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The New Northwest.

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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED"

I.

To commence *a la* Wilkie Collins: The time was morning; the scene, Miss Nettire's bed-chamber; the personages, Miss Nettire and an angel, on whom she had just opened her eyes.

Miss Nettire was a woman who regulated herself by certain infallible rules. She never deviated from them by the breadth of a hair. You at once perceive she could have had no faults. Her neighbors did deviate from these rules; worse yet—sometimes wholly defied their efficacy. Being faultless herself, Miss Nettire had all the more time to devote to her neighbors, and, as a right-minded woman, was in constant concern about them.

Therefore, when, as I have just said, she beheld an angel, who demanded of her the names of the most grievous sinners who had offended her, she might have been startled, but she was not amazed beyond measure. She had a feeling that it was very much what might have been expected of Heaven, and that the angel's selection of a guide was not amiss. She answered the question with a full degree of composure, and then a vast complacency expanded within her. Now it would be seen, with the sanction of Heaven upon her, who was right—she, or the people who sneeringly declared that, if she were a saint, they preferred to remain among the sinners. How would they do now? Would they shriek, or swoon, or fall on their knees and call on her for protection?

II.

To proceed *a la* Wilkie Collins: Place, Will Hartleigh's bachelor lodging; time, breakfast; persons—invisible, Miss Nettire and the angel; visible, Will Hartleigh and his chum, Ned Hill.

Miss Nettire looked about her with virtuous horror. She hardly felt safe there, even in the company of an angel. He was a flirt. He attended theaters, and talked geology, and made wicked jests on the T. P. (Truly Pious) when he met Miss Nettire. Briefly, he was absolutely without a redeeming trait, and the least that the angel could do, in her opinion, was to brand him and shut him up in a cage.

"Can't do it, Ned!" said Will's jolly voice. "To tell the truth, I had set my heart on running over to Europe this year; but I was obliged to lay out $1,000 in another direction, so I must stay at home this season."

That was all—not a word more; but under the solemn, benignant look of the angel there flashed into Miss Nettire's brain a sudden scorching consciousness of their meaning. The recent Juneseville fire had left Miles Stanley penniless. He was an old man, with helpless family, and he was also Will Hartleigh's persistent enemy. Some one sent Miles Stanley, anonymously, a gift of $1,000. No one had praised the unknown giver more loudly than Miss Nettire. She had also taken Will to task for his evident satisfaction over his enemy's misfortune. The generous unknown was Will Hartleigh, and he had sacrificed his year's pleasure for his enemy, and told nobody.

III.

Place, the parsonage; persons, the much-enduring pastor and his more-enduring wife; Miss Nettire and the angel, invisible.

Miss Nettire looked hard at the angel. This was a degenerate parson. He was on horseback when he should have been visiting sick old women, and he paid three visits to Mrs. Hauton, who occupied the most stately house in Juneseville, where he paid one elsewhere. If ever the thunder fell, what head better merited it than that of this selfish, frivolous, worldly, time-serving, latitudinarian priest? And again Miss Nettire looked hard at the angel. The parson laid down his book and looked anxiously at his wife.

"I am troubled for Mrs. Hauton," he said, with a sigh. "Her trials are so many! First, the death of Lucy, and now this terrible anxiety. Mr. Hauton is undoubtedly insane, and yet his insanity is mixed with so much cunning that it would be no easy matter to prove it; and she is obliged to look on quietly while he recklessly throws to the winds her children's property; and to crown all comes this trouble between John and his father. The young man will not credit his father's mental condition—insists on remonstrating with him as if he were a responsible being. The poor woman feels as if she were losing her faith under these repeated afflictions."

Mrs. Parson looked sympathizing.

"You will ride there to-day, James?"

"I shall go there, but I shall not ride. I hear that some of my congregation are displeased with my new diversion. Their version of the matter is, their pastor rides about for pleasure and at his ease, while the afflicted suffer and die without him!"

"And so you will walk two miles and a half through this deep mud—you who are already so weak?" replied his wife, a red spot beginning to glow on either cheek. "What did the doctor tell you, James? That you could not hope to remain another year in your pulpit without active exercise, and exercise taken for pleasure, too. He said you might as well file a piece of steel every day in the same spot on exactly the same spot and not expect to wear a hole there. Follow my example, sir, and don't walk with the fear of Nettire before your eye when your duty to God and yourself calls you another way. I had no outside wrap this Winter." (Miss Nettire started.) "To buy one out of your salary was not to be thought of. I had given my shawl to Kate; I couldn't see her come shivering home from school every day. I had some pieces of silk, ten years old, and two extra breadths of cashmere left from my dress pattern. Between the two I contrived myself a paletot. It is cut after the latest style. I could cut it no other way. I lined and wadded it, and embroidered it to hide the piecing and help out the silk. It is very comfortable, and you say becoming. Well, Miss Nettire stands aghast, I am told. She says, 'It is no wonder that so many young women are going straight to destruction, and that people sneer at Christianity, when a woman who, from her position alone, should be pre-eminently adorned with good works, attires herself lustred in gold and pearls and broidered array;' that means my piecing, you know. What should I do? Remain a prisoner in the house, and then be censured for non-attendance at the church, non-visiting, etc.? I say we cannot serve two masters, and I prefer God to Miss Nettire. Be a wise man. Go and do likewise."

Miss Nettire's thin face was crimson. What sermons she had preached with that paletot for a text! What a scapegoat for the sins of the community was that luckless horse in her estimation! and how much she had added to Mrs. Hauton's heavy burdens! How natural, simple and inevitable looked the very things that in her eyes had been inexcusable!

IV.

Time, lunch-time; place, Mrs. Goreout's breakfast room; persons, the angel and Miss Nettire, Mrs. Goreout and her cousin Sue.

Mrs. Goreout was a pretty woman, and made the most of it. Her chestnut hair was rolled back becomingly from her arch face. A light-minded bit of lace perched jauntily over her forehead, evidently setting up for a breakfast-cap, though it could have no reasonable expectation of being taken for more than a rosette. In Miss Nettire's opinion, this bit of lace was the key-note to Mrs. Goreout's character. It was of no possible use. It could not keep her warm. She did not need it, for she was not bald. It was there just to look pretty—Mrs. Goreout's highest aim and constant endeavor, although she hypocritically pretended to care for better things.

"Now," thought Miss Nettire, "if she knew an angel was looking at her, I wonder if she wouldn't wish herself in a plain gray dress instead of that ruffled wrapper, and whether she would try to tuck her hair behind her ears or not?"

But Mrs. Goreout evidently had no suspicion of an angel. She sat complacently in her iniquitous gown, smiling as she dropped lumps of sugar into her cousin Sue's coffee, and talking in a pleasant voice.

"Grievous things are said against me? What are they?"

Sue smiled and coined a word on the spot:

"Nettires."

"Oh!" and Mrs. Goreout's white forehead contracted a little.

"You are a member of the church, and yet, Miss Nettire says, you are absent half the time from the prayer meetings, and from the Mothers' Flannel assemblies; and more than that, she don't see, for her part, how you can come flouncing to the communion and prayers in silk and velvet. She should think you would be afraid."

Mrs. Goreout sighed and looked down for a moment, and then flashed a bright smile at Susan.

"Foolish to care, is it not? I won't care. It is true, I was not at the prayer meeting last Wednesday. But there was a reason for it. Old Lisba's complaint is just now so bad that it keeps her in bed. I could send her what she needs; but you know there are plenty to attend the prayer meeting, and there are not plenty who will bathe Lisba's poor limbs, and brush her hair, and talk her into a happier humor. She told me once that for years her heart was as hard as a stone, because she thought that God had made one world for the rich and another for the poor, and that the rich threw alms to her, and such as her, as they would to a dog to keep them from being too troublesome. But when ladies who were rich and happy and fortunate left their grand houses to sit down with her in her smoky room, and talk to her about her troubles, and waited on her with their own hands for Jesus' sake, then indeed she did believe there was a Jesus, and that Christians did love one another. Now, Sue, I would never dare to stay away when she needed me, after that. Think of the harm I might do anyone already so sore at heart."

Miss Nettire winced. She felt the gaze of the angel fixed on her with a look of solemn inquiry.

"And about the 'Flannel Society,'" continued Mrs. Goreout. "I was absent from that, too. It was the only day on which I could take old Mrs. Bathersby and Miss Simcox to drive, and they have grown to count so on that weekly ride! They have so little pleasure; and, though they pinch and save every cent just to live, they are so proud it is the only thing I dare offer them. They like the change, and they like, too, to have the carriage drawn up in front of their door. Their poor poverty-hunted souls shake off their bondage, and you can feel that a pleasant sense of ease and importance is warming them through every fiber, as they chat with me and lean back on the cushions in an elegant manner. It is pure selfishness, I suppose, on my part. These are good women, and if the cup of cold water is not to be forgotten, I suppose even such a trifle will bring its blessing."

"And the silk and velvet?" queried Susan. "If meat makes my brother to offend, I was to eat no meat while the world stands, you know. And your dress does offend Miss Nettire."

"Yes, I know; but how if eating no meat I would offend a weaker brother yet more?" said Mrs. Goreout, gravely. "I like to look nice, and yet I do suppose I should have no right to trip Miss Nettire with my fashions if it were not for Frank. He declares that my good spirits and tasteful dress are the best arguments he has ever heard in favor of religion; and he can have confidence in a piety that does not consist chiefly in asceticism, but does everything as to God, even rejoicing and looking lovely. Miss Nettire does not need me as much as Frank does. Her conversion is not at stake, while my influence over Frank depends very much on such trivial matters. But I know what I can do. I can try to be better friends with Miss Nettire. I fancy we have none of us enough of what Rosa calls 'love charity' for her. We think too much of the prickles, and not enough of the real goodness in her character."

Miss Nettire gasped. From the solemn, benignant presence near her something like a halo seemed to shine about Mrs. Goreout. A great sob came choking into the spinster's throat.

"Go back," she said, huskily, "to Sally Nettire's house. She is the sinner whom you came to seek, and who ought to arouse all my righteous wrath. I believe now, if we could but know all, there are few for whom there is not some palliation, and no case in which we can be certain of judging a righteous judgment, and that is why God forbade us in our blindness to judge at all. I could not get over the rest; but to think that such a butterfly as Maria Goreout should be doing things for Jesus' sake! I am going home to pray not to be judged as I have judged others."

V.

Miss Nettire at her window.

"I wonder why Julia Prichard is forever in the street! I should think she had better be at home with her bed-ridden mother." Pulling herself up: "No, I don't! I won't think like that. Maybe she has the best of reasons."

Miss Nettire had concluded that the angel's visit was a dream, but it had left its traces. Hence a constant succession of single combats between herself and her second nature in private; in public such a reformed edition of Miss Nettire as set all Juneseville wondering. If angels' visits were not so few, how certain other communities might be similarly benefited!

Sad Ending of a Romance.

On a pallet of straw in a Chinese hut at Courtland, in this county, there died recently a young woman aged some twenty-two years whose maiden name was Braun, and who was daughter of a once prosperous merchant of Chicago, but whose married name was Mrs. Jo Sing, she being the wife of a Chinaman. Some four years ago she was seized with the romantic idea that the proper thing was to wed Mr. Jo Sing, a moon-eyed son of the Orient, who had become a naturalized American citizen. In defiance of paternal threats, and despite the pleadings of relatives and friends, this romance-crazed girl left her comfortable home and became the wife of her Chinese lover. A few months ago the couple came to this State and located at Courtland. The young wife, it appears, had, during her brief career as such, contracted the vice of morphine-taking, and it is supposed that her death was accidental from over-indulgence in the use of the drug, although it may have been taken with suicidal intent. She is represented as having been of very prepossessing appearance. The young wife's transition from the very comfortable home of her family, where she was surrounded by congenial friends and all the usual blessings of American home life, to the stifling hut of the Mongolian, with its mob of chattering, yellow-skinned creatures, should, it would seem, have soon dispelled her silly romance. Perhaps it did; but the step which she had taken had placed her so far beyond the pale of recognition by her friends and relatives that she could not retrace it, and all that was left for her to do was to submit to the punishment which she had brought upon herself.—*Sacramento Bee.*

CURE FOR FELON.—When a finger pricks as though there were a thorn in it, and throbs intolerably when held downward, and yet there is no external sign of mischief, the probabilities are that a felon is in prospect. Go at once to the butcher's and procure some of the spinal marrow of a beef creature. Take a piece, say about two inches in length, and having cut it open lengthwise, wrap it around the affected finger, covering, of course, with cloth. In a few hours change the piece of marrow for a fresh one, and continue to keep the finger encased until all the pain has ceased and there is no discomfort when the marrow is removed. The finger will look strangely white and porous, but the cure is complete. This remedy ought to become professional. It is vastly better than the surgeon's knife, and more effectual.

We see it advocated that Southern Legislatures should pass game laws, to prohibit killing game except in certain seasons of the year. It is believed that if something of the kind is not done, the negro will soon become extinct.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

A GLIMPSE AT GOTHAM'S URBAN WATERING PLACE IN AUGUST.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, August 14, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Crowded, stirring as the city is this time of year, there are really few interesting events to write about, and fewer personalities worthy of celebration. Perhaps politics should be referred to; but in this respect the agony should be made as light and short as possible. We will have to come to it soon.

The scribes of the International Press have returned from their rambles on land and water, and, like half a million of other people, will rusticate for a while at Coney Island, whither go more numerous thousands daily. That urban watering place was never seen to better advantage than now, in its special harvest time, when tens of thousands of men, women and children daily cover its glistening sands or sport in its glorious surf. From early morning to midnight, every train is crowded, and yet, vast as the throng is, it is always good-natured and well-behaved. Under the most untoward circumstances, these pleasure-seekers keep their tempers in a way wonderful to see, as shown during a severe shower recently, when all the resources of the place were taxed to their utmost, and the crowd surging in the waiting-room at a station accidentally displaced a great leader, letting the water pour in on the people below. Not an angry word was heard, but everybody laughingly took it as one of the "sorrowful chances" common to most mundane experiences.

All along the sands are scattered tents and booths, which contain the side-shows of the Island, dear to all children and some grown folks, and especially dear to boys. You may have your photograph taken in one at an astonishingly low price, and you may gaze at the "learned pig" in the next one; a little further on is a shooting gallery, and beyond stand the donkey boys, waiting for chance customers.

Up at the bathing amphitheater friends of the bathers sit placidly looking on at their antics in the water, while their children are riding around the building on mechanical horses, and some poor mothers sit wearily rocking their sick babies in the comfortable cradles provided for them in the shade of the overhanging roof.

In quiet corners you come upon parties of modest lunchers, who have brought their food from home and are discussing it with right good will and appetite, while up at the great tables the constant clatter of knives and forks, the popping of corks and the general noise betoken that the crowds have begun to refresh the inner man and woman. Clams are the staple article of food at the Island, as they deserve to be, and at almost any hour of the day there may be heard the click of the spring bell on the piazza railing, which indicates how many stews are to be served next to the man who presides at the crackling fire in the little pavilion on the sands outside, where great stones are kept hot all the time for the purpose of heating the masses of seaweed in which the clams are so delightfully cooked. Chowder, too, is in its glory here, and Coney Island cannot be properly "alone" unless you indulge in these specialties of its cuisine.

After lunch, if the eye tires of the kaleidoscopic beauty of the scene, there are the aquarium, with its varied wonders; the great iron observatory, from which the view is astonishingly wide and beautiful; and the chance for a drive along the edge of the surf in a broad-wheeled, comfortable vehicle.

From this time until midnight the throng increases perceptibly, and the toilets of the fair are of surpassing beauty and elaborateness. AUGUST.

TRIALS OF LITERARY MEN.—Carlyle, in his life of Schiller, expresses the following view on the unhappiness, the faults and the follies of literary men:

Talent of any sort is generally accompanied with a peculiar fineness of sensibility; of genius this is the most essential constituent; and life in any shape has sorrow enough for hearts so formed. The employments of literature sharpen this natural tendency; the vexations that accompany them frequently exasperate it into morbid soreness. The cares and toils of literature are the business of life; its delights are too ethereal and too transient to furnish that perennial flow of satisfaction, coarse but plenteous and substantial, of which happiness in this world of ours is made. The most finished efforts of the mind give it little pleasure; frequently they give it pain, for men's aims are ever beyond their strength. And the outward recompense of these undertakings, the distinctions they confer, is of still small value; the desire for it is insatiable, even when successful; and when baffled it issues in envy and jealousy and every pitiful and painful feeling. So keen a temperament, with so little to restrain or satisfy, so much to tempt or distress it, produces contradictions which few are adequate to reconcile. Hence the unhappiness of literary men; hence their faults and follies.

If you have a boil and want to get rid of it in the easiest manner possible, just cut a tomato in half, make a hollow inside large enough to receive the boil aforesaid, and fit the two together. The boil will soon be gone, and with less pain than by any other treatment.—*Ex.*

A bass drum well played can cover up the poor notes of the cornet players quite successfully. This is why the poorest bands have the largest bass drums.

LITTLE "RHODY."

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 15, 1880.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Should I write to-day of that which I hear and daily read, it would be but a series of paragraphs of jolly excursions that were yesterday, are to-day, and will be to-morrow. Not one-twentieth part of these are Little Rhodians; yet our little State and the attractive bay that it so proudly and lovingly clasps in its arms are the charm that daily calls these long excursion trains from all points, North, South, East and West, to one common center and temporary halting place, the railroad station on Exchange place.

Sunday excursions are yearly growing more frequent. It is estimated that at Rocky Point last Sunday there were 2,500 people during the day. The largest party of the season also visited Block Island the same day, and it is estimated that at the other shore resorts there were as many as 5,000 people. Just imagine thousands of people visiting these Summer "Hotels de Clam" daily for two months, and but a small portion repeating their visit, and you can form some idea how extensive is this love of a clam dinner upon fair Narragansett's banks. It was hinted last season that even Congressional judgment was biased by the succulent clam dinners furnished by some of the "tony" clam-houses. After partaking of our "salt" bivalves, how could they have the heart to give their testimony against us? Well, they couldn't.

Narragansett Pier mourns the dearth of young men. They are not numerous enough to make the "german" interesting. This unreasonable absence of the masculine element is accounted for by the fact that business is so brisk that the fathers, husbands, brothers and sons cannot be spared from the office and counting-rooms. How *very* absurd! Why do the women submit to neglect for such *trifles* as business? The very idea is preposterous! Gentlemen, did ye not hear that wail from the Pier—"The german is so stupid this season!"

I think of the dainty, perfumed bits of feminine elegance at the watering places, thrumming the window seats with their fingers of baby-like softness, and wonder why it ever became the fashion to think that it is just for wives and daughters to idle away their Summers in fashionable frivolity—at least as long as the fullness of the family purse depends upon the *constant* labor of the husband and father.

Speaking of the Pier, reminds one of Canonchet, and that she who planned the construction of the magnificent villa now summers at a hotel within view of it, and can sit at her leisure and gaze upon the tomb of her dead hopes, whatever they may have been. No one but He who reads all hearts can ever know the truth of such matters.

The poor children of Pawtucket, with some of their mothers and grandmothers, were last week given a free excursion to Rocky Point. A reporter says their behavior would have done credit to the "prize scholars" of a Sunday school. The feast he describes thus: "Clams consumed, 59 bushels; chowder surrounded, 120 gallons; corn eaten, 4,000 ears; baked fish, 200 pounds; 1,600 clam cakes; 80 watermelons, and without Dr Tanner." One scene is reported in this wise: "Grandma, who gave us this sail and all the nice things to eat?" "I don't know." "Well, God knows, and I am going to pray to Him to-night that He will bless the man who has made us so happy." The "recording angel" is supposed to have recorded that prayer on the record of Henry L. Fairbrother.

To-morrow some of our citizens will favor the deserving poor of Providence with a similar trip. At last accounts there had not been any such marked exhibition of generosity as was shown at Pawtucket, and it was feared some would be left.

Newport has dedicated her Casino, has played several games of polo, both upon skates and "scrub ponies;" has flirted, "hopped," and held literary meetings; and now has had the grandest of all the grand weddings ever held there, and is proud and happy. We did hope that that most egregious of Newport's follies would not be repeated; but it has been, and Miss Coates of Providence, daughter of the thread manufacturer, took the "brush," and some "Sir" was awarded the "pate." Had she been like our Miss Coates in Holland's "Nicholas Minturn," she would not have attended such a *mockery*. For Newport I can only quote, "The best and smartest have their weaknesses"—and of habitues? That "Satan finds mischief ever for idle hands and minds," and they might be doing worse than butchering timid foxes. Why not turn their skill with the cleaver to the Newport calves? KESIAH SHELTON.

George Bancroft will shortly complete his history of the United States. He has been engaged upon it fifty-five years. October 3d he will have lived full four-score years, and it is said is "hale and handsome, fond of society, and a familiar figure in it at Newport."

The late Dr. Bethune asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that of yours?" Said the Doctor: "Oh, sir, I am one of those who takes an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

ROBERT COLLYER.

This eminent representative of the Unitarian pulpit is well known as the "blacksmith preacher," having when a young man spent twelve years at the forge and anvil. It is said that a gentleman once stopped his horse near a smithy in a Yorkshire village. On entering it, he hardly arrested the attention of a boy who seemed to be absorbed in the work of blowing the bellows. Closer observation revealed the presence of a book, placed on a shelf near the lad's head, with its pages kept open by two bits of iron. Each time he brought down the bellows or released it, he appeared to catch a sentence from the book.

That boy was Robert Collyer, who was born December 8, 1823, at Keighley, a village in Yorkshire, England. His father was an uneducated blacksmith, though regarded one of the best workmen at the forge in Yorkshire. In 1844, while working at his trade, without warning, he fell dead.

Robert was sent to school quite early in his childhood, and remained four years, and this was all the schooling he ever had. He quickly learned to read, and soon became thoroughly conversant with the few books owned by his parents, viz.: the Bible, "The Young Man's Companion," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe." His father was then living at Fewstone Parish, where the children of the poor worked in the linen factories, and from eight or nine to fourteen Robert's life was spent in this way.

Then he left the linen factory, and was apprenticed to a blacksmith of Ilkley; and to the twelve years spent at the Ilkley forge he doubtless owes a strength of lungs and a robust frame exceedingly rare in the clerical profession. In a recent address, he alluded to his health as "brutal." While at Ilkley, all the money he could save was invested in books, which he kept on a shelf in the smithy; and as he blew the bellows, he kept an open volume before him, and snatched now and then a sentence, as has been described. He made many a good horse-shoe, a feat of which he is still proud, and during that apprenticeship his future was decided.

In 1847, influenced by the Rev. H. H. Bland, now of Montreal, Canada, who at that time made a deep impression on the Yorkshire men, Mr. Collyer was converted to Methodism, and in the following year, while still wielding the hammer at Ilkley on week days, he attended the neighboring Methodist chapels on Sundays. His first experience in preaching was gained in this manner. At the same time he continued his studies assiduously, and gradually prepared himself for his life-work as a minister.

In 1850 he concluded to emigrate to America, and it was on the 11th day of May that he landed in this country, accompanied by his wife, and a week later went to work at his trade in Shoemakertown, Pa. Having brought letters from England introducing him to the Philadelphia Conference, he was granted a license as a local preacher. At Shoemakertown, as at Ilkley, he pursued his trade as a smith on work days, and on Sundays exhorted in the little chapels wherever he could find an audience.

It was customary then for local preachers to support themselves mainly, and for the ten years he thus labored, what salary he received from the Conference amounted, as he has himself said, to "one almanac, various little household necessaries, and ten dollars in money."

During the latter part of his blacksmith life he became acquainted with Lucretia Mott and Dr. Furness, and found that certain views in theology which he had acquired were similar to theirs. Dr. Furness invited him to preach in his pulpit, and by doing so Mr. Collyer incurred the charge of heresy, which was made in January, 1859, against him, and the Conference refused to renew his license as a preacher. However, in February of the same year, he was commended by Dr. Furness to the First Unitarian Society of Chicago, which was without a minister. He went to Chicago, and was invited to supply the pulpit the first Sunday after his arrival. The church was then disturbed by political differences, and some thirty or forty of the members withdrew, who invited Mr. Collyer to become their preacher. Thus the Second Unitarian Society of Chicago was formed, and grew so rapidly that a new edifice was built, which has been known widely as Unity Church, the congregation becoming one of the largest and most flourishing in the Northwest.

Mr. Collyer was regarded one of the features of the great Lake City, and inseparably identified with Unity Church. But after twenty years of hard work in connection with that society, he hesitatingly decided to accept the urgent invitation of the Church of the Messiah in New York City, and last Summer he removed thither to enter upon the new connection. It will be remembered that the late Dr. Osgood, previous to his withdrawal from Unitarianism, graced the pulpit of this church with his eloquent and scholarly presence for many years.

While Mr. Collyer was settled in Chicago, an interesting incident occurred. One of his parishioners happened to visit Ilkley, the early home of his pastor. That little English village had grown to be a considerable town. Low, thatched houses had made way before fine mansions, and the smithy in which the boy scholar had worked and studied still existed, but the day of its disappearance was very near. The visitor inspected with some interest an old anvil standing in the shop.

"How long has that anvil been here?" he asked of the proprietor.

"Why," said the blacksmith, "it must have been here nigh thirty or forty year."

"Well," said the gentleman, "I will give you twice as much for it as will buy you a new one."

"Certainly," replied the puzzled smith; "but I would like to know what you want with this anvil."

"I will tell you. There was formerly an apprentice in this shop who used to work on it. That boy has now become a prominent man. Thousands love and honor him as a friend and a teacher, and I wish to carry this anvil with me to America, as a memorial of the humble beginning of his life."

The bargain was completed, and the anvil is now carefully preserved by the society of Unity Church.

Weed or Flower.

A child is an undeveloped weed or flower—it devolves on the parent, to a great extent, to decide which. It is hard to say how soon perception and reason commences in a child. It is probable that they follow soon after consciousness. The mental nature equals and frequently excels the physical nature in rapidity of growth. This is not always borne in mind in the child's education. We are at first very considerate of the delicate frame, and fully as inconsiderate of the mind; afterward we pay little attention to the physical growth, and much attention to the development of the intellectual qualities. During the first six or eight years we turn the child out into the open air, let him "romp" and play, so that bodily strength may be gained. During this play period the active, inquisitive mind is entirely unnourished, grows rank and without discipline, except such as comes incidentally within the home circle. The body is given unlimited exercise, and gradually comes to require it. Then comes the school period, suddenly and without preparation, in which the child is confined in the school-room during the majority of the daylight hours. Now it is all mind development, with little bodily exercise. The ruddy cheeks lose their color. The eyes grow luminous. The child is nervous. The growth which was abnormally physical is now abnormally mental; or else, as is frequently the case, the mind has been so long dormant that there is not sufficient time to discipline it before the child's opportunity is taken away, by the financial inability of the parents to provide further instruction, or by other causes. Now, certainly the true education does not consist in merely intellectual or merely physical attainment. When we desire results in the vegetable kingdom, we commence carefully to water, prune, train and nourish from the moment the tiny plant first appears above ground. If we want men and women of the highest type, of the best culture, we must not influence them spasmodically, first in the physical, then in the mental, then in the moral nature. The mind should be disciplined, as the body is, by daily exercise, gentle at first, and in due proportion, but commencing and continuing simultaneously. Thus the school will not be a sudden and violent transition, threatening health with its unaccustomed demands upon undeveloped faculties. An hour a day, or in many cases even less, would make a beautiful garden where there is too often nothing but weeds. It is not the soil that is to blame; it is the negligence of the cultivator. And it is highly inconsistent to expect all flowers and no weeds whenever, without this preparation, the subject has been spoken.

THE NORTH POLE.—The most vigorous efforts to reach the North Pole, or to make any near advance to it by means of direct approach from any one given point, having all proved failures, a new point of attack has been selected—that of approaching it more nearly by the aid of a multitude of stations. It is now proposed to establish a chain of permanent observing stations around the northern polar region. In the furtherance of this proposition, the Danish Government has resolved to establish a station in West Greenland; the Russian Government will establish two, one at the mouth of the Lena, and another on the new Siberian Islands. The United States has resolved to plant an observatory at Point Barrow in Alaska, and it is expected that Canada will occupy some central point on her Arctic frontier. Holland has provided funds for a station in Spitzbergen, and Norway will select some point in the northern extremity of Finmark. In addition to these national undertakings, Count Wilczec will place a corps of observers upon Nova Zembla. The line of this circumvallation, by posts of observation, will not be far from four thousand miles in extent, along which the observers will be placed at an average of only about five hundred miles distance from each other. It is possible that this may lead to some plan of advancing posts and keeping them up within supporting distances upon some more or less direct line. In this way, it is thought the Pole may be eventually reached and the circumpolar regions explored and mapped in aid of science, if not for the advancement of commercial interests.

The Seattle *Post* says: "A good illustration of the generally prevailing ideas at the East of the civilization of Washington Territory is found in the Newell colony. A gentleman who came with them from New York tells us that the head of every family was heavily armed. Many of the men had double-barreled shotguns, latest improved rifles, two revolvers and murderous knives. Had their destination been the heart of Africa or the most dangerous mining fields of Arizona, they could not have been more desperately equipped. They thought that ferocious beasts and ferocious men roamed the unbroken wilderness of Puget Sound, and that all the people went with their heads shaved so they could offer less temptation to the sculping-knife of the savage."