of the place, if I could not see the pulpit where the man preached, once, who had indeed a divine call.

Then I should say that, beside this reality about the pulpit, there ought to be reality in it. And I would carry this into everything that is done. In the generation that is passing away in our own denomination, there was a class of preachers who took great pains to imitate the pulpit tones of Dr. Channing. Now Dr. Channing had a voice of the most marvelous sweetness that was ever heard. To hear him read a hymn and touch the summits of his sermon was a perfect wonder. There was a vast attraction in such an organ of itself. It captivated a good many young preachers, and led them to feel that if they could make a sound like that they *must* be attractive to their pulpit ministries. I heard the tone in great perfection in Saratoga in one of our morning meetings. I never want to hear it again until I hear Channing use it in Heaven—and this was the gravest mistake such men could make in that direction.

Channing stood for himself. They stood for themselves. They could make the best of their own voices; they could make nothing of that inimitable wonder. And so I have thought I could shut my eyes and let six of the ordinary men of six different denominations preach, and I would know to what church they belonged by their tone, but on the street I could not detect this difference. They would talk with men like men, yet the moment they stand in that place, where the man is also a minister, some sort of unreality takes possession of their voice, and you feel the presence of the familiar man no longer, and sorrow to see that so far the *priest* has swallowed up the preacher. Now I notice that, as a rule, when children are in good earnest, the tones of their voice assume a steady and irresistible emphasis, and the child goes right to its purpose. But when they are saying a task they fall into a sort of sing-song, and travelers say this sing-song can be heard in great perfection in the old heathen temples. I should trace it to the same reason; they are all speaking a piece, and we all speak a piece that go sing-songing through sermons. One subtle element of unreality in the pulpit is the pulpit tone—and I will add to this, to complete my illustration, the pulpit manner, too—and I mean by that everything a man puts on for effect, compared with what springs spontaneously out of his nature, is a pulpit manner. Dr. Wadsworth, of Philadelphia, was in his youth one of the most awkward and ungainly men in the pulpit I ever saw—every "action," as we call it, went in the face of the whole school of elocutions, and was as unexpected as it was extraordinary. But the preacher was a man of a mighty power. He caught you first by that; then his voice was altogether his own, and he held you by that; and then, by and by, you saw that every movement he made had a delicate kinship to the movement of his soul, and then you cared no more for the contortions.

But I have often seen men whose movements were governed by the elocutionist with the most exquisite grace that I could not bear to look at. It was an elaborate lesson they had learned, they were really conducting an exhibition. While it is always sad to see this, it is saddest of all in the pulpit.

We had a man once on our circuit in Pennsylvania who made these motions so that they came in very slightly out of time. It was as if he had said the thing and some other person had given the emphasis. I have never been able to see these pulpit "posture-makers" except in that man's mirror. They do it better, but I do not care any more about it. I want the hand to strike home. I want the finger to point at the truth,—I want all shakings to come from a shaken soul,—then I am content if there be no grace at all in the movement. Let the man speak to-day as he will to-morrow, and hold himself in the pulpit as he would on the street. If his soul was all on fire there, then he has attained to the first summit of power in the pulpit, the real presence of a man. Then I am convinced that another element of unreality in the pulpit comes from reading sermons instead of preaching extempore. It is evident that in the first Christian ages what is now a sermon was just talk about matters of the directest interest and in the directest way. This is true, too, about the Reformation. All the sermons then that went to the heart of the people from men like Latimer were full of the plainest possible talk, as of one plain man to another. And there again did but follow the great models they found in the Gospels and in the prophets. If we will go through these books to get an idea of the ancient preaching, I think we shall be amazed at the way those preachers of the old time contrived to bring their truth home. Everything serves their purpose, and they never beat round the bush to come at it.

But preaching now has got to be a fine art and has taken its place among the rest of the fine arts. A sermon must be about so long, and so logical, and so good, and be written down so that you never have to wait for a word, or else it won't do; and it is possible sometimes, I feel sure, for a written sermon to be better than one preached right out of your heart and mind. There is a compactness and solidity to be obtained in that way you cannot come at otherwise, and I suppose men like Chalmers and Dr. Dewey would preach better right along from the manuscript than from the mind, and James Martineau could no more preach without his manuscript than a bird could fly without wings, while one sermon like those he preaches would weigh more in the solid gold of truth and genius than a hundred of the pulpit talks of some other men. Yet the popular heart still responds to the pulpit talk. Mr. Spurgeon has 6,000 people to hear him. Mr. Martineau perhaps had seven score. Still I think the 6,000 know what they are about. They do not want so much the fine gold of truth and genius as the warm, quick presence of a man, and a man who may not do much for their thought, but still may do a great deal for their life. I deplore exceedingly my own bondage to this custom of reading sermons. There would be vastly more reality in a directer method. I long sometimes to try my old Methodist plans and see whether I might not still do as I did then. It is hard on all preachers to put their best deliberately on paper. The best comes flying across the soul when the whole man is lighted up, as the summer lights and shadows fly across the world. I suppose the demand for at least one good sermon a week compelled this resort to manuscript; it will keep the preacher down to manuscript, but if those congregations whose minister might do better would say, give us one written sermon a month and talk to us the rest of the time the best you can, we will bear a little until you get your faculty, we will not look cross, or hold our heads down, then there would be a reformation; but, as it is, three times out of four there is a film between the paper and the thought—it has come there since the sermon was written. It insures that the composition shall be read, and not said, and so "of making sermons there is no end, and much hearing is weariness to the flesh." While the best sermons of this country came pouring out of the living heart of Frederick Robertson without a scrap of paper.

The last element of unreality in the pulpit which I can mention is the understanding between the preacher and congregation, that he shall only preach certain things. It is not true of such men that they are physicians, called to the care of souls, and compelled sometimes to give very bitter medicines; they are caterers, whose business it is to serve up such things as their customers like, and not to serve up what they don't like, on pain of losing their custom.

Many ministers hold their pulpits during their good behavior. Yet when good behavior means faithfulness to the deepest convictions in their souls, *that* may insure their dismissal. Congregations covenant for what they *want* to hear, while what they *ought* to hear may be quite another question. They want to hear predestination, free grace, universalism, partialism, literalism, rationalism, or whatever else they choose, and they don't want to hear the other side, except as religious tracts are written, in the form of a dialogue, in which the other side is sure to get the worst of it. They want to hear as much of science and the new revelation as will accord with their old creeds, but not one word more under pains and penalties. If they have some darling sin or deep-rooted prejudice, they will let you traverse everything but that. There you must stop, or they will stop their pew-rent. So, there is an Inquisition in this Republic too. Its agents are in the vast majority of churches every Sunday. It does not resort to its old brutal methods of torture, but it has other methods that drive the thorn home and serve its purpose very well. All this brings fatal unreality into the pulpit. Outsiders say to such preachers: "You are special pleaders for a foregone conclusion; you are bound over to your good behavior."

> And made for the universe
> Narrow your mind,
> And to party give up,
> What was meant for mankind.

Finally, it is still as true as ever that preaching is one of the divine forces of the world. We need it to-day as much as the multitude did that gathered about a mountain when Christ opened his mouth and spake the beatitudes. To hear the tones they heard, out of the very heart of realities; to feel that every movement of the man is the unstudied expression of a nature all on fire with the word of God, and that this soul of a man we set up to be the medium, so far as it may be, by which the truth shall come to us from heaven shall never be covered by the films of our prejudice or selfishness, lest it become like a mirror which is so clouded that it cannot reflect the image.

I think I tell the simple truth when I say that to preserve the pulpit pure and strong and free is one of the most momentous things we can possibly do, and it is just as much the business of the people as the preacher to see that this is done; for while there will always be here and there a man in the pulpit who can hold his own against the pews, the great majority of us sooner or later take the image and superscription of our particular communion and work within certain large lines. And we need to feel that we have all about us honest, earnest, fearless men and women, who will hear our word and heed it, will stand by it, and help us preach it afresh through every channel of practical godliness that is open to our daily life.

THE COMMUNION SERVICES.

At the close of the services, Mr. Collyer invited his congregation, and all others who were present, to take the Communion. His words were in the ideal spirit of Christian brotherhood; he invited those who were members of his church, of any church, or of no church,—all to whom it would be a precious time of nearness to God. The services were very simple. At the close, Mr. Collyer took from the pulpit two crowns of white flowers, and placed them on the communion-table, saying, as he did so, "I want to put these flowers myself on the table, because it seems appropriate to my heart, which has been so touched that some one who loved me here has remembered that this is the first time we have been about the communion table since my mother went to heaven."

These crowns were part of the very beautiful floral decorations which had been put about the pulpit in commemoration of the death of their pastor's mother, who died on the 11th of last July. The crowns which Mr. Collyer took up had each the word "Mother" worked in violets; there was also a large cross and two sheaves of ripe wheat.

As Mr. Collyer talked of his mother, of what she had been to him, there was not an unbowed head, or a dry eye in the church. Much that he said was too sacred to be repeated, but this reply to her daughter's question about her feeling for the future as she lay dying may be given: "Bairns," she said, "it's all right, I know I'm going home, but it's something I cannot talk much about. Infinite rest and love are all about me." Her daughter asked if she did not want to send a special message to the sons in France and America. "No, you are all equally near," was the reply. "You have all been always the same to me, and they know as well as you that I love them."

After singing the hymn, "The Shining Shore," the congregation slowly separated, lingering as though leaving a tender family feast,—one stopping to pick a flower or a spray of the memorial wheat, another to exchange an affectionate greeting with the much-loved pastor, and another to thank him for remaining with his people in Chicago. The last greeting that followed Mr. Collyer as he stepped out into his study was in the voice of a young man, "If you had left us, Mr. Collyer, I should have gone back to the dogs," and Mr. Collyer replied in a grave and fatherly way, "No, for you don't belong to the dogs, but to the sons of God."

PURE RELIGION.

Sermon by the Rev. Prof. Swing at the Fourth Church.

Prof. Swing preached yesterday morning at his church, corner of Rush and Superior streets, taking as his text:

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

The definition of religion given here by St. James differs from those definitions found in the more philosophic, formal of pure metaphysicians or theologians. The variation does not prove that either party, the inspired or the uninspired, has erred, but only shows how impossible it is to define exhaustively any of the great terms which men use in any of their departments of thought. No one has ever yet been able to fashion some statement that should tell the world forever what faith is, what the word literature means, what philosophy includes or rejects. It has been the long effort of the deepest thinkers to furnish their fellow-men with the definition of things, but the effort has met with only imperfect success. It should not be expected, therefore, that mankind should be able perfectly to define religion. The difficulty does not arise wholly from the vagueness of terms, but from the largeness of the meaning,—a bulk too great to be gathered up into a sentence or paragraph. Such words as God, and faith, and philosophy, and country are like the great planets in their orbits: not only too poorly seen, but too vast for our powers of conception.

All the encyclopedists and theologians define religion to be the sense man experiences of a Supreme Being. Some of the Latin writers thought the term descended from "religo," to bind, and hence pointed to the fact that man feels bound as with chains to a Spirit above himself. Cicero thinks the word comes from "relego," and means the calmest or deepest study of man, or rereading, one that goes away from the surface of things. Max Muller says that as soon as man has become conscious of self he becomes conscious of something above self, and that this is religion. It seems almost a discord to the harmony of these voices from ancient and modern lips when St. James comes into the group with his announcement that pure and undefiled religion before God is this: To visit the fatherless and the bereaved, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world. But there is no discord here. James is looking at the same thing which Cicero, and Max Muller, and all the theologians, have looked at, only he is looking further along at the outbreak of the religious consciousness. The former class are seeking the most fundamental expression. Ask a chemist what winter is, and he will tell you it is the result of the obstruction of heat by nights that are longer than the day, and by the quarter declination of the earth's axis; but ask the child, the common citizen, and he will point to leafless trees, to snow-covered hills, to frozen streams, to poor, shivering, homeless children, and say, "That is winter." This last class take up the definition further along from the starting-point.

Thus St. James really comes into conflict with nobody, but begins where other minds cease, and in so doing he has rendered the world signal service. Very closely, too, has he followed his Master, for Christ gave no fundamental definitions of terms, but placed His statements far away from metaphysics, out in the region of daily activity. The Sermon on the Mount can be nothing more than a definition of religion, taken not where the sentiment rises, but where it widens out into life. James, following his Master, examines a shower of rain, not up in the cold where it forms, but down in the valley where it falls upon the wheat and the lily, the oak and the daisy.

Definitions may be too fundamental for the great public, and may thus conceal a truth instead of unfolding it and it is hardly to be doubted that, when the world was under the influence of the philosophers, as it was from Plato to Luther, and when the truth was all fed out to the multitude through the words of only profound inquiry, religion lay concealed among the very terms that were meant to reveal it. Acting upon the profound instruction of the greatest men, millions of souls felt that to stand out in the burning sand or upon the summit of a pillar, or to pass life in a cavern, or to ignore food, raiment, and society, and live in poverty and solitude,—this was religion, because religion is a consciousness of God. To keep up this perpetual sense of the Deity was the motive that made the Hindoo stand out on the desert sands day and night and gaze upward; that made Simeon Stylites pass his forty years upon a pillar, and led a multitude to flock after the sacredness of his example; this was the proposition that founded monasteries and convents, and induced men and women to isolate themselves from a world that only stood between them and God.

The definition of religion was too narrow. It was not only imperfect because false, but it was too narrow for a human life that was to draw education and happiness from the variety of its feelings, studies, and pursuits. The human mind cannot live upon any one thought or emotion. It can no more gaze upon God forever than it can eat, or sleep, or walk, or run forever, or forever say, "I am happy," or "I am sad." The soul is as broad as the universe, and can no more be held into one thought and feeling than the planet Jupiter can be put into a cup. The mind and spirit of man were made in the image of God, and hence, though man is not infinite as the Creator, yet he reaches out grandly in all directions, and would seem to be infinite if he were not so eclipsed by the presence of God. Now, manifold are the works of the Lord, and, if man be in the Divine image, manifold are the works of man, too, and hence the life of his soul can never flow along in religion as defined by the philosophers,—in a straight, narrow channel, with no object visible except the Divine radiance. Such a confinement has always, in the fact of history, been first the death of the soul, and then the decline of the religion. Our fathers, far back, made this mistake when they held their religious services from morning till the sunset of the Sunday, and attempted to hold the mind to a contemplation of Deity rather than to a great, varied life. This made Christianity so narrow that a church was often only a kind of palanquin, such as ply between zenanas, in India, in which the poor traveler finds only one little window, and that on the top, looking only to the sky.

Some English writer accounts for the great revival in Scotland, now blessing that land, by alluding to the fact that for a century the poor common people have seen only a religion of one idea, and had been wholly uncheered by love, and by musical instrument, and by song. Out of such a paralysis the multitude is now awakened by the love, and breadth, and music, and hymns that crossed over to the old land from the now, blossoming America. If this is so (and no theory seems more probable), it shows what need there is of a broad definition of religion,—such that under its flag man may march,—not as a prisoner, with his hands bound, and with heavy chains to his feet, but as a conqueror, with great empires at his feet. The soul is like the tree which leans and loses all symmetry when the light can strike only one side of it, but which stands straight and beautiful when the sun and winds play every day all around it. It is not Christianity as defined in our standard books that can give us the best men and women and the best civilization, but to the fundamentals of the books, so far as true, one must add the formula of a Christ or a St. James, and thus lift the mind and heart out of a cell too small for it, and must place it where the light and atmosphere of a wide world can play upon all sides of it.

James calls down the Stylitess from their columns, the Hindoos away from the solitude of desert sands, Bernard from his monastery, the theologian from his library, and asks them to listen for the sigh of some heavy hearts and fly to where the orphan-child weeps, or to where any calamity of soul or body is wearing all the stings of life. Christ thus cried before James, for He did not declare religion to be a sense of a God, but He said, "Blessed are the merciful," "Blessed are the peacemakers," and "Love even your enemies." In most of existing creeds religion is included only so far as it is a thing to be believed, and omitted so far as it is anything to be done. At least, I know of no creed that incorporates any maxim from either James or Jesus Christ, and hence they seem defective, seem narrow channels in which the spirit is cramped, and are adequate explanation of a Christian world full of a consciousness of a God, but empty of duty and virtue.

That sense of God or Jesus Christ, that consciousness of such a God and Redeemer, is not religion, so much as the first step in religion. From that grand base man moves outward, as the astronomer, from the base of the earth's orbit, goes forth with a measuring line among the stars. So religion, founded upon God, moves out into society, and, engaging in myriads of duties, leans upon God for the whole measurement of the dignity and responsibility of its deeds. It is a little doubtful why James repeats the word Father after he had used the word God,—"pure religion before God and the Father,"—but the fact that the orphan and the widow appear in the close of the sentence should throw light back upon the great word "Father" in the opening clause, and hence it will follow that the idea of God as the Father of man is the basis of human duty and human character. The love and care of God, as unfolded in Jesus Christ, become the basis of human nobleness.

It is not easy for us to see, perhaps, the causal relationship between a consciousness of God, and care for the suffering ones of earth, but the soul is something so ethereal that it is not easy to see how it is molded by the world or God without. Who can see the institutions and liberty of America shaping the young heart that lives in its confines? Who of you in the past years have been conscious of the shaping, and developing, and adorning which have been going on in your hearts while the years have passed slowly by over you in the hills of the East, and prairies of the West? And yet, should fate transfer you to some foreign land, and compel you to build a home there, the land of your birth and love would reveal itself in every chamber of your mind and heart, and, like the daughters of Jerusalem, you would hang your harp on the willows, and weep when you remembered the land of the free.

Thus, with a delicate and invisible hand, the soul is molded along all its paths, and thus it comes to pass that the heart that dwells in the presence of God the Father becomes full of a religion which, by some gentle chains, binds at once to the God above and the human race below, so that tears fall on the world beneath, while incense and prayers are rising to the world above. When a religion or a form of Christianity appears that does not go out towards the world's need, there is something the matter with that Christianity; it is either, like the sentiment of the Brahmin, a simple consciousness of a higher power, or else it is only a formula memorized, as at school we learn tables of weights and measures, or rules of syntax. The Father and Savior, deeply loved, become the impulse of life, and all the earthly homes rise to a higher tone. A public man recently wrote to a friend that the Golden Rule had modified his treatment of the brute world, and that he could not kill the lowest forms of creatures with the willingness that belonged to days before that law of love unveiled the beauty of his soul.

The life of each soul has its own tone all through, and, go where it may,—to pleasure, or work, or worship,—its own accent, soft or shrill, goes with it. Dwelling in the presence of the Father, as seen in all His Fatherhood, the heart is strung up to a divine pitch, and that piano tone rises up everywhere, whether the soul bows at the altar or meets with the poor and fatherless. If you make your soul great in one department it will be great all through. The Spanish Castelar, who a few years ago beamed forth so great in the cause of liberty, has since shown that he is broad and great everywhere. When he speaks of art he is great, when he describes nature he is great, and when he talks upon religion the great lines of a vast soul lie before you like the horizon, not that lies around around a cottage, but that encircles the world. Oh, how full of inspiration was St. James! for pure and undefiled religion indeed casts the whole life into its image, and, setting forth from God, it comes upon the hungry and feeds him, and upon the friendless and loves him, like the light which, springing away from the sun, folds worlds far off in its arms, and lifts the child at its play, the student at his book, the bird in its bower, the rose in its blossoming.

The calamity of the past Church has been that its religion was only a definition. It was not that pure and undefiled soul that acted like God in a supreme Fatherhood, it was not a love of life that sounded out the same spiritual music everywhere, but it was a definition, or a series of them; and instead of loving the slave and orphan, instead of carrying the whole world upon its beating heart, the Church, thus rich in definitions, pointed to its work and said, There I stand. No one will deny the value of creeds, but we must look upon all the ideas of the Church as only helps to religion. Religion was made before Christianity. In the blooming Eden, man, we are informed, stood up perfect in moral beauty. But he fell. Christianity—with its Christ, its atonement, its faith, its conversion—comes to help man back to his lost religion. Hence all those doctrines of the books, so valuable, are the gates through which the soul must march in returning to its lost estate. Paul points out the gates; James points out the soul that has come through them. When the soul has reached that point from which, for God's sake, it desires to bless all creatures, and keep itself unspotted from the world, it has passed through the gates and has come into the real City of Religion.

The promise now seen in the Christian Church consists greatly in its new unfolding of a suffering world in its arms. In its hospitals, asylums, mission schools, in its great temperance waves; in its conventions where the education, and virtue, and welfare of woman are thought of as never before in history, the Church is showing how at last it is drawing from the throne of God and the divine love of Jesus Christ a grandeur of human life. The Church merits praise, not for having done its whole duty, but for having started along this new path. It is growing weary of the schoolmen's debate; after about 1,800 years of discussion it is about satisfied as to what the philosophy of Christ is, and it has all this last half century been looking with regrets and longings toward a career of usefulness.

The great breadth and variety of the intellectual and moral powers of man show that he was not made simply to stand and look up toward his God in heaven. God asks no such form of piety. He created man for a varied and extensive culture, and hence the only religion of value to man must be one that shall carry him into society rather than away from it. The Christianity of our ancestors was not a life so much as a paralysis. Men looked up till their eyes became blind to the beauty of the earth about their feet. Neither did they see heaven the better. To those who walk among men, and see their wants and help them, and see their tears and dry them, heaven comes down with such an atmosphere as never hung around a school of loud debate or the cell of an ecclesiast. Men must indeed look to God for strength, but straightway they must pour out this whole strength upon the waiting world. The clouds must draw their treasures from the sea, but, having stored their great white mists stolen from the ocean, they must at once march away to thunder over continents, and exhaust their blessings over the fields that reach from the pine to the palm.

You remember the beautiful scene in the Book of the Acts. The Disciples were looking steadfastly up in the clouds in which their Christ had disappeared, when lo! two beings in white apparel stood by them and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you will come again down from the sky." The Disciples felt the import of the words, and, returning to Jerusalem, they began that duty of life which molds the nineteenth century to-day in all the forms of its large and varied being.

Ye men, not of Galilee, but of any land, especially of such a land and era as ours, why gaze ye up into the heavens only? Behold now also the rude earth around you. The God, now invisible, will come down again out of the same sky, and against the day of that coming, which we mark with tears, and by carving a name upon a tomb, prepare ye yourselves by asking your religion to spread out like an atmosphere and color all these moments and years. Stand not close to the definitions of Christianity alone, but, as Paul says, leaving the principles behind, go on unto perfection.

Religion is not a simple consciousness of God, but it is that consciousness after it has molded life, and made the spirit great in its impulses, great in its duties, and great even in its pleasures. God or Christ is the initial point of a great life, but from that gateway the life flows out, and widens to the breadth of the world. When you hold a creed in your hand, and read and re-read it, you are perhaps up at the spring of a river, but you can float no ship there, and can found no nation or city in that dreary place. Follow the grand teachings of Jesus and His saint, and strike religion far away from its first definition. Seek the Amazon, not up in its obscure mountain springs, but toward the sea, where the ships of all the world may move and rock upon its bosom, and where, not far away, the great ocean rolls with its music, and mystery, and inspiration.

MRS. LIVERMORE.

Her Sermon at St. Paul's Yesterday Morning.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Melrose, Mass., preached yesterday morning to a very large congregation at St. Paul's Church, Michigan avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. She selected her text from Second Kings, vi., 16, which reads, "They that are with us are more than they that are with them."

The speaker explained the Scriptural story upon which the text was based, and dwelt a length upon the warfare of the King of Syria upon Elisha, in his efforts to entrap him and force him from the right and God. While the story was not accepted as an actual fact, it was not denied as actual experience. She depicted life as a journey, an inn where we stay for a while and then pass on to eternity, leaving space for others. But life as a battle was the telling figure, commencing with the cradle and ending at the grave. In the battle no substitutes were admissible, but each human being had to do for himself. All were soldiers, and none could discharge, except God, and He only in giving a passport to eternity. The battle-ground of all others was the human soul, of which there were both strong and weak. The struggle was to keep the strong to the front, and the weak to the rear.

The speaker then reviewed the battle of life at large, covering its various phases and painting admirable word-pictures. The battle was not confined to individuals, but extended to countries and nations. The country must be kept headed to the right to avoid shipwreck. The sepulchres of the great dead, who tried to live down the right, were the strongest argument against evil doing and the impurities of public men.

The severest sins of which individuals were guilty, she believed, were those committed against one another in the want of charity, and the failure to extend a helping hand to one another in time of need. No one could be a Christian unless the new commandment, "as I have loved you, love one another," was strictly observed in our lives.

"Have we any help in life?" was a query of the speaker. She said, generally speaking, that all felt themselves alone in life, but denounced the idea. If she had gained anything from the fifty-three years of experience behind her, it was to realize that God was the companion of her soul, and was in and about, and a present help in time of trouble, and nearest when most needed. She then reviewed her early life and training. In her childhood days family prayer was a practice beneath her roof,—a habit almost forgotten in the present busy age. The wants of the family were breathed in earnest prayer every morning, and every necessity and condition was exposed to God. He was trusted implicitly, just as the infant trusts its mother, and, after appealing to Him, she had been taught to sit quietly down and await the result. Such was her early training, but she feared that from the nation she had departed from the way. She had strayed so far as to trust in no small degree to her own might. But from prayer she still gained a heart-satisfaction, and she wished for language to depict the wealth thereof to her hearers. She was still fighting for the right, beneath which were eternal principles, and she believed success was inevitable, for God did not create the world as an experiment, and fix certain laws, and then take a back seat to watch the result of His work. After the great fire in Chicago came a demonstration which she could best enjoy from the summit of the ruins of the old Court-House, from which she concluded that, to best enjoy God's love, it was necessary to climb higher. To the despairing and those striving for the right she recommended her text: "They that are with us are more than they that are with them."

She recognized God as the brooding-mother of the world. She herself was a mother, and as she answered appeals of her loved ones, so God, in His motherhood, answered the appeals of the human family, directed by the same motherly instincts, and controlled by the same filial affection. As mothers gathered their little ones into their arms to comfort them, so God gathered her creatures to a brooding heart. If we think of all that is good and and cheering, and then multiply the same by finity, but a slight idea is gained of the goodness and glory of God.

Human nature, which was God-given, and filled with God-hood, she held in the greatest esteem. You could not judge of the power and innate worth of the acorn from the cup containing it, but the mighty oak told the tale. Nor could you judge of human nature by a casual glance. This was but a vague hint of the glory of God. She could not despise humanity as some did, but cherished and uplifted it, if for no other reason, in respect to God, the author and propagator of right.

She believed that the world contained a spirit for good predominating over the spirit for wrong. The First Napoleon was made so great and good by historians that his life was a drug, and read, when at all, as a fabled story. No one cared for him outside of France, and he was allowed to die after the fashion of a chained wolf at St. Helena. The world had forgotten him, because his motives in life were for might rather than right. Abraham Lincoln was not a great man, unless morally considered. He did not feel in his career at the head of the nation the need of the statesman's power. His inquiry was, "What is right?" The greatest act of his life was his emancipation proclamation, in the issuing of which he had no higher ambition than to be right. Though opposed at the time by a majority of the people, he issued his glorious edict nevertheless. He did it because he thought it right. The world has since recognized the glory of the act, and its fruits are apparent throughout the length and breadth of the country. To disbelieve in the right was to disbelieve in God.

The speaker proceeded to consider the human family as one and inseparable, in which she drew many affecting pictures, and often grew exceedingly eloquent, melting the immense audience to tears.

She closed with the consideration of the inquiry, "What is the end of the battle of life?" She thought it impossible for a child of God to be lost. If it were one even, and that one the most abject of the human family, she believed God would act the Good Shepherd and go for the rescue of the last one, leaving the ninety-nine saved behind, and that He would continue the search until all had been taken within the fold. She was in Chicago at the close of the War, and well remembered the pains, expense, and solicitude expended to welcome the return of the nation's heroes. Music could not be obtained sweet enough, nor could the reception be made to assume the wanted grandeur. This was but a faint symbol of the reception in store for the heroes in the right in that great day when all should unite around the throne of God. As we had welcomed back our soldiers, so would God welcome us to His presence and Kingdom with "Well done, good and faithful servants; come up higher."

THE REV. MR. WILLIAMSON.

First Sermon of the New Pastor of Trinity M. E. Church.

The Rev. John Williamson began his pastorate at the Wabash Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Fourteenth street, yesterday. Mr. Williamson is a tall, well-proportioned man, wearing a full, brown beard around a countenance at once intellectual and pleasing. His delivery is at times rather hurried, and is not compensated for by the musical voice and distinct utterance which he possesses. The sermon was given much as a reading lesson, in the same monotonous tone from beginning to end, and without any emphasis except an occasional loudness in the voice, and without any gesticulation except that of drawing the handkerchief from the coat's skirt pocket, holding it in the hand for a few moments, and then returning it to its place. This meaningless action was performed by Mr. Williamson at least twenty times during his discourse, and was varied only by locking the hands in the small of the back. Thus many excellent points of his able sermon were lost to the audience.

President Grant was present, in company with Mr. Potter Palmer. The President looked as ruddy as a ripe cherry, and demeaned himself in arriving at the church, during his stay, and in departing with that modesty which is so noticeable a trait in the President's character. He listened with seemingly great attention to the sermon.

The Rev. Mr. Williamson took as his text the thirty-sixth verse of the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John:

> If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

He said: The history of the human race is a record of usurpation on the one hand, and of heroic struggles for liberty on the other. Pride of power has in all the ages been a dominant human passion. To so manage the masses of men as to make them contribute to the power of the individual, has always been the crowning ambition of a fortunate few. The one effort of a political life is, and always has been, to rise to a position of ruling supremacy. It is hardly for the good of the nation that Kings and Presidents so much desire to rule, as for the personal satisfaction of being strong, luxuriously rich, and consulted as a kind of oracle.

It is historically undeniable that, after the battle of Salamis had crowned with glory the martial valor of Athens, Aristides, the successful General, looked many times wistfully toward at least the crown of a subdued Persian Prince. But for the desertion of James II., Marlborough would have captured Paris, and for England gloriously terminated the rivalries of four centuries by granting this unsurpassed chieftain an imperial star. Men have not fought or bled for their countrymen but with the expectation of the reward of government and empire conceded. The way Kings enslave their subjects is not by turning them into a nation of literal bondsmen, but by creating a Court so expensive and profligate as to waste the people's substance by enormous and unpitying levies of taxes.

There is no shadow of reason in justice or economy why every drop of transmitted royal blood should be granted a life-time and munificent pension out of the hard earnings of an industrious nation. To be entirely set free from the tyranny of political rulers in this world need not be confidently anticipated; the enduring and vastly more-needed enfranchisement of the soul we are taught of God to secure. Against the tyranny of political power there can be no safeguards provided. Cromwell was under the influence of immense religious emotion, and yet he ferociously insisted that every Irish patriot who resisted his murderous conquest of the Island should instantly die. The Lord Protector was very pious, but the limit of his humility was an ambition to command both a Parliament and an army. The Independents say Cromwell was inspired of Heaven for his fearless life, while the Presbyterians insist with equal ardor that his inspiration came from beneath, and that his sublime protestations of unaltering confidence in God were in reality artful polity to subdue the conscience of a realm.

Governments are not expected to deal justly with their most illustrious benefactors. A man is valuable to an Administration as long as he can be used to strengthen it, and then he is decapitated, and his gory extremities are thrown into tearless oblivion's gloomy vault. The Government of God kindly regards its individuals. When they have faithfully served its Administration in this world, its Divine Sovereign will reward them with an unfading immortality of bliss in the next. Human society comes into its largest franchises of liberty in harmony with the law of my text. What we are to-day as a Republican civilization, is precisely what all Christendom was 1,500 years ago, in the time of Constantine, plus the influence upon us of Jesus Christ since that time. Christ is at work with the world for the conquest of universal empire. What He is sure to do with His everlasting Gospel many military leaders have failed to do. The conquest of the world has been in every age the dream of martial chiefs. When by the battle of Pharsalia the fate of the Roman Empire was fixed against Pompey, Cæsar rejoiced that his dream was so near its fulfillment, but the conspirator's cruel knife garnered its royal trophy just before the impatient dawn. Alexander's chosen imperial capital—meant to be the centre of one Kingdom—was fixed at Babylon. All the world had fallen but Arabia, and this the boundless ambition of Alexander proposed to subdue, when early sin and excess touched this invincible conqueror with swift fever, and the victor of Issus was laid as low as his Persian enemies, by his valor, at Persepolis. Hannibal, the famous Carthagenian General, dreamed an exultant vision, and during his working hours confirmed it by a bitter oath, that he would become the world's monarch by accomplishing the overthrow of proud and bloody Rome. He almost realized his sanguinary threat. He failed, and this sable heroe would have become a Roman trophy, but for the benign relief of poison. Charlemagne ran a career of unexampled genius. He came to his imperial chance amid the shattered fragments of ancient Roman glory. He turned confusion and vice into order and purity. He created a solid State. He lifted to his reticent brow the iron crown of the Lombards, and then he slept and dreamed of greater than Roman power. He attempted, reattempted, struggled, and then fell. His grand ambition was never realized.

God, only, rules over a united earthly empire. He seems to mean to grant to Christian faith the dominion of this entire world. Eighteen hundred years ago He set out for such a purpose, to free the race by faith in the life of His Son. The great military captains I have named chiefly erred in this,—that they continually sought to gain new empire without first making enduring and solid what they already possessed. The result was by many foreseen. Too many diverse elements were brought by force into political association to long continue in peace and prosperity. Romans and Asiatics could not be induced to agree in the Empire of Cæsar; Italians and Africans could not socially coalesce, even when urged by the horrible vengeance of Hannibal. Just and generous Charlemagne merely sought to affiliate in enduring unity races as unlike as the French and Spaniards and Germans. Alexander could hold Media as a conquered province, but he could not compound a nation with Macedonians and Indians as its leading constituents. Napoleon's great mistake was in trying to unite the most warlike nations in Europe under the ever eccentric civilization of France. The Lord Jesus Christ is using the vast energy of His Church to unite and consolidate the naturally inharmonious factions of the great Gospel Empire. The Church of God has a greater work to do than simply to subdue and annex new territory. To conquer is not so difficult as to keep. To make solid a throne is infinitely wiser than to try to double its territorial jurisdiction. If the United States should not add to her already ample area another foot of soil she has still before her a vast problem of internal development and civilization to solve. To set men free in Jesus Christ is handier than to keep them free.

Now the Lord Jesus Christ invites all the races and civilizations and complexions of human kind to join the citizenship of the eternal Gospel Empire. How such marked dissimilarity is to be united under the banner of the cross is an unparalleled question. A supernatural interposition is required to unify all nationalities under the single leadership of Jesus Christ. The antithesis of the freedom spoken of in the text is the bondage enslaving any soul that has not obtained the liberty of a Christ-like life. Being made free by the Divine Son is coming into the image of Jesus Christ. To know the full meaning of spiritual freedom in Jesus Christ we may think of our bondage to the flesh.

Whenever are men enslaved and how are they to be made freemen? Our misfortune and fault are not of relation, but of character. If anything is wrong with us, it is in those respects wherein we differ from our blessed Christ. This difference is our soul-bondage, and to remove it is the mission of the glorious Gospel. Christianity is an attainment of character to reach, and not merely a delightful emotion to enjoy. To be saved is to be made Christlike in temper, and zeal, and kindness, and trust. All that keeps man to-day from Adamic purity is this want of Christ-likeness. God helps willing people to become Christlike in the line of their natural character or bent, and, consequently, hardly any two are aided in precisely the same way. Unless we all live in the life of Christ, we are all in the prison-house of the flesh.

The Lord Jesus Christ had a pure heart, and, would you be a free man, you, too, must have one—by which is meant an overwhelming disposition to please God. No man is a free man if he be possessed of an uncontrollable temper. Such an one may be pitied or condemned, but he cannot be congratulated as a soul in the fullness of his liberty. To believe in the Trinity of the Godhead, to accept the doctrine of sanctification, is very excellent, but to refrain wholly from whisky and filthy lager beer is infinitely better life.

We may have no doubt of the divinity of Jesus Christ, but we have serious doubts respecting the Christlike character of our National Congress and the Municipal Legislatures of most of our large cities. To observe the Sabbath is beautiful and plain duty, but less needed than beautiful and Christlike honesty and honor in business life. In becoming more and more Christ-like, men become more and more truthful, and so more and more truly religious. This is Christ's plan to make men free. To become good men is not, after all, so difficult a thing. Indifference is the greatest hinderance to it. A great many people do not care to become like Jesus Christ. They somehow feel that Christ-likeness would not be a manly grace. Webster and Worcester have given us their notions of the meanings of love, kindness, joy, sacrifice, forgiveness, purity, and faith. How long shall it be before the world is able to realize these definitions in their lives? When men put on the Lord Jesus, the millennial day will begin its long-delayed dawn. You may put on Jesus Christ as really as you are able to put on an article of your wardrobe; first, by doing your best, and then submitting to heaven for the required aid. God will, in some way, help every soul to dress in Jesus who may prayerfully aspire to wear the clothing. A nation of Christ-like people! Who would not welcome its coming? Dare we doubt the coming time? What is the tendency of our civilization? Are not all men growing purer and purer, and, if so, is this not significant of the first perfect conquest of the world to Christ-likeness? The Gospel lever, in uplifting the race, elevates the individual. The fervent piety, almost the ascetic mysticism, of Thomas a'Kempis was an exceptional devotional spirit for his remote day.

Sin is a moral barbarism into which the human race has been led by the crime of choice. The Gospel of Jesus Christ shall in time succeed in retracing those wayward and mistaken steps, and the fullness of Eden's fragrance shall again force upon our redeemed senses and its choicest garlands shall press the brow of Earth's moral victors. If God was ever interested in us He must be now, and thus He must forever continue. If He cared to create us, as we should now be, He will not cease His efforts to redeem us to what we once were. But the moral freedom known as Christ-likeness cannot be obtained by any one unless he wants it, and will work for it, and everybody who does desire to seek the Grace will not strive or seek long in vain. It is possible to begin to love God now just as dearly as you may be able, and that is having faith in Him, and that saves. God does not demand absolute conformity to His image, but He does insist that men must try to wear the complete outfit. Pray for desire and courage to begin to dress in the radiant vestures of Christ's atoning life. Clothed in Jesus Christ we must all long to appear at God's final bar.

THE GOSPEL LEAVEN.

Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Barr, of Philadelphia.

The Rev. Dr. Eglinton Barr preached the following sermon in the Church of the Epiphany, last Sunday, taking as his text:

> Another parable spake he unto them—the kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened.—*Matthew xiii: 33.*

The spirit of Christianity is essentially progressive, and the tendency to advance is obvious in almost every view which we can take of its nature and history. It is progressive in its influence on the individual believer, on families, communities, and nations. Its introduction into the world was accompanied by supernatural aid and agency, and its spread was as the lightning, from mind to mind and from shore to shore, till its sound went forth to all the civilized earth. The latent, but undestroyed, power of truth burst into active operation whenever and wherever the human mind was in a state to receive its divine impulse. Throughout all history, accommodating itself to and keeping pace with the general improvement of mankind; not less suitable and necessary to an enlightened posterity than to a rude ancestry; not too much for one generation, and too little for another, it displays itself to each, as if for that generation it was originally and peculiarly and exclusively designed; and yet it goes beyond each, and impels each forward, and another, and another age succeeds, with no nearer approach toward the sounding of its depths, the exhaustion of its stores, or the attainment of its elevations. It accommodates itself to the degree of human intelligence through all its diversities.

Take mind in its feeblest condition; take the mere child; he may know in a measure all that is essential of Christian truth, and beautiful is the form of the Gospel considered as the religion of a child. To him Christianity is the history of one who was once a child himself, who was nurtured on a mother's lap, who had brethren after the flesh, as well as in the spirit, the kindred of blood as well as of benevolence, who lived in a cottage home, and was taken to worship in a metropolitan temple, who grew in knowledge and favor both with God and man; of one who in maturity never despised childhood, but had ever ready for it his smile, his blessing, and his heart; who told his disciples to be like little children in their simplicity and innocence and docility; who was their protector, teacher, and friend; who wrought wonders which the child has experience enough to know are wonderful; who took the little girl by the hand when she lay dead upon the couch, and said: "Arise, and she did arise;" whose miracles cannot but lay hold of the youthful imagination, while there is that in them which must sink into the youthful heart; a history of One who was sent by the Great Being whom we cannot see, but who made us all, to tell mankind of His love and care and kindness to all His creatures; who showed that Being in the beauty of the flowers and the brightness of the sun, and the affection of a father; who told told those touching parables over which young minds may weep.

I wonder who made that prayer to our Father in heaven, and which the child learns to pray; whom wicked men killed, but who lives forever; whom the good shall be made alive to meet, and be happy with him forever. This is the basis and substance of revealed theology, and it is the child's gospel, the world of divine knowledge, just as it looks when the first beams of intellect dawn upon it, with their new and faint, but increasing light. We come to the next gradation of intelligence, that of the child grown up to manhood. He wants more in religion than the child. He finds it. There is not one book set apart for the child and another for the man, like a succession of lessons at school. He finds what he wants in the same book, the same narrative, the same passages as those which furnished the religion of the child.

The same leaven operates on both. He has become more conscious of sin. He wants assurance of pardon, and there it is in that very tale of the father, and his wandering son over which, in childhood, he wept in innocent sympathy and filial feeling, and over which he weeps now tears from a penitent heart in the reception of God's mercy to a returning sinner. He is more acquainted with that which is the most important of all knowledge, the knowledge of self. He wants more energy of self-restraint; he wants motive; and there it is for him, directing him to watch his heart, telling him of death, of judgment, of recompense, of punishment. His lot in this world is labor, sorrow its frequent accompaniment. It is not so bright as it was to his young eyes, and all that relates to another world grow on him in importance. The very word "rest," meaning so little to the child, has become to him a precious promise. The sad changes of human life, its bereavements and anxieties and cares, with what earnestness do they operate on his heart, pointing him to that blessed heaven of rest where sin and sorrow and death can never enter. Yet all this is the self-same religion, increased, carried out into experience, adapting itself to the wants and the enlarged capacities of the human soul. Let us advance to a loftier condition of humanity; the man whose mind has been developed by all the most favorable circumstances of education; such a one has not a single proof, a single indication of having got beyond or above Christianity. He requires more rationality, more coherence; he requires a theology which shall be philosophical; he requires more refinement in motive, and he has it all. As with the others, the Gospel has anticipated everything for him, and there it is waiting his reception. Is he a student in history? There are its proofs in the long array of writers whose unbroken chain of testimony links the present with the apostolic age. Those beautiful similitudes of the lily's glory and the sparrow's flight, which delight the eye of the child and touch the heart of all, present to him the tasteful decorations of profound and universal truth, a notion of divine government, clear, philosophical, sublime.

All his discoveries of divine truth are made by inspection of the self-same record. Take mind, even at its highest, endow it with the noblest gifts that Heaven has ever lavished on humanity, assume intellect the most majestic, imagination that sits like a God creating worlds and peopling them with living souls, learning, resplendent in the spoils of a hundred realms and a hundred generations; feeling, whose mighty fervency would bear away a feebler mind with the fury of a whirlwind. Those master-spirits of the age in which they live are no nearer being above Christianity or the teachings of Jesus than the little child that loves him while it lisps his history and repeats his prayer to Our Father. The Spirit of Christ in them is a spirit of vaster power of intenser love, and of more capacious mind, but it is the same spirit; the same leaven operates, and is equally adapted. They rejoice in the same simple narrative, which is the child's gospel; and even then, when the lordly intellect has subdued large religions of truth, it yet shall never weep that there are not more worlds to conquer. There intellect, in its progressive march throughout distinct ages to the end of time, shall ever grow and lean at the feet of Jesus. There shall imagination ever stand entranced among scenes of beauty, feeling its own paintings, poor as the stained canvas to the clouds of gorgeous sunset. There shall philanthropy ever gaze on the cross, that costly self-sacrifice, and genius from a thousand springs be delighted, sanctified, and blessed.

Another peculiarity of this leaven is that it is a central influence, working outward to the circumference. In this respect it is a perfect contrast to all the prescriptions of the age. It is not a scheme for manufacturing or weaving happiness, such as most national revolutions and reforms are; but a principle divinely implanted, silently penetrating outwardly, and shaping everything to itself. Man's schemes act from without; God's religion from within. Human schemes rely on a revolution in the State; Christianity is a revolution in the heart. The first begin at the circumference, and try to work inward to the centre; the second begins at the centre, and works outward to the circumference. The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink—something from without, but righteousness, peace, and joy planted within, and developing itself without. It is noticed, although it does not proclaim itself, and felt by the rest of mankind, and it strikes a permanent and contagious influence all around. Hence, a congregation of real Christians is the noblest city mission. Benevolence within is sure to write itself in beneficence without, and portrays itself legibly in every effort to promote the progress of truth, and to look to its permanent establishment. Thus may the leaven of Scriptural truth, through the most faithful ministrations of the Church amongst you, spread in its beneficent aim even to distant generations who shall rise up and call you blessed, until a true, Scriptural, practical knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

The only safety for the bulwarks of society is the leaven of a true and Scriptural faith. All history attests that the moral shipwreck of individuals or nations is the natural result of casting overboard the chart and compass in mercy given for our direction. We are not surprised when a city built of the most inflammable material is easily consumed and reduced to ashes. We are not surprised when the tempest-tossed ship, without chart or compass, dashes against the rocks, or melts into the yeast of waves, yawning to devour it, and we need never be surprised when a man, to whom is given the chart and compass for a divine and noble life, but repudiates them, and follows his own inventions and elevates human, fallible reason above revelation, and a warped and selfish, misguided and slaved conscience above God's written and unchangeable law, we need not be surprised at the most appalling disasters and the moral wrecks of

> Man in the dubious ways of error tossed—
> His ship half foundered and his compass lost.

The leaven of a true and Scriptural faith is the only safeguard.

The practical application of the text, and of paramount importance to any who may be of doubting mind or impenitent heart, is the question that, since this leaven is so exactly suited to every condition and nationality, is it not suited to you? What hinders it from being exactly adapted to you? Our whole nature wants the leaven of Christianity. We want it in solitude and society. Prosperity wants it; adversity wants it. We want it in health and in sickness. Affliction wants it; bereavement wants it; life wants it; death wants it. These all exclaim: "Come, Lord Jesus," and He replies, "Behold, I come quickly." All hearts have their burdens; all spirits sometime faint; and sweet to all is the voice from Heaven that says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

LaPorte, Ind., Oct. 16.—It does seem, in the case of Mr. Edward Judson, the architect, that the vital spark lingered long, and was slow to quit its mortal tenement. As announced in the dispatch to yesterday's Tribune, Mr. Judson died—or seemed to die—last Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock. The body was buried at the Village of Rolling Prairie, Thursday, at 3 p. m. It was observed that the face retained a remarkably life-like appearance, and many were the comments of the good people on this fact. Indeed, so much was said that the family of the deceased decided to have the body taken from the ground; and, in accordance with their wish, a small body of men repaired to the village-cemetery on Thursday night at about 10 o'clock, and took up the coffin containing the body. In due time it was conveyed to the Masonic Hall, when the lid of the coffin was removed.

Not a muscle of the man within had been changed; the hands were peacefully folded; and everything went to show that the figure had lain as silently as the clods above it; but, as it seemed to your correspondent, and others who knew Mr. Judson well, there was a singular absence of the general features of death. The thumbs of the hands were not turned toward beneath the fingers, as is nearly always the case in death; the face retained the exact expression and color of life; and a prominent vein in the forehead, when pressed upon, would immediately fill with blood. There was at this time no special rigidity of the limbs, nor glassiness to the eyes, which were partly open. But the doctors of the village made an examination, and pronounced that life was entirely extinct. A fire was kindled in the room, and a guard left to sit up with the body; but no effort towards reanimation was made.

On leaving the village this (Friday) afternoon, I called at the hall, and found that the coffin was again about to be closed, and that preparations had been made to take it back to its now final resting-place. There was still the same absence of the death-pallor on the face; the lips were lightly closed, and red; and the expression of the face was that of a peaceful sleeper. At times, watching the face, one would fancy that a breath of life still lingered there, and I presume some such fancy as this gave rise in the first place to the terrible idea that Mr. Judson had been buried alive.

Mr. Judson was a prominent man in La Porte, and an architect of more than moderate ability. Many of the finest mansions on the Hudson are his handiwork; and, since coming West, he has been constantly employed in this and other cities, at his profession. He has left a number of unfinished buildings. A troublesome attack of the chills resulted, two weeks ago, in what was at first pronounced intermittent bilious fever, but which proved to be a case of typhoid, from which he died as has been stated.

Was he at first really dead? Did there linger for hours, after he was first pronounced dead, some latent principle of life? These are questions which, foolish or not, will never be satisfactorily answered.

Mr. Judson leave a wife and four small children. Forty years of a noble and useful life were his, and his sterling worth will long be remembered, along with the gloomy episode of his material resurrection and second burial.

Rochefort on French Soil.

Paris Correspondence of the New York Times.

Henry Rochefort recently made a visit to France, and, after a short stay, returned to Switzerland. This was the way of it: Taking a carriage at Geneva for the purpose of visiting the Villa Rothschild, the Jehu took a short cut to the place of destination. Seeing that his fare was a Frenchman, the driver thought he could give pleasure by giving a little communication. Rochefort was half-dreaming when the Jehu said, "Now, sir, you are in your own country!" The first impulse of Rochefort was to look about for gendarmes, and, seeing none, he asked how far they were from the Swiss boundary line. On hearing that it was about as far one way as the other, Rochefort told him to go ahead, and to be spry about it, too. A great many visions of Noumea must have floated through the brain of the Comte De Lucay while crossing those few hundred yards of French territory, and he drew a long breath of relief as the carriage once more passed over the Swiss line. By great good luck there were no guards out that day, but they generally lie in hiding about that place in the hope of picking up some men who are very much wanted in France. Voltaire used to say that he could not shake his wig without scattering dust upon French soil from where he lived, and the present exiles think they cannot take a walk without running the risk of stopping over the line, and into the arms of the French brigadiers. One of them was fishing not long ago when he saw a French gendarme coming straight toward him. The idea struck him that he might have strayed over the boundary line, and he was condemned to death by a court-martial, *in contumaciam*, he did not wait to argue the question with the gendarme. He ran to Switzerland as fast as his legs would carry him, expecting a ball in the back at every step. When he looked back the gendarme, standing at the frontier, smiled maliciously and made a military salute. The fright he got that day has destroyed his taste for fishing upon the French side of Geneva. I need scarcely say that, on his return, Rochefort took the advice of Murray's Handbook and "avoided short-cuts."

The Building Trade in Glasgow.

The building trade in Glasgow is exceptionally good at present; great sanitary improvements are being effected, several important public buildings are in hand, and private enterprise is rapidly extending the city. Great scarcity of men exist, and good workmen are earning from 35 shillings to 40 shillings per week.