

for the New York Observer.
HOW TO MAKE LIQUOR.

BY E. C. DELAYAN.

A dealer in strong drink, once residing in Albany, assured me that when he purchased imported liquors in New York, on ship board, he felt no security in receiving the imported article, unless he watched it from the ship to the Albany vessel himself. A large number of pipes of imported brandy, purchased of the importer while on the dock, were removed the following night, the casks emptied, and fictitious brandy substituted, the casks replaced in their old position before morning, and the whole sold at auction the next day as pure imported brandy.

A dealer once said to me, "If you purchase my stock of wine at cost (which he valued at \$5,000) I will give up the trade." I replied, "I will purchase every gallon you will warrant pure." After some hesitation he answered, "I have not one."

THE EFFECT OF MADE LIQUOR.

Medical men advanced in life have assured me, that the effect of using intoxicating liquors now, is much more fatal to health and life than thirty years since. Then, liquors were comparatively pure. The alcohol in them was usually the only ingredient that the constitution had to contend with, and then a habitual drinker, if he lived so long, did not become a known drunkard under twenty years; but now it frequently occurs that the same amount of habitual drinking produce diseases and intemperance in three years. This change, these medical gentlemen attribute to the presence of other poisons than the poison of alcohol in the intoxicating liquors used by the people in such quantities. I could fill a volume with facts going to show that as to wine, it is next to impossible to find any in this country pure,—I mean pure fermented, unfermented wine; and I believe the same in regard to distilled spirits. Drugs are used in the manufacture of most, if not all kinds, for the reason that with drugs, common whiskey can be turned into rum, brandy, or gin. I have been assured that arsenic is used in whiskey to restore the head, after having been diluted with water. So with beer, which poisonous drugs are cheaper than malt, to increase the intoxicating power, and money is to be made by it. This is often done, of which I have proof positive; also that the most filthy water has been, and still is, used in making.

DRUGS FOR BREWERS.

A large druggist in New York, who made no secret of the fact that he sold tons of poisonous drugs to brewers, opened his ledger to a friend of mine, and gave him the brewers' names who purchased them in large quantities. Their names would have been forthcoming, had certain proceedings introduced into the Senate of this State by brewers, with regard to the use of drugs used in strong beer, been suffered to go on.

THE WINE OF COCKROACHES.

The late Rev. T. P. Hunt, of Wyoming, Penn., wrote me: "While I lectured in Philadelphia, I became acquainted with a man who was engaged extensively in making wines, brandy, &c. Through my influence he abandoned the horrid traffic. He informed me, that in order to produce the 'nutty flavor' for which Madeira was so much admired, he put a bag of cockroaches into the liquor and let it remain there until the cockroaches were dissolved. I have been informed by several that this is no uncommon practice. If any wine drinker doubts it, he can soon settle the question by an experiment. Cockroaches are plenty, and many much more nauseous and poisonous substances are known to be employed by the makers and vendors of intoxicating drinks. I would give you the name of the person who gave the recipe for using cockroaches, but he gave it in confidence, and is now occupying a much more moral and useful station than that of poisoning his customers."

WHO KILLED TOM ROPER?

Who killed Tom Roper?
Not I, said new Cider,
I couldn't kill a spider.
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said strong Ale,
I make men tough and hale;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said Lager Beer,
I don't intoxicate. D'ye hear (cross)
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said Bourbon Whisky,
I make sick folk spry and frisky;
The doctors say so; don't they know
What quickens blood that runs too slow?
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said sparkling old Champagne,
No poor man e'er by me was slain.
I cheer the rich in lordly halls,
And scorn the place where the drunkard falls.
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not we said various other wines;
What! juice of grapes, product of vines,
Kill a man! The Bible tells
That wine all other drinks excels.
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Nor I, said Holland Gin;
To charge such a crime to me is a sin.
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Nor I, spoke up the Brandy strong,
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I said Medford Rum;
He was almost gone before I come.
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Ha, ha! laughed old Prince Alcohol,
Each struck the blow that made him fall;
And all that helped to make Tom Roper
My agents were to kill Tom Roper.
—Temperance Banner.

STRYCHNINE IN WHISKEY.

I have not known until lately of the use of that deadly poison, strychnine, in the manufacture of whiskey. This is described as possessing a greater amount of destructive energy than any other poison except Prussic acid. The object of using it is to obtain the greatest amount of intoxicating liquor out of the least quantity of grain. Whether this liquor kills men, hogs or fishes, makes no difference with the distiller, provided he can accumulate a fortune by its sale.

I quote from an article recently published in the Tribune: "The use of strychnine in the manufacture of whiskey, is henceforth to be punished as a felony in Ohio. By means of this drug, used in connection with tobacco, sharp distillers were making five gallons of whiskey from one bushel of grain, whereas a quantity obtained by the former old process was but half as much."

SCIENTIFIC.

MADAME BISACCANTI'S LAST EVENING.

Again the clerk of the weather improvised a rainstorm, just in time to discommodate the lovers of song; but despite of it, Norombega was well filled, and the most glorious exhibition of the vocal art which has ever been heard in this city was vouchsafed us. The concert was superior to that of Wednesday, as the dimensions of the hall were better adapted for effect. Madame Bisaccanti was received with rapturous applause in every piece, and her response was most generous with the gems of song. She followed the Cavatina from Verdi's "Rigoletto" with "The Last Rose of Summer," with such an expression of sentiment as who that heard it will soon forget the plaintive desire that thrilled the heart.

So, soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from life's shining circle
The fond dream drops away.
When shall I see thee there,
And our eyes are down,
O, who would inhibit
This bleak world alone?"

Was Moore ever so ravished with the inspiration of his own words as interpreted by the heart and voice of this delicious singer? The Serenade from Schubert was perfection. Should one wake in the night to such sounds, and fall to slumber again, he would never believe but that he had been visited by an angel in a dream. And this she followed with that ballad of exquisite tenderness, "Kathleen Mavourneen," of which we gave the last stanza in our notice of the previous concert. We now give both stanzas, as, after the wedding to the music of her voice, they will glow with a new beauty:

"Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still,
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?"

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers,
Arise in thy beauty thou star of my night,
Arise in thy beauty thou star of my night,
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?"

Again after her most glorious rendering of the Cavatina of "O Luce" from the Linda of Donizetti, she favored us with a third gem of Irish song—Savourneen Deelish—of mellow pathos:

"Oh! the moment was sad when my love and I parted
Savourneen deelish, Ileen Ogh!
As I kissed off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourneen deelish, Ileen Ogh!
Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand—no marble was colder—
I felt that I never again should behold her,
Savourneen deelish, Ileen Ogh!" &c.

As a fourth response to the encore to the last grand "Finale" from Donizetti, Madame Bisaccanti gave, as we believe it never was given before, except by her and Jenny Lind, that familiar song of our own land, for which, though itself the best memorial of its author, his friends are consecrating the sculptured marble—"Sweet Home." Oh, if home were always as sweet as she sang it, what a paradise earth would be!

We should not care to criticize, if we were competent, the artistic execution of Madame Bisaccanti. It is to be heard, enjoyed, and remembered—yes, dreamed over; for, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," those delicious warblings, and "notes almost divine," will sound again, as, in our wakeful hours, some experience vibrates the chord of sweet association; or, as in slumber, they accompany the Angel of peace as it flits athwart our dreams.

One of the pleasant incidents of the concert was the delicate compliment paid by Madame Zimmermann to the child of song. Just before the first appearance of Madame Bisaccanti, Madame Zimmermann ascended the platform, and spreading a small carpet strewed it with flowers amidst the rapturous applause of the whole audience. It was a worthy tribute of the grand-pupil of the great Mozart to the genius of one who honors with her song the sublime conceptions of its great masters.

CHRIST IN LITERATURE.

We are happy to see that the censures of the religious press have not been without their influence in the Ministry that lately dared to defy Christian sentiments. The last No. has an article on New England ministers, which treats in a respectful manner the doctrines and revivals of the church. The change is more noticeable in the oratorical breakfast table, which are evidently more judicious on the previous utterances. The great turns aside from all his accustomed ministrations.

"Jest and youthful jollity,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Quips and cranks and waggish wiles,
Sport that wrinkled Care decries,
And Laughter holding both its reins."

and addresses himself to the divinity of the school-mistress, the two evangelists of his age, in a style that shows he is anxiously in earnest. He even gives the divinity student the power to make a very meek request of *le grand monarque*, which bit of spunk is undoubtedly due to the course of the real students of divinity that gather round his table as it is spread upon the white surface of the "Atlantic." He gives us his creed in response to the timid request of his theological adorer, which creed is the head of the Lord's Prayer, and is about as useful and comely as the head of the Lord's forerunner was when served up "on a charger," by one of his professed admirers. "Our Father," to be acceptably uttered, must be said in the spirit of the words that follow, a spirit which is found only by humble faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It would be well to remember that most striking rebuke which Christ administers to all who thus irreverently presume on an independent knowledge of the fatherhood of God: "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, and no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal Him." He complains that he is not allowed to preach after having heard a thousand sermons, but is ordered to confine himself to his own puns. Not the worst advice if it be understood as given, not as perverted by the word "puns." It is an approval of that brilliant wit by which he has won fame. Like most persons of talent, he despises that by which alone he can be eminent. Men are apt to despise their own chief talent. So the autocrat whose fame will shine through and by his wit, hates his soul's bent and strength, and seeks to change the harlequin's stripes for the robes of the philosopher and the gown of the divine. Not content with one realm of thought, he claims lordship over the whole domain, autocrat not only of the breakfast table but of all tables, not only of fun and fancy but of philosophy, science, theology, the whole orbit of the soul. "Non omnes omnia possumus," which is, being Anglicised,

"As said the great prince Fernando,
What can a man do more than he can do?"

Let him confine himself to his legitimate sphere, and he will have no heartier applause than the pulpits. But lest he should call this "personal incivility," and an affliction to his friends, as he says the structures on his able sermons have been, forgetful of the fool's cap and bells and the madman's straight jacket, which he graciously put on such as we, we will leave that Journal and its contributors and say a word on the position which Christ and his gospel ought to have in popular literature.

Christianity had to be content for many ages with the revivings of literature. Like its Author, it submitted its cheek to the smiters. It calmly beheld them wagging their heads and hurling at it their scoffing jests and sophistries. To go no farther than England and the last century, we see that from the days of Dryden to Cowper only two or three of her popular writers treated the Christian religion with respect. Novelist, and philosopher, poet and historian, essayist and pamphleteer, almost unanimously lashed with their scorpion,

scourge an unresisting gospel. Congreve, Swift, man, be set forth in every newspaper and every Smollet, Fielding, Pope, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Gibbon, Hume, Burns, and almost every writer of the world. Then shall the finest issues of the soul below condescend in that long period, leavened their works with this blasphemous poison. But a change came—blessing and honor, and glory and power unto over its spirit. The great revival of Wesley and Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Whitefield had reached the controlling brain of the Lamb forever!"

nation, and at the opening of the present century there began to obtain, though with much recalcitration, as Byron and Moore and the early Edinburgh Review bear witness, that phase of literature in its relation to Christ that now prevails. This is a studied silence on the great claims and offers of the gospel, while it presents an equally studied laudation of its humanitarian elements. Some of the tribe find it difficult to preserve this equilibrium and break the enforced silence with timid sneers, but all agree in rejecting a supernatural Saviour and salvation. This is the position of Dickens and Thackeray, and Carlyle and Tennyson, and the Broad Church school of England, of Emerson and Bryant, and Longfellow and Lowell, and the No-church school of America. This is the position of the periodical press of both countries, whether quarterly, monthly or daily, with very rare exceptions. Thus stands Christ to-day, excluded from the literature of the world, shut up to his own especial organs of defense and propagation. His advocates have heretofore only dared to ask that the masters of letters should treat Him with a respectful silence. They have only uttered an indignant rebuke when his gospel, in its ministers or its ideas, is jeered at by some one more bold or indiscreet than the rest.

This ought not so to be. The Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour of man, should be enthroned over all literature. Shall not He who fashioned and filled those exquisite faculties of thought and feeling sanctify them with his presence, and make them, directly or indirectly, illustrate his glory? The defenders of His gospel ought not to be confined to their own papers and books. They ought to demand his entrance into every avenue of influential thought. He ought to be preached from all these high places of the mind. The London Times, N. Y. Tribune, Monitor, all the dailies of the country ought to have leaders advocating this great elevation in all its vast issues, and urging it upon the millions that hang upon their word. The great reviews and magazines should give Him an equally exalted seat in their palaces of thought and diction. Poetry and history, and fiction and philosophy, all the great efforts of great minds, should have this impulse and aim, and thus the grandest offering of the human soul would be laid upon the altar and become divine.

Perhaps the intrusion of the opposite spirit may hasten this end. The Westminster's bitter infidelity may convert the Edinburgh into an evangelical Review. The Atlantic's enterprise in this matter as in others may incite the Harpers into a corresponding enterprise for the truth as it is in Jesus, as it has for lesser efforts in elegant literature. A beginning has been made by some female writers who have run in this race and won some of the laurels. Miss Warner, Hannah More, and especially Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Stowe, have carried piety and purity into letters; but not until the married minds become penetrated with the same spirit and lay their trophies at the same feet, will His true place be won. Then we shall no more need special religious papers than we now need special anti-slavery or temperance ones. The glorious gospel of the blessed God will be welcome to every journal and permeate all literature.

While then the church does right in demanding a cessation, everywhere, of all opposition to Christianity, it ought to begin to demand an equally general recognition and defense of its infinite truths and claims. By story and song, by history and philosophy, by rhetoric and imagination, let the fact of the universe, the unspeakable gift of God to

MR. BRYANT'S BED.

How beautiful the place!
I would not miss,
(What lovely lace,
This perfect bed.)

I now confess,
With sweet remorse,
(She's turned her dress,
My eyes I close.)

My thoughts above,
Dropt as I did;
(I've lost my glove)
As here I bend.

Here in this pew,
My heart's at rest;
(My hat is new)
And I am blest.

Oh, prospect fair,
I loved these seats,
(How's my back hair?)
O'er which I sit.

'Tis but a span,
A fleeting day,
(That nice young man)
That here we stay.

Which we would show
In various ways,
(Just's got a beau)
Our rectors say.

And we should live a pious
Spare, humble life,
(She's out on the bias)
Free from worldly strife.

The battle waged,
We go to rest,
(Is she engaged?)
Among the best.

The Christian grave,
I will seek,
(How tight she laces)
With heart and soul.

were written by Mr. Bryant before leaving his bed this morning:

ODE FOR THE BURIAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smile and swift to spare
Gentle, and merciful, and just!
Who, in the fear of God, dost bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy Bier we stand;
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And greet the anguish of a land
That shudders with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the land is free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

Ms. Apr. 1865

TALKING ABOUT MINISTERS;
OR, A HINT TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

"Mother," says a little boy about four years old, on a Sabbath morning, "who is going to preach to-day?"

"Mr. M——, I believe; but why do you ask, my child?"

"Because, if that minister preaches that the lady was speaking of yesterday, in the carriage, I think I shall get up and walk out of church."

Such was an actual conversation between a Christian mother, and her sweet, quiet, gentle, but thoughtful little son, who had been brought up to respect ministers, and to reverence the house of God, and who, in saying what he did, had no definite idea of the meaning of his words or why he uttered them, for he had never seen or heard Mr. M——, and had not the faintest impression of his own with regard to his preaching.

"What, then, was the explanation of his remark; and how came he to utter it?"

It was the echo of what he had heard; the result of impressions made when those who were making them did not dream he was attentive. The day before, his mother had been riding out with another lady, a Christian friend and neighbor, and had taken her little boy with them. The conversation had touched on the topic of the coming Sabbath; when, incidentally, it was mentioned, that their minister was to exchange, on the morrow, with Mr. M——, who was far from being a favorite in the congregation. And one of the ladies had said, "O! I am so sorry that Mr. M—— is to preach, for he is a miserable preacher—so dull and stupid that I cannot bear to hear him." And the little child had heard the remark, though no one had noticed it. And now, the day after, as the bells are ringing for church, out comes the fruit of the seed so unconsciously sown in the remark we have quoted.

And was Mr. M—— "a miserable preacher?" Was he not a serious minded, praying man? Did not he endeavor faithfully to preach the gospel? Did he not actually preach it plainly, earnestly, practically? Yes. No one doubted it. He was not, indeed, a man of polished taste, or finished elocution; and those of cultivated minds might easily discern defects in his style and manner. But he did preach the gospel, and preached it seriously, faithfully, as well as he knew how to preach it. And yet this was the impression left—unwittingly left I grant—but still, left on the mind of that little child; and which he may perhaps carry with him on to manhood, possibly to influence his views of preaching, in other cases, for many coming years!

Such is my sermon: and now for the application.

1. There is too much talking about preaching. Not too much thinking about it, for no matter how deeply you may ponder it in the heart. But too much talking; at least, too much talking that is no of the right kind. Too many, far too many, if they do not go to church as they might go to a theater—with no serious thought that it is the house of God—at least, come away from it as lightly, to discuss what they have heard at the concert or the play house. Better to think more and talk less, certainly, if you cannot talk to profit, and so as to edify any that may hear.

2. Always speak favorably of preaching, or speak not at all. Pick out the wheat and let alone the chaff. In sermons, as in characters, there is always something good; and if you will, you may find it. And to dwell on the good, and not on its opposite, is alike the dictate of wisdom and charity best for its influence on others, and for the reaction on your own spiritual habits. I hardly know the person who habitually draws more of di-

vine nourishment from sermons—from every sermon—than an excellent female friend, who makes it a fixed rule never to speak of a sermon except to dwell on what is good in it.

3. Beware lest by speaking unfavorably of preaching, you do a lasting injury to your children. The late Dr. Alexander tells us that when once, in early life, he had been deeply impressed by a sermon, all his serious thoughts were at once dispelled by hearing his parents speak slightly of the preacher. And in a Christian family known to the writer, the eldest daughter has grown up irreligious, and of a sarcastic and uncomfortable temperament and habit, while her two younger sisters are faithful Christians. And while asking a friend the reason of the difference, the answer was, that while she was growing up the parents were, in the constant habit of speaking severely and censoriously about preaching in her presence, so that she, catching their spirit, carried it into everything; but afterward, seeing their mistake, had, before their younger children, always endeavored to speak reverently and seriously of the preached word of God. The reason is one of the most common. Will not every

[The following piece of poetry was read by Rev. Mr. Adams, at the funeral of Hon. R. P. Dunlap, and in the course of the remarks he made in relation to the deceased. They were procured for us by a Masonic friend of Mr. Dunlap at the time, but the length of our report prevented their publication with it. The stanzas are some which Mr. Dunlap found just before making his last visit to Illinois, and which he took with him and read over and over again.]

THE NEED OF JESUS.

"Unto you who believe he is precious."—I Pet. II. 7.

I need thee, precious Jesus, for I am full of sin,
My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within;

I need the cleansing fountain, where I can always flee—

The blood of Christ most precious, the sinner's perfect plea.

I need thee precious Jesus, for I am very poor,
A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store;

I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my strength and stay.

I need thee, precious Jesus, I need a friend like thee—

A friend to soothe and sympathize, a friend to care for me;

I need the heart of Jesus, to feel each anxious care,

To tell me every want, and all my sorrows share.

I need thee, precious Jesus, for I am very blind;

A weak and foolish wanderer, with a dark and evil mind;

I need the light of Jesus to tread the thorny road,

To guide me safe to glory, where I shall see my God.

I need thee, precious Jesus, I need thee day by day.

To fill me with thy fullness, to lead me on my way;

I need thy Holy Spirit to teach me what I am,

To show me more of Jesus, to point me to the Lamb.

I need thee precious Jesus, and hope to see thee soon,

Encircled with a rainbow, and seated on thy throne;

There with thy blood-bought children, my joy shall ever be;

To sing thy praises, Jesus, to gaze, my Lord, on thee.

June, 1856

LOVE
We are young
And both are loving—
You love me,
And I love you;
Each, each other's
Faults reproving—
Some in me,
And some in you;
What is best
For us to do?
Live and love,
Continue loving—
You loving me,
I loving you;
Each, each other's
Faults reproving—
You reproving me;
I you;
This is best
For us to do!

Sent in letter

A WOMAN'S SYMPATHY.

The editor of the New Orleans Advocate, Nov. 3d, has this incident about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city, related to him by one of the Methodist pastors: "The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness, he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been here but a short time. He was attacked with yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relative to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own 'dear kindred blood' can feel or manifest. He died among strangers, and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady who stood by, stopped them and said, 'Let me kiss him for his mother!' We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eye this simple recital has not brought tears. That dear old lady, whoever she is, is probably unconscious of having uttered a sentiment and performed an action, unsurpassed in beautiful simplicity and sublime eloquence. May her sons, when they die, not lack a mother's sympathy; but if they should, may they find one who will kiss them for their mother!"

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

Music—Scientific and Simple.

A writer in the Whig of the 13th seems inclined to reproach the Bangor public for great lack of taste, in giving the "Old Folks' Concert" a full house, and that of the performers of the "Creation," as thin one.

Now it appeared to many of the listeners of the "Old Folks," that they were really hearing very good music, and that the enjoyment of the evening was in that chiefly, and that the costumes were but a small, a very small part of it.

When Ethiopian, or other simple melody, draws full houses, it would seem the dictate of common sense to acknowledge, that if the music were not attractive, no second house would be filled. But the lovers of scientific music are possessed with the idea that their style alone is music, and refuse to believe that any person of decent taste can really enjoy any other. So, when the houses of popular concert-givers are filled, they scornfully accuse such audiences of going "to the show" of antique costumes, or the mimicry of Ethiopian performances.

Now who shall decide the question between the lovers of elaborate, intellectual music, and the lovers of simple melody? If numbers shall decide it, the latter have always had the day. If assumption, and great names may do it, then the former have it. Doubtless, the former are right in their decision, for a class—for such names as Handel and Haydn do not live so long, without a reality in their works.

But why should the class who particularly enjoy scientific music, insist that the larger number who enjoy it less than simple, know and care nothing about true music? Why not leave the lover of the latter style to his choice, without scorn?

Said an admirer of trills and quavers, to one who was warmly praising the Hutchinsons, "If you had ever heard the Italian Opera, you would not enjoy such music." Said another "It is well enough to hear occasionally, but it is not music, to go and listen to, as music." Now, I am persuaded that both of these critics spoke against the deep conviction of fact the largest part of the community;—nor is it easy to perceive the profound wisdom of laboring to so "elevate" the taste of that community, that they shall no longer enjoy such melody! It might be retorted that the more important, and more legitimate effects of music upon the human race, were to be obtained by the simple and natural, rather than the scientific and artificial style.

Which music brings the falling tear,—
"Had she a Father?
Had she a Mother?
Or a still dearer one?"

As sung by the Hutchinsons, or the throat-splitting strains of the Italian Opera—strains which produce in many minds little more than a sensation of wonder at the capacity of lungs, and the results of long training?

"That is an extremely difficult passage," said one of the enthusiasts of the strained style, admiringly, to Dr. Johnson. "Difficult, is it?—Only wish it were impossible!" groaned he.

The music that brings a tear to the eye,—that quickens the beating pulse,—that moves to high resolve,—to deep, though unspoken prayer,—that wakens patriotic emotion,—that rouses passion, and softens sorrow,—is, we will venture to say, and has been, from Creation's dawn, the music of the ballad and the song, the psalm and hymn, sung by unlettered lips, in the street, the congregation, the field and the parlor, of common, every-day life.

Admirers of the learned style, say that words are of no consequence to true music.—This accounts, perhaps, for the wearisome re-

iteration of a few phrases, or perhaps, one single sentence, in many long and elaborate pieces. And, by the way, if the performers of Oratorios are really so anxious to "elevate" the public taste, we would humbly suggest that the words they sing be printed, for the use of those who are so low down in the scale of musical taste as to need words for the aid of imagination. (Then we should not see such a desperate clutching of programmes as was witnessed on Thursday night!) To them, it will be remembered, the choruses seem like a remarkable monotony of one style of shouting. They, in listening to a duet between Adam and Eve, in spite of the melody and richness of the tones, are tempted to smile at the endless repetition of one or two words; the only ones to be understood in whole pages of music. If lovers talked to each other in that way, we should laugh. But then this is an Oratorio! And the case is very different, you know!

"Music married to immortal verse," is a fact as old as History; and many a song will still stir the heart, and linger in the memory, like the "Last rose of Summer," "Farewell to my harp, for it's numbers are o'er," "Sweet Home," and hundreds of others,—in which it would be difficult to say whether words or melody, most moved us.

Musical instruments, in the opinion of many, can never be made to give sounds that will touch the feelings like the passionate or plaintive modulations of the human voice. Yet, at the concert of the "Old Folks,"—which, with such bad taste, we attended,—we heard, in the accompaniment to the "Marseilles Hymn," and "Strike the Cymbal," such spirit-stirring tones of the trumpet and viol, as might almost compel us to acknowledge that the human voice had been nearly equalled. But we are told that admiration of this only proves bad taste! And when our hearts thrilled at that glorious call to French patriotism, which can shake tyrants on their thrones, and at strains of triumphant, national Hebrew melody,—when the thought of "Columbia's sons" placed "among the stars," and the shout, "Long live America," brought back the Past, before the white banner of American Freedom had been dragged in the dirt, trailing at the car of slavery,—when recollections of the time in which the name of our country was an emblem of glory, and Patriotism was synonymous with Faith,—were made to rule the soul for the hour,—why, then, it seems that, along with others of the Bangor public, we were only enjoying a mountebank show! Something which, if we had only had a cultivated taste, we should have scorned!

Negro melodies are even still more to be despised. And yet how many a plaintive strain of these has gone straight to the heart—"Weep no more, my lady! Weep no more, to-day!" sung by a fine, manly voice,—what a picture does this present of flowery, golden fields, and a glowing wealth of Nature in "Fair Kentucky," where the "birds make music all the day;"—of a fair lady, pining for the beloved home, far away, and the tender efforts of her dependent to soothe the aching heart, which his own so faithfully reflects? Are not these things which appeal to all? Will not genuine, natural sentiment, always find a response in the human breast, while the world stands, even if it comes in the garb of a negro melody?

Let the lovers of elaborate, and the lovers of simple music, each enjoy their own in peace, and bring no "railling accusations" against each other. If a society, or a choir, work hard for the end of perfecting a style of music which many enjoy, it is a good reason for attending their concerts,—especially if they belong to our own home. We did our duty, and

went. Those who did not, we are sure need not be reproached with preferring the "Old Folks," because they were not fellow-citizens, but only because they liked "their music best." Intellectually, we enjoyed the entertainment.—The proofs of culture and pains-taking, the dullest could perceive. Sweet tones, and finely modulated voices, even when one did not know what effect was aimed at, when sentiment was to be expressed, were very charming. When it was known that "Chorus" was designed to be represented by the Organ, then it did seem very much like chaos. But one could hear a world of such music, without a starting tear, or a kindling emotion;—and, we doubt if, in many listeners, devotion was not more quickened by the tune of Old Hundred, sung at the end, than by any other part of the evening's performance.

One word before we close. Are the exclusive lovers of elaborate, scientific music, sure that the intellectual is so much more "elevated" in the scale of being, than the emotional nature? And do they carry this principle out in other things? Do they choose their friends, their books alone for their power of ministering to the intellect? In that "New Song," sung by the "ten thousand times ten thousand," which do they conceive to be the principal element, Intellect or Soul? In that "voice of many waters," that "voice of mighty thunderings," how many "difficult passages," do they imagine? How many repetitions of unmeaning words? How much "brilliant execution?" And in the majestic throng whose voices and hearts thus flow together in one magnificent gush of over-mastering emotion, who do they picture to themselves as most prominent, the Napoleons and the Websters of our mortal, intellectual idolatry, or they who, on earth washed His feet with tears, poured alabaster boxes of ointment on His head, stood weeping at His sepulchre, and were "ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, for His name?"

H. A.

April 19th.

It was the fate of the father of Lafayette, the living French poet and orator, to be mixed up with the first French revolution. During that stormy period he, with a great number of his compatriots, were imprisoned in prison at Macon. He was not long there before his wife, and her child, took lodgings opposite the window of the cell which enclosed the republican. She soon drew his attention to herself and his child, which, though he could not speak to her for fear of the sentinel, concerned him in some measure to his captivity, and lessened the burden of his woes. "My mother," says Lamartine, "carried me every day in her arms to the garret window, showed me to my father, gave me nourishment before him, made me stretch out my little hands towards the bars of his prison, then pressing my forehead to her breast, she almost devoured me with kisses in the sight of the prisoner, and seemed thus to waft him mentally all the caresses which she lavished on me."

At last she hit on the happy expedient of conveying him letters in the following manner: She procured a bow and some arrows, and tying a letter to a thread, she shot the arrow to which was attached the other end of the thread, into the window of the prisoner's cell. In this way she sent him pens, ink and paper. He then, by the same ingenious expedient, sent love letters to her. Thus the separated husband and wife were enabled to correspond, to cheer each other's hopes, and sustain each other in their misfortunes. This was all done at night time, when the scrutinizing eyes of the sentinels remained in happy ignorance of the medium of communication. Success having inspired courage, the lady with the assistance of the arrow and thread, afterwards conveyed a file to the captive, with which he silently filed through one of the bars of his prison, and then restored it to its place. On the next evening when there was no

phers' caution, and none but those who were personally interested in it, can ever imagine the feelings that must have agitated their hearts! From time to time, when the night was dark, the knotted cord would glide from window to window, and the prisoner would pass from knot to knot, and enjoy delightful hours of converse with her whom he loved best on earth.

Warren Johnson. The death of Mr. Johnson took place on Saturday evening last, at his new home in Newton, Mass., after an illness of only a few days, the cause of death being designated by his physicians as blood poisoning.

Warren Johnson was born in Vienna, in Kennebec County, on the 24th of December, 1830, and consequently at the time of his death was in the forty-seventh year of his age. After receiving the common school education afforded by his town, he fitted for college at Farmington Academy, entered Bowdoin College in 1850, and graduated with high honors in the class of 1854. After graduation he served as principal of Foxcroft Academy for one year, when he was appointed Tutor in Bowdoin College, which position he held for two years from 1855 to 1857. He then established the Franklin Family School in Topsham, which, under his management, attained a high degree of success and was liberally patronized. After conducting this school for several years he was chosen State Superintendent of the Common Schools of Maine, which office he filled for a period of nearly eight years, when he was chosen by a unanimous vote of the School Committee, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Newton, Mass., which office he had filled for only about six months prior to his death.

Mr. Johnson possessed natural abilities of a high order, and his scholarly attainments were made manifest in his marked success as a teacher. This is especially true of his conduct of the Topsham School, the pupils of which made excellent progress under his instructions, coupled as they were with a firm, steady, but generous discipline. He was an earnest worker, persistent, courageous and undaunted; he knew no such word as fail in the discharge of duty.

He took charge of the schools of the State at a time when his soul was stirred over the shortcomings of the system of district schools, and he devoted his time and his energies to remedy the evils and to renovate the schools. He left them greatly improved, in all ordinary details, and he engrained upon the system new and most commendable features.

Mr. Johnson was a man of decided opinions, sometimes thought to be in advance of the times, but he held them with an honest purpose and expressed them with proper courtesy and regard to the rights of an opponent. We speak from personal knowledge having squarely differed with him upon some topics and held many an earnest controversy with him.

Fond of social life, well read, impulsive and energetic in his manner, he was a charming companion in his hours of ease, and the same qualities that enlivened the social circle, carried him successfully through the sharp contests of school life in Maine.

During his short residence in Newton he won the respect and esteem of the citizens by his untiring exertions for the welfare of the Newton schools.

The remains were brought here for interment, and the funeral services took place in the Congregational church, on Tuesday afternoon Rev. Mr. Ecob of Augusta, the late pastor of the deceased, conducting them. Mr. Ecob made brief remarks, testifying to the worth of the departed, the importance of the work accomplished by him as Superintendent of Schools. His remarks were of a general character, and the Rev. gentleman expressed in touching terms his great regard for the deceased. He also offered prayer upon the occasion.

Portions of Scripture were read and remarks made by Rev. Mr. Byington.

A delegation was also present from the School Board of Newton—the Rev. Amos E. Lawrence and Mr. James S. Newell,—and the former gentleman in a few earnest and touching words, told of the high esteem in which the deceased was held by the people and the pupils of the schools in whose service he had so efficiently labored for the last six months of his life. The services were rendered all the more impressive by the beautiful music given by the Quartette, and closed with the benediction pronounced by Mr. Ecob.

Among those present were Gov. Connor, a portion of his Staff, and other strangers, the College Faculty and students, recitations being suspended for the hour of the funeral. The attendance in the church was quite large and a long procession accompanied the remains to the cemetery.

The floral tributes resting upon the coffin were profuse and elegant—the tributes of loving friends

Services were held in Newton, Mass., on Monday, which were attended by a large number of people, members of the School Board, and school teachers.

The pall-bearers—all personal friends of the deceased—were Ex-Gov. Chamberlain, Prof. J. B. Sewall, Messrs. C. S. Pennell, W. B. Parinot, L. L. Smith, and Robert Bowker. Mr. John Furbush had charge of the funeral.

DIED.

ANTHONY.—In Princeton, on Sunday, Feb. 21, 1873, in the thirty-third year of his age, William L. Anthony, whose painful illness and early death have excited the interest and sympathy of our entire community, died Sunday, Feb. 21, at half past 11 p. m.

He received an injury of the knee joint some four years since, while running across a vacant lot to a fire in Greenville, Ky. It is only within six months that the swollen limb gave him serious alarm. He was able to continue his work as a printer till last autumn. He came home from Chicago, where he had resided for two years past, under medical advice and for purpose of rest and nursing. He had eleven operations at various times upon his limb, by which the accumulated serum was removed. After the last operation in the month of January, it became apparent that he must have some other source of relief. In this he was not successful, and, in spite of the best medical counsel that could be obtained, the inflammation of the knee increased, the discharges became violent, and he slowly sank under the power of local pain and the fatal poison that such a sore diffuses through the system. His last days seemed to be passed in unconsciousness of his pain, and the vital powers gradually surrendered.

His form was erect and his bearing dignified. In his person he was scrupulously neat; in his dress tasteful and precise. He was modest, reticent and self-restrained; but to his friends frank and cheerful. He was an accomplished printer, industrious, faithful and accurate. He learned his trade in Princeton and has prosecuted his business in Chicago, Florida and in the State of Alabama and Kentucky. He established the Kentucky REPUBLICAN at Greenville, Kentucky, and was sole editor and proprietor. The first issue was dated March 16, 1870. It was the third republican paper in that State, and the only one in the second congressional district. Its files show the patient toil, the conscientious editing, the faithful printing, as well as the outspoken convictions of the young editor on political and general subjects. It was widely read and had a large advertising patronage, but was discontinued before the end of the second year, chiefly on account of the jealousy of its political sympathizers in that State. While it was a pecuniary failure, the paper demonstrated the excellent talent and high ambition of its publisher. After his return to Princeton, Mr. Anthony assisted in several of our printing offices, and for several months was employed on the HERALD.

Mr. Anthony united with the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Greenville, Kentucky, in 1870. He took a letter from that church in 1873, commending him to any church of Christ where his lot might be cast. He communed with the Congregational church in Princeton, of which his parents are old and honored members. He enjoyed a restful and comforting faith in Christ during his suffering sickness, and passed on to the other shore "leaning on the Beloved."

His family receive the heartfelt sympathy of all. His funeral services were attended by his pastor, Rev. R. B. Howard, on Tuesday, at 3 p. m. His text, found in Isa. 40, 36-37, seemed most impressive and appropriate. "Even the youths shall faint, and the young men shall utterly fail, but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

The deceased would have been thirty-three March 10, 1873.

Death of Mrs. Goodenow.

It is with feelings almost akin to those experienced from the loss of a near friend that we record the death of Mrs. Mary C. Goodenow, wife of Hon. Robert Goodenow of this village. She died about noon Tuesday last, of lung fever, after a short but painful illness, having been prostrated only the Thursday before. From the first her physician pronounced the case critical in the extreme, and expressed doubts of the efficacy of medical skill to save her.—Friday and Saturday her life was despaired of. Sunday she seemed a little better, and Monday morning we heard that it was hoped she had passed the critical point and would soon recover. But during the forenoon, Tuesday, unfavorable symptoms returned; she gradually sank, and about noon passed gently away.

That Mrs. Goodenow was an exemplary Christian—in the church, of which for many years she was an honored member; in her family, where she was so devotedly loved, because best known; in society at large, and in her every day walk and conversation—it seems unnecessary for us to add in this brief notice of her death. From our early childhood, we have known and respected her and shall miss her now that she will no more mingle in the society and scenes of earth. Those who knew her doubt not that in her case, at least, to die was gain, for "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Funeral services at the house Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

My Baby.

BY MARY E. DODGE.

O baby, my baby, my darling?
As I ponder my newly-won bliss,
As I task in thy beautiful being,
And kiss thee with kiss upon kiss,
I wonder how earth ever charmed me,
How its joys to me seemed so divine;
Those joys I now measure as human,
Since this one I know is divine.

O baby, my cherub, my darling!
Whose "coo" is the sweetest of things;
I wonder if ever such music,
So perfect, was born without wings;
And I tremble with rapture to listen,
So dread I the pinions—ah me!
But no! the good God is no mocker,
And he gave thee, sweet baby, to me.

O baby, my queen and my darling,
Thou rulest and liftest me so,
Exalting my soul to its highest,
God gave thee thy scepter, I know;
From his throne in the uppermost heavens
Thou hast come to our home like a star,
And the light of it leadeth me upward
And onward as leadeth a star.

O baby, my baby, my darling!
Queen, cherub and star though thou be,
No sign to express thee seems worthy,
When thou art all sweetness to me!
In thy voice is the song of the morning;
In thy fingers is touch of delight;
In thy smile is the glow of sunshine;
In thyself—oh, thyself is delight!

Dear baby, my baby, my darling!
Love, love is incarnate at last—
The love that was thrilled into promise,
The love that grew strong as it passed
Into blossom so mystic and holy;
We give it the sweet name of child—
Two beings in one made completer,
A baby—our darling, our child!

—Christian Union.

[For the SOUTHWESTERN.] Every Day.

Give me the heart that is honest and true
Every day;
Hands that are finding some good thing
to do,
Every day;
Feet that are walking the heavenly way,
Choosing the sunniest path if they may,
Faithfully treading wherever is right,
Reaching, by faith, what is dim to the sight,
Every day.

Give me the eye that is lighted by love,
Every day;
Borrowing light from the fountain above,
Every day.
Lips which are true to the soul they express,
Slow when in anger, and hasty to bless,—
Moved by the griefs which another may feel,
Glad to speak words that some sorrow will heal,
Every day.

Give me a soul which above all disguise,
Every day,
Gleaneth a harvest of thoughts as they rise
Every day;
True in its labor and calm in its rest,
Fearless in danger, enduring the best,
Sorrows so crushing that weak ones would fall,
Finding some good in the midst of them all,
Every day.

Give me the life which is richer by faith,
Every day;
Give me the hope that is fearless of death,
Every day;
Work that will show when 'tis faithfully done;
Strength for the duties of life, every one;
Trust which can wait for the good I implore,
Wisdom to read of Thy truth more and more,
Every day.

R. W. BRAINARD.

[For the REGISTER.] Love's Jewels.

Busy Nora sat by her cottage door,
With a kiss yet warm on her brow;
For her husband stooped, as he passed
her by,
And a tender light came into his eye
As he thought of the girl of years before,
Who is dearest of matrons now.

It was only an hour ago, she sighed,
As she thought of her daily toil;—
"Tis a weary world, and the tiresome care,
Which in fullest measure I ever bear,
Soon would crush the heart of the gayest
bride,
And the beauty of angels spoil."

Now this wedding for love in well, I ween,
So that love does not ask for bread;—
And she looked around on her littered floor,
Where of children's toys she could count
a score—
"But alas for the hours I must stitch and
clean,
And the mouths to be daily fed!"

Then her eye grew dim as she thought of
these,
And her needle fell to the floor,—
For her fancy wandered, in sad unrest,
To a home where love was too rare a
guest,
Where her girlhood's friend, in her child-
less case,
Had of wealth an unbounded store.

Was it well I wed, and for love alone?
Were I Lady Bertha instead!—
In her carriage, passing the cottage door,
Sat the friend she prized in the years
before,
Sad and gray, with griefs which her life
had known,—
All the fancies of Nora fled.

Would she barter love for that loveless
wealth?
Change her own brown hair for the
gray?
Would the glitter of diamonds content her
more
Than the patter of feet on her well worn
floor?
To be rid of care would she bargain health
And be Lady Bertha to-day?

Then the merry laugh of her children sent
All the sunshine again to her eye;
While the thought of her husband's fond
cares
Filled her heart with a quiet happiness,
And she sang aloud, in her sweet content,
Love has jewels gold never can buy.

R. W. B.

AN EASY DOCTRINE.

'Tis said by some that all will come
Straight up with God to dwell;
The wicked, too, will scrabble through,
And never visit hell.

Thus Pharaoh and his mighty men
Had God-like honor given;
A pleasant breeze brought them with ease,
And took them safe to heaven.

So all the filthy Sodomites,
When God bade Lot retire,
Went in a trice to Paradise,
On rapid wings of fire.

Likewise the guilty Canaanites
To Joshua's sword were given;
The sun stood still that he might kill
And pack them off to heaven!

God saw those villains were too bad
To own that beauteous land;
He therefore took the rascals up
To dwell at his right hand.

The men who lived before the flood
Were made to feel the rod;
They missed the ark, but like a lark
Were washed right up to God!

But Noah, he, because you see,
Much grace to him as given,
He had to toil on rocky soil,
And work his way to heaven.

The wicked Jews who did refuse
The Lord's command to do,
Were carried straight to Heaven's gate
By Titus and his crew.

There's Judas too, another Jew,
Whom some supposed accursed,
Yet, with a cord he beat his Lord
And got to Heaven first.

How happy is the sinner's fate
When he from earth is driven,
He knows it is his certain fate,
To go straight up to heaven.

The Precious Death of the Saints.

BY REV. R. B. HOWARD, PASTOR
Ps. 116, 15. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints.

The nameless terror that haunts many a child as he finds himself in the presence of death wears off in riper years. There is pleasure in performing the small but necessary offices for our cold and silent ones. We do not shrink from the remains of those we love. I can remember no scene more touching and beautiful than a sister combing and fondling the hair of her departed brother, and anon gently kissing the marble brow beneath.

In youth we start out like volunteers, who, gay in new uniforms with buoyant spirits, laughing at danger, and making sport of the enemy, grow pale and nervous as the first wounded man is carried past from the bloody front, and are cowed at the sight of the mangled beast by the roadside. Like that same man, after years and battles, we are taught to respect our enemy and to dread his missiles. For observation teaches us that we are marching on to certain defeat, and every moment brings us nearer the fatal termination. Death conquers all. Our friends were too dead, and their destroyer too terrible for us not to feel fear and pain too deep for words. Who that has suffered by the broad Atlantic, every restless hungry wave of which has devoured a life, can calmly sing "Bury me not in the deep, deep Sea!"

of the days of chivalry, the imagined distance casting a poetic haze over the prospect. But as friend after friend departs, and the event draws nearer to themselves, they begin to peer out into the mystery beyond, or are content to be still and wait.

"For some approach the threshold whose looks are
blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing
near,
As if the y saw dear faces, and caught the gracious
eye
Of Him, the sinless Teacher, who came on earth to die.
I watch the joy, the terror; yet these within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread or the longing to depart;
And in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I calmly stand and wait till the hinges turn for me."

Death's doings are not uniformly to be deprecated. When the lenders of a Paris or New York mob fall, there is something of relief in the sigh which we utter. Peace and order seem at times to follow only in the pathway of blood. The general well-being of society and even the progress of Christ's peaceful kingdom demand that, at certain crises, even life shall be sacrificed. We acquiesce in the justice which smote Belshazzar and Herod, or which put more private persons, like Annanias Saphira, to death. We cannot mourn over the loss of a life that makes a needed and beneficial reform possible. No one is pained at such a death except the immediate friends of the deceased. But death is indiscriminating. A devoted missionary dies just before he completes a translation of the Bible that he alone can finish. A President dies, and leaves momentous affairs to be administered by one less competent than himself. A whole generation may suffer from his early removal. A mother dies, as did a member of this church, just when a mother's care and influence are indispensable to her young children. An active, earnest, devoted pastor dies as did Rev. Thomas Lightbody of Lamolite, but yesterday, in consequences of one of those providential events we call accidents; a family is deprived of its head; a flock of its spiritual shepherd; and the great harvest field of the Lord already whitening for the sickle, loses a prized and needed laborer. Our reason is often baffled in trying to account for the time and the way which God chooses to remove his saints from earth. Our wisdom would have ordered otherwise. Love too, always resists separation. No circumstances can be so propitious to human life-work so complete, no consolations so sweet, as to make a loving heart perfectly willing to consent to bereavement. Precious to us is the life our dear ones.

My first funeral in Princeton was that of one of the oldest members of this church, one whose obsequies were saddened by the absence of children and grandchildren, whose tears are wont to fall around the coffin of the aged. Our brother died at fourscore. We buried him when the October leaves were falling, and left him to await the world's resurrection spring. In advanced life, he fled for a refuge, and laid hold on the hope set before him in Christ Jesus.

Early in January, before the glad greetings of the New Year had quite ceased, and before the holiday gifts of the household were forgotten, we were called to sympathize with a husband and young children, bereaved of their nearest and dearest friend.
O Lord, thy judgments are a great deep!
On the 11th of January we laid away in

On the 11th of January we laid away in the grave a beloved physician, whose eulogy was spoken and recorded elsewhere. The 27th of the same month witnessed the departure of a dear wife, sister and mother. *She waited for the consolation of Israel.*

On the 27th of February an aged saint and sister who had endured almost life-long suffering, fell asleep in Jesus. Her hope was strong, her faith lively, her spiritual triumph complete.

Just as Mayday, with its wealth of blossoms and burden of song, returned to gladden the earth, one lovely spot was made darker and lonelier, by the death of a well-known and highly respected brother in Christ. He had borne with this people the hardships of an earlier day, and enjoyed the fruition of his toil. He lived a life of singular integrity and uprightness, honoring God with his substance. *The end of that man was peace.*

On the 1st of June, a sister, who for many years had been identified with all the struggles, trials, joys, and sorrows of this church, and who had often been foremost in caring for its interests, and who bore dying testimony to her love for Jesus and her fellow-Christians, was committed to the tomb, with trembling hands and weeping eyes by her bereaved family. She was the stay and staff of the household, the strong arm on which they safely and confidently leaned; their counsellor, consoler, protector; a true wife, mother, Christian; hers was a thorny pathway of pain through the valley and the shadow of death, but Jesus was with her, his rod and his staff, they comforted her.

When the jubilant sounds of the Nation's birthday were dying away, and the mild sun shone softly through the dewy leaves; in the hushed quiet of a beautiful morning, we followed one who had been younger, stronger, and more buoyant than any we have named, as she was borne from one pleasant spot to another on the same shady street, not to labor, nor to suffer any more, only to rest. To my mind, three places are associated when I recall the name of this sister, the last on our catalogue to receive the star. First, her charming earthly home, where every beautiful and tasteful thing had owed to her cheerful temper and refined taste its fitness and charm. Secondly, her last resting place under the shadow of the oaks. Thirdly, the place in Heaven which Jesus went to prepare for her. Each of these has thus been portrayed by a more skillful pen:

"Is this her home?"
 I ask, in earnest tone,
 All that make home are here,—
 Husband, and child most dear,
 And kindred hours, which ever seem to be
 Full of kind love and gentle sympathy;
 But desolate they stand,
 That little household band;
 Most mournful is the cry
 I hear in sad replying
 Unto my earnest tone,
 "Is this her home?"
 "Is this her home?"
 I ask, in earnest tone,
 The new-laid turf is green,
 And the sweet flowers, I ween,
 Will love to come and deck the lowly bed,
 Where in calm slumber rests that youthful head.
 The wild-bird's nest is here,
 The sunshine bright and clear,
 O peace! she's sweetly sleeping,
 While we the watch are keeping;
 Why answer still with weeping
 Unto my earnest tone,
 "Is this her home?"

Is this her home?"
I ask, in solemn tone,
Behold, the Lord is here;
The Lamb of God is near,
To lead her into pastures everfair,
And point her to the living waters there;
See! robed in light she stands
Amid the angel band;
Her hand a harp is stringing;
Its notes through heaven are ringing;
Oh, list! the song she's singing,
Most joyful is the tone,
"Heaven is my home."

Our sister, Mrs. Delano, was in earlier life than the others who have died. She was, in social life, the brightest and most cheerful of companions. She had been closely associated with, and greatly beloved by a circle, drawn together by neighborhood, kindred tastes, and common christian aspirations. The little band of sisters in the church, who always found in her a sympathizing friend and helpmeet, when friends needed sympathy, and some worthy christian enterprise required help, will understand me. Many have been the trials they have endured, and the labors they have put forth

together, and, next to her own kindred, none will more sorely miss her than these confidential friends. Her prolonged and peculiarly trying illness, her own cheerfulness and hopefulness during these months of pain, the little offices of love which it had been your privilege to render have kept quickened and alive to the last every feeling of interest and affection. None met their new pastor and his family with a warmer greeting. No cheek was mantled with a brighter hue of health and hope, and when, in too short a time after our coming, her physicians pronounced her insidious disease incurable, and made us feel as if sentence of death had been pronounced upon one in full strength; in this shock to sensibility and feeling, she was willing to receive such sympathy and counsel as a christian pastor loves to give. She always met me with a smile, a smile that towards the last, struggled through pangs of pain. She always wished me to pray, and made every effort to join in our devotions. The name of Jesus was a welcome sound. He had taken away the fear of death, making it bright with the hope of heaven. She made a brave, hopeful struggle for life, submitting cheerfully to every attempt to relieve or restore that her friends advised. Her interest in her church, her friends, her husband and her only son was manifested to the very last. Her words were weighty with love, even when the burden of her prayer was for speedy release. O she keeps them still these sweet affections of earth, although heaven is her home.

"Enfold her, Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be,
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee."

My purpose in speaking thus *day to day* to you who are living, has been to join you in casting a flower of memory on each of these new made graves. I can but notice that God has taken more in number from this church during these months, than from any equal number of our citizens. He seems to have called hence his best beloved ones. Why is this? He has wise, loving, holy reasons, for *precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints*. These are never objects of neglect or indifference to their God. He does not cast them off in the time of old age. He delivers their feet from falling, their eyes from tears, their souls from death. He never leaves or forsakes them. No one of them is lightly or without good reason given over to die. God contemplates his departure with intense interest. It is *precious* to Him.

If then our Heavenly Father is so deeply interested in this hour, ought not his people to feel as he does? That our interest may be intelligent, and our feelings submissive, let us consider a few things that we may properly infer from the preciousness of the saints' death in the sight of God.

1. Our departed brethren and sisters went from us in accordance with infinite wisdom and infinite love. The day of their death was fixed for them by no chance. It was determined by no indifference to their welfare, by no disfavor of God to them or us. Having done what we could to retain them, having gone to the full extent of our wisdom, strength and resources, unavailingly, it is good to think that we yield them at last not to the call of man, but of God.

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong."

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone, that life or death
His mercy underlies."

2. Some merciful ends are evidently subverted by their death. One is their emancipation. We are all slaves to the body and are scourged with restless, nervousness and stinging pains. To escape from this is liberty. Our life is often like a cage to a prisoned bird. We flap our wings against the wires and long for the free air of heaven, with its unrestrained flight and song. We are painfully conscious of ignorance, weakness, care-burdens and personal sinfulness; and while it is true we are "fond of our prison," yet as we draw near death, the world's

hath hope in his death. Our Father appreciates the greatness of this deliverance as even the dying saint cannot.

A mother may forget her child, but God will not forget his, in illness, in temptation, in bondage to sin. His unsleeping eye watches over the final struggles tenderly and expectantly. His mercies cannot fail.

3. The death of his saints is a point of intense interest to God because it introduces the sufferer to glory. When our children graduate at school or college, the solitude of years seems to be concentrated into a few hours, as our minds accompany them through the final tests and ordeals, and welcome them to a broader arena of life. When we watch the close of a great enterprise that has often been prosecuted under discouragements, and in danger of complete failure; when the slaves watched for the dawn of the day that, by proclamation was to make them legally and perpetually free; when the first glimpses of a coming peace were perceived through the murky clouds of war; when a single battle of days was fought through, and our watchful, tear-blinded hearts were assured that not only our race, but our own dear soldier boy was safe; we feel possibly a little as do they who earnestly watch the conflict, and behold the victory of the saint. It is a conflict, severe and terrible even as we see it; but its mightiest throes, like its grandest triumphs, are often behind the clouds. Our human eyes can pierce the veil but little; we do not discern all the foes that beset the followers of Jesus, even as they did him. We cannot witness the grapplings and wrestlings, nor can we behold the angel-presence that strengthened and cheered the departing spirit; nor can we catch a glimpse of the glory, except as it is sometimes reflected on a dying face! But God sees it all. A father's arms are open wide to welcome his free, glad child! Redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, comforted by the Holy Spirit, kept by the power of God under great trial of afflictions, ministered unto by angels, in jeopardy no longer, safe now, God comes forth from the foldings of his power, and smiles upon his ransomed child with a father's welcome home. Such a death is indeed precious to Him.

4. Death affects the living and is therefore precious to God. *The living will lay it to heart.* No storm of sorrow sweeps over a soul and leaves it just as it was, as no natural storm leaves the fields and forests as they were. That soul's atmosphere grows clear, or becomes murky by the agitation. The stars of heaven are either obscured, or they look down with purer sweeter rays. God is nearer to feeling and faith, or he is further off. While radical changes of character are seldom effected, there are new views of life and death, and immortality. These things become more real and personal to us when our friends die. Life seems shorter, cheaper, its thread brittle. How soon its work must be done! Does eternity hang on these brief moments? How quickly then its questions must be settled, heaven secured or lost! The many deaths we this day recount should make us who survive, realize, realize more deeply with one another. When an individual dies, a few feel it keenly, but when "friend after friend departs," when there is hardly a house which the death angel hath not visited, the circle of sorrow and of sympathy is widened. Many feel as I say, my loss, my bereavement is like yours, and yours like mine. So as family after family is broken up, when the narrowing circle of the Church is often invaded, does not every new vacancy teach us to draw nearer together, to close up the broken ranks, and clasp the hand that lies next to the one now cold in death? We are strangers and pilgrims. Our friends have passed on. The world seems darker, but the pathway of heavenly light, which our tear-dimmed eyes follow, grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Finally, Brethren, do not these events enforce upon our attention and consciences the words of Jesus, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, *watch!*" "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh!"

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.

"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of his feet."
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look unto the gates of his high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know he is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If he is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home
"Only a few more shadows
And He will come."

*The persons named below with the dates of the
decease are those alluded to in the discourse:

Oct. 15, 1870,	Gustavus A. Gunn,
Jan. 5, 1871,	Mrs. Flora B. Carpenter,
" 11 "	Dr. Daniel Jones.
" 27 "	Mrs. Emily A. Triplett.
Feb. 23, "	Mrs. Martha Charlton.
May 1, "	Seth C. Clapp.
June 7, "	Mrs. Betsey G. Crittenden.
July 3, "	Mrs. Martha M. Delano.

dividually.

What They Drink.

To the Lincoln Temperance Society:
University of Nebraska, Department of
Natural Sciences, Lincoln, Neb., April 25,
1874. In accordance with your request, I
have made a careful analysis of the liquor
brought to me two weeks ago. The fol-
lowing is the result:

NO. 1, DELWEILER'S "BLACK MARIAN"
contained the following ingredients:
1 Sugar of lead, 3 grains to a quart.
2 Strychnine, a large amount.
3 Strontia.
4 Benzine.
5 Potash.
6 Brazil wood.
7 Alcohol, 17 per cent.

NO. 2, QUICK'S "BEST WHISKY."
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead, 3 grains to a quart.
2 Strychnine.
3 Strontia.
4 Potash.
5 Brazil wood.
6 Alcohol, 18 per cent.

NO. 3, KLUON'S WHISKY.
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead 3/4 grains to a quart.
2 Strychnine.
3 Potash.
4 Strontia.
5 Logwood.
6 Alcohol 17 per cent.

NO. 4, HODGKIN'S WHISKY.
1 Sugar of lead, 3/4 grains to a quart.
2 Strychnine.
3 Strontia.
4 Potash.
5 Logwood.

NO. 5, LEIGHTON & BROWN'S "BEST FORT WINE."
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead, 3 grains to a quart.
2 Potash and soda carbonates.
3 Logwood.
4 Alcohol 9 per cent.

NO. 6, BAILEY & ANDREWS' WHISKY.
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead 7 grains to a quart.
2 Strychnine.
3 Potash.
4 Strontia.
5 Benzine.
6 Brazil wood.
7 Alcohol, 15 per cent.

NO. 7, BROCK & CO'S "FINE WINE."
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead.
2 Potash and soda carbonates, large quanti-
ties.
3 Logwood.
4 Alcohol 9 per cent.

NO. 8, HEDDY & REEDY'S "BRANDY."
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead, 7 grains to a quart.
2 Strontia.
3 Brazil wood.
4 Alcohol, 25 per cent.

NO. 9, M'LAUGHLIN'S "BARK."
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead, 4 grains to a quart.
2 Strychnine.
3 Strontia.
4 Potash.
5 Benzine.
6 Alcohol, 16 per cent.

NO. 10, ZIEBURN & HARLEY'S "ANGELICA WINE."
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead, 3 grains to a quart.
2 Potash and soda carbonates.
3 Brazil wood.
4 Alcohol, 12 per cent.

NO. 11, ZIEBURN & HARLEY'S "BEST ROBINSON WHISKY."
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead, 6 grains to a quart.
2 Strontia.
3 Brazil wood.
4 Soda.

NO. 12, S. S. BROCK'S "COMMON WHISKY."
This contained:
1 Sugar of lead, 9 grains to a quart.
2 Strychnine.
3 Strontia.
4 Potash.
5 Benzine.
6 Brazil wood.
7 Alcohol, 15 per cent.

This analysis is not exhaustive, as I did
not separate the sugar which some of the
liquors contained in the form of caramel,
nor the Cayenne pepper which all the
whiskies contained more or less. The
poisonous substances, however, I care-
fully separated. The absolute amount of
sugar of lead, strychnine, and strontia was
remarkably large. The poisonous quali-
ties of these substances is so well known
that nothing here needs to be said about
them.

In many of these liquors there is stry-
chnine enough in a quart to kill a man if it
were taken separate from any other mix-
ture and at one dose; the same is true of
the sugar of lead.

In good whisky, the amount of alcohol
should be from forty to fifty per cent, but
in these liquors it ranges only from fif-
teen to twenty-five per cent, the largest per-
centage belonging to the brandies and gin.

As good liquors as some of these whis-
kies could be profitably manufactured for
thirty cents a gallon, and none of these
liquors are what they purport to be.

If any one doubts that these poisons are
found in common liquors, if such doubter
will come to the laboratory in the after-
noon, I will separate lead, strontia, &c., in
their presence. Respectfully submitted.
S. AUGUST.
Prof. of Chemistry in University of Nebraska.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth,
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above;
Far beyond reason's light, and reach
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways,
Love's life-long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! Oh, lose not heart
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As he can endless glory weave
From what men reckon shame,
In his own world he is content
To play a losing game.

Fuse on his justice, downcast soul;
Mute, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

Or right is right, since God is God;
And right the lay must win;
Doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

—Faber

the shadow of death, but Jesus was with
her, his rod and his staff, they comforted her.

When the jubilant sounds of the Nation's
birthday were dying away, and the mild son-
shone softly through the dewy leaves; in the
hushed quiet of a beautiful morning, we fol-
lowed one who had been younger, stronger,
and more bouyant than any we have named,
as she was borne from one pleasant spot to
another on the same shady street, not to
labor, nor to suffer any more, only to rest.
To my mind, three places are associated
when I recall the name of this sister, the last
on our catalogue to receive the star. First
her charming earthly home, where ever
beautiful and tasteful thing had owed to her
cheerful temper and refined taste its fitness
and charm. Secondly, her last resting place
under the shadow of the oaks. Thirdly, the
place in Heaven which Jesus went to pre-
pare for her. Each of these has thus been
portrayed by a more skillful pen:

"Is this her home?"
I ask, in earnest tone,
All that make home are here,—
Husband, and child most dear,
And kindred hearts, which ever seem to be
Full of kind love and gentle sympathy.
But desolate they stand,
That little household band;
Most mournful is the crying
I hear in sad replying
Unto my earnest tone,
"Is this her home?"

"Is this her home?"
I ask, in earnest tone,
The new-laid turf is green,
And the sweet flowers, I ween,
Will love to come and deck the lowly bed,
Where in calm slumber rests that youthful head.
The wild-bird's song is here,
The sunshine bright and clear,
O peace! she's sweetly sleeping;
While we the watch are keeping;
Why answer still with weeping
Unto my earnest tone,
"Is this her home?"

"Is this her home?"
I ask, in solemn tone,
Behold, the Lord is here;
The Lamb of God is near,
To lead her into pastures ever fair,
And point her to the living waters there;
See! robed in light she stands
Amid the angel band;
Her hand a harp is stringing;
Its notes through heaven are ringing;
Oh, hush! the song she's singing,
Most joyful is the tone,
"Heaven is my home."

Our sister, Mrs. Delano, was in earlier
life than the others who have died. She was,
in social life, the brightest and most cheer-
ful of companions. She had been closely
associated with, and greatly beloved by a
circle, drawn together by neighborhood
kindred tastes, and common christian aspira-
tions. The little band of sisters in the
church, who always found in her a sym-
pathizing friend and helpmeet, when fr-
eed sympathy, and some worthy ch-
terprise required help, will und-
Many have been the trials th-
dured, and the labors they have

IN MEMORIAM.

Death of Jotham Hedden.

REMARKS BY REV. R. B. HOWARD, PASTOR OF GROVE STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. SABBATH, DECEMBER 9TH, 1877.

DIED.—Thursday morning, Dec. 6, at 5 P. M., Mr. JOTHAM HEDDEN, aged 75 years and 6 months. He was confined to his house about two weeks, suffering from a complication of ailments. An affection of the kidneys seemed to be the immediate cause of his death.

God has so made our souls that every bereavement is to each of us unlike any other.

The little child and the aged man, as he approaches second childhood, alike awaken only tender and sweet affections. When they die, the shock is less rude to our hearts than when those we love fall in full strength of man or womanhood. A Christian in old age shades off into inoffensiveness if not innocence. The struggles and rivalries of manhood sometimes alienate even friends. The world is very full of people. Its prizes are sought by many and can be won but by few. Poor human nature is such that nearly every successful career scatters along its path disappointments, envyings, criminations, and other bitternesses of spirit. The very aged not only survive their companions, their friends, but their enemies. The enterprises they once pushed no longer crowd any one. The interests they feel are concentrated in the struggles of their children and grandchildren. It is easier to rise up before the hoary head and honor the old man than to be kind and charitable to those who push and jostle us in the road of life.

It is a venerable man around whose coffin we come to-day. Most of us present knew him only when his sun grew low and the hill shadows long. One who was twelve years younger remembers Jotham Hedden as a manly boy, with the knack of a mechanic and a helpful hand for the small misfortunes of his more youthful companions. His father was a man of a rough, granitic mould, such as generally secures his offspring for generations from physical degeneracy. He was a man who feared God, and one who amid many temptations "Struggled hard as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears."

His mother left the flavor of saintliness wherever she went, training her sons and daughters, of whom Jotham was the last to rejoin her, in the duties of religion, as well as the virtues of industry, obedience and thrift.

More than seventy-five years have elapsed since the birth of our friend. He first saw the light on Main street, eastward of the new Reformed Church. The family removed to the stone house nearly opposite this spot (Mr. J. E. Hedden's) a few years later, and when the boys, Jotham and Louis, grew to manhood and helpfulness the house now standing on the corner opposite was erected by their assistance.

Nearly all of this long life has been spent in this immediate neighborhood, and is known to this community. Mr. Hedden is identified with the history and growth of this town. Our friend had the reputation of being a faithful workman at the trade of a mason in youth, a responsible and trustworthy business man, in middle life, when, with a partner, he had responsible charge of the erection of many buildings, and at least three churches. He was also one of the founders and for many years a Director in the Newark Lime and Cement Company, whose extensive and very successful business is well known among us. The old farm, secured to the family by their industry,

was divided between the two sons. In addition to his own allotment east of Grove Street, now so fully occupied with residences, Mr. Hedden bought the spacious lot opposite the Congregational Church, and built a portion of the house which has so long borne his name. There his children were born, and thence about four years since the dear companion of his youth, for whom he never ceased to mourn, was removed to her last resting place, beside which we expect to-day to lay this beautiful but deserted tenement. The years spent there, the varied joys and sorrows there experienced, the trees he brought out of the forest on his shoulder and planted, the vines and shrubbery he nourished and admired, the fruit trees he cultivated and enjoyed, yes, the very soil on which he trod, and which he turned over, endeared that spot to the old man's heart.

Within doors, the solid foundations, and substantial walls speak of a wise master builder. I cannot look at the ceilings, the piazzas, the pictures on the walls and the carpets on the floors, the ancient and substantial furniture, without thinking also of the manly form, the venerable face, the kind, home-like heart, which in a measure almost created the place where day after day I have for two years been permitted to dwell.

Our homes grow up around us, if we remain long enough in one locality, as do the shells of fishes, and the branches and foliage of trees. Our wills and judgments, and tastes, are put forth from time to time, until our friends can see us in our homes even when we are bodily absent.

Suffering sanctifies. A mother's room, especially if she were long subject to infirmity and closely confined with its limits, comes in the recollections of childhood, to be an outward expression of that mother's heart and life. I sit, while writing, in such a room. The winter's sun glances with almost horizontal rays to its farthest side, brightening up the figures of the carpet, once pressed by so many feet, some of which are now at rest. I hear the wind singing its old pathetic song, and gently moving the branches of the cedar planted and cherished by hands now folded. The burning bush beside it not only speaks of Moses and Midian, but of a nearer heart, whose warmth of affection its bright berries picture. One after another the pear trees decay and are cut down, the fig trees no longer flourish. Only one magnolia tree waits for the reviving breath of another Summer to clothe itself with beauty and fragrance. It was a token of affection for the old place that moved our brother once to say to me, that in certain circumstances he designed to go back "home" again and live. His very avoidance of the house was indicative of a certain tender regard not to be rudely intruded on. I think he was not sorry to have his pastor there,—if some one must be there.

But his home is no longer there nor here; he has moved to another country, and has gone to live in another mansion.

Deacon Hedden first professed his faith in Christ during a revival season enjoyed by the first and then only Presbyterian Church in what is now Orange and East Orange in the year 1823. He did not remove his residence, but did his simple duty, which to him no doubt was a pleasure, by connecting himself with each Church in succession that erected its altar nearest his home. He became an honored member

successively of Brick Church, the Munn Avenue, or First Presbyterian Church of East Orange, and then the Grove Street Congregational Church. He advised and aided in the erection of the Munn Avenue Church, and gave a portion of the land now occupied by the Grove Street Church.

In the latter Church he filled the office of Deacon for four successive years, resigning May 1876.

He was conscientious and faithful in his attendance upon public worship. His manly form and benignant face were never absent except on account of sickness, and no pew in our little Sanctuary, will now seem quite as empty as his. His pastor felt his presence to be a benediction. In the years of his strength he attended and participated in the devotional meetings with pleasure to himself, and profit to others. During the two years of my pastorate he has usually felt unable to attend evening prayer-meeting. He did not however neglect prayer; he enjoyed it, in his closet and at the family altar; and when his pastor called, it did not seem merely formal or merely courteous, that he frequently asked him to pray. During his last illness, he twice made this request. On Thanksgiving-day, hardly a week before his death, he sat in his chair, walked the room and kneeled with his hand clasped in his pastor's, beside the lounge for prayer.

Coming up Wednesday evening Dec. 5, I found the night dark with clouds, and noisy with the wind, but peace hovered over his bed, as the last sleep was beginning to anoint his eyelids. It was the rest of a body worn out by the effects of time and disease; I spoke his name, and he awakened suddenly; light dawned in his eyes and he addressed me as of old. In answer to an inquiry for his health he replied, "I am still here." When I asked, "Can you trust in the Lord?" he replied, with a strong voice and emphatic gesture, "Yes, I can trust in the Lord, though the mountains be removed and cast into the midst of the sea."

We then sang the evening hymn: "Lord keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears: Let Angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears." And when our days are past, And we from time remove, O! may we in Thy bosom rest, The bosom of Thy love."

I said to him, "Shall I pray?" "Yes, always!" he replied, instantly and emphatically reminding us of the Apostles precept, "Pray without ceasing." 1. Thes. 5, 16.

He was allowed to sleep, after a prayer, a part of which he evidently heard and himself offered, for at certain petitions he pressed my hand. He soon fell asleep again like a tired child. I awoke him as I came away, and again received the good-bye word and pressure of the hand. "I was asleep again!" he said apologetically, his accustomed courtesy not forsaking him even then. A few words with his physician and a relative at a later hour, and he sank to sleep only to be agitated occasionally for the last half hour with the pangs of dissolution. He died Thursday morning, December 6th, at 5 o'clock.

As a citizen he stood in his place and conscientiously discharged his duty to his country. As a father, his heart overflowed with fondness and kindness toward his children. He was merciful, forgiving, just

and loving. They know more of this than can be put in words. As a Christian I think of him contending with infirmities, fighting a fight of faith, laying hold with a strong grasp on Eternal Life, making God his refuge and strength in time of trouble; concealing his sorrows, suffering in silence, looking for, and at times passionately longing for "a better country, that is a heavenly one."

Mr. Hedden was a man to trust and love. His death is a bereavement not only to this household, but in the wider circle of the Church and the community. To me he was a friend, speaking and acting like one when most I needed it. My first night in this place was spent underneath this hospitable roof. The impression then made by this sweet and ripened Christian character cannot be effaced.

If those of us who are left behind fill our lives with duty and love as he did, the world will miss us when we die, as it does him. Earth seems poorer and heaven richer now that he is gone.

In Memoriam.

Died in Farmington, on the 23d ult., Mr. Chas. Davis, aged 78 years and 3 months.

By the death of Mr. Davis the Congregational Church in this place is deprived of its oldest member with one exception. This church was organized in 1814, and in 1817 he was admitted to its membership. For more than fifty-five years Mr. Davis exhibited in his life the characteristics of a pure and child-like faith in that Savior whom he loved, constantly striving "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

He was a man of prayer, impressive, not so much in the rhetoric of expression as in the fervency of his spirit. "He did not think more highly of himself than he ought to think—but in lowliness of mind he esteemed others better than himself." To him, his covenant with the church was matter of substance, not of form merely. He was constant in his attendance on its meetings on the Sabbath, and for prayer and conference, unless detained for such reasons as could not fail of satisfying the most tender conscience. He believed, and acted as he believed, that Christ came to seek and to save the lost, and that only they would be saved who were united to Him by a living and active faith. Hence his often fervent appeals to those who gave no evidence of professing such a faith, that they would at once come unto Him who alone is the way, the truth and the life, and whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light. Men like Mr. Davis are pillars in any church. Precious is the memory of examples such as his, alike to brethren, children and neighbors. G.

MILLE JENNY LIND,

WILL GIVE HER

FOURTH CONCERT

THIS EVENING, OCTOBER 5, 1877

AT THE

TREMONT TEMPLE.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

SACRED MUSIC.

Overture.....Mozart.
"Why do the Nations"—(THE MESSIAH).....Handel.
"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—(The Messiah).....Mlle JENNY LIND.
Aria—"Pro peccatis"—(The Stabat Mater).....Rossini.
nor Belletti.
Aria—"On mighty peaks"—(The Creation).....Mlle JENNY LIND.
The Sacred Music in this part of the Programme, will be sung for the first time, by Mlle Jenny Lind and Signor Belletti, in America.

PART II.

MISCELLANIES.

Overture—(Mannello, by general desire).....Auber.
Grand Scene—(The first time in America).....Weber.
Aria—"Miel rampoll"—(The Generosity).....Signor Belletti.
Grand Wedding March—(Maiden's Night).....Mendelssohn.
Dream.....Mlle JENNY LIND, Messrs. Kyle and Slide.
By particular request, the ECHO SONG will be repeated.

Conductor—MR. BENEDETTO.
The Orchestra will consist of the first talent in the country.

The price of Tickets for the Two remaining Concerts will vary according to the location, and have been calculated at 25 per cent. under the prices realized at the late musical Applications for seats, and will be as follows:—
Boxes, 50c; Stalls, 40c; Seats, 30c; and at the State House, at the Tremont and Revere Houses, and at the Superintendent's office in Tremont Temple.

Doors open at 6. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.
No Checks will be issued.

Chickering's Grand Organ will be used at the Third Concert.

Books containing the Programme and words of the Songs in Italian, German and Swedish, with their translations in English, can be obtained at the authorized Temple—price 25c.

The next and last Concert will be given on TUES. DAY, OCT. 6, 1877.

HELODEON

DEATH OF "COACHY." On Sunday morning, a man familiarly known as "Coachy" was drowned while bathing in the Kennebec. He was a remarkably expert and powerful swimmer, and his death is supposed to have been caused by the slipping down of a life-preserver, (which he had put on as a curiosity,) thus confining his lower limbs so that he was strangled in endeavoring to extricate himself.

He was a native of the Chatham Islands, near New Zealand, and was called in his native tongue, Acoachy. In 1851, Mr. Peter G. Bradstreet of this city made a voyage in the bark Oregon, chartered at San Francisco for the Chatham Islands, and there found Acoachy a captive in the hands of a tribe, which, in a war of several years duration, had nearly annihilated the tribe of Acoachy, killing among the rest his wife and children. The victorious tribe were cannibals, and many of their victims had been eaten. The tribe of Acoachy did not eat human flesh.

During his stay at the Islands, Mr. Bradstreet employing him, with other natives, about his vessel, was often importuned by Acoachy, who dreaded the fate of his unfortunate brethren, to take him to America. To this request Mr. B. finally yielded, and brought him, by consent of his master, an aged chief, to San Francisco on his return voyage. Here he at first intended to leave him, but when he was about to return home, Acoachy pleaded so strongly against being left among strangers, that Mr. Bradstreet purchased a ticket for him and brought him across the Isthmus. Acoachy subsequently accompanied Mr. Bradstreet in his expedition to the Spanish Main, to recover treasure from a sunken Spanish man-of-war near Venezuela; since which time he has lived with the family of Wm. Bradstreet, Esq., in this city. Acoachy was amiable, industrious and trusty, and was much esteemed by the family in which he lived, as well as by all who were familiar with him. He was an especial favorite with children.

The funeral of Acoachy took place on Monday, with services by Bishop Burgess, and his remains were interred in the Oak Grove Cemetery. He was about 43 years of age.

Dreamland.

Out of the sweet old legends,
Peeked out a fair white land,
And every bell-like voice
Told of an unknown land.
Where magic roses blossom
In the evening's golden light,
And the air is laden with fragrance
From the lilied silver white.
The forest, with their waving branches,
Singing a fairy song,
And the brooklet merrily dashes
As it tipples and gurgles along.
And tender, enchanting love-sonnets
Float on the balmy breeze,
And the heart's unspeakable longing
By their music is set at ease.
Would that my steps could reach it,
That happy flower-strand!
For all my earthly afflictions
Would come in that fairy land.
On in my dreams I see it,
In its glimmering light and fair,
But with daylight's earliest glimmer
It vanishes into air.

Cadet Review
1891-2

Gen. O. O. Howard gave a very interesting Lecture in the Universalist Hall, to an attentive and appreciative audience. He recounted some of his experiences (religious and otherwise) while in the army, and in the military schools preparing for army life. The general started out with a remark that the people of the west supposed him to be a very large and very old man, and many were therefore greatly disappointed in his personal appearance. People did not generally look to the army for eminent Christians. It was thought that the profession of arms was at variance with the Christian character, and it was too often the case that a man of prayerful habits in the army was looked upon as a counterfeit. It excited sorrow to think that the Christian character was the exception in the soldier's profession. The speaker's observation and experience had led him to the conclusion that the better the man, the better the soldier. He cited the case of Captain Hedley Vickar, of the British army, to show that a life of devotion to religion tended always to enhance the usefulness of the officer.

Gen. Howard related his early experience in the army, his conversion, and the change it produced in his habits and desires. He drew up rules of action, one of which was to arise early enough in the morning to read a chapter in the Bible before attending to other duties.

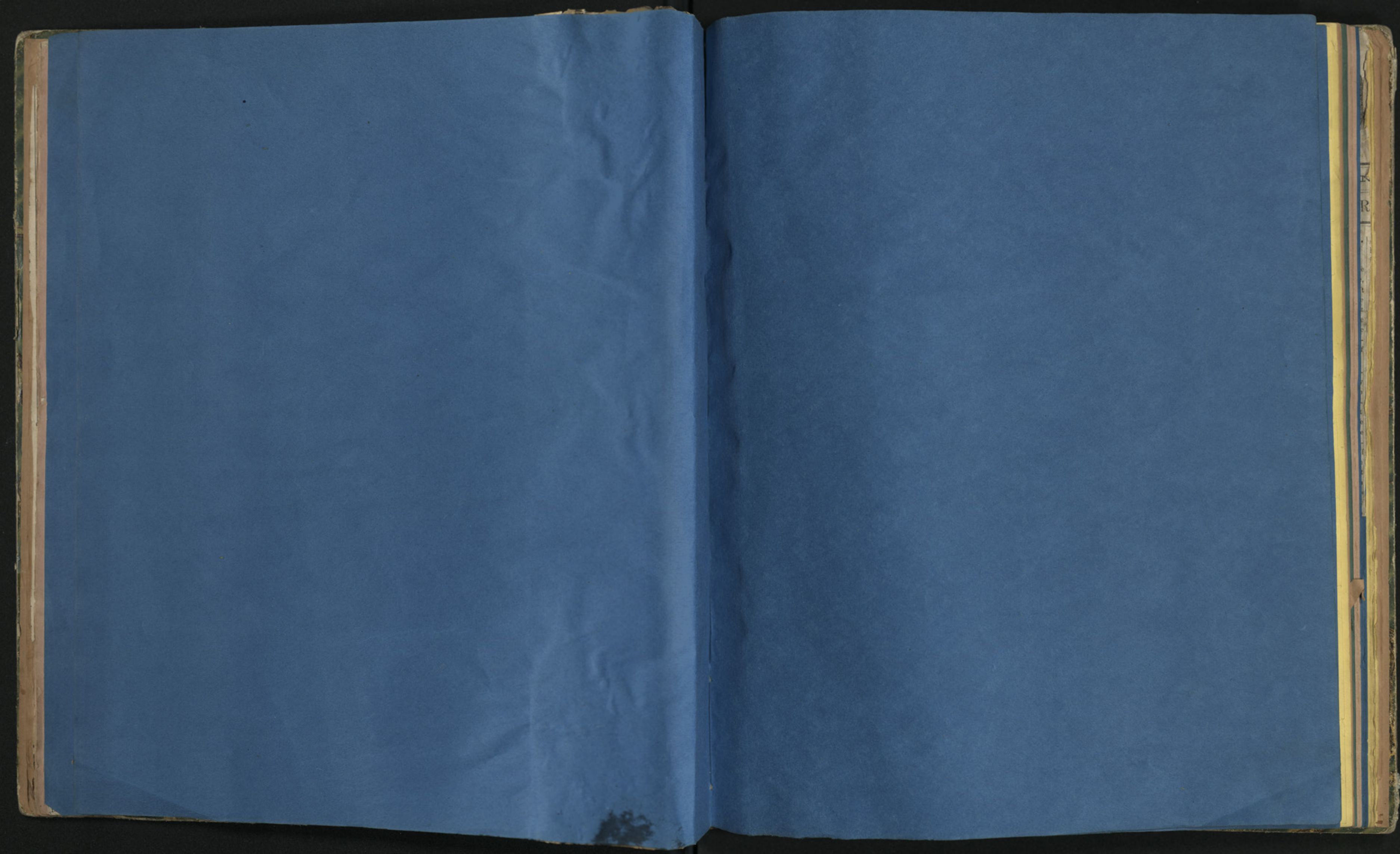
Four years before the war Gen. Howard was appointed Instructor of Cadets at West Point, where he established Bible classes and prayer meetings. He paid a high tribute to the character and value of Gen. Harker, who was mortally wounded at Kenasaw.

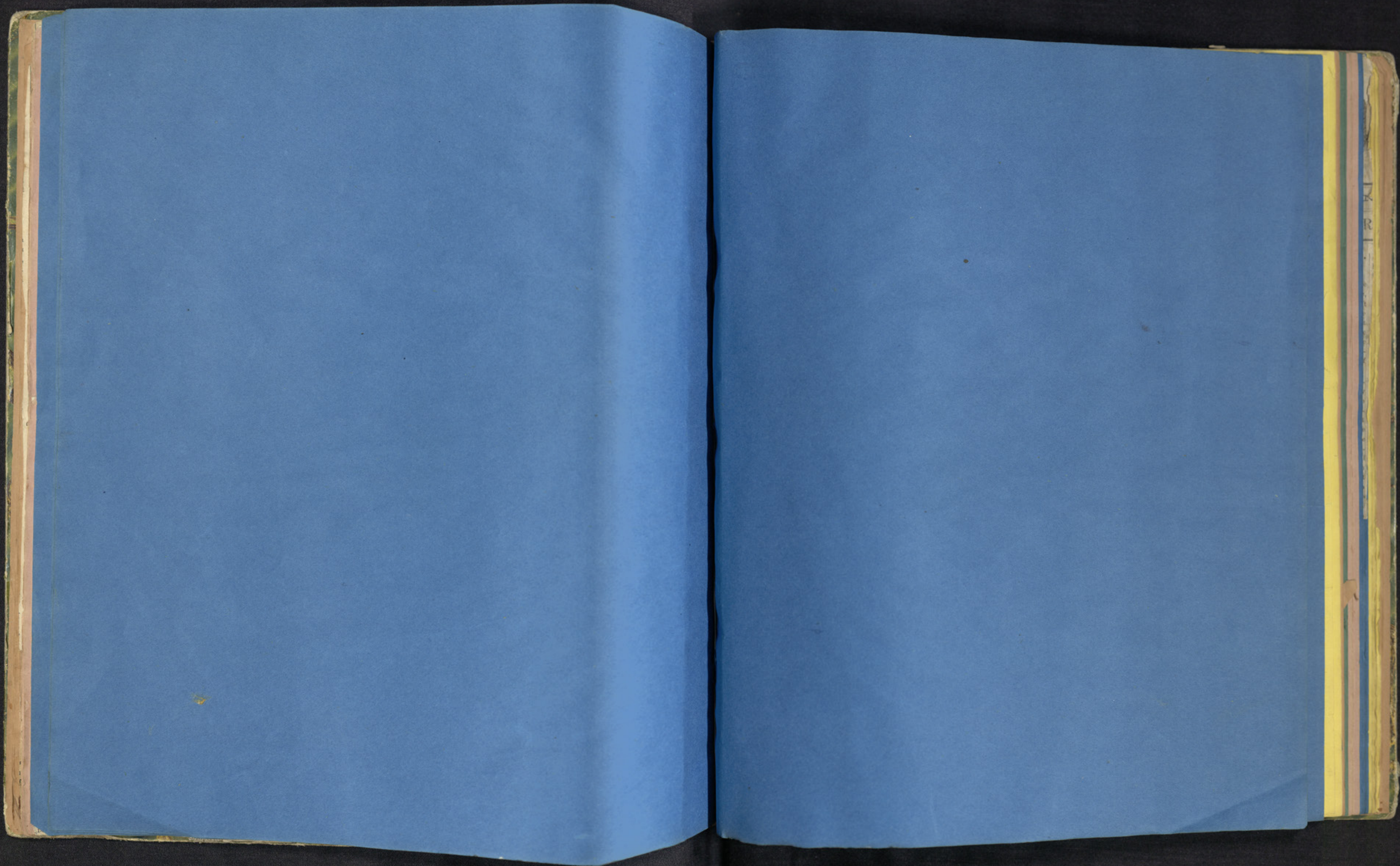
The speaker had always felt that he had a mission to perform. In the army his tent was always used for prayer meetings on Sundays, and many soldiers were converted.

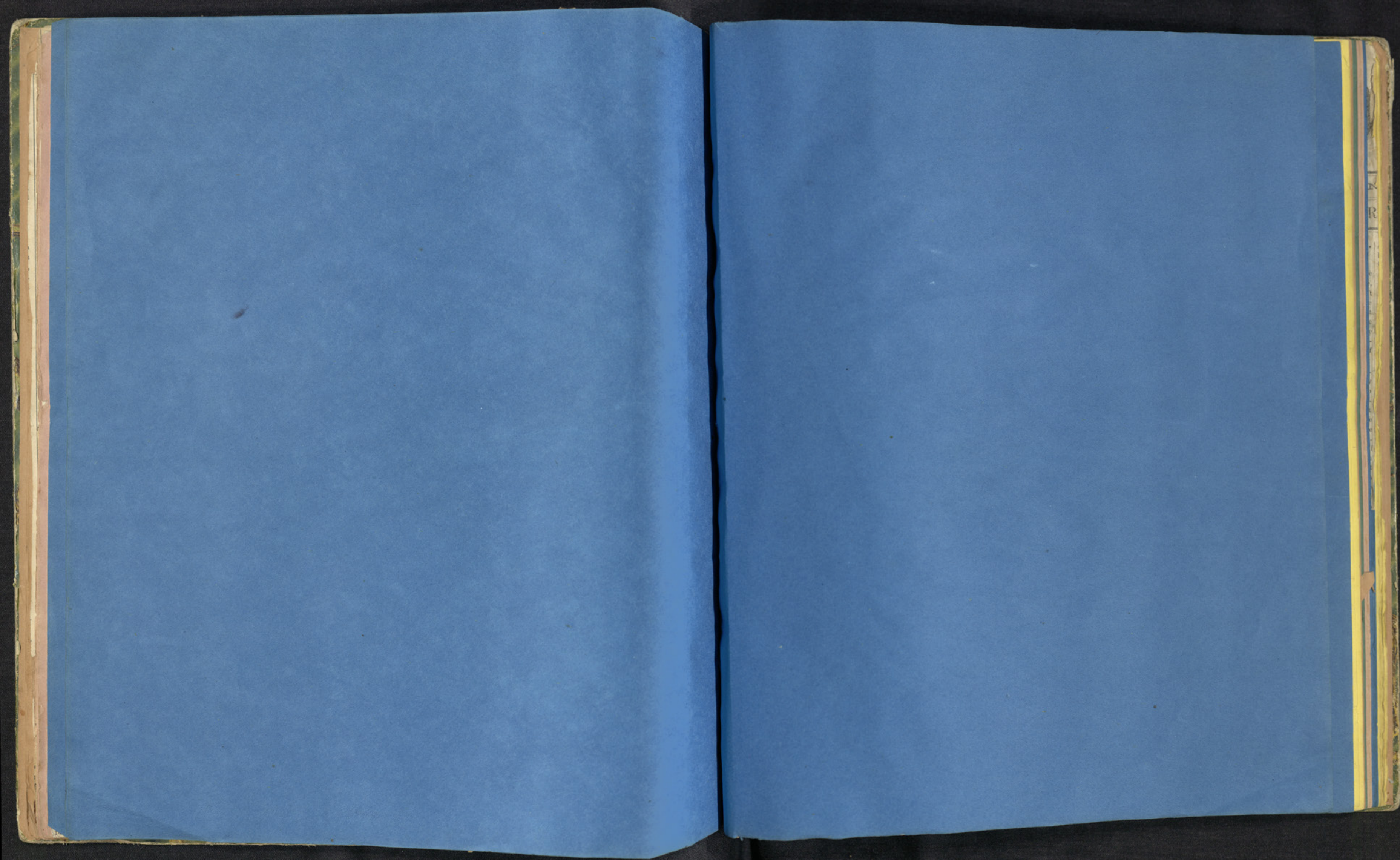
In closing, Gen. Howard alluded briefly to the results of the war in breaking the yoke of oppression, and urged his hearers not to forget the men who were in the army, and are now stumbling up and down the country on one leg with no means of earning a livelihood. The disabled soldier should not be forgotten, even if he become dissolute, but should be looked after and cared for as a man worth saving.

The audience listened to the General's remarks with profound attention, and we believe duly appreciated them.

prices are within the limits of the original prices of the book, or duty to see the Best Novel of the Period.
WM. MILES.
Lepet Princeton, June 7th, 1871-2









MR. BRYANT'S RESIDENCE

kindly and tender interest. Its vegetables are in orderly growth and well advanced; and of these too, and of the newer sorts, he takes full cognizance, but limits culture to such as contribute most to home service.

It is clear that nothing is grown for effect; there is no martinetism in arrangement—no finical nicety, but an air of thorough homeliness about the whole; great neatness, full range for development, ample culture, but just enough of that easy disorder to give expression of honest home service. At one point we come upon a stalwart range of gooseberries; they are of the Mountain and Houghton varieties; the English, he tells us, he has abandoned in despair. Of strawberries, we find the McAvoy, and the Triomphe, and the Alpine, all looking well and well cared for. The raspberry which does best with him is the Clarke, and its growth was most promising. The New Rochelle blackberry he has abandoned, despairing of sweet ones.

Pears of various kinds appear here and there, all looking well, but with no large promise for this year's fruitage. We come upon one which has been trained as an espalier for some special object, but results have not justified the method. We see too a mullet, vigorous and strong, but yielding poor fruit. A persimmon is as healthy as if it were growing in Georgia.

Plums are scattered here and there, and to protect from the curculio, he has tried, with (thus far) doubtful success, coal-tar, strewing the ground below them with sawdust saturated with the tar. Better success has attended his painting over the water, by which a large portion of the plums are, he thinks, safe in this, he has planted a row of plum-trees upon a ridge of land so near the hay-sheds that the high-tides will flood most of the surface below. We shall look with interest for the result of this experiment.

The old "Chickasaw" is among the plums pawpaw, or custard-apple, which has not fruited, but which is quite hardy and of luxuriant growth. Peaches prove a failure with

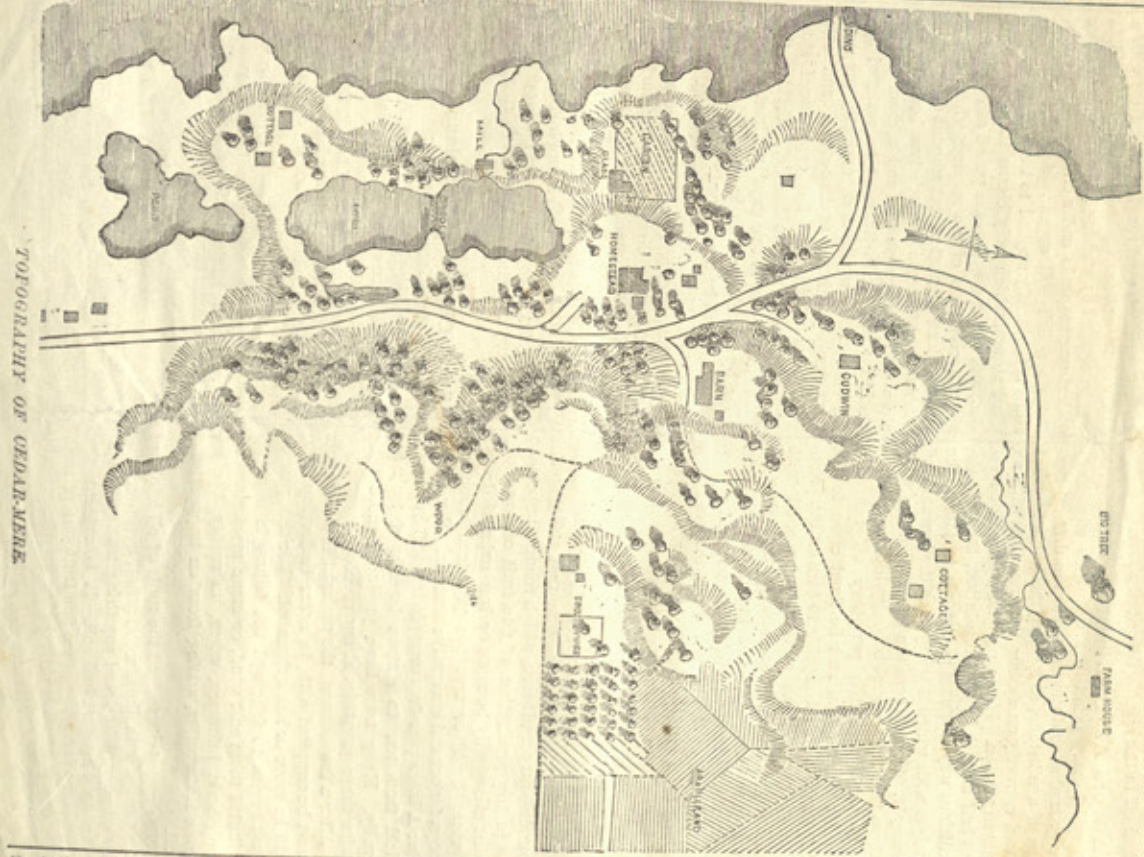
and the power also gives play to a native, and, as we and pitch of roof, with supporting brack-plate, including the carriage-horses. One old pair of carriage-horses whose usefulness has gone by are kept for old remembrance sake, and from an unwillingness to have them subjected to hard usage.

The whole south front of barn and sheds is draped with grapevines—the Isabella and Catawba; and Mr. Bryant surprised us by saying that the last fruited and ripened well in that exposure.

A high wooden screen to the westward of the farmyard was planted with various varieties of grapes. He succeeds best with the Concord, the Delaware, and certain of the Rogers hybrids. We observed a similar tall screen repeated in other portions of the grounds, twelve to fifteen feet high, of rough boards, painted of a dark tint, and running north and south; by this disposition, he is sure of sun upon both sides, and accordingly plants on both sides. He counts this the most effective way of securing grapes in our latitude.

We observed very luxuriant orchard grass growing near by the farmyard, and asked if mowing was practiced; it is not. Mr. Bryant remarked that he had land enough for pasture, most of it of surface unfit for profitable tillage; beside which, he enjoyed his walks over the cropped grass through the pasture-land. Indeed, nothing was more evident, from first to last, than that Mr. Bryant believes in the country or a country place as something to be enjoyed and not kept on show.

As we wandered away from the barns and farmyard, he pointed out here a pecan-nut tree, growing thriftily, and there a Spanish chestnut, just coming into bloom. There were also the Sycamore maple, the Norway, the European, the red, the sugar, the black sugar (of the West), the ash-leaved; also numerous and rare varieties of coniferous trees, among which the Australian pine, the mountain, the Doctar cedar, the yew, all apparently thriving well and quite hardy. Of Magnolias, there were the *Glaucus*, the *Acanthoides*, the *Macrophylla*, the *Tripetala*, and *Purpurea*. There was also the Kentucky covecreeper, the purple *Laburnum*, the *Sophora japonica* (growing finely),



which is about the number in service upon the place, including the carriage-horses. One old pair of carriage-horses whose usefulness has gone by are kept for old remembrance sake, and from an unwillingness to have them subjected to hard usage.

was surrounded with scenes fit to awaken the early dreams of the poet, and to fill his soul with purest inspirations. In the midst of such scenes the young singer received his earliest impressions, and descriptive of them he has embodied his most cherished and his most endearing poetry.

guard duty; now for the lonely picket amid the
thickets where men are killed by ambushed foes

Written at Havana, on returning from Mexico, March 25th, 1872, on receiving news of the death of my grandson, John Howard :

A sudden wall of sorrow across the deep has come,
The brightest gem has faded that lit my distant home:
One beautiful and lovely, to whom my name was given,
With cheeks like summer violets, and eyes as blue as heaven.

And I am grieved to weeping, that one I thought to press,
Soon to this throbbing bosom, with many a sweet caress,

Is laid away in darkness beneath the wasting snow,
No more my smile to answer, no more my love to know.

No more his gentle footfall shall patter on the floor,
No more his call at morning, he heard beside my door,

His vacant chair at table, the bed wherein he lay
And breathed in helpless anguish his little life away :

His garments and the playthings with which he used to play,

All these are sad reminders of one that's gone for aye,
How large the place made vacant, and how severe the blow,

That smote our hearts with anguish, none but ourselves can know.

O God our Heavenly Father, Thy love is full and free,
Show us Thy loving kindness, our trust is still in Thee.

A Young Husband's Soliloquy.

The queerest little dresses
My eyes have ever seen,
I sometimes catch a glimpse of,
And wonder what they mean!

All folded up so neatly,
And fashioned out with grace;
With little bows of ribbon,
And little bits of lace.

I gaze on these with wonder,
And in Viola's eyes
I try to read the secret,

But she is all too wise.

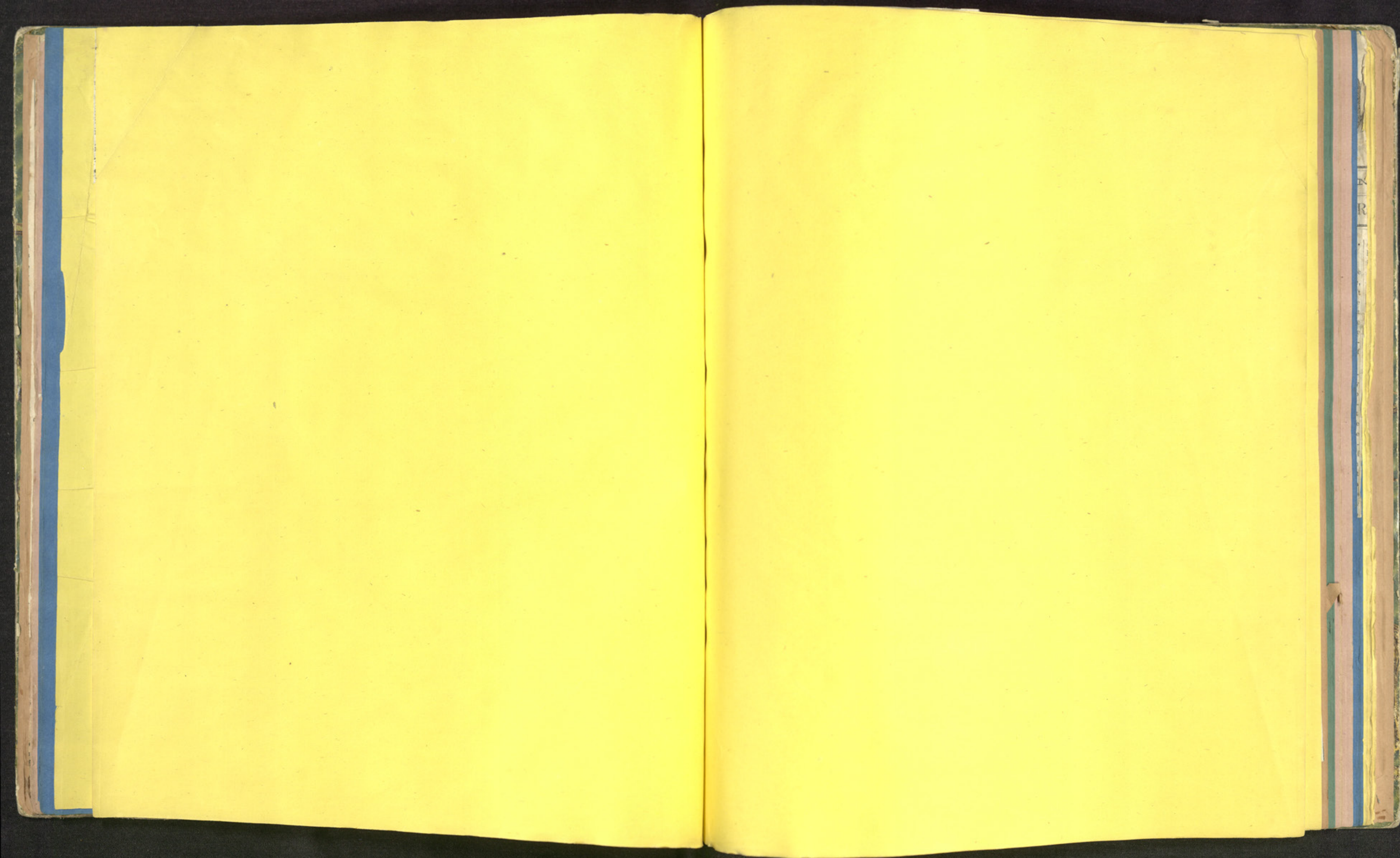
And unto all my questions
She gives but this reply :—

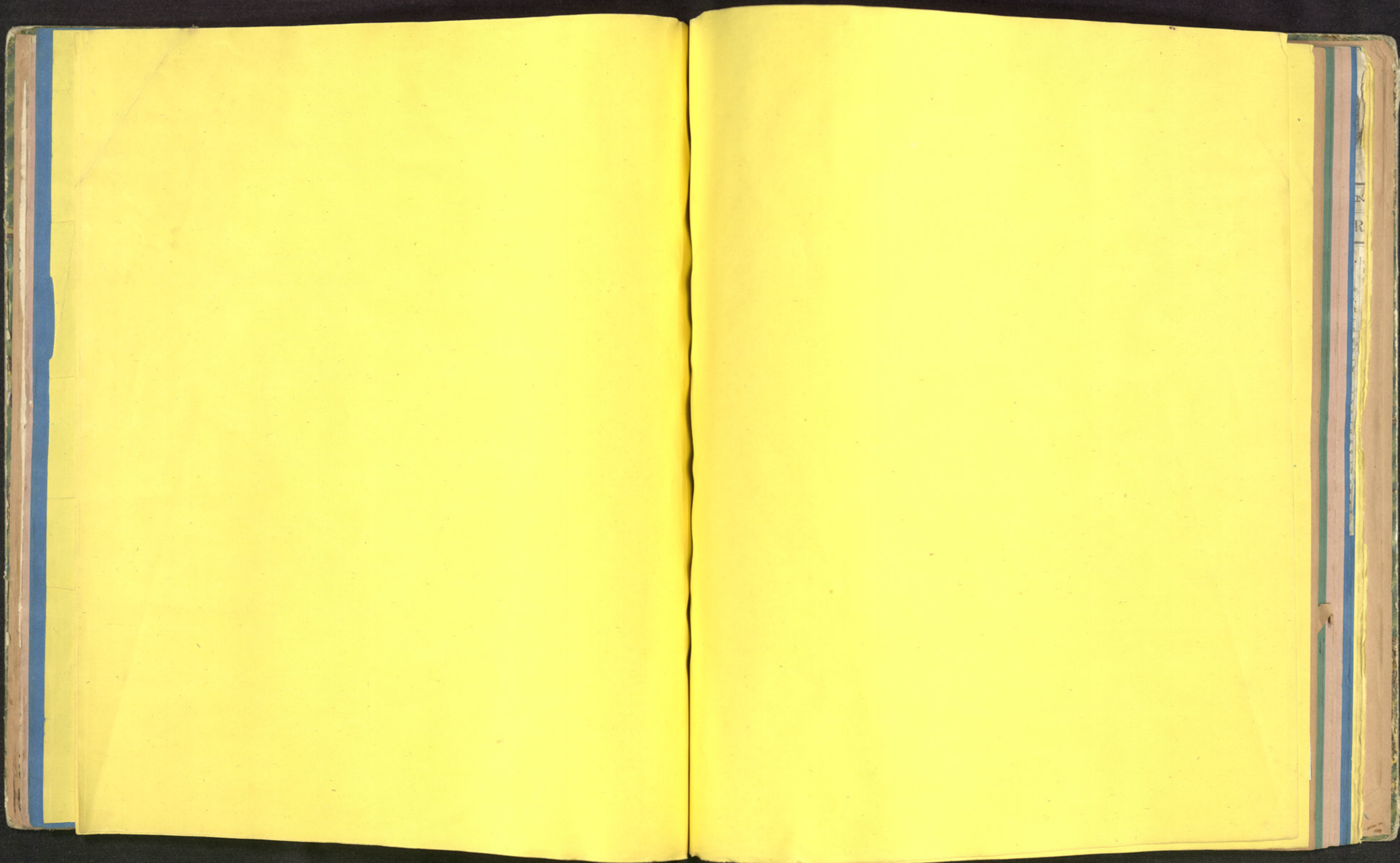
"If you'll have patience Peleg,
I'll tell you—by-and-by!"

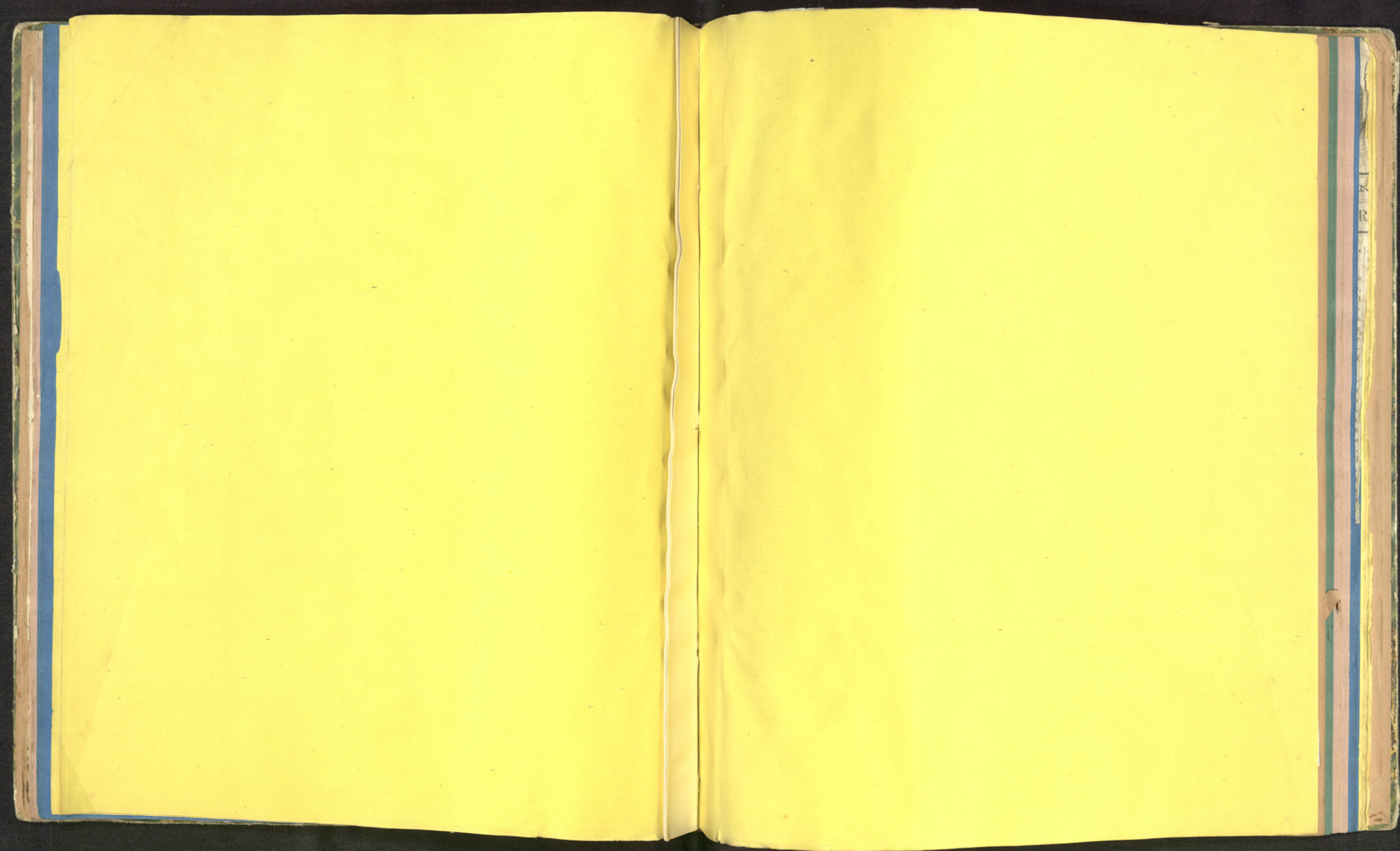
LATEST ARRIVAL.—GENT, Editor of the Plain Dealer and post-master of Cleveland, delivers himself of the following :—

A male came this morning
(And it was a whopper,)
With the postmaster's mark,
But without any wrapper.
No fortune could make
A delivery better,
And bro't all the joy
Of a registered letter.

A friend whose pastor recently had a present of a baby carriage sends us that pastor's response, as a specimen of such things. "I hardly know what terms are fitting in which to express our thanks for the kind remembrance of our little one on the part of the ladies of the church. Nothing, it is said, touches a mother's heart like any attention paid her baby. I have noticed that fathers do not much differ from mothers in this respect! This memento makes us feel as if the mothers, sisters, and wives of our people were in some sense of our own household. Henceforth, when our little one rides in the beautiful carriage you have given her, it will seem very much as if your kind arms were bearing her. We thank you from the heart."







IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Lucien Farnham—Funeral Services—Sketch of His Life.

The funeral services of Rev. Lucien Farnham were attended at the Congregational church, on Friday, July 10th, at 2 o'clock. Brief services had been held at his home at Newark, Kendall county, conducted by Rev. John L. Granger of Sandwich, and the M. E. preacher of Newark. The family, accompanied by several friends and neighbors from Kendall county, were met at the Princeton depot by a number of our citizens who accompanied the remains to the church. The funeral services consisted of singing by a quartette, of three appropriate hymns; reading of the Scriptures; the sketch of Mr. Farnham's life, partially given below, by Rev. R. B. Howard, and a brief and touching address by Rev. Blanchard of Wheaton College, an old friend of the deceased. Rev. Howard made the closing prayer and pronounced the benediction at the cemetery. The day was cool and sunny, and the well attended services appropriate and impressive.

Rev. Lucien Farnham was born in Windham, Ct., July 8, 1799. He died after two days' confinement to his house, of a disease of the kidneys, July 8, 1874. He said to his wife, "I will spend my birthday in heaven." After excruciating pain during the latter stages of the disease, his end was sweet and peaceful. His words were, "I am looking to Jesus." The whole community at Newark showed their esteem by their grief. A number accompanied his remains to the Sandwich depot, and some followed him even to his last resting place in Princeton. At the age of 75, this patriarch has fallen asleep.

Mr. Farnham was one of a numerous family in moderate circumstances. From boyhood he not only earned his own livelihood, but contributed to the comfort of his parents and their children. Supplementing the meagre privileges of a district school with nights of study after days of severe manual labor, this boy qualified himself first for teaching, and then for admission to Amherst College. He graduated from college A. D. 1827, and from Andover Theological Seminary A. D. 1830.

He married Miss Denham of Conway, Mass., and removed to Jacksonville, Ill., where he lost the wife of his youth by cholera. He had known some members of the Hampshire Colony church, formed at North Hampton, Mass., March 23rd, 1831; and he came to Princeton in the autumn of 1833, and was engaged as its minister. Owing to the Indian troubles, only four of the original members were here Jan. 1st, 1834. Others returned, and a fair congregation was gathered in private houses for two years. One meeting deservedly remembered for the blessed revival fruits, still apparent in this town, was held in a tent brought from Ottawa by the late Charles Phelps for the purpose. Mr. Farnham was assisted by Revs. Hale of Springfield, and Gridley of Ottawa.

In the fall of 1835, an edifice consisting of a schoolroom below, and a place of religious worship above, was erected on what is now the Court House lot. It still stands south of the public square, appropriated to other uses. It was a monument of the courage and faith of its New England builders. "Religion and education, one and inseparable," was their motto. It stood for years, a conspicuous landmark on this then almost houseless and treeless prairie.

The young minister spent his first winter in the log cabin of E. Hinsdale Phelps, where on sunny days the mercury would drop lower in doors than out. Mr. Farnham built the house now owned by Dr. William Mercer, situated on the lane in the rear of Dr. M's residence. The land in that vicinity on both sides of Peru Street, from School St. to the Lovejoy farm, was owned by Mr. F., and is known as "Farnham's addition." The last remaining acres passed into the possession of the High School, a few years since. The rise in value of these lands secured Mr. Farnham a competency in his later years which his small salary as a minister would not have afforded.

October 21st, 1835, the new church was ready for occupancy, and the acting pastor regularly installed. In 1836, forty persons, the fruits of the recent revival, joined the church, January, 1838, one hundred and twenty-six persons had united with the church under this ministry. During that year an affection of the throat led Mr. Farnham to seek relief from his work. He went away in pursuit of health. Rev. Owen Lovejoy was then engaged to supply his place, and Mr. F. was regularly dismissed from his pastorate in Princeton, although he did not cease to spread the gospel till prevented by the infirmities of age. He had an interesting pastorate of two years at Hadley, and of nine years at Batavia. He then became pastor of the Newark church and made that place his residence until death. Wherever he went he commanded the respect and affection of the people.

Princeton was to him always a place of peculiar interest. Here he buried a dear little boy of five. Here he was twice married, the second time to Miss Eliza J. MacCone, his bereaved widow. His interests have been identified with the growth and prosperity of the town. He gave a portion of land now occupied as a cemetery for that use. His often expressed wish is to-day to be fulfilled. His last resting place will be beside his little boy on that ground. He had the interest of a father and founder in this church. He was the first pastor. Some who were led by him to confess Christ were present at the funeral services. Others had fallen asleep.

Under God he established. 1. A regular and permanent ministry of the word. 2. An orthodox, scholarly, spiritual pulpit. 3. He planted principles of religious and political liberty, and was a friend of temperance and all genuine reforms. 4. He fostered the erection of the first house of worship. 5. He aided in a blessed revival of religion. 6. He was greatly instrumental in establishing and enlarging to permanence and power a Christian and congregational church, the oldest in organization and one of the first in the State of Illinois, now having in its boundaries 240 such churches with 20,000 members. He was an honest man, a good citizen, a plain, sound, evangelical preacher. He was an affectionate father and husband. The lessons in grief which God taught him by the graves of his dear children and excellent wives prepared him to be to the afflicted "a son of consolation." His services were eagerly sought by persons of the most diverse beliefs and character, on funeral occasions. He was an able, faithful minister of the New Testament. As such he deserves our love and our grateful remembrance. His rest is sweet.

Was it only a sweet fancy, born because my waking hours
Were so full of sunny memories that in Sleep's pleasant
bowers
My day-dreams found an entrance, through a pathway formed
of flowers?

Was it only a sweet fancy, that your head lay on my breast,
And I soothed you with sweet words till you gently sank to
rest,
And in your sleep you whispered the name that you loved
best?

You only named it once, beloved; you spoke it soft and low;
But deep into my very soul the simple word did go;
And from it there did spring a hope that only lovers know.

A hope that gilds the years to come as sunshine gilds the sea,
A hope that spans the future as the rainbow spans the sea,
And girdles all my waking hours with pleasant thoughts of
thee.

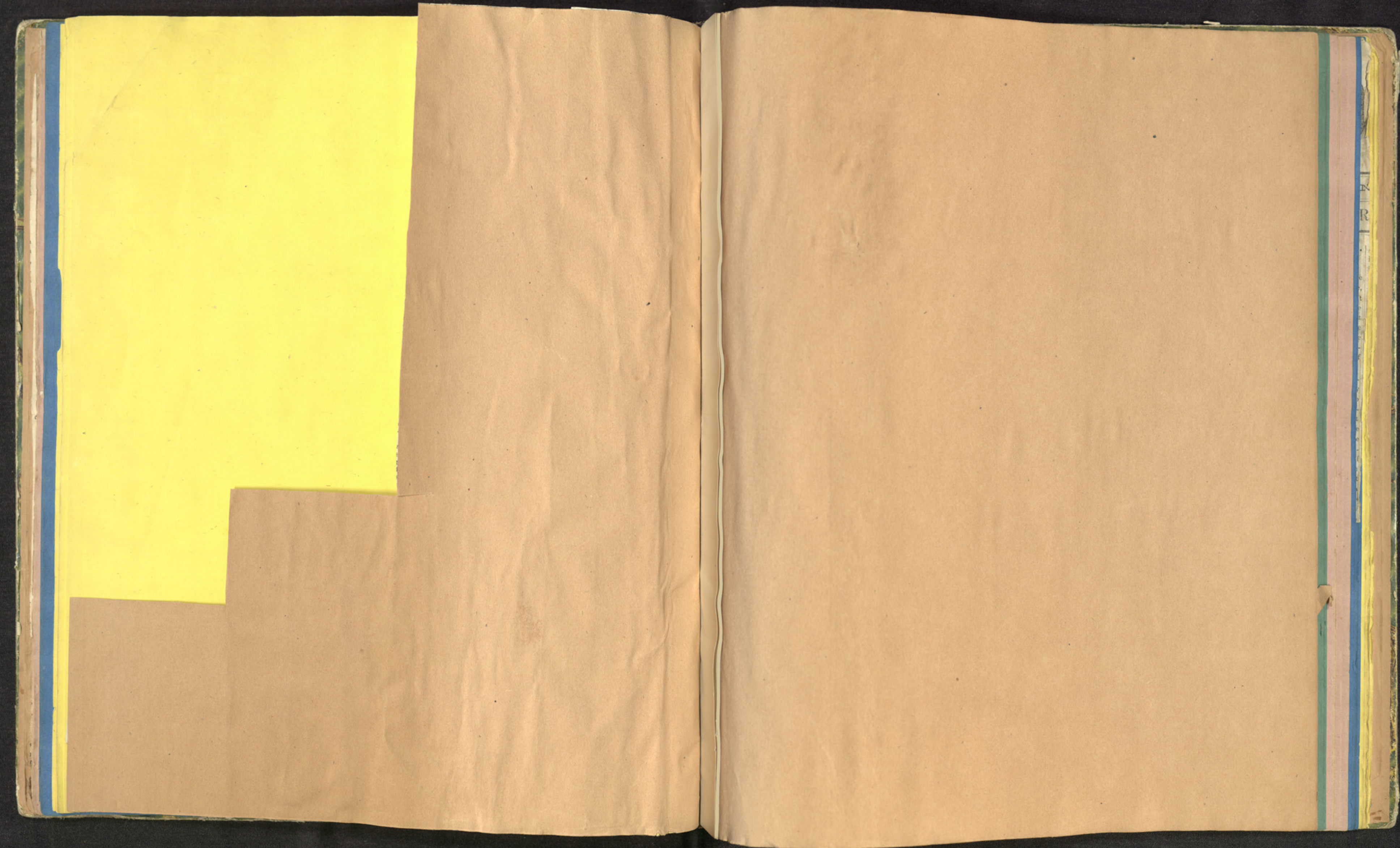
Was it only a sweet fancy, floating downward in my dream?
Pilot by Promise upon Sleep's enchanted stream?
Or shall Love's star one day arise and shed on me its beam?
I will school my heart to patience, I will bide my time and
fate;
Having learned the lesson how to love, I'll study how to wait
Until my feet shall pass with yours the happy Bridal Gate.

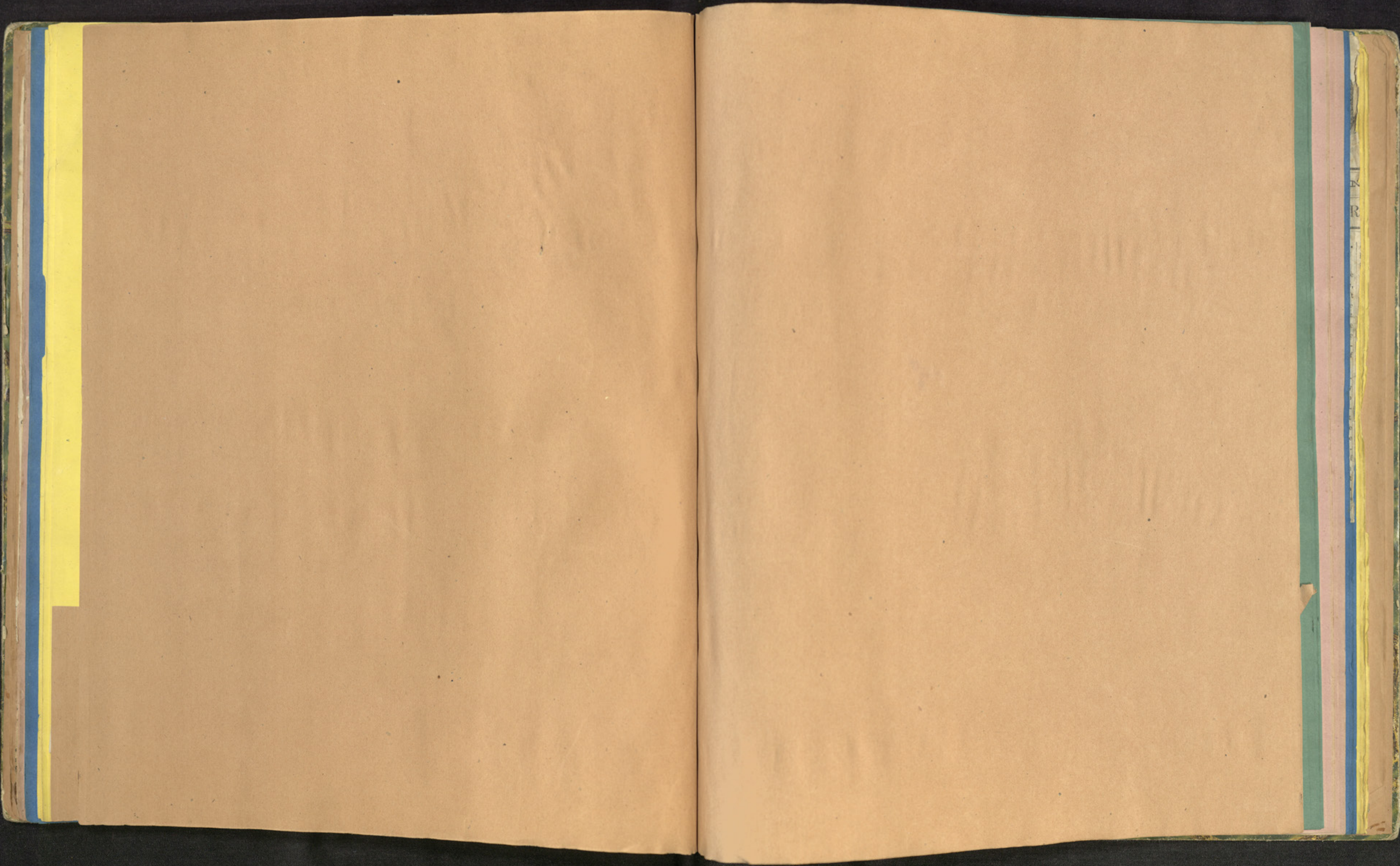
Only a letter I cherish,
Guarded with care many years,
Though its words, oh how few, yet how tender,
Are blurred and blotted with tears.
Only a promise to love me,
To love me while life should last,
In dreams I oft hear it repeated
As my heart goes back to the past.

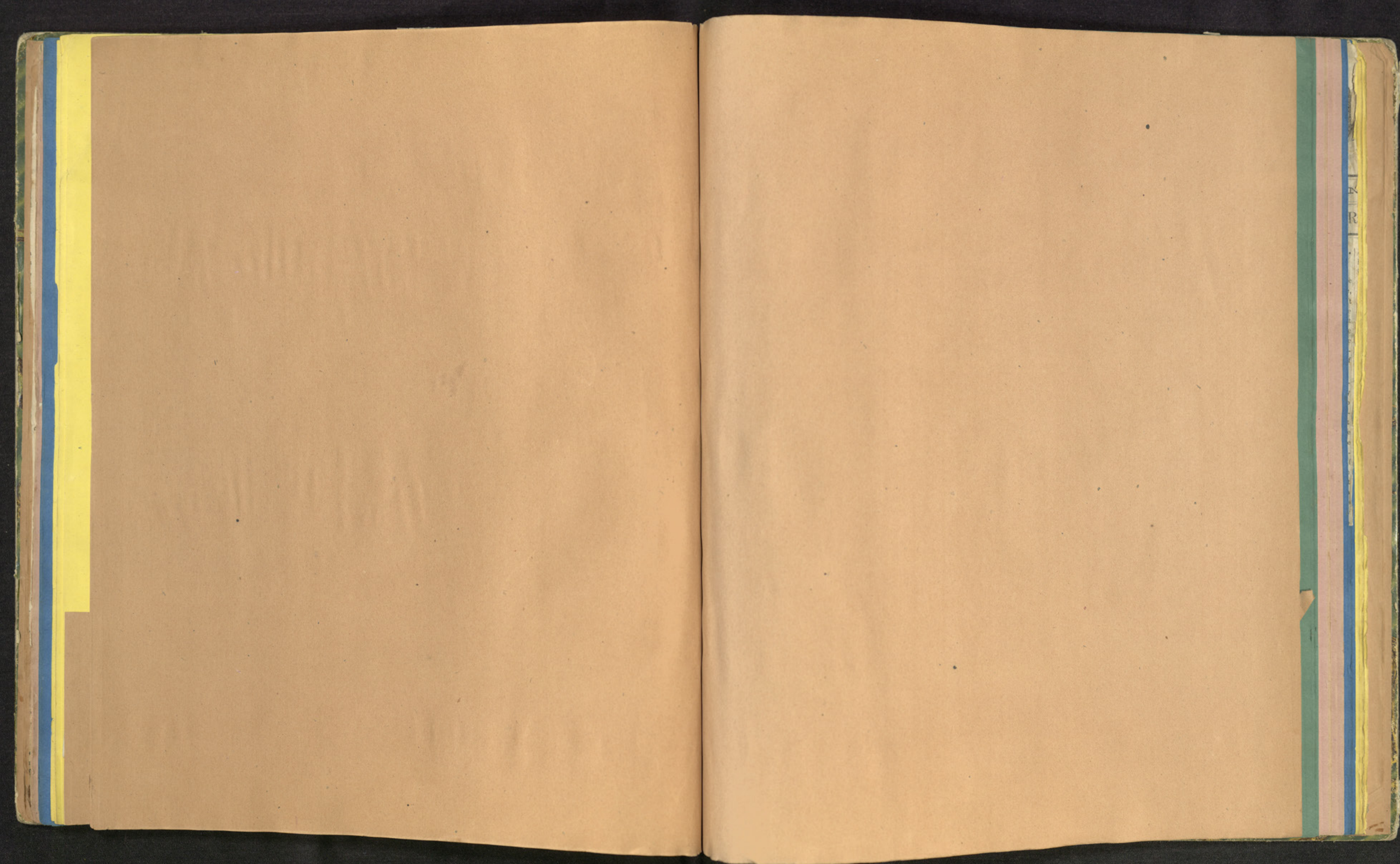
Only a vanished presence,
Only a yearning heart,
Only a voiceless longing,
A longing that will not depart.
Only a weary soul waiting,
Waiting that haven of rest
Where the union of hearts is eternal,
And true love forever is blest.

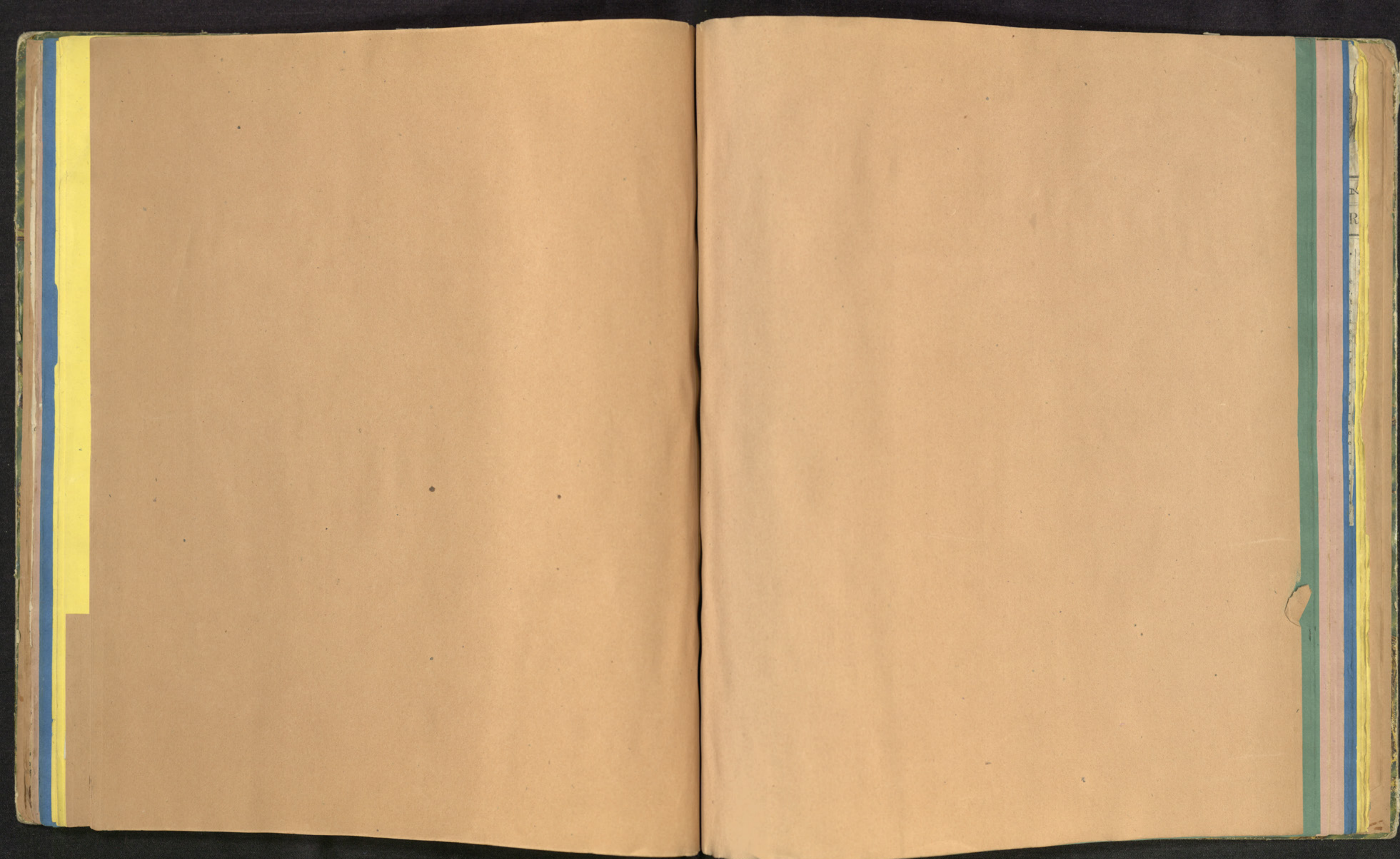
General Howard's Lecture.

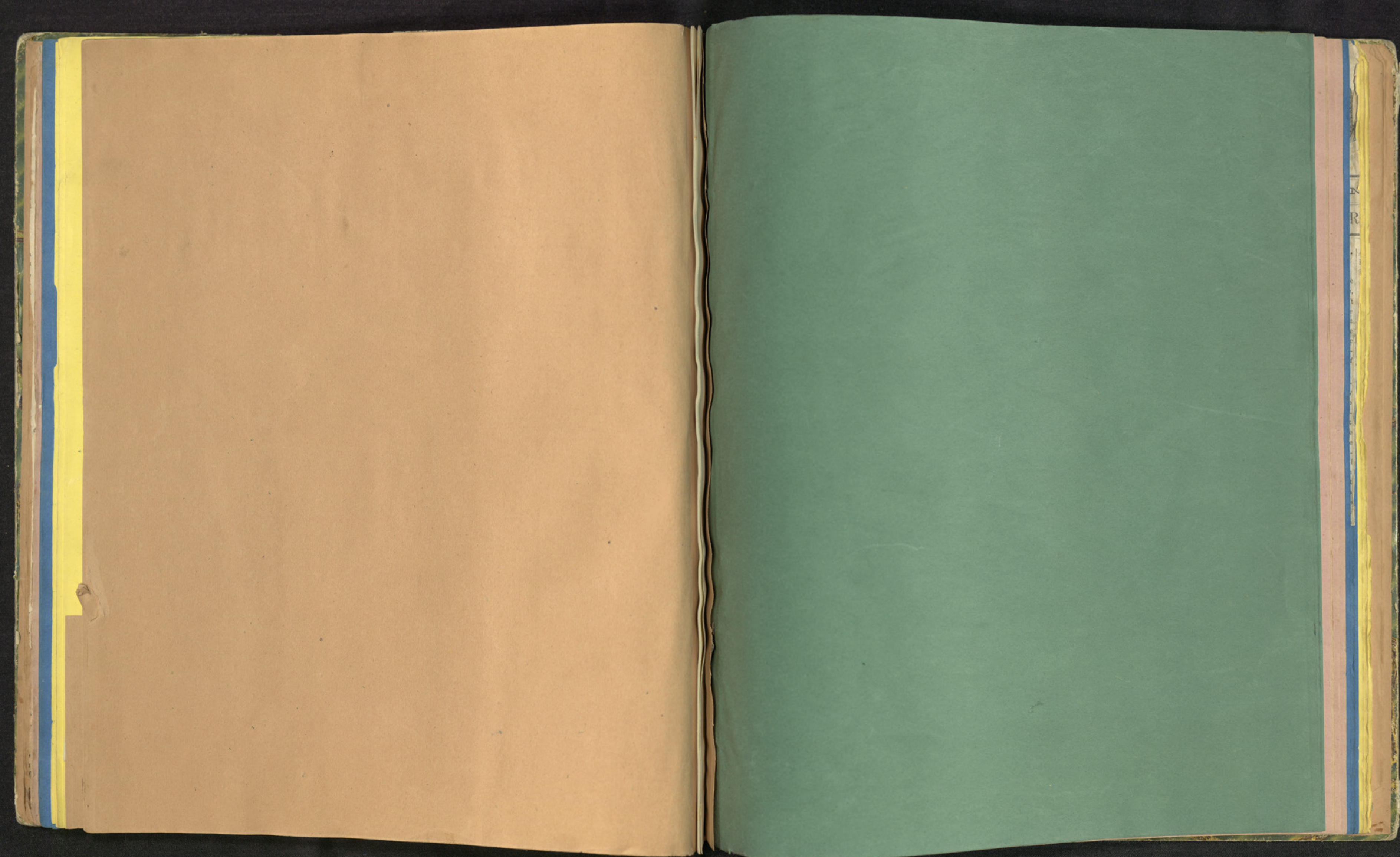
We are sorry to learn that Patterson Hall, our largest audience room was engaged, and that Gen. Howard, next Monday evening, will have to speak at the Congregational Church. The place, though small for the large audience likely to attend, is neat and pleasant. A portion of the seats will be reserved, and persons who obtain tickets immediately will be fortunate. Tickets 35 cents. Reserved seats 50 cents. They can be obtained of Bascom, Cushing, Foster & Co., and Richardson Bro's at the Depot. Our people will greet the one armed soldier and Freedmen's friend with a cordial reception on this, his first visit to Princeton.

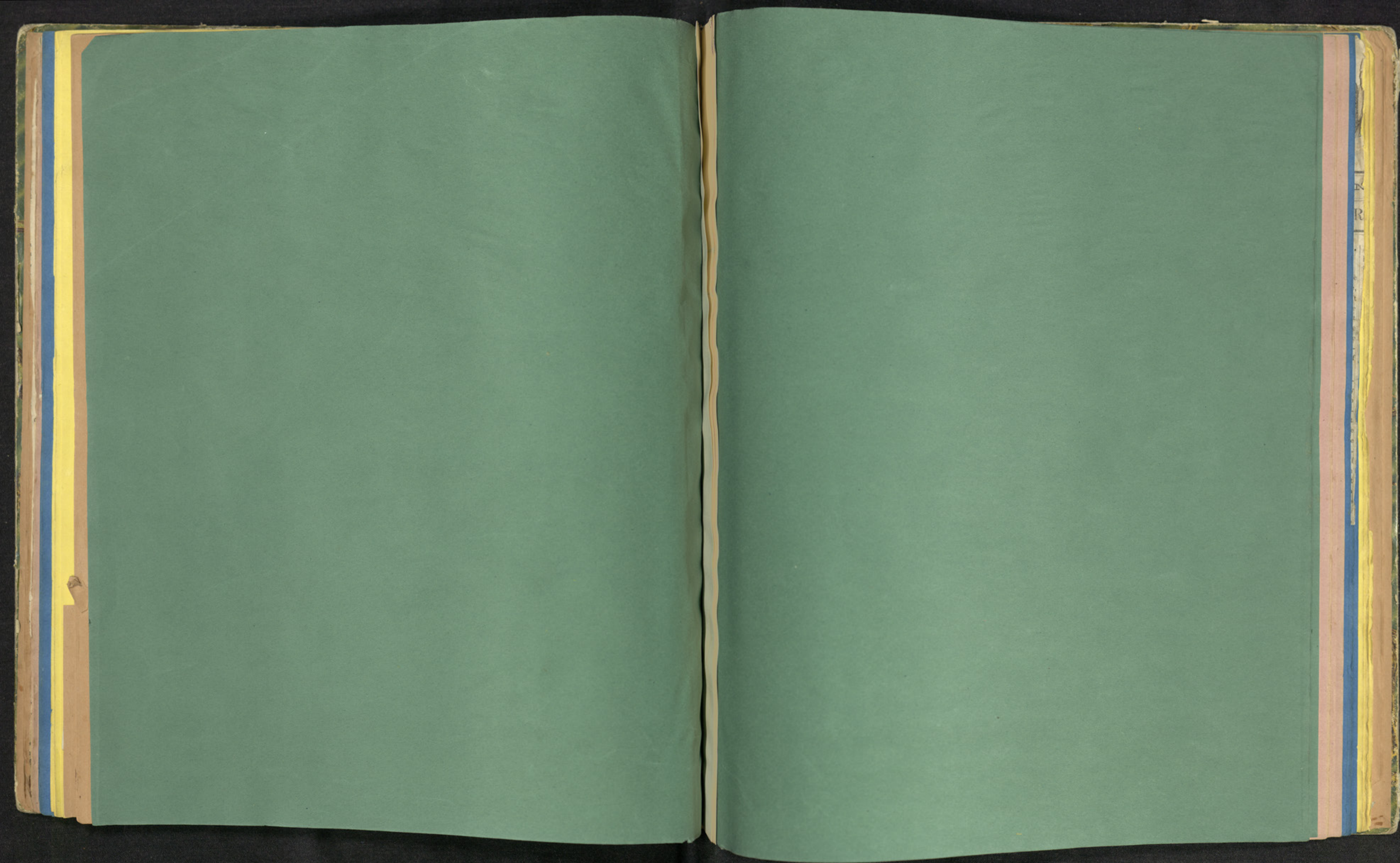


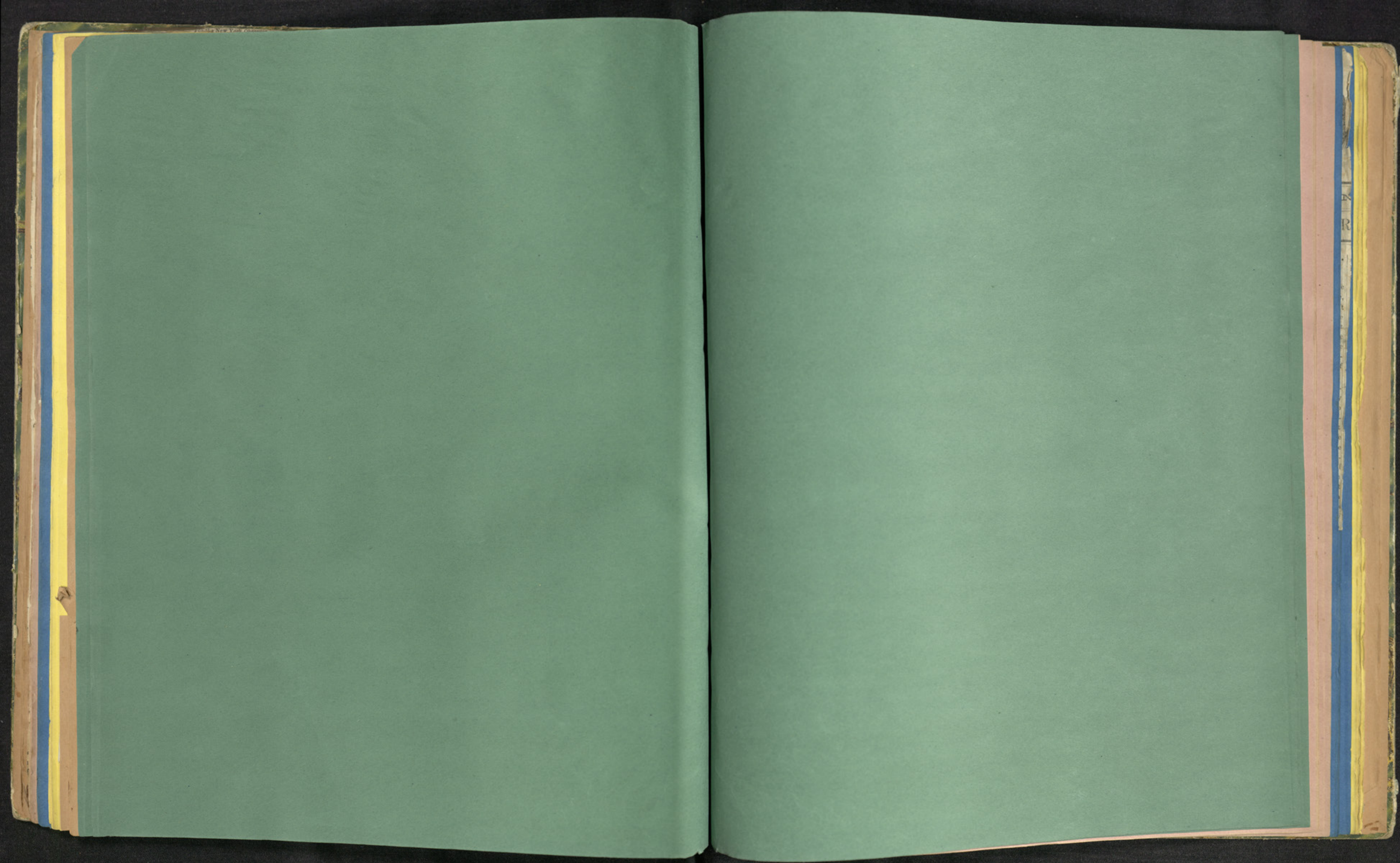






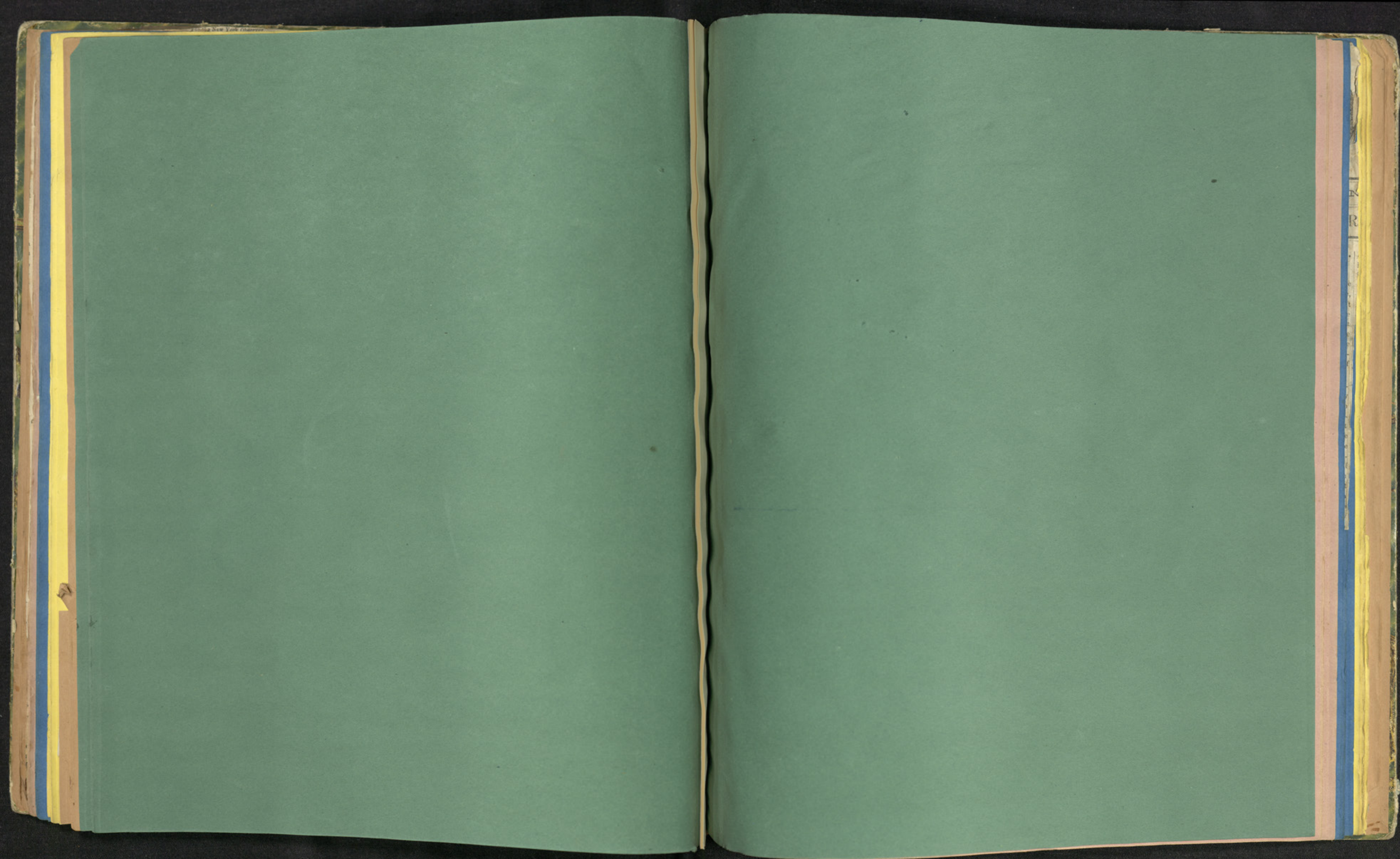


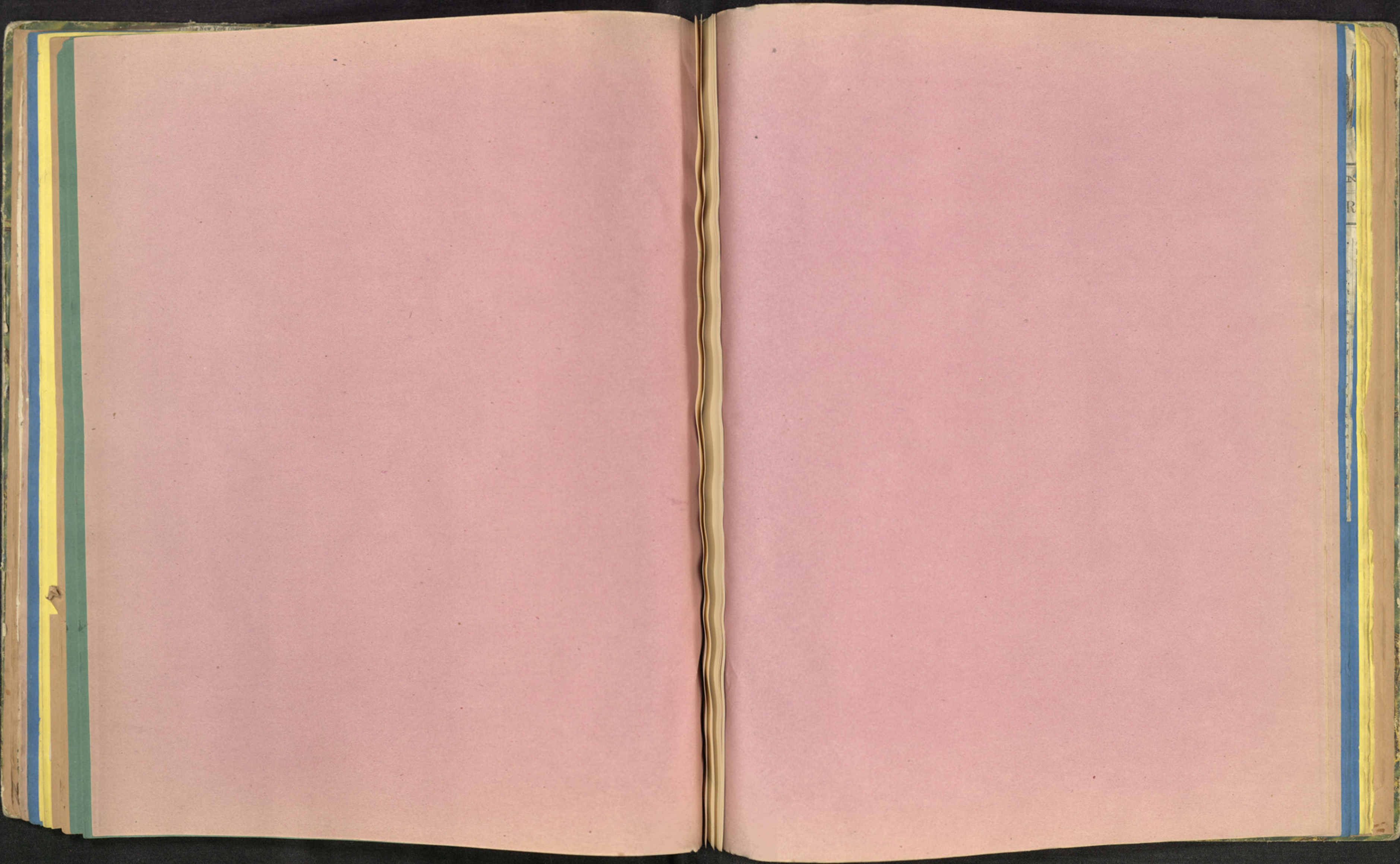


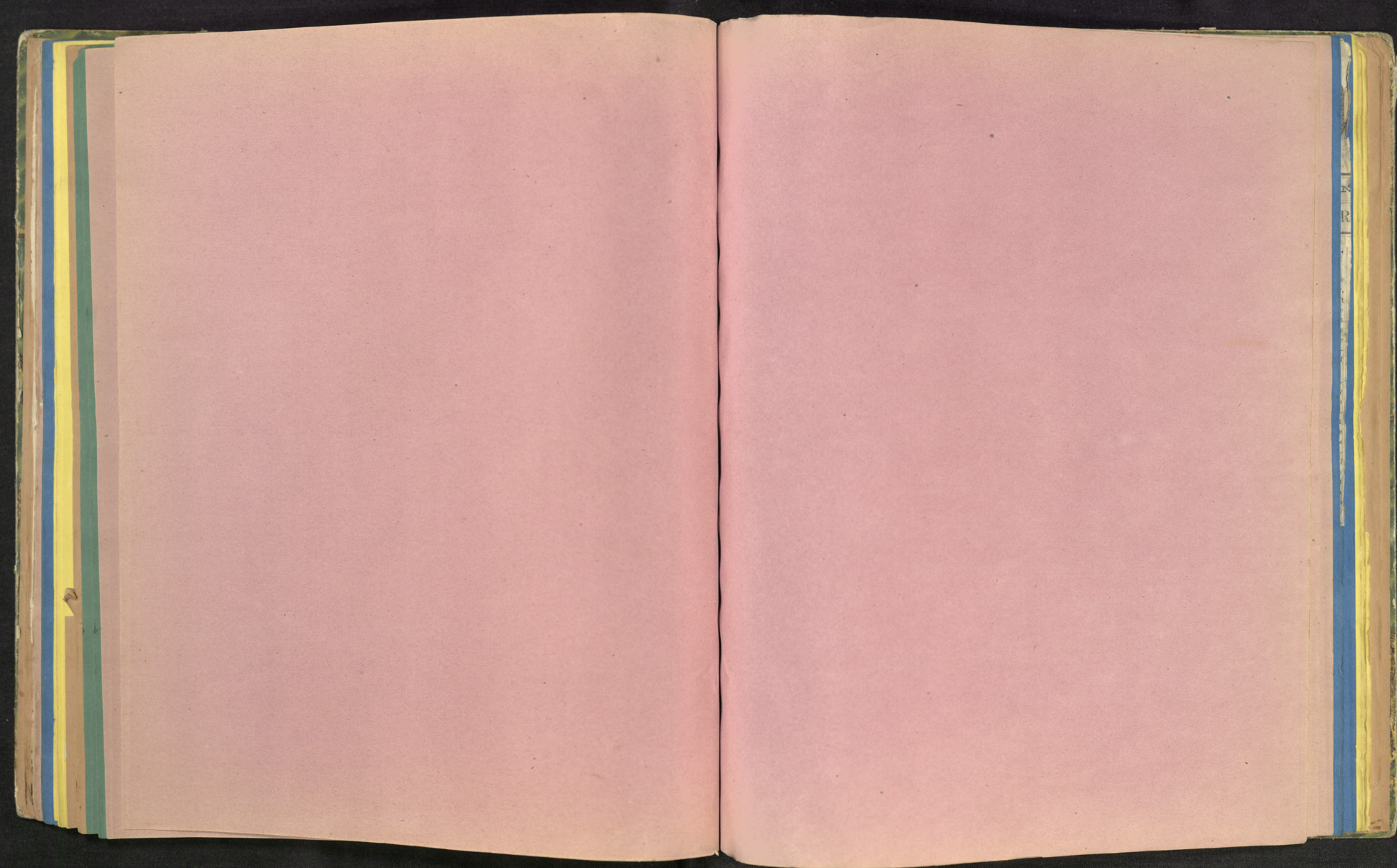


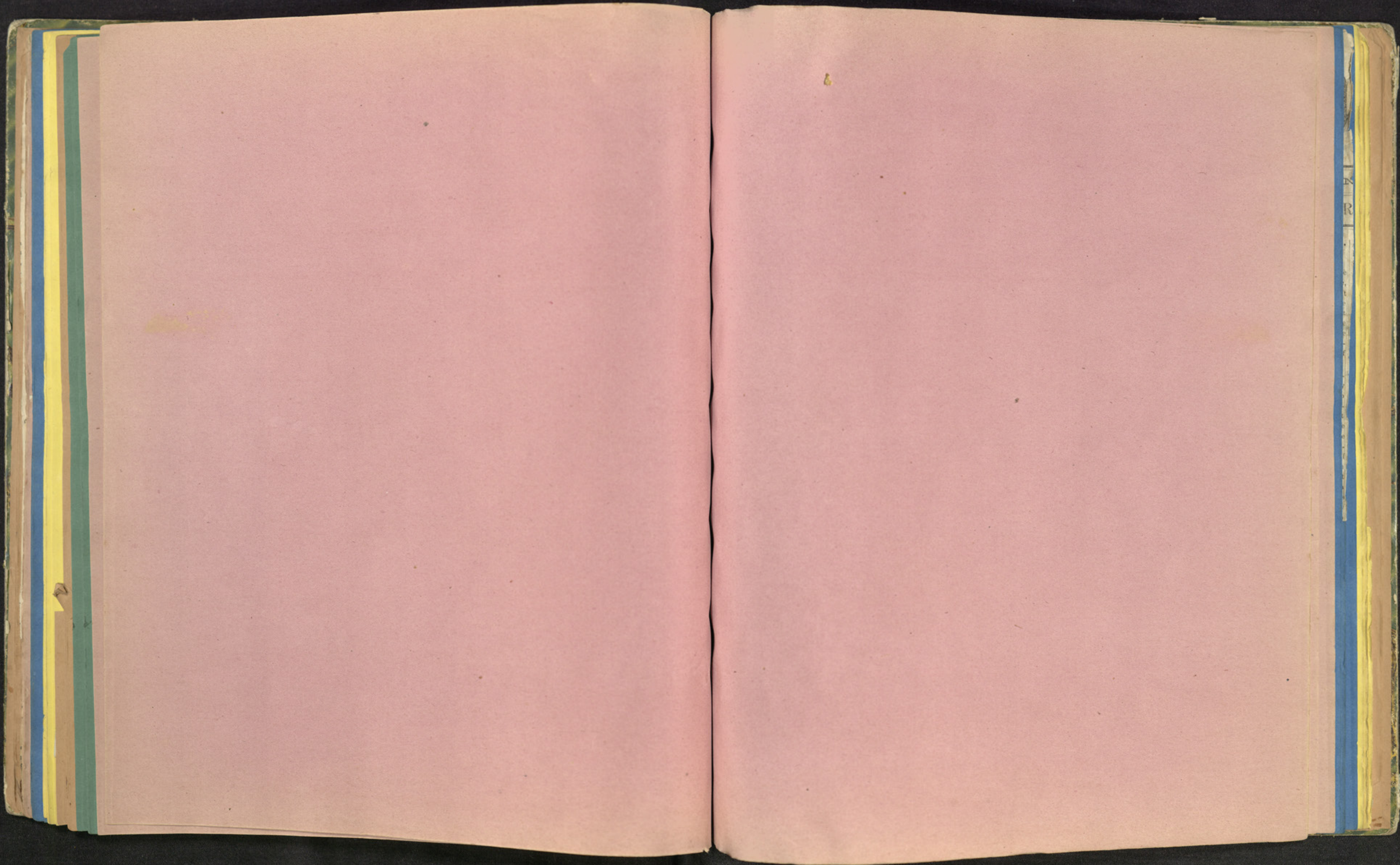
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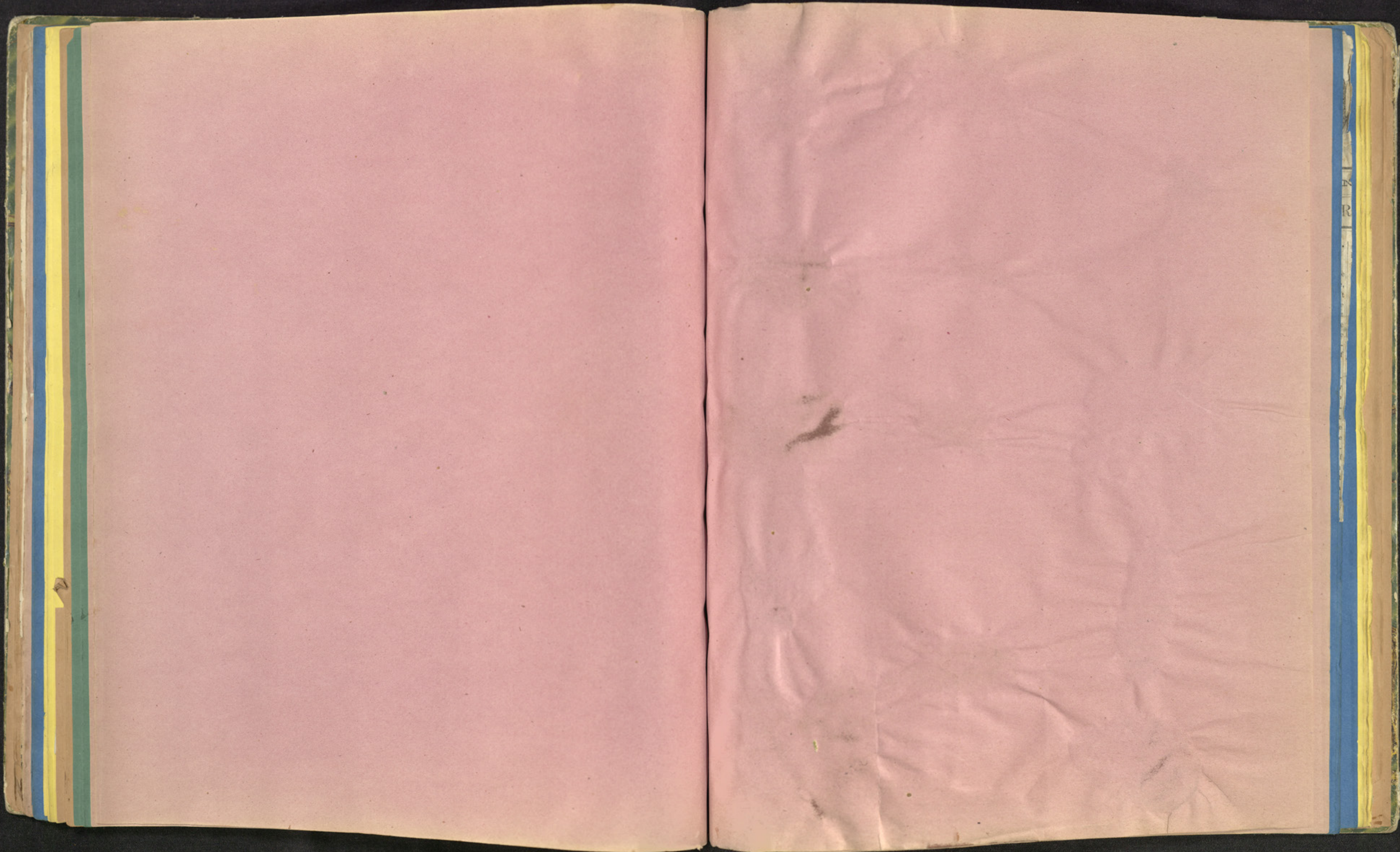
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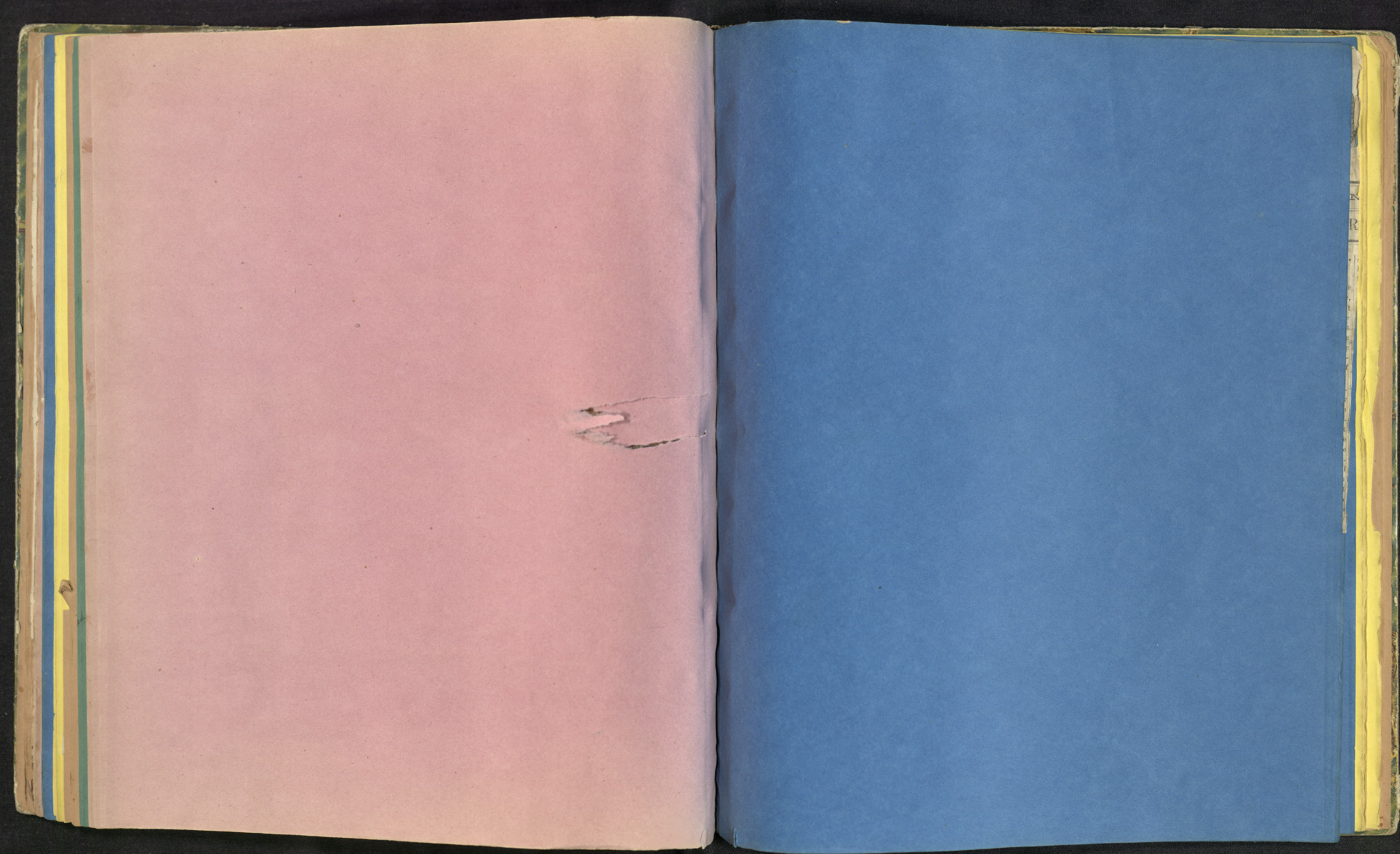


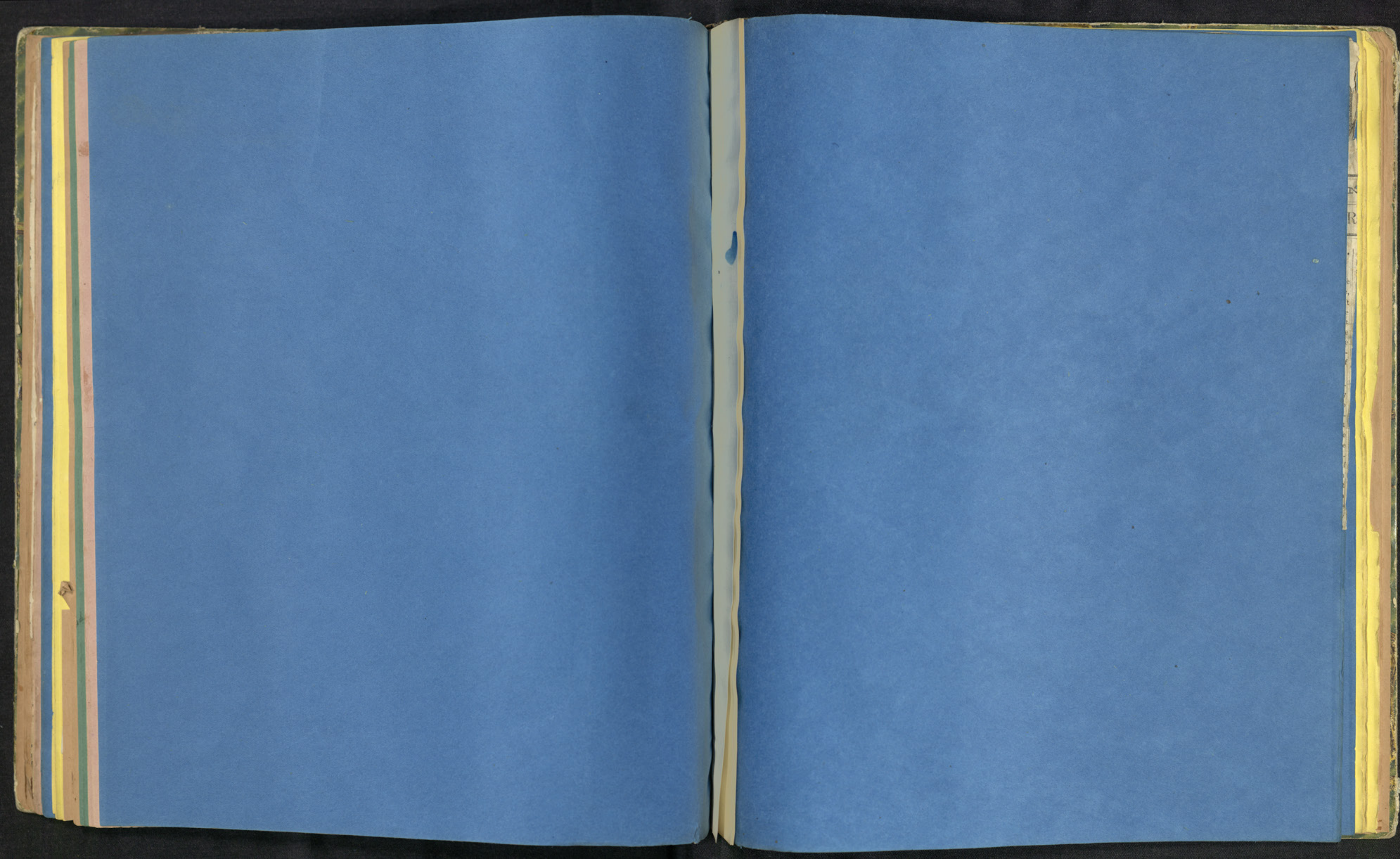


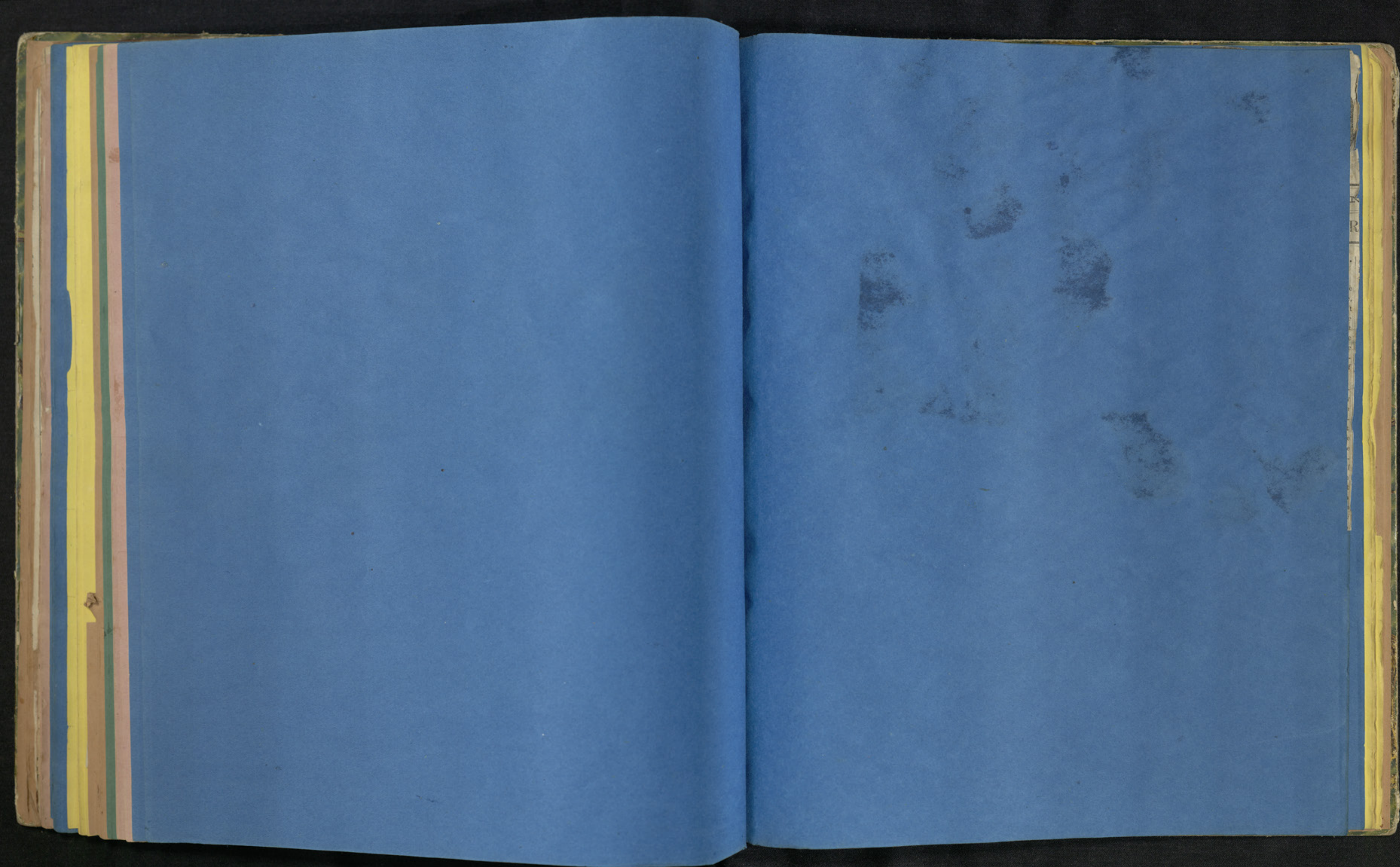












Obituary of Mrs. Rogers.

Died in Farmington, Apr. 27, Mrs. Eliza F. wife of Rev. Isaac Rogers, aged 72 years, 2 months.

[The following is a portion of some remarks made at her funeral, and is published by request.]

When a minister of the Gospel dies it is natural that the circle of mourners should be larger than when a man in more private life is taken away. His relation to the social life of the community in which he lives is peculiar. He is called upon not only to stand as an ambassador of God in the pulpit, there to preach the unspeakable riches of Christ, but he is the friend, because the pastor, of the members of his flock. He receives the confidence and often hears the confessions of persons who would withhold them from any other ear. He is called to baptize the infant child around whom some of the tenderest feelings of our nature cluster. He solemnizes marriage, and is permitted to behold and sympathize in the joys of many young and promising lives, when hope is its bud. He is called to the bed

"Where parting life is laid," to point the dying to Jesus and offer Christian consolation to the sorrowing. These pastoral offices bring him very near to his people and afford the very finest opportunities to cultivate friendship and affection, and it is not surprising, when a pastor is removed, that tears are shed by many who have no claim to be called kindred. We are called to-day to bury—not indeed a pastor, but a pastor's wife; and no one but a minister knows how closely connected with all his acts, efforts and usefulness, is the companion of his life. His is a work into which a woman's heart can more fully and happily enter than into the details of secular business, and the ambitions and aspirations of less sacred calling. Callings making less demands upon our social, emotional and religious nature. The demand upon his sympathies is exhaustive. He must rejoice with many that rejoice and weep with many that weep. His own less emotional nature needs to be fed from a near fountain of sympathy. He is often called to act in circumstances demanding the utmost tact and delicacy, the utmost tenderness and patience. He must often decide questions of conscience, both his own and those suggested by others. He needs mature judgment, nice discrimination, and the ability to give counsel readily and correctly in

the various social and religious emergencies that arise. He needs a friendly critic of his more public services, and can appreciate and profit by one whose taste is pure, whose training is good, whose knowledge is extensive, and spiritual insight excellent. He needs again personal sympathy when exhausted by his attempts, perhaps apparently fruitless, to do good. The disappointments and discouragements that beset all endeavors to benefit such a world as this are not few or feeble. And when they come home to us with power, how much the cheerful faith, the unshaken affection, the unlimited patience of another can do.

Next to the Lord Jesus Christ, it seems to me that the minister of the Gospel owes no being so much for his happiness as to his faithful, self-sacrificing, believing, praying wife. He can never repay her in kind. It is not in man to do it, and what there is in him of sympathy is necessarily exhausted in his pastoral work, and too often he has to bring to his own home a weary body, and a mind depressed and disheartened. He can feel as much perhaps as most men the truth of the proverb: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord."

It has seemed to me that our sister who sleeps so sweetly in Jesus to-day has been to her husband a helpmeet indeed. She has supplemented his endeavors with her own, and, on account of the absence of domestic cares, she has been able to devote much more than usual of her time and efforts to direct efforts for the good and happiness of this people. She was a faithful teacher in the Sabbath school, and saw her classes converted to Christ as a consequence of her instruction and prayer. It is nearly forty years since she has lived among you. You all remember her love for the female prayer meeting, of which she was a most earnest and efficient member; and her peculiar interest in the Maternal Association, where she proved to be an interesting instructor to the children, as well as a wise and safe counsellor to mothers.

For over fifty two years a member of the church of Christ, she showed by her careful, conscientious and habitual attendance upon its ordinances, its worship, its social means of grace, that the language of President Dwight's glorious hymn was

I love thy Kingdom, Lord;

The house of thine abode;

The Church our blest Redeemer saved

With his own precious blood.

Beyond my highest joy,

I prize her heavenly ways;

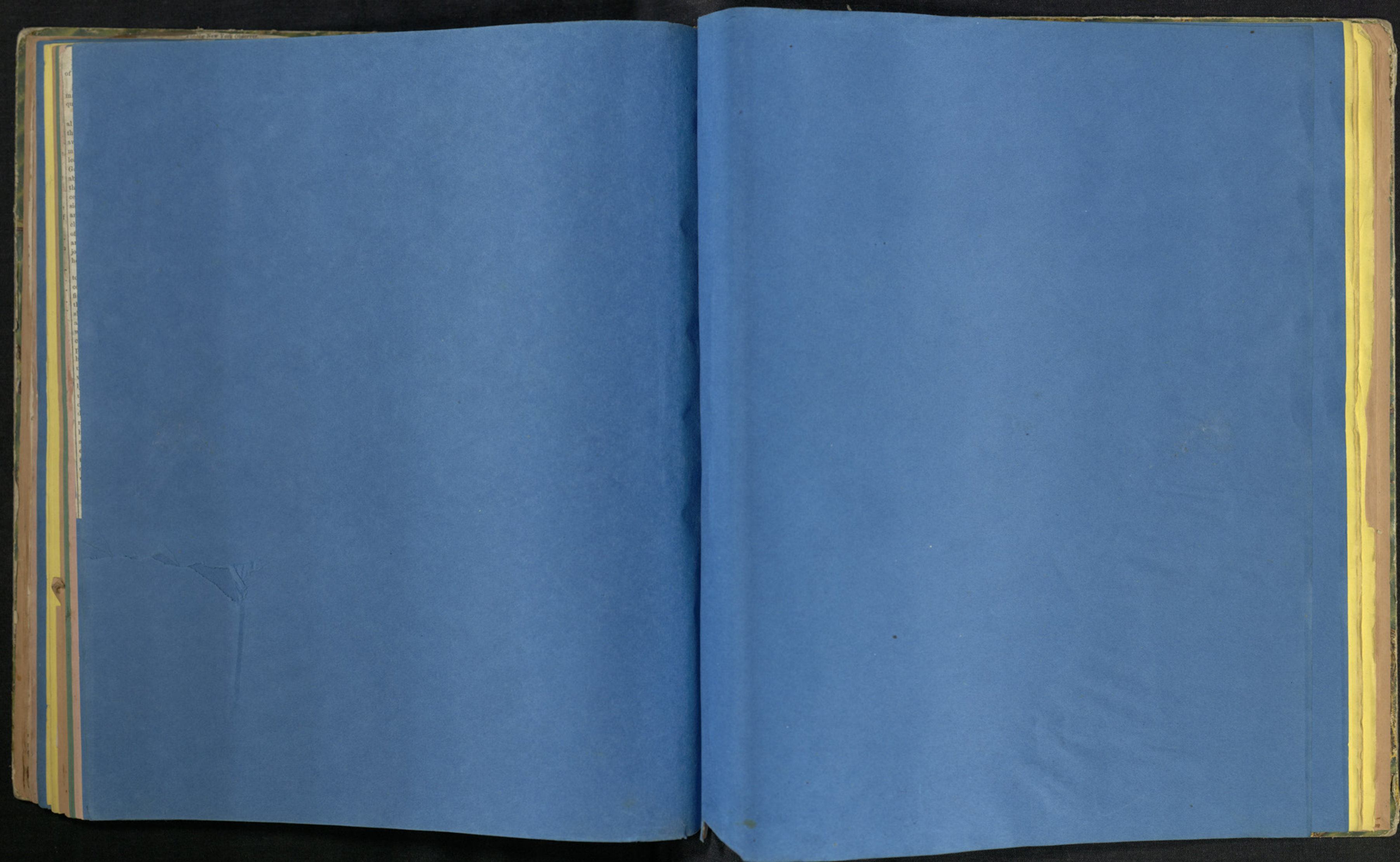
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,

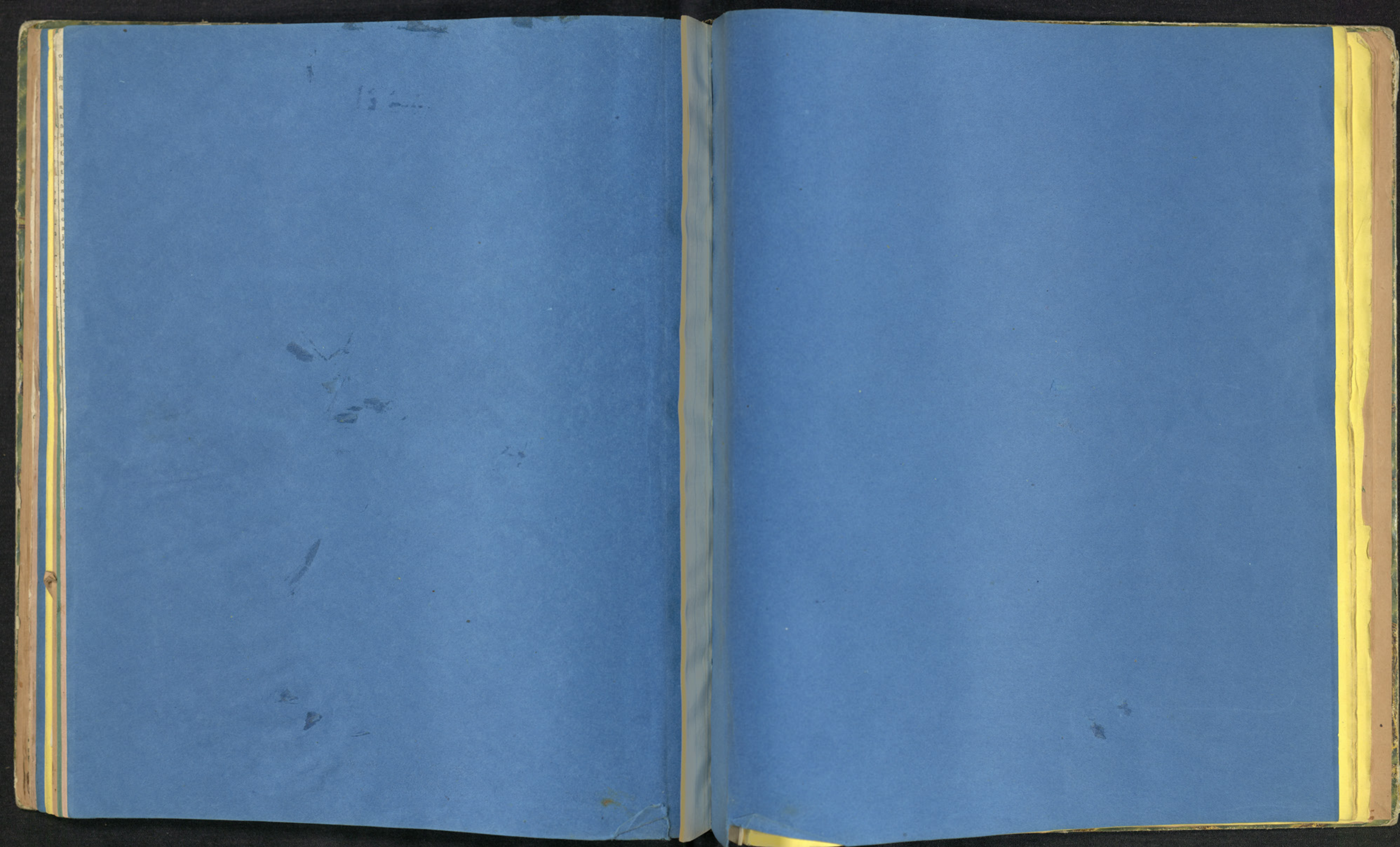
Her hymns of love and praise.

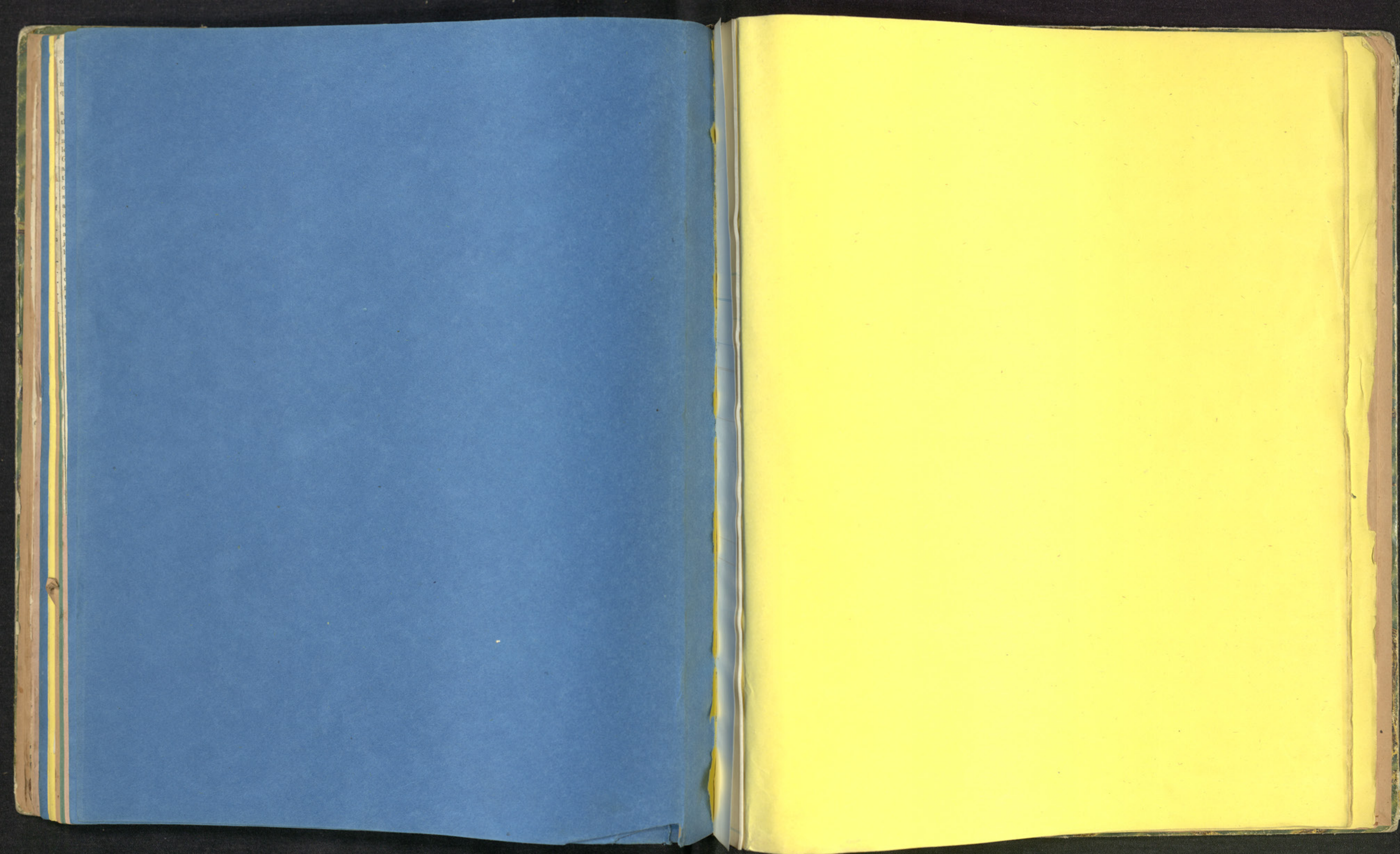
No enjoyment did she more reluctantly surrender than her privilege of public worship with God's people. Her heart was alive to the calls of benevolence. Her's has been no stinted nor ungenerous giving. Her house was ever open to dispense a Christian hospitality. Its narrow limits were often filled with guests most cordially welcomed. Her husband may thank her now and in eternity that she gave him the sanction of her approval to every good work his generous hand found to do.

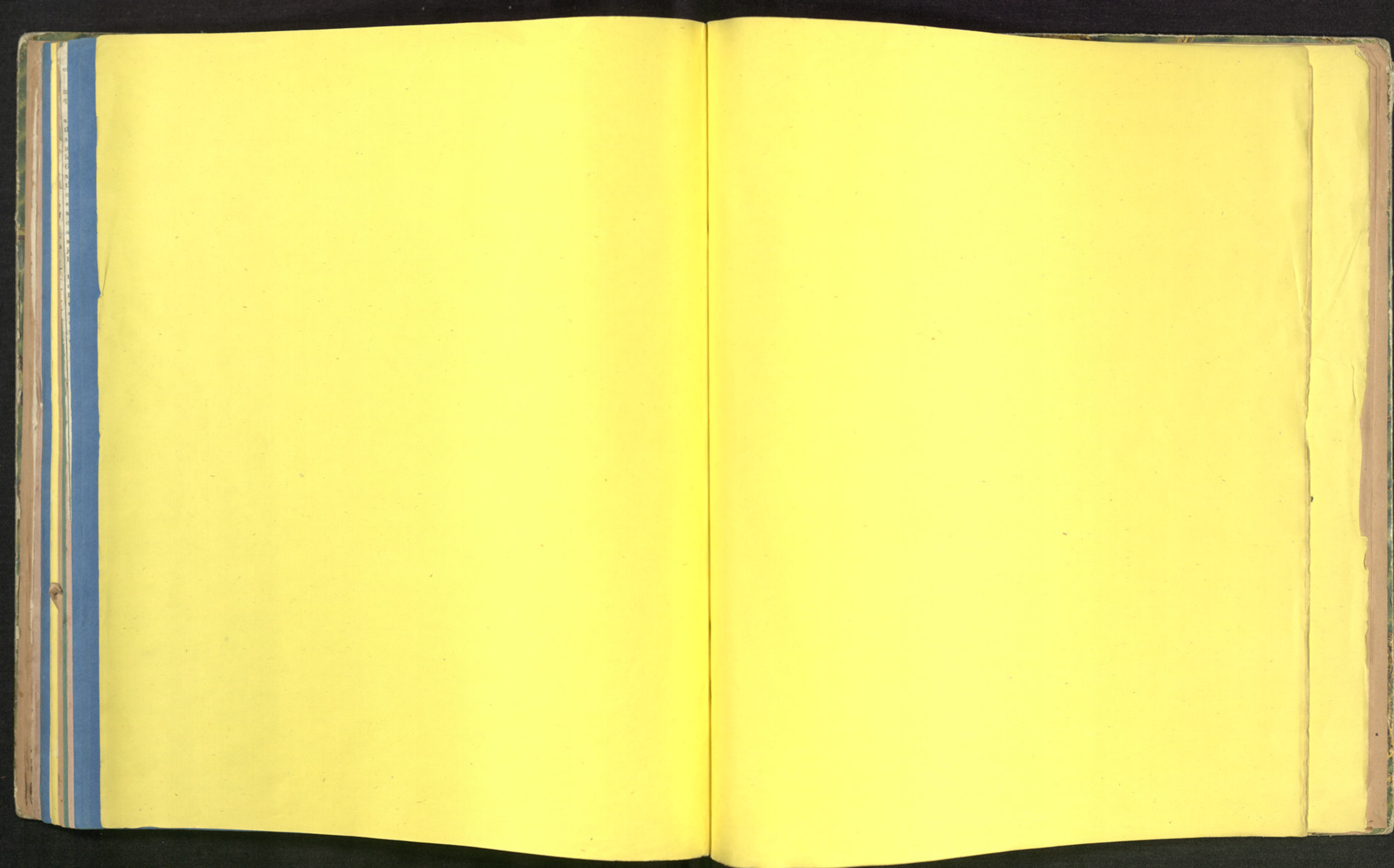
Her early religious experience was not often alluded to in these later years. She came into the church of Christ on the tide of youthful love, but was ever self-distrustful, declaring to the last her own unworthiness and want of Christian character, but never swerving from her firm faith in Jesus Christ as her sacrifice and Saviour. "No merits of my own,"—"I trust all to the merits of Christ," was a frequent expression with her. She anticipated this last change for some time, and spoke at times with freedom to her pastor of her heavenly hopes. She feared to the last that she should be burdensome to her friends. She who had watched so frequently and faithfully beside many sick and dying beds, seemed to think the services of her friends, so cheerfully and lovingly rendered, were too much of a tax upon their time and patience. She was a keen sufferer from nervous torture and other pain, but did not murmur. She carefully devised some little mementoes to dear friends, made some requests concerning her remains, and, most difficult of all, com-

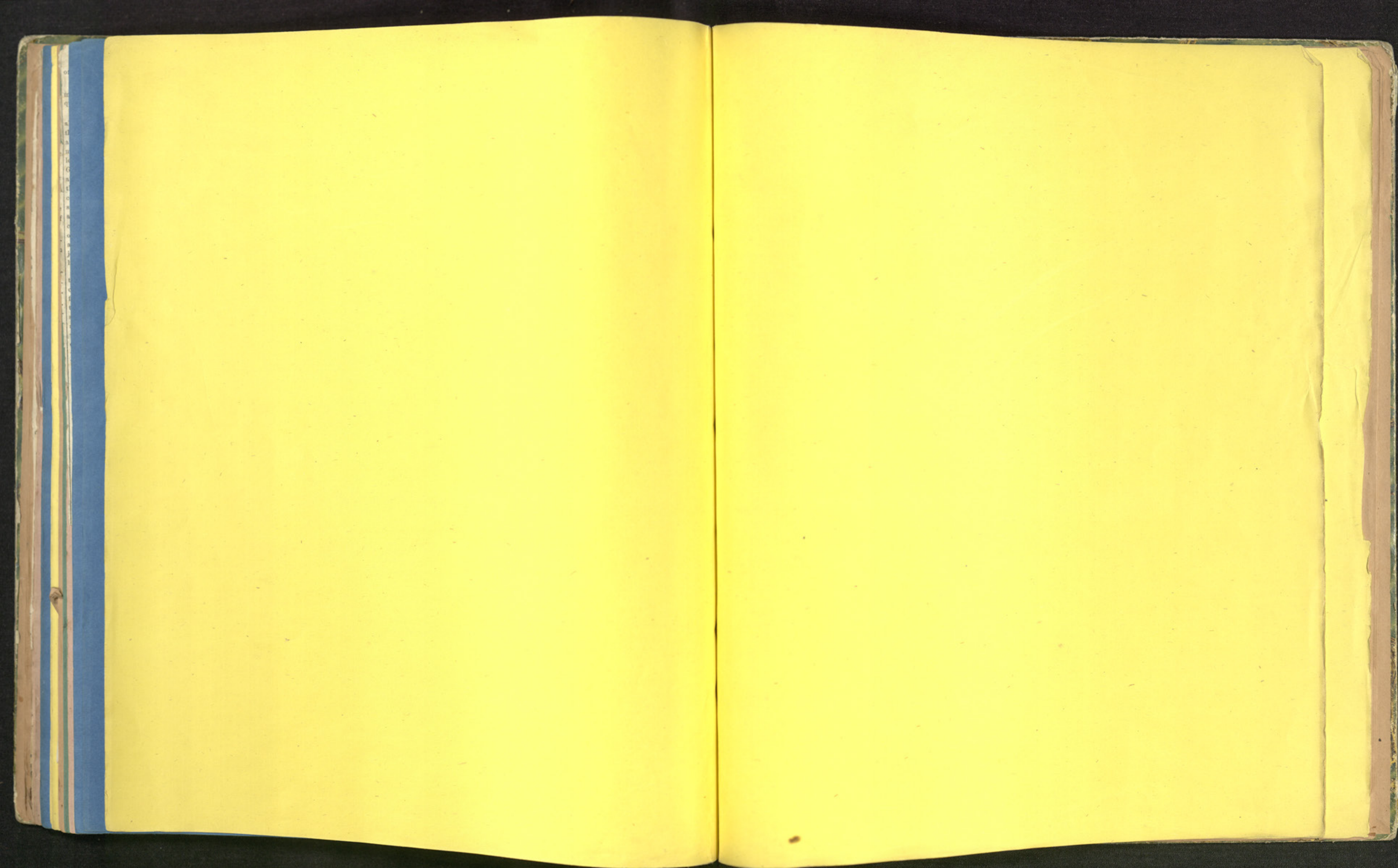
mitted her dear husband in his old age to the loving and tender care which could no longer give him to other friends and to friends who care for him.

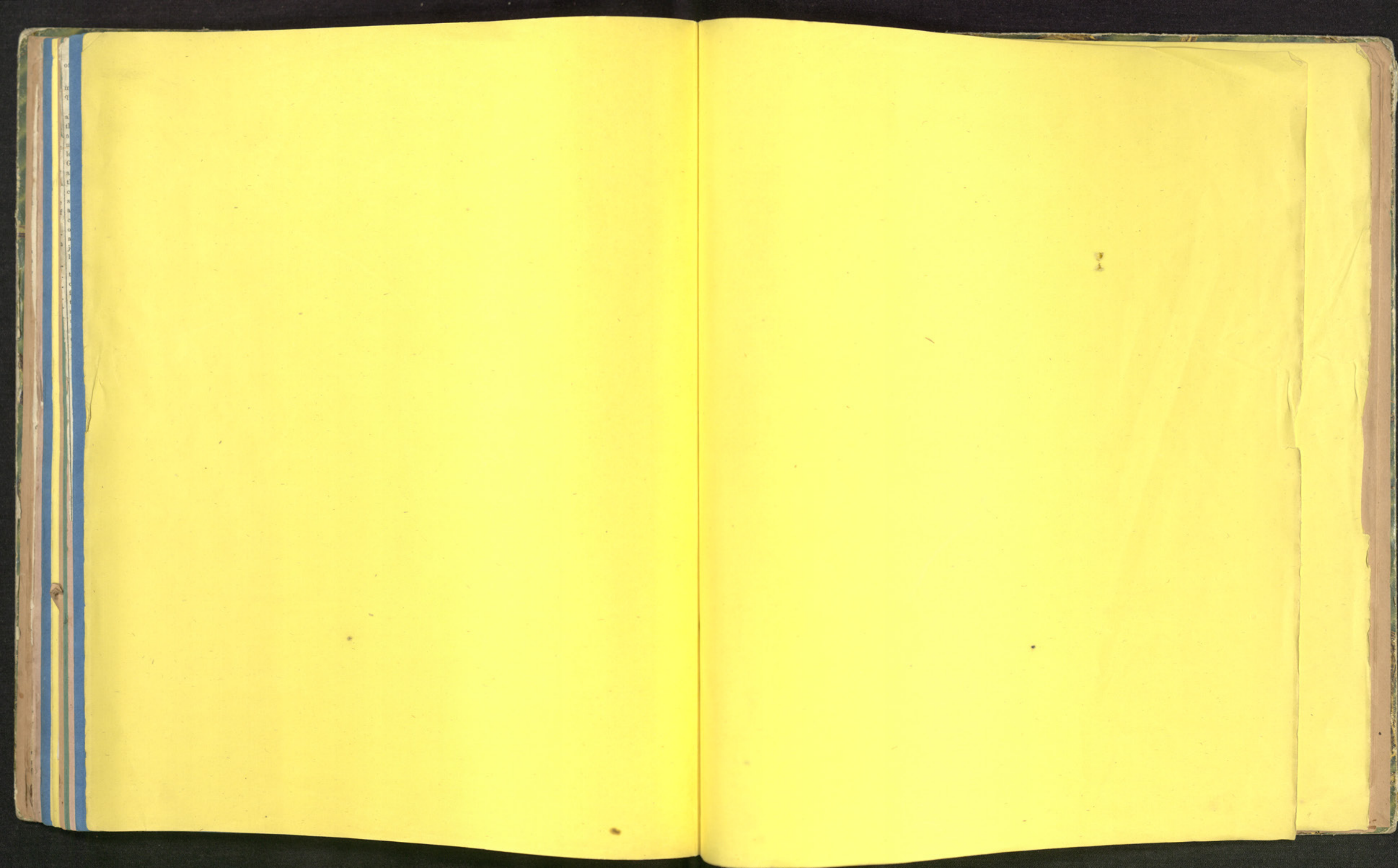


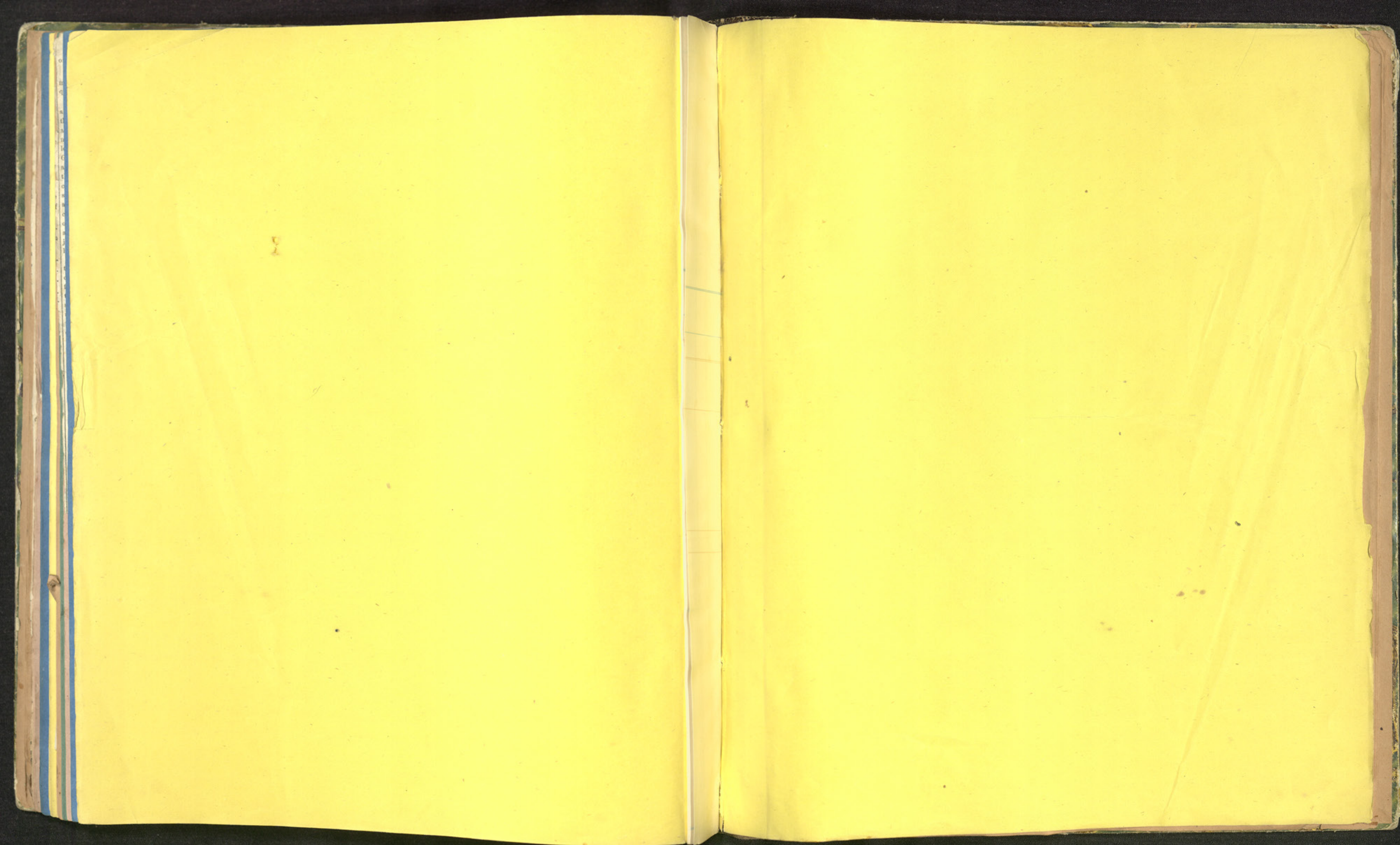


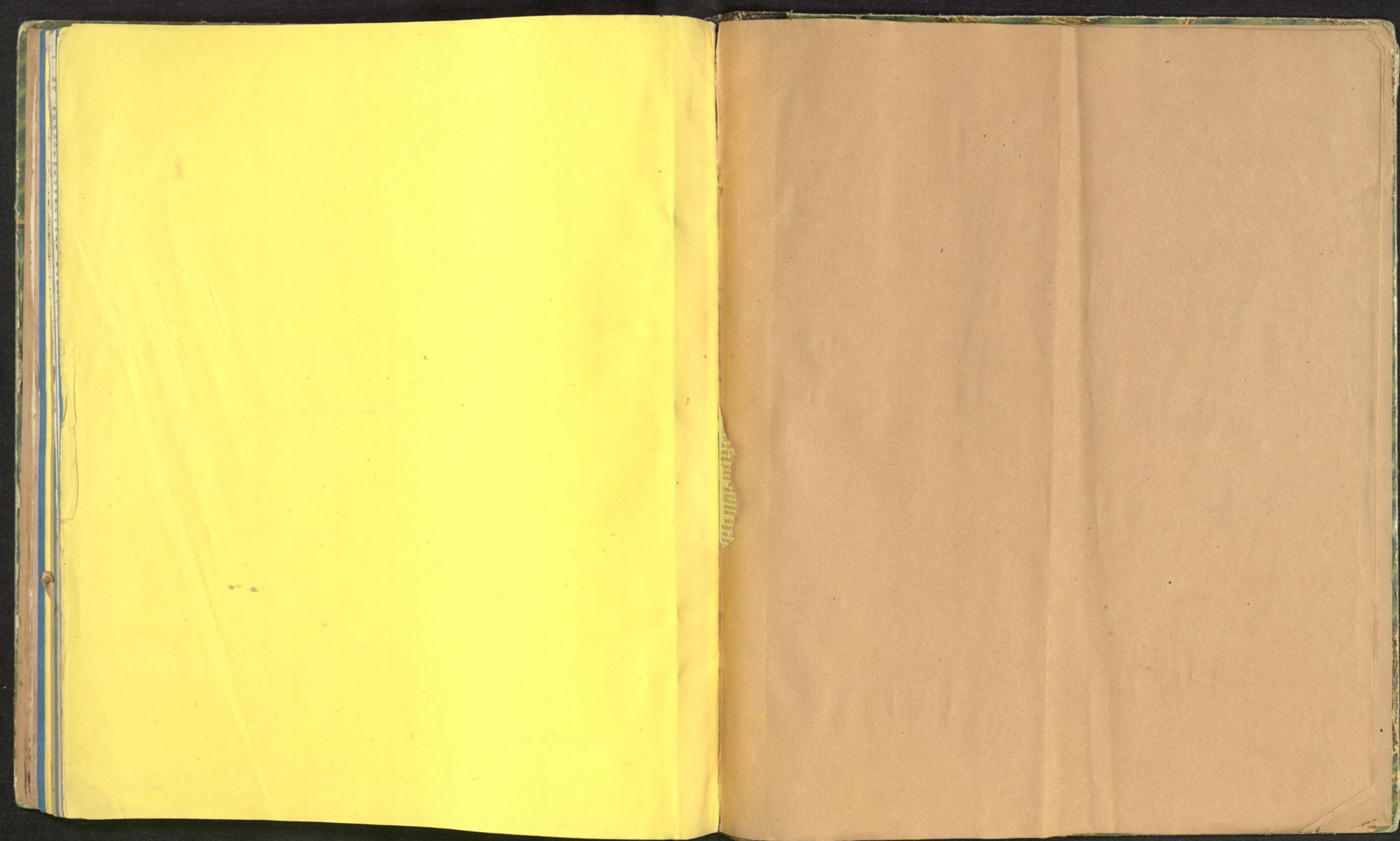


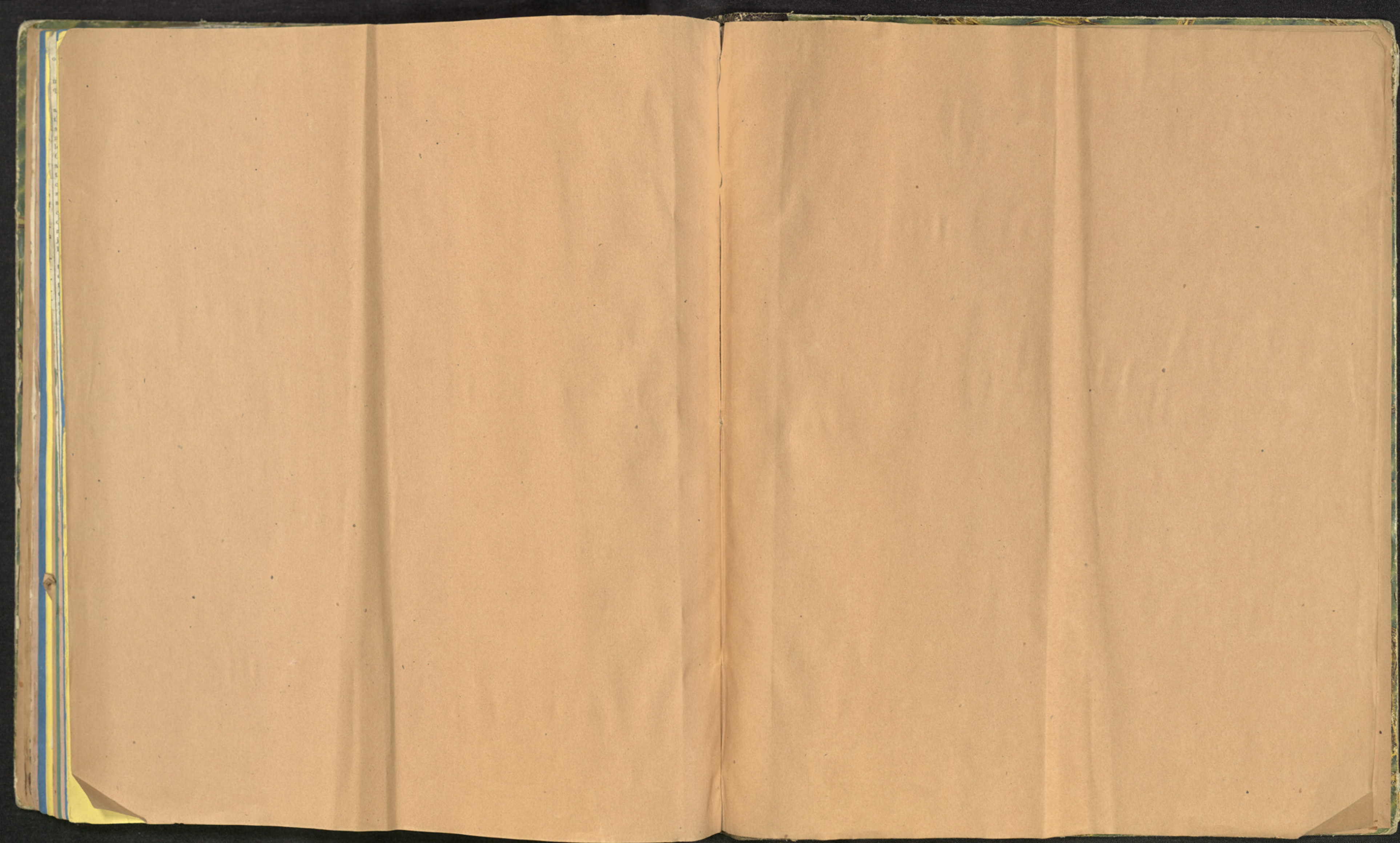


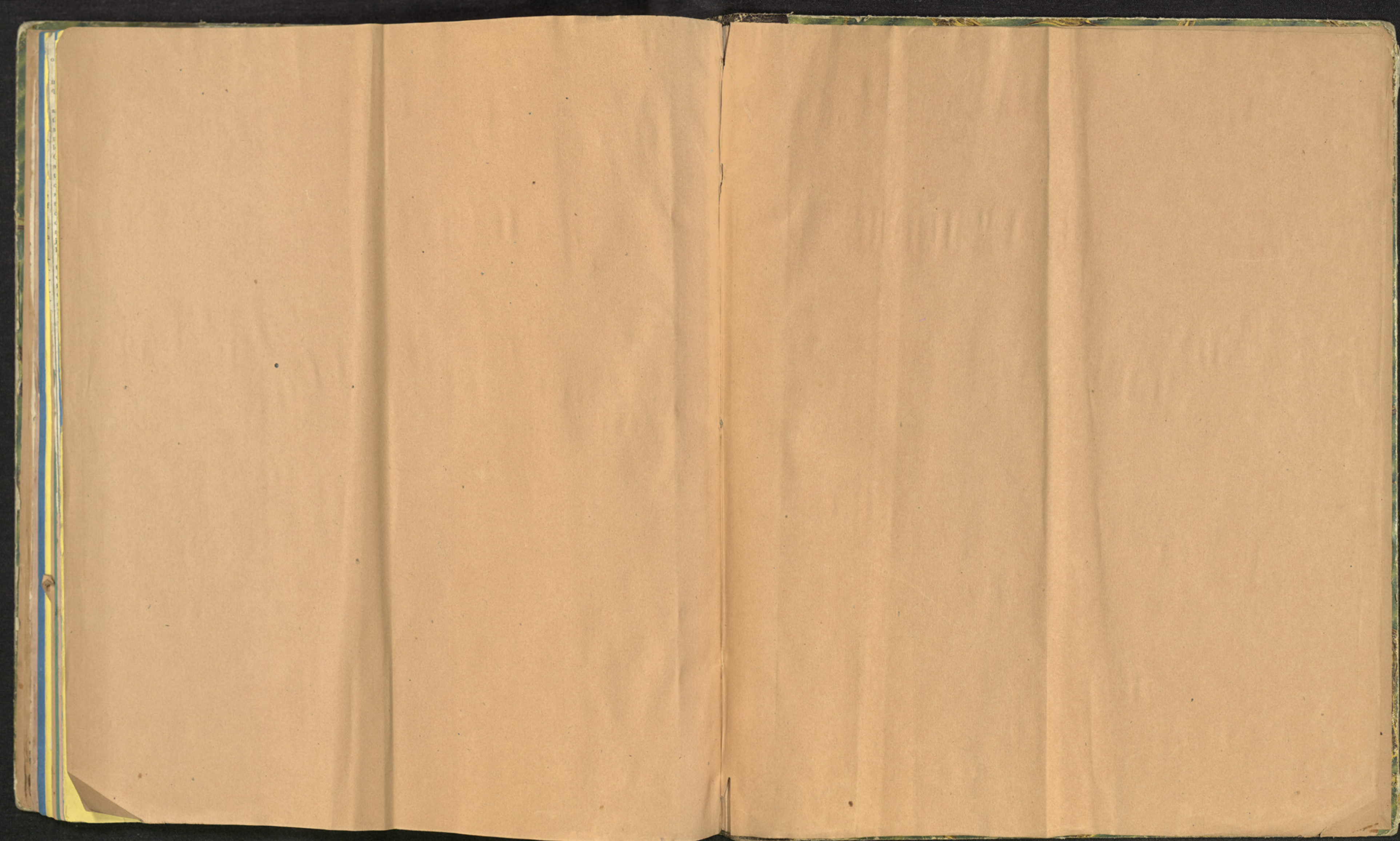












mittee embraces seven members.

Miss Lucinda Colton, daughter of L. J. Colton, was married to Frank W. Patterson, at Girard, Kansas, Wednesday December, 14th. Mr. E. is partner in a large flouring mill at Girard.

Mrs. Kilborn, while visiting at the residence of Mrs. Patterson last Friday, was stricken down with paralysis and subsequently conveyed to her home on 4th street, where she died on Monday.

