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## Our Contributors.

### WINTER.

By Rev. Allen France.

As we step over the threshold from one season to that of another it is proper to mark the transition. We should take a slower step and the mind should be steadied by the weight of graver thoughts. These quarterly changes are suggestive of a devout heart.

Poets sing the praises of all the seasons, but there is discord when they approach Winter, so bleak and barren, the emblem of desolation and death. Leaves have fallen, and birds no longer sing among the branches. The forests are all stripped and bare, save here and there a few tall pines, through which the Winter wind sighs a mournful dirge for the departing year. There is something grand in the baldness and nakedness of the earth. The hills are stripped of vegetable life and present a bolder aspect. Rocks are laid bare from the fall of the leaves, and the naked, exposed cliffs present their rugged sides and front. Their majesty inspires awe. As we study the bony structure of the earth we seem to get nearer to the heart of nature. The removal of her robes enables us to read the lineaments of her awful face. This stern aspect is heightened by the storms and tempests of the seasons, and the human imagination is filled with a wild delirium.

While Winter is stern and rugged it is also and gentle as the dew. There is a tenderness in the falling snow which covers up around shields the scars and the wounds of nature; and with this soft mantle gently drawn beauty, her naked form is covered from hasty eyes. There is more soft, dove-like rain. A fall in the falling of the snow, with slumbering hand, than in that of the pattering of it in the beautiful robe is created by a second of God that the earth may be arrayed in its new and warm.

The peculiarity is that it makes life more inviolate. A severe temperature begets a deeper, more exhilaration. The cold, frosty air is more purifying. It sends the blood with wild, ebullient pulsations from the heart through the veins. The vital force is new, and common duties are performed with a keener relish and richer enjoyment. There are four negative voices which utter their dirge, and the reverberations thereof echo and resound through the regions of space and the caverns of the universe. These are silence, darkness, cold, and death. But these act a more prominent part in the Winter than any other season. They impress the mind like the ponderous trip-hammer, weighing tons, the force of which is felt through one layer or stratum of metal after another, moving the entire mass. Dr. Kane was once asked what was the most imposing spectacle to him in his Northern explorations. He answered, "The silence of the Arctic night." And Dr. Hayes, who has also wintered in the Arctic regions, states that the most fearful experience is produced by the intense stillness or silence which prevails. "The moonlight of this period (Winter) are the most grand and impressive of anything I have ever witnessed. The clearness of the air, the white surface of the snow and ice, give an effect monotonous and cheerless, but truly grand." But there is a new element—it is silence. The sky itself, the entire sweep of the visible heavens, is coldly blue. The rocks, uncovered by the death of the leaves growing on the small, stunted oaks, are colder and seem grayer than usual. The sober warmth of brown and russet have taken the place of more gorgeous colors. These changes in nature's tone we are to accept if we would relish new pleasures. The saddest period of the year, and the most intense feelings, are the last weeks of the annual circuit of time, and when the sun has sunk so low that it seems that it is about to disappear from our sight toward the Southern pole. This period produces most fully the sense of desolation and dreariness of any part of the year. From the hour that the Summer begins to shorten its days and register the increasing change along the horizon over which the sun sets, further and further toward the South, we have a gentle and genial sadness. It may be as requisite to the perfection of joy as are shadows in landscapes to the charm of a picture.

When the last days of November come, the frost is keen and searching, and reaps a grand harvest with a keen blade every night. A few weeks longer, and Winter is with us. Then there is another experience, other delights. The bracing air; the clean, clear, and perfectly white crystalline snow; the revelation of forms hidden during Summer growths; the sharp outlined hills, cut and lying clear against the sky—vary our experience, and give new zest to life, fresh animation to our existence. Nature shows less of fine flesh and blood and delicate tinting in Winter, than in other seasons; but more of solid bone and muscle and the anatomy of human power, which is founded on substantial reality. The mind shares in this brisk feeling, and sympathizes with the body. This fits it for talks and duties incident to the seasons. The sun makes his daily visits shorter as the Winter comes on, and the shortest are about the 21st of December. This leaves less time for active duties and out-of-door labor, and as the sun declines in the west, the sky is robed in calm, purple splendor. At such moments how quiet and soothing are the objects of the vast creation!

The peculiarity of the Winter as compared with other seasons, is the repose which it affords, and the opportunities for the highest ends of man, viz: his spiritual interests. The preceding seasons have absorbed time and strength in securing the means of life, and in carrying on commercial pursuits. Now here comes a season for rest, improvement, and restoration. The Winter is the end of seasons, the consummation of earthly action for the year, as death is the consummation of life; it is the period of death, of cold and frost, and silence and darkness. The action

of the vital forces in nature is suspended, and all the currents flow with sluggish speed, except those of man.

Nature, and Providence, and Revelation, and the Seasons—God's four natural evangelists—speak to their foster-child, the soul of man. The utterances of the last are like those of the old man, hoary and about to descend to the grave and rest with the dead. The dead repose of the Winter forests and the Winter fields; the snow throwing its pure and protecting mantle over the earth; the absence of lassitude, with the bracing of the keen air; the increased power of thought and action; the cheerful fire and the companions of our trial and joys—are part only of the country's pleasures of our Wintry climate and home. And as each Winter seems shorter, and each year makes the number less, and as we have not forgotten the bitterness of sin and its demerit in the sight of God, it is only reasonable to inquire, Where shall we spend eternity? Will it be in a blessed home, with eternal Summer in the soul; or a Wintry, cheerless abode, with evil and misery as our doom, having spurned our best Friend, Jesus the Saviour?

### EUROPEAN TURKEY.

War teaches geography. The contest between Turkey and Russia, which ended so disastrously to the former, concentrated the interest of the civilized world on the States and peoples ruled by the Sultan and the Sublime Porte. Intelligent people everywhere inquired for trustworthy information respecting Turkey and the Turks; and a score of books, some of which were valuable, but most of which were ephemeral, appeared in response to the popular demand. Our readers may remember a notice of one of these works, by Col. James Baker, formerly of the English army; and another of Sir Edward Creasey's History of the Ottoman Turks. But the interest excited by the war has not subsided with the peace, which is generally regarded as merely a truce—a breathing spell between two campaigns in a conflict which was begun by the Grand Vizier Selim II. over three hundred years ago. The "Eastern Question" was raised over four hundred years ago, when Constantine Paleologus appealed to the Pope for aid in resisting the attack of Mahomet II. on Constantinople, in 1453; if not two hundred and fifty years before, when the city was besieged by the Crusaders, and was finally captured and sacked in 1204. And it will remain an open question until the Cross displaces the Crescent on the Mosque of St. Sophia. For this reason every work which throws light upon the history and condition of European Turkey and its heterogeneous peoples, will be welcomed as a valuable contribution to the literature of the time. The Races of European Turkey, by Rev. Edson L. Clark, though appearing while Russia is mustering her soldiers out of service, is not too late to meet with deserved recognition and find hundreds of interested readers.

Mr. Clark has set out to answer the questions, What is European Turkey? and Who are the modern Turks? In order to answer these questions intelligibly he is obliged to go back to the breaking up of the Roman Empire and the establishment of the Eastern Empire at Constantinople. He gives a rapid sketch of Byzantine history from the reign of Justinian, at the beginning of the seventh century, to the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in the middle of the fifteenth. He lucidly explains the causes which made the final collapse of this brilliant empire inevitable. The moral decay, the jealousies and antagonisms of races brought into juxtaposition but unable to coalesce, the impassable barrier between the ruling class and the ruled, are specially dwelt upon. But the intellectual life died out. He says "The Byzantine Empire presents the strange and unparalleled spectacle of a highly civilized people, unfettered by the system of caste, possessing and carefully preserving the literary treasures of an earlier and better day, yet existing for seven hundred years without discovering one new truth, developing one important or fruitful idea, or producing one book which, for either style or substance, deserved to be remembered by succeeding ages. This strange and miserable decay of the intellectual life of society and the Church, which marked the last thousand years of the empire, is something unique in human history. The like of it has never occurred elsewhere, either before or since." It was mental asphyxia. This admirable, he had almost said brilliant, resumé is followed by a very complete and satisfactory account of the Greeks and Albanians, by far the most important of the races subject to Ottoman rule. Mr. Clark has carefully studied the best authorities, and has brought together within the compass of three hundred pages an interesting and valuable account of the history of modern Greece and the condition and prospects of its people. The subject is too tempting to venture into, even to make an abstract; and whoever begins to read the initial chapters will only regret that the account is so short. The author sees, what all intelligent Americans and what some of the most eminent French statesmen begin to confess, that Greece is the key to the whole situation; and that when England turned her back on Greece at Berlin, she did a great wrong to a struggling nation, and postponed the settlement of the Eastern question for another decade, and possibly for another war. Mr. Clark is not blind to the faults of the modern Greeks; but he appreciates their talents, and sees how much their unfortunate condition has done to make them what they are. He grows almost enthusiastic and eloquent in dwelling on their possibilities. He says they "are one people—one in national character, one in feeling and sympathies, and one in their patriotic aspirations. Crete, Thessaly, Samos, and Macedonia are but parts of their common inheritance, withheld from them as yet by arbitrary power, but sure, whenever that grasp is relaxed to join themselves to Greece, and so in due time to expand the Kingdom into a large, prosperous, and opulent State."

The third part of the work is devoted to the Slavs, the Bulgarians, the Montenegrins, the Servians, the Bosnians and Herzegovinians, the Wallachians, and the Gipsies. It compresses a vast deal of useful information respecting these peoples into chapters which excite interest instead of stifling it, and make the action of these different races in the recent war intelligible. They help explain the standing puzzle of the whole Western world, How it is that less than a million Ottomans have so long succeeded in holding in subjection and oppressing most cruelly all these populous provinces. And they show what progress the Servians, in particular, have made within half a century of comparative independence, and how the increasing prosperity that has resulted from their freedom has stimulated the ambition of the other races. Could they unite, the Turkish yoke would snap like a reed in a whirlwind. As they emerge from their ignorance and superstitious and semi-barbarous ways their jealousies diminish, and they refuse to be used as the agents and tools for keeping each other in the subjugation. The chapter on the Gipsies, the strangest of peoples, "without history, or traditions, or religion, or literature, or written language"—with nothing to bind them together but the indelible, unchangeable strain of their savage blood," is one of the most interesting in the volume, and indeed one of the best brief papers on the subject.

Mr. Clark gives a full account of the Congress of Berlin, and his intelligent and sagacious comments upon the Treaty deserve careful attention. He thinks the most important effect of the treaty is the drawing of a permanent dividing line between the Greek and Slavonian peoples, and the distributing of European Turkey between them. The silence of the treaty respecting the Greeks, excepting in a single provision, is remarkable; but this provision opens the door to all possible improvement. No person in the Turkish empire can hereafter be excluded, on the ground of difference of religion, from the exercise of civil or political rights; from the public service, functions, and honors; or from the exercise of any profession or industry. This provision will eventually result in transferring the control of all that remains of European Turkey into Greek hands. The Greeks have the brains, the intelligence, the capital, the restless activity, the keen sagacity, the practical skill; and now that all disabilities are removed, there is nothing to hinder them from acquiring complete mastery of the empire. The work is written in a clear, terse, forcible style, with passages of real eloquence. It commands respect by its dignity, candor, scholarship, and mastery of the subject with which it deals. It is a real contribution to the literature of the subject it elucidates. It is published in a handsome volume of 530 pages, with an excellent map, by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

### COLLEGE DISORDERS.

By Rev. James H. Taylor.

There are some reasons why nothing more should be said on this subject. One is that the Press now gives but one voice. Whatever low causes any paper espouses, not one defends this. Then, too, it is characteristic of rowdies everywhere to wax zealous the more the public seems to be annoyed. Notoriety is part of the motive. Besides, I see it in print that there has been very little hazing this Autumn. Nevertheless in one college a Freshman was taken to a remote spot by a dozen courageous Sophomores, and hung by his feet to the limb of a tree until he would make certain humiliating promises. Another was put into a coffin, lowered into a grave and the dirt shovelled in until he was nearly smothered. One was made the victim of a mock duel, and cruelly frightened. Other instances still are too shameful and too well known to allow mention by me without unpleasant personalities. And these things get spoken of as students' "pranks, mischief, jokes, college hazing." There is a little gain in calling things by right names. Three to a dozen men pestering and half-killing an innocent one! Call it sneaking meanness, cowardly cruelty, infernal barbarism.

But "the Faculty is following it up," is usually added to the item. How? By calling before them students who will either boldly lie and say they know nothing about it, or admit that they know but then dignifiedly decline to reveal their knowledge. Perhaps they get suspended for their silence, but that only makes occasion for a grand frolic with a band of music and escort to the depot. Or possibly the Faculty calls upon the very Freshman who suffered for testimony; and he, though black and blue from abuse, is yet under such a sense of college tyranny that he pools-pools at the whole thing and declares it was all a bit of harmless fun. So the inquest is abandoned; and the Faculty, advising the students in chapel to do so no more, has done about all that that kind of "parental relation" can do. And, really, it is too much to require a college faculty to control, in multitude, a crowd of young men, not a few of whom have never been controlled individually. The case is made all the worse, too, because it is becoming so much a custom now in our public schools, to haze boys passing from a lower grade to a higher, by pumping cold water on them, or the like. So the youngsters are fitted for college, and go there full of that notion. Must the evil then be let alone as hopeless? If so, we confess that there are mobs in our country that cannot be suppressed; and justify Carlyle in declining to visit America because he is afraid of our mobs! It is becoming that one speak modestly concerning a difficulty that so many good and skillful men have tried in vain to master. But there are very few things that cannot be done; and I suggest

1. Let all hazing be stopped among the lads in our public schools. That can be done, and I know of one school where it will be stopped. 2. Parents need to be clearer-headed and firmer on this subject. They must not delegate all control to college officers from the time the boy enters college. They should let their sons know that, certain as gravity, if they take part in rowdiness (except in self-de-

fence) or carry fun to the extent of clear violation of the Golden Rule, they will instantly leave college, or be cut off from any support. Some would take advantage of this to get away from college. Very well. Such are better away.

3. Let the Alumni cease telling stories at Commencement dinners of their own college pranks. A student jogged sharply by a friend, a few days ago, for a bit of vandalism that got him into trouble, replied, "Do you suppose I am going to let my father outdo me?" 4. College Presidents and Professors must cease remarking that "There are some good results of hazing." There are some good results of our late rebellion and of the betrayal by Judas.

5. The Juniors and Seniors, who are commonly the chief instigators, but might be instrumental in suppressing the whole thing, should simply be ashamed of themselves for urging the less experienced to maintain "traditional customs." But if that is a vain appeal, then I suggest for the whole of them, 6. We must be completely done with the idea that the college community is exempt from the application of civil law, or that such application is of doubtful expediency. Law lays hold of the abettors of crime, as well as the committers of it.

The college family, with the Faculty as its united head! Granted, if you please. But if three or four of my children band together to hang a little brother by his heels or bury him alive, and have a habit of that kind, and I, as father, have utterly failed to arrest the proceedings; then has the little fellow no protection as a citizen of the United States? My neighbors will soon determine that matter for me. So should the citizens in the town where the college stands. If one of their citizens should come to pass four years, or one, with us in Rome, we should not stand quietly by to see him buried alive, tortured by a mock duel, dragged from his bed at midnight, in Winter too, and put under the town pump, nor hauled by his heels down long flights of stone steps. Civil government is for just such unenvied deeds. And the college towns can afford such care, for most of them live chiefly by means of the students. Nor should they wait to be called upon. It is their duty to know that law is violated and to find the guilty. They do know of those little mobs and that citizens suffer, that a young ladies' boarding school perhaps is annually terrified. Let detectives be employed if need be, and in the presence of the civil court, forthcoming testimony or the look-up, will soon liberate their dignity. If the authorities are resisted or tricked in any way, call out the military, as for any other mob. Just so soon as the colleges of the land find that the civil authorities do not esteem them cities of refuge, but communities to be controlled, even at the cost of life, there will be some things to be said on this subject.

Let it be well known, as an infallible certainty, that the Faculty will maintain all laws that are peculiar to college life, or send the incorrigible home to stay, and that the civil authorities of the town will apply civil law, in grim sternness, to all violations of civil law, on the part of students as well as others, and an end of all this must come. So long as we palter with it, it will continue. Declare any ward in any city exempt from civil law, and see what will follow.

### THE PREACHING THAT TELLS.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

"As a general rule, throughout the whole country, the ministers, in all discourses in which they touched on public affairs, have treated financial heresies as a form of sin—as, in fact, disguised attempts to cheat, and thus they have helped greatly to keep the most influential portion of the population sound on the main question." So writes "The Nation"—a paper which is usually much more "sound on the main questions" of finance than on those of theology and Biblical criticism. The tribute paid by this able journal to the fidelity of the American pulpit to the cause of national honesty, is well deserved. The ministers have been preaching loyalty to honor just as they preached loyalty to the nation's life and liberties at the outbreak of the civil war. Lincoln used to acknowledge that the pulpit was the chief buttress of the Union cause.

This preaching told. It was plain, direct to the purpose. It did not deal in abstractions, or in controversies about which the average hearer does not care a single straw. The pulpit addressed itself to the common sense and to the conscience of its auditors when it spoke out against dishonesty, and against repudiation of national promises. In certain communities the pulpit has been equally outspoken against the social drinking-usages and the curse of the liquor-traffic. Public sentiment has been leavened by such preaching, and sobriety has taken the place of drunkenness and dramselling. Whenever and wherever the ministry of God have grappled with sin boldly, and addressed themselves plainly and squarely to men's consciences, they have made "the most influential portion of the population sound on the main question."

Now is not this fact a clue to the right method of preaching on every vital topic? If the pulpit is effective when it speaks out against cheating our fellow-man, why may it not speak just as convincingly against every sinner's guilt in robbing God? All that is required is that the minister should bring distinctly and vividly before his auditors the claims of God, the criminality and ingratitude and wickedness of resisting God, the infinite blessedness of obeying God, and make his appeal to common sense and to conscience. Such preaching converts souls. It commands the divine blessing. It has the effect of making depraved and guilty sinners "sound on the

main question," which is a surrender of their hearts and lives to the Lord Jesus Christ. Preaching about theological abstractions interests a select and cultured few, but does not spiritually benefit even them. It rarely builds them up in godly living.

The minister who would awaken sinners must proclaim God's Word against sin and unbelief, with the same cogent directness that many of our pulpits used against a dishonest currency and national swindling. The infinite beauty, sweetness, power, and endless joy of a Christian faith should be set forth in the same clear convincing style. Christ himself preached in this way, to the common sense and the conscience. Paul came right to the point—when his points went like arrows into the hearts of Roman governors and Greek philosophers. Peter preached the naked truth until it "pricked the hearts" of three thousand sinners in Jerusalem; before night they were "sound on the main question" of accepting the crucified Christ.

While God's people are assembling in the Word of Prayer and subsequently to ask for the outpouring of the Spirit, let us who hold the sacred trust of the ministry be preaching for souls. Men and women come to church to be made better; they come to be saved, and not to be lost. They come for practical instruction, and not to be tasked with intellectual abstractions. They want the living truth for living uses. To their common sense, their consciences, and their hearts, it is our privilege to preach the most marvellous and precious and glorious Gospel that God's wisdom could devise. When it is preached faithfully, simply, and closely, it will tell. By the Holy Spirit's blessing our hearers may become—many of them will become—"sound on the main question" of salvation for all eternity.

### LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

The Fire Insurance Patrol.

In this, as in other large cities, the different insurance companies which have risks to protect, have organized, and are maintaining at their own expense, a Fire Patrol. The work of this organization is not to extinguish fires, except in their helplessness, but to protect property, especially from damage by water and from pillage. There are two Companies in this city which are maintained at an expense of about \$27,000 annually, and they save the insurance companies which employ them, many times that amount. The celerity with which they respond to a fire alarm is marvellous and almost incredible. "Seeing is believing" while you are seeing, but when the vision has vanished, and one begins to reflect upon it, he is almost ready to doubt his senses or his watch. We made up a clerical party of a dozen, to go and witness the mustering of one of the companies for a fire. If my story should get me into trouble, I can confidently rely upon every one of these dozen brethren, to come to my defence by endorsing as true every word that I say. This then is the story: The men of the force are in their beds, in the second story of the building, their wagon is beneath them, the horses in their stalls, and the door through which they drive out into the street closed. Suddenly there is a crash, the covering is violently jerked off from the men as they lie in their beds, trap-doors are thrown open, and ladders dropped, down which the men run, and jump into their wagon, watchmen attach the horses, the front door is thrown open, and the force is ready to drive forth into the street, all in the space, not of three minutes, which might well be regarded as reasonably quick time, but of three seconds. Will you be sworn? the reader asks. Yes sir, and without flinching. It is even so, as a dozen orthodox watches held in hand, all testified. A single current of electricity in an instant of time, does the whole business, except attach the horses, and load the men into the wagon, and I am not quite sure but that it gives them a shock, and thus imparts its own fleetness to their movements. The men sleep in their underclothing, their outer garments are left in the wagon, and they put these on as they are driven madly through the streets to the place indicated by the fire alarm. "Time works wonders," we all know, but who, until recently, ever imagined that such wonders could be wrought with time? The talk about "annihilating time" ceases to be a rhetorical extravagance, and becomes almost a reality. So quick have been the movements of this Patrol that during the past year they have themselves extinguished thirty-three fires, many of which probably, if they had had a few more minutes in which to make headway, might have been very destructive. They have done this in spite of the fact that, prompted by a terrible experience, Chicago has now secured, and has in thorough working order, one of the most efficient fire departments in the world.

There are many moral reflections and lessons suggested by this recital. Let not the reader fail to lay to heart the most obvious, most important, and most neglected lesson of all, that in order to the highest success in any work, not the hours only, but the moments of time must be faithfully improved. As with the Fire Patrol, so with every worker, merchant, student, Christian, not to improve and make the best of the minutes as well as the hours, is to suffer loss.

Recently in this correspondence, a passing reference was made to the travels of Captain Jonathan Carver in the Northwest. The volume of his Travels which lies before me contains a map of North America, which is a rare curiosity. It is just one hundred years old, having been made in 1778, eleven years after he had completed his Travels. It is drawn to the scale of about 260 miles to the inch. Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, are each represented as extending from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Lake Michigan is extended longitudinally from southeast to northwest and not from southwest to northeast. Lake Huron takes the shape of a large flat turnip, with the long and slender tap-root extending south. The sources of the Columbia river (called on this map "River of the West") and the Assiniboine are represented as not more than one hundred miles apart, when they are nearer one thousand miles distant from each other; and Carver's map knows nothing of the Rocky Mountains separating them. Louisiana is represented as embracing the territory lying immediately west of the Mississippi, which is now embraced in the States of Louisiana, Texas in part, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. New Mexico embraces within its boundaries the territory now bearing that name, a large portion of Texas, Colorado, Arizona, Utah, and Wyoming, while New Albion stands for California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana. It is interesting to compare this map, which claims to be made "from the latest discoveries," with any map of our country as we know it to-day. Nothing more strikingly shows the growth which has been realized in a century. The changes in the map of Europe, of which we hear so much, are as nothing to the changes which have taken place in the map of the United States. It took the Hebrew State five centuries to reach its maximum of power during the reign of Solomon; the Assyrian Empire twelve, Rome seven, Greece ten, and England seven hundred years to grow to the full measure of their imperial greatness; while in one century we have acquired a territory probably as large as any of these empires, and population and resources greater perhaps than the greatest of them. It should comfort our millenarian friends, who can see nothing hopeful in the present condition of the world, to reflect that no nation since the beginning of the Christian Era, has been so thoroughly Christianized as this.

Such a one as Paul the Aged.

Our Ministerial Circle receives a benediction every week from the presence with us in our meetings of the Rev. Jotham Sewall. "Father Sewall," as his brethren affectionately call him, recently preached, not for the first time, but for the first time in his eighty-eighth year. "His eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated." Not to him yet do the words of the Eastern sage seem to apply when he said "The body is a mansion infested by age and sorrow, the seat of malady, harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long; such a mansion of the vital soul, let its occupier always cheerfully quit." Father Sewall's mansion gives no outward sign of being thus plagued and haunted, and while he is doubtless always ready to quit it with cheerfulness, yet, so long as it stands, it appears to be his good purpose to dwell in it with cheerfulness. The beauty of his old age is as "the beauty of God." In his participation in our discussions, he evinces a clearness, activity and vigor of mind, that would be noteworthy in a middle-aged man, and which are surprising in one of his years. He has five sons who are ministers, two of them occupying professors' chairs in colleges. "Father Kellogg" is another of our venerated fathers who, though not so old as Father Sewall, yet wears "a crown of glory." He is in such active service teaching and preaching at Mount Forest, a few miles out of the city, that we see him but seldom. With his daughter he is carrying on an excellent school at Mount Forest.

A Christmas Picture.

The Interior sent out its Christmas greeting to its readers in a number that was fairly ablaze with poetic gems and pictorial illustrations. Dr. Gray and his associates Drs. Halsey and Thompson work hard to win and to deserve the large measure of success which they secure. Among the illustrations of the last number, was the picture of a sleigh-ride with a span of horses whose behaviour suggests, if it does not justify a criticism made once by "an expert." A lively man was once observing a remarkable painting which represented Absalom as hanging to a tree, while his mule, bearing in his features every possible mark of vice, was galloping away. The jockey surveyed the picture in silence. "Bless my soul," he at last exclaimed "he's in a pretty fix; but he ought to have known better than to ride that beast without a snaffle." The Interior's sleigh-riding party are not represented as having reached the catastrophe, but they are evidently in for it.

Investigations are the order of the day. It would be well if every man were to constitute himself a committee of one, and make a thorough examination of his own life, even though the report should be made public.



