A BLACKSMITH DOMINIE.

All classes mix and mingle in the tide of travel, says a correspondent of the Boston Herald, and a railroad train is a wonderful leveler. It makes people talkative, even sociable, who are cold and crusty at home. I have gathered more information on railroad trains than almost anywhere else. Sitting in a parlor car to-day, traveling westward over the Pennsylvania railroad, there were two notable men. They looked broader, wiser, and of better stock than any of the rest of its occupants. They involuntarily attracted one's attention. One of them was a large, robust man, with a powerful frame and jolly manner. His face was round and fat, betokening good humor and good living. You could see that he was a person of full habits and a good digestion. His clean shaven face shone with humor, and his occasional merry laugh told that he was full of life and spirit. Although some sixty-eight years had whitened his hair like snow, it had not bent his frame or made his heart old. This was the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer. The Rev. Dr. Tiffany, the eminent Methodist minister, was the other. Their seats were as opposite as their creeds, and the men are almost unlike. Tiffany is a robust, fine looking man of very dignified manners. His full, round face and florid complexion show that he, too, enjoys the good things of life. He is by no means sedate, and in life does not follow the Methodist idea of looking pious at all seasons. He seems to have plenty of spirits, but keeps them bunged up tighter than the more distinguished divine first introduced. This is doubtless due more to the demands of his church creed than to inclination, for I hear that in a quiet company he is its life. A strong preacher is the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, but the doctrines of his church curb his force, and, while he is too much of a free lance for many of the staid old Methodists, he cannot swing out into the broad realm of fearless discussion of religious questions. His illustrious brother, Mr. Collyer, is not so hampered, for the Unitarian church wants thought and argument, not statements alone. There were several other preachers in the company, whose solemn faces told their calling, and also their lack of force. In the ministry, as in all other professions, the man who is nearest human, and has a full, rotund person, capable of keeping off the dyspepsia, succeeds best. I got into conversation with Dr. Collyer, and spent a pleasant hour.

"Why do you have so few ministers of originality and force—men who make their mark as great preachers?" said I.

"Too little life and too much learning, sir; too little blood and too much education. A man makes a great mistake when he sacrifices life's force for books. Generous life increases the power of thought, and good health keeps it fresh and creates originality," was the quick response.

"Does Europe or America have the greatest ministers?"

"America, by all odds. It has several superior to the best there is in England. The old world has not one that can compare with Henry Ward Beecher. He is the greatest preacher on the planet. If his superior ever lived, I never heard or read of him."

"Does Spurgeon approach him?"

"No, sir. In no particular, if I can understand what a great minister is. He lacks the very elements that makes Mr. Beecher great."

"What are they?"

"In the first place, Henry Ward Beecher is the most human man I ever knew. He gets near the people rather than above them. His generous bodily force keeps his great mind bright and makes him fearless. No man will or perhaps can express himself with the simplicity, originality, eloquence, and courage that Mr. Beecher does. The struggles of his early life may have much to do with this and his later successes. They may have made him the natural man he is. Great as he is, I love him for his simple tastes and his courage. I admire a man who never gets great enough to refuse to express his opinion upon small subjects. There is a great deal in the simple fact that Mr. Beecher will say in a great company: 'I like apple pie, and like to farm during the summer months by lying under an apple tree and going to sleep.'"

"You began life, Dr. Collyer, like Mr. Beecher, in a humble position in the West?"

"No, I did not begin in the West, but went there early. I came to America about 1850, and landed in Philadelphia in search of a job. I was a mechanic, and got a situation in a hammer shop at Shoemakertown, on the outskirts of the Quaker City. For nine years I made hammers in that shop. I was a Methodist then, and became a local preacher. Following my vocation six days in the week, I preached around at different places on Sunday. Very early I got the reputation of being rather crooked on the Methodist creed, and I guess I was very liberal. I think it was in 1857 Dr. Furnace, the eminent Unitarian, who still has his church at the corner of Tenth and Locust, was called west to marry the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, who has since made a success in journalism. We had met at the house of Lucretia Mott, who was a great friend of mine, and had talked a good deal upon theological questions, and I think he liked me. At least, he said if he could get Collyer to preach for him one Sunday, he would go west and marry Conway. He asked me, I consented, and preached two Sundays for him, making nine dozen hammers each week before I filled the pulpit. I think the sermons must have attracted some attention, because it was soon noised about that I was to be summoned before the next conference to be disciplined for my disregard for church ethics. Sure enough the summons came, and I went before the conference. Pennel Coome was then presiding officer. He is still in Philadelphia as secretary of some leading Methodist society. He questioned me closely upon doctrine and creed, and when we had concluded he said, rather sorrowfully, 'Brother Collyer, it is very evident that you are not a Methodist.' 'I was beginning to think so myself,' was my reply. 'I fear I cannot renew your license,' said he. 'Very well,' I answered. 'The truth is, I have never had much patience with these hell and damnation theories.'"

"Did this sever your connection with the Methodist church?"

"No, I continued to make hammers and preach in and about Philadelphia until 1859, when I went to Chicago as a missionary at a salary of $1200 a year. Both I and mine had been taught to live frugally, for I had made only about $9 a week in the hammer shop. So my salary of $1200, upon which I went west, gave me the means to live comfortably. Therefore you see I did not have the hard struggle after I went to Chicago that Mr. Beecher had when he began in Indiana."

"Did you have a regular church?"

"No, I did general missionary work among the poor, establishing Sunday schools, etc. I recall an amusing incident that happened soon after I reached my post. I had gathered together a little Sunday school. Many of the children belonged to the families of gentlemen emigrants. One day I received from some of the church dignitaries a long list of questions about my work, which I was to answer and return. The first was: 'What is the present condition of your Sabbath school, and what does it most need at the present moment?' Under this question I wrote this answer: 'Windsor soap, crash towels and fine-tooth combs.' The rest of the questions were in the same general vein, and I understand the dignitaries were very much shocked at my temerity."

"How long did you continue in that church afterward?"

"Not long. In Chicago, on what is called the North Side, a few Unitarians had a small church. Their minister went away, and I was invited to go over and take temporary charge. I did not know I was out of the Methodist church then, but after awhile found I was. Finally, besides looking after the church mission, I preached one Sunday. Those high-toned Boston people who had moved out into that new country and set up to do its business, wondered. I was rather a rough-looking man, a mechanic, and my hands were hard, red, and calloused from work. They said: 'How strange! Why, this man can preach.' They were satisfied, and I kept on. The church grew, and I saw that little flock increase from a handful to one of the largest congregations in the land. It finally built the most beautifully constructed church in the country, at a cost of $210,000. It was destroyed in the Chicago fire. They rebuilt again, and I stayed there until about four years ago, when I accepted a call to New York. It was the greatest struggle of my life to leave my friends in Chicago and come East, but I thought it for the best."

There was something of sadness in the great preacher's remarks about his change, and seemed to dwell with great earnestness upon the story of his life in chief city of the west. I changed the subject to the object to his present journey to Pennsylvania.

"Yes," said he, "I am going over to Dickinson College to make a short address. It is to be the centennial celebration of that old institution."

"A Unitarian to speak at a Methodist celebration, and that, too, after he had been turned out of the church?"

"Oh, there is more liberality now. Religion, like everything else, progresses with the country. The Methodists and I got along very well together after the first disappointments, and if I did not live with my wife I should live with my mother."

"Will you stay at Dickinson long?"

"No; I am going back to-night at 12 o'clock. I sail for Europe on Saturday, to be gone two months. It is the third time I have been in the old country since I came to America."

"Have you any desire to return to England to remain?"

"Oh, no. It was a strange geographical blunder that I was born on the other side of the ocean. It was the month of May when I came across and landed in Philadelphia. As I came up the green wooded lands of the Delaware I thought the land of Pennsylvania the most beautiful country that I had ever seen. Never for a single moment since I landed in that city a poor mechanic, hunting for work, have I thought of returning. I could go back on good terms. You know the story of the boy with a new hatchet: A lad was cutting away one day with a new hatchet, the maker of which stood near him. The steel came off, when the boy called to his master and said: 'The steel has dropped off the hatcet.' 'Never mind, lad; whale away,' was the reply, 'I have got my name up.'

A hearty laugh followed the sally, in which Mr. Collyer joined, and after it had subsided he said, dryly:

"A man can go anywhere when he gets his name up, you know."

"No; I like to cross the water occasionally, but America is my country. There are many things here to attract me to it. The old shop at Shoemakertown, where I made hammers for nine years, is still standing, and a number of workmen who worked with me are living yet. I go down every year to visit the old place and my old associates. Many of them come to see me. It does one good to renew early associations. I have been there within a month making my annual visit."

This interesting conversation ran until the train pulled into the depot at Harrisburg. Here Mr. Collyer and his party had to remain for an hour before going to Carlisle. The last words I heard from the eminent divine was good-by to me, and then, turning to a pale-faced preacher, who was evidently struggling against dyspepsia, "Come, let us go in and push a good dinner."

A Good Model.

I have lately been visiting a gentleman whom I should like to tell about. He lives on the banks of the Delaware river, not far from Trenton, New Jersey.

It is very delightful to talk with this gentleman, and to see how well he is acquainted with the birds and the four-footed animals of his district, all of which are under his jealous protection. He has half a dozen little "tracts" within a mile of his house, each of which is tenanted by a partly different class of plants and animals, so that there is never any lack of variety in his studies. The truth of this will not seem clear to you at first, perhaps, because you are accustomed to think that, in order to find any great diversity in outdoor life, you must search through great spaces of country. But my friend's farm would show you that a great many little differences are ordinarily overlooked, which, when you come to know them, are seen to be real and important. And this can be proven in one place about as well as in another.

For instance, it is easy to divide the estate I am speaking of into four districts so far as natural history is concerned. First, there are the upland fields and house gardens; second, the steep hillside, grown dense with trees and tangled shrubbery; next, the broad, treeless, lowland meadows; and lastly, the creek, with its still, shaded nooks, and flowery banks.

Now, while there are many trees, bushes and weeds that are common to all these four districts, it is equally true that each of the districts has a number of plants and animals that are not to be found in the others. You would not expect to get water snakes, musk-rats or any wading birds on the high fields behind the house, nor do the woodchucks, quails, and vesper sparrows of the hill-top go down among the sycamores by the creek. One quickly gets a hint here of the great fact that any species of animal or plant may be spread over a whole state, or half the continent, yet nevertheless, be found only on that kind of ground, which is best suited to it. One of the first things a naturalist has to learn therefore, in respect to an animal whose habits he wishes to study, is what sort of surroundings it loves, and he will be surprised, particularly in the case of the smaller creatures, to learn how careful animals are in this matter, since upon it, as a rule, depends their food and safety. There are certain snails, for example, which my friend finds in one corner of his farm and never anywhere else. A pair of Bewick's wrens have lived in his wagon house for some years, but they are the only pair in the whole county. It would be of no use for him to look anywhere than on his bush-grown hillside for the worm-eating warbler, the morning warbler, or the chat, though his gardens up above entice many other birds. Similarly, if the bird called the rail decides to make its home on his land, it will not settle along the creek, but in a marshy part of his meadows. I might mention a large number of these examples, but these will suffice.

For more than twenty years my friend had been diligently studying this single square mile around his house. One would think he knew it pretty well by this time, and he does—better, I believe, than any other square mile is known in the United States. He can tell you, and has written down, a hundred things about our common animals which are real news; yet he thinks that he has only begun, and is finding out something more every few days.—St. Nicholas.

Milking Three Times a Day.

Messrs. Muller and Jones, of Germany, have been making some quite extensive experiments in milking cows more than the usual number of times a day. By milking three times a day a slight percentage of fat is secured that would be lost under other practice. In one experiment reported, if the butter were worth thirty cents a pound, the butter from the two milkings would be worth $14, and from the three milkings, $18, according to the percentage of fat found to be secured by the extra milking. The question arises in this instance, "Is the extra money value secured worth the labor expended in securing it?" This will, of course, depend very much on how the cows are kept. If they are at pasture, the trouble of driving them up and milking them, and driving them back again, is not altogether measured by the labor expended, but the loss of the cows from pasture. Also the interruption of men and women from their regular daily labor are serious matters on a farm where long distances separate the hands from the cattle. Then, again, on the dairy farms of this country, the great bugbear is the want of good milkage. Few men can succeed in dairying who have to depend on hired help outside their own family or connections. Men hate to milk, and women cannot do it where large numbers of cows are to be handled in a reasonably short time. In the old country, where hands are numerous and are to be had for the asking, the burden of three milkings a day may be imposed without creating a riot, but in this country it would not do. The chances also are that such frequent milkings would tend to dry up the cows for want of distention of the udder. This of course applies to cows in the usual condition. When a cow is fresh and produces a yield that threatens the udder and is evidently painful to the cow, it is well to relieve the udder by one or two extra milkings a day, and even then it is scarcely worth while to draw the udder to the last strippings. Under the ordinary conditions of American farm life, we are quite sure that the extra per cent. of fat saved by one additional milking, in view of the inconvenience attached to its performance would not pay the dairyman to practice it. In view of the effect on the cow, we would be slow to recommend the practice, even if it did pay.—American Dairyman.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The superintendent of the Nebraska City public schools is Mrs. M. M. Munger.

One hundred and ninety young men have applied for admission to the class of '87 at Yale College.

A handsome college building, that will accommodate 600 students, is going up at Decatur, Texas.

The public schools of Japan have over 2,000,000 students, and are modeled on the American plan.

President-elect Smith of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., will receive a salary of $5,000 a year and a house.

Professor W. W. Goodwin is about to return from the American College at Athens to his duties at Harvard University.

In Greece the proportion of illiterates is very high. In Thebes and Arcadia only five-tenths of the inhabitants can read and write.

Leslie Stephen has been elected to the Clark lectureship on English literature, lately founded at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Of 4,339,729 Prussian children, 2,723,911 go to Evangelical, and 1,405,089 to Catholic schools, making a total of 4,129,900 in Christian schools.

Rutherford College, N. C., matriculated 288 students during the year just ended. Over 2000 indigents have been educated there gratuitously since its existence.

The Arkansas State Industrial University at Fayetteville is in a tremendous row because of dissatisfaction with his president, Gen. Hill, and has lost most of its students.

Dr. Jewett, the vice-chancellor of Oxford University, is at Keswich, working on his translation of Aristotle's Politics, which he expects to complete by the end of the year.

A blind girl was one of the graduates of the Portland, Me., High School class lately, and was one of the best scholars in the class, in which she stood No. 3 for four years.

The name of the Waterville, Me., Classic Institute has been changed to Coburn Classic Institute in fit recognition of the munificence of Governor Coburn, whose gifts to it aggregate $100,000.

A Rich Man Starved.

"So Jones is dead," said one Somerville man to another.

"Yes, poor fellow," was the reply; "he's gone."

"What did he die of?" inquired the first speaker.

"Starvation," was the answer.

"Starvation! Good gracious, the man was worth $50,000."

"I know that; nevertheless, he died of starvation. I'll tell you how it was: Jones was always fancying that there was something the matter with him; so he went to the doctor one day and had himself examined, and the doctor informed him that he had kidney disease, and that, besides taking medicine, he must diet himself. Said the doctor: 'You must avoid all kinds of salt meats, salt fish, potatoes, cabbage, and vegetables of every kind.' Jones followed the advice, but found himself no better. He went to another doctor, and, after being examined, was informed that he must avoid all kinds of fresh meats also. This did not do him any good, as he thought, and he went to another doctor, who highly approved of the advice which had previously been given, and further warned him against all kinds of pastry, likewise shellfish, including oysters and clams. 'The best thing for you is a milk diet,' said this doctor; so Jones lived wholly upon milk. Not feeling himself any better he went to another doctor, who cautioned him to avoid milk, above all things, if he wanted to get well. This reduced Jones to a diet of cold water and fresh air, and, finding himself no better under this regime, he went to another doctor, who advised him to beware of drinking too much water and being too much in the air. This last advice cut off the last of Jones' articles of diet, and he died of starvation, as I have told you."—Somerville Journal.

"I should think it would make you nervous to have ladies stare at your feet so," said a sympathizing friend to a young clergyman in a street car. "It does not at all," replied the clergyman. "Christmas is near, and those ladies belong to my congregation."

WONDERS IN MUSIC.

A late visit to the warerooms of Messrs. Gardner Bros. 165 First street, Portland, Oregon, has filled us with wonder at the immense display of pianos and organs of all kinds. Prominent among all these is Steck's Little Giant Piano, small and elegant in case, yet wonderfully powerful and sweet of tone. The Taber organ surpasses any instrument we have yet heard. Visit this house when in Portand and enjoy a musical treat. jy5-1m

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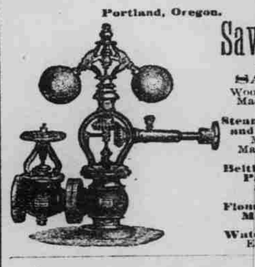

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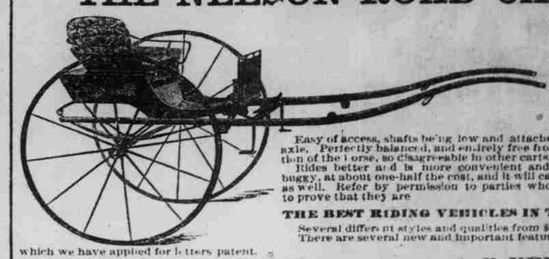

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