WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

First of a Series of Pictures of the Balearic Islands.

On the Mediterranean Sea—The Sunlit. Zephyrus, Sleepy Harbor and City of Palma—Colorful Scenes and Ways—A Hint in Home-Building to Rich Americans.

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PALMA (Majorica), January 27, 1892.

In these days of strong and swift steamers plying between England and all Mediterranean ports, it is but a voyage of two nights and a day from Gibraltar to the city of Palma, the capital of the Spanish dependency and province of Balearica, comprising the Belearic Islands; or, if you are wintering in Southwestern Spain, you may journey in a night from Valencia or Barcelona to this least visited and most beautiful of all Mediterranean regions.

Your steamer is seldom out of sight of some huge or tiny Mediterranean craft, and there is always consciousness of pleasant nearness of other human interests, and a quiet and restful sense of companionship upon this great land-locked sea, although it is longer than the Atlantic is broad between Newfoundland and Ireland. I have never known or felt on other waters. However treacherous the Mediterranean has been to others, I have never seen its face save in its blandest, sweetest mood; when its skies were fair, the sunshine above it mild and loving, its airs zephyrus and dreamful, and its face as blue and smiling as a rift of June-day heaven.

Then, too, before the tropic night settles softly upon sea and land, like a perfumed, translucent cloud of darkening pearl, there is spread before you such a reach of grand and glorious coast line—the real "Afric's coral strand" of transcendent beauty, and not the dread coast of the old missionary hymn—as renders true picturing impossible; the whole changeful panorama of headland, beach, forest, glittering village and noble bay, backed along the ragged southern horizon by the eternal peaks of the Atlas hights, which even under tropic suns soar above the clouds to the region of silences, ghostly and phantomful with their crowns of snow and ice.

The very air upon this sea is odorous as with thyme and balm. The fancy, quickened by tradition and oriental mysticisms, builds wondrous creations surpassing the wildest and most fabulous tales of the "Arabian Nights." Snug in a steamer chair, one reclines and dreams. Subtle essences as from lotus flowers mingled with subtler rose attars touch the sense and bind in sleep. The deck stewards must be similarly enthralled, for you are never rudely disturbed as on the Atlantic liner; and through all the caressful night, while the stars grow and glow above, and the silent phosphorescent sea pulses and throbs in pale flames beneath, you near this radiant haven of this radiant, storied sea.

Then for a time all is still. The night and sleep and languorous tropic airs enfold and hold until the dawn has come. The great steamer, with her now silent enginery, softly tugging at her anchor chain, has drifted with the tide until her stately prow nods gracefully to the quaint city upon the hights. Your chair happens to stand amidships upon the port side. There are sweetest zephyrs playing through the riggings of the curious craft upon the bay. These kiss your face until your eyes open lazily, as one who awakens in regret at the dispelling of a pleasing dream. And yet they open as though you are but knowing another dream. They awaked upon morning in Palma; morning so really a dream, so dreamful a reality that no painter's art has ever caught a single recognition of its glory.

Here, just as the sun is rising, between the sea's bed of crimson and the awakening city, are swaying on the gentle tide hundreds of strange and curious craft, a wild conglomerate of the marine architecture of the Mediterranean, their yellow spars but a moment since like giant reeds above the gloaming of a shadowy marsh, now pinked from tip to socket with the glorious sunlight, which hints in its play upon their gaudy ensigns of the far lands where their home havens lie, while far out on the water's horizon, rounding Cape Figuera behind, comes the morning fleet of fisher-boats, their sails of every striking hue, and the songs of the fishers stealing across the distance in faint but melodious rythm.

Here and there are Turkish vessels with tremendous single sails, square built fore and aft like a settler's log cabin. Scores of the clumsy feluccas from Crete and the Ionian Islands, the chebecs of the Arabs, and the identical great boats of the olden pirates, lie low in the water roundabout, their half-naked Greek or Arab sailors, lithe of limb and nut-brown of face, vividly recalling those glorious days of Barossa, booty and blood. But quainter than all are the rare old tubs from Chioggia and Venice, with the same high prows and sterns they had in the days of the Doges. They come with the glass of Murano, and carry back the corn oil and wine of the Soller and Valdemosa, and on the bow of each craft is painted an effigy of the Virgin, an endless supplication to the waves against every form of evil and peril at sea.

And there, facing the shining sea and colorful harbor scene, rises from the shore more gracefully than Naples, as fair as Algiers, as tropical in type and seeming as Havana, the amphitheater-like city of Palma, once the brightest pearl of the seagirt isles; still, stately, silent, beautiful, with tone and tint of the Orient in its pinnacles and minarets, its dome-shaped belfries and its weird and shadowy palms. Lovingly contemplating the exquisite picture, its romantic history, old and new, flutters from the hiding places of memory and troop clear and distinct into your musings; even as the morning doves of Palma sweep from the thousand shadowy homing niches of its massive cathedral, and, alighting on buttress peak, battlement and spire, form processional silhouettes of burnished puce and blue against the eastern sky.

Out of the mythic days come brave old tales of the folk that flourished here. The inhabitants, a heroic race, fought naked with slings, and from the dexterity of the warriors the islands became known as Balearica, country of the strong-armed slingers. The old legends have it that their marvelous proficiency with this weapon was attained through the mothers refusing their children food until "they could sling it down" from beams or branches on which it was hung. This very city of Palma is built upon the ruins of the old Roman town founded by Quintus Cecilius Metellus, who conquered the islands with galleys "plated with ox-hides and skins as a protection against the fatal strokes of the Balearic slingers."

Ruled in turn by Vandals and Goths, the islands eventually fell into the hands of the Moors, shortly after Southern Spain became prey to the hordes of Gebral-Tarek. Curiously the people of the islands reached their highest prosperity under their African rulers, who taught them all the arts and cruelties of piracy, until the Balearicans became master of and spread terror over the entire Mediterranean. The isles were thus merged into a clear yet terrible commonwealth, whose power was often courted and employed by neighboring sovereigns. The accumulation of treasure was enormous, so great as to invite cupidity of invasion and even to "holy" crusades, until Don Jayme I., King of Aragon and Count of Barcelona, in September, 1229, sailed for Palma with a fleet of 150 galleys and 18,000 men, principally Catalonian peasant warriors. Palma fell. The males of the mixed race of pirate Moors and Balearicans were butchered, sold as slaves or banished to the African coast. The women became the slaves and wives of the Catalonian peasant warriors. The islands were partitioned off among the followers of Don Jayme I., founding a titled land-holding aristocracy, existing to this day, as proud, rich and noble blooded as Europe ever knew. The then independent kingdom of Balearica, under eventual vassalage to Pedro IV. of Aragon, was finally merged with Aragon into the Spanish Dominion. With mothers of pure Balearic and Moorish blood and fathers from the sturdy, sluggish and over-contented Catalonian stock, tinged and tempered by a matchless clime and fruitful soil, the 700 intervening years have molded a race fine in physique, supple of limb, cheery of temper and heart, melodic of speech and tongue, fair to look upon and truly good to find and know.

Having left the beautiful, sleepy, sunlit bay for Palma's streets, you have entered a city of nearly 70,000 souls, where Italy, Spain and Algeria seem to have formed a charming composite in architecture and people. The hugeness of walls is every where remarkable. Everything is constructed as if for eternal lasting. No street is beautiful, but not one fails of a picturesqueness that is often weird and grotesque. Every structure possesses in some portion, and frequently in the most unexpected position, some wonderful and ornate ornamentation. Tiny squares with wimpling fountains are set in all sorts of odd corners. A huge church may tower on the one side of each of these. At a corner may stand, or project from a curious and seemingly unnecessary wall, a massive carved facade or gargoyle from which the water is endlessly flowing. At another side a mass of vines and verdure, capped to the sight by far domes or spires, is only visible. Outjutting at another spot, the angle of some huge building seems to have pushed its way half across the plaza and with its galleries, balconies and tremendous overreaching roofs is ready to pitch headlong into the open space beneath. While another sunny side shows only a roof of red tiles sloping like a tent cover, unpierced by a single aperture, from an interminable hight wholly to the edge of a stone cloister-like porch beneath.

In all open spaces are palm trees. And these, rising from courts, lifting their spreading fronds high above roofs from darkened thoroughfares, often leaning, like the tower of Pisa, out of quaint old courts, and here and there being preserved by an entire building constructed around them, lend a dreamful, mystic, almost lonesome and pathetic coloring to every massing of structures upon which the eye may rest. To me the palm, whether I have seen it in Southern Spain, in Sicily, in Morocco, in Algeria, in Cuba or here in Palma, whose name had its origin in the former extraordinary number of palm trees upon the island, has always been an emblem of dolorous isolation and inexpressible loneliness. It hints of the camel, the Bedouin, the desert. In art, in story, in fact, it ever suggests the endless hopelessness and impassibility of the barriers between the races that subsist upon and rest beneath it, and those who know and love the maple, beech and oak.

It is a city of steep ascents and illpaved streets, but of witching old bits of curious architecture, and perhaps as lovely and splendid interiors as any Moorish or semi-Moorish city can show. All the houses retain features of Moorish taste and evidences of medieval forms of habitation and living. They are not higher than three or four stories at best. More have but the ground floor with an upper one, and an attic called a porcho. Invariably the entradas to the interior are studies in carved arabesques and fanciful Moorish designs. Balconies are as universal and as huge or as lace-like and fragile as in Granada or Seville. A marked peculiarity of all structures is their huge projecting roofs spread out into pent-houses and frequently most fascinatingly worked out and decorated. And the lowliest home in all Palma is charming in its patio or court—that loveliest of all interior arrangement around which Moslem or Christian home can be built.

Every one of these courts is a place of beauty, sunshine and song. In every one there is the melodic sound of water from running jetty or fountain. In every one, whether glittering with slender marble columns and daintily wrought arches or softened in tones with mossy stone and crumbling tiles, there are waving ferns and flowers. Vines clamber wantonly over entablature, arch and balustrade. The alcobas of all living in these abodes are within the sound of friendly calling voice. And not one is without birds of gay plumage and birds with endless songs. I often wonder why the rich of our own land do not build their homes like these. A dome of glass instead of the blue Mediterranean sky is all the change required. Banish the pall-like hangings and withering shadow places from your stuffy homes, and learn to live in the life-giving light like the Latin and the Moor. Put your great New England fireplaces opposite your arched entrances, and make of these sunlit open, courts places of beauty, lightsomeness, melody and homeside joy.

Only when the feast and processional days come is Palma a gay and brilliant city. At all other times it is sunny, restful, slumberous and almost silent. Its streei folk are the same as of any other southern Spanish city. There is greater content here. No one is in a hurry. Among the lowly folk there is less excitability, greater good nature, and the latter is of the gentle, not the uproarious sort. Here, as in Madrid, is your lechero or milkman, who drives his cows in from the country and milks for you before your door. The dulcero or seller of sweets, with his songful call by day and his tinkling bells by night, is here. The cochero or cabman, with comfortable landaulet and pretty diligence, will serve yau faithfully without guile. The mercanchiste or notion peddler, the aquador or water-seller, the regatero or huckster, who has the sociable habit of entering shop or home with his donkeys and paniers, the zapatero or archway shoemaker, and the latonero or tinker, whom I have found to be Spanish gipsy, are all here in their lazy, pleasant and picturesque ways.

By day Palma seems to the stranger to be continuously experiencing something like a soft, dreamful buzz of activity in all human affairs. Perhaps it is the recreation after some great business tension, you ruminate. But no; each day is as the day before it. Everything is gently done. No one is astir before 10 in the morning. Then the pretty market attracts bevies of beautiful women and maids. This is followed by the noontide siesta. The shops are bright and brilliant until evening, but everything is quiet and restful within. In the evening the cafes are ablaze with light; the parks and passeos are thronged with gay caballeros and lovely senoritas. Still there is a hush and tranquility in all sounds and seemings. As the night advances, in every quarter of the olden city is heard the mandolin and guitar, tremulous, pathetic, sweet, like the echo of real tones rather than the vibrant notes themselves. Zephyrus breezes pulse from Afric's shores. The shipping rocks gently upon the star-mirroring bay. Go where you will, all is life until long after midnight, but tender and subdued as if the witchings of the tropic airs luiled to repose yet withheld from sleep. And at last as the centinelas of the fortresses upon the hights have chanted answers to their challengers with: "Ave Maria Purisima! —La una, y todo sereno!" you seek your couch in sweet old Palma of the Isles, your heart giving back the centinela's answer that "All is well!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

IN TH' SKOOL AT OL' FRENCH CORRAL.

Now on sunny days like this un,
W'en th' red-heads 'gin t' twittier,
An' th' green begins t' glisten
Thro' th' brown o' Winters' litter,

My heart begins a kind o' frettin',
An' round me comes a kind o' spell,
An' once ag'in I think I'm settin'
In th' skool at Ol' French Corral.

An' nigh my seat, up in th' corner
Th' gals come to t' water-pail,
An' some w'd say, "Hello, Jack Horner!"
An' then they'd scud away like quail,

An' thro' th' winder, o'er my shoulder
I could see old Neville's pasture,
An' in th' middle, still, th' bowlder,
That we boys rolled down last year.

My, but wasn't Neville hoppin',
W'en that bowlder took a header—
Come so fast there wa'n't no stoppin'
It, until it reached his medder?

Bet you! An' we boys a-runnin',
Tuk a "rounder" thro' ta' pine trees;
Findin' even joyous run an
Throwin' caps at buzzin' wild bees!

Lord! Agin I hear th' chaffin'
O' th' pines, as if a-rueln'
That *they* couldn' go a-laughin'
O'er the hills as we wuz doin'.

But there! Ag'in my heart's a-frettin'.
What can be th' matter? Well,
I guess it's cause I aint a settin'
In th' skool at Ol' French Corral.

ELWYN I. HOFFMAN.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

"OHE! JAM SATIS."

A poet sat on the bleak verge of space,
With his toes turned in and his brains unfurl'd,
And never a smile got onto his face,
And he said, with a sigh, "'Tis an embryo world,

"'Twill never get on to a new ideer*,
But always keep on in its old axial twirl;
I never was on such a dunk† of a sphere,
With such an exolete‡ kind of a whirl.

"The seasons that come have been burgled before—
Have been robbed of their buds and their bloom;
I sing, but sing vainly; and then I sing more,
But I cannot create a melodical boom.

"I will jump me off here to abysses below!
Abruptly I'll hie me remotely and far;
And if I jump clear, I will eat no more crow,
But softly light on some nebular star!"

But never he jumped him! It was only a song,
And songs never say what they sing;
He got him a harp, and a drum, and a gong,
And started anew in the spring.

—SQUINK.

* This is the way this word should be spelled.
† I made this one myself.
‡ This word never had a fair chance before. *Ohe jam satis* is all right; refers to the poet's altitude.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Where the sunshine does not enter the doctor must.

In watering plants put a teaspoonful of ammonia into the water once a week.

Salt fish of any kind is quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink stains from white cloth and also from the hands.

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt or dissolved gum-arabic.

If pork is young the lean will break on being pinched; the fat will be white, soft and pulpy.

For simple hoarseness take a fresh egg, beat it and thicken with pulverized sugar. Eat freely of it.

Kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water and render them pliable as new.

To brighten carpets wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

To purify the air of a newly painted room put several tubs of water in it and it will absorb much of the odor.

A tablespoonful of powdered alum sprinkled in a barrel of water will precipitate all impure matter to the bottom.

To clear a stove of clinkers put a handful of salt into it during a hot fire; when cold remove the clinkers with a cold chisel.

Fine shavings from soft pine wood make a pleasant pillow. They have special curative virtues for coughs and lung troubles.

Pine may be made to look like some beautiful wood by giving repeated coats of hot linseed oil and rubbing hard after each coat.

Steaming the face at night over a bowl of very hot water and then bathing it with very cold water, is a simple method of giving a Russian bath, and will tend to make the skin whiter and smoother and the flesh firmer.

Why Exclude Goods and Not Men?

We have reared around our custom-houses, by our inhibition of foreign goods, adamantine walls high enough to stop the free movement of the winds of heaven, and deep enough to shut out natural gas or drinking water from Canada and Mexico; but around our immigrant depots, against the great swelling tide of immigration, we have strung a few statutory cobwebs! If we wish to furnish a paradisaical home market to American labor, should we not follow a prohibitory tariff against foreign goods by a general exclusion law against foreign men? If we wish to repress the tremendous immigration of most undesirable elements, we must declare war not only against commerce, but against international comity, and arrest men as well as packs of sheep's wool, tin dinner pails and coat buttons.—Hon. William McAdoo, in the Forum.

PRUDENTLY break up your cold by the timely use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for sore lungs and throats, and a certain curative for colds.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The *Catholic Champion* (P. E.), published by the Guild of St. Ignatius, has this to say about the "higher criticism": "It is poison and nothing else in its claim to open questions which, as Bishop Seymour has said, are already closed. If it is only busy about such questions as the authorship of the epistle to the Hebrews, it may be a pretty pursuit, but in no way that we can see does it help to a knowledge of the Scriptures. If any one enters on it with a view to exposing the fallacies of the enemy, being certain of the Scriptures a priori, we wish him godspeed. But as for a so-called impartial inquiry, 'treating the books as literature,' we will have none of it. It is not only heresy, it is flying in the face of the God-given power of human reason. It is as if one should say, Why am I so tamely dependent upon this particular kind of atmosphere, humbly taking it for granted that God gave it to me, and that I can live in no other gas? I will try carbonic acid, which is so sparkling in water, or pure oxygen, which is so delightfully stimulating. When the critics accuse us of abdicating the use of reason, we shall shortly and simply tell them that they are untruthful. Let it be understood. No argument is possible between those who, with the church, believe the Bible to be the Word of God, and those who deny it."

"A contemporary, whose rationalistic tendencies we deplore, suggests that those who do not fancy the higher criticism should go to the Church of Rome," remarks the Chicago *Living Church* (P. E.). "The invitation has a familiar and an ancient sound. It reminds us of an old Pennsylvania story that away up in Potter and McKean Counties, remote from railroads and telegraphs, the Democrats are still voting for Andrew Jackson for President. It is a very sweeping suggestion, too. It includes our entire episcopate, nine-tenths of our other clergy, and a larger proportion of our laity, who do not accept any criticism, high or low, thin or thick, which endangers the Bible as the Word of God. If all these heeded our contemporary's suggestion, a pretty little sect of owls we would have left! Is it not a queer suggestion to come from the very source which a score or more of years since was loudly shouting its warcry, 'The Bible only—the religion of Protestants?' What changes? Now it is the Protestant fad to berate orthodox churchmen for holding fast by the oracles of God, and to suggest to them that their only congenial home is the Church of Rome. Thanks! But we do not see any reason for the step. We propose to stay at home and raise the banner, 'The Bible only—the religion of Catholics.'"

"The Church is an evolution," observes the New York *Christian Union*. "It was not organized by Christ, with constitution, laws, and appointed officers; it was not let down from Heaven to man, like the sheet which Peter saw descending upon him; it has been a gradual growth. The principles which Christ inculcated for the government of the Christian brotherhood of the future became intermingled with the principles of the Roman Empire. Out of the conflict between these two antagonistic sets of principles the Church has been evolved, a Church partly Christian, partly pagan, but growing more and more Christian, and with its true glory lying not in the past, but in the future. Theology has been an evolution. Out of the intermingling of the practical and spiritual teaching of the Hebrew prophets, the Christian apostles, and, above all, of the Christ Himself, with the mysticism of Alexandria, the speculative philosophy of Greece, and the legalism of Rome, theological systems have been formed. In every school of theology there is *a* truth, but no school of theology represents *the* truth. Our understanding of Christianity is better in this year of grace 1892 than in any year of the Christian Church since Christ gave the commission to His apostles, and will be better understood by our children than it is by us. Therefore, neither Westminster Confession, Thirty-nine Articles, Creed of Pius IV., Nicene Creed, or Apostles' Creed can be a final standard. Creeds are crystals, but Christ's teaching is a seed. Crystals are dead; seeds grow."

"In two or three respects our progressive orthodox friends fail to trust the logic of facts," observes the Boston *Christian Leader* (Unit.). "One is in respect to sin. The old definitions of sin are extremely unfortunate and misleading. No truthful or consistent idea of humanity can be entertained so long as they are held. Modern orthodoxy empties the word of much of its old meaning, but it is still haunted by the vague shadow of Adam and his fall in the Garden of Eden. Instead of merely going back to Adam to account for sin, we are obliged to-day to go back a good deal further, and find it in animal passions and propensities which man has derived from a lower state, and one which he will outgrow in one that is higher. Theological sin, so called, was largely a matter of etiquette between the Ruler of the Universe and His subjects. Deep beneath it, of course, there was the recognition of human frailty and passion, the struggle of man with himself to reach a higher life. But now we are coming to see that, instead of building so much on the supposed origin of sin as the old theology did, it is better to develop those motives and aspirations which will lead men upward. With a new conception of sin, such as orthodoxy is logically compelled to take, the scheme of redemption as once held by it has no longer any meaning. Another and higher scheme of redemption is not excluded. It is that conception of the life and power of God which wells up in the soul of man, purifies him, and lifts him on the tide of the spirit to a higher level of life and character."

The following is from the New York *Observer* (Pres.): "'There is danger in skepticism. Have our conservative readers ever thought of the greater danger of shams?' asks a contemporary. It then exposes the danger of sham belief, which is making believe to believe, and the danger of making inducements or penalties in order to compel belief. We agree entirely with all it says in regard to insincere, half-hearted, sham believing, and would prefer to call everything it describes and deprecates, not sham belief, but sheer unbelief. But we do not at all agree with the writer in thinking that just now there is greater danger from sham belief than from skepticism, which is disbelief in plain statements of God's Word. We have arrived at a period when skepticism has attained a popularity through general literature and the increase of worldly prosperity which puts all old-fashioned, orthodox, evangelical belief to a test it has not had for many years. Never until now was this spirit of skepticism so powerful that it could successfully withstand the power of both the law and public opinion of great communions like the Church of England. Even in churches not allied with the State in the Old World and the New, men are permitted to make solemn vows to teach and defend doctrines which they denounce as falsehoods. In view of these modern demands for 'liberty' within the precincts of churches that have been founded for the purpose of teaching certain truths as the eternal Word of God, we are compelled to think that it is not 'sham belief' which is the present greatest danger, but sham church profession, sham cochero association, sham church ordination, in order to have a better opportunity to weaken, impair and overthrow the faith on which the church is founded and by which it has overcome the world."

On the subject of future punishment the New York *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "This much despised and abused doctrine is likely to survive for several reasons. First, it is in the Bible. To get rid of it one must get rid of the Bible. Second, it has proved a wholesome doctrine. Say what one may against frightening people into religion, the fact remains that the starting point of most reformations is the fear of punishment. Teachers who drop future punishment out of their creeds lose their power to rescue the perishing. Evangelists who avoid this doctrine, and attract sinners by constant reference to the love of God, only preach a half Gospel, and their converts are usually half Christians. It is not merely because there is efficacy in the doctrine that we insist on its use, but because it is true; and it is effectual because true. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' This world needs to be told the whole truth. We can conceive the existence of intelligent beings who have no need of such a doctrine, but they are not the inhabitants of this planet. The doctrine of hell is no human invention. It is a divine revelation intended and adapted to awaken the thoughtless and careless, and compel them to flee for refuge and lay hold on the hope set before them in the Gospel."

"If we could get the ear of any dignitary high in the counsels of the Catholic Church," says the Chicago *Interior* (Pres.), "we would suggest that now is a good time to show the spirit of Christ and the effect of American institutions. There is not a prominent religious paper of any Protestant Church which has failed to accord to Cardinal Manning the praise due his life of unselfish toil for generous ends. But the Catholic Church is not the only communion which shows fervor and unselfishness. Cardinal Manning was no better scholar, no better preacher, no more fearless citizen and reformer than the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. We know of many instances where Catholic priests have individually expressed appreciation of Christian character in Protestants, but what we wait to see is the Catholic press and Catholic ecclesiastic render to public worth that honest public praise which a generous nature of its own motion freely accords. There is something radically wrong in an education or culture which renders the subject of it dumb in the presence of the world's manifest loss. The contrast between the two communions in this regard is very striking, and it ought to shame Roman editors and Roman prelates."

On the question of the Chinese Sunday-school, the New York *Christian Enquirer* (Bapt.) says: "While we do not sympathize with the attack made on the Chinese schools, we feel that there is force enough in the argument of the Rev. Mr. Lewis to cause those who have the charge of such schools to inquire whether a revision of methods would not be wise. Chinese schools are becoming quite numerous, and we should deprecate any policy that would tend to diminish their numbers or their usefulness. We view with alarm any hindrances put in the way of the conversion of any class of foreigners in this country. We are being overrun with foreigners, and the sooner they are converted the safer is our country. The Chinese, in spite of legal disabilities, are increasing. They are low, ignorant pagans. They come from the lowest classes in China. To evangelize them is a Christian duty. We would neither shut them out of this country nor deny to them the Gospel. But we must not adopt methods which may lead to evil. The sooner the Chinese schools can be put into the hands of Chinese converts the better it will be. Three men speaking Chinese can do what a score of young girls cannot accomplish. They can speak the language of these men. They can instruct them in classes. They can reach them with illustrations and Scripture facts. They can do something besides teaching them the rudiments of the English language.

ASTONISHED THE NATIVES.

The Elaborate Costume Worn by a Country Belle.

A pretty country girl, who is visiting in New York among relatives who had made a midsummer visit to her father's farm in the woods of Maine, brings an interesting story to town, which makes her women friends laugh heartily at the ignorance of the butt, though most men, when they hear it, exclaim, "No wonder," and sympathize with her.

In the country village near the Maine girl's home there exists a good deal of rivalry among the daughters of the farmers as to who shall be the acknowledged belle of the country side. The rivalry is keen, and two or three of the competitors are pretty evenly matched for the first place. "Lizzie Brown, however," so the Maine girl tells the story to her friends, "laid her plans to outdo them all at the ball Thanksgiving Eve. A rich old aunt of hers, who lives in New York, had sent her a present of a handsome gown. I think now that some one must have made it a present to the aunt, and she, having no use for the new-fangled thing, had sent it to Lizzie for lack of something better.

"Lizzie said not a word about it to any one. Her mother knew about it, of course, but she, too, was ambitious for her daughter's success, and too determined that no girl should copy her Lizzie's dress or take off the edge of Lizzie's triumph, to lessen the surprise by saying anything about it. When the ball was fully under way Lizzie sailed into the room and quite took our breaths away by her beauty. She is a pretty girl, a blonde of beautiful complexion, and the gown became her wonderfully. It was of black surrah silk, cut 'V' shape before and with a Watteau effect behind, and trimmed with real creamy lace, and it just did look lovely. Lizzie sailed around in it as proud as a peacock, and turned all the rest of us green with envy, for none of us could approach her gown in stylishness of cut or richness of material.

"We all asked her where she got it, of course, for we knew she could not afford to buy it. When she told us that it came from her wealthy aunt in New York, who had said in the note accompanying it that it was in the latest style, our admiration and envy were increased and Lizzie's triumph was correspondingly hightened. One girl, however, was bold enough to insinuate that she did not think it was the very latest style. She said that a school teacher from New York, who was in poor health, had that day come to visit the Jones family, and that she was coming to the ball with Jennie Jones, and that she might be asked to pass judgment on the dress.

"Lizzie was not at all alarmed at the prospect. She invited inspection and defied criticism. The school teacher from New York was late, and Lizzie had 'cut out' several of the girls before she came, and was carrying things with a high hand. Finally, the teacher arrived, and before she could get her wraps off was told all about the gown. She peeped out of the dressing-room door at Lizzie, and as soon as she saw the gown the queerest expression came over her face, then she flushed very much and began to giggle, and sat down. When she sas able to answer our inquiries, she explained:

"Why! It's a nightgown!"

"A nightgown!" we squealed in chorus.

"'Yes,' she answered, 'one of those new-fashioned, elaborate nightgowns that great swells and actresses wear. Oh, my! That I should ever have seen one worn at a ball!'

"When Lizzie heard the verdict she fainted. The men nearly died from laughing, and the whole neighborhood will talk of little else for a month."—N. Y. News.

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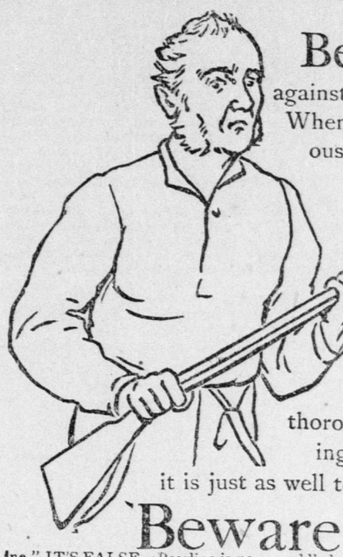

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WISHES.

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To sing my lady's praise;
I wish I had a thousand eyes
To see her winning ways;
I wish I had a thousand banks,
With all their legal tender—
A thousand banks that I might buy
Rich presents for to send her;
I wish I had a thousand hearts
To squander love upon her
And I wish I had a thousand swords
To kill the man who won her.

—Puck.

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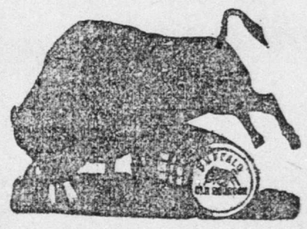

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