SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Mormons.

It is the story of Utah and of the Mormons which is recounted in the twenty-first volume of the *History of the Pacific States* by HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT (New York, F. M. Derby). The plan of this book differs somewhat from that of its companion volumes. It involves not only an account of the early discovery of the territory now called Utah by the Spaniards and of the subsequent exploration of it by travellers and trappers, but also, inasmuch as the community ultimately established there was a pure theocracy, of the foundation and vicissitudes of the Mormon sect. The latter purpose compels the author to devote more than two hundred pages to a description of the rise of Mormonism in the Middle and Western States, and of the persecutions to which its adherents were subjected before their migration to Salt Lake City. In the composition of this narrative Mr. Bancroft has endeavored to exhibit complete impartiality, relying in the text largely upon the statements of the Mormons themselves, and in foot notes presenting the comments of their critics and opponents. It is this record of the earlier and comparatively neglected years of Mormonism to which, in the present notice, we would particularly direct attention. We will only premise that the name Utah is derived from the collective appellation of the Indian tribes inhabiting the region in which the followers of Joseph Smith were to eventually find an asylum.

Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect organized under the name of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, was born in Sharon, Windsor county, Vt., Dec. 23, 1805. When he was 10 years old his father, who was a poor farmer, moved with his family to Palmyra, Wayne county, N. Y., and four years afterward took up his abode some six miles south, at Manchester, Ontario county. There was much religious excitement at the time in this region, whose settlers included Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians. It was in the woods near his father's farm that young Joseph in 1820 beheld a vision and received the charge to join none of the sects that he saw around him. Three years later he had another vision, in which an angel appeared to him and told him that the Lord had a great work for him to do; that his name should be known to all people, and that of him should be spoken both good and evil. The angel told him further of a book written on plates of gold, and containing an account of the early inhabitants of the American continent and of the Gospel delivered to them by Christ. He said that deposited with those plates were two stones, sometimes described as large crystals, which being set in silver rims resembled a huge pair of spectacles. According to the angel these stones fastened to a breast plate constituted the Urim and Thummim, and the possession and use of them constituted a seer, and rendered possible the translation of the characters engraved on the gold plates. In the place indicated the gold plates and silver-rimmed crystals are alleged to have been found, but in a third vision Joseph was ordered not to remove them until four years had elapsed. It was, not, consequently, until 1827 that he is said to have taken possession of the plates and to have begun the translation of the Book of Mormon whose tenor is summarized by Mr. Bancroft as follows:

"Following the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel the peoples of the earth were scattered abroad, one colony being led by the Lord across the ocean to America. Fifteen hundred years after, or 600 years before Christ, they were destroyed for their wickedness. Of the original number was Jared, among whose descendants was the prophet Ether, who was their historian. Ether lived to witness the extinction of his nation, and under Divine direction he deposited his history in a locality where it was found by a second colony, Israelites of the tribe of Joseph, who came from Jerusalem about the time of the destruction of the first colony, namely, 600 years before Christ. Thus was America repeopled. The second colony occupied the site of the first, multiplied, and became rich, and in time divided into two nations, the Nephites and the Lamanites, so called from their respective founders, Nephi and Laman. The former advanced in civilization, but the Lamanites lapsed into barbarism and were the immediate progenitors of the American aboriginals. The Nephites were the beloved of the Lord. To them were given visions and angels' visits; to them the Christ appeared [after his resurrection in Palestine] with gifts of gospel and prophecy. It was, indeed, the golden age of a favored people; but in a time of temptation, some three or four centuries after Christ, they fell and were destroyed by the wicked Lamanites. The greatest prophet of the Nephites in the period of their declension was Mormon, their historian, who, after having completed his abridgment of the records of his nation, committed it to his son Moroni, and he, that it might not fall into the hands of the Lamanites, deposited it in the hill of Cumorah (near Manchester, New York), where it was found by Joseph Smith."

To the actual existence of the plates on which this history is alleged to have been inscribed the Mormons produce, in addition to Joseph Smith, three "special witnesses," namely, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, to whom the original records are said to have been shown by an angel. Of these the first two were afterward described by Smith himself as murderers at heart and as having consciences seared with a hot iron, while of the third he wrote that "there are negroes who have white skins as well as black ones, such as Martin Harris." The Mormons also bring forward eight corroborative witnesses who testify that the plates were shown to them by Joseph Smith, that they handled them with their hands and saw the characters engraven thereon. It is, however, to be noticed that each of these eight witnesses belonged to the families of Smith or Whitmer. It was Harris, by the way, one of the three special witnesses, who furnished the $3,000 needed to pay for printing 5,000 copies of the Book of Mormon.

So far we have followed the account given by the Mormons themselves and reproduced in the text of the volume now before us. In a footnote, however, Mr. Bancroft outlines the theory of the origin of the Mormon Bible, which is now commonly accepted by Gentile commentators. According to this theory the author of the book was one Solomon Spaulding, a clergyman and graduate of Yale College, who about 1809 settled in Ashtabula county, Ohio. The mounds and earth fortifications with which the neighborhood abounds attracted his attention and led him to believe that the American continent was peopled by a colony of Israelites. He proceeded to compose in Scriptural language a fictitious history of the mound building race, which he left behind him in manuscript on his death in 1816. In some way not very satisfactorily explained this manuscript is supposed to have fallen into the hands of Smith, who made it the basis of a pretended revelation and a new religion.

It was in April, 1830, that the Church of Latter Day Saints was organized under the statutes of the State of New York. Joseph Smith, described as an apostle of Jesus Christ, was made the first elder. By this church, it should be remembered, the Old and New Testaments were accepted in their entirety (certain alleged corruptions and interpolations being, however, excepted), and the Book of Mormon was, as the Koran was by Mohammed's followers, regarded as a later and supplemental revelation. At the first conference, held in June of the year mentioned, the Church had thirty members. Notwithstanding the persecution to which Smith was from the outset subjected he began to make converts. Among the earliest of these was one Sidney Rigdon, a jack of all trades, but by preference a strolling preacher, whose comrade, Alexander Campbell, it is interesting to recall, founded the sect of the Campbellites to which President Garfield belonged.

From New York the headquarters of the Mormon Church was transferred to Kirtland, Ohio, and missionaries sent forward to Missouri founded in that State a colony to which they gave the name of Zion, and which flourished for some years. In 1839, however, the Mormons were compelled to leave Missouri, and took refuge on the east bank of the Mississippi in Illinois. Here they built Nauvoo, the so-called Holy City or City of Joseph, which, before the end of 1840, contained some fifteen thousand souls, including converts from Europe and Canada, as well as from almost every part of the United States. Although this city was destined to be short-lived, it contained a temple of white limestone, which cost $1,000,000, and which measured 128 feet in length by 83 in breadth and 60 in height. The House of Joseph, which was at once a private dwelling and a hotel, had a frontage on two streets of 120 feet each, and was said to have cost $100,000. Under the charter of Nauvoo, the State Government was virtually superseded within the precincts of the colony, the Mormons having their own courts and their own militia, organized in what was termed the Nauvoo Legion. Of the inhabitants of Nauvoo, it was said by a Gentile observer: "They are a wonderfully enterprising people. Peace and harmony reign in the city. A drunkard is scarcely ever seen, neither does any profane oath strike upon the ear."

In the original creed of the Latter-day Church there was no sanction of polygamy. During the first ten years after the organization of Mormonism, we hear nothing about this retrogression from the practices of civilized lands. But in Nauvoo as early as 1841 Joseph began to take to himself plural wives, and his example was followed by some of his adherents. Finally, in 1843, there came to Joseph a revelation—the last of which there is any record—formally authorizing polygamy. For years, however, this revelation was confined to a few, and it was not promulgated until after the great exodus, when the Mormons had become established in Utah. The fact, nevertheless, that polygamy was countenanced by the leaders of the new Church leaked out, and greatly aggravated the hostility with which the Nauvoo settlement was regarded by its Gentile neighbors. This hostility culminated in June, 1844, in the assassination of Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, who had been taken to the town of Carthage by the State authorities on a civil charge.

That Joseph Smith was a remarkable man seems to Mr. Bancroft incontestable. How well he was qualified for the work he undertook is shown by the fact that he made scores of thousands believe in him and in his teachings. Had he not possessed physical and mental aptitudes for the proselytizing function he must have failed, for his days were full of trouble. "We read that his people," were often petulant, his elders quarrelsome, his ablest followers cautious and captious. While the world scoffed and the neighbors used violence, his high priests were continually asking him for prophecies, and if they were not fulfilled at once and to the letter, they stood ready to apostatize. Many did apostatize; many behaved disgracefully, and brought reproach and enmity upon the cause. Moreover, Joseph was constantly in fear for his life, yet, though by no means desirous of death, in moments of excitement he often faced danger with apparent indifference to the results."

It is not generally known that Brigham Young, who succeeded Joseph Smith as President of the twelve Mormon apostles, was four years older, having been born in 1801. Like his predecessor, he was a native of Vermont. The son of a poor farmer, he received but little education, having been obliged to earn his own livelihood from an early age. He had been by turns farmer, carpenter, joiner, house painter, and glazier, when in 1832 he became a convert to Mormonism and was made an elder. Henceforth he was Smith's most devoted follower, more than once shielding him from treachery or persecution at the risk of his own life. He had been sent upon a mission to England in 1840, and, although he had returned to the United States some time before 1844, he was not in Illinois at the time of the prophet's assassination. He was chosen Smith's successor by an overwhelming majority over Sidney Rigdon, the principal contestant. It was he, who in 1846-'48 directed the migration of the Mormons from Nauvoo to Utah and established a new Zion by the shores of the Great Salt Lake. We find the man's character sketched in an appreciative way by Mr. Bancroft on page 201. Young was not eloquent, it seems, like Rigdon, but something more than oratory was needed to obtain control of the Mormons at the crisis of their history. "Of that something," we are told, "Brigham found himself in possession. It was the combination of qualities which we find present primarily in all great men, in all leaders of men—intellectual force, mental superiority, united with personal magnetism and physique enough to give weight to will and opinion. Brigham Young was assuredly a great man, if by greatness we mean one who is superior to others in strength and skill, moral, intellectual, or physical. The secret of this man's power—a power that within a few years made itself felt throughout the world—was this: He was a sincere man, or, if an impostor, he was one who first imposed upon himself. He was not a hypocrite; knave in the ordinary sense of the term he was not, though he has been a thousand times called both. If he was a bad man, he was still a great man, and the evil that he did was done with honest purposes. He possessed great administrative ability; he was far-seeing, with a keen insight into human nature, and a thorough knowledge of the good and evil qualities of men, of their virtues and frailties. His superiority was native, but he daily and hourly grew more powerful."

What became of Nauvoo, which once contained twenty thousand inhabitants, after the Mormon exodus? This question is answered on page 235. "The temple was destroyed by fire and tempest, and all the woodwork consumed, while the rock was utilized for miles around as foundations of houses, for doorsteps, and other purposes. A French company coming in later bought the stone from those in possession and built wine vaults. Foundations of buildings were broken up, and houses once surrounded by carefully tended flower gardens, pillaged of all that was valuable, were abandoned by their ruthless destroyers. In 1858 the Icarians formed the most important part of the population of Nauvoo. They lived in a long, ugly row of buildings, the architect of which and of the school house was a cobbler. In the house built for the prophet and his family dwelt in 1854 the prophet's widow, his mother, and other relatives."

The pioneer band of emigrants under Young reached the site of Salt Lake City in the summer of 1846. By the close of 1848 some 5,000 Mormons had accomplished the long and difficult journey from their so-called winter quarters near Omaha to Utah. In 1850, according to the United States census, the population of the Territory was 11,354, of whom rather more than half were residents of the city. In 1852 the number of Mormons was estimated by themselves at upward of 30,000, and by the Gentiles at 25,000. How prosperous the community had become at the end of five years is indicated by the fact that, the country being canvassed to ascertain how many inmates a poorhouse would have, only two were found. This in a wilderness where the food of the Indians had been roasted crickets.

The grounds on which the Mormons, once established in their new home, openly advocated a plurality of wives are concisely stated by Mr. Bancroft on page 371. "Polygamy, as a tenet of the Mormon Church, is based upon Scripture example, and if this be unlawful, it says, all is unlawful. Christian sects hold up the patriarchs as exemplars in their sacred instruction, and yet denounce in these personages a practice which Christ nowhere condemns. While in polygamy, God blessed them and their polygamous seed, saying never a word about their plural wives. Polygamy was common in Asia at the time of the apostles, yet none of them preached against it, nor does John the revelator mention it, writing to the seven churches. In the days of Justin Martyr the Jews preached polygamy. It is true that the Emperor Theodosius about A. D. 393 promulgated a law against polygamy, but it was repealed sixty years later. Nevertheless, as the Christian part of the civilized world regarded the practice with abhorrence, the prophet Joseph inquired of the Lord as to what he should do. And the Lord answered, commanding him to restore all things, the practice of polygamy among the rest. The inferior order of wifehood, however, known in the Scriptures as concubinage, is not recognized in the Mormon Church. By the marriage covenant all women cohabiting with a man are made wives, and all children are legitimate."

It is unquestionably true that the question between polygamy and monogamy is one for civilization to determine, and that Christianity has not a foot of ground to stand upon in combating the former practice. But civilization condemns it, and condemned it before Christ was born. The people to whom Jesus preached were far beneath the level of the contemporary Hellenic and Roman civilizations. Nor can it be doubted that the subsequent attempt of Roman and Byzantine Emperors to enforce monogamy among their Asiatic subjects accounts in no small degree for the ease with which Mohammedanism overran Syria and the eastern half of Asia Minor. After setting forth the sociological as well as Scriptural arguments put forward by the Mormons in favor of polygamy, Mr. Bancroft sums up his own opinion by affirming that, while the toleration of a plurality of wives cannot be looked upon as conducive to the highest well-being of a community, the coercion of the Mormons in this particular is not consistent with the highest type of morality and social liberty. We may add that our Eastern commonwealths might do well to eradicate far more grievous social evils before inveighing with so much severity against the Mormon custom of supporting several wives.

Before taking leave of a volume which contains more authentic information relating to the Mormons than has ever before been made accessible, we would note what Mr. Bancroft says regarding the responsibility for the Mountain Meadows massacre. He assures us that "it may as well be understood at the outset that this horrible crime, so often and so persistently charged upon the Mormon Church and its leaders, was the crime, of an individual (John Doyle Lee), the crime of a fanatic of the worst stamp, who was a member of the Mormon Church, but of whose intentions the Church knew nothing, and whose bloody acts the members of the Church, high and low, regard with abhorrence."

This, the author thinks, may be accepted as an historical fact. M. W. H.

The Senate Forty Years Ago.

Among the recent contributions to American history none is worthy of more serious attention than a volume entitled *Great Senators*, by OLIVER DYER. In its three hundred pages are comprised the author's personal recollections of Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Benton, Houston, Jefferson Davis, and other men who played conspicuous parts in American politics during the eventful years of 1848-49. What renders especially noteworthy the appreciative and even eulogistic estimates of the great nullifier and of the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy is the fact that they record the impressions of one who, at the time when he was brought in contact with those statesmen, was himself an ardent abolitionist. His testimony, therefore, to their admirable qualities of intellect and character will be accepted as of the most conclusive kind. His analysis, also, of Webster's individuality is the most searching that we have seen—indeed, it is the only one which accounts at once for the triumphs and the shortcomings of the great parliamentary champion of the Union. We should not omit to mention that in addition to portraits of the distinguished men enumerated the book contains the first authentic and exhaustive disclosure of the political intrigue which brought about the nomination of Gen. Taylor for the Presidency, and the Barnburner revolt under Van Buren against Cass, which made Taylor's election possible.

It would be easy to fill columns with effective extracts from this volume, but we must confine ourselves to two or three examples of incisive and impartial delineation. We naturally select for this purpose part of what the author has to say about Calhoun and Jefferson Davis. We read, for instance, on page 148, that when the author went to Washington in December, 1848, "full to the brim of abolition bigotry and prejudice, I was eager to get a sight of the great South Carolina nullifier and disunionist, and when he was pointed out to me in the Senate Chamber I gave him a searching scrutiny. His appearance satisfied me completely. He seemed to be a perfect image and embodiment of the devil." Presently, however, Calhoun arose to speak, and before he had ended, his physiognomy seemed to the onlooker to have undergone a change. "Instead of looking like a devil, he impressed me as a high-toned gentleman, with a brilliant intellect, a sweet disposition, a sound heart, and a conscientious devotion to what he believed to be right. I was vexed and astonished that such a change should have occurred in my feeling toward the Great Nullifier. It seemed to me that I was becoming a traitor to my status as an abolitionist, but as time went on, the change also went on in spite of all that I could do." Subsequently the author saw a good deal of Calhoun at the latter's house, and found him "inexpressibly urbane, refined, gentle, winning; and yet he was strong and thoroughly manly, with an engaging invincibleness pervading his softness and gentleness. I admired Benton; I admired Clay still more; I admired Webster, on the intellectual side, most of all; but I loved Calhoun, and as I came to know him well, and saw his exquisitely beautiful nature mirrored in his face, his countenance no longer seemed Satanic, but angelic, and his benignant greeting in the morning was like a benediction that lasted the whole day."

In one of his interviews with Calhoun the author, forgetting that Jackson's enmity had ruined Calhoun's political career, asked the South Carolina statesman what kind of a man Jackson was. "As soon as the question was put, Calhoun sank into profound quiescence, seemed to be unconscious of my presence, and was apparently absorbed in retrospection. Then his relations to Jackson flashed vividly into my mind; I was appalled at my blunder and awaited the result with trepidation. Calhoun's reverie continued but a short time. Soon he looked at me benignantly and said: 'Gen. Jackson was a great man.' The surpassingly beautiful expression of Calhoun's deep eyes, and the sweet, gentle tone of his voice, as he thus answered my question are now present with me as I write, although that answer was given more than forty years ago. The General was in his grave, and he was himself beginning to be enveloped with the shadow of death. Why should he, a dying man, continue to hate him, who was already dead? He would not continue to hate him. It seemed as though this, or something equivalent to it, passed through Calhoun's mind and touched the inmost nobility of his nature, and caused him to give the answer which came from him like a renunciation of all his animosity and an assertion of spiritual reconciliation with his dead foe."

It was in December, 1848, that the author saw something of the man destined to be the President of the Confederate States. Davis was then a Senator, and the impression which he made on the mind of the young abolitionist was, in spite of preconceived prejudices, most favorable. We are told that "I—then a young man of 24, and only just out of the woods of Niagara county—became attached to Jefferson Davis on account of his genial personal kindness. Sometimes there were bills before the Senate full of Indian names, or Aztec names, or Spanish names that the Senators could not pronounce correctly, and which we reporters could not catch; hence, it was necessary for us to get sight of the names in print in order to write them out correctly in our reports. Whenever a discussion on such a bill took place, I used to apply to Mr. Davis for a copy of the document, and he would always get me one, no matter how much trouble it gave him to do so. And he did it with such genial courtesy and kindness that his manner went straight to the heart and stayed there. In fact, I used to notice that it seemed to give Jefferson Davis pleasure to do an act of kindness for anybody. It is not probable that Mr. Davis remembers any of these things (or that he even remembers my name), but they are fresh in my recollection. Now that the asperities of war have given place to the amenities of peace, I find only friendly feelings in my heart toward Jefferson Davis, and would gladly reciprocate, if opportunity should offer, the kindnesses which, all those years ago, he showed to me, an obscure young man, when he was a distinguished and powerful Senator of the United States."

We have space for but one more reference to the interesting contents of this book. The author says, on page 159, that the secession doctrine was originated by Josiah Quincy, and was a Massachusetts heresy. Perhaps the fact is here rather too broadly stated. The germ of the theory that a State had the right to secede from the Union, as it indisputably had from the preceding Confederation, is discoverable in the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798. But it is unquestionably true, as the author of this book points out, that the doctrine of secession was first openly put forward on the floor of Congress by Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts in January, 1811, when the House of Representatives, by a vote of 55 to 53, declared it parliamentary and proper to discuss the dissolution of the Union. Calhoun did not take his seat in the House until the following November, and as a report written soon after in his own hand contains the phrase *this nation* (which in later years he carefully avoided), we concur with the author in inferring that the Constitutional theories, of which secession was to be the outcome, were not yet developed in his mind.

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

The Strange Scene Presented in the English Church in Shiba.

From the London Sunday Times.

Before I went to Japan last November I heard in a country city of the Canadian backwoods echoes of the battle that was raging over seas about the missionary efforts of the Christian Church. I thought that I would inquire of the almond-eyed ones how it was with them regarding the salvation of their souls by our method.

I would go, I thought, to the Church of England in the district of Shiba that sunny Sunday morning, the fourth in Advent. Just where the Church of England was situated in the district of Shiba I didn't know, but with my phrase book and a fairly intelligent jinrikisha man I hoped to find it.

"*Dokoni-tsuzka?*"—where should he take me?—he asked, turning about between the shafts with one brown leg thrust forward, while I buttoned my gloves and wondered what the collect was—it had been so long since I had thought of the collect in this incongruous land of bootjas and tea houses and dancing lanterns, that knew no Sunday! I looked in my phrase book, but "church" wasn't there. It had evidently been thought unnecessary to supply this foreign requirement. "Restaurant," "barbershop," "theatre"—yes, but no "church." The nearest was "temple." I would take "temple," and qualify it. "*Tero?*" I said "English *tero?*"

"*In-gi-eech tero?*" he repeated, slowly and thoughtfully, shaking his head. Then with sudden inspiration, "*Wakarimas?*" he said, and went off at something between a gay trot and a sober canter, which is the jinrikisha gait. "*Wakarimas?*" under these circumstances, means "I quite understand."

Through the narrow streets we went merrily, past great gardens and small, where the palmetto fronds drooped over and the mandarin orange trees were bright with their tiny fruit, past a limpid bit of the Emperor's moat with a score of wild ducks splashing about in it, past a mile of tiny shops full of all quaintnesses that may be bought and sold—it was not a churchly precinct where I was mutely requested to alight. A row of red glass lanterns hung over the door; inside was a winding mass of color and small wraps. I shook my head. "English *tero*," I reminded my willing biped.

"Hai!" he nodded. "*Concoba desuka.*"

My Japanese was sufficient to inform me that this meant "Bazaar, isn't it?" and I blushed for my foreign reputation. I hope to find that blush, and the fact that I didn't get out, down to my credit somewhere, some day.

The jinrikisha man then went into consultation with a policeman, from which he emerged with a beaming countenance, and again we started off. At the end of every quarter of a mile he slackened, fell into meditation, and consulted another policeman. "English *tero?*" I tried to assist, holding up my prayer book. Suddenly the spire occurred to me, and with my fingers I made the sign of the cross. Instantly he knew. "*So desuka?*"—"so is it?"—he said, with relief and satisfaction, and in a moment we were flying through another street, to halt at a small frame building with no cross on it at all. "*Yasso,*" he said, nodding at it, and made the sign with his own fingers. I thought I would investigate in spite of the absence of pomp and circumstance episcopal, and though I had no idea of what a "*yasso*" might be, I ventured in.

Bare whitewashed walls, four petroleum lamps hanging from the ceiling, the floor filled with plain wooden benches forming an aisle down the middle—if there had been nobody in it there was no mistaking the Protestant mission. So then, my troubles of transport was right; in the Eastern twilight of his coolie mind he had understood the cross if not the Christian. And he could find the cross for me without any help from dome or spire. * * * I thought I could do without the collect for the Fourth Sunday in Advent.

The room was full of people, all Japanese; and as I stood hesitating near the door a young girl slipped down the aisle, bowed to me politely, and asked me in whispered English to come to a seat in the front. When I said that I preferred to stay where I was she sat down beside and showed me in my prayer book what the minister was reading in Japanese. It was the chapter in which the Ephesians are asked of Paul, "Unto what, then, were ye baptized?"

He was a tall, thin, sallow Japanese, in such plain black clothes as one sees Evangelists wear at home. He read slowly, distinctly, and with great expression, looking now and then and looking at his hearers in a way which seemed to bid them contemplate what he had just said. Then he closed the book and began to talk—quietly, measuredly, and without gestures. The girl at my elbow leaned toward me. "His subject is the Holy Ghost," she said. "Do you understand," I asked her, "about the Holy Ghost?" "Yes," she answered.

This was surely a subtle matter to discourse upon to converts who understood and accepted Christianity, as I had been told again and again, only as a moral, law, and chiefly as a negative moral law. I looked at the people who were listening in quiet lines. The men sat on one side the women on the other. A few of the former wore coats and trousers, but nearly all were in the native *kimono*, and if the glossy black hair of the women had been cut short like that of the men it would have been hard to tell the long rows of sober, stooping, blue and grey backs apart. They were Sunday *kimonos*, some of those the women wore of silk, but the wearers did not look specially conscious of them. The man who folds his arms and goes to sleep, and the woman with the troublesome baby were both there, and when the baby caught a glance from me, and lifted up its voice and wept at the sight of a terrible foreigner with a hat on, its mother toddled quietly out with it, bowing apologetically to me as she passed. Almost everybody was listening, not acutely or intensely, but with unmistakable interest and apparent understanding. And presently the preacher read the story of Saul of Tarsus. After which they all sang with a willing voice a hymn I should have known if it had not been in Japanese. * * And for the moment I think I forgot about the curios and the *concobas* and all the national *propensities*, and saw my jinrikisha coolie and his race in the form and stature of man.

He was waiting for me as I came out with the congregation, most of whom stopped in the entry to put on their wooden sandals, chatting with one another, and bowing low, as their custom is.

"*Tero desuka?*" he asked, for the satisfaction of being right. And I said "Yes."

A door under a great tiled overhanging roof was open as we passed homeward, and in the damp, semi-darkness within I saw a Buddhistic prayer ascend. I was written on a bit of paper, the paper was chewed into a ball, the ball was thrown at the head of a stone image that sat above an altar smiling an impossible smile. The prayer stuck, and the petitioner went away satisfied.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

Picked a Pocket by Accident.

From the Providence Journal.

A curious story is told of a robbery which occurred on a Broad street car early last evening. Dr. A. O. Robbins of 15 Jefferson street was relieved of a costly gold watch and chain on the rear platform of a car on Broad street. There were five persons on the platform, Dr. Robbins, Deputy Chief of Police Brown, the conductor, and two others. The watch was not missed until the Doctor entered a watchmaker's to have his timepiece set. The police were immediately notified, and a description of the watch left with them. It was of gold, made by Breitling Sniderich at Loch, Switzerland, for Dr. Robbins, when he was travelling through the country thirty years ago, and cost $350. In answer to a carefully worded advertisement Dr. Robbins last night succeeded in meeting the young man who had stood opposite the Deputy Chief on the car platform. The young man had unconsciously taken the watch from the Doctor, and from him the Doctor recovered it. It appears that when the Doctor boarded the car between the Deputy Chief of Police and the young man his watch chain caught and took a turn around a button on the young man's coat. The watch was dragged from its place in the Doctor's pocket without disturbing its owner, and hung from the button on the young man's coat. The young man discovered it dangling there after the Doctor had left the car, and he was a good deal surprised. After some consideration he decided it would not be wise to ask for a claimant for a valuable watch among an indiscriminate company of people, so he pocketed the timepiece and advertised for the owner.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Man that Knows It All.

I have travelled near and far, selling varnish, paint, and shoe tan, and of side lines (on the sly) a score or two; such as neckties and suspenders, knives, and patent stocking menders, and of Hebrew hardware (clothing) not a few.

I have met of men a number, some were high-hued, some were sombre, in the various complexion of the mind; rough and tough and soft and hearty, lean and stout and quick and tardy, men, in short, of every species and kind.

But of all that I remember none did ever rouse my temper as did one, whom I with angry thought recall; he was under the impression (and with never a concession) that he absolutely, positively knew it all.

He had studied long and close art and poetry and prose, poker, whist, and every game from dice to chess. Nature's laws, cause of creation, every country, every nation; he knew all to which one desperately could digress.

In philosophy and science, metals, every kind of viands, in medicinal knowledge, too, and deep religious themes; with encyclopædic detail he knew wholesale trade and retail, and a number of exceedingly safe money-making schemes.

Yet this perambulating college, with his universal knowledge, never seemed to make a cent in any way; he knew it all, but never did he anything whatever for which by any effort he could or did get pay.

Next!

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

A row of human forms
With faces upturned white,
Arrayed in shrouds and motionless,
I saw one fateful night.

The group who sat around
And talked on slight pretext,
Could not conceal their questioning—
Whose turn will happen next?

Was battle held in view,
Where shot and shell had ceased?
Dissecting room or hospital,
Where souls had been released?

Were tenants of the Morgue
Uplifting mute appeal
That charity's swift burial
Might sanction loss of zeal?

Oh, no: 'twas none of these
Impatient gaze enslaved—
The forms were in the barber shop
And slowly being shaved!

J. B. ALDEN.

A Realized Ideal.

From Munsey's Weekly.

When I was somewhat younger,
And all on pleasure bent;
While yet my only hunger
And thirst was sentiment;
When all the world looked sunny
In life's first blossom time,
Love fed my heart with honey
And filled my heart with rhyme.

To Prudence in her rocker,
To Phyllis with a rake,
I followed Praed and Locker
In—not exactly prose.
All feminine apparel
Inspired my easy Muse,
Who must have filled a barrel
With songs to hats and shoes.

The gloves the muffs the dresses,
The ribbons that were worn;
Clarinda's midnight tresses,
Hipatia's face like morn—
These were the themes of
The lines I used to write
Before my youthful dreams of
Sweet nothings took their flight.

And then you came! A vision
Too blissful to be true.
A dream, thought I, Elysian—
A mirage! Sweetheart, 'twas you!
"Farewell to girls ideal!"
Said I, with heart astir;
"At last I've found the real;
Henceforth I sing to her!"

An Old Time Romance.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Right here, in this venerable oak tree's shade,
My grandmother's mother sat one day,
In solemn state and in stiff brocade,
Awaiting her lover, a knight they say.
Down yonder hillside with flashing spur
He came like a vision o'er field and fen,
In his satin breeches and gold-laced coat,
And a queer old dresser he must have been.

I do not think I could have fancied him so,
In his wedding plumes and his bonnet gay—
And Mistress Lucy, if she could know,
Would smile in disdain at my choice to-day.
By his side, o'er the stairway her picture hangs,
A dainty lady, so proud and prim
That more than half of my ward blood
It is very plain must have come from him.

Here is a letter a century old;
For true knightly sentiment very well,
And a dashing hand, but it must be told
That my charming great grandpapa could not spell:
"Honored madam and dear, though mine eyes be bereft
May not dwell on thy form and face so fair,
Still the promise of hope to my poor heart is left,
And at dawning of eve I aspire to be there."

I should like to know if at eve he came—
Why of course he did, for am I not here?
Proudly bearing his ancient name
With a wicked laugh at his spell of "dear."
And if on the sofa they sat asunder
Fully two feet, as was proper and right,
Could he ever manage to give her, I wonder,
Half such a kiss as I had last night?

Ah, Lucy, though minuet and spinet,
And curtly manners in grand array,
Tell on, old story, there's something in it
That reaches the heart just the same to-day.
And I wonder when my little day is over,
And my grandchildren sit 'neath this old tree's shade,
If they'll say, "She had just such a noble lover,
And as true and tender a wife she made."

MENA K. OGAN.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 30.

The Keynote.

From the Youth's Companion.

As in a song there is one note
To which all others lead,
One chord to which the longing soul
Would fain forever feed;

So to each pure, harmonious life,
It that longs to do and be,
Some word, some deed, some thought shall set
Its everlasting key.

Bells.

From the Chicago Herald.

Hear the jingling of the bells—
Street car bells!
What lots of going to and fro their clattering foretells.
Hear them jingle, jingle, jingle
Up and down the busy streets—
Married folks and those who're single,
Every class and age commingle
In the closely crowded seats.
Some are standing, and there's some
Who are always chewing gum;
Others who are near you sitting
Make you nervous with their spitting,
While some mamma's guileless darling climbs upon the crowded seat,
And proceeds to paint your garments with its cunning muddy feet.
And your teeth with anger chatter
As you think—it doesn't matter.
So it goes.
No one knows
Where the stream of people flows,
Coming, going, always clicks,
Rather ride than save a nickel,
While the fare collector's pocket large and larger ever swells.
As we listen to the jingle of the bells, bells, bells,
To the constant five-cent jingle of the bells.

Hear the ringing of the bells—
'Phoning bells!
What lots of talking back and forth their jingling foretells.
How unceasingly they're jangled
In our ears by day and night.
Often we've an hour wrangled
When we found the lines were tangled
And we felt we'd like to fight
When the central operator
Would a half an hour later
With suppressed and girlish laughter
Say we weren't what she was after;
Then we'd quench the inward fire
Which when spoken melts the wire
And we'd thank her
While our rancor
With an effort we'd suppress.
For we know there's no redress.
So it goes.
No one knows
Of our telephonic woes.
Some one is forever talking
Just to save a little walking
And the quite discordant jingle
On our nervous hearing wells
As we listen to the jingle
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the peace-distracting jingle of the bells.

Getting Square.

From the Chicago Herald.

Maid of Oshkosh, ere I go
Tell me what I want to know!
Does your father still declare
I can never be his boy?
Hear my vow before I get—
I'll be even with him yet.

By those tresses bleached to gold,
And those bangs in imfoil rolled;
By your highly frescoed cheek,
By my dollars, six a week;
You can say I told you so—
I'll be even with him, though.

By the aid which he might lend,
By his cash I'd like to spend;
By the joy which he could crowd
Upon one who's poor but proud;
Tell him that I make my brags—
I'll be even with his jags.

Maid of Oshkosh, I must flee,
For another waits for me;
Shall we tend your sire, sweet,
Who resides across the street,
When her wealth secure, I've got—
Then I'll show him what is what.

Consternation.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

The house wife woke with sudden fright,
About the hour of two,
And, trembling, sat with gasping breath,
Not knowing what to do.

All sorts of plans for safety sped
Like lightning through her brain,
But still she was inanimate,
Held fast by terror's chain.

Was there a burglar down below,
Revealed by latch's click,
That made her heart almost stand still
And every fibre sick?

Was creaking step upon the stair,
Had baby ceased to breathe,
That she should take this Russian bath
Or creeping chills receive?

Was smell of smoke within the house,
Had she forgot her prayers?
Oh, no, she simply had not brought
The silverware up stairs!

RITUALISM IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

Some Earnest Discussions Aroused by Certain Extreme Ritualistic Services.

About a month ago the Anglican Church Congress met in Cardiff, and the meeting was inaugurated by a service at St. Mary's Church, the Bishop of Derry preaching the sermon by the invitation of the Bishop of Llandaff. The character of the service upon that occasion has thrown the Church into considerable consternation on account of its high ritualistic character. So much, and so severe has been the criticism of the service that the Evangelical wing of the Church recently published the following letter:

CARDIFF, Oct. 2, 1889.

To the General Secretaries of the Church Congress.

GENTLEMEN: The members of the Congress were invited to attend the Church of St. Mary, as one of the churches selected for the opening services yesterday.

The Ritual observed at the service was of such a character as to give the greatest possible pain and offence to many members, attracted to that church by the fame of the preacher, and relying upon you, as the Secretaries of the Congress, to protect them from having to take part in observances which have been declared contrary to the law of the Church of England.

To show you that we have good reason to complain, we have to state that the Ritual embraced the following points:

1. Lighted candles.
2. Vestments, including chasuble, alb, tunicle, dalmatic, biretta.
3. The frequent use of incense.
4. The use of "wafer bread."
5. The mixed chalice.
6. Hiding the Manual acts.
7. The use of the crucifix, and a banner with a figure of the Madonna in procession.
8. The attendance of acolytes, carrying lighted candles, and dressed in scarlet cassocks and cottas.
9. The elevation of the Elements, and prostration before them.
10. The use of sacring bells.
11. The sinking of the "Agnus Dei," immediately following the prayer of consecration.
12. Ceremonial ablutions.

We are assured that many members of the Congress were deeply grieved by being committed to apparent approval, by their presence, of such proceedings.

Further, participation in the Lord's Supper was forbidden to all except those who had given previous notice of their intention of communicating; and, as a consequence, only three persons communicated, though some hundreds were present, and thus what should have been the holy communion was made to resemble the mass of the Roman Catholic Church.

We feel convinced that by the sanction thus, unfortunately, given to this Ritual, through the selection of this church, the Congress, as a body, has been compromised; and that unless you, as the responsible authority, can offer some public expression of regret, and give some undertaking that the Congress shall in future be protected from such a violation of brotherly courtesy as we feel this to have been, a large number of loyal churchmen, who have hitherto made a practice of attending church congresses, will feel obliged to absent themselves.

We reserve to ourselves the right of publishing this letter, together with your answer.

We beg to remain yours, faithfully,

H. G. HOPKINS,
J. W. MARSHALL,
H. MILLER,

Reception room for Evangelical members of the Congress, Queens street Arcade.

Thereupon the Bishop of Llandaff wrote in return:

THE PALACE, LLANDAFF, Oct 3, 1889.

To the Rev. J. W. Marshall.

MY DEAR SIR: Archdeacon Emery has shown me your letter, in which you complain of the character of the service which preceded the sermon of the Bishop of Derry on Tuesday last. If the service was such as you have described it to have been, I regard your protest as a most proper one; and for myself I can only say that if I could have supposed it possible that it would have assumed such a character I should not have asked the Bishop to preach in the church referred to. Believe me, my dear sir, faithfully yours, R. LLANDAFF.

Then followed these epistles from the Secretaries, addressed by the latter published first:

PRINCE'S CHAMBER, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE, CARDIFF, Oct. 4, 1889.

To the Rev. J. W. Marshall and others.

DEAR SIRS: I am requested by the Hon. Secretaries of the C