## CABINET AND MINISTRY.

**The Difference—A Peculiar Feature of the British Government.**

The governing executive body of Great Britain is spoken of sometimes as the "Cabinet," and sometimes as the "Ministry." The two terms are thus used indifferently in the papers and in books, as if they meant the same thing. And in one sense they do mean the same thing; that is, each is used to describe the body to which is committed the executive affairs of the Kingdom.

The word "government" is also often used to describe the same body. We had the "Gladstone government," the "Salisbury government," used with this meaning.

But in their composition the Cabinet is one body, and the Ministry is another. Every member of the Cabinet is a minister, but every minister is not a Cabinet officer. The Cabinet is what may be termed a select committee of the Ministry. It is the inner circle, the chosen spirits of the Ministry.

The Ministry consists of all the heads of the executive departments of the Kingdom. The members of the Cabinet are the heads of the most important of these departments; and they also compose, which the ministers not in the Cabinet do not, the select and secret advisors of the Crown on matters of national policy.

Mr. Gladstone, in one of his essays, speaks of every member of the Cabinet as exercising three public functions. He is the head of a department of the State. He is always a member of one of the Houses of Parliament, and so acts in a legislative capacity. And he is a confidential adviser of the Crown. It is in the latter capacity that he differs from a minister not in the Cabinet.

There are certain great departments of State, the chief of which always occupy seats in the inner circle of the Cabinet. These are, the First Lord of the Treasury (who almost always also presides over the Cabinet as Prime Minister); the five Secretaries of State—for foreign affairs, home affairs, war, the colonies, and India; the Chancellor of Exchequer; the Lord High Chancellor; the First Lord of Admiralty; the Lord President of the Council; and the Lord Privy Seal.

There are other departments, the heads of which sometimes are and sometimes are not in the Cabinet, though they are part of the Ministry. These are the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Postmaster General, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the President of the Board of Trade, the President of the Local Government Board, and the Vice President of the Council.

Finally, there are offices held by Ministers who are never members of the Cabinet; for instance, the Junior Lords of the Treasury and Admiralty, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General for England and Ireland.

The Ministry, as such, never meets in a body. The Cabinet, on the other hand, holds frequent meetings, according to the gravity of public affairs; always confers in secret, and has no record kept of its proceedings. Often its decisions are kept secret from the rest of the Ministers.

No law compels a Cabinet Minister to be a peer or a member of the House of Commons. But custom has made this an invariable rule. When a member of the House of Commons is called to the Cabinet, he resigns his seat in the House and goes to his constituents for a re-election.

Every member of the Cabinet must be a Privy Councillor, and if he has not previously been one, is so created when he enters the Cabinet. Privy Councillors have the title of "Right Honorable."

The English law does not recognize any such body as the Cabinet, or any such official as Prime Minister. Both the collective power of the Cabinet and the dignity of first Minister have grown up gradually, and have taken their places in the British political system without the appliance of any statute.—*Youth's Companion.*

## GRANT IN MEXICO.

**A Story of His Intrepidity Told by a Fellow-Officer.**

Some time since, in speaking with Captain H. L. Shields, of this city—a most gallant officer of the army in the war with Mexico—of General Grant, the Captain narrated an instance of the great soldier's heroism at the capture of the City of Mexico. The Captain is now at his summer-home at Bennington, and we telegraphed him a request to write for us some reminiscences of the deceased General. This the Captain has done with characteristic elegance of diction, but with the brevity of a soldier. Captain Shields' tribute to Grant in the closing lines is as pointed as it is brief:

"I was a cadet at West Point during part of the time that U. S. Grant was there—my senior by a few years. He was then a quiet, modest young man, with no enemies and but few intimate personal friends. He was remarkable only as a bold, fearless horseman. He rode the three-quarter bred chestnut horse York, noted at the Military Academy in those days as an animal of great courage and style and a remarkable jumper. I have seen Cadet Grant, in the riding-hall, take York a flying leap over a bar held above the heads of two dragoons of ordinary height.

"After graduating, I did not see him again until the Mexican War, when we were attached to the same brigade (Garland's, of Worth's division, in General Scott's army). This brigade took the advance in the Valley of Mexico on one of the causeways leading to the capital of that country. When nearing the city, we found the approaches so well swept by artillery in intrenchments as to check our advancing columns. Night closed on us, after the day's fighting, with our brigade resting on its arms, and somewhat doubtful of our successful entry into the city next day. Lieutenant Grant (as I understood at the time) without orders and at great personal peril, took a few soldiers, and with axes and picks actually chopped his way through the walls of the buildings on the side of this avenue, until he reached the rear of the Mexican batteries which enfiladed the street, when, by a few well-directed musketry shots from the housetops, the cannoneers were driven from their posts and abandoned their guns, and so opened the way for our troops. Thus much of the credit of the capture of the Halls of the Montezumas with so little loss was due to the reckless bravery and cool judgment of the late earnest, honest, just, and truly great soldier, Ulysses S. Grant. I believe that no other man has passed through such an eventful life, leaving no enemies, and having so many admirers and friends."—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

## BRIDESMAIDS.

**Some Old Notions Concerning Wedding Attendants.**

Importance was formerly attached to the colors which the bride wore on her wedding day. Thus, in an old book entitled the "Fifteen Comforts of Marriage," a bride and her bridesmaids are represented conversing together respecting the colors to be used for the decoration of the bridal dress. It was finally decided, after various colors had been rejected, "to mingle a gold tissue with grass green," this being considered symbolical of youthful jollity.

Again, that the office of a bridesmaid was in times past not altogether a *sine qua non* may be gathered from the fact that during the period of the wedding festivities, which often extended over a week, the bridesmaids were expected to be in attendance and to do whatever they could to promote their success.

Then there was the custom of "flinging the stocking," at which the bridesmaids took a prominent lead: a ceremony to which no small importance was attached. It has been made the subject of frequent allusion by our old writers, and one rhyme, describing a wedding, tells us:

> "But still the stockens are to throw;
> Some throw too high, and some too low,
> There's none could hit the mark."

Misson further informs us that if the bridegroom's stocking, thrown by one of the bridesmaids, fell upon his head, it is regarded as an omen that she herself would soon be married; and a similar prognostic was taken from the falling of the bride's stocking, thrown by one of the groomsmen. It was the bridesmaid's duty, too, to present the bride with the "benediction posset," so called from the words uttered over it: a practice thus noticed by Herrick, in his "Hesperides:"

> "What short sweet prayers shall be said,
> And how the posset shall be made
> With cream of lilies, not of kine,
> And maiden's blush for spiced wine."

Suckling thus alludes to this custom:

> "In came the bridemaids with the posset,
> The bridegroom eat in spight."

Once more the bridesmaids were supposed to look after the bride's pecuniary interests. Thus, at the church porch, when the bridegroom produced the ring and other articles relating to his marriage, the chief bridesmaid took charge of the "dow-purse," which was publicly given to the bride as an installment of her pin-money. Horace Walpole, writing to Miss Berry, in the year 1791, speaks of the dow-purse as a thing of the past, and writes as follows:

"Our wedding is over very properly, though with little ceremony, and nothing of ancient fashion but two bridesmaids. The endowing purse, I believe, has been left off since broad pieces were called in and melted down."

It has been pointed out, however, that a survival of this usage is preserved in Cumberland. The bridegroom provides himself with gold and crown pieces, and when the service reaches the point, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," he takes the money, hands the clergyman his fee, and pours the rest into a handkerchief which the bridesmaid holds for the bride.

In Scotland the bridesmaid is popularly known as the "best maid," and one of her principal duties was to convey the bride's presents on the wedding to her future home. The first article generally taken into the house was a vessel of salt, a portion of which was sprinkled over the floor, as a protection against the "evil eye." She also attended the bride when she called on her friends, and gave a personal invitation to her wedding.—*T. F. Thistleton Dyer, in Cassell's Family Magazine.*

## A GARDEN OF QUOTATIONS.

**Queer Conceit of a New York Clergyman.**

Four miles west of Brookfield Centre (Conn.) is "Waldstein," the home of the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, for many years the pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in New York City. When Dr. Osgood purchased the place some thirty years ago it was a wilderness, covered with cedars and stones and suitable only for a pasture lot. Upon it he built a cottage, and it was soon transformed. There was upon a portion of the ground a ledge of rocks, oddly arranged, which Dr. Osgood made use of to testify his admiration for the great poets of the world. On separate rocks at various angles he carved in the most graceful manner the names of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Shakespeare, Milton, Corneille, Alfieri, Schiller, Chaucer, Goethe, Wadsworth, Keble, Scott, Emerson, Longfellow and Bryant, and surrounded them with trees and shrubbery in most beautiful and picturesque combinations. Over them is placed the inscription, "The groves were God's first temples." Upon another rock near the path is carved the saying: "Know thyself," inscribed over the entrance to the temple of Delphi.

Another portion of the grounds is devoted to religious subjects. One rock is inscribed "To God," the next to "Our Father," and a third "In Christ." Three other stones compose an outdoor pulpit, on one side of which is carved the words "God is love," and on the other the words, "Glad tidings." Here are also to be seen, upon natural monuments of stone, quotations from the Bible, such as "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," "Honor thy father and thy mother," "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." On other rocks there are chiseled "The Holy Spirit," "The Comforter." On an elevation a long stone is inscribed to "The prophets," and another is marked with "Watch and pray." At the base of this knoll, in letters of stone, may be read the words, "To do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God," which Dr. Osgood considers a perfect description of the Christian character. This region is denominated "Carmel," and the whole ground is here dedicated "To truth, and a student's offering," which sentence is carved upon the middle ledge of rocks.

On a long stone under a bank are seen the words "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." In another place dedicated by him to sentiment, on one rock he carved "Psyche," and on another "Strong Son of God's Immortal Love," from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Another group of rocks near the road bears the names of "Alfred," "Lincoln," "Washington." On another great rock is cut in a most prominent manner the inscription "God and our country, 1862." The whole place, thus wrought into grottoes, recesses and monuments, is certainly a unique and beautiful conception.—*Frank Leslie's Weekly.*

—By falling from a wagon a Chinaman in California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt. There was some doubt as to his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company: "Charley half dead; likee half money."

## CREATION'S FAG END.

**A Mexican State Where Disease, Revolution and Intense Heat Are Ever Present.**

"A place where they can change the head of government by revolution four times in seven months, where the mercury is perfectly at home at 105 degrees in the shade, where the people eat snakes, and where small-pox and yellow fever follow each other in regular succession, year in and year out, may not be a lively enough country for some folks to live in, but it filled the bill for me," said an oil-well operator from the Pennsylvania regions.

"That locality," said he, "is the State or district of Tabasco, in Mexico. I went down there for some parties three years ago to see what there was in the reports about petroleum deposits of great richness in the region. There was no way to travel except by canoe and on bronchos, and it was no uncommon thing to travel two hundred miles or so to reach a place fifty miles away as the bird flies. There is plenty of natural pitch or bitumen there, but I couldn't see the prospect of an oil region ever being developed, although Boston capitalists were pegging away with drills in various parts of the district in hopes of striking oil. There are ninety thousand persons living in that district, and all I saw of it was one vast area of pestilence. The inhabitants are mostly Indians, and they haven't begun to be civilized yet. One loose garment, reaching from the neck to the knees, is all the clothing that either sex wears, and the children run entirely naked the year round. I got there in November, and left in July. At no time was the mercury lower than seventy-four degrees in the shade, and when I came away it was 105 degrees.

"The day before I got to San Juan Baptisa, the capital of the State, a couple of citizens had adopted the usual method of changing the government, and had shot the Governor, whose name was Foncher, his private secretary, and another member of his council, while the three were walking in the street. Foncher was the fourth Governor who had been removed in that way since the preceding May. The Governor's secretary and the other official were killed instantly. Governor Foncher fell to the ground but regained his feet. The two assassins were running away. The Governor fired two shots. One of the assassins fell dead, and Foncher dropped to the ground and expired immediately afterward. The second assassin ran on. During the night a man was found in the street, suffering, it was supposed, with the cholera, it being the season for that annual visitor. He was treated for the disease, and it was not until after he died that a bullet-hole was discovered in his back. The bullet was found in his bowels. He was undoubtedly the second one of the assassins, showing that the dying Governor's shots had both taken effect.

"Small-pox appears as soon as winter weather sets in. The natives were dying at the rate of twenty-five a day during my stay in Tuxpan, a coast village, and the coast was under quarantine. The yellow fever takes up the work as soon as the small-pox takes its yearly vacation, and that in turn rests in the fall, and cholera varies the monotony of the region until small-pox comes back again. A wagon goes around every night, and gathers up the dead at the different houses, and the bodies are loaded in and carried to the dead lot, a large piece of ground inclosed by a high brick wall. The remains are sorted out and buried next day. I was told at Tuxpan that it often happened that persons were, in the hurry of collecting the dead, placed in the dead wagon before life was really extinct, and that it was not uncommon for a person to rise up suddenly in the wagon as it passes on its rounds, glance wildly around until he recognizes his situation, and then disengage himself from the dead piled about him, jump from the wagon, and move away as long as his strength lasts, or until he is captured by others and stowed away in the hospital. Neither is it an uncommon circumstance for the custodian of the dead lot, on opening the gates in the morning, to find two or three persons waiting to get out, having been placed in the lot the night before with a load of dead.

"The natives live on cracked corn, the flesh of a hideous snake-fish called the lagarta, and the flesh of that cheerful-looking reptile or animal, or whatever it is, the armadillo. The lagarta is the favorite morsel. It is caught in the stagnant water that is everywhere in the locality. It has the head of a serpent, and a half-fish, half-reptile body, covered with horny scales. The mode of cooking is to take it as it comes from the water, run a stick down its throat, and hold it over a fire until it is baked. The few Spaniards and Mexicans who live in the district have their tables supplied with decent food; but its preparation is not such as to tempt the appetite. I found other parts of Mexico so delightful in every respect that I could hardly bring myself to believe that there could be such an altogether wretched portion of it as that same State of Tabasco."—*N. Y. Sun.*

## LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

**Their Peculiarity of Adding Largely to the Fertility of Soil.**

The term leguminous is derived from a Latin word meaning a seed which grows in a pod. This essential characteristic is made the type of a large family of plants called by botanists leguminous, and in this class are included all such plants as clover, peas, beans, lentils, and lupins, and such trees as locust, cassia, acacia, laburnum, and many others, whose pea-shaped flowers, hanging in large and beautiful clusters, are cultivated in ornamental plantations. It is a peculiarity of this family of plants that they gather from the soil in some way or other a large quantity of nitrogen which they store in their roots and leaves, and leaving these in the soil add largely to its fertility. The plants of this kind which are grown upon farms as crops are clover, peas, beans, lucern and some others of less note. It has long been an experience with practical farmers that these crops clean the soil of weeds and leave it in the finest condition for a succeeding crop of grain, which thrives better after such a crop than by any other preparation. The reason for this was not known until the long continued investigations and experiments of Dr. Lawes, of England, showed how it was that wheat following a crop of clover produced a much better yield than if it had been grown even upon a summer fallow. It has been the experience of farmers that peas have this same result, and a crop of beans even leaves the soil in better condition than if the land had lain idle.—*N. Y. Times.*

# FOR SUNDAY READING.

## "OUR DAILY BREAD."

> A little girl in morning prayer
> Knelt down beside her snowy bed
> Her simple trust undimmed by care,
> And smilingly the words she said:
> "Give us this day our daily bread."
>
> Days came and went, the summers grew
> Above that golden-crowned head,
> Some shadows deepen'd eyes so blue,
> Half-questioning, she softly said:
> "Give us this day our daily bread."
>
> A woman grown, her sweet face bent
> Toward one dear face whose smiling shed
> A noontide radiance, Heaven-sent:
> With serious, tender voice she said:
> "Give us this day our daily bread."
>
> A tempest lowers, the storm grows dark,
> "Is there no peace but with the dead?"
> With anguish'd voice she cried, but hark!
> An angel whispers overhead:
> "Give us this day our daily bread."
>
> "Oh, God, my Father!" low she sobbed,
> "Out of the depths I cry," she said,
> "My life is wreck'd, my heart is robbed
> Of all its gold: Oh, Life, Oh, Bread!
> Give us this day our daily bread."
>
> A violet sky rimm'd 'round with flame,
> A quiet woman watched the red
> Fade into gray:—"God is the same—
> Death eateth life, yet am I fed;
> Give us this day our daily bread."
>
> —*Fanny S. Harper, in Chicago Times.*

## THE GOD OF THE BIBLE.

**The Revelation of a Being the Existence of Whom No Man, Unaided by Inspiration, Could Have Reasoned Out or Even Imagined—A Conception by the Patriarchs and Prophets That Satisfies the Reason and the Heart of Humanity To-Day.**

One of the clearest and most convincing proofs of the Divine origin of the Bible is the revelation in it of the character of God. There is in that revelation a fullness, a symmetry and a blending of seeming contradictions which removes it far above all merely human conceptions. No man could have reasoned out or imagined the existence of such a Being. But when we study the picture in the written Word we see that it presents to us as God just what the true God must be.

Take first the opening sentence of the Book: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." No preliminary announcement of the existence of God, much less any argument to prove it. That existence is assumed. It is treated as if it were axiomatic, self-evident. And it is. God so shines in His works that to begin the Bible with a statement that He is would be as useless and impertinent as to begin a treatise on optics by announcing the existence of light. "*I am that I am*" was the proclamation to Moses in Horeb. Tell the Israelites "*I am*" hath sent you. God is self-existent, eternal, all pervading, all-controlling, the most high God—the only living and true God. Search through all the world's philosophy and mythology, and nowhere can be found such sublimity in the presentation of the Deity—His nature and His works. But in connection with this great array of titles kingly and divine, we have statements that at first seem almost degrading. Elihu says (Job xxxvi., 27) "He maketh small the drops of water." And our Saviour Himself says that the hairs of our heads are all numbered. The King of kings and Lord of lords busies himself with what men call trifles. But there are no trifles in the works and government of a perfect being. He must attend personally to everything, since everything has to be shaped and polished according to His infinite wisdom. He could not slight the tinting of an animalcule's wing. Would any heathen poet have dared to represent Jupiter as counting the hairs of our heads? And yet we see that this is what our God must do if He is omniscient.

But when we consider what the Bible teaches in regard to God's moral character and government, we see more clearly still that it could have been written only by men "moved by the Holy Ghost." Read that announcement on Sinai: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." Here is an enigma. No man with the teachings of natural religion alone would have connected such a statement of the mercy of God with the emphatic declaration that He will by no means clear the guilty. But He who uttered those wonderful words knew of the blending of justice with grace in the Gospel. He knew that while His holiness would compel the punishment of all sin, His love had provided a substitute for every sinner—that He would lay on Him the iniquity of us all, and that by His stripes we would be healed. How strangely that announcement must have fallen upon the ears of the Hebrews in the desert—nay, how strangely it must have fallen on the ears of angels, for even to them, until Christ died on Calvary, it was the mystery of mysteries how God could be just and yet justify the ungodly. Let any candid student of history go back to that hour on Sinai, and ask himself: Could Moses or any of his contemporaries have reached, by any process of reason or imagination, that idea of God, and he will be compelled to answer no. And yet that idea is in full harmony with the completed revelation that we now have. It is the Gospel idea proclaimed fifteen centuries before the Gospel itself. Where did Moses get it? The Lord descended and proclaimed His name. Deny that, and you have a mystery greater than any that inspiration presents.

Yet again: Study such passages as these: "He healeth the broken hearted and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars. He calleth them all by their names." "For thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Here are distinct and emphatic statements of the power and glory of God, and yet closely connected with them, as if equally necessary to His divine perfection, wonderful statements of His lowliness and His love. Jehovah calls the roll of the stars in the depths of space, and then comes down into the chamber of suffering and binds up the wounds of the broken-hearted. Imagine a human monarch reviewing his soldiers—saluted with waving banners and salvos of artillery; then turning from the proud pageant to the army hospital and spending hours in caring for the sick and wounded. Men would wonder at and almost worship such a King, and yet, they would say: He neglects the interests of millions in ministering to a few. He manifests great benevolence, but he can not attend to a thousandth part of the sufferers in his kingdom. God, however, who is infinite in all His attributes, can govern the universe while He stands by the bedside of the sick, and wipes the tears from sorrow's cheek. He fills immensity with His presence while He abides as a counselor and comforter in the humblest heart that loves Him. O, the thought of a God who rules the stars in their courses, yet listens to the cry of the humble; who sits on the circuit of the heavens, and yet compasses the path and the lying down of all His people. Such a God we can believe in, we can trust. He awakens at once adoration and affection. We bow before Him dazzled by His glory, trembling as we listen to the thunders of His power. And yet, amid the grandeur and terror there ever comes, as to Elijah at Mt. Horeb, a still small voice. It assures us of Jehovah's sympathy and love. It is the voice of a father—a deep undertone that thrills the heart of the believer.

We only have quoted from the Old Testament because we wish to show that this unique and unparalleled idea of God pervades the Scriptures. In the New Testament it comes out more fully. But the question he must meet who denies the inspiration of our Book is this: How did all the patriarchs and prophets, long centuries before Christ came, while other nations were worshiping idols, reach a conception of God that satisfies the reason and the heart of humanity to-day, and that is too grand, too pure, too sweet ever to become obsolete? As long as that picture of a God holy and mighty, yet gentle, patient and loving—a God as deeply interested in every trusting human heart as in the harmony of the spheres—stands on the pages of the Old Testament, we know that it was never painted by a human hand. The picture came from God, and therefore the Bible is inspired.—*Chicago Interior.*

## HIS RELIGIOUS POSITION.

**An Interesting Statement by Dr. O. H. Tiffany Relative to General Grant's Religious Habits and Belief.**

General Grant's religious position has been a matter of frequent comment, and the following reminiscences of him by Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, who, as Dr. Newman's predecessor, was pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, during a part of Grant's Administration, are of value as showing approximately where he stood:

"When I went to Washington to become pastor of the Metropolitan Church, I found him one of the most regular of the congregation in attendance upon public worship. He seemed to be scrupulously careful on this matter, frequently explaining, when necessarily absent, the occasion of his nonattendance. His attention to the service was marked and unflagging, and the subjects of sermons were frequently matters of subsequent conversation. He never seemed conscious of the fact that the eyes of the great congregation were often fixed upon him, and always in passing out of the minister's private exit (to avoid the crowd) he spoke cheeringly and appreciatingly to the clergymen. Not long after my arrival in Washington, at a reception, I was asked whether it was true that General Grant had never sworn a profane oath. I was surprised at the question and took opportunity to speak to the General about it. He told me that he never had used profane language; he was quite sure if he had ever done so under any provocation he would have remembered it.

"On one occasion a friend whom I wished to hear was to preach for me on a Sunday night. I called upon the President to inform him of this fact, and said I had done so because I had observed that he attended service only once on a Sunday, and thought that if he knew of this arrangement for the pulpit he might prefer to attend the evening service. He said to me: 'I am glad of an opportunity to explain this matter to you. Secretary Fish and some others have an absurd notion that I ought not to walk about the streets of Washington at night, and consequently I never get to the evening service, though I should be glad to do so. And perhaps you think that I might have the carriage and ride to service; but doctor, when I was a poor man, long before I ever thought I should have a servant, I made up my mind that if ever I did have one he should have his hours of Sunday for worship, and no servants or horses are ever called into use by me upon that day for my own personal convenience.'

"He made no special religious profession. Yet he was a man of religious habit and thoroughly honest and earnest in his belief in a superintending Providence, regarding certain facts in history as inexplicable without this, and admiring the firm faith of a devoted sister, and reverencing, with a sacredness that was beautiful in its exhibition, the piety of his parents. He made a visit of a week to Martha's Vineyard, which was then as now my summer home. I preached a sermon on the victory of the faith, from the text: 'They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb.' He was more moved than I had ever seen him under a discourse, and, at the close of the sermon, at his suggestion, we wandered away from the crowd and engaged in earnest and serious conversation. He said: 'Why is there so much stress laid upon the blood in your preaching and in the New Testament?' I explained to him in the simplest terms the doctrine of atonement, and he seemed fully to comprehend it. The giving up of life as a test of love was an incontrovertible argument to a man who had led thousands through death to victory, and I have always had a strong confidence that on that day the General had a personal realization of the truth as it is in Jesus."

## CHOICE EXTRACTS.

—Where there is peace, is God.—*George Herbert.*

—Self-seeking is a deadly plague to the soul.—*Lange.*

—The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty done.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—A Christian minister said: "I was never of any use until I found out that God did not make me for a great man."

—Thou art seeking thy light in the dispersion of the cloud, and all the time thy light is in the cloud. Thou art like the old patriarch of Uz. Thou art asking God for an explanation of thy darkness, and thou art expecting an answer from all quarters but one—the darkness itself.—*George Matheson, D. D.*

—True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active endeavors to execute the actions which it suggests.—*C. J. Fox.*

—The religion of some people is constrained; they are like people who use the cold bath, not for pleasure, but necessity and their health; they go in with reluctance, and are glad when they get out; but religion to a true believer is like water to a fish; it is his element; seemingly his native element; he lives in it, and he could not live out of it.—*Rev. John Newton.*

# FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

**The Story of a Little Boy Who Went Fishing.**

> A little boy, one pleasant day,
> Toward a creek pursued his way;
>
> He kept the school-house out of sight,
> Looking behind ofttimes in fright.
>
> And in one hand, as on he stole,
> He clutched a willow fishing-pole.
>
> Down by the meadow swift he passed
> Until he reached the creek at last;
>
> Then, with no thought to mar of school,
> He cast his line into a pool,
>
> And, with a smile of calm delight,
> He waited for the fish to bite.
>
> The moments glided swiftly by;
> The sun o'erhead was getting high;
>
> But not a fish would deign to look
> The while at his seductive hook;
>
> Though hungry insects o'er his head
> Bit condescendingly instead.
>
> A frog upon a lily-pad
> Kept grinning at the luck he had.
>
> The smile contracted to a frown;
> The little boy he sat him down,
>
> And there, upon the stream's soft brink,
> His drowsy eyes began to blink;
>
> Till, with his head upon his breast,
> He sank back in the sedge to rest;
>
> When suddenly he heard a "swish,"
> And from the water rose a fish—
>
> A fish of such prodigious size
> That it would make a thousand fries—
>
> A fish off which a troop might dine—
> With a gigantic rod and line!
>
> And in gruff tones the monster cried,
> The while the little boy it eyed:
>
> "By no barbed hook can we be caught;
> We're not so foolish as you thought;
>
> "The tables have been turned on you,
> And we can go a-fishing too!
>
> "This very night shall all enjoy
> A chowder made of little boy!"
>
> And, looking hideously grim,
> The creature cast its line at him.
>
> The truant watched the hook descend,
> While every hair stood up on end;
>
> Till, with a twist expert and neat,
> It caught him by his trousers seat;
>
> And then, with juvenile despair,
> He dangled wildly in the air;
>
> And while, with a complacent grin,
> His scaly captor drew him in,
>
> A piercing scream the silence broke,
> And then—the little boy awoke!
>
> And, though of fish there was no trace,
> Fresh danger threatened in its place;
>
> With look foreboding little good,
> Before him his stern father stood!
>
> —*Malcolm Douglas, in Youth's Companion.*

## UNCOVER THE FAULTS.

**How Reginald Was Taught the Difference Between Being and Merely Seeming to Be Pure and Truthful.**

"Uncle, what are you doing?" inquired Reginald, with a perplexed face.

"I am getting rid of these offensive vegetables," replied Uncle Prescott, as he pinned two great snowy sheets of paper together and reached for the third; "I see Dugald has neglected matters since I have been ill, and left this poisonous heap upon the barn floor."

"But what is the paper for, uncle?"

"To cover it up, to be sure," replied Uncle Prescott, rapidly pinning away, until the thick white paper began to stand like a great white cone over the offensive heap upon the floor.

Reginald did not quite know what to say, and Uncle Prescott having completed the cone and glanced back at it as though with satisfaction, left the barn, with Reginald walking quietly at his side, deep in thought as to what Uncle Prescott's idea could possibly be.

"I am glad that uncomfortable object is out of sight," said Uncle Prescott, at length; "I wonder Dugald never thought to cover it up."

"Uncle, what is the use of covering it up?" inquired Reginald; "it is just as offensive."

"It is surely better covered up than exposed to the eye. It is best, is it not, always to cover up any such object?"

"But, uncle, it is there all the same."

"So it is, but if nobody sees it, the fact of its being there can not amount to anything, can it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Reginald, a little uneasily; "we know it is there just as if it were not covered."

"We know, of course, but other people do not, and we will not be likely to tell them."

Reginald glanced, a little shyly, towards Uncle Prescott, but did not seem inclined to give up the subject.

"It poisons the air just the same, does it not, uncle? I have heard you talk a great deal about all such things being unwholesome to have around."

"What is the difference so that people do not find it out? You see nobody would suspect anything impure under that snow-white paper."

"But, uncle," exclaimed Reginald, in perplexity, "what is the use of having it there; why not uncover it, and clear it out, and be done with it?"

"Why do you ask such unreasonable questions, Reginald? Your words and your actions do not agree."

Reginald thought, although he did not dare to say so, that Uncle Prescott's present action and past words did not agree, but he simply asked: "Why, uncle?"

"I can not tell why they do not agree, unless it is because it is better always to cover up our real motives and manner of doing things when we know they are not quite as they should be."

Reginald's face flushed, and Uncle Prescott continued:

"Why is it that you do not approve of my covering up the poisonous matter, and of making all pure to the eye? You know, boy, you work every day to pin white paper over a place of poison."

Reginald looked up in dismay.

They had reached the house, and Uncle Prescott sat down on the long settee in the hall, and drew Reginald close to his side.

"Reginald," he said, in a low and tender voice, "I am more sorry for you than you can guess. Your heart is not a pure, true heart; it sends out poisonous thoughts. Why do you cover them up and keep them; why do you try to seem white while underneath is the hidden trouble?"

Reginald's eyes sought the floor; he could not look in his Uncle's face now. He knew his heart was not pure and true, that it only appeared to be so, but he had thought that his uncle believed in him.

"When you broke the rosebush, why did you make it appear that your baby cousin had pushed the box over and damaged the bush? When you dropped the hatchet in the cistern, why did you cast the blame on your little friend? When you broke my choicest grapes from the vine, why did you arrange that Dugald should be suspected of the act? Had you acknowledged the wrong deeds you would have been endeavoring to lay bare the poison in your heart, and taken the first step toward getting rid of it; but, though you know it is there, and is dangerous, and degrading, you keep it, and cover it, and work to hold on to it, and want nobody to know about it, and try to appear white and clean, when, in fact, under your pleasing face and manners is a corrupt heart."

Had Uncle Prescott struck Reginald a blow he would have been man enough, in his own way, to have borne it, but those words were worse than blows. He had a certain amount of pride which made him wish to be respected and thought well of. He did not care so much about being honorable, but he liked to be thought so. He had imagined that Uncle Prescott believed all he said, and thought him a fair, square boy.

His pride was wounded; his good opinion of himself was humbled; he looked so utterly wretched that Uncle Prescott took his hand and drew him close to his knee.

"Reginald," he said, kindly, "I am only pulling some of the white paper off, and looking at the impurity underneath. Tell me truly, do you think you have a corrupt heart?"

Reginald quailed under the question. To be asked to own having such a possession was a staggering requirement; yet he knew his uncle's charge was true, and he could do nothing but acknowledge its truth.

"You can not easily be rid of the impurity, my boy," said Uncle Prescott; "you have hidden it, and kept it, and fed it until it has overgrown the good in you. You have made it your sole object to try to appear good and pure; do you wish to go on feeding and hiding the poison, while it grows more and more powerful and impure?"

Reginald was too heartily ashamed of himself to have much to say, and while declaring that he did not wish to continue doing as in past, was much concerned to know how much of his deception, and how many of his tricks, perpetrated during the past few weeks spent in his new home, had been discovered by Uncle Prescott.

"If you do not wish to continue hiding and keeping this poison, let us begin now to pull the pure white paper off of it," said Uncle Prescott; "what did you cover up yesterday? I must have the secrets of each day since the time you came to share my home. Tell me frankly, what did you cover up yesterday?"

Reginald glanced at his uncle and then at the floor. He was not all bad; he did think it would be more comfortable to be true and honorable. He did feel a longing to be rid of his present inner life; he saw himself as he had never seen himself before; he felt a loathing for the acts he had only thought clever, smart.

"Uncle, you would hate me!" he exclaimed, passionately; "I never can tell you the half."

"Suppose I do hate you; suppose I never do and never can forgive or forget it; suppose you lose me as your friend; what can that matter in comparison to losing your soul, your self-respect, the respect of the whole world who may ever happen to hear of you, losing your own heart of honor? Uncover the poison, Reginald, and let me help you get it out of you, no matter how it hurts, or where it hits, or what becomes of you and of me afterward. You can afford to lose me if you can get rid of the dishonor which is destroying all the good that ever was in you."

Reginald was looking in his uncle's face; he was brave with a sudden bravery; he was true with a sudden honor; he was filled with a determination to be free with a new freedom. He recounted trick after trick, accidents and deceptions, and Uncle Prescott could have been angry enough had he not been in soul-earnestness, helping Reginald fight a fight never to be forgotten.

Reginald, having confessed every fault he could think of, waited to hear the words which would banish him from his new home, but his uncle took his hand kindly, saying: "I believe you have faithfully torn off the covering, and tried to take the first step toward removing the impurity underneath; do you promise me at this moment, which is a solemn one, my boy, that you will faithfully, honorably bring the faults of every day to me and uncover them, no matter what their nature, rather than hide them to turn to poison in your heart?"

Reginald's promise was not a promise meant to be broken, and if in after-time he was tempted and failed and began again, are you not very sure that his heart of dishonor gradually shrunk away, as it was kept uncovered and brought to the light, while the owner grew to be happy, honorable and true?—*George Klingle, in N. Y. Observer.*

## IN THE TROPICS.

**The Luxuriance of Fruit and Vegetation in Singapore.**

This is evident in the fruit markets filled with bananas, pineapples, mangosteens, oranges, limes and durnans, as well as in the flowers and foliage of the trees along the public thoroughfares and in the private grounds and places, where they have, when permitted, an unexampled luxuriance. Trees, bushes or shrubbery left a short time to themselves become a jungle richly overgrown with vines and convolvulus. Pineapples grow wild on the hillsides within the city limits. All nature, with the exception of a few places here and there neatly kept, is in a tangle, the tropical languor weighing heavily on the people and forbidding all exertion beyond that necessary for actual existence. Hence an uninviting entourage of the shops and a prevailing slovenly aspect about the business quarter and the residences so different from the solid primness of British settlements in China. The European population does not much exceed two thousand, of whom a little more than half are English, the rest being principally Germans. There are not probably a dozen Americans in Singapore. The process of commercial extermination by the Chinese does not proceed so rapidly as in Hongkong, but it is bound to come. The rich Chinese merchants are buying the land in the business quarters of the city, are concentrating buildings and all kinds of property in their hands, and even venture to use some of the land purchased by their countrymen in the heart of the town for burial grounds. They display their wealth with a vulgar ostentation not to be observed in any other place where their people come much into business contact with Europeans. Fine horses and carriages are an especial weakness, and it is no uncommon sight to see a Chinaman in a splendid turnout, with coachman and footman, or a Chinese boy of ten or twelve years lolling back on the cushions of an expensive vehicle behind a pair of blooded horses. It brings to mind the old adage: "Put a beggar on horseback," and it is only illustrative of what will in time be seen wherever the Chinese are allowed to take root and prosper at the expense of even the existence of the people with whom they are associated.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*