Historical Society

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

Vol. 7. No. 14. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1878. Whole No., 326.

The Avant Courier.

Wm. W. Alderson. Matt. W. Alderson.
ALDERSON & SON, Publishers.

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Poetry.

Forebodings.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Leave the things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope over much be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred:
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils—that never occurred!

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee;
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchant thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred,
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fear of—what never occurred!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow!
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,
Still shorter by folly and fear.
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk in wild apprehension
Of evils—that never occurred!

A REMARKABLE SERMON ON THE ALL-ABSORBING RELIGIOUS TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MODERN DOUBT AND RELIGIOUS DOGMATISM.

Sermon by H. W. Thomas, D. D., of the Centenary M. E. Church, Chicago.

Pure religion undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—*James I, 27.*

There seems to be a difficulty, common to most minds, in at first making appear as real to the mental consciousness the great facts that arise in the study of any history or token or science. It is one thing to go over the words that express these facts, but another and quite a different thing to realize their full meaning. It is easy enough for any child to say that the earth is of such size, and turns on its axis; that it is so many miles from the sun, and forever journeys around that great centre. But to weigh these words, to get a full realization of their meaning, is quite another thing, and usually comes to the mind later and with a sense of surprise as if it were something new. And the same thing is true in the study of history. It is easy to run over names and dates and battle scenes. But to get the picture in the mind so as to feel the impression of fact is more difficult. How few, in first reading the history of Egypt, or Babylon, or Rome, realize in any full sense the mighty scenes that are passing before the mind. We read of nations, of armies, and battles; of cities and temples, as light things, hardly thinking even that this earth has been the scene and our own race the actors in these vast events. This same difficulty of realization is not only historic,—or in things relating to the past,—it is prophetic also. The past fades away from us, and the future is but vaguely perceived. We seem often to dwell in a dreamland where even the present passes as a kind of revery. Bread and butter are about the only things we always see and never forget.

This same want of full mental realization is still more apparent when we first come into the field of Bible truth. This fact may arise, not only from the general conditions of the mind that make the difficulty common in everything else, but may find special causes in the fact that we all receive our first religious impressions—the impressions that have shaped all our after thinking—in our childhood; and we then associate Bible truths with the marvelous; and somehow we have been reading them in this light ever since. How few there are who bring even the same historic realization to Bible scenes that they do to other matters of history. Do we read of the Israelites crossing the Red sea, or of the destruction of Sodom, or of the demon-possessed swine rushing into the water, with the same critical appreciation of the wonderful facts involved that we would, should we find such statements in Rollin, or Josephus, or Macaulay?

I think that it is more than the growth of a personal consciousness of a more open vision, or the seeing of truth in myself—and for which I daily pray, and daily bless God—that I discern; I think there is an uplifting of reason on the part of many that is almost peculiar to our times. And its effects are becoming everywhere apparent. The sense of historic realization has led to a careful going over of many of the old histories and a culling and pruning of their statements. The same critical understanding has taken hold of the Bible and placed its marvelous statements under the light of rigid interpretation. Bishop Colenso is a special instance of this kind of mental development and critical work. He never seems to have looked at the facts of biblical history as he would at the facts of profane history—never to have fully realized what he was reading, till a poor African native, who was assisting him in a translation of some Bible narrative, looked up and innocently said: "You don't believe that, do you?" And the same direct facing of facts has come out in our time in reference to the miracles of the Bible. Mr. Tyndall has not denied that the sun and moon did stand still at the prayer of Joshua; he has only shown what a wonderful thing it was—how much in the world of physical laws and forces it meant when such a thing was affirmed, or if it ever really occurred. And so with the miracles and marvelous statements of the New Testament and life of Christ. The acute historic realization of our times has taken all these scenes out of that halo and that upper world enchantment of spirit, in which the devout of all ages have been reading them, and has brought them down into the cold world of fact, and applied the same rules of criticism to them that it would to any other history, and bids us look these facts square in the face and see just how much they mean. The critical sense reads the account of turning water into wine, or of abscissions or demoniacal possessions, not as children read the "Arabian Nights," but as a banker reads the quotations of gold or exchange, to see just what is stated and what the statement means. And in this light we are brought face to face with historic statements and asked, Are these things so, or not so?

This same open vision, looking things square in the face and making them give up their real meaning—that is, tell what they are, and whether they belong to fact or fiction, or are to be understood by the judgment or the imagination—this same critical sense has taken hold of the dogmas that have come down to us claiming to be the truths of religion, and asks squarely and pointedly, what do they mean and are they true? What do you mean, we are asked, when you say the Bible is inspired? What do you mean when you say it is infallible? What do you mean by total depravity, by atonement, by regeneration? What do you mean by the resurrection and the judgment? What do you mean by eternal punishment? Is there a literal hell of fire and brimstone? Are those who die in their sins to be punished eternally? Is there no possible hope for their reformation, or that the love of God may somehow reach them in the long, long ages of eternity? And not a few to whom these questions are asked, are compelled to say that so far as mental perception of their immense magnitude is concerned, they had really never come to look at them, or to weigh their meaning before. And thus, it seems to me, are we coming into almost a new age—an age of realization. And this new age is full of wonderful mental activity, and power, and courage. It is full of questionings on all subjects, and especially does it seem intent upon knowing the real truth, and the whole truth about religion. And there is no history or sacred book so old as to escape the witness stand. There is no dogma, however sheltered by the decrees of popes, or the decisions of councils, that must not answer at the call of this modern court of truth. And there is no power that can stay this spirit of inquiry. Once the civil power could interfere: now that very power guarantees the right of private opinion. Once the church could deter by a sense of reverence, or sacredness, or by the fear of persecutions, or of some future punishment for opinions, however honestly held. But that day is past. I do not think that our age has lost its reverence for things sacred, nor its reverence for truth; but it wants to be very certain that what is called sacred is sacred, and what is called truth is truth, before it sets up an altar of worship.

This state of the public mind is not regarded alike by all religionists even, nor by all doubters. There are some in the churches and in the ministry who affect to ignore it altogether, and to go on just as if no questions were asked. Others, as the Romanists, attempt to repress inquiry. Still others content themselves with supposing that what has so long been held to be true must be true, and unite to call all doubters ignorant, or wilfully wicked. Others fear for the result; fear that if there is the least giving away in any one point that it will be like a break in a dam, and that the rising waters will sweep everything before them. Among the skeptics there are those who foresee the speedy downfall of all religion; others think that although they have gone far enough to satisfy themselves that religion is a delusion, yet it is a necessary delusion, and they will say nothing about it, but let the clergy go on and practice their ignorant but innocent, and upon the whole, rather useful deceptions. Such men as Dr. Hammond regard the whole scene as in the simple order of the world's growth. Its childhood age needed, and needing it, had its childhood stories, and fables, and beliefs in the supernatural and in spirits, and all such things; but with the coming of manhood all these must give place to the solid facts of experience and demonstration, and that the world will soon settle down to a cold, positive material philosophy—soulless, Godless.

Several things seem evident to me. The first is, that it is useless to ignore the fact that our age is looking the whole question of religion squarely in the face, and with a power and fearlessness of thought and critical realization of facts never before known. And this is only the beginning.

Where there is one mind at work now, there will be ten at work next year, and a hundred more the next, and so on. Again, I think it is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that there is very general and widespread doubt and distrust as to the authority and reliability of religious teachings. There is even most painful misgivings in the minds of many religious teachers themselves, and every now and then is made a public renunciation of what they had once accepted as true. And still another thing: Protestantism, more than all other religious agencies, has set this spirits of individualism, this spirit of personal inquiry to work; and Protestantism, more than all others, must stand by it and see it through.

Now, let us look around and see in what shape the churches are, and what they are doing, and what they ought to do to meet these new conditions and these new demands.

The most painful thing in the whole outlook is the disadvantage at which truth is put, and the disadvantage at which individual minds are put by reason of sectarianism. In the controversial days of the past, special religious ideas sought shelter in new organizations, and these new organizations were turned into forts of defense. The children who were born in these forts naturally enough took up with their ideas, and their warfare against all others. And, hence you will see that individual minds are bound by the power of organization, and by this power set to fighting special dogmas instead of entering the broad field of truth. If one was born, or by any other means got into a Calvinistic fort, or a Baptist fort, or an Episcopal fort, he must use the guns of that fort, or get out of it. No matter if the whole community of open-visioned men and women see that those guns are useless, and that their noisy ring has long since ceased to do any good, still he must load and shoot, or himself be shot as a heretic. You say, why don't he go to some other fort. Yes, leave the artillery for the navy, or Michigan City for Joliet.

And even if men are perfectly honest in maintaining the special tones of any sect, yet are they placed at the disadvantage before the world of appearing as special pleaders—that is, everybody knows beforehand just what gun each one must shoot, or leave his fort.

Hence the strange and painful spectacle of Mr. Beecher, at 65, with wonderful forensic display, declaring against Calvinism and the terrible forms of future punishment into which a dogmatic age had long ago cast these doctrines.

The public mind had long since abandoned these dark ideas, and the public interest was not in hearing anything new; nor yet in the thought that Mr. Beecher had reached any conclusion in the last ten years. Not in these things was the public interest, but in the wonderful fact that Mr. Beecher had taken the great risk in saying what he had long since, and the majority of his audience had long since, believed to be true.

Now, I say all this is sad and painful enough, that, in an age of so much doubt, sectarian bands should place men at so great a disadvantage. Dr.—now Bishop—Cheney must repeat, *verbatim*, a liturgy of long ago, and a sentiment that nobody believes, or leave the church. In Professor Swing's trial it was publicly stated that the issue was not upon the truth or falsity of Calvinism—not this, but did Prof. Swing believe that doctrine? Not, was he a good soldier, but did he use a Presbyterian gun? Dr. Smith wrote an article on the Bible for the British Encyclopedia, and no man on either continent was better able for the task, but because it seemed to conflict with the teachings of his church he was called to account.

Now, all these things put the truth at disadvantage. There is coming to be a very wide and general distrust as to the honesty of clergymen in what they say; and this distrust is ten times worse in its effect on the public faith than would be their boldest utterances with a clear, strong, open-faced honesty back of them.

Then there is another phase to this whole state of public unrest and doubt. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that all these men, clergymen included, who doubt, are either ignorant or dishonest. The supposition should rather be that there are some things that have come down to us that may not be wholly true; and that need, to say the least, re-stating. The history of the church in the past should favor this conclusion. The men of the past were generally sincere, and many of them very able; but time has proved that they were not always correct in their teachings. The geo-centric theory of the earth, once so stoutly fought for, has been abandoned. The six-days theory of creation is now generally given up, and evolution is pressing very hard upon the doctrine of a special creation. And then, when there are so many conflicting, and even contradictory, dogmas held by the different churches, it is not modest in any one of these to say that it alone is infallible and all the rest wrong.

Nor is it immodest in the world of doubters to suggest that none of them are wholly right. And it seems to me that all the churches should be willing and even glad to accept any new light, or to modify their views when it seems reasonable that they have over-stated fact, or claimed more than may be maintained. Why should they not even readily admit mistakes? Science has done this all along and has grown thereby. The Bible itself was the growth of ages, and so has been Christian doctrine. The creeds of the churches were generally formulated in the heat of some controversy, and were likely to not be free from the bias of their times. Why should we say that these men were infallible, and that wisdom died with them? The whole Christian world has agreed that we need a new translation of the Bible, and we are not afraid that truth will suffer thereby. Why be so fearful on other points?

Take, as an example, the subject of eternal punishment that is attracting so much attention. A dreamy age, or an age of cruel despotism might accept such a dogma, even in its most horrible forms. But ours is an age of realization. Men weigh their words—fix a meaning to them. The awful pictures of hell in the past ages rise up before the prophetic realization of minds in our day, and they see the meaning—the terrible fact set forth, and they are not afraid to ask if such a thing can be true.

Before the reformation, even all the way from Origen, there was some latitude allowed in thinking of this fearful subject. But the doctrine of a purgatory had been abused by Romanism; this abuse must be stopped; and with one terrible blow Protestantism struck down all prayers for the dead, and all possibility and hope of any help or mercy ever reaching a soul beyond this life. The history of human thought records not another step so bold and far-reaching. It would do in the heat of a great controversy, and in such days might be accepted; but any philosopher, or student of human thought, might easily foresee that there must come a reaction. Or take another doctrine; the doctrine of election and reprobation, that mercilessly consigns unnumbered millions of human beings to all the pains of an eternal hell without any possibility of escape. This, too, was born out of controversy, and in such times might be accepted; but there must come an after-thought—a reaction. Men will rise up and ask if the Bible teaches such things. And if told that it does, they will ask who put such things in the Bible. And if told that God put them there, they will ask, Who is God, that He should say or do such awful things? And if pressed, they will deny both God and the Bible. The religious sentiment is very tender and deep in the human mind, and it will go a great way with the truths that seem to lead along the paths of religion; but there is such a thing as asking the mind and heart to go too far; and then they will rebel. Men must not be asked in the name of so holy a sentiment as religion to give up reason and good sense, and every feeling of justice, and to lie down and be spit upon and trampled in the dirt. They won't do it, and I am glad of it. It is not strange that many of the best minds in Europe and America are protesting, and protesting in the name of all that is sacred and dear in the thought of God and religion, against such over statements. Men are ready to confess that God is, and should be, sovereign; but they must not be asked to believe that He is an unfeeling tyrant, and still told to love him and call Him God. They won't do it. They can't do it. They ought not to try to do it. Men are ready to believe in punishment for sin here and hereafter—they feel it, they know it—but they are not willing to believe in all the terrible ideas of Dante and Milton; ideas that were possible only in a cold, dark age, and that rob the universe of God and all sense of justice or right. And I am glad of that, too; they would be worse, and not better for believing such things.

Or, take another subject: take the Bible. Men want to believe in the Bible. Its associations are sacred. Its themes are ennobling. Its truths do them good. They love it. But when they are asked to believe all that has been taught about the Bible; that every word, just as we hear it, is inspired directly from the Lord, and that all its words are absolutely infallible, their critical sense rises up and says, we can't do it. They are willing to say, and can easily believe, as our book of discipline says, that the holy scriptures *contain* the word of God. But Protestantism needed an infallible Bible to put against an infallible Pope. Great abuses had crept into the Church through the sanction of tradition, and the reformers did well to exalt the Bible as the one rule of morality and faith; and we do well to hold it in that sacred place; but, then, that is enough, and we should not attempt to claim for the Bible what it does not claim for itself. There is such a thing as over-doing in religious matters, as well as under-doing. There is such a thing as asking men to believe too much as well as too little. And there are those who do believe too much, just as surely as there are those who do not believe enough.

Now, it is not the purpose of this discourse—I think I am modest enough to confess myself incapable of such a task—to show just where the exact truth of all these matters in doubt and controversy is to be found. I am speaking of them as facts of our times; and wish to point out what seems to be our duty, or the best thing for the churches to do. It is useless as I have said, to try to conceal or ignore the fact of the widespread and growing unbelief of our times. We cannot, and if we could we ought not to attempt to repress inquiry. Truth is strong in itself, and strongest when brought out into the clearest light; and whatever needs the shelter and cloak of darkness and ignorance is unworthy the name of religion, and must fall before the intelligence of the nineteenth century. Nor is anything gained by calling men infidels, or any other hard names. Such words have long since ceased to be a terror; no one is scared by them. What I think we should do is this:

We should just ask what is the nature and extent of all this doubting, and how far it affects the real spirit and life of a pure religion? Not how it affects the dogma of this or that church, but how it affects character and a true religious life. Pure religion, as seen in our text and as taught by Jesus Christ in the 25th of Matthew and the 15th of John, is a life, a growth, a divine spirit within, coming out in love and sympathy and happiness to our fellow-beings. Such a life rests upon a very few and simple beliefs, or truths; and these mankind are generally quite ready to accept without having them forced down their throats. The masses are ready to believe in God, and in Christian lands, to believe in Jesus Christ, and to believe in the Bible, and in a good life, and that justice will be done to all hereafter. But the churches have not been content with these simple beliefs that lie at the bottom of a good life. It is not enough to believe in God, and that He is a rewarder of all that seek Him; a thousand things are brought forward about God, and many of them not only unintelligible but unreasonable, and we are called upon to believe all these. It is not enough to believe in Jesus Christ, but a thousand things are brought forward about Jesus Christ, and about the atonement, and many of these things are not only vague and conflicting, but to many minds utterly repugnant to their highest sense of justice and right, and we are asked to believe all these. It is not enough to believe in the Bible, but here also you are asked to believe many things about the Bible, and many these critical minds cannot accept. It is not enough to believe in future suffering for sin; you must believe all that is taught about hell, very much of which is to most minds wholly unthinkable. Now, why not let all men come to God, and to Jesus Christ, and to the Bible, and get such truth as they can, and get such help to good life as they can, and not be bewildering them with so many things about God, and Christ, and the Bible. If they rest in these great facts and reach a good life, is not this enough? I verily believe if half the preachers in the land were to leave their pulpits and go to work for the American Bible Society, there would be far less infidelity in twenty years than there will be as things are now going. But you say: What will then become of our churches, our sects? Our churches! Ah! there's the rub. Not Jesus Christ, but *our* church, and *our pet creed*. Poor thing. What a pity if it should die. Save your creed, whether you save your sinners or not. Insist on a thousand definitions about God, and Jesus Christ, and the Trinity, and the Bible, and future punishment; save these definitions; save your creed—bring it in out of the cold wind like a shivering little lamb in March, and wrap it up tenderly in a warm blanket and pour down a little warm milk—save these things, if you drive the whole sensible world to infidelity in doing it. Now I say that the unbelief of our time is not half so much against the great truths of religion as against the man-made dogmas about religion. And what the churches should do is to exalt religion itself, and call the people to its joy and beauty and work—call them away from sin to righteousness. What difference does it make whether a man believes in an endless hell or not, if he be a good man? If he loves the Sermon on the Mount and will live by it; if he believes the 12th chapter of Romans or the 13th of Corinthians, and lives by them, suppose he don't believe that this world was made in six days, or that Jonah was swallowed by the whale? What of it? What has that to do with a good life? Let him believe what he can—that is, what he thinks true. So long as mankind are drawn to the life and experiences of religion, we need not worry about their beliefs; but if they fail of these, all their fine-spun orthodoxy will be of very little value to themselves or to others.

Another thing: I think the churches should hasten to confess that we are all finite—just beginning—and that all these questions that relate to God and the future are too great for our full comprehension; that, in fact, after all our boasted knowledge, we really know very little about them. Let us confess that it is not necessary for the purposes of a good life that we should know everything. Then let us have our schools of theology, and our creeds and definitions if we choose, and our churches, and our speculations about all these points; but let us get over the folly of quarreling about them, and refusing fellowship to those who differ from us. Let us be done with the folly and even wickedness of making a doorway out of all our definitions and dogmas through which souls must pass to reach the ever-present Lord God. Let us put away our narrowness and prejudice and be brothers in a common love and a common cause. Let there be a broader personal liberty of opinion. Let it not be thought a crime for a man to hold and express an honest conviction. Let there be a frank, open honesty in the pulpit. Let all unite in the active duties of doing good. Let us think more of conduct and less of creed—and there are few so skeptical as to even question the truth and beauty of such a religion. I verily believe that thousands in this city would gladly come into the churches, could they come with their honest convictions, and not be asked to believe what they cannot believe, nor be blamed for believing what they honestly think is true. And their honest doubts are not in the way of a pure heart and a good life. Religion is an uplifting of the soul to God, and an outgoing of the heart in deeds of kindness to men; and a belief in hell, or in some special creed or theory of inspiration is not essential to such a life. It is wicked to any longer stand up and teach that the only way to heaven is by a Romish mass, or a Baptist immersion, or a Methodist class-meeting, or the Presbyterian's five points. They have all done good in their way. Men may be good in all of them, or may get to heaven without any of them. The love of God is broader than the narrowness of men, and the Holy Spirit finds the open door of all willing and waiting souls. The pure in heart, of whatever name or nation, shall see God.

Hints to Visitors.

Try, without being too familiar, to make yourself so much like one of the family that no one shall feel you to be in the way; and, at the same time, be observant of those small courtesies and kindnesses which altogether make up what the world agrees to call good manners.

Regulate your hours of rising and retiring by the customs of the house. Do not keep your friends sitting up until later than usual, and do not be roaming about the house an hour or two before breakfast. If you choose to rise at an early hour, remain in your own room until near breakfast time, unless you are very sure that your presence in the parlor will not be unwelcome. Write in large letters, in a prominent place in your mind, "Be Punctual." A visitor has no excuse for keeping a whole family waiting, and it is unpardonable negligence not to be prompt at the table. Here is a place to test good manners, and any manifestation of ill-breeding here will be noticed and remembered. Do not be too ready to express your likes and dislikes for the various dishes before you. The wife of a certain United States Senator, once visiting acquaintances at some distance from her native wilds, made a lasting impression upon the family by remarking at the breakfast table that "she should starve before she would eat mush," and that she "never heard of cooking mutton before she came East."

If you are tempted to go to the other extreme, and sacrifice truth to politeness, read Mrs. Opie's "Tale of Potted Sprats," and you will not be likely to be insincere again.

It is well to remember that some things which seem of very little importance to you may make an unpleasant impression upon others, in consequence of a difference in early training. The other day two young ladies were heard discussing a gentleman who had a great many pleasant qualities. "Yes," said one, "he is very handsome, but he does eat pie with his knife." Take care that no trifle of that kind is recalled when people are speaking of you.

Keep your own room in order, and do not scatter your belongings all over the house. If your friends are orderly, it will annoy them to see your things out of place; and if they are not, their own disorder will be enough without adding yours.

Make up your mind to be entertained with what is designed to entertain you. If your friends invite you to join them in an excursion, express your pleasure and readiness to go, and do not act as though you were conferring a favor instead of receiving one. No visitors are so wearisome as those who do not meet half way whatever proposals are made for their pleasure. Be contented to amuse yourself quietly in the house, or to join in any outside gayeties to which you are invited, and show by your manner that you enjoy both.

If games are proposed, do not say that you will not play, or "would rather look on;" but join with the rest, and do the best you can. Never let a foolish feeling of pride, lest you should not make so good an appearance as the others, prevent your trying.

If you are not skillful, you will at least show that you are good natured, and that you do not think yourself modest when you are only proud.—*From "An Agreeable Guest," St. Nicholas, January.*

Odds and Ends.

Gen. Grant has a summary of the news made up at Washington and sent to him daily.

On an average, there was a man hung for murder, in the United States, nearly every fourth day during last year.

Bonner, of New York, has bought another ten thousand dollar mare (Maud) the best goer in Ky. He has over a half million in "flyers."

A man, while digging a post hole near Sommerville, N. J., dug up an earthen crock containing $2,700 in gold and silver Spanish coin.

A swindle in the Boston postoffice has been exposed. Box owners have been charged $3 each, in addition to the regular rental, ostensibly as payment for locks, but really to fill somebody's pockets.

The report of the New York Commissioners of Immigration shows the total number of aliens arrived at New York last year to have been 54,536, a decrease of 16,729 compared with the previous year.

Said the great Napoleon: "A journalist—That means a grumbler; a conjurer; a giver of advice; a regent of sovereigns; a tutor of nations; four hostile papers are more to be dreaded than a hundred thousand bayonets!"

During the year 1877 there were 54 railroads in this country sold under foreclosure of mortgage. These roads were 3,875 miles in length in the aggregate, and represented $79,045,900 capital stock and $119,938,700 bonds and debt, or a total cost of $198,984,400.

In a court-room a lawyer to his client: "I am sorry, poor fellow; but, notwithstanding my eloquence, you have been sentenced to prison for three months." "Oh, don't let that worry you," was the answer: "I am not sorry. In the neighborhood where I live they will think I have gone to the country, and that will give me a social status."

The gallows claimed last year in the United States eighty-three victims. Of these forty-seven were white, thirty-four colored, one Indian and one Chinaman. One woman was sentenced to be hanged, but her sentence was commuted. The greatest number of executions was in Pennsylvania, 16. South Carolina stands next with 12. New York is charged with only three. There were executions in twenty-five different States.

The Sons of Successful Men.

Next to the inquiry, What becomes of the pins?" an interesting question would be, "What becomes of the sons of successful men?" a few men and a few firms are in the hands of the founders; but these are exceptions. The old name and the old trade generally pass into the hands of others. "Do you see that man shoveling coal? Well, his children, and children like his, will jostle your pampered sons and rule this land," said an old New Yorker, the other day. The old names have ceased in the pulpit. The famed men at the bar seldom have a successor. The eminent jurists carry their honor with them to the grave. Merchant princes are obliterated. The reason is clear. The fathers laid the basis of business one way, and the sons build another. Men who earned their fortunes by hard work, by diligence that knew sixteen hours' toil, by personal attention; that were their own book-keepers, salesmen, cashiers; and often porters, are followed by sons who do as little as possible; who delegate to others all the work they can, and who know more of the road than of the ledger. Famous hotel men were gentlemen, men of intelligence, who were the equals of the best in the land, and who never sank the gentleman in their trade. Young men who fling the example of their sires to the winds, find it easier to squander a valuable name, run through quicker than it was earned, and find themselves, while young, at the point from which their fathers started. One thing is quite marked in New York. It is the fact that the heavy business is getting into the hands of foreigners. The heavy importers, the great bankers, and much of the trade of value is stepping out of the hands of Americans, as the trade of England got into the power of Lombards.

Home Conversations.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they find it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stories sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious, but excellent mental training is lively, social argument. Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

Important Truth.

This, namely—that the misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily; in all but the singularly fortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of man's life are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimal of pleasant thought and feeling.—*Coleridge.*

Temperance.

Why are heavy showers like heavy drinkers? Because they usually begin with little drops.

Jeremiah Black manages to chew up twenty cents worth of chewing tobacco a day. His mind and his jaws are both at work at the same time.

Man has evil qualities as well as good qualities peculiar to himself. Drunkenness places him as much below the level of the brute as reason elevates him above them.

Here is something for smokers to put in their pipes: August Scott, a young man nineteen years old, living at Madison, Wisconsin, died suddenly a few days ago, of paralysis, caused by the excessive use of tobacco.

Long labor in the temperance reform has convinced me that the most effectual place to promote it is at home. There is the spot where the mischief too often is done. There is the spot to enact a "prohibitory law." Let it be written upon the walls of every house. Wherever there is a boy, there should never be a bottle.—*Theo Cuyler.*

A San Francisco four year old was observed making queer movements with his elbow. His aunt asked him what he was doing. "Crooking my elbow," said precocious. "But what are you crooking your elbow for, Johnny?" "'Cause I want to det a nice little strawberry on my nose." "But that won't make a strawberry, Johnny." "Yes, it will, for the cook says papa wouldn't have the big strawberry on his nose if he didn't crook his elbow so often."

Past Grand Templar Hastings, of the Good Templars asserts from positive statistics, that the money spent for liquor in six average States in which there are so-called "stringent license laws," amounts to the total sum of 60 cents per annum for each individual, while in Vermont and Maine, where there are prohibitory laws, the amount is only 6 1-2 cents. This is a stubborn fact for those who insist that prohibitory laws provoke drinking, to wrestle with.

What Washington Didn't Know.

[Washington Union.]

We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask, What did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a steamboat; he never saw a fast mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for his picture in a photograph gallery; he never received a telegraphic dispatch; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never listened to the "fiz" of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl running a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution; he never took laughing gas; he never had a set of store teeth; he never attended an International Exposition; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew old "Prob;" he—but why go on? No; when he took an excursion it was on a flat boat. When he went off on a train it was a mule train. When he wanted to talk with a man in Milwaukee he had to go there. When he had his picture taken it was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of shears. When he got the returns from back counties they had to be brought in by a man with an ox cart. When he took aim at the enemy he had to trust to a crooked barreled old flint-lock. When he wrote, it was with a goose-quill. When he had anything to mend, his grandmother did it with a darning-needle. When he went to a fire he stood in line and passed buckets. When he looked at a clam he never dreamed it was any relation of his. When he went to a concert he heard a cracked fiddle and an insane clarionet. When he had a tooth pulled he sat down and never left off yelling. When he got out of teeth he mummed his victuals. When he wanted an international show he sent for Lafayette and ordered his friends up from Old Virginia with the specimens carefully labeled in bottles. When he once got hold of a nugget of gold from an Indian chief he felt rich. When he wanted to know anything about the weather he consulted the ground-hog or goose bone. When—but why go on? What did such a man know? Who was he anyhow?

Anecdote of President Lincoln.

I called upon Mr. Lincoln soon after he was first installed in the White House. In the room where Mr. Lincoln granted interviews were several persons, who were waiting their turn to speak to him. I listened to the requests of several men and women, and I saw that very few of them were granted what they solicited. I had a seat at or near one end of a long table. Mr. Lincoln sat at the other end. Soon after I was seated, in walked several officers of the Spanish navy to pay their compliments to Mr. Lincoln. By some means they were directed to my end of the table, and I saw they took me for the President. Mr. Lincoln saw the same thing, and hastily signalled me to "go ahead," as he expressed it, and receive them. I arose, shook hands with each officer, and exchanged a few words with them, which would have been, I suppose, appropriate had I indeed been President. The moment their backs were turned I looked toward Mr. Lincoln. He was shaking with laughter. I thought now I had paved the way to win the position I had come to ask. I made up my mind to address the President in a new way, and thus add to the hold I had already had upon him. So when my time came, I stepped up to Mr. Lincoln and said:

"Sir, I have seen the annoyance to which you are subjected by so many, and often repeated requests for innumerable positions, &c. Now, if you will permit me to shake hands, I will try and smother my desire for a certain position which I had come to ask from you."

Mr. L. jumped up, and grasping my hand, said:

"Sir, you are one man in a thousand. I am doubly indebted to you. You have been the means of conveying to those Spanish officers that the President of the United States is a very handsome man, and then you do not even ask for an office. But, he added, "hurry home. You may repent."

It is sufficient to add that I hurried.