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GOTHAM GOSSIP.

Mayor Grace, Who Has Brought Consternation to the Ranks of New York Office-holders.

Marquis de Leuville and Other Titled People, Including Some Americans Who Are So by Virtue of Dollars.

Dan Frohman Declares That Nothing is So Delusive as One's Judgment About Plays.

[Pioneer Press New York Letter.]

There is an agitation here just at present over the policy announced by our new Mayor, W. R. Grace. He threatens, not exactly with a flourish of trumpets, but with a good deal of boldness, to revolutionize current methods of dealing with city affairs, and to run the office to which he has been elected on strict business principles. He claims that he was not chosen primarily to serve the Democratic party; declares that he shall not obey the commands of either wing of it, and promises to turn out incompetents without regard to who appointed them, and to call men to his aid without regard to anything except their courage, honesty and efficiency. His attitude has already created something like consternation in some departments. When he had been only a day in office he sent for William Pitt Shearman, and appointed him commissioner of accounts, with the sole injunction, 'Find out where the leakages are, and I will stop them up." Shearman had no political influence behind him. he is not a blower and striker, and nobody asked to have him appointed; but he was recommended by the fact that he was recently ejected from office very summarily by Edson for discovering some big leakages that Edson didn't want discovered, and by the companion fact that twenty years ago he served as one of Salmon P. Chase's most efficient assistants in the Treasury Department. Grace threatens to cut down the expenditures of the city in almost every direction except the school fund, and it is very likely that, if he is really as much in earnest as he seems to be, the measures he will propose and the things he will do within the next three months will raise up for him an army of friends in front and of enemies in the rear. Grace is a rich man and has nothing to hope for but the public good will; and perhaps he thinks that the road to the Presidency still lies through municipal reform.

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Titles. This is another matter that agitates New York just now, apropos of the Marquis de Leuville, and the World's lively fusillade. It might have been better if he had dropped the decorative handle on coming to this country and called himself plain William Oliver, which is name enough for anybody; as it might be better for Lord Mandeville to drop his title and fall back on the family patronymics, even if that involved bringing from obscurity so unpretentious a designation as Jones or Jobson. But this is a matter of taste; and it seems to me that even a titled man, if he obeys our laws and scrupulously pays his bills, has a right to be let alone. As to the title, I have no doubt that the marquis has a right to it, if anybody has a right to a title; for his ancestors have held it ever since 1508. I don't believe it is of any inherent value or consequence. Only sterling qualities count. Lafayette is honored and respected rather in spite of being a marquis than because of it. But those preposterous Americans who wish they had coats of arms, or who go and dig in the lumber garrets of the past, or give somebody else $5 to go and rummage for them, and then hang upon their walls their "family crest," as if it were of some consequence or significance—these preposterous Americans dote on titles and regard heraldic poverty as a sign of personal inferiority. As a matter of fact, of all the alleged noblemen who have visited this country during this century very few have been impostors. It is not Europe that imposes bogus titles on America, but America that imposes them on Europe. Our constitution expressly forbids citizens of the United States to accept titles of nobility from any source; but there are at the present moment one or two hundred of these "democrats" posing among the aristocracy of Europe as titled persons. They are from Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, Ohio (of course), Wisconsin and all along shore; they are in every European country, and they run through all degrees of poverty and affluence. Some of them cut quite a swell.

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There is the Duke de Campo-Selice (pronounced "Sellechy," accent on the middle syllable) of Paris. He was a Yankee named Camp—a successful tailor; then he got the European agency of all the sewing machine companies, and acquired great wealth. Money palled on the taste at last—it always does—and then Mrs. Camp, who had been a quiet enough body at home, said:

Oh, George I'm dying of ennui; let us go be nobility, you and me, and we will buy us some gold coronets and go home with them in our trunks and dazzle the boys and girls of Doughnut corners till they will just want to die of envy. Then life will be worth living.

So they went to Italy, carried a bag of sovereigns to the pope, but told him that he was the only sovereign, and they wanted to be somebody themselves. The noly father winked three times at one of the acolytes, and in a loud voice declared his Yankee visitors to be thenceforth, over all the earth, wherever they might wander, in sickness and in health, rain or sunshine, the Duke and Duchess de Campo-Selice. They dwell now at 27 Avenue Kleber, Paris, and a generous atch-string hangs out. There are a handsome couple, amiable and intelligent, sufficiently accomplished, and they give tremendous parties and are bang-up American noblemen. They give real jewelry for favors in their germans, and the menu standing by your plate at table has on it a ducal coronet in mother of pearl big enough to knock a bull down. They enjoy it, and it doesn't hurt anybody in the world; and there hasn't been a king of arms in France since 1830, there is nobody to say "you mustn't."

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Then, don't you know, there's the Marquis d'Oyley, also of Paris. He is a nephew of the American dentist, Evans, whom the deposed molars of Louis Napoleon's court made rich. He lives at 19 Avenue de l' Opera, if I remember aright, and when you go in to have a tooth pulled you address him as "Your Excellency." His uncle assisted at the escape of the empress from Paris, and has bored her ever since by intruding on her retirement at Chiselhurst. Young Evans followed his uncle's craft, got richer, and married a Baltimore girl named Jane McDonald. They spoke simultaneously, "John! Jennie! Filthy lucre doesn't seem to go to the spot!" So agreed, they hied them off to Rome, laid a bag of shekels at the feet of the successor of St. Peter, and that old gentleman handed over the corresponding baubles, "Hail, Marquis and Marquise d'Oyley! Go, be happy, and send me money every now and then, me children!"

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Then there are the blessed Duke and Duchess di Pomas, of England. The Duke's mother was the daughter of a humble farmer in the Western Reserve. But, oh! like Cæsar, she was ambitious! She graduated at Vassar, and was fond of hiring strolling fortune-tellers to predict wealth and rank for her. She wedded a Cuban planter, who was slightly off color—a left-handed son of Toussaint L'Overture, or something of that sort—and who was richer than Cœsus He was considerate, and lived only a couple of years; when she took his money to England and married a nobleman with broken-down fortnes and a mortal disease—the Scottish earl of Caithness. She liked being careless pretty well, but her noble husband's mortal disease (whisky) carried him off ere twelve moons had blossomed. Death cuts down all, both great and small. He breathed his last at the Fifth Avenue hotel, in this city, about two years ago. He left no money, but the remains of the Cuban had made the widow wealthy, and she was always able to bury her husbands in style. The Vassar girls of the class of '82 envied her.

Some years had elapsed between her first and second marriage, and by this time her oldest boy was grown to be a man, and had an A 1 education. Caithness was badly rattled and down at the heel, and the son said: "Mother, I shouldn't like earling; it didn't agree with father-in-law. I would prefer duking." So off they posted to Rome—never-failing resource!—and purchased the title of Duke di Pomar for him. And his mother, to soothe her wounded feelings at the loss of the earl of Caithness, called herself the "Duchess di Pomar," and under that title she was recently received by the Queen. A new observatory and swell front have been put upon the ancient castle of Caithness, and happiness dwells beneath its titles.

The Duke di Pomar is a man of much talent, and he is especially known as the author of "Fashion and Passion," a book that has recently gone through fourteen editions, and been very much detested and read on account of its improper revelations concerning the peers of Great Britain—particularly its tattle about Lady Collingford of Strawberry Hill, and the meetings at the Argyle rooms in Loncon—oh, dear! The Duchess di Pomar is still a very beautiful and attractive woman, and she is the head of the spiritualists of the realm, being regarded, I believe, as the earthly representative of Marie, Queen of the Scotts.

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One of the best known figures in New York society is that of the Baron de Thompson. He has money, I believe, so his absurd pretentions are tolerated, and his decrated name of "Baron de Thompson" is allowed to head charitable balls and lists of honorable citizens. It is, of course, a pure bit of conceit on his part, without even ancestral derivation or the habit of his country to excuse it. I am ashamed to say that the holder seems to be thought better of because of the affectation.

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Three or four years ago an American lady (Detroit, I think,) married the Italian Duke di Lassafarata. His title has been the subject of a savage contest, of which I recently heard the particulars. Some thirty years ago the duchess was a lively piece and continually unfaithful to her husband. Indulging in some freedom himself, he did not interfere with her amours. As long as girls were the result he adopted them as his own, and agreed to give them their marriage portion, and settle them in life. "But I warn you against boys," he said; "there I draw the line; for I wish my nephew to inherit the property." Alas! She did not obey. She surprised her husband with a boy. He slew the father and gave the child to the Jesuits, who had already got a confession from the duchess' dying paramour Ten years ago the duke died. Then the Jesuits insisted that their boy was the legitimate son, and that being a member of their order, the million frances a year income belonged to them. The court sustained the claim. The monk then left the Jesuits and set up a house for himself, the court confirmed his right to do so. At this the Jesuits produced the testimony which they possessed of his illegitimacy. But the pope's temporal power had by this time been diminished, and the young duke was able to hold his own. He it was who married a Detroiter.

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The title of the great Palace Barcarini and Palace Sciarra in Rome has also recently been menaced with a scandal. The old Prince Sciarra was eighty four years old when he died and left no children. His wife, the Princess Sciarra, was a young and beautiful woman, whose father was a rich German count and whose mother was an American. A man was born ten months after the old duke died, and he was set up as the heir. The claim was violently opposed by the Barbarini family, who wanted the estate, but an Italian court decided that a posthumous child might be born under such circumstances, and the young Prince Sciarra was confirmed in his title.

Titles, like deeds to property, are often contested in Europe—always, in fact if anybody can profit by contesting them. There is a chronic state of dispute about estates to which titles are attached—a claim that the baptism was crooked, or the birth at the wrong time, or that some other impediment exists.

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The present condition of the New York stage proves that dramatic prophecy is impossible. "Nothing is so delusive as one's judgment about plays," said Dan Frohman to me yesterday. "Robert Buchanan, a poet and distinguished literateur, produces his tenth play, 'Constance,' and it falls dead; Guy Carleton, who has never before written a play, has made the greatest success that any original play ever scored at Wallack's The origin of 'The Secretary' was equally remarkable. Edgar Bruce was proprietor of the Princess Theater in London when 'The Colonel' ran three years. When that was torn down Bruce put all his money in the Prince's Theater and lost it. He refused to produce 'The Private Secretary' when young Hawtrey brought it to him, but finally leased the theater to the author for eight weeks for $5,000. He thought he had done an excellent thing, and his chuckles at his own wisdom were redoubled when the piece was declared by the first night's audience to be a failure. It was a failure. Under other circumstances it would have been yanked off and never heard of again. But the theater was hired for eight weeks, and the company was hired, and so they all went in to see what they could make of it. Everybody added something. They found funny situations. The secretary himself was twisted into new shape. At last a screaming success was attained. It would have run for months, but the proprietor was under contract to produce a play entitled 'Called Back.' Reluctantly he made the change, but 'Called Back' Jumped into an immediate success. Hawtrey took 'The Secretary' to the Globe, an unsuccessful London theater, bearing about the same reputation there that the New Park bears here, and its success continued and remade the theater. It is still run to big houses. The American managers for both plays, Palmer, Mallory & Co., and the English authors, are faring exceedingly well."

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The success of that farrago of nonsense, "We, Us & Co.," might be quoted as another shining example of uncertainty. It is one of those phenomenal successes that can be neither predicted nor explained. It is the surprise of the town—the first big success that the Fifth avenue has known since the Langtry management. It took in $8,300 last week. Herman, who makes the big hit, makes it by the dudish way in which he takes off and puts on his hat. He smirks, and the audience scream. He is sitting in a chair, and a spring pitches him out of the window, when the audience goes into convulsions of delight. It is one of those things that are very easy—but so difficult. There is, however, good taste and good sense yet lingering in New York, for the Philharmonic and Symphony concerts have been successful beyond parallel, and the German opera has scored a uniform victory without any clap-trap or adventitious aids of any sort.

THE MYSTICAL GROVE OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY E. L. STANTON.

They told me the grove was enchanted;
That its streams and its grasses and flowers
Its trees that past ages had planted,
Were gifted with magical powers.
They said, in the twilight, when roaming
Alone in its shades, I might see
The maiden whose face, in the gloaming,
Was dearest and sweetest to me.

A still spot in the stream was expected—
By those who believed in the tale—
To throw out the image reflected
From far-away mountain or vale,
And full often I sought its recesses,
And always I saw in the pool
A bright little face and brown tresses,
As we passed on the road to the school.

Said the fable: "Alone you must view it—
The mystical face of your bride."
But it surely was shown, and I knew it,
When my darling was there by my side.
And I think that the school never taught us
Such lore as in nature we found
When the morning bell rang out and caught us
Alone on the magical ground.

Hand in hand we explored it, and whether
The enchantment that hung round the dell
Brought out our two childish faces together
I know not, but this I know well—
That for eyes that met mine with a laughter
That changed to a tenderer beam,
And to glances more loving, thereafter,
I had not to question the stream.

I must own that the grove's great magician
Led me on through its tangles to bliss;
But he rules hearts in every position,
And never one fairer than this
And now, as we stand in the wildwood,
Grown older and sager, I see
That the mystical grove of my childhood
Was a place of enchantment to me.

LITTLE FOLKS.

Lady (to a small boy with a dog:) "Johny, does that dog bark at night?" Johny (who is a connoisseur in dogs:) "No, ma'am; he barks at cats and other dogs."

"Why don't you come and kiss me, Johnny?" said an ancient maiden aunt to her youthful nephew. "Because," said Johnny, hanging his head, "I'm afraid of powder."

"Mary," said a mother to her little girl, "if I was a little girl like you, I should pick up all these chips." "Well, mamma" answered Mary, "ain't you glad you are not a little girl?"

"I say, uncle," says a child, "shall I always be your nephew?" "Why, of course, my child; you'd be my nephew even if you lived to be a hundred." "But you wouldn't be my uncle then." "Oh, yes, I would." "Naw, you wouldn't—you'd be dead!"

Harry and Charlie, aged five and three respectively, have just been seated at the nursery table for dinner. Harry sees there is but one orange on the table, and immediately sets up a wail that brings his mother to the scene. "Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" "Because there ain't any orange for Charlie."

Johnny was told he might have half the grapes. When his mother went to the cupboard she found he had taken all, and left none for his sister. When spoken to by his mother, he replied: "Mamma, I'll tell you just how it was. When I had eaten half the grapes I happened to think that I'd eaten up Gracie's half instead of my own. I was real sorry, but then I couldn't help it. I'd given her part of my half, only they were so good that they were all gone before I knew it."

How It Struck Little Johnny.

A little boy asked his father the other day after some Boston people had left, "if Boston people were born grown up."

The Nickel-Plated Man.

Bubby stubbed his toe and came crying to his mother.

"There, there, Bubby," she said after she had ascertained that the injury was trifling, you are too big a boy to cry over a little thing like that."

"B-but what a am I to do mamma?" he asked sobbingly, "I ain't b-big enough to swear."

His Pa Had a Cloven Tongue.

"Who preached to the disciples on the day of Pentecost?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class.

"Peter," shouted the class in chorus.

"And what appeared unto them?"

"Cloven tongues," said the class.

"What is a cloven tongue?"

The class remained silent, and the teacher was about to explain when the smallest boy exclaimed:

"My pa's got one."

"You are mistaken," said the teacher. "This was a miracle, and miracles do not occur now."

"Yes, he has a cloven tongue," said the boy, "for I saw him put a clove in his tongue this morning as soon as he took a drink out of a jug!"

The Phantom Ship.

We touch life's shore as swimmers from a wreck
Who shudder at the cheerless land they reach,
And find their comrades gathered on the beach
Watching a fading sail, a small white speck—
The phantom ship, upon whose ample deck
There seemed awhile a homeward place for each.
The crowd still wring their hands and still beseech,
But see, it fades, in spite of prayer and beck.

Let those who hope for brighter shores no more
Not mourn, but turning inland bravely seek
What hidden wealth redeems the shapeless shore.
The strong must build stout cabins for the weak;
Must plant and stint; must sow and reap and store:
For grain takes root though all seems bare and bleak.

—Apollo and Marsyras and Other Poems—Eugene Lee Hamilton.

TALMAGE.

An Alarming State of Lethargic Indifference in the Churches of the Country.

Stir Yourselves, Ye People of God; Loiter Not by the Wayside.

Be Up and Doing While it is Day, for the Night Cometh, When No Man Can Work.

Waste Not the Time in Wantonness or Idle Dreaming Over Life's Pleasures.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 11.—A series of revivalistic services is now in progress in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and is exciting great interest in the public mind. The opening hymn was:

"Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers."

After expounding appropriate passages of Scripture, Dr. Talmage preached on the subject, "Awakening," taking his text from Malachi, iii, 1:

Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to this temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight to behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.

Sometimes, said Dr. Talmage, a minister's subject is suggested by his artistic tastes; sometimes by the occurrences of the previous week; sometimes by a hearer who desired some particular religious subject discussed. My subject comes in no such way. It drops straight from God into my heart. Give me your prayerful and intense listening. I want to show this morning, so far as God may help me, that the greatest need of the Church universal is a mighty awakening. The ox in the pasture field looks around and perhaps comes to the conclusion that all the world is a clover field. So we, standing in the midst of luxuriant religious advantages, might think, perhaps, that the earth is covered with the knowledge of God; but so far from that, if this platform were the world, so much of it as I now cover with my right foot would represent all that is conquered for Emanuel. Or if this whole Tabernacle were the world, then one pew would represent so much of it as the grace of God has already conquered. Oh, there is need of a radical change! Something must be done, and I shall show this morning that the greatest need of the Church is a great awakening.

I learn this need in the first place from the

COLDNESS IN THE MAJORITY OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

If a religious society have 1,000 members, 800 of them are sound asleep. If it have 500 members, 400 hundred are lethargic. If the Christians can rally—that is, the professed Christians—for communion day, and succeed in not dropping the wine-cup, how many of them are satisfied? If it be a choice between Christ and the world, the world has it. You know it as well as I do. If a religious meeting be on a certain night and on that same night there be an extraordinary operatic entertainment, or social gathering, or literary club, or a political meeting, or a Free Mason Society, or an Odd Fellows Association, you know which they go to. God there fairly demonstrating that while such professed Christians pretend to be on His side, they are really on the other side; for there is a point-blank issue between Christ and the world, and the world has it. You know very well whether you are a professed Christian or not; you know very well that the dividing line between the Church and the world to-day is—like the equator or deltic or antarctic circle—an imaginary line, and that there are men and women sworn of God who sit discussing infinitesimal questions; "shall we dance? shall we play cards? shall we go to the theater? shall we attend the opera?" while there are 500,000,000 of the race going down to darkness unwarned. These sham Christians will go, occasionally taking a little religion with the tip end of their fingers, sauntaring on lazily toward the bar of Christ, until they come in front of God's swift revolving mill and find themselves to be "the chaff which the wind driveth away."

Oh how much dead wood we have in all our churches

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

will make a fearful thinning out among professed Christians. I suppose it will be found on that day that there are hundreds of thousands of men who have their names on the church books who really made religion a second-rate or a third rate thing; living for themselves, unmindful of God and the salvation of the race, and then tumbled over the embankment where Judas went and Ashan went, and where all those shall go who do not make religion the primordial thing—the first and the last matter of the soul. Oh worldly professor of religion, vacillating worldly professor, idle professor, tremble before God to-day. Do you not know that if you die as you are, all the communion tables at which you have ever sat will lift up hands of blood, crying for your condemnation? And your neglected Bible and your prayerless pillow will cry: "Go down! go down! You pretended to have religion, but you had none. Out of the seven days of the week you gave not five hours to Christ. You broke your sacramental oath. Go down! go down!" And the fiercest and mightiest thunderbolt of God's indignation that is ever forged will smite you into darkness. Oh! I would rather be the man in the last day who has never seen a church shan you who profess to be so much and to do so much and yet do nothing. You shall perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. O worldly professor of religion—and there are hundreds of them here to day, I am aiming at the mark—if you could to-day realize your true condition and your true position before God, you would bite your lip until the blood came; you would wring your hands until the bones cracked; you would utter a cry that would send this whole audience to their feet with a horror May God wake you up, worldly professor of religion, before you wake up in the barred and flaming dungeons of a destroyed eternity. When you look abroad and see lethargy among the professors of religion almost all the world over, do you not see that there is a need that the bugles and the symbols and the drums and the trumpets of all earth and Heaven call upon the church to wake up all those dormant professors of religion? "Awake, thou that sleepest, awake, and Christ shall give thee life."

Still further I see a need for

A GREAT AWAKENING

in the fact that those of us who preach the Gospel have so little enthusiasm and zeal compared with what we ought to have. Now, you see the gun kicks. I say we who preach the Gospel have so little zeal and enthusiasm for Christ, compared with what we ought to have. Oh, it is a tremendous thing to stand before an audience on Sabbath days, realizing the fact that the majority of them will believe what you say about God and the soul and the great future. Suppose a man asked of you the road to a certain place, and you carelessly and falsely told him, and afterward you heard that through lack of right direction that man was lost on the mountains, fell over the rocks and lost his life. You could not forgive yourself. You would say: "I wish I had taken more time with that man. I wish I had given him such specific directions that he would not have been lost. How sorry I feel about it! But oh, to misdirect the eternal interests of a large congregation! How cold and stolid we stand in our pulpits, actually sometimes priding ourselves on our deliberation, when we have no right to be cold and ought to be almost frantic with the perils that threaten our hearers. So much so that some of us give no warning at all, and we stand Sabbath after Sabbath, talking about "human development," and we pat men on the back and we please them, and we sing them all down through the rapids to the last plunge. Or, as the poet has it:

Smooth down the stubborn text to ear polite,
And snugly keep damnation out of sight!

O my brethren in the ministry—for I see them always in the audience—my brethren in the ministry, we can not afford to do that way. If you prophesy good things, smooth things to your people, without regard to their character, what chance will there be for you in the day when you meet them at the bar of God? You had better stand clear of them then. They will tear you to pieces. They will say: "I heard you preach 500 times, and I admired your philosophic disquisition and your graceful gestures and your nicely-molded sentences, curvilinear and stelliform, and I thought you were the prince of proprieties; but you didn't help me prepare for this day. Cursed be your rhetoric; cursed be your art. I am going down, and I'll take you with me. It is your fault; witness all

THE HOSTS OF HEAVEN

and all the hosts of darkness. "It is your fault, sir." And the chorus will come up from all the world: "His fault! His fault!" All of us who preach this gospel need to speak as though the pulpit quaked with the tramp of eternal realities; as though beneath us were the bursting graves of the resurrection morn; as though, rising above us, tier above tier, were the myriads of Heaven looking down, ready to applaud our fidelity or hiss at our stolidity, while coming through the Sabbath air were the long, deep, harrowing groans of the dying nations that are never dead. May God with a torch from Heaven set all the pulpits of England, Scotland, Ireland and the United States on fire As for myself, standing here in His presence this morning, I feel as if I had never begun to preach. If God will forgive me for the past, I will do better for the future.

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands:
But what might fill an angel's heart—
It filled a Savior's hands.
They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls that must forever live
In rapture or in woe.

Still further: I see a need for a great awakening in the fact that the kingdom of God is making such slow progress. I simply state a fact when I say that in many places the church is surrendering and the world is conquering. Where there is one man brought into the kingdom of God through Christian instrumentality, there are ten men dragged down by dissipations. Fifty grog-shops built to one church established. Literary journals in different parts of the country filled with scum and slandruff and slang, controlled by the very scullions of society, depraving everything they put their hands on. Three hundred and ten newspapers and journals and magazines in New York, and more than two hundred of them depraving to the public taste, if not inimical to our holy Christianity. Look abroad and see the surrender, even on the part of those who pretend to be Christian churches, to spiritualism and humanitarianism and all the forms of devilism. If a man stand in his pulpit and say that unless you be born again you will be lost, do not the tight kid gloves of the Christian, diamonds bursting through, go up to their foreheads in humiliating shame? It is not elegant. A mighty host in the Christian church, positively professing Christianity, do not believe in the Bible, out and out, in and in, from the first word of the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis down to the last word of the last verse of the last chapter of the Book of Revelation. Oh, we have

MAGNIFICANT CHURCH MACHINERY

in this country. We have sixty thousand American ministers; we have costly music; we have gleat Sunday schools: and yet I give the fact that while the great cause of God is marching on there are many regiments falling back, and if the army does not come to complete route—aye, to ghastly Bull Run defeat—it will be because some individual churches hurl themselves to the front, and ministers of Christ trampling on the favor of this world and sacrificing everything, shall snatch up the torn and shattered banner of Emanuel and rush ahead, crying: "On! on! This is no time to run; this is the time to advance."

I see still further the need of a great awakening in the multitudinous going down of unforgiven souls. Since many of you came on the stage of action a whole generation has gone into the gates of eternity. Your opportunity to act upon them is gone. They have disappeared from the churches, from the stores, the shops, the streets, from the homes. You, O Christian man, had an opportunity of meeting them; you did meet them. You talked with them on other subjects. You had an opportunity of saying the saving word, and you did not say that saving word. Just think of that. Oh, where is the fountain where, with sleeves rolled up, we may wash our hands from the blood of souls? The only question is whether, as Christian men and women, we can now interrupt the other procession that is marching down and will after awhile, if unarrested by God's grace fall off. There are going out from our stores hundreds of thousands of clerks; going out from our factories hundreds of thousands of operatives; there are going out of our colleges hundreds of thousands of students; there are going out of our fields hundreds of thousands of husbandmen, to join the ranks of death. They are fighting their way down. They storm and take every impediment in their way, and who will throw himself in the way of this stampede of dying men and women—who? crying, "halt, halt!"

Is it not time for something desperate? Inanimate solicitation will not do. They will not stop for that. You need a momentum gathered by a whole souled wrestle with the omnipotent God. Oh, these dying souls! these dying souls! What shall we say to them? What shall we do for them? Catch them before they make the last spring. Put down everything else and run for the rescue. To-morrow may be too late. Three o'clock this afternoon may be too late. Now reach over the pew and seize that soul before it flashes out of your sight forever. Their house is on fire and no ladder to the window. Their ship is going down and no lifeboat. O, men and women of God, awake! awake! Oh, that all rewards and punishments, all joys and sorrows, and the agonizing and rapturous vociferations of three worlds would arouse you to-day! O, God, flame upon us these overwhelming realities! Kill our stolidity; knock from under us our couches of ease; consume our indifference, and throw us into the battle. An eternity of work—an eternity of work to do in ten years. Ay, perhaps in one year; perhaps in one month; perhaps in one day; perhaps in one hour; perhaps in one minute; perhaps in one second, and this the last. But no one drops down, and so I think God is going to spare us to wake up out of our indolence and realize the truth that the greatest need of the church to-day is

A GREAT AWAKENING.

I need not rehearse in this presence what God has done for us as an individual church. You have heard with your own ears the cries for mercy, and you have seen the raining tears of repentance. I do not believe that there is any church in this land that owes God more gratitude than this church owes Him to-day. But who can count the number of our permanent congregation who are not Christians? And what about the 80,000 or 100,000 souls of strangers that, during the last year, floated in and out our assemblages; and what about the eternity of those who are now and will be this year in our permanent congregation; and the 80,000 or 100,000 souls that during this coming twelve months will float in? If John Livingston in a small church in one service had 500 souls brought to God, why may you not, in a larger church, have 3,000 souls as easily as he had 500? It is the same Gospel. John Livingston did not save them. It is the same Holy Ghost. It is the same great Jehovah. If John Knox could put the lever of prayer under Scotland until he moved it from end to end, shall you not by the lever of importunate petition move this whole city of Brooklyn from the East river to New Utrecht, and from New Utrecht to Long Island City. God can do it He will do it, if you mightily and relentlessly ask Him to do it. Oh, fling body, mind, soul, and eternal destiny into this one thing. Swing out and enlarge in your prayerful expectations. You asked God for hundreds of souls, and He gave them to you, and I sometimes heard you ask for thousands; and I am very certain that if you had asked for thousands with the same faith that you asked for hundreds, God would have given you thousands. There is no need, in this presence, of bringing the old stereotyped illustrations of the fact that God hears prayer, nor telling you about Hezekiah's restored health, and about Elijah and the great rain and about the post-mortem examination of the Apostle James, which found that his knees had become callous by much praying; nor of Richard Baxter, who stained the walls of his study with the breath of prayer; nor of John Welch and the midnight plaid; nor of George Whitfield flat on his face before God. No need of my telling you of these things. I turn in on your own consciousness and I review the memory of that time when your own soul was sinking and God heard your cry; and of that time when your child was dying and God heard your petition; and of that time when your fortune failed and God set in your empty pantry the cruse of oil and the measure of meal. I want no illustration at all.

I just take a ladder with three rungs and set it down at your feet. On that you can mount up, and, if you will look off, see the salqation of ten thousand of your fellow-citizens: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it will be opened unto you." Put your right foot on the lower rung of that ladder and your left on the second rung of it, and that will bring your right foot on the top rung. Then hold fast and look out and see the wave of the divine blessing dashing higher than the top gallants of your ship Oh, yes; God is ready to hear. I think the Lord put on us a church of great responsibility. We set our hands to the work of evangelization. We are doing nothing else here. We do not want to do anything else here but this work of evangelization. That is, we want to bring men and women to Christ and bring them now. I do not know how you feel, my brethren, but my heart is breaking with a longing that I have for the redemption of this people. If God does not give me my prayer I can not endure it. I offer myself, I offer my life to this work. Take it, O Lord Jesus, and slay me if that be best. Whether by my life or by my death, may a great multitude of souls here be born to God. If from the mound of my grave more can step into the Kingdom of God than through my life, let me now lie down to the last sleep. But only let the people be saved. Lord Jesus, it is sweet to live for Thee: methinks it would be sweeter to die for Thee. If in the Napoleonic wars six million fell, if in the wars of the Roman Empire one hundred and eighty millions fell, shall there not be a great many in our day who are willing to sacrefice, not any worldly ambition, but sacrifice all for Christ.

Baby's Letter.

"I wis I could wite a letter!"
Said the baby with a sigh,
"But the pencil don't go wight a bit,
'Tisn't any use to twy;
But," thoughtfully, "I know one sing—
I can make one, two, fee.
Would 'at be a letter, mamma?
I should sink at 'it would be."

"I should think so, dear," said mamma,
So he made a 'I z s.'
"You see," he said, "I love Aunt Sue,
And I want to write to she,"
And Aunt Sue wrote (the baby's eyes
Glowed with triumphant glee):
"The nicest letter I ever saw
Was the baby's 'I z s.'"

—Kate Upson Clark.

English New Year Superstitions.

[Notes and Queries.]

At Christmas parties in the country the young men have the privilege of kissing any of the opposite sex they can get hold of. When Sir Roger De Coverley is danced the chief guests are expedted to dance with the cook and butler. All peacock feathers must be thrown out before New Year's Day, or else you will have ill luck. On New Year's Eve you must take pieces of money, bread, wood and coal, and a little salt, tie them up in a bundle, and lay on the doorstep after 12. Some one will then come, and you must ask his name. If he says "John Smith" he must not be admitted, because the initial letters of his name are curved; but if he says "Edward Thompson" admit him at once, as his initial letters are made up of straight lines; but he must bring the bundle in with him that was laid on the step. He must then wish you a happy New Year, and, after receiving a gift, pass out by the back door. Then behold, good luck is yours for another year. On both Christmas and New Year's Eves, when the clock begins to strike 12, the doors—especially the front and back—are opened, that the bad spirits may pass out and the good ones pass in, and immediately the clock has struck 12 the doors are shut, as it is said, "to keep the good spirits in." The first person to enter the house on a New Year's morning must be a man. Many Holderness folks tell some little chap to be ready to come in so soon as the old year is dead, and so secure good luck to the household. When the master enters his house for the first time in the new year he must take something in which he did not take out. A Hull friend told me he always emptied his pockets before he left home on New Year's morning and put in some money and bread, which he procured at his mother's, and so reached his home armed with the necessaries of life. Some people place a sixpence on the doorstep on New Year's Eve, and so soon as the clock strikes it is brought in. N. B.—This I need hardly say, is done in the country! You must never go out on New Year's Day until some one has come in is the rule in some parts.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

Christ Kindl in Munich.

An Artist's Home, and How Funds are to be Raised For It—An Interesting Affair.

[Special Sentinel Letter.]

MUNICH, Dec. 24.—To morrow is Christmas Day, which in Germany means more than in any other country on the globe. It is celebrated by young and old, in every household, and to-night Christmas eve, there is scarcely a window in the whole city through which the burning tapers of the Christmas tree are not to be reflected.

Every little toddler in the land, and there are not a few, has been busy with writing his Christmas letter to the dear Christ Kindl, telling him of his wants, and praying not to be forgotten as he makes his tour in his little golden chariot.

By the way, this Christ Kindl is a most lovely illusion, for it means nothing less than the child Christ himself; it is certainly more beautiful than our pussy old Kris Kringle (in all probability a corruption of Christ Kindl), with his long, white beard and shaggy robes. What could be more delightful than the little German child's idea of the Christ Kindl or infant Jesus floating softly through the air, and in and out of the windows, carried in his golden wagon, filled with all manner of good things for all the other little ones in the land?

About two weeks ago, old Nikolaus made his usual rounds, armed with sticks and provided with a huge bag, for he is a chastiser, and a most dreaded personage by the little folks. He is a sort of investigating committee, and reports all those who are to be remembered by the Christ Kindl. The naughty ones are threatened with the most dire calamities, such as being beaten with his sticks, or carried off in his big sack, the only escape being immediate reformation. Now every little heart is beating high with expectation, for the foreshadowings of the Christ Kindl's coming are to be seen everywhere. In many of the broad streets and parks booths have been erected and Christmas trees fill the open space (every family buys a Christmas tree) until the whole city seems like one big market place.

But Munich never ceases to be an art city, and her artists are untiring in giving exhibitions of their skill and creative genius. Not even does the dear Christ Kindl come without being heralded by them in their own original way.

There is an effort on foot to build a Kunsther Haus, a sort of artists' home, in Munich, and among the various means of raising funds for this purpose, it was decided to hold a Christ Kindl market in the old Academy building, which has just been vacated for the elegant new one. This Kunsther Haus is to be provided with studios and exhibition rooms, where artists' work can be exhibited and sold direct from their easels without the intervention of an art dealer.

To this market then we were enjoined to "go and see," for it was said to be without comparison. Here gorgeous colors, brilliant and suffused lights, great panoramic canvasses and genuine costumes oriental, and antique, in the most happy combinations, reveal to us the land of the true artist alone. Our keenest expectations were surpassed in the scenes and pictures of real life here represented.

Before entering the market itself, we first passed through a dimly lighted apartment in which was a representation of the infant Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem. The hilly landscape, bathed in a flood of moonlight, was presented in a most realistic manner, while over all was a subdued, even solemn air. Leaving this idyllic scene, we were at once ushered into a chaos of oriental splendor. Fantastic buildings, with their gilded domes and cupalos, luxuriant plants and foliage, the gay colors of the tradesmen in their national dress, as well as those of their wares, assured us at once that we were in the midst of eastern wonders, surrounded by the glare and glitter of the bazars of Cairo. At every step, a genuine Turk, genuine at least as to dress and manners, several in fact as to nationality, pressed upon us his tempting wares, or in his own peculiar monotonous tones offered us his "good Mocha, genuine Mocha," served in tiny cups. Solemn visaged Turks, seated cross-legged upon their cushions, surrounded by the rich hangings of their booths, and half covered by their silken goods, seemed more like a picture than reality. Subtle combinations of color, gilding, painting canvas, together with a substantial frame work, and then peopled with real, live men in their own garb, busied with their own occupations, left nothing wanting to carry out the idea of an oriental city, teeming with life.

But the crowd pushes us on through this brilliant place, out into an open market square. Here the steep tile roofs, corner windows, and odd turrets tell us that we are in an old German city of the Middle Ages, while among the friendly, jolly groups gathered here and there are to be seen the gay and original costumes of the lands knecht, or country vassal.

Further on we seem to step out into the cold winter night, where the moonshine reveals to us old Munich as it was a few hundred years ago. The pointed roofs and gables are covered with snow, and icicles hang from the public fountain. Around the market place the booths are lighted with the old-time oil lamps, and everything is in keeping with a dream of bygone days.

In leaving this quaint Christian market, we took with us the old conviction strengthened anew, that Munich and her artists are unsurpassed in any city or country for original conceptions and faithful representations. Success be to their untiring efforts.

L. R.

The Lazy Skates.

Skates like this pair of Johnny's
Are such mysterious things.
A boy can fly with them almost
As well as if he'd wings.
Give them an icy sidewalk,
Or frozen bit of pond,
I think they'd go to Halifax,
Or possibly beyond.

And yet when I asked Johnny,
An hour so ago, or more,
As he upon his seven-league shoes
Went skimming past the door,
If he would do an errand
Over across the town,
Some lines above his pleasant eyes
Gathered into a frown.

And he began explaining
It was so far to go;
'Twould take so long; it was so cold;
He'd have to go so slow!
I think I've learned one secret;
That skates are swift and true
At play; but lazy, lax and loath
When errands are to do.

—Youth's Companion.

At the World's Fair, New Orleans, an interesting souvenir is distributed by the American Bible Society. It is a pamphlet containing verses in the 242 languages into which the Scriptures have been translated.