TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2.00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6, 1879. VOLUME 31---NUMBER 19.

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6-44 '76-tf

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ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

With tragic air the lovelorn lad
One chased the chaste Louise;
She quickly guessed her guest was there
To please her with his phase.

Now at her side he kneeling sighed
His sighs of woful size;
"Oh, hear me here, for lo, must low
I rise before your eyes."

"This soul is sole thine own, Louise—
I will never wean, I weep,
The love that I for eye shall feel,
Tho' mean may be its mien!"

"You know I can not tell you no,
The maid made answer sure
"I love you aught, as sure I ought
To you 'tis due I do!"

"Since you are woo, O, fairest one,
The marriage rite is right—
The chapel aisle I'll lead up
This night," exclaimed the Knight.

—*St. Louis Times.*

The Angel of the Depot;

OR WHAT CAME OF A KISS.

The depot was crowded. The —th regiment was about to leave for the seat of war; and it was known that the brave fellows were going where fighting was sure to come. The cars standing on the adjoining building, and the engine was shrieking impatiently. The regiment had filed into the depot, and as the soldiers rested for a few moments upon their arms, fond friends gathered around, and the words of parting were spoken. There were tears, and sobs, and blessings; there was wringing of hands, and wringing of hearts. Wives were parting with husbands; mothers were parting with their sons; sisters were bidding good-bye to brothers; and fathers were speaking the last words of caution and care. It was a season of painful anxiety; for the departing ones were going away with their lives in their hands, and the offering on the battle-altar might speedily be made.

Corporal Walter Evermond leaned upon his rifle, and gazed upon the scene. No one came to kiss him—none to bid him farewell. Not over one-and-twenty was Corporal Walter Evermond. He had a fresh, handsome face, and a bright, pure eye; and his frame was one of those marvels wherein a magnificent physical structure is developed with a small body.

"I declare," said the Corporal, wiping a bit of moisture from his eye, "I am glad I have nobody here to weep and sob for me. Yet," he added, with a longing look, "it would be pleasant to hear away one parting kiss! But I shan't get it."

"I'll kiss you if you'll let me!"

Walter Evermond felt a hand upon his arm; and the prettiest face he had ever seen beamed upon him with a smile.

"I'll kiss you, sir!" And the girl placed both hands upon his shoulders, and pressed her lips upon his blooming cheek.

"Thank you. Bless you!"

"Fall in! Fall in!"

The Corporal pressed the hand of the beautiful girl; gave one more look into her beaming face, and then fell into line; and ere long the cars rolled out from the depot, bearing the volunteers towards the field where patriot duty called them.

In a little while the train was out of sight around the turn, and the throng of friends gradually dispersed.

"Nellie, I'm astonished at you!"

"Astonished at me?" repeated Nellie Preston, looking up into the face of John Gainsford, who walked by her side to the carriage.

"Yes. How could you do such a thing?"

"Such a thing as what?"

"As kiss that fellow in the depot. Goodness gracious! What were you thinking of?"

"I was thinking," replied Nellie, with a perceptible blush of feeling, "that he might be a poor, motherless, sisterless boy, who had no one in the world to love him."

"And so you thought you'd love him, eh?"

"I love all those brave, noble men who have gone out to offer up their lives for their country's welfare!" said the girl, with deep devotion. "I never knew how much I loved my own brother until I saw him go away today. I hope God will keep him, and return him to us in safety."

"Pretty good notice," said Mr. Gainsford, after a pause, "that your behavior caused considerable remark?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't say anything more about that, Mr. Grainsford."

"You are ashamed of it, eh?"

"I am ashamed of you, sir. You need not help me. I can get into my carriage alone."

Two days after this, Judge Preston came home looking very thoughtful. After tea he called Nellie to him, and asked her if she had made up her mind to be the wife of John Grainsford.

"I have made up my mind that I will not be his wife," was her prompt reply.

"I have no wish to urge you, my child."

"I do not love him, father, and I should prefer to have no more intimacy with him. I never liked him. He is unkind to his poor sister, and he might be unkind to me."

"You are right, my daughter, and I am happy free to confess that I am pleased with your decision. Almost the last thing your brother said to me before he left with his company, was, that he hoped you would not make John Gainsford his brother-in-law. He knows Gainsford well, and had no respect for him."

The Judge kissed his child, and the matter was settled. Gainsford was the son of one of his oldest friends, and thus the intimacy had commenced; and he had been willing for his daughter's sake, to try the young man, but he felt a sense of relief now that the trial was 'over.' George Preston, the Judge's only son had gone as Captain of a company; and the family watched anxiously for the news that was to bear to them the intelligence of the movements of the —th regiment. By-and-by intelligence came. The regiment was at Poolesville. The regiment was at Ball's Bluff! The regiment had been under fire nearly all of that terrible day; and a fearful havoc had been made in its ranks. Where was George? O how anxious was Nellie Preston now! More than ever before did she know that she loved her brother.

Ha! God news. George is safe. The Judge came home with an evening paper, and handed it to Nellie, pointing with his finger to the paragraph she was to read. She read as follows:

"Captain Preston, after being exposed to a merciless fire for four consecutive hours, was one of the last to swim the river. He made his way down the bluff, and was assisted by some of his wounded comrades, when the enemy came pouring in upon him. He was surrounded and would have been slain, but for the heroic bravery and devotion of a sergeant of his company. The sergeant, whose name is Walter Evermond, seeing the Captain in danger, sprang to his side, and with his revolver shot down three men who were pressing upon him. When they gained the water Captain Preston had received a wound in the shoulder, which rendered it impossible for him to swim; but Evermond did not forsake him. The noble fellow clung to his Captain like a brother, and succeeded in getting him safe over the river. We are happy to state that Captain Preston's wound is not dangerous."

"Oh! Heaven bless that noble sergeant!" ejaculated Nellie, as she finished reading the account; and her father joined her with his whole soul.

Late in the evening a curious thought worked its way into Nellie Preston's mind. She wished the man who had saved her brother's life so bravely had been only a corporal. And she wondered where that fair-faced, bright-eyed soldier was whom she had kissed in the depot. She wished that she knew his name. It would be a satisfaction to know how he fared. She hoped he was safe.

Ere long a letter came from George, in which he gave a thrilling account of the battle. He spoke of Sergeant Walter Evermond as he would have of a brother. "He saved my life at the risk of his own" he wrote; "and but for him you would have no son living to write this; and Nellie would have no brother." There was a postscript to the letter as follows:

"P. S.—Walter Evermond has just received the commission of Second Lieutenant."

The winter wore away, and George, in his letters to his sister, frequently spoke of Walter Evermond as of a very dear friend. At length came a letter with the following passage:

"My dear father and sister, give me joy. I am a Major, and my commission dates from the day of Ball's Bluff. My dear friend Evermond is Captain of my old company; and a better soldier does not live; and I know there cannot be a truer friend."

Once more the Judge and his daughter were anxious. The —th regiment was before Yorktown. Then came the bloody field of Williamsburg; but George was not called into that battle. At length however, came tidings of another bloody affray, in which our regiment was engaged. Fair Oaks! The list of the killed and wounded lagged, but a letter from George was received. He was alive, but badly wounded.

"Our Colonel was stricken down," he wrote, "early in the engagement. I had been acting as Lieut. Colonel for some time, and the command devolved upon me. I was following the lead of the gallant Howard, when a bullet passed through my thigh. Capt. Evermond was on the right of the regiment; and I had just time to pass the command over to him when the clash of final charge came. I was faint and dizzy, but I saw him dash on at the head of our noble regiment; and the shout of victory struck my ear as I was borne from the field. Late at night Capt. Evermond was borne into our quarters severely wounded by a sabre cut on the shoulder. He had a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy over a battery; and he took it and held it."

Three week afterwards another letter came.

"Dear Nellie, I am coming home. I have a furlough for forty days. Capt. Evermond is coming with me. Our wounds are doing well."

The train arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. Major Preston came from the car upon his crutches and his father was there to receive him. Nellie had been weeping. Big proud tears coursed down the old man's face as he heard the glad shouts that welcomed his noble boy; and for a while his son was monopolized by the multitude.

"Where is your friend, Evermond?" asked the Judge as they moved toward the carriage.

"O, he will be with us this evening. He had to stop with a friend on the way, and will come in on the next train. I told him our carriage should be on hand for him."

A joyful moment was it for Nellie Preston, when she threw her arms around the neck of her returned brother. O, she was more proud than ever much she loved him. What numberless questions were asked, and how eagerly were the answers listened to.

By and by Nellie asked after Captain Evermond.

"Oh," she cried, "I hope he is not old and ugly, for I want love him.

"Not very old," said George with a smile; "and not very ugly. But there is a curious circumstance connected with his experience as a soldier, which is worth relating. He told me a story with tears in his eyes. After Ball's Bluff we were like brothers. Evermond is an orphan; without father mother, brother or sister. He has a splendid education; which he owes to his aunt, who intended him for a minister; but his disposition did not lead him that way, and he started to study law. His aunt withdrew her favor and he was left to struggle alone. He was in danger of becoming dissipated, when the thought struck him that he would enlist. He enlisted as a private in the company of which I was Captain. While we were waiting at the depot, on the morning we left for the seat of war, Evermond stood along, gazing upon the scenes of weeping and blessing; and as the thought passed through his mind that he was relieved from the pain of parting with friends, he felt thankful and expressed himself to that effect. Yet he said, he felt that it would be a blessing to bear away one friendly kiss that he could remember as coming from a sister. He said this aloud, and in a moment a young girl—he says the most beautiful girl he ever saw, put her hands on his shoulders, and kissed him on the cheek. He says he had just time to bless the angel, when the order came to fall in. I think the girl that gave Walter Evermond that kiss did a glorious deed. He assures me that it made him all that he is. He says that the memory of that sweet face has led him to high and holy resolves; and that he had sworn within him that he would never do a deed that would cause that girl to blush that she had kissed him, even were she the daughter of a king."

"You said he was a private then?" remarked Nellie.

"No, he was a corporal then. He was made a corporal very shortly after he enlisted, and before we had been in camps a week in Maryland, he was made a sergeant. But, my sister, what is the matter? Mercy—you look pale."

"Oh!" whispered Nellie, hiding her face with her hands, "what dreadful things."

"Nay, I thought this story of Evermond would attract your thoughts from the darker themes."

"So it does, in a measure, George, but I cannot help my feelings."

George Preston, never mistrusting, never dreaming, that his sweet sister had ever seen Walter Evermond, drew his arm about her and gave her a brother's kiss.

At eight o'clock in the evening the coach was sent to the depot, and at half past eight it returned. Nellie left the parlor and sped away to her own room. Her heart was in a flutter, and her face was burning. It might be possible that she had never seen Capt. Evermond, but she did not think it probable. What should she do? How should she meet him? Twice had she attempted to tell her brother of her own adventure at the depot on that memorable morning, but she could not.

Major Preston, upon crutches, went to the door and welcomed Captain Evermond, who carried his arm in a sling. The old Judge welcomed the hero as another son, and he was surprised when he found the Captain was a fair faced, handsome youth, just upon the opening stage of manhood.

But where was Nellie? The bell was rung, and a servant was sent in quest of her. At length she came trembling in every point; but her father and brother did not notice it.

"Nellie, my sister," cried George, "here is our dear friend Walter Evermond!"

The Captain advanced with a quick step, and half extended his hand, when he stopped as though he had been shot.

"Good angels!" he gasped; "what is this? *This*—your sister?"

With a mighty effort Nellie smiled and put forth both her hands.

"Aha!" exclaimed George, lifting his crutches from the floor and stamping them down with wonderful energy, "I think I see it now! Say, Walter—tell me—tell me—is this your angel?"

"Ten thousand blessings on her head!" murmured the brave youth, while the tears started down his cheeks. "I did not dream of this."

Then he dashed the tears away and extended his hand.

"Lady," he said, "you will excuse my left hand, I know?"

"Goodness mercy, on me!" exclaimed the old man, who began to see through it. Is this the soldier you kissed in the depot, Nellie?"

Again the poor girl came very near losing herself; but she made one more struggle and was successful.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Capt. Evermond and I have met once before."

It was a curious position for both the Captain and the maiden.

"Hold on!" cried the Major, with another thump of the crutches. "I have it. I know how awkward it is; and if I had mistrusted so much as by a thought, that my own dear sister was the identical angel of the depot, I should have prepared the way for this meeting. But see how nicely I'll fix it; you, Nellie, are my sister by right of birth; and you, Walter, are my brother by every tie of love and gratitude. So of course you two are my brother and sister?"

"Capital!" exclaimed the Judge.

"And now for the enjoyment. Come, Walter, lead your sister to a seat, and we'll talk of the times that have tried our souls."

Ah! the present was a time that tried Nellie's soul; but it was a happy, blissful trial.

Late at night they prepared to retire. The two soldiers were left alone after the rest had gone to bed; for they had got used to helping each other. The Major cared for the Captain's shoulder; and the Captain took care of the Major's thigh.

"We are at home, my dear Walter," said George Preston, after they had dressed each other's wound, "and we will have a happy time of it."

"I shall not be able to stop with you for a month," returned Walter.

"Sorry! What is up now? where else will you go?"

"I don't know. I must not stop here."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because I dare not!"

"Oho!" cried George, who knew his friend well enough, and knew human nature well enough, to read ordinary signs of feeling. "I think I understand you now. But we'll say no more about it to-night. On the morrow I'll help you to find a good boarding place."

And so they went to bed.

On the following morning after breakfast had been disposed of, George took his sister away into the library, and had a long talk with her. She wept and smiled by turns during the conversation.

When he came out from the library he met his father in the hall; and he had a talk with him.

Half an hour afterwards he met the Captain in the parlor.

"Walter Evermond," he said, "I have found a good, comfortable boarding place for you."

"Ah, have have you? Thank you George."

"Yes sit down, and I will tell you all about it.—Now listen," continued the Major, after they were seated; "I have assumed somewhat of a responsibility in this matter. I have even gone so far as to pledge my own honor, that you will so bear yourself that the house can never be ashamed of you. In short, I have given my word that you are an honorable and true man; incapable of supposed wrong, and fixed in the path of virtue."

"Thank you, George."

"And now dear Captain, your place of abode is fixed in this house. My sister is hostess, and my father is the host."

"But—George—"

"Nonsense! Do you think I am blind? Anyway, at any rate, I can see plainly enough to discover your heart, and all I have further to say is—if you have courage you will stay here. If you have further arrangements to make, make them with Nellie."

"But—George—will Nellie—"

"Don't ask me what she will do. Ask her yourself."

"But your father—"

"Already looks upon you as a son. What more have you to ask?"

"I do, I know; indeed, this is more than I expected. I am dreaming."

"Then I would advise you to wake up."

When Walter Evermond did fairly waken, he awoke to a blessed hope. Before night he was convinced that he was not dreaming. Nellie Preston was out he had made arrangements with Nellie Preston to live with her always.

And all this came of the simple kiss in the depot.

Elocution.

Theological seminaries, where men are educated for the ministry, ought to have a professor of elocution. This is one part of the education of ministers that is sadly neglected. Yet next to the composition of a sermon, its delivery is of importance. The importance of elocution is fully recognized by the savage. Musicians or actors were as careless in this respect as preachers are, their talent in other regards would not save them from failure. No one has a right to address an audience who is careless or deficient in the art of delivery. The voice can be cultivated with as much facility, and with greater ease, generally, than the intellect, and when the former is neglected the effect of the latter is seriously impaired, for good sermons are often spoiled in their delivery. The audience is often bored when the matter, if properly spoken, would instruct and interest.

Good men and talented men waste their lives and fail in the pulpit because of their inability to communicate, with reasonable effect, the ideas they have labored to put upon paper. By reason of this defect, the speaker is not heard, or heard only in part, and it is not possible to interest an audience that can not hear what is said. The acoustic properties of the house are often charged with this defect, when the deficiency rests wholly or largely with the speaker.

Men with naturally fine voices fail because they do not know how to use their organs, and do not try to learn. The sound may be loud enough to be heard over a two acre lot, but not understood thirty feet from the speaker. Loudness may be otherwise than a virtue. A tone that is disagreeable and damaging. This runs often into what may be called a sanctimonious whine. Anything that is unnatural is unpleasant. The more natural a speaker can appear the more effective the delivery. Few ministers read or try to read a chapter of the Bible properly. They spoil both. They rattle off scripture, hymns and sermons in a whining, monotonous style, as if their business was a mere mechanical task. They escape from the pulpit to the dining room. In the latter place they talk more naturally than in the pulpit.

The Bible readings of James E. Murdoch are very interesting. Why? Because he understands how to read. He masters the subject first, and then reads. His voice is trained, too. He does not mumble as if his mouth were full of hot mush, but speaks to be heard, and speaks so as to express in words the ideas of the author. He learned that on the stage. He could not have been on the stage if he had not learned it. But Murdoch is an elocutionist, and everybody can not be an elocutionist. True; but there is a great deal that everybody qualified to prepare to address an audience can learn. Besides, a church audience has a perfect right to protest against being bored by a bad delivery as a theatrical audience.

No one has a right, either in a theater or a church, to appear before an audience in a professional capacity who is too lazy to make, or has not the ability to make, proper preparations as to matter and manner.

Theological seminaries, we repeat, ought to give attention to elocution.—*Cin. Gazette.*

Voluntary Dumbness For Fifty Years.

Hayes Hinman, who lived two miles east of Utica, died to-day, aged sixty-six years. Although possessing the faculty of speech, he had not uttered two consecutive words for fifty years. When sixteen years old, hearing his father swear at a member of the family, he made a vow that he would never speak again. The vow was kept for seven years. He then met with an accident, which bruised the fingers of his left hand, the pain drawing from him the exclamation, "Oh!" On but one other occasion was he heard to speak. This time the word "Saw" was called forth by a snake that crawled over a sleeping child. A column might be filled by a recital of Hinman's eccentricities. Some of his devices to avoid conversation were crafty in the extreme. He was a close student, and he has left a voluminous diary during his fifty years of silence. He leaves a fortune of $200,000 to a nephew, with the admonition, "Keep your mouth shut." Notwithstanding his silence, he was a great favorite in the neighborhood in which he lived.

A Mother's Influence.

The late Thomas H. Benton, who was so long in public life and surrounded by temptations, paid the following tribute to his mother: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I have not, and I cannot tell who is winning or who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against drinking, and whatever capacity for endurance I may have at present, or whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I adhered to it through all time I owe to my mother."

A FOREIGN "NATIVE."

A Tustle with Conscience and What Came of It.

Do you remember, some weeks since, I was greatly annoyed by an inquisitive man down in Maine, and abruptly closed my letter for the purpose of stuffing the aforesaid man?

Well I stuffed him.

"Much of a place, your town?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I said, with the matter-of-course carelessness of a citizen of the great western metropolis, "about forty-five thousand I guess."

The man eyed me with keen interest. "So big as that?" he said.

I nodded, and he presently said: "Well, I had no idea there was such a large city in Iowa. State must be pretty well settled up, I reckon?"

I said, "Yes, it was. Some portions of it pretty wild, though."

"Any large game in that State?"

"Herds of it," I said. "I killed deer last winter not two miles from the Burlington Court House."

I purified my conscience for this lie by explaining to that rebellious and vociferous monitor that there was no Burlington Court House; that it was burned down seven years ago, and the county was waiting until it could buy a second-hand Court House for $1.75 before replacing it. Therefore, I could truthfully say that I killed all the deer that came within two miles of our Court House.

"I want to know!" the native exclaimed.

"Do you, though?" thought I; "then I'll tell you." And so I went on: "Why, the wolves only two years ago made a raid right into Burlington, and killed all the chickens on South Hill."

Conscience raised a terrible protest at this, but I hushed it up too quick by citing the well known case of Meigs Schenck's wolf that got loose, and in one single summer night ate up everything on South Hill that wore feathers. The native looked astonished and doubly interested.

"Any Indians?" he asked.

"Land, yes," I told him, yawning wearily, as one who talks of old, stale things. "Sitting Bull was educated at the Baptist Collegiate Institute in Burlington, and was expelled for trying to scalp Professor Wortman with a horse shoe magnet."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the native, in wild amazement. By that time I was perfectly reckless and told conscience to keep his mouth shut and give me a chance.

"Oh, yes," I said, "Yellow Wolf's old medicine lodge is still standing, right out on West Hill. The Indians come into the city very frequently, tearing through the streets on their wiry little ponies."

"Ever have any trouble with them?" the man asked.

"Oh, no," I said, carelessly, "the citizens seldom do. The cow boys, who come up from Texas with cattle, hate them terribly, and have pulled down one of them in the streets just for revolver practice. But nobody interferes in their fights."

"I suppose," the man said, "you all carry revolvers strapped around you out there?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "of course. We have to; a man never knows when he is going to have trouble with somebody and in game of any little misunderstanding, it wouldn't do for a fellow not to be armed."

I think the man shuddered a little. Then, fearing he might ask to look at my revolver, I casually remarked that I never carried my barkers when I came East.

He said no, he supposed not. Then he looked out of the window a long time and said nothing. Finally I asking him in what part of Maine he made his home. He looked up at me in surprise.

"Me?" he said. "Lord, I don't live in this rock patch. I'm only on here visiting some relatives."

In a feeble voice I asked him where did he live then.

The man yawned, and again looked listlessly out of the window.

"Oh," he said, "I live on a farm just out by Leffler's, about six miles out of Burlington. I wish I was back there now."

"So did I. So do I. I wished he had never left there.

We didn't talk together any longer. Shortly after that the weather changed, the air grew very cold, and I went into the smoking car to look for a fight.

Why Ohio is Ohio.

The important place which Ohio has recently taken in the politics of the Union is accounted for in several ways. Since Pennsylvania stopped holding her State elections in October, Ohio has been depended upon to cast the shadow of coming events. This Western State has come to be an index State. The politicians are learning to say: "As goes Ohio so goes the Union." Party leaders have made strong efforts to win the preliminary contest there, not for what the State actually counts in Congress or in the Electoral College, although that is something considerable, so much as for the moral effect out of the State of success in it. There are many voters who watch the current of public opinion, and as it runs, or seems to run, they shape their own course.

This is one explanation of the growing political importance of Ohio. There is another. It so happens that the questions upon which elections have turned in Ohio for years, are most hotly discussed in Ohio, and the inhabitants of that State have been more evenly divided in their views of them than the inhabitants of any other State. In New York, for instance, it has not been easy to get up a lively controversy on the financial question, because both parties have declared for hard money. Republicans have solicited the votes of New Yorkers, not on the ground that Democrats in this State are unsound on the currency but because Democrats in other States are so. In Indiana, on the other hand, both parties have eaten of the insane root of paper money, which has taken the reason prisoner there with noteworthy impartiality. Ohio, on the contrary, has been the battleground of conservative and radical finances on more than one occasion, and victories far reaching in their influence and decisive in their effect have been won there over the greenback.

Still another explanation may be found in the fact that Ohio has of late been breeding a race of remarkably skillful, energetic and successful politicians. She is well represented both in the administration and in the opposition. The President is an Ohio man. So is the most conspicuous member of the Cabinet. So is the General of the Army. In the Senate, if Ohio does not lead the Democratic side, she fairly divides its leadership with any other State. To the House of Representatives she sends Mr. Garfield, upon the whole the most valuable representative of financial reason in Congress. She sends, also, Mr. Ewing, who can not be required to yield to anybody as a representative of financial reason. Largely because of the indefatigable persistence of her public men, partly because of a certain inadequacy of the representation of some parts of the country, Ohio is just now making more noise in public affairs, on the right side and the wrong side, than any other State.—*N. Y. Evening Post (Rep).*

Mr. Beecher on Eating and Fasting.

At the Plymouth prayer-meeting last evening Mr. Beecher said that 'he knew a minister who could not preach unless he ate a generous beefsteak before going into the pulpit. The trouble with him was that he had too much brain and too much nervous system, and needed something to counteract it. "Now, if I were to eat before preaching," said Mr. Beecher, "you would have a poor sermon. An empty stomach makes a full head, and a full stomach makes an empty head. Nevertheless, I believe in luminous days. Men are under different conditions at different times. Sometimes when the spirit and mind are at their fullest development, men are capable of greater things than at other times. I don't believe in fasting at all."

Mr. Halliday at this point inquired about Christ's fasting for forty days. Mr. Beecher replied that in anyone could explain that it was more than he could do. Then he told a story about the National fast-day that was ordered to be held soon after the death of Lincoln. His farmer, Turner, came to him and said that most of the men were Democrats and Catholics, and did not feel like relinquishing work on that day. Mr. Beecher replied that as he was a prominent Republican, it would never do for it to be given out that he ran his farm full-handed on such a fast-day. "Oh," said Turner, "I did not mean for them to work in front of the house; I meant to keep 'em up back."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Seve Hundred and Fifty Millions.

Seven hundred and fifty million dollars! That is America's grog bill for one short year. We spend that immense sum for the indulgence of a habit more hurtful to us than plague, famine or war. The scoffers at our religion—the learned as well as the unlettered—are tauntingly asking us how it is that the Christian church makes so little progress in turning from sin to Zion so few of the race. Fellow-workers, the explanation is to be found in the black bottle, the demijohn and cut-glass decanter. We hold the minister of the gospel and the educated professor of religion who use intoxicating drinks as a beverage, is responsible for this sinful malady. One respectable (shall we say good?) man taking his wine moderately helps along thousands on the road to poverty and ruin. It were well for the world if some supernatural power would open the eyes and quicken the consciences of those who know not the power of example and seem to forget that they are their brother's keeper. There was once a very excellent man—a favorite of heaven—who said that if eating meat made his brother stumble, he would forego its use. Once more we hold up the text for consideration to these divines who see no danger in an occasional drink. About two years ago an eloquent minister of the Episcopal church became crippled and hobbled with the accursed appetite. First he was moderate, soon he became immoderate. After a year's effort at total abstinence he broke out afresh, fell from a sailing boat with a black bottle in his pocket, and went up a middle age, intoxicated to judgement. One such a case ought to answer as a warning for a thousand years. God help us all to fight more valiantly for this glorious cause.

It is not enough that we are ourselves safe. On every side of our neighbors are perishing for the want of a helping hand. With money and voice we must better equip ourselves for the work. There is not a family but stouched directly or indirectly by this terrible sore. It is not enough that we comprehend the disease. We must with greater enthusiasm engage in the blessed Christian work of curing it. By line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, we must push on the work till the rum citadel topples down. We need thousands upon thousands of workers like Cuyler, Moody, Dow and Murphy to dry up this plague stream which is everywhere hindering the progress of the church, and degrading families.

One postoffice and fifteen taverns in a given town. Examine briefly these establishments. How comes it that so few good papers and valuable books, are received through the postoffice? The explanation is that the farmers around will drop too many dimes at the tavern. Will you not, dear reader, make up your mind at once to help drive intemperance from this favored land? You can do some good as you journey through life. There are evils and burdens to be removed. Enter upon the work. It is expected of you that you will have the world better than you found it. Start out a monument for yourself. Make the name you bear an honored one by being an indefatigable worker for the things which make the world blossom as the rose. Heaven expects us to do our duty. Christ came to show us how to live. Let us learn and practice the lesson wholeheartedly. Some grand workers finish their course with a multitude of redeemed ones following them to glory. Let us join the glor