Mental Peculiarities of Horace Greeley.

Mr. Charles T. Congdon, in reviewing his early labors upon the New York *Tribune*, says of his former chief:

It is not easy to reconcile the fine common sense which Mr. Greeley possessed, and which is so evident in his political and other public works, with the almost infantile simplicity which he sometimes exhibited, when beset by the impecunious and designing. I attribute many of his mistaken charities to impatience of interruption. But there were other and larger swindles practised upon him, which remain to this day a mystery, unless we assign them, as I am inclined to do, to a kindness of heart, which a long intercourse with a thankless world had failed to impair. His nature must have had two sides. Tell him a story of wrong, of injustice, of dishonorable conduct, of selfish falsehood, and he was in arms instantly, and made a comment upon the narrative in which English of the choicest and English not quite so polite were piquantly mingled. But tell him a story of want, of suffering, of a woman in trouble, of a man subjected to undeserved embarrassment, and if the tears did not come out of his eyes the money was pretty sure to come out of his pocket. Nothing moved him to wrath like a lie. I am about to say what it is perilous, I know, to say, at least in the uncharitable estimation of the public, of a newspaper man; but I am, for the credit of the craft, compelled to declare, as I would do under oath, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, Horace Greeley never printed any thing which at the time of printing it he did not believe to be absolutely true. He may have erred, for to err is human. He may have been misled by feeling, by prejudice, or by passion; but he never, in all his life, averred that to be a fact which he knew to be a falsehood. Perhaps to some readers this praise, for it is meant to be praise, may seem to be slight, whereas I offer it as the highest tribute to his memory. He was not trained in a truthful school. The journalism of his youth was far from scrupulous, and, for that matter, neither was the journalism of his middle age. Newspapers are more careful now than they once were. Public men were at that time egregiously libeled with malice prepense. Election returns were persistently falsified, political questions were elaborately misrepresented. Mr. Greeley had his passions and prejudices like other editors, and said things sometimes in the heat of controversy which it was necessary to retract; but was there ever a journalist readier to acknowledge his error? Indeed, was there ever one who absolutely took so much pleasure in admitting his mistakes? Why shouldn't he? It was truth always which he was in pursuit of—truth religious, political, social, scientific. Is it wonderful, then, that he sometimes lost his temper, when he found his opinions misstated, his cherished belief ridiculed, his convictions painfully reached by long study and reflection treated as the whim-whams of a national speculator, his person caricatured, his habits belied, the sanctuary of his private life invaded, his reasonable ambitions ridiculed, his services to much smaller men than himself most ungratefully forgotten? I suppose that the word "lie," which he was accused of using altogether too freely, had to him a peculiar significance. It was short. It was also unmistakable. Its use was the readiest and most convenient method of settling a dispute which promised to be endless; it was a saving of time, which was precious, and of space in the newspaper, which was more so. He had a faculty of applying epithets to his antagonists which stuck, and passed into the vocabulary of political controversy. He could smite an opponent with a phrase, and stop a controversy which promised to be endless by the adroit use of a single phrase. He used to deal in this way sometimes with the long-winded, longitudinous and latitudinous correspondents of the *Tribune*. He would append to a communication of half a column, which his love of fair play had betrayed him into printing, a couple of lines which made havoc of the writer's facts or opinions, or of both. I could give a hundred specimens of his dry humor or wit if either needed demonstration. The sharpest or the drollest things came out of his mouth with a wonderful readiness and ease. For instance, a woman had been sending to him verses, some of which he printed and some of which he did not. She employed a friend to call upon Mr. Greeley and to hint to him that pecuniary remuneration would be entirely acceptable. The plainest of plain speakers settled the matter at once. "Tell her," he said, "that we should be willing to pay her something for not sending us any more!" It seems hard, but really and at bottom it was benevolent. That phrase of his, "Go West, young man!" which has been so often quoted, was after all the height of pitiful commiseration, as it was also a condensation of whole volumes of economical wisdom. To get Mr. Greeley at his best expression, it was necessary to make him angry. Then every word was like the blow of a trained pugilist. He dandled with facts and speculated with figures no longer. He never needed then to employ the space in the editorial columns which was his, as a matter of course, if he pleased to occupy it. One! two! three! and the luckless object of his wrath fell, metaphorically speaking, before him. Sometimes it was only one! two! and sometimes, indeed, only one!

Harvard's Big Kitchen.

The Dining Association has ninety employees beside its steward. A ten-horse power engine, burning two tons of coal per day, heats the building and supplies steam for the cooking and baking, but when Sanders's Theater is heated a third ton of coal is required. The great soup-kettle holds 220 gallons, and is said to be the largest kettle ever cast in this country. Only 110 gallons of soup, however, are required for the daily dinner. The oatmeal-kettle holds fifty-five gallons, and that for cracked wheat twenty gallons; but not quite, although very nearly, this amount is consumed daily. The great range, twenty-five feet long, contains four ovens, and does all the frying and heating plates, etc. There are seven kettles for boiling meats and five for vegetables, and none of them of very small size, while the great charcoal grate will easily broil steak for 650 men. But the most astounding parts of the culinary arrangements are the two great ovens, one for baking meats and one for bread and pies. The first will cook at once 2,000 pounds of meat and the other 250 pies. They are by no means too large, however, since from 800 to 1,000 pounds of meat are consumed daily and some ninety loaves of graham and seventy-five of white bread. The heat never leaves the pastry oven from one month to another.

"How much flour do you use per day?" I asked.

"We average at least a barrel and a half," was the reply.

"And how many pies at one lunch?"

"A hundred and twenty-five, for which three barrels of apples are needed."

Some delicious-looking butter was unpacked from a huge box, and I learned that seventy-five pounds were daily used for the tables and about the same amount for cooking. That the students had not gone hungry on that day was conclusively shown from the fact that at breakfast 450 pounds of rump steak and seventy-five pounds of fish had been consumed; that the larder contained for the dinner 300 pounds of turkey and 500 pounds of beef; that 160 gallons of milk (the daily allowance) and forty puddings of large size were in store, while twelve immense pans of gingerbread were being prepared for the oven.

Not the least interesting feature of the establishment is the laundry, with its washing machines, its huge wringer, which will revolve 1,500 times per minute, and its expensive mangle, which cost $450. Altogether there has been, within two years, $2,000 worth of machinery put in; and the arrangements, including the dumb-waiters moved by hydraulic pressure, are all superb.—*Golden Rule.*

The Wust He Ever Seed.

There was quite a commotion caused on Dryades Street, near Common, last night, by a spirited dispute between an old and a young man of the African persuasion. Of course a woman, or rather a girl, was at the bottom of the trouble. The old man stood in the doorway, and shaking his fist at the object of his wrath who hovered on the ragged edge of the banquette, exclaimed:

"Now look hyar, young man! I done tole you three times to distrac' dese premises and luff dat gal 'lone. I ain't raised her for no black pup like you, and she ain't gwine to frow hirself away to no drunken niggah nohow! Now if I catch you snoozin' roun' dat gal agin, I'se gwine to confine myself to a more fussible argument wid de help ob a good pair of heels. Now you min' dat."

The young man at first seemed inclined to pursue a pacific policy, but, noticing the jeering and laughing of the crowd, changed his mind, and shaking his fist in return gave vent to his feelings in this manner:

"Misser Taylor, you knows I likes Bermuda and de gal likes me too, and I'se gwine to hab her and if fifty ole niggers 'ud stand in de way, an' if you waren't Bermuda's father I'd a cut shoe strings outer yer ole skin long ago!"

The old man's eyes dilated, whilst the smile of a demon stole over his face, and sliding swiftly into the house he returned a moment later with a pistol as big as a good sized rifle, the muzzle of which could successfully compete with one of Krupp's forty pounders. He pointed the infernal machine at his would-be son-in-law and said:

"Yer is gwine to cut shoe strings outer dis ole man, eh? Now, you see dis ere pistol? It's filled one-half wid powder an' de oder half with buckshot, an' if you doont board the gospel ship right now and sail outer sight in half a minit I'll let her go an' yer can pick up what's left ob yer!"

The young man and about a dozen of the crowd standing near him did sail out of sight around the nearest corner in less than half a minute, whilst the old man, watching the exodus, gleefully exclaimed:

"Dar's nuffin in dat pistol, an' de barrel is made outer wood, but it's de wus gun on skeering people I ebber see'd."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Kitchen Garden.

Farmers of moderate means who grow vegetables and small fruits for home consumption only are liable in their zealous promotion of field crops for the markets to greatly neglect the kitchen garden. This is not as it should be, for the garden, properly managed, will at a trifling expense contribute in large measure to the health and comfort of a family. When labor is scarce and time limited the practice of large market gardeners of performing much of the work by horse-power may be imitated with success even in small gardens. There are comparatively few crops that require to be planted in beds. To these a small portion of the garden can be devoted and the rest laid out for horse work. This plan saves time in measuring off and making beds and plots and admits of a free use of plow, drill and cultivator. Turning ground at each end of the rows must of course be allowed in this arrangement. Occasional rows of currants, raspberry and other small fruits may extend across the garden parallel with the rows of vegetables.

In setting out plants have a care that sunny exposures are given to whatever delights in heat and sunshine. Under the partial shade of gooseberry or currant bushes place such growths as thrive best in the shade. Use equal discrimination in the application of manures. If there is nothing more to expend on the garden than stable scrapings, the refuse from the wood-pile, ashes and soapsuds, give the alkaline substances to the crop they suit best and the ammonia where it is most needed.

Where the requirements are for only a few plants for house use, and there is no hot-bed, early plants may be grown in window boxes. Sow the seed in boxes of light, rich soil and place where there is moderate warmth and plenty of sunlight. This insures an earlier and safer crop in latitudes where there is danger from late frosts. In sowing the seeds avoid covering them too deep.

M. V. Bilek, an advocate for growing cucumbers, beans, peas, cauliflowers and the like in balls of moss or in order to gain an early crop, describes the process as practised in Germany, in a foreign exchange. The seeds are started in a frame, and when a little grown are lifted and the roots dipped into a mixture of clay, chopped moss, water and loam, and on withdrawal sprinkled with firm dry earth. A piece of moss is then flattened into the form of a plate and a little earth sprinkled on it. The prepared plants are next placed on this plate, the moss folded over the roots and tied on so as to form a ball. Thus balled up the plants are arranged on boards or shelves until the season for removing to the open air comes. The advantages claimed for this somewhat elaborate process are the porousness of the covering, the moss serving the purposes of a pot, the ease of handling and the benefits derived from not transplanting, as the plant, moss-pot and all are set in the ground.—*N. Y. World.*

A French Pudding.—One cup of sour milk, one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda; thicken with flour as for cake; steam three hours. Maple sirop or any pudding sauce.

Eccentric Returns.

Mr. Cowden Clarke tells a story of a gentlemen whose "return" of his income to the tax commissioner ran: "For the last three years my income has been somewhat under one hundred and fifty pounds; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money."

Sometimes official inquirers get more information than they desire. At the taking of the last census, an enumerator in South Ayrshire received from a miner the following conscientious return. We give it veratim, only altering the names: "Thomas Moran boren In ireland county of armaugh Silver Brige eage 303 years. To the best of my nolege i Am that eage and am married the secent time the furst wife Mary Connolly belonged to ireland in county armaugh the Secent Wife be longed to County Deresy hur name was elen M'Ghee Now hur name is elen Moran but she run a way From me five years and ten months since and i dont now wheare she is for if she is Dead or not i havent hard from since but if she is Dead i think she wood have sent me woard before now my father was a Farmer and had a great power of land in ireland and when i came to scotland it was a navey i was working In the Coll Pitt but sure i am not working no place now for i got my lege broken 5 weeks and 3 days since gon to morrow. Rosey Moran my sister belonging to ireland is Marred and hur name now is Misses Cross and her age is 205 years and she has Fore of a family the oulest Is tomas Cross 7 years of eage and boren in ireland newery County armaugh Mary Cross eaged 6 years gen the sevene day of august Boren in ireland County of armaugh Elsie Cross eaged Fore years gen the 10t May Boren in newcastle england Clety Cross eaged 1 yere and 9 month gen Saturdeay Boren in newery ireland and the father of them is Able Cross boren in england eaged 40 years and was a soger and surved his Queen and his country 201 years now in the Pit Working and all that sins this paper is catholecks." Glancing over this extraordinary schedule, the enumerator remarked to the miner that he seemed to have a rather large household, to which the surprised man replied, "Sure and there's just meself!"

That was more than could be said by the honest farmer of Caithness, who, recording the births of his children in the Family Bible, wrote: "Betty was born on the day that John Cathel lost his gray mare in the moss. Jemmy was born the day they began mending the roof o' the kirk. Sandy was born the night my mother broke her leg, and the day after Kitty gaed away with the sodgers. The twins, Willie and Marget, was born the day Sanny Bremner biggit his new barn, and the very day after the battle o' Waterloo. Kirsty was born the night o' the great fecht on the Reedsmas, atween Peter Donaldson and a south country drover. Forbye, the factor raised the rent the same year. Anny was born the night the kiln gaed on fire, six years syne. David was born the night o' the great speat, and three days afore Jamie Miller had a lift frae the fairies."

The Irishman's peculiar method of retaining the nothings is not so uncommon as one might suppose. A census schedule from an English village was dated "April the 3, 18701," and purported to give all the necessary information regarding the family of a farm laborer "aged 305," whose roof, according to his account, also sheltered a widow "aged 704."

An insurance agent, seeing that a would-be insurer had, in filling up the proposal form, answered the questions, "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" by making the one 112 years and the other 162 years old, congratulated him on coming of such a long-lived family. "Oh," said the applicant, "my parents died many years ago, but if living would be aged as there put down."

There is nothing like exactness. An officer having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for traveling expenses, put down the item, "Porter, 6d."—an item struck out by the War-office. Not being inclined to be defrauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that had he not employed him, he must have taken a cab, which would have cost eighteen pence. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed, but instructing him that he ought to have used the term "porterage" instead of "porter." He was determined, however, to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word "porterage," but for the future would do so, and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term "cabbage" when he meant "cab."—*English paper.*

Cotton Factories in the South.

Mr. Francis Fontaine, Commisioner of Land and Immigration for the State of Georgia, asserts that no cotton mills in the world have been so profitable as those of Georgia during the past decade. The Chattahoochee River, at Columbus, furnishes one of the best water powers in the world; and at this point are 60,000 spindles in operation. One company at Columbus has a mill employing 1,800 operatives, all natives except the foremen, and manufacture over one hundred varieties of goods. They use 13,000 bales of cotton per annum and 800 lbs. of washed wool daily, and pay out $600,000 per annum.

The total number of spindles in the Southern States—687,200—are distributed as follows:

States.	*Spindles.*
Arkansas	1,700
Alabama	63,000
Georgia	187,000
Kentucky	11,284
Louisiana	6,300
Mississippi	70,000
Maryland	112,000
Missouri	20,000
North Carolina	93,300
South Carolina	92,000
Texas	9,300
Tennessee	40,300
Virginia	52,000

New "Distinctive" Paper.

The Government's new "distinctive" paper U. S. notes on the new "distinctive" paper have been printed, and are now being issued by the Treasury Department. The notes on the new paper have a different appearance from the old notes. The paper is darker and gives the note a decidedly different look. The fiber in the new paper is silk and of various colors. The first paper on which the notes now issued are printed has not fiber enough. On the face of the new notes "series of 1880," the seal to the left of the picture in the center has disappeared. The words "one dollar," the one word printed through the other, have a large seal printed over and surrounding them. The red eclipse that surrounded these two words in the old note has disappeared.—*Washington Star.*

Value of Red Clover.

Very few plants produce as much or as valuable food for stock as red clover. It makes excellent hay, although it is more difficult to cure than the common grasses. Hogs will not do well on grass, but they will thrive in a clover pasture. They will even eat quantities of clover after it is cured. The cheapest way to keep hogs during the summer is to give them the run of a clover pasture well supplied with water. Clover produces a large amount of milk which has a pleasant aroma. Sheep are very fond of clover, either in the green or dried state. Clover affords in this region excellent pasturage for all kinds of stock late in the season. Many of the grasses that produce much food in the early part of the season afford very little after the drouth that ordinarily prevails during August. Clover, however, takes a "second start," and grows very rapidly on the occasion of the first considerable rainfall.

Most crops exhaust the fertility of the soil very rapidly, but growing clover tends to render land more productive. No plant produced by farmers takes so large a proportion of its sustenance from the atmosphere as clover. It appropriates various gases, hurtful to man, from the air, and supplies the places they occupied with oxygen and perfume. The roots of clover extend deep into the ground, and bring to the surface substances that the roots of other plants do not reach. On these accounts clover is the best crop to raise for plowing under. The cheapest if not the quickest way to render worn-out soils productive is to raise a crop of red clover on them and to turn it under the second year after sowing. A somewhat slight dressing of barn-yard manure or commercial fertilizers, followed by plaster as a top dressing, will cause a luxuriant growth of clover which contains nearly all the elements of fertility.

In many parts of Europe, and in some sections of this country, clover seed is sown in the fall. But our climate is not favorable to this practice. Unless there are timely rains during the early part of autumn, the plants make a small growth before the approach of cold weather. In an open winter like the present one they have no protection, and the repeated freezing and thawing of the soil causes the roots to be thrown out and killed. Red clover seed should be sown as early in the spring as the soil is in condition to be stirred. Some advocate sowing it on land prepared the previous fall, and allow the frost and rain to cover it. Others sow it on a late snow, if there chances to be one. While clover seed should be in the ground very early in the spring there is little gain in the matter of growth in sowing it before the frost is out of the ground.—*Chicago Times.*

Restored to Sight—A Methodist Preacher Who was Born Blind.

A strange case of hereditary blindness and the acquisition of sight after being (from birth) for thirty-six years in total darkness, came under the notice of a reporter of this paper yesterday, during a visit to the Missouri State Institute for the Education of the Blind, on Morgan Street. M. F. Wells is the name of the man in whose life the happy change has been made by the removal of a cataract from one of his eyes. The operation was performed by Dr. Williams, who has the satisfaction of shedding joy and light upon an understanding to which the beauties of nature have hitherto been unknown. The operation differed in no respect from that usually performed in such cases, and the interesting circumstances alone center in the history of the disease, which was gleaned from the patient at the institute yesterday. Mr. Wells said that he resided in Southwest Missouri and gained his livelihood by preaching. He was connected with the Methodist Protestant Church. He was born in North Carolina—born blind. His father and mother were blind and their parents were blind. He could not trace the disease further back in the family. He was thirty-six years of age and had never, until after the operation, been able to see in any respect. Could he see the reporter? He raised the shade from his left eye—the one from which the cataract had been removed—and said he could, and he gave a description of his questioner's face. The eye looked clear but expressionless, for the retina, from disuse for so many years, was insensitive except to the light, and that only to a slight degree. Like a muscle or organ long disused, the retina must be trained to its use gradually, and Mr. Wells is under instructions to be slow in exercising it. The right eye, upon which the cataract still remains, looked a whitish-brown color, and for all the use it is to its possessor, it might as well be a hazel-nut. Of course it should be remembered that the eyes were perfect at birth, and have been so still, and that but for impairment by cataracts the sight would have been natural. Besides his parents and grandparents being blind, three of Mr. Wells's children are blind and are at present inmates of the educational establishment on Morgan Street, and two have their sight.

Dr. Williams is confident that the acquisition of sight will be complete, although necessarily slow. The condition of Mr. Wells will therefore be much like that of a child, as he will have to learn names of objects he sees. Should he, however, close his eyes and trust to that keen sense of feeling which he has by years' practice acquired, he can call the names of objects.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Gypsy's Horrible Revenge.

A few weeks ago a respectable old peasant farmer in Roumelia, smitten by the charms of a young gypsy girl belonging to a tribe that had squatted in the neighborhood of his farm, induced the maiden to listen to his addresses, and finally obtained her consent to become his wife. He received several warnings from sundry of her gypsy lovers, couched in threatening terms, but was so infatuated by her surprising beauty that he disregarded these monitions and married her. On his wedding night a number of stalwart gypsy youths broke into his house, seized him in his bridal bed, bound him to a plank, and deliberately sawed him in two, having previously strangled his young wife before his eyes. On the same night the tribe struck its tents and decamped, nor have the authorities as yet succeeded in laying hands upon the perpetrators of the crime.

Mary Steck starved herself to death, at Allegheny, Pa. She believed that, in consequence of her sinfulness, God had commanded her not to eat. She was kept alive in a hospital by having food forced down her throat, but on her return home she refused to take any nourishment, and died after six weeks of almost entire abstinence.

—Heliotrope and cream are favorite color combinations.

Religious.

THE DIVINE LIFE.

"Who lived amongst men." (In the original draft of the Nicene creed—from the creed of the Church of Palestine.)

Where shall we find the Lord?
Where seek His face adored?
Is it apart from men,
In deep sequestered glen,
By Jordan's desert flood,
Or mountain solitude,
Or lonely mystic shrine,
That Heaven reveals the Life Divine?

Where shall we trace the Lord?
'Twas at the festal board,
Amidst the innocent mirth
And hallowed joys of earth,
Close neighbor, side by side,
With bridegroom and with bride,
Whilst flowed the cheering wine,
That first appeared the Life Divine.

What was the blest abode
Where dwelt the Son of God?
Beside the busy shore,
Where thousands pressed the door,
Where town with hamlet vied,
Where eager traffic plied—
There with His calm design
Was wrought and taught the Life Divine.

What were the souls He sought?
What moved His inmost thought?
The friendless and the poor,
The woes none else could cure,
The grateful sinner's cry,
The heathen's heavenward sigh—
Each in their lot and line
Drew forth the Love and Life Divine.

Where did He rest the while
His most benignant smile?
The little children's charms,
That nestled in His arms,
The flowers that round Him grew,
The birds that o'er Him flew,
Were nature's sacred sign
To breathe the spell of Life Divine.

Where shall the Lord repose,
When pressed by fears and foes?
Amidst the friends He loves,
In Bethany's dear groves,
Or at the parting feast,
Where yearning host and guest
In converse sweet recline,
Is closed in peace the Life Divine.

O Thou who once didst come
In holy happy home,
Teaching and doing good,
To bless our daily food;
Compassionating mind,
That grasped all human kind,
Even now amongst us shine,
True glory of the Life Divine.

—*Dean Stanley, in McMillan's Magazine.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

Apr. 25—Confession and Cross-Bearing. Matt. 16:13-28
May 2—The Transfiguration. Matt. 17: 1-13
May 9—Jesus and the Young. Matt. 19:13-26
May 16—The Marriage Feast. Matt. 22: 1-14
May 23—The Judgment. Matt. 25:31-46
May 30—Gethsemane. Matt. 26:30-50
June 6—The Crucifixion. Matt. 27:33-50
June13—After the Resurrection. Matt. 28; 8-20
June20—Review of the Lessons.
June27—Lesson selected by the School.

Good Sermons.

It is very desirable that people shall hear just this kind and no other. Bad sermons are a crime, and poor ones are unsatisfactory, and may be a hindrance. No one has a right to be in the ministry without exerting himself to the utmost to preach what will be edifying and useful to the Church. But there is a diversity of view as to what constitutes pulpit excellence. Looked at from the point of view of a professor of theology, right structure and the observance of certain rules of art may be the main consideration. A literary expert will require good language and a finished style. A logical mind will want logic; a poetical taste will demand pictures and poetry. And so through all the variety of profession, training, disposition and taste, and the whole diversity in men and women, there will be different judgment and criticism.

It ought to be remembered, therefore, that as much depends upon the hearing as the preaching. There is as much said in the Bible about hearing well as preaching well. The *way* to hear is told more frequently and more plainly. Ears are to hear with; men are to take heed how they hear, and if a preacher is necessary to make known the truth, he must be properly heard if his teaching will do any good. He who spake as never man spake had but few results in conversion by His ministry, not, certainly, because there was aught wanting in His utterances, but because men would not appropriately hear Him. And so always, in saving sinners and edifying saints, it is just as necessary that there shall be good attention and a right use of that which is preached as that there shall be conscientious and unexceptionable declaration of the truth. It is not the preachers alone who are responsible; every man who hears, or who, having the opportunity, does not hear, must answer for his conduct, and privileges in the day of account.

Among Christians who consider what is addressed to them with becoming reverence there will be a difference of judgment as to what is good and profitable. A man of advanced holiness, who knows the deeper things of the Spirit of God, may not be edified by what, to some more youthful saint, will be precisely what he feeds upon. On the other hand, what is as honey to the taste of the former will be but insipidity to that of the latter. The pictures that delight the child and warm his soul in attraction toward the Gospel may almost offend the inconsiderate man of profound thought, who has forgotten that he was once a child and delighted more in the story of Joseph than the Epistle to the Romans. The one will hear a sermon and say it was good—the best he ever listened to; the other will speak of it as so much trash, that ought not to be addressed to people of intelligence.

In other ways this difference appears. There are different conditions of experience in the same person. To-day he is in tranquil joy; to-morrow he is fretted and perturbed. The lapse of a week has changed him from a state of triumph to one of despondency. Life is not a dead-level with him; it is undulating, and sometimes broken and mottled with its lights and shades. The instruction, therefore, that rejoices him one day may only try him another one. The good sermon becomes a poor one, the change being in himself. It is not the same heart that is receiving, though they are the same lips that are speaking. And thus it often happens that a Christian will go to church for a season liking all, for all is good to him. Psalms, prayers and preaching are all good; there is nothing wrong, nothing indifferent. The soul abounding in grace receives and assimilates everything, and grows strong on meat that to the last scrap and fragment is palatable and nutritious. The season passes and all enjoyment is gone. Day after day there is no real enthusiasm in the soul, and, going through all the forms as before, there is no real response. The sermons are to them good no longer; they have lost their eagerness, their unction, their spiritual power. And yet at that very time the preacher may be laboring and yearning with a hunger for souls that he knew nothing about before. The spirit of his hearers has changed and cannot appreciate what it once received and rejoiced in as a portion direct from God.

All this suggests that the best preaching requires the best hearing. While it is the duty of the preacher to try to overcome inattention, to win men to sedateness and reverence and consideration of the Gospel, and while God takes His truth oftentimes and applies it to those who hear it in opposition to their carelessness, yet the rule is that the soul that is most in sympathy with the things that are above is the one that will be most profited by the preaching of him who, living near his Master, preaches from a heart that has been touched by the Holy Ghost.—*United Presbyterian.*

The Christian's Joy.

"This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments, and His commandments are not grievous." "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Only those who try to keep the commandments without the inspiration of love find them grievous. They not only fail to render a perfect obedience, but find that the attempt to do so is the severest drudgery. But when the soul is filled with the love of God, obedience is his chief joy. Just as the loving mother finds her greatest happiness in the performance of innumerable acts of service for her children, without ever thinking of them as tasks, so the loving child of God finds his supreme delight in doing his Master's will. There is no sense of servitude in this service. Love excludes that. The performance of Christian duty is never a task to the man who loves God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself. It is the labor of love, and "love makes labor light." Nor is there any feeling of constraint in this service, for "love rules without a sword."

There is joy in the rewards of religion. Indeed it is, in an important sense, its own exceeding great reward. The joy derived from its services and experiences is a satisfying portion. For a part of these experiences are the unspeakably precious ministration and fellowship of the Spirit. Every day the faithful Christian is admitted to a communion with God, as real and joyful as that of the disciples with the Savior. And in the hour of trial his soul is comforted and sustained by the consciousness of the presence and help of God and by the certain assurance that his light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. And this prospect of eternal blessedness is a joy-producing element in religion. For the Christian has not a vague hope of Heaven, but a sure title, even "Christ within, the hope of glory," and knows that when Christ, who is life, shall appear, then shall he also appear with Him in glory—knows that if his earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, he has a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

How rich and glorious is the Christian's heritage of joy! It is a well-spring of delight that can never fail. It is as abiding as his union with Christ. It is a joy that the world can neither give nor take away. The most trying worldly circumstances, poverty, sickness, bereavement cannot rob the trusting child of God of His joy. He smiles through his tears, for the Lord "turns his mourning into joy." Like Paul and Silas in the stocks, like Peter in prison, like thousands of martyrs at the stake, he may still rejoice, for "the joy of the Lord is his strength." "Your joy no man taketh away from you;" and St. Paul declares that neither tribulation nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. "The message of religion is that all these things work together for good to them that love God. Whenever our life breaks down—in our losses, our disappointments, by the side of dying friends, before the messenger that calls us away—there like an angel stands this promise of God. No man walks so royally in the world, none so light-hearted, none finds such sweetness in joy, such courage in trouble, such happiness in life and victory in death as he who puts his hand in God's and lives as the child of God."—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

Gems of Thought.

It is not falling into the water, but lying in the water, that drowns. It is not falling into sin, but lying in sin, that destroys the soul. If sin and thy heart are two, Christ and thy heart are one.—*Thomas Brooks.*

If pleasure be a self-consuming rocket, cheerfulness is a returning light star; an object which, unlike pleasure, is not worn away by continuance, but receives from it new birth.—*Richter.*

Contemn riches and thou shalt be rich; contemn glory and thou shalt be glorious; contemn injuries and thou shalt be a conqueror; contemn rest and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth and thou shalt find Heaven.—*Chrysostom.*

No man is likely to do much good in prayer who does not begin by looking upon it in the light of a work, to be prepared for and persevered in with all the earnestness which we bring to bear upon subjects which are, in our opinion, at once most interesting and most necessary.—*Bishop Hamilton.*

True greatness shows itself in ignoring or quickly forgetting personal injuries, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man one is the more he makes of an injury or an insult. The more of a man he is the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause.

The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel;
But rushes joyously the ravage to conceal.

It is the tiny streamlet which is kept in a sputter by a stick thrust into its waters by a willful boy.—*S. S. Times.*

—The Leadville (Col.) *Democrat* of March 21 notes the arrival of Mr. David Jarvis from Gunnison City, via the new mining camp of Aspen. "Lost in a severe squall, he wandered about for several hours, and finally sought shelter under a rock by the side of the mountain, where he remained twenty hours without food or prospects of ever being able to again reach civilization. Mr. Jarvis advises those contemplating a trip to the Gunnison to remain snugly in Leadville till about the 20th of May. He has spent two winters in that country, and is positive that no successful prospecting can be done prior to June 1."

—The deaths of the Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Anglesey and the Earl of Fife, all within a year, hit the insurance companies hard. They were insured for an aggregate of $6,250,000. Two other noblemen who have just died were insured in the same companies for $1,250,000.

—General Sir Evelyn Wood says that he was much struck during his experience in Zululand with the inability of very fair shots to hit a body of Zulus moving rapidly. He would therefore advise every one to practice shooting at moving objects.

ASHTABULA & PITTSBURGH R'Y

CONDENSED TIME TABLE—Nov. 9th, 1879.

Going South Ex.	Going South Ac'm	Stations.	Going North Ex.	Going North Ac'm
a m			p m	
8 10	......	Harbor	2 10	......
8 20	......	L. S. & M. S. Crossing	2 00	......
8 25	......	Ashtabula	1 54	......
8 39	......	Munson Hill	*1 41	......
8 44	......	Austinburgh	1 35	......
8 55	......	Eagleville	1 24	......
9 00	......	Rock Creek	1 18	......
9 10	......	Rome	1 09	......
9 19	......	New Lyme	1 00	......
9 30	......	Inland	12 49	......
9 41	......	Bloomfield	12 38	......
9 50	......	Oakfield	12 27	......
9 54	......	Bristolville	12 23	......
10 06	......	Champion	12 09	......
10 17	a m	A. & G. W. R. R. Cr.	11 58	p m
10 20	7 00	Warren	11 55	8 00
10 38	7 12	Niles	11 37	7 47
10 50	7 23	Girard	11 25	7 35
10 57	*7 30	Brier Hill	11 17	7 27
11 05	7 40	Youngstown	11 10	7 20
2 30	10 05	Pittsburgh	†8 20	4 35
p m	a m		a m	p m

All trains daily except Sundays.

F. R. MYERS,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R.

GOING WEST.

Mich. Express leaves Buffalo at 9.55 p. m., Erie 1:00 a. m., Conneaut 2:10 a. m., Ashtabula 2:31 a. m., Geneva 3:19 a. m., Painesville 4:05 a. m., Cleveland 5:30 a. m.

Special Chicago Express leaves Buffalo at 12:35 a. m., Erie 3:40 a. m., Ashtabula 4:50, Painesville 5:34, and arrives at Cleveland at 6:35 a. m.

Conneaut Accommodation leaves Conneaut at 6:05 a. m., Amboy 6:11, Kingsville 6:21, Ashtabula 6:33, Saybrook 6:45, Geneva 6:53, Painesville 7:25, and arrives at Cleveland 8:40 a. m.

Toledo Express leaves Buffalo at 6:45 a. m., Erie 9:20, Conneaut 10:36, Kingsville 11:11 Ashtabula 11:25 a. m., Saybrook 11:33 Geneva 11:45, Painesville 12:18, and arrives at Cleveland at 1:25 p. m.

Special St. Louis Express leaves Buffalo 8:10 a. m., Erie 10:37, Ashtabula 12:02 p. m., Painesville 12:45, and arrives at Cleveland 1:40.

Pacific Express leaves Buffalo 12:45 p. m., Erie 3:52, Ashtabula 5:12, Painesville 6:01, and arrives at Cleveland at 7:05 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Atlantic Express leaves Cleveland 7:30 a. m., Painesville 8:30, Ashtabula 9:05, Conneaut 9:28, Erie 10:30, and arrives at Buffalo at 1:10 p. m.

Toledo and Buffalo Accommodation leaves Cleveland at 11:15 a. m., Painesville 12:35, Geneva 1:11 a. m., Saybrook 1:26, Ashtabula 1:32, Kingsville 1:45, Amboy —, Conneaut 2:02, Erie 3:25, Buffalo 7:00 p. m.

Chicago and St. Louis Express leaves Cleveland at 2:40 p. m., Painesville 3:30, Ashtabula 4:08, Erie 5:25, and arrives at Buffalo at 7:50 p. m.

Conneaut Accommodation leaves Cleveland at 4:50 p. m., Painesville 6:00, Geneva 6:45, Saybrook 6:55, Ashtabula 7:04, Kingsville 7:15, Amboy 7:24, and arrives at Conneaut at 7:30 p. m.

Special New York Express leaves Cleveland at 10:30 p. m., Painesville 11:20, Ashtabula 12:04 a. m., Erie 1:35 and arrives at Buffalo at 4:58 a. m.

☞ Trains run by Columbus time.

L. S. & M. S.—FRANKLIN DIVISION

From and after Dec. 14th, 1879, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

No. 1.	W. Ft.	STATIONS.	No. 2.	W. Ft.
A M	A M		P M	P M
7 40	......	Oil City—East	1 15	......
7 45	......	‡Junction	1 10	......
7 48	6 00	‡Oil City—West	1 07	4 45
7 55	6 20	‡Reno	12 58	4 28
8 01	6 34	Run	12 53	4 15
8 07	6 45	‡Franklin	12 47	4 05
8 22	8 06	Summit	12 30	2 36
8 27	8 17	‡Polk	12 24	2 22
8 37	9 01	‡Raymilton	12 14	1 59
8 52	9 33	Sandy Lake	11 58	1 23
8 55	9 40	‡Stoneboro	11 55	1 15
9 03	10 38	Branch	11 45	12 16
9 12	10 58	Clark	11 34	11 53
9 20	11 15	‡Hadley	11 25	11 35
9 32	12 03	Salem	11 09	10 37
9 37	12 11	Amasa	11 05	10 24
9 48	12 35	‡Jamestown	10 52	9 48
9 57	1 15	Turner	10 43	9 23
10 05	1 30	Simon	10 35	9 08
10 20	2 00	‡Andover	10 20	8 40
10 29	2 42	‡Leon	10 10	7 45
10 37	3 00	Dorset	10 00	7 26
10 52	3 27	‡Jefferson	9 45	6 55
10 59	......	Greggs	9 36	......
11 07	4 15	Plymouth	9 28	6 25
11 15	......	Centre Street	9 18	......
11 17	4 40	‡Ashtabula	9 15	6 00
......	......	Pittsburgh	......	......
A M	P M		A M	A M

‡ Telegraph Stations.

Passenger fare at the rate of 3 cents per mile to way stations counted in even half dimes.

L. S. & M. S.—YOUNGSTOWN BRANCH

From and after Dec. 14th, 1879, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Going North No. 3.	W. Ft.	STATIONS.	Going South No. 4.	W. Ft.
P M	P M		P M	
1 47	6 30	‡Youngstown	2 55	
1 53	6 40	Thorn Hill	2 50	
1 59	7 04	Doughton	2 40	
2 05	7 18	‡Coalburg	2 34	
2 11	7 35	Brookfield	2 28	
2 17	7 50	‡Tyrrell Hill	2 17	
2 24	8 08	Fowler	2 10	
2 31	8 30	Latimer	2 01	
2 43	8 50	‡Kinsman	1 47	
2 50	9 10	Gravel Pit	1 40	
2 54	......	Stanhope	1 35	
2 59	9 32	‡W. W'msf'ld	1 28	
3 10	10 00	‡Andover	1 15	
4 00	......	‡Ashtabula	12 20	
10 40	......	Pittsburgh	6 15	
A M	A M		P M	

‡ Telegraph Stations.

ERIE RAILWAY,

Now known as

The New York, Lake Erie & Western R. R.

Abstract of Time Table adopted Nov. 17, 1879.

PULLMAN'S best Drawing-room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements, are running through without change from Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cincinnati, Chicago to New York, making direct connection with all lines of foreign and coastwise steamers, and also with Sound steamers and railway lines for Boston and New England cities. Hotel Dining Cars from Chicago to New York.

STATIONS.	No. 8. N. Y. Express	*No. 12 Atlantic Ex.	*No. 4 Night Ex.
Dunkirk ... L've.	......	1 05 P.M.	......
Salamanca ... "	7.55 A.M.	3 35 "	......
Clifton ... "	7 05 "	1 45 "	7 00 P.M.
Susp. Bridge "	7 15 "	2 00 "	7 10 "
Niagara Falls "	7 20 "	2 05 "	7 15 "
Buffalo ... "	8 00 "	3 50 "	9 20 "
Attica ... "	9 05 "	4 10 "	10 30 "
Portage ... "	......	5 22 "	......
Hornellsville "	‡11 05 "	‡6 50 "	12 35 A.M.
Addison ... "	11 56 "	7 50 "	1 33 "
Rochester ... "	9 00 A.M.	4 00 "	......
Avon ... "	9 43 "	4 40 "	......
Bath ... "	11 32 "	6 46 "	......
Corning ... "	12 18 P.M.	8 15 "	1 56 "
Elmira ... "	‡1 07 "	8 55 "	2 35 "
Waverly ... "	1 39 "	9 30 "	3 13 "
Owego ... "	2 15 "	10 10 "	3 56 "
Binghamton "	2 54 "	11 00 "	4 40 "
GreatBend ... "	3 18 "	......	5 08 "
Susquehanna "	3 40 "	‡11 55 "	5 30 "
Deposit ... "	4 12 "	12 30 A.M.	6 04 "
Hancock ... "	4 41 "	1 09 "	6 33 "
Narrowsburg "	‡6 13 "	2 29 "	‡8 10 "
Lackawaxen "	6 35 "	......	8 34 "
Honesdale .. Arr	7 45 "	......	11 25 "
Port Jervis .. L've	7 20 "	3 46 "	9 20 "
Middletown. "	8 03 "	4 40 "	10 01 "
Goshen ... "	8 15 "	......	10 15 "
Paterson ... "	9 36 "	6 03 "	11 35 "
Newark ... "	10 57 "	7 30 "	2 05 P.M.
Jersey City .. Arr.	10 14 "	7 05 "	12 10 "
New York ... "	10 25 P.M.	7 25 A.M.	12 25 "

Express Trains Leave New York

9.00 A.M. Cincinnati and Chicago Day Express. Drawing Room Coaches to Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

6.00 P.M. Daily. Fast St. Louis Express, arriving at Buffalo 8 00 A. M., connecting with fast trains to the West, Northwest and Southwest. Pullman's best Drawing Room Sleeping Coaches to Buffalo.

7.00 P.M. Daily. Pacific Express. Sleeping Coaches and Hotel Dining Cars through to Chicago without change.

7.00 P.M. Emigrant train for the West.

*Daily. No. 8 daily, except Sunday. ‡Meal stations.

☞ Ask for Tickets via Erie Railway; for sale by all principal offices.

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