THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[A prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the proprietor of *Wood's Household Magazine* for the best temperance tale, was awarded to the following story by unanimous vote of the committee :]

My heart ached for the wretched man. His debauch was over; his nerves unstrung; the normal sensibilities of a fine, moral nature quickened, after a brief torpor, into most acute perceptions. Such a haggard face! Such hopeless eyes! I see the picture now, as a haunting spectre.

"Let the memory of this hour, so burdened by pain and repentance, be as a wall of defence around you in all the future," I said.

He looked at me drearily. Slowly shaking his head, he replied :

"Such memories are no defence. My soul is full of them. When temptation assails, they fall away, and I am at the mercy of mine enemy, who rushes in, like a hungry wolf, to kill and to destroy."

"Is there no help for you, then?" I asked.

He shut his eyes and was very still. If an artist could have seen his face then, and faithfully caught its expression, those who looked upon the image must have felt such pity in their hearts as makes the eyes grew dim with tears.

"I fear not," he answered, after a little while, in a hopeless kind of way.

"It cannot be." I spoke confidently and assuringly. "No man is given over to such utter ruin. There must be, and there is, a way of escape from every evil."

"Except the evil of a bad and degrading habit—that vile second nature," he answered, "the steady current of which is forever bearing him downward, downward, toward a storm-wrecked ocean. He may seize the oars in alarm, as I have done scores of times, and pull against the current, making headway for a little while. But human strength avails not here. The arms grow weary, the spirit flags—it is easier to drift than to row, and down the current bears him again. It is the history of thousands and tens of thousands, and I am no exception."

"It cannot be," I answered. "There is help for every man, no matter how weak, nor how beset by enemies; else God's word must fail."

"It does fail, I think," he answered, in a gloomy, despairing kind of way.

"No! no! no!" Quickly and emphatically did I reject his conclusion.

"Have it as you will. I shall not argue the point." He spoke almost listlessly.

"Then, I say, there is help for every man, no matter where he is or what he is. We cannot fall so low that the Everlasting arms are not still beneath us, ready to bear us upward to mountain heights of safety."

"Oh, that those arms would bear me upward!" almost groaned my poor friend. "I have no strength in myself. I cannot climb. Unless lifted by another, I must perish."

"So bad as that?" I said.

"Just so bad," he answered slowly and bitterly. "This second nature I have made for myself, is my ruler. Reason, conscience, the love of my wife and children, my good reputation, pride, manliness—all human powers and virtues are its slave. And such a bondage!"

There was not a ray of hope in his dreary eyes.

"You must try again," I said, cheerily. "No man need be a slave."

"Easily said!" was his impatient answer; "while yet all men are slaves to some habit from which they cannot break."

"Say, rather, from which they will not break."

"You mock me with idle words."

"No; I speak only the words of truth and soberness. There is human strength, and there is divine strength. The Everlasting arms are always beneath and ready to bear us up, if we will but lean upon and trust them. Human strength is but as a broken reed; divine strength is sure as God Himself. It never fails."

There came into his heavy eyes a feeble play of light. The stern rejection that sat upon his lips faded off.

"In our own strength, nothing," I said; "in God's strength, all."

I saw his hands moving in an uncertain way. Then they rested one against the other. Suddenly they were clasped together in a kind of spasm, while his eyes flew upward in a wild, half-despairing appeal to God, his lips groaning out the words—

"Save me, or I am lost!"

Even now, memory gives back the thrill that swept along my nerves as his cry penetrated my ears.

Never from any human soul went up, unheard, a prayer like that. He who once and forever took upon himself our nature, and who was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin, and who is touched always with the feeling of our infirmity, stands close beside us, knocking at the door of our heart, that he may come in and help and save us. All hell is powerless before Him. Impure desires flee from His presence like night birds when the sun arises; and the cords of evil habits are broken, as the withes that bound the arms of Samson, at His lightest touch.

I waited for a little while without speaking, watching him closely, to see if he would rise into anything like confidence. Gradually, the hard, desponding look faded from his countenance, and I saw a calm resolve begin to show itself about his mouth.

"One more effort," he said, at last, speaking slowly: "One effort more, but not in my own strength. I have tried that too often, and shall never try it again. I give up the struggle as hopeless. If God fails me I am lost."

What a fearful crisis! If God fail? He never fails—is never nearer to us, nor stronger to help us, than at the moment when, despairing of our own strength, we turn to Him. The only danger lies in our not trusting Him fully.

"But how shall I trust Him? How shall I get a transfer of His strength to my will? How is it that His power can supplement my weakness? I am away down in the valley of sin and shame; how am I to get upon the mountains of purity, peace and safety? Will He bear me up as on the wings of an eagle? or must I climb and climb, from day to day, until I reach the summit?"

"You must climb," I said.

"I cannot. I have no strength. I have tried it a hundred times and failed." He answered with returning doubt.

"And will fail again, if you trust in your own strength. But, with God-given strength, used as your own, the ascent is sure."

"Ah! I see!" Light broke all over his face. "I see! I see!" he repeated. "God does not lift us out of our sin and misery, but gives us divine strength, if we ask Him in all sincerity, by which we lift ourselves."

"Yes."

"It is very simple and clear." He drew a long breath of relief, like one who has a load taken from his mind.

"The law of our dependence on God for help," I said.

"Yes. And now I see the meaning of this sentiment, in an old hymn I often heard sung when I was a boy, and which always struck me as a paradox :

"'When I am weak then am I strong.'"

"The Christian poet," I answered, "lifted into something of inspiration, often sees things in a clearer light than we who are down among the mists and shadows."

"Ah me!" he sighed; "your closing words remind me of the depth at which I lie, and the almost infinite distances above me to which I must rise ere out of danger."

"And to which you may surely rise if you will," I answered, with cheerful assurance.

"By God-given strength only?" he spoke, solemnly.

"Aye, never, never for an instant lose sight of that! Never, no matter how strong you may feel that you have grown, trust in yourself. In the hour of temptation look upward, praying in the silence of your heart for strength to resist."

"Best of friends!" he exclaimed in deep emotion; "you must have been sent to me by God. Hope dawns on a night that has been starless. I see the way to safety—for me the only way. No one knows but myself how hard I have tried to reform, nor in how many ways I have sought to escape from a terrible thraldom. But all has been in vain. When this remorseless appetite that has enslaved me asserted itself, my will became as nothing."

Long time we talked, I saying all that I could to strengthen him.

On the next Sunday, much to my surprise and pleasure, I saw him at church with his wife. I could not remember when I had seen him there before. At the close of the services, as I moved down the aisle with the crowd, some one grasped my hand and gave it a strong pressure. I turned and looked into the face of the friend I had tried to save.

"Oh, Martin!" I said, as I received a glance full of meaning, and then returned his hand pressure.

We walked for a few moments side by side without speaking, and then were separated by the crowd.

On the following Sunday he was at church again; and Sunday after Sunday found him in the family pew that for years had seen him so rarely.

Three or four months went by, anh Martin's feet were still in the paths that led upwards. But one day I was shocked to hear that he had fallen again. On careful inquiry I learned that he had been with his wife to an evening entertainment, given by a citizen of high worth and standing, whose name is on every lip as munificent in charity; but who, whatever may be his personal conviction, is not brave enough to banish wine from the generous board to which he invites his friends. And I learned still further, to my grief and pain, that the glass which broke down the good resolution of Martin, and let in upon him the fierce flood of repressed appetite was proffered by the hand of this good citizen as host.

I lost no time in going to my poor friend. I found him away down the valley of humiliation, his soul in the gall of bitterness. Shame and sorrow were in his eyes; but not despair. I took hopeful notice of this.

"It is very hard for us, all but God forsaken wretches!" he said bitterly, after the first formal sentences had passed between us. "Mr. —— is a man of generous feeling. He gives, in a princely way, to churches and to charities; is one of our best and most liberal citizens; and yet, after I have taken a few steps heavenward, he puts a stumbling-block in my way, and I fall back toward hell!"

"You could not have fallen over any stumbling-block man or devil might place in your way," I answered, "if you had been walking in divine instead of human strength."

"Well do I know that," he replied.

"And so," I said, "let this sad fall keep you in a more vivid remembrance of human weakness. Never for one instant trust in yourself. Stand perpetually on guard. The price of your liberty is eternal vigilance."

"It is a hard fight," he said, with a sigh, despondingly.

"Life is a warfare," I replied. "We are all beset with enemies, who know too well our vulnerable places—enemies that never sleep; implacable, cruel, ever seeking our destruction. I, you, all men have them. Trusting only in human strength, no one gains a victory; but in divine strength the issue of battle is sure. And so, my friend, gird up your loins again, and be wary and valiant."

Hope and courage came back into his heart.

"Beware of ambush," I said, as I passed from him that day. "The enemy, coming on you unawares, is more to be dreaded than when he forms his line of attack to the sound of trumpets. Seek no conflicts; keep off his ground; but when he comes forth to meet you, giving challenge, do battle in the name of the Lord."

A few weeks afterward I was present when a gentleman of large wealth and good standing, both in church and society, said to him :

"I didn't see you at my house last evening."

"No," was the rather curt reply: "it is safer for me to keep off of the devil's ground."

"I don't understand you, sir!" replied the gentleman, a flush of sudden anger in his eyes, for he felt the remark as a covert insult.

Martin's face grew sober, and he answered with a calm impressiveness that caused the anger to go out of his listener's eyes, and a thoughtful concern to take its place.

"I am fighting the devil," he said, "and must not give him the smallest advantage. Just now I am the victor, and hold him at bay. He has his masked batteries, his enchanted grounds, his mines and pitfalls, his gins and miry sloughs; and I am learning to know the signs of hidden danger. If I fall into any of his snares, I am in peril of destruction; and though I struggle, or fight my way out, I am weak or wounded, and so the less able to meet the shock of battle when he rushes upon me as I stand on guard, ready in God's name, for the conflict.

"His enchanted ground is a social company, where wine flows freely. I speak of what it is to me, and call it, so far as I am concerned, the devil's ground. He caught me there not long ago, and had me at his own advantage. But, I will not again set foot thereon. If you, good citizens, make of your homes, in mistaken hospitality, places where the young find temptations, and the weak, stumbling-blocks, men, such as I am, must shun them as the gates of hell."

His manner had grown more and more impressive.

"Is it so bad as that?" remarked the gentleman, in a voice that showed both surprise and pain.

"Just so bad," Martin answered, impressively; "I believe Reigart's oldest son was at your house?"

"Yes."

"It was the devil's ground for him? An hour or two ago I saw him coming out of a saloon, so drunk that he could not walk straight. And only three days ago, his father told a friend that his boy had certainly reformed, and that he now had more confidence in his future than he had felt for a long time."

"You cannot mean what you say?" the gentleman exclaimed, in visible agitation.

"I have told you only the sad and solemn truth," was Martin's answer; "and if I had accepted your invitation, I might be lying at a depth of misery and degradation, the bare thought of which makes me shudder!"

The gentleman stood for a little while as if stunned.

"This is frightful to think of," he said, and I saw him shiver.

"It is the last time," he added, after a pause —"the last time that any man shall go out of my house weaker and more degraded than when he came in. If my offering of wine cause my brother to offend, then will I not offer it again while the world stands."

"Ah, sir!" answered Martin, "if many, many more of our good citizens would so resolve, hundreds of young men now drifting out into the current of intemperance might be drawn back into safer waters and hundreds of others who are striving to make head against it saved from destruction. I speak feelingly, for I am one of those who are struggling for life in this fatal current."

The way of safety for a man like Martin is very narrow and straight. If he steps aside into any of the pleasant paths that open on the right hand and on the left, he is in the midst of peril. If he grow confident in his own strength and less dependent on that which is given from above, the danger of falling becomes imminent.

Martin fell again. Alas! that this should have to be told.

"Was that Martin who passed us?" asked a friend with whom I was walking.

"No," I answered in a positive voice; and yet as I said the word my heart gave a throb of fear—the man was so like him.

"It was, I am sure. Poor wretch! He tries hard to reform; but that cursed appetite is too much for him. I'm afraid there is no help. He'll die a drunkard."

I turned back quickly and without response, following the man we had passed. Just as I came up to him he had stopped at the door of a drinking saloon, and was holding a brief parley with awakened appetite.

"In God's name, no!" I said, laying my hand upon him.

He started in a frightened kind of way, turning on me a haggard face and blood-shot eye. I drew my arm within his, and led him away passive as a child. Not a word was spoken by either until we were in his office, which was not far distant, and the door shut and locked. He dropped into a chair with a slight groan, his head sinking upon his chest. He was the picture of abject wretchedness.

"He leaveth the ninety and nine that are safely folded," I said, speaking in a low, tender voice, "and goeth out into the wilderness to seek that which is estray."

He did not answer.

"You have looked to the strong for strength, you have prayed to Him for success, and He has come very near to you and helped you. Because you again went out of the fold, His love has not failed. He has found you out in the wilderness and brought you back to a place of safety. Only trust in Him and all will be well. He is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. His is a love that never fails."

I waited for him to reply, but he kept silence.

"It must have been no ordinary temptation," I said.

Still he was silent.

"The enemy must have come on you unaware," I added, after a brief pause. "The bolt must have fallen ere you saw the warning flash."

"I was taken at a disadvantage; but I had time to know my enemy, and should have given battle in God's name, instead of yielding like a craven."

Such was his reply. It gave me hope.

"Tell me the whole story," I said.

He raised himself to a firmer attitude; and I saw swift lights beginning to flash in his dull eyes.

"Wounded again in the house of a friend," he replied.

"What friend?"

"One on whom God has laid the special duty of saving human souls—our minister!"

"Not Mr. L——?"

"Yes."

I was confounded.

"I went to him for help," continued Martin, "and instead of the counsel and support I then so much needed, for my old enemy, appetite, was gathering up his strength, and setting his host in battle array, I was tempted and betrayed! I should have gone to God, and not to man. With His Divine Word in my thought, and prayer in my heart, I should have opposed the awakening enticement of deire, as I have so often done and prevailed."

"Tell me how it happened," I said.

"As I have just told you," he replied, "I was not feeling very strong. That old restlessness of which I have spoken had come back upon me, and I knew what it meant. So I said to my wife, 'I think, Mary, that I'll step around and see Mr. L——. I'd like to talk with him.' She looked at me with a slight shadow of concern in her face; for she has learned to know the signs of a coming hour of darkness, when the powers of hell renew their direful assaults upon my soul. 'Do,' she aswered; and I went.

"I found Mr. L—— in his library, but not alone. Mr. E——, the banker, had called in to have a talk with the minister about a college for theological students, in which both felt considerable interest. Funds were wanted in order to give the Institution the required efficiency; and the ways and means of getting funds were earnestly discussed by Mr. L—— and the capitalist. After an hour's talk, and the arrangement of a plan for securing the object in view, Mr. L—— rang a bell. To the servant who came in, he said something in low voice, that I did not hear. The servant retired, but came back in a few minutes, bearing, to my surprise and momentary consternation, a tray with wine and glasses. I saw a pleased light in the banker's eyes, as they rested on the amber colored wine.

"'Some fine, old Sherry,' said Mr. L——, 'sent by a friend abroad. I want you to taste it.' And he filled the three glasses that were on the tray, handing one to his guest and another to me. In myself—my poor, weak self!—I was not not strong enough to refuse. If I had looked up to God, instantly, and prayed for strength to do the right, strength would, I know, have come. But I did not. I took the glass, not meaning to drink, but to gain time for thought. To have refused would have been, I then felt, to set myself up as a rebuker of these men; and that I had not the courage to do. No, I did not mean to taste the wine. But, as they lifted their glasses, drank and praised the fruity juice, I, in a kind of mesmeric lapse of rational self control, raised my glass also, and sipped. A wild, fierce thirst possessed me instantly, and I drained the glass to the bottom!

"A sudden terror and great darkness fell upon me. I saw the awful gulf on whose brink I stood. 'I will go home,' I said to myself; and rising, I bade the two men an abrupt good night and left them. But I did not go directly home, alas for me! There were too many enticements by the way. Indeed, I don't know how or when I got home.

"Of the shame, the anguish, the despair of this morning, I cannot speak. You don't know what it means—have no plummet by which to sound its depths of bitterness. I left home for my office, feebly resolved to keep away from temptation; how feebly, you know! If the good Lord, who is trying to save me, had not sent you to my rescue, I would now be—oh! I cannot speak the frightful words."

"He never leaves us nor forsakes us," I answered. "He is always going out upon the black mountains, to the hot desert, and into the wilderness of wild beasts, seeking His lost and wandering sheep. If they hear His voice, and follow Him, He will bring them into His fold, where is peace and safety."

"Good Shepherd of souls," my friend said audibly, lifting upward his eyes, that were full of tears, "save me from the wolves! They wait for me in all my paths; they spring upon me in all my unguarded moments; they hide themselves in covert places, thirsting for my life; they steal upon me in sheep's clothing—they beset me everywhere! Good Shepherd! I have no help but in Thee."

Breaking the deep, impressive silence that followed, I said, "in Him alone is safety. So long as you hear His voice, and follow Him, no wolf can touch you with his murderous teeth. But, if you go out of His sheepfold, and trust in your own strength to overcome the wild beasts that crowd the wilderness of the world, destruction is sure."

A few years have passed since then, and Martin still holds, in divine strength, the mastery of appetite. The vile second nature he had formed unto himself, and which bore him downward, for a time, in its steady current, grew weaker and weaker, as the new life, born from above, gained strength. In the degree that he resisted and denied the old desires, did they grow weaker; and in their place God gave him purer and healthier desires, so that he became, as it were, a new man.

"The wolves are not all dead," I said to him one day, as we talked of the present and the past.

He looked a little sober as he replied: "No, my friend. I often hear them howling in the distance; and I know full well that if I leave my Shepherd's side, and stray off into the wilderness, vainly trusting in myself, that I shall be as powerless to stand against them as a helpless sheep. For me, I am not safe for a moment, except when I trust in God's strength to supplement my weakness. When I do that, all hell cannot prevail against me!"

Mr. Beecher on Tobacco.

I exceedingly dislike tobacco, and I still more dislike bad tobacco; and I have been often polite enough to say to men that were smoking, "I have no objection to your smoking a decent cigar; but the smoke of a pipe that has been used for a generation, and that is filled with the worst kind of tobacco, is a fumigation that I do not need. Yet, if you will smoke such a pipe and such tobacco, I must submit." I think that smokers are the nastiest things that Gods lets live on the earth. When I go into the cars or boats where they are, and see what puddles they leave, I feel as though, if I had the liberty of doing by them as we do by poodles, I would take them by the neck and rub their noses in their own filth! They have what they call "Gent's" rooms. That is right. The name ought to be cut in two. They are not *gentlemed*. You would think, in going through a "gent's" car, that you were going through Tophet. It excels my imagination of Tophet. Of all dirty holes, that is the dirtiest.

It is complained that on the boats gentlemen will not go into the "gent's" cabin instead of going in on the ladies' side. I won't go in on the side that was intended for "gents." I am a *gentlemen*—not a "gent." The filthiness, the nastiness of these places, after 200 or 300 men have smoked and spit, and chewed and squirted, is beyond belief. I pity the woman that mops up. I have thought of writing an article—and I will yet—on that very subject. The snail that goes about leaving slime in his track, is a clean animal compared with one of those men who has no sense of anybody's comfort but his own, and selfishly smokes or chews his tobacco, and smells scarcely less strong than a polecat, and spits wherever he goes, and dirties the dress of every woman that comes near him, (though I do not pity the women, where they wear long dresses,) and makes everybody around him uncomfortable. Such men often profess to be good Christians. Abominable fellows! We examine men for membership on drinking. For my part, I should like to see them examined on smoking and chewing.

I have heard of a thirsty pilgrim, a heavy man in town, who hunted through a rural village five whole days for his accustomed dram. It was all in vain. He was about to despair, when he heard of a temperance gathering in a hall near by. He entered the unfamiliar scene. A speaker arose and gloried in the power of Prohibition. "Every place in town is cleared of rum except that barber's shop at the end of the street." Straightway our friend took up his line of march, it was a bee-line to the barber's shop aforesaid. He found it even so, and he tarried there for a season. The queer fact that a temperance meeting is a sole directory, and a barber's shop the sole bar, in many an inland town, argues well for the success of the present liquor laws.

SABBATH READING.

Wesley's Preaching.

"It was, I believe, in October, 1770, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great round meeting-house at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was hardly audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part, pantomine, but the pantomine went to the heart. Of the kind, I never saw anything comparable to it in after life."—P. 19. This incident was never forgotten by Robinson. He often related it at his own table, with the addition, that so greatly was Wesley reverenced, that the people stood in double lines to see him pass through the streets on his way to the chapel. In a letter written at the time to one of his brothers, he gave the following particulars of the same occurrence: "At another time, and not knowing the man, I should almost have ridiculed his figure. Far from it now. I look upon him with a respect bordering on enthusiasm. After the people had sung one verse of a hymn, he rose and said: 'It gives me great pleasure to find that you have not lost your singing. Neither men nor women—you have not lost a single note. And I hope that by the assistance of that same God who enables you to sing well, you may do all other things well.' A universal 'Amen' followed. At the end of every head of division of his discourse he finished by a kind of prayer, a momentary wish, as it were, not consisting of more than three or four words, which were always followed by a universal buzz. His discourse was short—the text I could not hear. After the last prayer he rose up and addressed the people upon liberality and sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join any congregation on account of the difference of opinion. He said, 'If they but fear God, work righteousness, and keep his commandments, we have nothing to object to.'"—*Henry Crabbe Robinson.*

BE SOCIAL.—A young man comes to your church; he is a perfect stranger to the majority of those he meets; his home is far away, and *his church* he has left far behind. He listens attentively to the service, and is pleased and profited by what he hears. The service over he goes out. Although many know him to be a stranger, yet no one extends the friendly hand, or in any manner notices him. He is somewhat discouraged, a little home-sickness steals over him, but he resolves to go there one Sabbath more. He goes, with the same result. Discouraged, he seeks another sanctuary, where the warm grasp of the hand, information about the evening meeting, invitation to the Sabbath-school, and the interest taken by the members of the second church in his welfare, at once decide his course. The result is, a zealous worker is gained by one church and lost by the other, and simply because the young men were social.

Young men and young women of our churches, never let a stranger go away without notice; never let that chilling feeling of loneliness come over any person in the house of God. It should be your pleasure to make every stranger at home. Try it, and your reward will be speedy. —*Christian at Work.*

HASTENING HOME.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the tiny channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the willows upon its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and in manhood is along a wider, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short-lived enjoyments. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we can not be delayed; for, rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.—*Bishop Heber's Farewell Sermon.*

A MAN may know all about the rocks, and his heart remain as hard as grante or adamant; he may know all about the winds, their courses and their currents, and be the sport of passions as turbulent and fierce as they; he may know all about the stars, and his fate be the meteor's that blazes for a little while and is then lost, quenched in eternal night: he may know all about the sea, and be a stranger to the peace of God; his soul may resemble its troubled waters, which, lashed by storms and ruffled by every breath of wind, cannot rest, but throws up mire and dirt; he may know how to rule the spirit of the elements, and not know how to rule his own; he may know how to turn aside the deadly thunderbolt, but not the wrath of an angry God; you may know all, in short, that man's genius has discovered, or his skill invented, but if you do not know Jesus Christ, if your eyes have never been opened to a saving knowledge of the truth, what will that avail you when they are fixed in their sockets, glazed by the hand of death? Equally by the deathbed of the greatest philosopher, as of the hardest miser that ever ground the faces of the poor, there is room and reason for the solemn question, What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world—all its learning, its wealth, its pleasures, and honors—and lose his own soul? —*Dr. Guthrie.*

THE TRIUMPHAL ENRTY.—Two vast streams of people met on that day. * * Half of the vast mass, turning round, preceded; the otner half followed. Gradually the long procession swept up and over the ridge where first begins "the descent of the Mount of Olives" toward Jerusalem. At this point the first view is caught of the southeastern corner of the city. The temple and the more northern portions are hid by the slope of Olivet on the right; what is seen is only Mount Zion, now for the most part a rough field, covered with the mosque of David, and the angel of the western walls, but then covered with houses to its base, surmounted by the castle of Herod, on the supposed site of the palace of David, from which that portion of Jerusalem, emphatically the "City of David," derived its name. It was at this precise point "as he drew near, at the descent of the Mount of Olives"—(may it not have been from the sight thus opening upon them?)—that the shout of triumph burst forth from the multitude, "Hosanna to the Son of David."—*Stanley.*

A man, building character, must break bond, as a bricklayer. His thoughts, purposes, and actions must interlap and interlock, cross over each other, and be sealed by brotherly love. He must build in much for strength, and little for show. Comparatively few bricks go into the street-side wall of a house. The materials that compose the rear walls, gables, and cross partitions must be as firmly burnt and carefully laid in as the stencilled rows that face the thoroughfares. So a man must make himself strong, not merely in a single trait or truth, but build his character through and through by plumb and level. He must square himself up heavenward by well-adjusted proportions of reading, business, meditation, and religion. His works must measure up even against his words. He must provide windows of illumination and doors for his guests. Some men are built like jails. They are blind walls and gloom all the way up; their eyes are cross-barred with forbidden frowns. If there are emotions within, they are prisoners. Not a solitary tear can escape the sentinels.—*Clark's Workday Christianity.*

If a man, remarks the *Church Review*, has to choose between two ways in which he may work for the Church, if he be sincere he will most assuredly choose that which is most conformable to the apostolic, Christ designed model. For instance, if he has to choose between spending his time in taking part in public meetings, attending committees, getting up petitions for Church purposes, and doing pastoral work among the souls of the poor in some obscure place, he will, speaking generally, choose the latter,—the first mentioned work, whether useful or useless, being that which the Apostles absolutely left undone, and the latter being the very employment in which the greater number of them spent their lives, and engaged in which they met their glorious deaths. The sound of the Apostles went out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world, not from public platforms, but from the midst of little knots of unknown persons in all sorts of odd corners of the earth.

It is the bubbling stream which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or roaring cataract Niagera excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as it pours from the hollow of his hand. But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow and garden, and that shall flow on every day and night with their gentle quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian's temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends.—*Albert Barnes.*

TRUE SUCCESS.—Measure not by number but by the intrinsic worth of the result:

It is the privilege of the faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord to pluck the fruit of *true success.* He works not for the applause of men, not for the wealth of earth. He labors to save souls, not from the cares and pains of this life, but from endless pains. And if one immortal soul is thus saved through his instrumentality, is not his a successful life? A man said to a minister of Christ, "You have worked for ten years, and have only saved one soul." "Are you sure," was the reply, "that one soul has been saved through my means? Then I will cheerfully labor ten years more, in hopes of being instrumental in saving one more."—*De Witt.*

SPEAKING FOR JESUS.—Every word we speak for Christ is pouring oil on the fires of grace in our own heart, and will make them burn with an ardor otherwise unknown. The Christian will find that while, before he commenced this course, he had a thousand questionings and difficulties, after he has done so, he will scarcely have an hour's trouble with himself. The truth seems to be this: Christ is so kind and unexacting a master that he will not let his servants fight two battles at once; if they will take the sword and go into the enemy's camp, he will keep the citadel for them; if they will be about *his* business, he will set *their* hearts entirely at rest.—*Dublin Tract*

A STERLING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge man from his manners?
 Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
 Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
 May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
 Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
 Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
 Hidden, crushed, and overthrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
 Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
 But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
 Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
 That your meanest hinds are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
 Men of thoughts and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
 In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
 There are little wood-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
 There are cedars on the hills.
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
 Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
 Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
 Of a nation's wealth and fame,
Titled laziness is pensioned,
 Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
 Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
 Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
 Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
 While there is a sunny right.
God. whose world-wide voice is singing
 Boundless love to you and me,
Links oppression with its titles
 But as pebbles in the sea.

The Sabbath.

"If Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the smallest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer and less civilized people than we are."—*Lord Macauley.*

"There is no religion without worship, or no worship without the Sabbath."—*Count Montalembert.*

"The more faithfully I apply myself to the duties of the Lord's day, the more happy and successful is my business during the week."—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

"A corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath."—*Blackstone.*

"The Sabbath as a political institution is of inestimable value, independently of its claim to divine authority."—*Adam Smith.*

"Sunday is a day of account, and a candid account every seventh day is the best preparation for the great day of account."—*Lord Kames.*

"I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable."—*William Wilberforce.*

"Give the world half of Sunday, and you will find religion has no strong hold of the other."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"Where there is no Christian Sabbath there is no Christian morality; and without this, free institutions cannot long be sustained."—*Justice McLean.*

"The longer I live the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel toward those who impress its importance on the community."—*Daniel Webster.*

In a general order, issued November 15, 1862, President Lincoln commanded that "Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High."

"The Sabbath must be observed as as a day of rest. This I do not state as an opinion, but knowing that it has its foundation upon a law in man's nature as fixed as that he must take food or die."—*Dr. Willard Parker, of New York City.*

"As a day of rest, I view the Sabbath as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor and excitement. One day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation to perfect by its repose the animal system."—*John Richard Farre, M. D., of London, England.*

TEMPERANCE.

THE DOORSTEP TO DRINKING.—The S. S. Scholar says that everybody who smokes and chews, don't drink; but everybody that drinks, smokes and chews. What is more, nearly every drunkard in existence began with tobacco. Dear boys, stick to temperance. God keep you from drunkenness. But remember that if you keep your mouth clear of tobacco, you will be pretty apt to be safe from whisky.

A letter to the Worcester *Spy*, from a correspondent in California, mentions that in one of the villages of that State where nice white wine could be bought for twenty cents a gallon, beer and whisky were the beverages sold mostly at the bars. This fact goes to show that the increase of the product of native wines, is not altogether likely to diminish the consumption of strong liquors, as has been hoped by many.

"Irenæus," of the New York *Observer*, tells this incident of a trip to Greenport, L. I.: "It was a hot, dusty, disagreeable ride. A boy appeared with a jug of water to refresh the dry and thirsty travelers. I took a swallow from the common tumbler, and in disgust said to the boy: 'This tumbler has had rum in it.' 'Yes,' said a man in the next seat, 'I put it in myself; have you any objections?' 'Certainly, I have. You can put rum into your own tumbler, if you like; but I prefer to mix my liquors to suit myself. Boy, bring a *clean* tumbler.'"

The "comforts" of life have come tardily to the human race. Three hundred years ago our English ancestors had leaves and dried grass for beds; logs of wood or stones served the office of chairs and tables, the earth was their floor. Only one hundred years ago carpets began to be used in England.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

NEW NATIONAL ERA.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Editor.

The NEW NATIONAL ERA will partake of a twofold nature—that of an Advocate and an Educator. As an Advocate, it will assert and maintain every right pertaining to the American citizen, independent of race, color, or accident of birth It will demand the recognition of these rights wherever the Constitution extends or the national ensign waves. As an Educator, its columns will be an especial medium for the effective diffusion of right principles and much-needed instruction, and for the inculcation of those habits of industry, economy, and self-reliance which conduce to independent manhood, and give vitality and energy to free government, insuring in return blessings to the governed.

While the editors of the NEW NATIONAL ERA are colored men, and the contributors will be mainly colored, yet the columns will be open for the discussion of all questions of vital importance to the country by any of its citizens. Communications suitable for publication in these columns, are solicited from our friends in all parts of the country, especially in the Southern States.

THE POLITICAL DEPARTMENT.

Upon all questions involving the especial interests of the colored American citizen, the simple rule of equal justice for all men will govern the policy of the NEW NATIONAL ERA. It will demand the recognition of no right for one citizen which it will not freely accord to every other. It will oppose any attempt to confer privileges upon a class, that are withheld from the humblest citizen in the land. It will demand for every citizen equality before the law, and full protection of person and property in every State and Territory of the National Union.

The NEW NATIONAL ERA will take high ground upon all public questions, and labor to inspire a oneness of purpose and encourage unity of action, especially among the newly-enfranchised people of the Reconstructed States. Remembering the past history of the Republican party, and recognizing what it has done for the colored people of the nation, the NEW NATIONAL ERA will give its hearty support to that party without reserve. This pledge of fidelity to the Republican party is given under the conviction, and with the assurance, that in the future, as in the past, that party will be the steadfast and inflexible support of those principles of justice and liberty which have now become a part of the organic law of the land.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

By education the people of a free Government, such as ours is intended to be, are better qualified to discharge their duties to the State, and to one another. The nation will ever find its surest safeguard in the intelligence of its voting masses, and the journal which would promote the highest good of government and people must lend its energies and its power to the work of educating that people. Especially is the agency of the press needed by that portion of the people, colored and white, who, either in slavery or under the ban of its blighting influences, have been deprived of the opportunities enjoyed by their more favored brethren of the free States.

The Freedmen's Bureau had under its charge during the past year, as shown by the last annual report, 114,523 colored pupils in the day schools and 89,731 in the Sunday schools, employing 6,650 teachers. About 190,000 of these pupils were slaves at the commencement of the war. The educational department of this paper will contain matter prepared and selected with special reference to the capacities and needs of this large number of pupils and teachers, thereby making the NEW NATIONAL ERA a valuable auxiliary in the scheme of education.

THE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

The industrial interests of the colored people will claim and receive a large share of our attention. We adopt the following extracts from the address promulgated by the Colored Labor Convention held in this city in December last, as indicating the views and policy of the NEW NATIONAL ERA on this subject:

"For our own good and the welfare of our country in all things pertaining to her material and moral well-being, we seek a better and broader opportunity to gain knowledge in the fields of agricultural, mechanical, commercial, artistic, and professional labor, and this knowledge we would energise, direct, and make more largely effective through the enlightening and sanctifying influence of education. Our mottoes are liberty and labor, enfranchisement and education! The spelling-book and the hoe, the hammer and the vote, the opportunity to work and to rise, a place on which to stand, and to be and to do, we ask for ourselves and children as the means in the use of which, under God, we are to compass these achievements which furnish the measure, the test, and justification of our claim to impartial treatment and fair dealing.

"That this end may be reached, we ask, first of all, that trades be opened to our children, and that they be given the benefit of a just and equitable system of apprenticeship; in the second place, that for every day's labor given we be paid full and fair remuneration, and that no avenue of honest industry be closed against us; and thirdly, since we believe that the intelligence, the elevation, and happiness of all people depends in no small degree upon the diversity of their iudusdrial pursuits, we ask that we may work in the printing office, whether private or governmental, in the factory, the foundry, the workshop, upon the railroad, the canal, the river, the steamboat, in the warehouse, the store, wherever labor is to be done and an able and faithful workman is wanted we conceive that we may claim a place without distinction as to our color or former condition, since all that can be demanded by the employer is ability, faithful performances of the contract made, and the employee reasonable treatment and the compensation promised. Hence, while we condemn that spirit which in its proscriptive regulations denies us industrial opportunity and the fruits of honest toil, we rejoice in all those evidences of prospective good which we and other laboring classes see in the erection of factories and foundries in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, promising that our strong and labor-hardened hands, our intellectual powers, quickened by the influences of education, and our purposes made doubly earnest by considerate treatment and the prospect of just compensation, shall all be given to the development of the industrial resources of our several States in the interest of our employers."

The NEW NATIONAL ERA will be made a desirable visitor for the family and the fireside, and we earnestly appeal to our friends everywhere to aid us by their subscriptions and their influence.

The subscription price of the NEW NATIONAL ERA will be $2.50 a year for single subscriptions, or 5 copies for $10, in advance.

Address

Publishers NEW NATIONAL ERA.

Lock Box No. 31.

WASHINGTON, SEPT. 1, 1870.

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

NATIONAL LABOR UNION.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. This organization shall be known as the National Labor Union, and its jurisdiction shall be confined to the United States.

ARTICLE II.

SEC. 1. The National Labor Union shall be composed of such organizations as may now or hereafter exist, having for their object the *amelioration* and *advancement* of the condition of those who labor for a living.

SEC. 2. Each organization shall be entitled to one representative, and each State Labor Union to three for the State at large in the National Labor Union, provided that representatives derive their election direct from the organization they claim to represent.

ARTICLE III.

SEC. 1. The officers of the National Labor Union shall be elected annually on the third day of the session, and shall hold their office until their successors are duly elected. They shall consist of a President, Vice President, Recording and Assistant Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of nine members.

SEC. 2. The above-named officers shall constitute a Bureau of Labor.

SEC. 3. There shall be one Vice President for each State, Territory, and the District of Columbia, to be chosen by the State Labor Unions where they exist. Where there are no State Labor Unions, by the State Labor Conventions at their next meeting preceding the annual meeting of the National Labor Union. If neither elect a Vice President, then the National Labor Union shall have power to appoint at their regular annual meeting.

SEC. 4. The Bureau of Labor shall be located in the city of Washington, D. C.

ARTICLE IV.

SEC. 1. The President shall preside at all meetings of the National Labor Union and the "Bureau of Labor," and preserve order and enforce the laws. He shall sign all orders for money drawn on the Treasurer by the Secretary, and be the custodian of the seal, which shall be affixed to all documents emanating from his office, and perform such other duties as may be required of him by the Bureau of Labor, and the interest of the various organizations in the several States demand.

SEC. 2. The Vice President shall, in the absence or disabilities of the President, perform the duties of his office.

ARTICLE V.

SEC. 1. The Recording Secretary shall keep a correct account of the proceedings of the National Labor Union and Bureau of Labor. He shall fill all blanks, and write all orders for money on the Treasurer. He shall keep a debit and credit account, and shall report the condition of the finances at each meeting of the Bureau of Labor, and perform such other service as may be required by the National Labor Union and Bureau of Labor. In his absence the Assistant Secretary shall perform the duties of his office.

ARTICLE VI.

SEC. 1. The Treasurer shall receive all moneys, pay all bills and orders that may be drawn on him, and properly attested. He shall keep a debit and credit account, and report at each meeting of the Bureau of Labor. He may be required to give such bonds with such security as the Bureau may require.

ARTICLE VII.

SEC. 1. The Bureau of Labor shall meet at least once in each month, at such time and places as the interest of the Union may require. They shall fill all vacancies in said Bureau. They shall have power to grant charters to the various organizations in the different States. In connection with the President they shall advise and superintend the organization of Labor Unions, land, loan, building, and co-operative associations generally, in the different States. They shall inquire into and inform the various organizations as to when, where, and how money can be obtained, in what sums, and at what rate of interest, and what security will be required. They shall give especial attention to protecting the rights of the workingmen of the various organizations chartered by the National Labor Unions in bringing to justice those who may rob them of their wages, the bringing about such legislation in the several States as may be necessary for the interest and advancement of the condition of the laboring classes.

SEC. 2. They shall regulate the salary of the President, Secretary, and such other officers as may be necessary to accomplish the objects of the National Labor Union.

SEC. 3. They shall report annually to the National Labor Union the condition of the various organizations, also the general condition of colored labor in the United States, with such recommendations as they may think necessary.

SEC. 4. They shall, in connection with the President, act as agents for the securing of employment, to labor of all kinds, and its transfer from one State to another.

SEC. 5. All communications in relation to business pertaining to the Labor Union or Bureau of Labor, must be marked on the envelope "official," and addressed to the President, Post Office Box 191, Washington, D. C.

ARTICLE VIII.

SEC. 1. Seven members, in any organization, shall be sufficient to apply for a charter, which shall be granted on the payment of five dollars.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of each organization to prepare an annual statement of the condition of said organization, with such other information as may be to the interest of workingmen, and forward it to the Bureau at least one month before the meeting of the National Labor Union, that the reports may be printed for the use and benefit of the National Labor Union at its annual meetings.

ARTICLE IX.

SEC. 1. Each local organization or representative shall pay a tax of ten cents annually per member. The tax of an organization shall be paid on the presentation of the credentials of the delegate; and no delegate shall be allowed to take part in the deliberations of the Union until the tax is paid.

ARTICLE X.

SEC. 1. The meeting of the National Labor Union shall be held on the second Monday of December in each year; and shall commence its session at 12 M.

SEC. 2. Special meetings of the National Labor Unions may be called by the President, upon the request of the Bureau of Labor.

ARTICLE XI.—ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Report of Committee on Credentials.
2. Roll of members.
3. Reading of minutes.
4. Report of Bureau of Labor.
5. Report of standing and special committees.
6. Report of local organizations.
7. Unfinished business.
8. New business.
9. Adjournment.

ARTICLE XII.

SEC. 1. This Constitution shall only be altered or amended at the regular annual meetings of the National Labor Union by a two-third vote of all members present.

Prospectus of the National Labor Union and Bureau of Labor of the United States of America.

Fellow Citizens and Workingmen of the United States:

The question of the hour is, How can the workingman best improve his condition? This question is not only being agitated in the United States, but throughout the civilized world. The universal law of our existence is: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread." We desire to impress you with this fact, that it is a Divine law, that we must labor, and that the comforts of life can only be attained by honest, patient toil.

It should be the aim of every man to become a capitalist; that is, every man should try and receive *an exchange* for his labor, which, by proper economy and investment, will, in the future, place him in the position of those on whom he is now dependent for a living. At least it should be your aspiration to become the owner of your own homestead and place that homestead beyond the reach of want and poverty. As workingmen we can only possess these blessings by being industrious with our brains and hands, temperate in our habits, and economical with our means.

It is the duty of our National Labor Union, and more particularly the Bureau of Labor created by your delegates assembled from nearly every State in the Union, to advise with you upon the best and most speedy means to better your condition in the United States.

We look with painful emotions upon the present condition of colored labor in the several States. Disorganized, poorly paid, assaulted, and, in many cases, totally indifferent to its own welfare. After a careful survey and consideration of this vital question, in which we have consulted the wisdom and experience of the most profound economists and labor reformers of our times—

We advise you, 1st, to immediately organize, because labor can only protect itself when organized; that is, by being organized thoroughly, you have the command of capital. You receive better pay for your labor. You learn where and how to invest your labor to better advantage. You learn the value of the capital invested with your labor—how to respect that capital, and make that capital respect your labor. You learn how and where to create employment, to give yourselves work when you are debarred by opposite combinations. You learn the wants of your fellow workmen and how to provide for them.

In a word, without organization, you stand in danger of being exterminated. You cannot expect to be profitably employed, and the trades will soon die out in the race. With organization you will find employment, you will force opposite combinations to recognize your claims to work without restriction because of our color, and open the way for your children to learn trades and move forward in the enjoyment of all the rights of American citizenship. How shall you organize? We answer call a general meeting of the workingmen in every city and town, and after discussing the importance of organization, appoint a committee of one from each branch of trade or labor represented, to prepare a plan for organization. When they have reported a plan, then appoint your committee on constitution and permanent organization When they report, proceed immediately to form yourselves into an association, send a copy of your constitution and list of officers to the Bureau of Labor, and get your charter. We would advise, where there is a sufficient number of any particular branch, that they organize separate associations. As each man desires to follow that business for which he has been educated. As a constitution for the government of a carpenters' association will not suit for the government of a laborers' association, it is important that you organize each branch separately. Five men of any one branch organized, can accomplish more in the interest of that particular branch, than being associated with five hundred men of several branches. Mixed organizations have always proven disasterous to the labor reform movement, except in delegated bodies The above organizations referred to, are simple organizations for the protection of labor and wages.

We would call your attention to, and advise, 2nd that you form yourselves into co-operative Trades Unions. While these are the most beneficial associations of modern times, they require much judgment, and intellectual ability to make them a success. They seem to be a necessity at this time in order to furnish employment to colored men in many States in the Union. We could not furnish a general plan of organization. Each particular association must be governed by special rules. We can only advise you how to organize, when you inform the Bureau what you propose to organize. We can but say the general principle is, for each man to take a given amount of stock, and pay that in weekly or monthly installments until they have enough to commence business with, so that, by a combination of their money and labor, they will form a capital and business that will give them an independent living. In organizations of this kind no restrictions should be placed upon parties investing, because of their other relations. Let any man who will, take an interest with you.

3. We should advise you to organize Building and Land Associations. These can easily be established in connection with your "Trades and Labor Unions," and will have a tendency to strengthen and perpetuate them. Experience has proved that all men can, by the agency of a well regulated building association, buy a house for what he would pay rent for one. We shall be pleased to advise you upon the most improved plans of organization.

4. In order to effect a more thorough organization of the colored workingmen of the United States, and advise and enlighten them upon all questions affecting their interest, and battle with the prejudices manifested because of our peculiar position, the National Labor Convention has adopted the NEW ERA, a weekly journal published in the city of Washington, as the organ of the Colored Workingmen of the United States. It shall be our object to keep you informed as to the condition of the trades in each State, rates of wages, demand for labor, value of real estate, forms of organization, and to meet all questions, national and local, affecting the interest of the workingmen.

The necessity for such a paper is admitted by all who are the least acquainted with our present disorganized condition, and as it is barely possible to disconnect our labor and social interest from our political, we shall at all times, when the necessity demands, take a decided stand in advising you upon all questions that will be to your interest as a race, and to the good of our common country.

As we shall have one or more agents, who shall travel in and through all the States to assist you in organizing all the departments of labor, we hope that every man will make himself an agent to take the paper, and see that his neighbor has one also, until it may be found in every house in the country.

Our course is onward! Let every man put his shoulder to the wheel, and victory and success will perch upon our banners. All communications must be marked "official," and addressed to F. G. BARBADOES, Washington, D. C.

P. S.—Your attention is particularly invited to the Constitution of the National Labor Union, published in the proceedings of the Convention.

ISAAC MYERS, *President.*
GEORGE T DOWNING, *Vice President.*
LEWIS H. DOUGLASS, *Secretary.*
CHARLES H. PETERS, *Assistant Secretary*
COLIN CRUSOE, *Treasurer.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Sella Martin,	Hon. C. H. Hamilton,	John H. Butler,
Isaiah C. Weirs,	G. M. Mabson,	George Myers,
Anthony Bowen,	D. M. Simms,	F. G. Barbadoes.

ap7-6m.