THE TIMES, - - - PAGES FIVE TO EIGHT.

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1890.

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise think on these things.—Phil. 4th, 8th.

CHRIST'S LEGACY.

"Peace I leave with you."

He to the conflict
Was turning His face,
The cross loomed before Him,
But He, full of grace,
Looked on the disciples
Grown weary with care,
And gave them His blessing
And stilled them with prayer.

He, the departing One—
What would He leave
To quiet and comfort
The hearts that must grieve?
This, that would ever
Cause sorrow to cease,
His benediction
Of quiet and peace.

Down through the centuries,
None of it lost,
Comes the Blest legacy
Won through great cost.
Know, all ye troubled ones,
Treading life's way,
Peace is the blessing
Christ gives you to-day.

Marianne Farningham, in Christian World.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

The following sermon, by Rev. J. Wiley Bledsoe, is of such value that it is published in full:

We stand to-night very near to the day recognized and celebrated as the anniversary of the ascension of our Lord. A spirit of thrilling interest possesses our hearts as we contemplate the wonderful event, and, like the men of Galilee, we stand gazing up into heaven, our line of vision running and extending along the ethereal track, over which moved in ascending triumph our Lord and king. As we gaze in silent amazement we wonder what unseen threadlets lifted him, what subtle attraction, what spiritual affinity.

Is this the last of him? Does he spurn the highest pinnacles of earth's grandest temples, and, lifting himself far above and beyond the remotest star that shines as sentinel on the border lines of the stellar universe, shall mystery and darkness close in upon the path luminous with the divine glory of his ascension? May the good angels in white apparel stand by us to-night and quiet our perturbed spirits, giving us the assurance that the same Jesus who was taken up from us into heaven shall in like manner come again.

It need hardly be said that every event in the history and life of Jesus on the earth from the time when the angels thronged the heavens, the shouting harbingers of his birth, till lost to natural vision, he passed into the glory of heaven, the "holy of holies," is replete with lessons of most profound interest and instruction. As the last act in a well sustained drama is always the one of characteric interest, so this the last palpable manifestation of Christ on the earth, the closing and crowning miracle of his life, should be to us the miracle of greatest interest, and act of most profound importance.

It is very appropriate that our order of Knights Templar should assemble here to-night, and with becoming ceremony and service celebrate the event. Our order to day is not what it was a few centuries ago, in the fatigue of the march and in actual conflict. We no longer spring into action at the command of Hugh De Payens or Godfrey, bravely confronting the clash of battle and the shock of arms. We no longer stand sentinel, guarding with sacred devotion the holy land, the empty sepulcher, and the pilgrim worshippers. We are not called to-day to surrender life mid flame and torture, as did Molay, in attestation of our devotion to truth and right. It is no longer necessary that we, as Knights of the Temple, should draw our swords, flashing and gleaming in the sunlight, whose untarnished brightness fitly represents the purity of our motives and the sacredness of our principles. It is no longer necessary that we, with the chivalric spirit of a brave knight, should grasp our sword and wield it for the denfense of the helpless widow, orphan, or oppressed. To day it may be appropriately said of us the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, invisible, eternal. The spirit that inspires the true knight outlives the Crusades. The principles that characterize us are to-day as strong and as dearly cherished by every member of our ancient and honorable order as when the blood of the knights of the Temple was freely shed in attestation of their valor, their devotion to the right and protection of the defenseless.

As operative masonry, whose surpassing skill and knowledge of the laws of just proportion and beauty gave Europe her magnificent cathedrals and temples, so we, inculcating the principles of the true knight, rear a structure of character whose foundation is immovable, resting on eternal truth, and whose proportions and architectural beauty shall far surpass the most imposing temple that adorns the Old World. Be this, Sir Knights, our aim and delight, and that we may be the better fitted for the work, let us study the life and imitate the character of Him whose life here on earth evinced a spirit of knighthood, royal and sublime. We are now ready to be led out in company with Christ and his disciples. We go with them as far as Bethany, one of the districts of the Mount of Olives, a section familiar in the walks and visits of Jesus, for here was the home of Lazarus, Martha and Mary. Forty days have elapsed since the resurrection, when, by the exercise of omnific power, Jesus "burst the bars of death and triumphed over the grave." But why did he linger forty days? Why did he not, as the priest, present himself before the Father in the Holy of Holies immediately? Man's eternal salvation is the subject filling the mind and possessing the heart of Jesus. If need be, he can afford to delay, and thus break the harmony of types. He must show to the world that he is the risen Lord. The proof shall be palpable and irrefutable. Had he risen, bounding from the dark prison of the tomb, and flying like a bird cutting the air, to his native home, who would have believed in the truth of his resurrection? He comes forth a victor over death and the grave, and shows himself to be the veritable Christ, who was crucified and buried, now risen. His disciples needed his presence, that they might be strengthened and confirmed in the faith and hope of the gospel. They needed also to be instructed in that which pertained to their office and ministry. They had need of his loving counsel. He must open to them the scriptures, instructing them in things relating to himself. He must commission them anew to preach the gospel, so that they may go forth with credentials from our risen Lord. Special force, emphasis and authority will be given the word they preach by the fact that they have been with the risen Lord.

Forty days is sufficient for the accomplishment of this important work. It is completed, and he must return to the Father. He must go up to heaven, and as priest present himself in the presence of God for us. But how will he go? What method will he employ? What agency will he bring into requisition? How, when, and in what way will he leave the earth? Let us observe well, for he is going to heaven, the home of the Father, the promised inheritance of the saints. He will not go by way of the tomb, for he has already been an occupant of this dark retreat, and has come out in triumph. He will choose the method best suited to cheer the hearts of his disciples. Then as now the salvation of man is the absorbing subject with him. He must ascend. Heaven is above the earth. His life was a life of ascension—glory completed in the scene now about to be presented on Mt. Olivet. He will ascend, not in appearance only, but in reality. It is visible to the natural eye. It is the upward movement of the body that was nailed, and the side that was pierced. The disciples can't be mistaken, for he is standing with hands uplifted, a position of body familiar to them.

They listen; the voice is familiar; it is sweeter than the electric chords of all the rich harmonies and precious melodies of earth. He blesses them. It is a parting blessing; doubtless surpassing in richness, fullness and sweetness any benediction before received. No wonder they returned to Jerusalem with great joy, having worshipped Him.

And now, with hands uplifted and tongue employed in words of blessing, invisible forces gather about the body of Jesus. I imagine he moves slowly, majestically, gloriously. Silence pervades the company of witnesses. Behold multitudes of Angels crowd the air. The silence is broken by their shouts and hallelujahs of praise. The pageantry is sublime. The forces of earth's geatest warriors gathering about them to do them honor in dress parade, pale into insignificance before the display of angelic glory that fills the presence of our ascending Lord.

Moving up the path of ascension, through the angel throng ere he is lost to sight, a cloud meets him. All the forces in the air would vie and combine to do him honor. The cloud sent on a mission of mercy to refresh the earth, is permitted to deflect from its course and serve as chariot for Him who directs amid all forces.

He gathers its folds as a garment about his person, and is lost to vision as the ascending cloud fringed with golden beauty passes higher and higher still, till only a spark or scintilation marks the spot in the heavens where the men of Galilee fix their gaze.

The curious are now at liberty to propound questions relating to the wonderful transaction on Mount Olivet. Who were the two men in white apparel who stood by the disciples as they stood gazing up into heaven? Were they Moses and Elias? Had they been watching and lingering near ever since they appeared on the mount of transfiguration?

The curious may enquire; the oracle divine is silent.

The natural, material, substantial body of our Lord, by the exercise of divine power, was lifted from the earth and lost to view in the cloud. When, where and by what method did it assume the character of a spiritual body? This question we can never answer, till the bright light of a glorious eternity shall chase away the mist and shadow of time.

At present we must be content with the assurance that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. We are sown a natural body and raised a spiritual body. "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

The blessed results of the ascension, as enjoyed by the true follower of Jesus, who can estimate? Having ascended, he has opened the way for us. "Where I am, there ye shall be also." He stands as the risen and ascended Lord before the high court of heaven as our advocate and friend. The Holy Ghost, whose coming in full measure as sanctifier and comforter, was conditioned on the return to heaven of Jesus, takes up the work where Christ ended and moves on in the marvelous displays of his power and glory.

The ascension of Christ was a miracle in which divine power and authority asserted the mastery over the laws of nature. These laws and forces are but servants who yield a ready obedience to the will of Him who ordained them and gave them their legitimate sphere of operation.

By the attraction of gravitation all material bodies tend towards the earth's centre, and cling to its surface. This law of gravitation was reversed by Christ in His ascension. May we not conclude that there is a centre of spiritual as well as a centre of material gravity? Is not this fact established?

As the centre of our earth is the point toward which material objects are drawn and gravitate, so Heaven is the centre towards which the spiritual is drawn. The body of Christ, assuming its spiritual nature, is drawn up to Heaven, the centre of attraction, overcoming or ignoring the laws that affect gross material. Our risen and spiritual bodies will tend Heavenward. They will go to Him, for whom they will have a spiritual affinity. "I will receive you to myself." May these thoughts make us superterrestrial in aspiration and hope.

Sir Knights of Richmond, commandery No. 2, we greet you most cordially. The year just gone with all its blessings chronicles for you a mournful experience. Since our last Ascension-Day, which was ushered in mid storm, flood and disaster, eight of your number have obeyed the inevitable call and passed to the spirit land. Past Commanders George A. Ainslie and Lucian L. Bass, with Sir Knights, George A. Hundley, John T. Dodson, John T. Stevenson, James D. Duval, Rev. Henry Wall and John T. Siser, are no longer with us, but the memory of their virtues we cherish as a precious heritage.

Peace to their ashes! and bright for ever bright be the sumbeams that will sport and play above the graves that hide within their bosom all that's mortal of our loved and honored dead.

May your every step along life's pilgrimage be under the direction of divine wisdom; and having completed the march may you be taken up to the presence of Him, whose ascension we celebrate, there to pour out your last and richest libation in eternal thanksgiving.

HINDRANCES TO PRAYER.

A man's head may be wrong: "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination."—Prov. 28, 9. God will not pour his blessings upon an inverted vessel. The man that will not hear and heed the law shall not enjoy the gospel. The soul that is deaf to the commandment is dead to the promise. A mind to hear and a heart to hold go together. Just as well try to fill an inverted goblet as to try to put God's answer to prayer in an inverted soul. Place yourself in an attitude to receive.

A man's faith may be wrong: "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."—Heb. 11. 6. Faith opens the heart to let the prayer out, and keeps it open to let the answer in. God will not waste his blessings upon a closed vessel. We must open our hearts, as the flowers open their petals to catch the dews, while God opens the windows of heaven. The bolt to heaven's door may be under God's thumb; the latch-string to our hearts is in our own hands.

A man's purpose may be wrong: "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts."—James iv. 3. The Lord will not give his funds to a prodigal or selfish man. He will not pour oil into a leaking vessel. We must seek his gifts for holy uses. He does not bestow power upon us that we may destroy ourselves or wreck others; not for lusts, which mean ruin, but for love, which means redemption. Set our sails in the divine direction, and he will fill them with heavenly breezes. Change our purposes so that they will conform to God's will, and he will grant us power to serve.

A man's heart may be wrong: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, he will not hear me."—Psa. 64. 18. God will not pour the oil of grace into an unclean vessel, nor will he waste his wine of blessing by pouring it into a heart that is already filled with fraud and lies and hyrocrisy. All iniquity must be purged away; all indwelling enemies be driven out. God will not abide in the heart where his foes are encamped and entrenched.

These hindrances are man-built, and can be removed by man. "Take ye away the stone," was the order of Jesus to the sisters of Lazarus. What man can do, that he must do, and he is foolish to expect Omnipotence to stoop to the task. If more than man can do is needed, God will do it. Remove these hindrances, and let us ask and expect divine help.—Dr. G. A. Munhally, in Pulpit Treasury.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is the only religion that has proved a blessing to women and children. The disciples of Christ have never yet learned too thoroughly all that the Master meant when he said: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." It is the glory of the grace of God that it saves the lost, lifts up the helpless, condescends to those of low estate. The strongest manhood is blessed by it, but it does not despise the weak and feeble heirs of humanity. Jesus took the little ones up in his arms and blessed them, and his gospel blesses them to-day. We have only to remember how cruelly heathen nations treat their little ones, and to contrast such treatment with the treatment of children in Christian lands, to see the mighty difference between the religion of the Lord Jesus and all others. The devotion of one Sunday in the brightest month of the year to children's services in our churches is just one outcome of this great difference.

Great preparation has been made for these ceremonies and services on the coming Sunday, and all the effort that has been put forth has been well expended. The Church cannot make too much of the children; it cannot too carefully nurture them. The Saviour promises a special reward to those who give a cup of cold water to the children in his name. He loves the little ones, and he would have his people take them up in their arms and bless them to-day. The Church should stand in the place of Christ toward the children. It is doing much for the children of to-day. Our Sabbath schools are principally institutions for the training of the young. Our best minds are given to the exposition of the Scriptures in order that our children may learn the truths of God. Our Sunday-school appointments are something wonderful. All this is as it should be, and Children's Day in the Church, when the sanctuary of God is given up to their worship, to their songs and to their exercises, is a step forward. That it is a popular step is proved by the fact that such services are invaribly crowded. To our minds, this is in itself an important suggestion. We believe that children's services might be made more abundant in our churches than they now are. We have noticed that on many such Sunday-school occasions parents of children have been present who, but for this annual service, rarely if ever attended the house of God. Surely many parents might be reached through their little ones and brought within sound of the gospel who are now aliens and foreigners, so far as the sanctuary is concerned. We would urge the bringing of children to the regular Sunday services by their parents. This is an important duty devolving upon fathers and mothers, but our Sundoy schools are often crowded with children whose parents do not attend God's house. It is quite useless to go and tell such parents that they have a duty in regard to their children until we have convinced them of the duty they owe to themselves in making church attendance a feature of the Sabbath day.

It is important that at all these services for the little ones the pastor should have his place; it is not well or wise that in any church service the pastor should be ignored. The school ought not to lift up its head as something different from the church. It is not extra church work, it is part of the church work, and as such should have the care and oversight of the pastor, and whatever special services the school arranges for, the bonds between the Sunday school and the pastor should be strengthened in every possible way by them. He is the pastor both of the church and the school, and this should be very evident at such services as those contemplated for next Sunday. Nor should the occasion be one of entertainment for the children only. Many persons are likely to be in the church that seldom come, and the services should as far as possible be used to make the church attractive, and to induce these non-attendants to come again. In some part of the exercises the way of salvation should be made clear and plain, so that old and young can comprehend it. If delivered promptly and pointedly, amid the pleasant surroundings of Children's Day, it is likely to make a deep impression. A wise pastor will certainly recognize a golden opportunity for reaching ears that are not always within sound of his voice, and will hope and pray that the Spirit of God will reach the hearts. In this way Children's Day will prove a rich blessing.—The Observer.

SOME THINGS ABOUT INDIA.

India is in the south of Asia, and the people are under the control of the British government. There are in India about two hundred and sixty millions of people.

The people of India have dark skins, but European features. The women and young girls wear over the head and shoulders a snow-white covering. The men and boys wear white robes and caps or turbans.

The people of India are fond of music, and all sing.

Most of the people of India are idolators, and worship many idols. The Hidus are early risers, and the first thing they do is to repeat the name of Rama several times.

The religious teacher of the Hindus is called a guru, and they are very careful not to offend him.

The children of India are generally respectful to their elders, obedient to their parents, and well behaved in public.

The Hindu eats with his fingers. The right hand is used for this purpose, the left being stretched out as far as it will go, being unclean.

Sometimes wealthy Hindus, in order to lay up for themselves a large store of merit, plant a grove, or build a rest-house for travelers, or dig a well on a public road.

A traveler in India usually carries with him a small brass vessel and a long strong cord, with which he can draw from a public well to quench his thirst.

The monkey is regarded by the Hindus as sacred, yet it is esteemed a misfortune to hear the name of this animal mentioned in the morning, as that portends hunger.

If a man of inferior caste were to touch the Hindu while eating he would immediately rise, and not take another mouthful, even throwing out what he might have in his mouth.

The first missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church to India was the Rev. William Butler, who went to India in 1856, and commenced the mission at Bareilly. Joel T. Janvier was the first native preacher connected with the mission. Since that time the work has greatly enlarged, so that now in India there are three Methodist Episcopal Conferences under the supervision of Bishop Thoburn—the North India, the South India and Bengal conferences—reporting 71 missionaries, 58 wives of missionaries, 42 missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, assisted by 277 native preachers and over 890 other native helpers, 6,417 members, 5,760 probationers, 42,342 Sunday-school scholars.—Little Missionary.

TRUTH NOT INFERRED.

There is no soil upon Christ'e words, there are no infirmities in His truth. Perfect cleanness, immaculate decency, spotless purity, are the very inmost heart of His teachings. He gave the the modern world its pure mirror of uprightness of feeling and action. All high notions of morals take well-head from His pure and gracious lips. The truth we record can not be long obscured. In a few years the sources of all these delusions of refined unbelief will be made plain to the least learned among men. But in the meantime many an honest soul strays away in search of the Christ who is here with him at home, who has taught him all the good he knows, and given him the very standard by use of which he condemns Christ. Our speech, our thinking, our society, are saturated with an unrecognized Christian spirit. The lowest mind is higher than it would have been without Christ. All our high thinking has fed on the gospels and grown from their soil. The unrecognized Christ is a vast force in all philosophy, all reform, all criticism. Christ uplifted has drawn us upward towards himself. One may easily find proofs in all criticism of our religion which is decent that the critic has been with Jesus and does not know it. And from the lips of scorners one may catch meanings unknown in the world until Jesus revealed them. It must come to be felt even by such critics that these ideas, though now humanized, had a supernatural origin—that "never spake like this man."—Pittsburg Advocate.

MISSIONS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

In one coal-mining camp a minstrel show was extensively advertised for Sunday night. The missionary was greatly grieved when he contemplated such an unseemly desecration of the Lord's day. Quietly he went around among his faithful flock. His anxiety and distress were manifest to all. Sunday morning a fuller congregation than usual greeted him. His face and manner betokened the keenest solicitude. His sermon was full of tender emotion, summoning his people to loyal allegiance to the Master. The evening came. The opera-house blazed with its glare of lights. The band played with tumultuous din. But the good parson was promptly in the sacred desk. His simple people filled up the pews. An unusually large congregation had assembled. The service had begun. During the prayers footsteps were heard entering the church. Quietly the late comers found with difficulty places among the worshippers. They were minstrels themselves. They had to adjourn for lack of an audience, and concluded to go to church like good Christian folk. Such a transformation would hardly have been deemed credible. Formerly Sunday was the favorite day for all such entertainments.—Bishop Talbot in Virginia Seminary Magazine.

PRAYING ONLY ONCE.

"I never ask God for anything more than once. I just pray, and then I leave it with him."

In that you are very unlike Christ, who "prayed the third time, saying the same words" (Matt. 26: 44).

And as you differ from Christ in not praying more than once for the same thing, so you differ from him in patiently drinking to the dregs the cup that the Father is providentially pressing to your lips (verses 39, 42, 44). You do not pray enough till you become patient.

You are too anxious and determined to be comfortable, and to live as long as possible. Of course, anybody can easily persuade himself that this is the will of God concerning him. Hence, suffering that is inherited, or that is fastened upon us by the iniquities of our youth which we are now possessing, or by the very clearest providences, is not borne with meek and quiet reverential resignation.

The granting of your prayer might defeat some gracious purpose of God, might prevent the salvation of others, might cause a failure in some scriptural requirement (verse 54).

Pray more—till you get what you have asked for, even the will of God, and all will be well.—Christian Standard.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

"I once met a thoughtful scholar," said Bishop Whipple," who told me he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: First, I am a man, I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned on an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast. I knew that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters. They have no protection but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel."

The Mohammedans in India have opened a school in which students are taught all the objections of the heathen philosophers to Christianity, in order that they may go out and oppose Christain preachers and teachers in that country.

The number of distinctively medical missionaries from Great Britain, and their distribution, is given as follows: Total number, 125—being in China 42, India 38, Africa 25, Palestine 6; the remainng 15 are scattered over Europe, Asia Minor, New Hebrides and Madagascar.

A meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London, recently by the English Church Missionary Society, when farewell was said to Bishop Crowther and thirteen missionaries who were departing for Africa, for the Niger and the Soudan, and Eastern Africa. Ten of the missionaries were University men. This meeting is an evidence of the immense interest excited in African missions in England. The missionary journals of that country are full of the subject, and the January and February numbers of the Missionary Gleaner, the organ of the Church Missionary Society, are devoted entirely to this branch of the work.

THE DOVES.

Between the earth and sky,
With wings so swift and light,
The sweet doves fly.

And one there is so white
Among the rest, I think
An angel bright

Has left the clouds above,
To teach us all who wait
That "God is love."

My spirit longs to be
As faithful and as pure
As wings we see;

To rest mid earth and sky
While living in the sight
Of toil and care.

—S. E. T., in Churchman.

LITERARY LEAVES.

"He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not ale paper as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only sensible in the duller parts."—Love's Labor Lost.

What is twice read is better remembered than what is transcribed.

—Samuel Johnson.

THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.

[From the Minneapolis Journal.]

Beyond the purple hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enrapured gaze of memory,
There lies a land long lost to me,
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted, such as swung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody;
Oh, such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me.
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter and the whistled tunes
Of boyhood's month of crescent runes,
That rounded through long afternoons;
To serenading plenilunes,
When starlight fell so mistily
That, peering up from bended knee,
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery
Hung over Used-to-be.

Oh, land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields and shady spots,
Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,
And all the blooms that cunningly
Lift their faces up to me
Out of the past; I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-be!

I love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
My blessings like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies
Sweeter than any song to me,
Sweeter than any melody
Or its sweet echo, yes, all three;
My dreams of Used-to-be!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A LONG FORGOTTEN POET.

While Washington's army was dwindling from disease, desertion and starvation during that terrible winter at Valley Forge, a young patriot officer amused himself and his friends in camp by translating the lyrics of Horace. A few years later, when peace had been restored and the newly freed colonies had begun to realize that they must weld themselves into a nation, these translations, together with other poems by the same author and by some of his companions in arms, were published in a single volume by Eleazer Oswald, "at the Coffee House," Philadelphia. The book, now a rare one, bears date 1786. There may be a few copies in New York; there ought to be several in Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, for the book was sold by subscription, and according to the list of subscribers published as an appendix to the volume, many "setts" were purchased by persons in those States.

The author modesty conceals his identity under the phrase, "A Native of America," though there is some internal evidence to indicate that Eleazer Oswald himself may have been the man. The frontispiece of the volume is a curious allegorical cut, which represents George Washington in a Continental uniform, seated in expectant attitude, while an angelic company, sitting on a cloud, descends toward his seat, and a person in classic Greek costume approaches him from a temple just across the way. Washington is the author's hero. The volume is dedicated to him in several pages of warm eulogy, beginning thus: "To His Excellency George Washington, Esq., LL.D., late General and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, Marshal of France, etc., etc., etc."

Following the dedication is a long preface addressed to the subscribers and a life of Horace, not unappropriately dedicated to "His Excellency, Benjamin Franklin, Esq., LL.D., F. R. S., President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, etc., etc., etc."

Next comes an ode on lyrical poetry, and then the translations begin. The first book of the odes is addressed to Nicholas Vandyke, then Governor of Delaware, and the first ode to Lafayette. It was a time of formality and titles, so the names of these worthies are accompanied with all their official additions. Count d'Estaing comes in for the honor of ode VI., and ode VII. is addressed to Major Richard Howell, of New Jersey. Nearly half the translations are addressed to various persons of distinctions in Maryland and Delaware, and many are dated at places in these States. The author was on terms of intimacy with the old colonial aristocracy of the Middle States, and many of his original poems celebrate the charms of ladies belonging to those families. His acquaintance in New York and New England was not so large as in the border States; but he dedicates several odes to Colonel Samuel Wyllis, of Hartford, Conn., and others to Major General Henry Knox, "late Commander of Artillery and Secretary at War, New York;" to Charles McKnight, Esq., M. D., "Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Columbia College, New York," and to Major William Popham, M. M., counsellor-at-law, New York.

The author now and then addressed an unpleasant ode to an enemy. Ode XXIV., Book III., "To Misers," is addressed to all speculators, both civil and military. Epode IV., "To Sextus Mena, a freedman of Pompey," is addressed to Hamilton Balantine, Esq., a titular Colonel in the British service, since hanged at Charleston, S. C., by order of General Lincoln. In one dedication the Earl Dunmore is addressed as "late Governor of Virginia, pirate, kidnapper and negro-merchant, on his departure for England." The epode to which this is prefixed begins thus:

When fetid Maevius spreads his sail,
May every luckless sign prevail.

The young Horatian gives much of his leisure to making rhymes in honor of various patriotic ladies. Many of the odes are paraphrased in amatory verses, and one part of the volume is given up to translations from Anacreon. One of these is dated Headquarters, New York, September 9, 1786, and signed "J. P." Another, signed "J. W.," and dated Philadelphia, 1771, was written "on hearing Miss Kitty Smith play and sing to the guitar." There is nothing to show that Miss Kitty ever became Mrs. "J. W.," but she must have been a hard hearted woman to resist rhymed flattery like this:

But when such charms of form are joined
With Kitty's voice and Kitty's mind;
When voice, shape, face and mind conspire,
We hope, fear, languish and admire.

After the Anacreontics come half a dozen elegies, some for soldiers, some for civilians, and several for young women. Eleven stanzas are devoted to an elegy "on the death of the amiable Miss Letitia Thompson, eldest daughter of John Thompson, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Delaware, in her fifteenth year."

Following these are translations from Ovid and Virgil, various New Year's odes, an ode for St. Tammany's Day, May 1, 1785; a score of epigrams, epilogue and prologue to a tragedy, and "Virginia, a pastoral drama on the birthday of an illustrious personage and the return of peace, February 11, 1784." Washington, of course, was the "illustrious personage," his birthday being February 11, old style. The ode for St. Tammany's Day thus exhorts the braves:

Adieu to your wives
Come gird on your knives,
Your tomahawks, arrows and bows!
Your bodies besmear
With oil of the bear,
And look undismayed on our foes.

The chorus is in these words:

Charge the bowl again with liquor,
Pass it briskly, push it quicker;
Sachems, warriors, now advance,
Form the ring, begin the dance!
Music summons us to pleasure
Mark the time and time the measure;
Full of mirth and full of glee,
Thus concludes our jubilee;
Ever sacred be this day,
Genial morn of rosy May.

At the close the ode is addressed "to Captains Kainschuta, Kill-Buck, Corn-Stalk, Turkey-Tail, Nymwa and the Big-Cat, great sachems and warriors."—New York Star.

GENIUS AND WOMAN'S INTUITION.

An interesting discussion has been started by Grant Allen's proposition that woman's intuition, when strongly developed, is likely to beget genius in her son. He avers that men of genius are generally born of women whose intuitive faculties were exceptionally strong.

Professor Lester F. Ward takes issue with the great biologist, and avers that the mothers of geniuses are, as a rule, women of exceptional culture.

Professor Ward has been geologist to the United States coast survey, and is now honorary curator of botany and fossil plants of the national museum. He accounts for woman's intuition as follows:

"The power in woman of instantaneous and accurate judgment as to what to do when her safty or that of her children is in jeopardy, was developed during the early history of the human race, as it emerged from the animal into the properly human state; its only use was to protect the mother and the young from such dangers as beset them—dangers which increased with the growth of the intellectual faculty and the dispersion of the race over the globe. And with the origin and progress of civilization this power has increased in complexity, and has ever been the safeguard of the family against all attacks, strifes and abuses, from wnatever quarter. In the highest stages of enlightenment it still comes daily and hourly into use in guarding the virtue of woman, detecting the infidelity of man, protecting the youth of both sexes from temptations and pitfalls of every kind, evading the wrongs of unjust husbands and cruel fathers, checking dangerous financial extravagance or undue liberality in men, and in a thousand other ways. Upon such questions the judgments of women seem to be already formed in the mind, inherited as organized experiences of an indefinite past, and when an occasion arises they come forth instaneously, without reflection and witnout deliberation. The dangers that have threatened woman and her helpless charges throughout all her history have usually left her no time for these slower mental operations. She must act at once or all is lost, and natural selection has preserved those who could thus act, so that in modern society it is still true, and in a far wider sense than Addison supposed, that

The woman that deliberates is lost.

"Such is the sphere—not an especially narrow, but yet a definitely circumscribed one—of woman's intution, the female instinct of self and race preservation. But it must be remembered that every instinct is developed in harmony with the particular environment of the creature, and that outside of that environment it is useless. The quality of being 'unerring,' never fully attained, is lost the moment the possessor of an instinct is removed to a different environment from that in contract with which the instinct was developed. It is so with this adjunct of the maternal instinct which we call woman's intuition. It has value and real existence huly within the sphere of its normal activity as above defined. Outside of this sphere, the judgments of woman are no more 'unerring' than those of man, and to be equally accurate and reliable, they require the same data and the same reasoning processes as do the conclusions at which men arrive upon the affairs of life."

Then he frames an argument to show that woman's intuition is the opposite of genius and does not tend to produce it.

"Again, the fancied analogy between woman's intuition and the manifestations of genius is not merely visionary and absurd; it is an exact reversal of the true relations between these two things. As already shown, and as was necessary from the very way in which and the purpose for which it was developed, woman's intuition is essentially subjective and egoistic. It has self, or what is scarcely distinct from self, for its sole object. It is the safeguard of its possessor's personality, the loudest demand for individual existence, the strongest assertion of the will to live, and the farthest possible remove from the contemplation of truth in any form for its own sake and the concentration of the mental faculties upon the ideal and the abstract. This character it maintains even in its highest phases, and it becomes in civilized woman the embodiment of all that is prosy and practical and the antithesis of all that is poetical and aesthetic.

"Genius is the precise opposite of all this. It is purely objective and impersonal; it ignores self and despises the common things of life; it denies and shuts out the will, and concentrates the whole being upon the purely ideal and the purely abstract. In every department of art—sculpture, painting, poetry, music—in literature, philosophy, science, everywhere that true genius finds room to assert itself, the coarser wants of the body are forgotton or subjugated, the love of life and the desire for its enjoyment, preservation, and perpetuation are suppressed, and everything that belongs to the world, or that can be classed as practical, is sacrificed to the pursuit of the ideal—of abstract truth in form, color, sound, diction, thought or fact.

"It is worth while to note here that the true reason why women have always seemed to possess so little genius, relatively to men, is the predominance in them of this very intuitive faculty. From its nature, as explained above, it is incompatible with the development of great genius, and as the latter gains the former must lose. Moreover, although genius is something more than 'an unlimited capacity for work,' still that hyperbole is calculated forcibly to dispel the popular illusion that it is independent of work. It presupposes not only work, but the materials to work with. Genius is the power to bring truth out of facts, and all truth must rest upon a basis of fact. Man has displayed more genius than woman, largely because he has been in possession of a wider range of facts, a greater supply of the only material out of which genius can construct and create—viz., knowledge. And if woman is ever to display equal creative power, she, too, must be supplied with the same kind of raw material for which no qualities of mind can ever stand as a substitute."—Atlanta Constitution.

NATURALISTS IN LITERATURE.

If we are to deal with literature as a fine art we must hold it bound to maintain all the reserves of good taste, and, in that case, we can not admit that it is altogether unrestricted either in the choice or in the treatment of its subjects. There are things which are not wicked in themselves, but which are so offensive and repulsive that they have no proper place anywhere within the pale of the æsthetic. No degree of technical skill, or scientific accuracy in representation, can justify their introduction there. That which is simply terrible or painful may be admitted. Laocoon, writhing in the clasp of the serpent's folds; Caliban, with all his deformity; the Dying Gladiator, with all the suggested misery of his life, have been portrayed with complete artistic success. But what artist would venture to paint the execution of a criminal on the gallows? It is remarkable that the naturalists in literature have a special penchant for the vile and the revolting. The indictment against them is not that they insist upon the study and the delineation of the nude; but that they prefer to depict the most disgusting physical and moral distortions of a degraded humanity. As we have just said, there is no defense for this preference in the theory that it is not the business of art to inculcate moral sentiment, and we may add that it is equally defenseless upon the ground of its scientific value. If art has no end beyond itself, it has no more to do with science than ethics. It should, indeed, be true as far as it goes. Michael Angelo studied the chemistry of pigments and the anatomy of the muscles not to teach science, but to make use of science in the furtherance of an artistic purpose. For the same reason the faithful artist in fiction will be careful not to contradict the fixed laws of moral development in his representations of life and character. As an artist he will endeavor to excite interest and to give pleasure, and he will not attempt to do either by the introduction of anomalies and monstrosities.

If on the other hand, it is claimed, that the modern novel is something more than a work of art, and that it is properly employed to teach both morality and science, it seems to us quite clear that the novel of the naturalist is a failure. The world represented in the fiction of that school is not the real world. If we could admit that it is true as far as it goes, we would still have to pronounce it misleading. The critics make themselves merry over the novel which eschews the recognition of evil in life and which paints everything in the color of the rose. We have very generally ceased to believe in perfect heroes, and we hardly think it worth while to expose the absurdity of those romances in which the complexity of character, the mixture of good and evil, is apparently unsuspected. But is not that novel equally as partial and false which represents nothing but the wickedness or the weakness of human nature? If the naturalist in fiction deals with commercial life he introduces us at once to the tricksters of trade and the victims of speculation. If he would portray the life of a soldier he dwells upon the vices peculiar to garrisons, upon the stupidity of commanders, the roguery of contractors, or upon the terrors of some coward on the eve of battle. If he confines himself to the polite intercourse of fashionable society he undertakes to show that it is, under all its costly and beautiful trappings, dominated by selfishness, vanity and lust. The beneficent influence of noble characters is almost wholly ignored. We repeat that such a representation of life is not ethically, artistically, or scientifically true.

No one at all well versed in the literature of our time will deny that some desirable advance has been made in the department of fiction. For the most part the novels that delighted our fathers are scarcely readable now. A few great romances still retain their interest; things of beauty, joys forever. We believe that many cultivated readers would prefer any living novelist to Thackeray or George Eliot, but Thackerary and George Eliot may still be reckoned essentially of our time, and in our time fiction has taken a new point of view. We prefer now the intimate to the heroic treatment of life. "No man is a hero to his valet," and we want men described to us with the intimate knowledge of a valet. This does not mean that we are wholly given over to trivial details, or that we give more heed to the superficial judgment of a domestic than to the deeper insight of a philosopher; but that we like our heroes painted, as Cromwell insisted in his own case, with all the blemishes which contribute to the general effect of their personalities. We do not wish to abandon ourselves wholly, either to admiration or to condemnation, but to exercise our judgments clearly in the light of all the facts. This tendency must be ascribed to the scientific spirit of the age, and there is no reason why science should not make a handmand of her sister. We only insist that the artist should not confine himself in science to the study of pathology. Naturalism is falsely so-called when it discovers nothing in human nature but disease and abnormal development.—New Orleans Picayune.

BOOKS AND THEIR OWNERS.

The public library is an unqualified blessing. That and the school-house are the greatest agents of civilization in our time, only with their co-operation can that dream of the universal brotherhood of humanity be realized. Those who carp and cavil should remember that a blank would be left if the doors of such a treasure-house should be closed permanently—what utter intellectual destitution would overtake many earnest, eager minds. The smallest free library, if only its volumes are properly chosen, can do noble missionary work. How much it means in a community where, when food and raiment and housing are assured, there is nothing left over for æsthetic indulgences. Youth can find through it the way to that knowledge which is power. Apart from the mental improvement it implies, it is a peaceful haven where vulgar temptations cannot assail—something for toil-worn workers to look forward to after the long, heavy day of labor; an hour's escape from drudgery; a glimpse