are worthy of a more prolonged inspection. The grounds are laid out in grass plots, with wide avenues of asphalt pavement intersecting them at right angles. The grass plots are

beds are bordered with an ornamental iron fence about six inches high, representing the boughs of trees intertwined. Seats for the weary are placed in convenient places, and small saloons where you may wash, arrange your toilet and rest yourself on a lounge, free of charge. Attendants, who generally have some article to sell in the enclosure, will wait upon you. Many ladies who become sick or exhausted upon the ground find these retreats invaluable. The ground about the principle buildings is level, occasionally broken by a ravine. These ravines are spanned by bridges. Fountains are kept constantly playing, one of them represents a huge pile of rocks 20 feet high, and from every crevice spurts a stream. There is also an artificial lake, in which may be seen gondolas gliding along. All along the walks the eye rests upon acres of the rarest and most beautiful flowers. In the vicinity of Horticultural Hall there are several acres of choice flowers, laid out in the form of stars, representing each State in the Union, besides ornamental trees and plants from Japan, China, and other parts of the world. Here are congregated people of all nations, Turks, Japanese, Norwegians, Swedes, Hawaiian Islanders, and Australians, all chatting in their peculiar vernacular. The Turks like the Chinese, Japanese, and Spanish, are of an olive complexion. They wear a blouse of silk, generally blue, confined at the waist by a sash. The breeches are loose, and caught in at the knee, white silk stockings and sandals complete the outfit. The face is clean shaven, excepting a long black moustache. The hair is black, and inclined to curl. The eyes are large, black and lustrous. They have small hands and feet, and are generally regarded by the fair sex as being very pretty men. One handsome fellow in the Turkish Bazaar, stood six feet in height; he wore a turban and fez, with a large fold of some bright colored material forming a brim. He seemed to be the centre of attraction for a large bevy of girls, who were induced to buy something, in order that they might have a chat with the handsome young Turk. Turning to his companion now and then he would smile at their infatuation. The Chinamen are very richly dressed. They wear a long silk gown reaching to the ankle. The sleeves are wide and flowing. A very large fan is suspended from the waist, and they wear a necklace of beads and several bracelets around the arms and wrists. The head is shaved, with the exception of a tuft at the back, which is allowed to grow, and forms a cue or long plait, which reaches to the ground. The face is shaven also except a moustache and sometimes a goatee. They wear a peculiar canoe-shaped shoe with very thick soles. They walk with very long strides and when too closely pressed by the gaping crowd, they give their fans a sudden whisk outwards, as if they were brushing away a swarm of flies. They present the usual appearance of John as seen in this country, the same sleepy, almond-shaped eyes and high cheek bones. Although the Chinese and the Turks as a general thing retain their national costume, yet, occasionally, you meet with a non-descript dress, consisting at times of a blouse, plug hat, and a pair of brogans, it is needless to add that such a style of dress produces a very striking effect.

The Japanese attending the Centennial have adopted the European style of dress. I cannot admire their taste. They do not wear the dress with dignity and being men of small stature, they present a rather insignificant appearance appraised in the orthodox hat, pants and coat.

There are numerous places on the grounds where you can satisfy the inner man. You can get delicious ice cream at the French Restaurant; hot rolls and coffee that is coffee at the Vienna Bakery. Then there is the Lafayette Restaurant, the Public Comfort, and many other places where you can get a meal to suit the most epicurean taste. There are tents also where you may sleep so that you need not go off the grounds during your visit. There is no crowding either on the grounds or in the buildings. Now and then a throng may gather around some object of interest, and frequently children are

strutted in these crowds, and would be tripped under foot but for the services of a policeman, who catches up the child and bears it out of danger. It would seem to an on-looker that every other man is a policeman, engaged either in directing the throng, rescuing the children, or guarding some of the most valuable exhibits. They are what policemen should be, polite and obliging. If your child is weary, they will direct you to a retiring room. In fact, if they were not thus employed, it would be difficult to tell for what other purpose their services are required. Certainly, it is not to keep order, for there was never a more orderly, well-behaved class of people congregated within one enclosure, than you find here. Every one seems to enjoy a perfect freedom from restraint. You can talk to anyone you please without the fear of being snubbed, each has a smile and pleasant remark for the other. During the Pennsylvania Day, when an immense throng of 300,000 persons were assembled, the utmost good humor prevailed when anyone jostled you or trod upon your corns, you smiled and requested them not to mention it. In fact, you feel in a mood to bear any little discomfort of that kind as a matter of course.

CELESTE.

Camden, N. J., Sept. 21, 1876.

A WOMAN AT THE CENTENNIAL.

LETTER NO. 2.

MR. EDITOR,—I forgot to mention in my last letter that the cities of Jerusalem and Paris are laid out in miniature on the grounds with streets, houses, churches, bridges, gates, parks, boulevards and all the features characteristic of a metropolis. It is amusing to notice the diversity of tastes, interest and inclinations manifested by different visitors, especially by the different sexes. In a party of visitors you will find the gentlemen absorbed in the examination of specimens of Iron Pyrites or the operation of a gig saw, while the ladies are far in advance of them examining some of Tiffany's collection of jewelry, or probably have got through the building and are ready to do another one. When the gentleman awakes from their abstraction, and find their lady friends missing, they start off in a hurry and generally spend the remainder of the day in a futile attempt to find them; the chances are ten to one that they do not meet again until they reach the hotel. The gentlemen, of course, upbraid their companions for their hurried and careless inspection of the exhibits; but when the party comes to compare notes it is found that the ladies have seen a great deal more and everything equally as well. Unless a gentleman makes up his mind to devote himself entirely to the service of the ladies, and spend a great deal of his time in the examination of female attire and baby clothes, he had better forego the ladies company. I was much amused at a party who entered the grounds yesterday, quite a dispute arose as to the inspection of what building the day should be devoted. The gentlemen wished to visit the Agricultural Hall; the ladies preferred going to Memorial Hall to see the statuary and paintings; for a time it seemed that matters were upon a dead centre, when one of the ladies declared that she would not be dragged around among the noisy machinery as she had been all the day before; and marshalling her lady friends led them off triumphantly to the Ladies Pavilion; while the gentlemen brought up the rear like Jewish captives on their way to Baby-lon.

Among other things which strike the observer is the large number of children brought to the Centennial. You see black nurses with their Evas. German nurses wearing long white aprons and normandy caps, with the children in their arms following their mistresses; and parents carrying their children. It is difficult to tell for what purpose the children are brought here, when you reflect that the fully developed faculties of an adult cannot take in the surroundings. Perhaps it is because the parents entertain the

vague hope that their children, like General Washington's nurse will survive the next Centennial and be able to boast of having seen this one. Ladies costumes do not appear to much advantage. In fact, there is very little done in the way of rich dressing, for the greater attraction of the exposition absorb too much attention to admit of more than a passing glance at ladies costumes. One day's experience moving about among the dusty exhibits will be sufficient to suppress any aspirations for showy dressing. There is a growing tendency at the present time to make all the display upon children's clothing, so that most every child that you meet is dressed either in white, richly embroidered, or silk with a profusion of trimmings, bonnets of silk covered with lace, everything else to correspond.

THE MAIN BUILDING

is an epitome (if I may be allowed the expression) of nearly all the exhibits included in the exposition. There are four entrances over which are built towers. You can ascend these towers by means of a spiral staircase, or the steam elevator and from the summits of which you can obtain a good view of the grounds and surrounding country. The predominant thought in your mind as you enter the building is how shall I find my way out, this interminable vista of arches, columns, galleries, fountains, banners, exhibits and crowds of visitors thronging these labyrinthian passages. The articles on exhibition are enclosed in walnut cases and are of different sizes, some of them are very large, as for instance those containing furs in the Russian and Hudson Bay Companies' departments. They are arranged in rows, with broad aisles between each so that visitors can walk around them. I entered at the south-west entrance and found myself in Africa and in the immediate vicinity of Cape Colony, the Gold Coast, and Orange free States. Here were collected diamonds and other precious stones in their rough state, ostrich feathers as plucked from the bird, cases of birds of the most beautiful plumage, African wool as white as driven snow, matting made of grass, implements for hunting and agriculture, dried fruit, mohair of the Angora goat, pipes, basins, copper, and iron ore, coal, Kaffir corn, meat, tusk of ivory, hides and leather, diamondiferous soil with a diamond in it. In the Egyptian department you find nearly everything in arts, manufactures and natural productions that are characteristic of other civilized countries. From Africa you pass into Asia, and soon become absorbed in the contemplation of china vases and flower pots upon which are painted Pagodas out of the perpendicular, water courses, cascades, and bridges defying the laws of gravitation, and all those grotesque figures which were so familiar to our eyes before the era of white stone china. A jar or urn on exhibition in this department is large enough to conceal a man standing upright inside of it. Besides this there were dinner, tea, breakfast and desert sets of china, so daintily fashioned and so pellucid as to be almost transparent. Furniture made of black wood resembling ebony, highly polished, and inlaid. A conspicuous object in this department is a high post bedstead with a tester or canopy attached. Birds, reptiles, insects, fish, flowers, fruits, leaves, &c., were carved over the whole extent of its surface. The bed clothing was of blue and the pillow cases of white silk. There were exhibited carved fans, chess-boards and chessmen, hand screens, fancy tea-pots, caddys, silk plain, woven and figured. There were also distributed throughout the exhibits a number of Chinese idols about two feet high representing the human form in different attitudes, these idols received the general appellation of *Ho Kan Chai*.

JAPANESE DEPARTMENT.

The extent variety and importance of the exhibits in this department are much superior to that of the Chinese. Among them you will find photographs on porcelain, enamelled porcelain, tables inlaid with pearl, lacquered furniture, silver ware, cotton goods, paper yaro, silks of every variety, silk crapes, crapes, embroidered goods, umbrellas made of silk and painted

with, wall paper, coat of mail, steel highly polished, swords, spears. Exhibits in the Japanese Education department include maps, charts, globes, and other school appliances, paintings and artist's material.

CELESTE.

Camden, N. J. Sept. 25th, 1876.

1878.

As softly sinks the hoary head into the calm repose of death, so passes away from us the dear old year. Oh! how we linger around the portals of eternity and peer hopelessly through the dark unchanging vista for one glance at the dear, dear old friend that has brought so much happiness and prosperity, so much sunshine and gladness to us and ours.— As we advance in age, this parting with the old year assumes a personal phase that the joyous, thoughtless exuberance of youth never experiences. As each year rolls into the oblivion of the past, and another takes its place in the theatre of the world's activities, the narrowing cycle of life impresses us with the magnitude of life's work which shall be left unfinished, when we, like our dear old friend, the hoary year, shall be summoned to render an account of our stewardship.

How many fair promises, how many stern resolves did we make when he stepped upon the threshold of time.— Have we kept those promises and crystallized those resolves into practical courses of conduct conducive to our moral spiritual and temporal welfare? Or have we been building on foundations of sand superstructures, which topple and fall ere they leave the hand of the architect.

By how many offices of kindness this old friend has endeared us we can never tell. He has given us peace and plenty. He has graciously spared our land from the ravages of epidemics, and the desolation of war. He has discovered to us those occult forces of nature, by which we are enabled to converse with our friends, through the medium of an instrument called the "telephone," tho they be separated from us hundreds of miles. By means of another instrument, the "phonograph," we are enabled to reproduce the familiar tones of the human voice, that may have been mute for ages. These instruments have been so far perfected during the past year as to set at rest any doubt as to their ultimate practical utility. The old year has given birth to a more general application of electricity to the purpose of illumination. By means of a new principal, discovered by Edison, a current of electric fluid can be made to flow from a service wire along distributing conductors, just the same as gas, at fording a lambient white light, much superior to gas in illuminating power, and at one-third of the cost.

During the past year Her Gracious Majesty has been pleased to confer upon us a signal mark of Her favor, by committing to the care and protection of the Canadian people, as a pattern of womanly dignity and virtue, one of the brightest gems of Her Royal household, in the person of H. R. H. the Princess Louise; and as an exemplar of true nobility her illus-

trious consort, His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne. The past year has witnessed one more triumph of "that righteousness which exalteth a nation," in the satisfactory adjustment of international disputes, without resort to the arbitrament of the sword. What threatened at one time to be a general European war, has been averted for the time being by the ratification of the treaty of Berlin. The rather protracted period of financial depression through which we are passing is having a salutary effect upon the moral, social and commercial forces of modern life. We are learning to spend what we honestly earn, and no more; and those delusive enterprises, by which we have been lead into ruinous speculations, are being converted into dross in the crucible of enforced economy and retrenchment through which we are passing. Yet we have occasion for gratulations in the cheapness and plenteousness of those things necessary to the comfort and sustenance of life; for, truly, the earth has given us of the abundance of its treasures, and a rich harvest has rewarded the labors of the husbandman. Fraught with these and many other blessings to mankind the old year passes from us with a fond and affectionate farewell.

SOCIAL CIRCLES.

Social circles are the outgrowths of our civilization, and must necessarily exist while human nature is cast in such diversified moulds as it is. There are certain tastes, affinities, and aspirations which tend to draw people together. A refined and cultivated mind cannot find any pleasure in the society of a coarse, vulgar and ignorant one. There is no compatibility or congeniality of temperament. They are mutually irritating. Many persons from motives of economy limit the circle of their acquaintance to a few friends; while persons of a religious turn of mind find more enjoyment in the society of persons of that character. Some persons have literary tastes which draw them together. Some find a bond of sociability in commercial interests, and some again have peculiar idiosyncrasies which render them obnoxious to all except those alike constituted. I would not attempt to enumerate all the influences which contribute towards maintaining social circles. They are as numerous and varied as the operations of the human mind. Suffice it to say that they are interesting features of our social system, which are capable of exerting an inconceivable amount of mischief or good; and, as such, become legitimate subjects of criticism. In many instances they are the outgrowth of an undue amount of self-esteem. There are persons who have such a superlative opinion of themselves that they combine and draw around themselves a circle of kindred spirits, while others, who consider their claims to social consideration equally as good, draw around themselves, in a spirit of resentment, a barrier quite as arbitrary as that from which they have been excluded. It is an interesting spectacle to witness a number of these circles in a community, each about on a par socially, and yet each arrogating to itself some superiority over the other, and making that the grounds of a cold, unsocial exclusiveness. Neglect on your part to attach yourself to one or more of these charmed circles entails upon you an unreasonable amount of suspicion as an adventurer or social walf. In no case are the inconveniences and embarrassments aris-

ing from this social feature more apparent than when a stranger visits a place. The "As" are anxious to know whether the "Bs" have called on them before they, the "Cs" would compromise their social standing by calling upon a stranger of, perhaps, common-place respectability. And if the stranger is found in the company of the "Ds," the "As," "Bs" and "Cs" cut them, and so he is buffeted about until he is able to sift the social wheat from the chaff, and to judge for himself. If he be so fortunate as to obtain his proper status, he is carried about and given to understand that there is no one outside of that particular circle worthy of his notice. We have no desire to include all social circles in one sweeping condemnation. I said before there are certain affinities, tastes and aspirations which tend to draw people together, and every one should be allowed to follow the bent of his inclinations in that particular. Experience teaches us that they serve some purpose in the economy of social life. They act as moral deterrents, and when they are conducted upon proper principles, they serve to purify the moral atmosphere of the community. No one cares to incur the displeasure of the particular circle in which he moves if the consequences bring with it exclusion from respectable society; therefore it is not desirable that they be abolished altogether. But they should be restricted in their bounds, and the basis upon which they are established and the character of the barriers thrown around them should be such as could stand the test of criticism. There is a duty which we owe to society as well as to ourselves. No community can get on in which there is a total indifference of sections and members, for society is built upon the dependence of all its sections and all its members, and while our circle of intimate acquaintances is limited to a few friends, do not be so absurd as to suppose that there is no one on the outside of it worthy of equal consideration. Social circles should be like stars in a general constellation, all reflecting their genial and refining influences upon one common focus—the community.

Chatham, Aug. 23th, 1874.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

We are very much grieved by the spirit evinced in "Prudence's" communication to the *Messenger*. The writer sneered at what he once supposed was mere spectacular display over the corpse, and he has on more than one occasion characterized it as "vanity in death," but since losing a near and dear friend, his views in that regard have altogether changed. "A kindred feeling makes us wondrous kind." It is the custom now-a-days to suppress the emotional. It is considered unmanly to weep at funerals. Following the example of the Patriarchs of Rome we must maintain our dignity under all circumstances and show that we can control the emotions to which ordinary men yield—Why all this fuss over the dead? Who fears death? It is a mere bagatelle. Such exhibitions of feeling are absurd. Hurry them off to the grave! Can't spend three or four days over a lifeless body. Time is too precious. What dividends over three days business transactions! Too much to be lost. Memories are dear when bought at such prices. This is an age of dollars and cents, not of emotion or feeling. Even the interment of our deceased friends must be brought down to the dry details of profit and loss. Lock up your dead and go to bed. Let the cats and the rats hold high carnival over the corpse, and while we are revolutionizing matters in this particular we might as well let out the whole job by contract. And, to rid ourselves of any dis-

deceased to hired mourners. Then we shall see our loved ones bowling along at a spanking pace to their last resting places. Followed by a large concourse of friends? Oh, not a long line of empty carriages, contributed by sympathizing (!) friends, who could not spare the time to show their respect to the departed. Hurry them off—no matter if by waiting a few days some dear friend or relative at a distance would be enabled thereby to take part in the funeral ceremony. No matter if it take three or four days to prepare the mourning costume for a large family. Dispatch is the word.

We presume "Prudence" will consider that we will have attained the highest point of excellence in the facility of burying the dead when we can convey them to the grave like a parcel, through the medium of a pneumatic conductor. Hurry them off. It matters little to him that the fact has been established beyond question, that persons are frequently buried alive—in a state of trance after being "waked" several days. Two instances are recorded as having taken place within the past two months—one of a young lady in Montreal, who had been placed in a vault, and when examined a few days after it was found that she had turned upon her side and torn portions of the shroud from her body in her fruitless struggle for life. The other case was that of a young girl who was supposed to have died, and in order to preserve the body from rapid decomposition, it was placed in a refrigerator, when on the third day, after different portions of the body gave unmistakable evidence of life. The ice was removed, stimulants, warm applications and other means were resorted to in order to restore life, which were successful for a time, but the slender hold on life could not withstand the freezing process of three days, so the little one languished a few hours and died—a victim to the indecent haste with which we prepare our dead for burial.

We have no doubt but that "Prudence" is a strong advocate of "cremation." That process would dispense with all the pomp and circumstance of funeral ceremonies, and all the "parade and confusion, as though death was some far-fetched thing or of unusual occurrence." How brave and unconcerned when there is no danger. How glibly he talks about death, as if he knew what it is to die, or had experienced that ordeal. We are confident that when the *Messenger* raps at his door and informs him that the Lord has sent for him that he will blow out the light as expeditiously as did Uncle Moses, and say, "No Moses here Lord."

What does "Prudence" mean when he refers to two societies in our community? Does he belong to the *haut ton*, who can afford to toll bells and erect monumental tablets to the memory of their dead, that he dares from down the simple effort of the poor to show respect for their dead; or is it a fling at the Methodist and Baptist? If so, "Prudence" might as well preserve his soul in peace, for those two Societies compose the bulk of the intelligent people of this community: and if he is one of the individuals, or one of the Society to whom their habits are obnoxious, we fear that he is nursing a source of irritation that will drive him mad before they will ever be convinced by his sophistry of the error of their ways.

The dying testimony of a christian is a voice from the spirit world. It is not only a source

of consolation to surviving friends, but it affords comfort and encouragement to the young believer. Its sustaining, comforting, and strengthening influence in that trying hour when all other help fails is the strongest proof of its efficacy. Blot from history the dying testimony of eminent christians and you destroy one of the most powerful agencies through which the religion of Christ takes hold upon the human heart. Of what use can it be to us in life if it forsake us in the trying hour of death? He desires that we should say as little about it as possible. We must take our religion in homeopathic pellets to heaven. Out on such prudery. "Prudence" has undertaken the herculean task of subverting through the columns of the *Messenger* a custom almost coeval with human life. He might as well attempt to empty the ocean with a bucket.

People will honor their dead in proportion to their means and capacities let "Prudence" cavil never so much. We would advise him to walk through our cemeteries and notice the shells and pebbles and flowers which decorate the graves of loved ones placed there by the tender solicitude of survivors. Can he, after that, impugn the motive that prompts these offerings of affection! The same feeling suggests the imposing ceremonial, and we have no doubt that the custom will continue so long as the desolation of the human heart can find in this way a fitting expression of its grief. We would not counsel extravagance. Never go beyond your means. If you cannot erect a stately monument you can bring a wreath of flowers, and water them with your tears. Anything that your means will justify you in doing to show respect for your dead cannot be overdone or inappropriate.

For the Messenger.

Oh! frail, humanity and man,
How poor a thing thou art,
With all thy wealth of power and mind
Thou countest but a jot.

Fresh in the morn of life you start
The course of life to run,
But ere you reach manhood's prime
The eve of life comes on.

Then vain ambition's spectres rise
Like mists before the sun,
To taunt the waning spirit
With the work of life undone.

And with life's winter comes apace
The days of shortest span,
And memories sad of years past sped
From in fancy to man.

Oh God thou hast preserved to me
Of life the better part,
Though heedless of thy mercies oft
This wicked, wayward heart.

Henceforth the feeble residue
I consecrate to Thee,
Till latest breath and pulse dissolve
This frail mortality.

Last Tuesday morning a very sudden death occurred in the case of a boy named Adam Royster, who fell down on Wellington Street and when picked up was found to be dead. Dr. Abbott, Coroner, held an inquest the same day, a post mortem examination having been made by Dr. Bray, who found that a blood vessel in one of the lungs had burst, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

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THE DOCTORS.

Great efforts have been put forth to raise the standard of medical education in this country. Not that at any time the requirements have been below what is necessary to qualify a practitioner for the efficient discharge of his duties; but there seems to have been a growing apprehension that there were certain agencies in operation tending to the deterioration of the profession. It was found necessary to adopt some radical measures in order to counteract these baneful influences. To this end what is known as the Medical Act of 1874, with its supplementary clauses, was passed by the Ontario Legislature. The Medical Council to carry out the provisions of that Act was instituted, and a central board for the examination of applicants to practice was established. While admitting that these measures afford adequate machinery for the complete organization of the profession in this Province, and for the adjustment of the multifarious difficulties which arise from time to time, it must be conceded that there are certain obsolete customs and usages which these measures are powerless to dispel. One of these is the faulty financial system which like barnacles of a past age, clings to the spirit and tenor of this.— Truly there is much to admire and to boast of in the halo of dignity with which antiquity has surrounded the Æsculapean Art. Then it was considered a sacred calling, its votaries were looked upon as supernatural beings, and their names were enshrined in the temples; their wisdom, judgment and prudence were made available in directing the affairs of government. When compensation for services was not measured by the number of visits made to the bedside of the patient, or the number of miles traversed on an errand of mercy; but came as a spontaneous offering of gratitude for life preserved or suffering alleviated; and limited only by the ability of the *beneficiare* to give. Notwithstanding the more general diffusion of knowledge, doctors are so wedded to the traditions and customs of the past, that they fail to recognize the fact that the conditions favorable to such happy relations between patient and practitioner have long since ceased to exist.

At every annual commencement of the College Sessions, the student is lectured upon his duties and obligations to the public. He is told that his profession is based upon the humanity of its calling; as being set apart for the alleviation of human suffering; that it should be distinguished for its charity; that he must attend upon the poor as cheerfully as upon the rich; that in his character must preside all those manly virtues which are the outgrowth of clearly defined principle; that he must be modest and avoid resorting to flashy advertisements, pompous displays and all the questionable means adopted by quacks to puff their pretensions; that he must be conscientious, patient, charitable, respectful, accommodating, kind, earnest, discreet, industrious. In fine, he

must be possessed of all the virtues laid down in the canon. When he enters the arduous and perplexing duties of professional life, he endeavors to carry out the instruction that he has received from his *Alma Mater*. In nine cases out of ten he finds it an impracticable and at times an impossible task. He soon becomes oppressed with an overwhelming consciousness of his inability to come up to the standard of these requirements. And why? Because his efforts are thwarted by a vitiated public sentiment always capricious, arbitrary, vacillating, superstitious, unreasonable and incredulous. He is called upon to work miracles; to infuse new life and vigor into a system yielding to the inexorable law of nature; to preserve the equilibrium of the functions while the patient persists in violating the obvious laws of health.

Prof. Leishman, of Glasgow University, in discoursing to the Students in one of his opening addresses, said:—"But what you may ask constitutes professional success? From a pecuniary point of view, the highest success in our profession (with very few exceptions), involves nothing more than a modest competency; but this a man of simple tastes and unblemished character can count upon, if only he is conscientious in his work. Nor do I believe that any of the new systems of political economy will benefit us in the slightest degree, as you must lay your account with an arduous life; but there is one and only one way in which that life may be a perfectly happy and contented one, and that is, what I have already alluded to—the love of work as work."

It would be difficult to find anything more fallacious in principle or more at variance with the common experiences of life, than the utterances above quoted. The chief object of political economy is to ascertain the principle upon which labor is represented as exchangeable value. As for instance, wheat derives its value as an exchangeable commodity, only from the amount of labor expended in its production. What should we think of a farmer who toils year after year to raise grain of a superior quality, if he did not expect an advance in its marketable value. According to Prof. Leishman's philosophy, no such considerations should influence medical men in the pursuit of their calling. They should work from a mere love of work. We admit that there is a principle in our nature's that begets a desire to acquire knowledge, and to impart that knowledge to others; but, it cannot be deduced from that admission that a man studies for the mere love of study, or works for the mere love of work. There must be some incentive to labor either mental or physical. Our Colleges and Universities recognizing this fact, have established scholarships and honors as a reward for meritorious and sustained effort to acquire knowledge.

So also in every vocation in which human energy is employed—adequate

compensation for labor performed, or services rendered, must ever be the governing principle of human action, if that service or labor is to be rendered efficient and satisfactory. Therefore, to lay down as a principle that the members of an arduous calling must work for the mere love of work, cannot be regarded otherwise than as mere sentimental cant. He so far nullifies the dogma above enunciated, by admitting when speaking of the pecuniary aspect of the question, that, "although, its incentive is a powerful one, one can scarcely expect sustained mental effort under the harassing presence of a prolonged continuance of the *res angusta domi*." It may be from this cause arises the failure of so many who enter the profession to rise to that degree of eminence which it is, we hope, the pride of every member to attain. A Southern gentleman asked a former slave what he was doing for a living. "I is preaching now boss!" replied the Negro. Preaching! what do they pay you for preaching, Sam. Sometimes I get an old shirt or a pair of pants and sich like. I think that is mighty poor pay, Sam. Golly! boss, its mighty poor preachin'." Would it not be worth while to consider in this connection whether it is not the mighty poor pay that the Physician receives in return for his services, which forms the most potent factor in keeping out of the profession, those whose talents are calculated to reflect credit upon it.— While hedging it around with the requirements of a higher standard of medical education, would it not be well to adopt some means by which it may be rendered more remunerative to those within its pale, and thereby offer a stronger inducement and stimulate a higher effort upon the part of those who seek to enter. The Negro before adverted to, gave expression to an incontrovertible principle in political economy; that the value of any commodity is regulated by the labor expended in producing it, and, if by a slipshod system of collecting their accounts, physicians do not receive adequate compensation for their services, those services, as a natural result, must deteriorate in efficiency. There is is every reason to believe that poor pay will make poor doctors as well as poor preachers. The tariff that the profession has adopted, is as fair as could reasonably be expected. But it is the system of giving long credits, which has come down to them like the fossilized relics of a remote age, which is at fault. The profession is eminently conservative and disinclined to move out of old ruts; and this spirit has embodied itself in their financial system in a way which renders it fruitful of much disappointment and vexation of spirit.

We know of no other vocation upon which the claims of society press so heavily and so grievously. Doctors contribute of their means to the support of public charities; they pay their share of the municipal tax imposed for the same purpose; they must be prepared to meet

their pecuniary obligations promptly; they are expected to attend upon the poor as cheerfully as upon the rich when there is an absolute certainty that there cannot be any remuneration.

The public expend vast sums in the architectural adornment of buildings devoted to charitable purposes, and then summons a staff of doctors, who render their services gratuitously. When will it come to pass that the architect, the carpenter, the stone-mason and other industries employed upon these buildings will render their services gratuitously? Money can be furnished Municipal Corporations to carry on a system of jobbing and fat contracts; while a miserable pittance is doled out to the physician who attends upon the sick-poor. Free medical Dispensaries are established throughout the city, with the requisite staff of Medical volunteers—free in the matter of the Physicians' time and skill. Thus medical men go on from year to year fostering the idea that their profession is a great public charity, open to all who may choose to partake of its benefits.

The clerical profession has certainly been founded upon a sounder financial basis. The minister's stipend is about the first thing fixed upon, when he enters upon a charge; and, however much he may be actuated above sordid considerations, he is paid for his services all the same. The lawyer before undertaking a case, manages either to secure his fee in advance; or he holds in his possession such documents as will secure him in the payment of them. But doctors run hither and thither at the beck and call of every one; dispensing their charity, expending their time and labor with very little discrimination as to whether the recipients are worthy or unworthy living in an atmosphere of prospective financial probabilities, and carrying in their ledgers from year to year an ever-increasing legacy of outstanding accounts. In our opinion nothing is more calculated to lower the tone of the profession than this course of action.— A commodity, like the atmosphere, which is at the command of every one, although indispensable in itself, cannot be otherwise than valueless, as a product of exchange or barter.

This evil they have brought upon themselves, not only by the specious arguments addressed to their moral natures by such moral philosophers as Prof. Leishman, but, also, we fear, by a questionable rivalry on the part of some to gain the reputation of having a large practice. But of what avail is it that, after having been worn out and broken down in pursuit of his *ignis fatuus*, they find as they approach the utmost verge of life that all their labor has afforded the only means of a tolerable living only. Why should a profession which aims to alleviate the thousand ills that flesh is heir to offer so few inducements to the acquisition of wealth. We cannot see that the services rendered are less valuable now than in the olden time; or that the labor has in any degree been lessened or mitigated. The

physician's task is equally as onerous and irksome as it ever was. No other calling exacts so much physical and mental toil of its votaries. He is a stranger to leisure, friends, social enjoyment and all that makes existence endurable. The tax upon his physical powers is so enormous and incessant that he sometimes falls a victim to his own success. The mental strain to which he is subjected is none the less trying; for his life is one of self-criminations, of misgivings for not having done what should have been done; of mistakes made beyond the hope of recall.—And these are not the transient vagaries of a moment, but the skeleton in the closet which colors and saddens every phase of his life. If the lawyer lose a cause, there is the pecuniary consideration involved in the case only; or if it be a criminal offence punishable with death, the verdict of the jury absolves him from all responsibility as to the fate of his client. Not so with the physician; he is called upon to grapple with the Fell Destroyer, and contest with him inch by inch the struggle for life as against death. Therefore, his life is one of no ordinary experiences; and no pecuniary consideration can compensate the conscientious physician for the wear and tear of body and mind consequent upon guiding and sustaining life through a long and dangerous illness. Notwithstanding this, there are some narrow-minded souls who verify in their conduct the truth of the following distich:—

God and the doctor we alike adore,
When in danger, not before—
The danger past, both are alike requi-
ted,
God is forgotten, the doctor slighted.

"Quacks" demand of the public large fees and money down. They acquire wealth, build brown stone fronts, and drive with gorgeous equipages. While the conscientious physician is struggling along the up-hill plodding path of an arduous profession, these mountebanks are reaping the fruits of his unpretentious labors.

It may be said that there is nothing to prevent any medical man from adopting a strictly cash system if he should so desire. Sporadic efforts to arrest the progress of a system, which ninety-nine out of every hundred physicians pursue with a blind fatuity to their own interests, can only result in a miserable failure and the financial enucleation of the unfortunate practitioner, who had the temerity to attempt such an innovation. No! an evil so deep-rooted and wide-spread in its character requires consentaneous action upon the part of all to eradicate. Physicians must disabuse the mind of the public of the impression that the profession is a great public charity, and endeavor to educate it to the belief that they follow their vocation as a means of obtaining a livelihood, by abandoning those obsolete and unbusiness-like customs and usages that have come down from past ages, and by adopting methods more in conformity with the pay-as-you-go spirit of these times.

THE DECLARATION.

Oh, Mary dear, I come not here
With blandishment to woo thee,
I know the secret of your heart,
I know full well you love me.

I see in your soft bright eye
What your lips conceal, I see
I hear it in that smothered sigh
Your chaste breast upheaveth.

With courage, then, I've come at last,
To tell you how I love thee,
Knowing full well you'll not refuse,
You cannot do without me.

'Tis death to me, my Mary dear,
If you reject my love plea;
You know that love, and knowing it
You would not long survive me.

Oh! then my darling do not part,
Thine coyness is all put on.
Just say the word—Yes, sweetest,
Go and fetch the parson.

Toronto, Nov. 1869.

A.

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

BY JOHN G. WHITE, M.D.

The paths of pain are thine, Go forth
With healing and with hope;
The suffering of a sin-sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.

Smite down the dragons, fell and strong,
Whose breath is fever fire;
No knight of fable or of song
Encountered foes more dire.

The holiest task by heaven decreed
An errand all divine,
The burden of our mortal need
To render less, is thine.

No crusade thine for cross or grave,
But for the living man.
Go forth to succour and to save
All that thy skilled hands can.

Before the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death, go stand
With guarded lips and reverent eyes,
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued
From him who went about
The Syrian hill-paths, doing good
And casting devils out.

That holy helper liveth yet,
Thy friend and guide to be;
The healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee
Amenbury, Mass.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVER. SAYED BY DR. A. R. ABBOTT, CHATHAM, ONT., APRIL 7, 1874.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

I propose to call your attention this evening to the advantages and uses of object teaching as a method of imparting religious instruction to the young. It has been said that the system of Sabbath school instruction prevalent now-a-days does not fully meet the requirements of this age. While life is short and there is much to be learned—this statement may or may not be true, there can be no doubt however, that there is room for improvement. I can assert from personal observation that but little change has taken place in the method that was in vogue when I was a Sabbath School scholar. While great progress has been made in the method of imparting secular, but little advancement has been made in facilitating the acquisition of religious instruction: therefore, the attention of well-wishers of the Sabbath School has been directed to the necessity of devising some better method.

This end may be accomplished in some measure by object teaching.

Biblical exposition, explanation and commentary are useful in themselves, and are valuable only in proportion as they appeal to the understanding of those whom they are intended to instruct. But in this regard I claim that they do not meet the requirements of the young. The mere enunciation of religious principles and theological dogmas is a very unattractive method of imparting instruction to either old or young, and to the young especially they prove dry and irksome. An idea or principle, whether of morals or science, must strike the minds of children with the spontaneity of a self-evident proposition. They are not capable of arriving at conclusions by a gradual series of deductions. I would not depreciate the importance of Biblical instruction. The Bible, as our infallible guide and rule of faith, should be the groundwork of all religious instruction. There is no one can claim a higher appreciation of the potent influence of its precepts, or a firmer faith in the authenticity of its records than myself. To me it is the Book of Books: the repository of light and knowledge. How felicitous its diction. How ponderous its words, speaking from lips that burn, to hearts that beat: pregnant with pathos, it appeals to the tenderest emotions of the heart. There is not an uplift so high, or downfall so low, that cannot find within that Cosmos of Truth a pearl for every joy, a solace for every sorrow. Yet, there is another Book—the Book of Nature; from the study of which we may draw most profitable instruction, and I claim that religious principles and precepts can be more clearly presented to the minds of the young by means of illustration and metaphor drawn from nature.

To the ignorant and uneducated mind, God has, in all ages, manifested Himself through the agency of physical forces and phenomena. The pillar of fire and cloud—Joshua commanding the sun to stand still—the flame that licked the water up around the altar—the burning bush—the demonstration on Mount Sinai—

are all familiar instances. In the sermon on the mount, Christ makes use of a very pleasing metaphor: "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin—and yet, I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Then why should we ignore this prolific source of instruction when He who is the Author of light and knowledge has set us the example. Consider the lessons to be derived from the study of the physical sciences, and reflect upon God's goodness in surrounding us with all those beautiful objects which spring up in our path, like forest-flowers, as we pursue the study of botany. What ideas are associated with flowers? There are some flowers which have beauty but not fragrance, and there are flowers which have the most exquisite fragrance, but are devoid of beauty, while there are others which have both beauty and fragrance; as for example, the rose. Fragrance is, therefore, the distinguishing characteristic of the rose: others may excel it in beauty, but none can compare with it in fragrance.

Therefore, children, you should have a distinguishing characteristic, a reverence for religion, and a love to God which, like the fragrance of the rose, will add beauty to all your other qualities. Flowers teach also the tenderness of the character of God. Witness the tendrils of delicate flowers grasping the support of larger plants protected from wind and storm; watch them close their delicate petals at night, and repose trustfully in the care of their Creator. During the long dark night they gather the dew which distils in the quiet air, and when morning comes, the beams of the rising sun fall on millions of glittering dew-drops, which flash back from leaf to leaf, and from bud to bud with such splendour, that the whole field of blooming beauty seems to be dressed in gems more resplendent than any dream of oriental magnificence. So it will be with us if in this sombre night of life we draw to ourselves the dew of heavenly grace.

You have, doubtless, all heard of the deadly upas tree which grows in tropical countries; under its umbrageous foliage the weary foot-worn traveller would fain take rest, were it not for the poisonous vapour which it exhales, and which induces a fatal sleep in those who seek the coolness of its pestiferous shade. There is a sea-flower called the opetel. It is about the size of a German astor, and looks very much like one. It is a lovely flower, with long, delicate, green, glossy petals. These petals hang loose, and float about in the water: how innocent and lovely it looks! who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew-drops or sun-light. But, those beautiful waving arms, as you may call them, have another use besides looking so pretty—they have to provide food for a large open mouth which is hidden deep among them: and well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of their rosy lips, he is struck with a poison as fatal as lightning. He immediately becomes benumbed, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the beautiful arms warp themselves around him, and he is quickly drawn into the greedy mouth and is seen no more.

The lesson that we should learn from the history of those flowers, is to avoid all those evils, which, by their attractive appearance and seeming innocence, serve to allure the young into the paths of vice. Those delicate little tendrils of the opetel represent those "no harm sins" which so insidiously entwine themselves around our better nature. They present themselves in many and various forms. Avoid them as you would the deadly upas tree: an evil practise indulged in, unless checked at once, grows into a confirmed habit. How often is this the case with swearing. At first a little boy will use such phrases as, "By George!"—"By Sing!"—"God darn it!"—"Dog rot it;" and if he allows the habit to grow upon him, he will, in a moment of passion, give utterance to a torrent of oaths which would shock the sensibilities of a midshipman. A picture hung up in this school-room representing the opetel and fishlet, would impress this lesson upon the minds of the children more effectually than if you were to hang up a card with the simple words printed on it, "Beware of Temptation." Children catch an idea more readily when presented to them in the form of an illustration.

You have in the one case the lesson imparted in a form not only plain to the understanding, but pleasant to the eye.

I have endeavoured in the preceding remarks to explain to you what is meant by object teaching, and to illustrate now the cardinal principles of Christian morality may be presented to the young in a more attractive art.

To the teachers I would say, study the Book of Nature, not as a substitute, but as an auxiliary or expositor of the Book of Revelation: there, God has planted the attributes of His deity. The lightning-flash is but His oracles written with the finger of fire. The thunder-roll but the echo of His voice. He has written the lesson He would teach us upon every flower that perfumes the air. It is inclosed in each rain-drop that refreshes the grass, and it is pencilled upon every shell that sleeps in the dark caverns of the ocean. Study nature, and as you become more acquainted with the skill and omnipotence of His handiwork, you will be the better able to direct the minds of these children from nature up to nature's God. A high privilege and an important duty devolves upon you. To you are committed the future weal or woe of these little ones. They are fast hastening to that period of life when they are apt to break loose from the restraining influences of Sabbath School, and the still more affectionate restraint of parental authority; and unless religious precepts are thoroughly engrafted into their minds, acting as so much ballast, the voyage over the sea of life will be tempestuous and fraught with peril. You have a great work to perform in removing the moral rubbish and assist in extricating those who are in danger of perishing.

A boy was once buried in the ruins of a building, and as some persons were about to engage in clearing away the debris to get the poor lad out, and if possible to save his life, one of the by-standers remarked "that there was no use in trying to save his life; he said that he was dead already." But just at the moment a faint voice was heard.

"Heave away men! He is not dead yet!"

The men set to work heartily, and the boy was soon rescued from his perilous position.

Teachers, heave away! Raise up to the light of the glorious gospel these children buried in the moral ruin of the fall. But, my dear friends, the self-sacrificing labors of these teachers will meet with but partial success if they do not have the hearty co-operation of the parents of these children. All children have not that moral discernment necessary to distinguish between right and wrong, and if those to whom they are accustomed to look up to for guidance and counsel set before them the force of bad examples, by that innate depravity of human nature common to us all, they will most certainly choose the evil rather than the good.

In conclusion, let me enjoin upon you to make the Sabbath School as attractive as possible; vary the exercises, introduce new features so as to avoid monotony, and when the Spring opens fully and when the flowers are in bloom, give the children a floral festival. Decorate the church with flowers, and let each scholar come, bringing a wreath or bouquet as a praise-offering to God for the return Spring and all its beautiful associations. Diversions such as these wonder sweeten the asperities of our nature, they enlarge the sphere of our sympathies. To use a professional metaphor I may say that life is a pill which must swallow: let each gild it as he may. I can look with pity upon those who regard every outburst of childish emotion as incompatible with their sense of propriety. Let children eat their "white bread." It is enough to tone down their nature to the gravity of men and women when they reach the proper age.

It is your duty to furnish them some of innocent relaxation and enjoyment while at the same time you instruct them in that higher course of study.



A Pioneer Training School for Nurses



"Provident Hospital and Training School"—this is the significant legend traced across the front of a most attractive building which stands on the corner of Dearborn and Thirty-sixth Streets, Chicago. The significance which the title conveys is over and beyond that which is usually attached to an institution of this kind, its real import is in the fact that this beautiful structure, complete within with all the latest appliances which science now demands, is unique of its kind and can be taken as direct evidence of the higher progress

of an interesting people. It is the first hospital and training school for nurses in the United States founded by colored people. There are one or two such institutions at present in different parts of the country, but Provident Hospital was the pioneer, and its present handsome home is a monument to the self-sacrifice and long-suffering devotion in a good cause shown by the colored people of Chicago.

The new and handsome structure of the Provident Hospital is only a few months old, but the history of the hospital, which antedates the house-warming last October—the storm and stress period—is full

of interest to those who think that bricks cannot be made without the proverbial straw. The men who have brought Provident Hospital to its present point of excellence seem to have demonstrated the fact that you have only to begin the brick, and, if it is good, someone will surely give the desired straws.

As long ago as 1890 the idea of a colored hospital was broached among the colored people of Chicago. Dr. Daniel H. Williams, the present surgeon-in-chief of the Freedmen's Hospital in Washington, who was then a practicing surgeon in Chicago, was very active in promoting the realization of the purpose. Sev-

eral other leading and influential men joined him, and the hospital idea was worked for in season and out, until in 1892, in a small house at Twenty-ninth and Dearborn Streets, the idea—modestly and perhaps somewhat timidly—took shape in a local habitation and assumed a name.

EARLY HARDSHIPS.

The hardships of the pioneer are proverbial, and Provident Hospital during its first years made no exception to the rule. It is one of the unsurmountable facts in life that the highest ideals are dependent on material support for their realization, and cold cash often stands in the way of many an upward move. The infant hospital felt this need. Added to this it had to gain the confidence of the public for the new venture, to create an interest and sympathy without which it could not exist—in a word, to make for itself a place among the



MISS AMY S. MILLER
CHIEF NURSE

useful and noteworthy institutions of Chicago. There were men of pluck and endurance at the head of this affair, however; men who never hesitated to give, at all seasons, of their own private funds, to further the thing which they thought good. How well they have succeeded the present handsome hospital evidences—an institution which is not only a credit to Chicago, but does honor, by reflection, to all the colored people of the country.

Very slowly, at first, but gradually and surely the excellent work which this group of men had started out to do began to be understood; and as the results which they accomplished in a very short time were noticed and appreciated, tangible help began to come from the outside—and the success of the project seemed assured.

During its five years existence in its first home, Provident Hospital received and treated over nine hundred patients. Though managed and controlled by the colored people of the city, no restriction as to color or nationality has ever been made in the admission of patients. The success of the hospital in the treatment of the sick soon became well known and this attracted a large number of patients willing to contribute to the funds of the institution.

Very soon in its existence the plan of adding a training school for nurses to the hospital, was suggested and put into execution—thus adding a feature that has made Provident Hospital a national affair, for it is the trained nurse who has been sent from this excellent training school to all parts of the country that has carried the fame of the institution far and wide.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

The peculiar importance of such a training school is best told in the words of the secretary, Dr. Charles E. Bentley: "A prominent feature of our work," he says, "is our Department for Trained Nurses. Unfortunately in being unable to enter avenues of industries open to young women of other races, our aspiring and industrious girls anxiously turn to our Training School, eager to take a course which will give them an opportunity to earn a living in a service where development and success have no bounds, save the energy and merit of the one who aspires. These keep our

classes constantly full of worthy, ambitious and energetic young women, who are certain to do credit to themselves and win honor for the hospital. Our patrons have contributed largely to the work of giving these young women a chance to make an honorable living for themselves, and at the same time to render invaluable assistance to the afflicted whom these nurses in their line of duty will be called upon to serve."

In July, 1892, the first class of trained nurses was graduated and the substantial success of the hospital seemed assured. Men and women of wealth and influence became interested in the work and the pioneers in the movement began to look forward to the erection of a suitable and permanent home. About this time George H. Webster, a former partner of P. D. Armour, became very much interested in the work and began to devote his energies toward accumulating the funds necessary to the new building. The lot on which the building now stands was purchased and presented to the hospital by H. H. Kohlsaat, owner of one of Chicago's leading newspapers, and a man of national repute. Mr. Webster gave \$2500 as the first donation to the building fund—and so began the second era in the history of Provident Hospital.

Marshall Field, George M. Pullman, P. D. Armour and others added their contributions and the fund began to take noticeable size. At the graduating exercises in 1895 a delightful surprise was sprung upon the friends of the institution in the news that an unknown friend of the hospital had announced his intention to add \$20,000 to the building fund already secured and in addition would furnish all that was necessary to complete the building. Active work was at once commenced and the present beautiful structure is the ultimate outcome of years of struggle on one side and warm and generous encouragement on the other.

A MODEL BUILDING.

The hospital building is a model of beauty, and thoroughly up-to-date in every detail. The building—which is admirably located—is well lighted from south, and all the wards are beautifully cheerful and excellently ventilated. Fine architecture and tasteful furnishings have their weight, but above and beyond all this the visitor to Provident Hospital is pleasantly impressed by the sweet cleanliness which seems to pervade every nook and corner of this excellent institution. In the wards

the white enameled beds with their snow-white coverings seem to offer a palliative for sickness—if such a thing is possible—and the bright-faced nurses flitting here and there in snowy cap and apron seem to give a promise of that care and intelligent attention so indispensable to the sick. The private rooms are beautifully and tastefully furnished, and the operating room with its enameled walls and concrete floor is acknowledged by physicians to be the best of its kind.

The field of instruction in the training school is constantly increasing. Last year an opening was made for the nurses in the Armour Institute cooking class and at present there are two nurses in regular attendance there. The Armour Dispensary also opened its doors for the attendance of a nurse every morning for two hours. This dispensary has very recently been turned over entirely by Mr. Armour to Provident Hospital, and is now one of the prominent features of the institution, being practically free to the public. These two branches—cooking and dispensary work—pertain to the most important part of a nurse's training. In the cooking class, they get a practical experience of the details of diet; in the dispensary—where they attend on an average of forty surgical and ten medical cases a day, they come in contact with a larger and more varied field of surgery and medicine than they could get in a small hospital.

No account of the work of the nurses of Provident Hospital would be complete which omitted a mention of its district work—a new feature, and one of the avenues through which this institution directed by colored people can make itself a helpful and uplifting factor in the civic life of Chicago. The president of the hospital, Mr. Lloyd G. Wheeler, a wide-awake and progressive business man of Chicago, realizing that no noble project achieves its highest excellence which does not give as well as receive, and mindful of that large class of suffering poor who are unable to pay for hospital and trained nurse services, conceived the idea of sending out on application the nurses to do service in certain districts inhabited by the colored poor of the city. The influence for good which these well-trained, refined young women may bring to bear on the people of their own race is not to be estimated lightly in the sum total of things. And this beautiful philanthropic feature will not be without profit to the hospital, for it will bring it in direct touch with the masses and will introduce the nurses to the notice of new doctors.

A recent notable addition to the personnel of the hospital is its medical superintendent, Dr. A. R. Abbott, of Toronto, Canada, a graduate of the Toronto University. Dr. Abbott is not only a skilled physician, but he has a national reputation, gained by his excellent work done in the management of freedmen's hospitals during the Civil War.

When it is said that Provident Hospital of Chicago is pioneer in this special work among the colored people of the country, it is not even excepting the Freedmen's Hospital in Washington. That institution is for colored people and under the management of colored people, but it is supported by the Government, and its chief is a Government appointee. The Chicago hospital is the first institution of this kind founded and managed by colored people and supported largely by their individual contributions.

The older institution has had a direct benefit from the experience of the younger. Dr. Daniel H. Williams, who became enthusiastic concerning the training of colored girls as nurses during his connection with Provident Hospital, carried the idea with him to Washington when he was appointed surgeon-in-chief of the Freedmen's Hospital in that city. Through his efforts a training school of great excellence has been formed in that institution. It is now a little more than a year old, but is already one of the notable features in Washington medical circles. There are now thirty-seven nurses on roll. These together with three male assistants under the direction of the superintendent are responsible for all the nursing in the hospital. Nor is this work confined to the wards, but the nurses are in attendance upon all operations in the hospital service, the surgical dispensary and all clinics.

A good idea is very catching, and the Nurses' Training School for Colored Girls must be good, judging by the spread of the idea. It has recently reached Philadelphia, and during the last year we have had started the Frederick Douglass Hospital and Training School. Like the Provident Hospital, it has started in a small house. The hospital has not yet graduated a class of nurses, and is at present at too young a stage for one to predict its future in this city of many hospitals.

to predict its future in this city of many hospitals.

SUMNER IS HONORED.

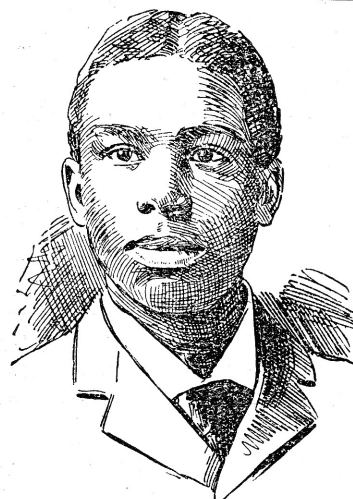
NEGROES CELEBRATE HIS BIRTH.

Natal Day of the Great Statesman and Abolitionist Observed in a Banquet and Speeches in the Leland Hotel.

Charles Sumner was honored last night by negroes, who held a banquet at the Leland to celebrate his natal day. The entertainment was held under the auspices of the Sumner Club, a unique organization, something after the style of the old Sunset Club. Dr. A. R. Abbott of the Provident Hospital is president of the club and was the toastmaster. The membership of the club, limited in number to forty, consists of the leading professional and business men of the race in the city, and includes the following:

S. L. Williams, H. L. Loeb, L. G. Wheeler, F. A. Dennison, A. M. Curtis, C. E. Bentley, W. J. Arnold, R. C. Ransom, L. E. Anderson, A. R. Abbott, Geo. C. Booth, F. L. Barnett, H. G. Parker, C. R. Johnson, A. H. Roberts, E. H. Wright, C. F. Adams, J. B. French, E. H. Morris, A. W. Williams, R. E. Moore, R. M. Hancock, E. E. Barr, A. M. Curtis, J. W. Curtis, J. D. Bryant, B. Simpson, F. W. Rollins, J. G. Lucas, R. M. Mitchell, J. W. Moore, J. C. Buckner, Geo. N. Hall, W. L. Martin, S. J. Evans, J. F. Thomas, William Curd, R. B. Harrison, J. E. Ford, R. H. Benson, G. W. Gaines, W. F. James, F. L. Cuffey, Moses Jackson.

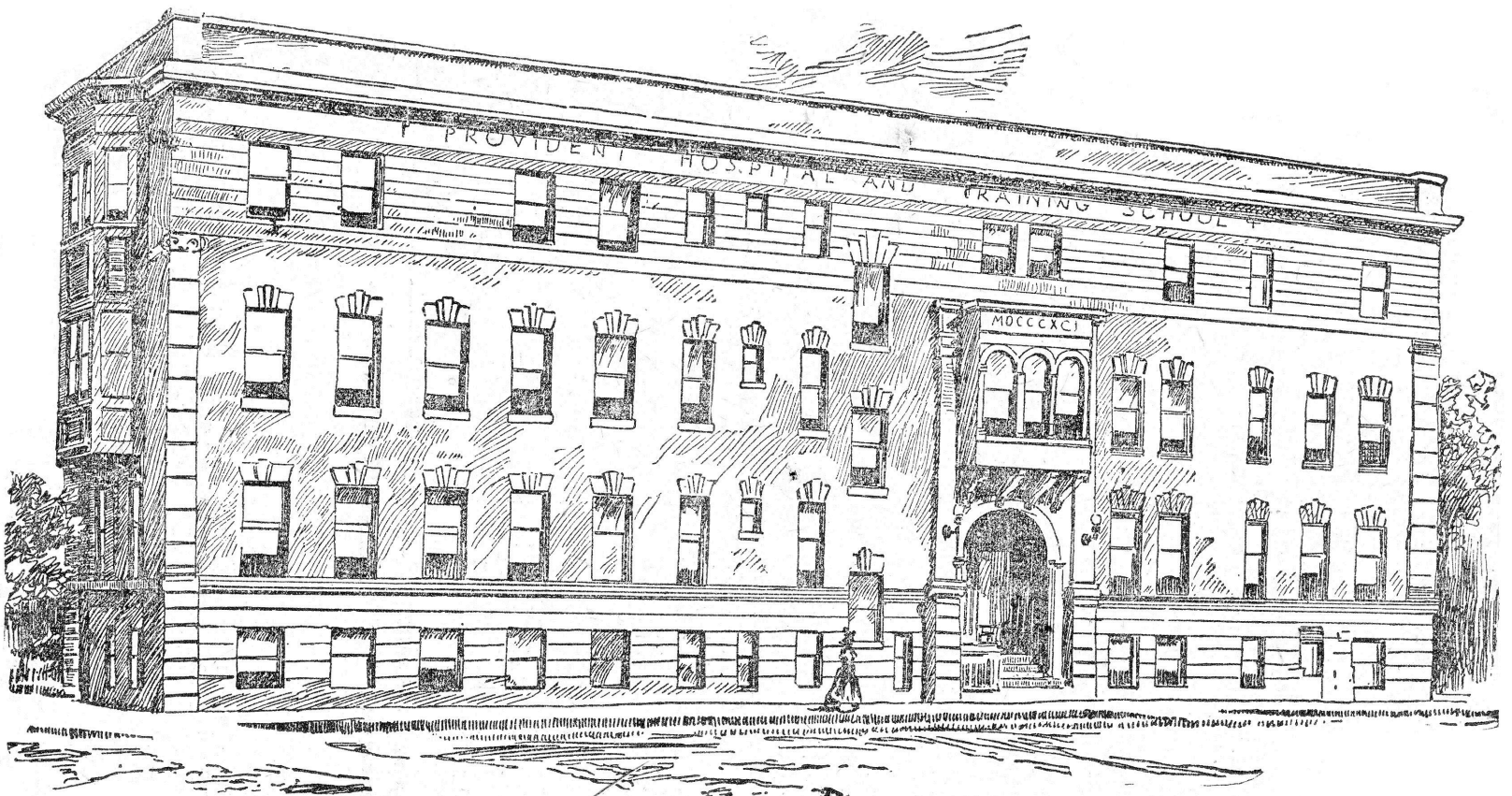
In addressing his audience after the banquet had been disposed of Dr. Abbott spoke of the services of Charles Sumner to the



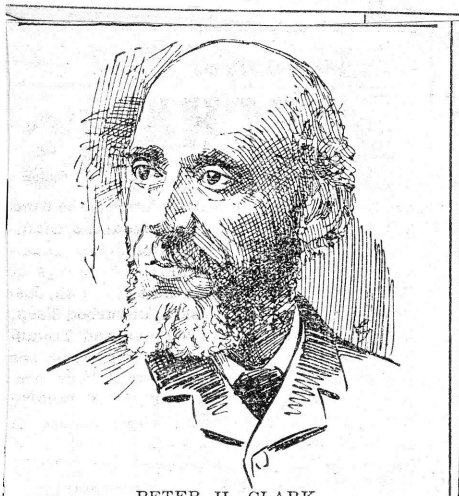
PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

colored race. A staunch friend, he had it in his power to benefit the race as no other man had ever done alone excepting Lincoln. He was the author of the measures that resulted in the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia. It was through and by him that full citizenship was conferred upon the colored race, and he, too, initiated the civil rights bill, pleading for its adoption in almost the last words he spoke on his deathbed.

The principal speaker of the evening, Professor Peter H. Clark of St. Louis, was introduced by Lloyd J. Wheeler. Professor Clark was an antebellum educator of his race, a friend of Sumner, Gerritt Smith, Wendell Phillips and the other abolitionists of the days before the civil war, and was a life-long associate of Frederick Douglass. He took for his theme "Charles Sumner," and spoke of him as a man, reformer, politician and the friend of the negro race. As an individual the speaker declared Sumner to have been a splendid specimen of manhood, physically, morally and intellectually. He was reared in wealth, had all the advantages in his youth, and in the highest degree was an aristocrat. But he claimed he was not an aristocrat in the offensive sense, arrogating to himself and class all the virtue. He was epicurean, a follower of epicures, in the sense that he enjoyed the pleasures of life temperately and was fond of life temperately and was fond



PROVIDENT HOSPITAL AND TRAINING SCHOOL, CHICAGO.

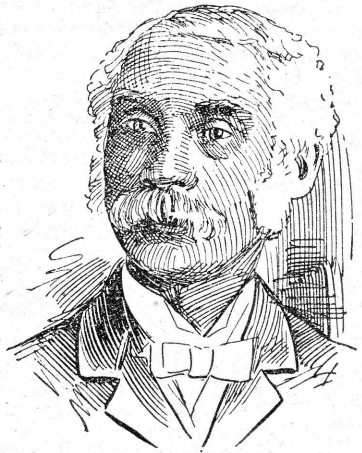


PETER H. CLARK.

of luxuries, surrounding himself with art indoors, beautiful bound books and the greatest comforts of home life.

The speaker diverged to pass an encomium upon the great possibilities in America by contrasting Sumner and Lincoln, who arose from the two extremes of life in this country to become friends of the negro race. Their lives presented a contrast, but preserved the possible unities in so great a country as this, where rich and poor alike had the same chance, and no more than the other. Gentle and potent when Sumner came to Washington, the so-called southern aristocrat could not understand this northern aristocrat, true aristocrat. He sees a phenomenon to him. He grouped him with Hale and Chase in the senate, and declared they had made a trio who had left an imperishable impress upon the history of the country.

Professor Clark described Sumner as an



A. R. ABBOTT.

idealist, and said his ideals had been realized in the negro's liberty, and in the prevalent sentiment in abandoning war for arbitration.

As a politician he was described as massive, not a ready debater, but when he once spoke he said all there was to say on the subject. He praised his eloquence, declaring he was an artist in words. A whig and a protectionist, he was consistent, and never failed in duty in the highest sense.

As the friend of the negro race he had secured their manumission in the District of Columbia, secured for them the full rights of citizenship, and as an individual had ever encouraged colored men in every effort made to attain to place and position or to secure recognition for intellectuality.

Professor Clark was followed by Richard Hill of Tennessee, chief of the negro department of the Nashville Centennial Exposition. He spoke of the status of the negro, and, while confronted with much to discourage him, he meant to live in the south and work out his own salvation. He predicted the day would come when the negro would be fully recognized because of his intelligence, manhood and good citizenship. He closed by inviting all his hearers to visit the Nashville exposition next spring.

Telephone 572-J Main, Brooklyn.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

A Canadian Tribute to His Memory.

When freedom rent the pall of night,
And victory hailed th' awak'ning dawn,
There rose a star of wondrous light,
That heralded a poet born.

The child-hopes of his simple race,
The songs that babble forth its mirth,
Were found and clad in lyric grace,
By him who sang them from his birth.

The curse of cast could not subdue
The vital spark that urged him on
Though nature tinged with sombre hue,
The earthen vessel whence it shone.

His Spirit kenned the Good and True,
The bitter grief of human wrong;
And as his knowledge ripen grew,
Sorrow begat the poet's song.

With pity, tears and soulful lays,
He pleads for justice to his race,
And with his Heaven giv'n harp he plays,
Their pains to soothe, their scars efface.

He tells us of "The Haunted Oak,"
The cruel chase, the victim's plight;
And seeks in Charity to cloak
The nation's shame from angels' sight.

And then again on fancy's wing,
Recalls the scenes long since forgot,
The cabin where "Mallindy sings"
The banjo's twang and "Possum Trot."

Thine was the clear light-giving flame,
Pure as from sacred vestal fire;
Thy people's love with lasting fame,
Dunbar, shall crown thy tuneful lyre.

—A. R. ABBOTT, M. D.

Toronto, April 7, 1906.

*Pub. N. Y. Age
May 24*

SOCIETY WOMEN IN LEADING EVENTS



MRS
WILSON
RUFFIN
ABBOTT

Thompson, K.C.M.G., P.C., and Lady Thompson.

YANCY-WATKINS — On Wednesday, Sept. 27th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 365 Givens Street, by the Rev. James Broughall, of St. Stephen's Church, Helen Amelia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Watkins, to Charles Bruce Yancy, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Minneapolis papers please copy.

DEATHS

Nightingale-Abbott.

Miss Florence Nightingale, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Nightingale, Thursday evening became the bride of Dr. Wilson Ruffin Abbott of New York. The wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, 1997 Sheridan road, at 8 o'clock. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Winifred Nightingale, and Gage Hook was best man. Lawrence Hess and Rush Hess of Evanston stretched the ribbons. The procession was led by the bride's two sisters,



DR. WILSON RUFFIN ABBOTT.

[Whose Marriage to Miss Florence Nightingale Took Place Thursday Evening.]

Mrs. Harrison M. Angle of Newark, N. J., and Mrs. Winter D. Hess of Chicago. Their two little boys, Jack Angle, 4 years old, and Chase Hess, 3 years old, acted as pages, one carrying the ring and the other a basket of flowers. Little Miss Jane Slayton carried her train. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Frank Sheets of Rockford, Ill., took place in the drawing-room, where an altar had been erected. A reception followed the ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. Abbott left late in the evening for a wedding trip. On their return they will be at home after Jan. 15 at the home of the bride's parents.

Ditchin-Corbus

Chicago Chronicle Dec. 20th 1903

Men Who Won Glory.

"Fame is like a river that beareth up things light and swollen and drowns things weighty and solid." Lord Bacon tells us also that "the common people understand not many excellent virtues. The lowest virtues," he says, "draw praise from them, the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration, but of the highest virtues they have no sense of perceiving at all." Since glory is praise, honor, admiration, distinction, renown, and since these come from the many, shall we conclude with his lordship that the lowest virtues are the most useful in winning it?

Patriotism, self-sacrifice, courage are no mean virtues. We of the present day have profited so greatly by the toil and hardship of the volunteer soldiers who fought through the long years of the civil war that we must freely accord to them the glory of a great achievement. They preserved the union. They freed the slaves. They made the nation strong and enduring. The doubts that had attended its progress from its birth up to the day of Appomattox fell away because of their marches and battles, their patient striving and their perseverance under delays and defeats.

Killed in battle, 44,238; died of wounds and injuries, 49,265; died of disease, 136,216; died from unknown causes, 24,184. These cold figures most inadequately express the grim results of the war to those who participated in it. The vast national cemeteries on the great battle fields, with their thousands of nameless mounds, most inadequately express those results. The pathetic records of soldiers' homes, the sight of empty sleeves—these do not begin to tell the story. But if the cost was great the glory is great also.

There are about 744,000 union veterans of the civil war alive to-day. They are dying at the rate of 40,000 a year. The proportion of deaths to survivors must increase rapidly as time passes. Before many more Memorial days are commemorated the march of the gray veterans will be over. But their glory will live.

It will remain as a heritage for the new generations of Americans. Thus they are richly endowed by the surviving veterans and by the gallant thousands who also fought for their country and who have gone to their rest.

PRESENT FOR DR. ABBOTT.

A farewell meeting was held by the Literary and Musical Home Circle of Toronto last evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Watkins, 365 Givens street, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Abbott, who are leaving in a few days for St. Louis, Mo. On behalf of the Circle, the president, Mr. F. L. Hubbard, presented the couple with an illuminated address, and an illustrated volume of Tennyson's works.

CASTORIA.

Bears the
Signature
of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought



'Neath the Crown and Maple Leaf.

(Afro-Canadian Elegy.)

1. A sigh is breathed from million hearts,
From Slavery's chains set free:
A million tongues now sadly cry;
Great Queen, we weep for thee !
2. Our Queen is dead, for her all mourn,
In hamlet, palace, hall.
"My Queen is dead," a warrior cries,
In lonely Zulu Kraal.
3. Though high of race, in power and place.
Thy woman's love, O Queen,
O'er every land, from Britain's Isle
To Afric's sand was seen.

4. The lowliest found in thy domain,
Justice to Truth allied;
Tyrants who boast that "might is right,"
Soon passed beyond thy tide.
5. Thy virtue set a nobler goal,
Which all might seek to find,
Man calls his fellow man his friend,
Nor asks his hue or kind.
6. She ruled by love in grace and peace:
No stains her scutcheon mar;
And, firm as Titan's grasp, she held
In leash the dogs of war.
7. Ye heard, sad victims of man's greed,
Her Sovereign voice, which said:—
"On Britain's sacred soil, the slave,
"In chains shall never tread."
8. "Soon as the bondman's weary feet
"Shall press its holy crust,
"That moment he a free man stands;
"His shackles fall to dust."
9. On snow clad hills the North Star smiles,
Our guide in days of grief;
But sorrow fled, and joy was found
Neath the Crown and Maple leaf.
10. And, now in solemn silence bow
Bengali,—Bedouin;—
In palm clad isles; neath Orient skies,
Proud Turk and Fellaheen.
11. While Afric's sons, wherever found,
In free and blest manhood,
Revere the name of England's Queen,
Victoria the Good.

Toronto, 2nd February, 1901.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1913.

MRS. JANE JUDAH IS DEAD

REACHED A GREAT AGE.

Old Resident Came to Toronto Eighty Years Ago From the States—Had Lived Under Six Reigns.

Probably Toronto's oldest resident passed away just before midnight last evening in the person of Mrs. Jane Judah, widow of Mr. A. H. Judah, of Toronto.

Mrs. Judah claimed September 12th, 1810, as her first birthday. She came to Canada from Maryland settling in Toronto between seventy-five and



MRS. JANE JUDAH.

eighty years ago. At that time she made her home with her sister Mrs. Ellen Abbott, wife of Wilson V. Abbott, at the corner of Teraulay and Albert streets, where their old homestead stood.

Sixty-five years ago she married Mr. Judah, and moved to D'Arcy street, where her husband died twenty-three years ago. She then resided with her son, Mr. P. N. Judah, a fruit dealer, for some time, but latterly lived with Mrs. L. W. Lightfoot, 213 Lippincott street, where the death occurred last night.

The late Mrs. Judah had a remarkable memory. She had travelled a great deal and often referred to the rebellion of 1837 and told when the soldiers were stationed at the old Osgoode Hall grounds, and also of the Fenian Raid.

Mrs. Judah was colored, and it is thought her people went to the States from the West Indies.

One son, Philip Norman Judah, of 660 Broadview avenue, and two grandsons, Arthur and Harry, of Alberta, survive.

WAS OLD TIME METHODIST.

She was a member of the old Methodist Church on Richmond street, and was the oldest member. She had been in failing health for some time, but was only confined to her bed three weeks. The funeral will take place to-morrow at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

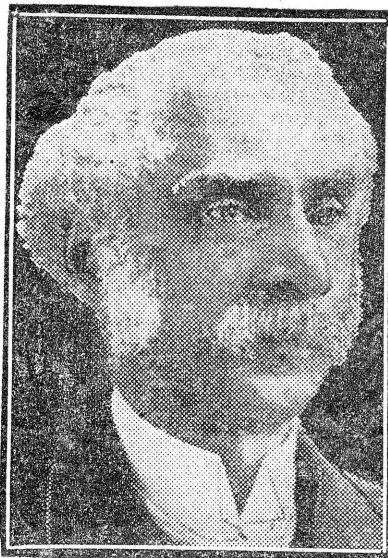
PRETTY RAPID TRANSIT!

DEATH OF DR. A. B. ABBOTT.

Toronto Evening Telegram
Late Retired Physician Practised in Chatham, Dundas and Oakville.

Dr. Anderson R. Abbott died yesterday at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. F. L. Hubbard, 662 Broadview ave.,

LATE A. R. ABBOTT, M.D.



Physician, born in Toronto 77 years ago, who died yesterday.

in his 77th year. He had been ill for three months. Eight weeks ago he was operated on for appendicitis.

Born in Toronto, he was the son of A. Anderson Abbott. He received his early education at Knox College, Toronto, and in the Oberlin College in Ohio, graduating later from the old Toronto School of Medicine. After practising in turn in Chatham, Dundas and Oakville, he retired 34 years ago.

He was a member of St. George's Anglican church, and was connected with the Canadian Order of Home Circles. He was an active member of the York pioneers.

His widow, two sons and three daughters survive.

ORGANIZED 1901

SEASON 1910-1911

THIRTY-SECOND CONCERT

The Choral Study Club

of Chicago (Inc.)

PEDRO T. TINSLEY, Conductor

PRESENTING

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN'S ORATORIO

"The Prodigal Son"

SOLOISTS

MRS. HELEN ABBOTT SAYRE, Soprano

MR. JAMES WORSHAM, Tenor

MRS. NAIVE COLEMAN LEWIS, Contralto

MR. C. CREIGHTON THOMPSON, Baritone.

ACCOMPANISTS

MISS M. GERTRUDE JACKSON

MRS. PELAGIE S. BLAIR

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1911, 8:15 P. M.

INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH

Piano used furnished by the Cable Piano Co., Cor. Jackson Blvd. and Wabash Avenue

"THE PRODIGAL SON"

By SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

ARGUMENT.

It is a remarkable fact that the Parable of the Prodigal Son should never before have been chosen as the text of a sacred musical composition. The story is so natural and pathetic, and forms so complete a whole; its lesson is so thoroughly Christian; the characters, though few, are so perfectly contrasted, and the opportunity for the employment of "local colour" is so obvious, that it is indeed astonishing to find the subject so long overlooked.

The only drawback is the shortness of the narrative, and the consequent necessity for filling it out with material drawn from elsewhere.

In the present case this has been done as sparingly as possible, and entirely from the Scriptures. In so doing the Prodigal himself has been conceived, not as of a naturally brutish and depraved disposition,—a yew taken by many commentators with apparently little knowledge of human nature, and no recollection of their own youthful impulses, but rather as a buoyant, restless youth, tired of the monotony of home, and anxious to see what lay beyond the narrow confines of his father's farm, going forth in the confidence of his own simplicity and ardour, and led gradually away into follies and sins which, at the outset would have been as distasteful as they were strange to him.

The episode with which the parable concludes has no dramatic connection with the former and principal portion, and has therefore not been treated.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

No. 1. INTRODUCTION—

Instrumental.

No. 2. CHORUS

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

Like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful to them that fear Him. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Luke xv. 12; Psalm ciii 13; Rev. vii. 16, 17.

No. 3. SOLO (Tenor)

A certain man had two sons; and the younger said unto his father; Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. For I know that there is no good but for a man to rejoice, and also that every man should eat and drink and enjoy the good of his labour. Luke xv. 11, 12; Eccles. iii. 12, 13.

No. 4. RECITATIVE AND ARIA (Bass)

My son, attend to my words, incline thine ear unto my sayings; Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and in all thine ways acknowledge Him, for the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Prov. iv. 18, 20; iii. 6, 9.

No. 5. RECITATIVE (Soprano)

And the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there

wasted his substance with riotous living. Luke xv. 13.

No. 6. SOLO (Tenor) and CHORUS THE REVEL

Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink; and to-morrow shall be as this day and much more abundant. Let us eat and drink Isaiah xxii. 13; lvi. 12.

No. 7. RECITATIVE (Contralto) AND CHORUS

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night till wine inflame them. And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands.

The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth; the joy of the harp ceaseth. Isaiah v. 11, 12; xxiv. 8.

No. 8. SONG (Contralto)

Love not the world nor the things that are in the world; for the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. 1 John ii. 17.

No. 9. RECITATIVE (Soprano)

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that

the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. Luke xv. 14, 16.

No. 10. ARIA (Soprano)

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been like a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? Isaiah xlviii. 18; Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

No. 11. SOLO (Tenor)

How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. Luke xv. 17-19.

No. 12. CHORUS

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise. Luke xv. 10; Psalm li. 17.

No. 13. RECITATIVE (Soprano)
AND DUET.

And he arose and came to his father, but when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him. Luke xv. 20.

DUET (Tenor and Bass)

SON. Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

FATHER. My son is yet alive! Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, and thou art yet alive. Luke xv. 21; Gen. xlv. 28; xlv. 30.

No. 14. RECITATIVE AND ARIA
(Bass)

Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry.

For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found. Like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful to them that fear Him.

Blessed be God who hath heard my prayer, and not turned his mercy from me. Luke xv. 22; Psalm ciii. 13; lxvi. 20.

No. 15. CHORUS.

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the

wonders that he doeth for the children of men.

Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed. They went astray in the wilderness out of the way; hungry and thirsty their souls fainted in them; yet when they cried unto the Lord in their trouble He delivered them out of their distress.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men. Psalm cvii. 4-6, 8.

No. 16. RECITATIVE AND ARIA
(Tenor)

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness; for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.

Come, ye children, and hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him; yea, and saveth him out of all his troubles. Heb. xii. 11, 6; Psalm xxxiv. 6, 11.

No. 17. QUARTET (unaccompanied)

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart, and will save such as be of an humble spirit. Thus saith the Lord. I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners. Psalm xxxiv. 18; Isaiah lvii. 18.

No. 18. CHORUS

Thou O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; Thy name is from everlasting Hallelujah! Amen. Isaiah lviii. 16.

ADDENDUM.

CHORUS—Thanks be to God—
"Elijah"—Mendelssohn.

CHORUS.

Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices!

The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty. But the Lord is above them, and Almighty.

Psalm xciii. 3, 4.



PAT. MARCH 1876