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A BEAUTIFUL POEM. THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

BY MRS. DR. S. HAMILTON. BOOK II. THE ARGUMENT.

THIS is a description of the second Kingdom of Knowledge where man by eating of the Forbidden Fruit awakes from spiritual death, recalls his knowledge of the past, and is born a living soul. The seven angels with the seven trumpets are figures of the curses under which man fell and his resurrection. Here Nature's heel, even the joint appears, That connects the Maker's footstool with his throne, Where a finished work its offspring bears, Who recalls man's buried light to life again. But of himself the Law provides the lamb, And bids the child to slay the parent soul, There was no victim for the sacrifice but him, Who would not permit his child to fall. For it was the same Voice that as the law Brought the firstborn sons of Nature forth, That hides a son in the House of Jacob now, And betrays himself into the hands of Death. When the spirit of the holy and the pure Denied himself to the Evil bride, He was taken captive in the same snare, That for his own offspring first was laid. 'Twas thus that Judah the Ruler did not know, That the father was his cherished son, And in blindness struck the cruel blow, That he and man's dejected parent were but one. Thus the woman also was deceived, For the Law was subject to her rule, When she blindly cast off the God she loved, Nor knew whose mantle from her shoulders fell. The Law betrayed its parent with a kiss, For the Heaven and the Earth embraced, When he was rejected who came to bless, By the house that of himself he reared. "She is more righteous than I," the Master said, As from her arms through death he sprang; While the man and his wife uncovered stood, Unconscious as babes who have committed wrong. They nailed him to the discerning Tree, Who was cast off by Earth and Heaven, A figure of the Lamb of Calvary; Thus the spirit to the grave was given. The Helmsheet was to the discerning nature born, Who was to reign a savior in the grave. But they knew it not who thrust him down, That he was not self before, their souls to save. Down to the dark and formless void The cast off parent of the creature fell, There to separate the Evil from the Good, Whose discerning Eye was the dividing Wall. Here he found the rivers of Eden dry, That nourished the garden of the Lord, Where man had left his cast off form to die, No longer by the breath of Wisdom fed. And there he weeps the darkness and the light, Who bring their offspring to his knee; While their handmaids, the day and night, Yield the fruits of bondage to the Tree. Thus God's spirit penetrates the night, And through material gloom his wisdom shone; While the Heavens glow with the discerning light, Of him who brings his brethren down. For it was there that the Living Root, Was planted in man's primal grave; Till death quickened the hope that faith had lit In the Word, the offspring that the Helmsheet gave. The woman saw her husband's wisdom fade, As Adam's glory departed from his brow; And hungered for the presence of the God Whose councils grow into a promise now. But the Tree that was for man designed, That he might escape his nature's wrong and pain To meet the woman's need was never planned To whom the wrongs of Evil were unknown. If man had but partaken of the Tree Before the light had from his spirit fled, He could in his own possession see, That he lacked nothing of Evil or of Good. Life in Eden was but a peaceful dream To her who had no knowledge but of good, And with man no knowledge of his nature came, Who should have furnished her with living food. And the tree that made for man through death, Means to escape his nature's wrong and ill; Stood as a snare within the woman's path, Where she into the misery pit might fall. Listen to Rebekah urging her child, The blessing of his father to obtain, As when the serpent thus bequiled, Woman the wisdom of the gods to gain. When clad in the garb of unbelief, The raiment that was by the elder worn; She took the forbidden morsel off, And shared it with the supplanted man. They ate not of the tree, but stripped The fruit of discerning wisdom from his limbs; As when Joseph the woman's hand escaped, And only his garment in her grasp remains. But neither fear nor hope their fancies met, Both death and life had from their covert fled, And the woman found no virtue in the fruit Save the knowledge that she was deceived. Man was naked but not ashamed, Who in his blindness had forsaken God, Till he ate of the forbidden fruit and died, Not to the Evil nature but the Good. "A figure of him who to the Savior came, Robed in white and took hold upon the Tree, Like his, the robe of innocence now falls from man, Who turns in his nakedness to flee." St. Mark, Chap. 14, 51, 52 verses. Here where the nurse of Rebekah died, And buried beneath an oak in Bethel lay The Heavenly Nature left the woman's side, Whose Light had been the guardian of her way. And man was born to an Eternal Night, Now that the dividing wall was broken down, Destroying his only way to escape from it, [was slain, Through whose blindness, the Knowledge of the Good "And from thy face shall I be hid," Listen to the wretched Cain's lament, So great the loss of his Spiritual Head, He goes to the burden of his sorrow vent.

Among the garden trees they seek to hide, And robe themselves in the forsaken dust, But a hiding place is to their souls denied, Now that the garb of innocence is lost.

And like the apron woven of the leaves In which man hides his nature's nakedness, Is the robe that his spirit weaves, From wrong and pain, to repair its loss. Thus Isaac the promised heir was born, The son, Discerning Wisdom, bore her Lord, And thus the mother nourishes her son, Who was an offspring of the cherished word. With the Knowledge lost that should be born with him, Who is to sway the sceptre of the gods, Man as a babe in wisdom his throne has come Ignorant of its nature and its needs. And dust must furnish the Light again With which to dye the garments of her Lord, That he may be fitted as one to reign Before the spirit and the dust divide. But when her appointed work is done, She a deserted tenement is made, Another victim by the sword is slain, Where a snare is by the divider laid. And woman deceived by the serpent's tale, Is but basting her nature's doom, When she must a Life deserted body fall, And forever bid farewell to him. As man was slain behold the woman fall A martyr to her Knowledge of the Good, Thus it is that Justice finds them all, And beneath Adam's alter both are laid. "Here Jacob meets the Heavenly fiend, The Tree on which the Light of Knowledge dwells; Where Death is still standing at his post, To preserve Nature's divining wall, "Mahannic, two hosts or camps. Here he gains his victory over Death, And face to face beholds the features of his God, And wins a blessing though clad in wrath To the wretched life that still is spared. The Tree yields to him its discerning fruit, And beneath the Angel's touch was shrunk away, "And the children of Israel do not eat Of the Tree, the sinew that was shrunken to this day." Though Jacob was declared a Prince of God, Only the Light was given to his eye, But when he sought for his Paternal Head, The empty robe revealed the Missing Tree. Because man was unprepared his God to meet, The Maker's plan was crippled at this point, The work begun remaining incomplete, While in figure Jacob's thigh is out of joint. It was in mercy that the spirit in its nakedness, Was not exposed to the Master's eye, And Life was spared to repair its dress, And thus prepare to meet its God on high. Where Heaven was rebuilt beyond the veil, And clad in the gladness taken from the dust, That when man should refill his measure full, His soul might find a place prepared for rest. Thus woman upon Wisdom's pathway waits, To robe her spotless spirit for the journey, As when Jacob on his homeward journey halts, And stands in figure halting on his thigh. Their quickened spirits may no longer sleep, But man returns to his infancy again, And in the garden with its blighted crop, Repeats his pilgrimage through toll and pain. Here man weeps the Evil bride again, And his lost knowledge is restored, Still woman, yoked with Evil, and cast down, Will listen for the voice she loved. The parent like the aged Jacob mourns As dead, the Voice who made of Himself a son, While pregnant with her younger born she groans, Beneath the burdens, and the wrongs of man. His children by his acts retrace their birth, Recalling to him his forgotten past, But the Records that are thus recalled from death In figures that are dark their colors cast. In righteousness like linen clean and white, The sons of Wisdom are by the Word arrayed, Their colors quickly fade when in the light The garments that convey the truth are laid. It is thus that Shem and Japheth lackward go, Whose shoulders bear raiment to their fathers form, The Voice is silent till their souls in Wisdom grow, And are thus fitted to commune with God. In a fiery lake by Wisdom hemmed, The fugitives from death are now confined, Who cannot go back, neither ascend, Thus doth Discerning Light her fetters bind. A murdered parent haunts their dreams, Whose vengeance fills their waking hours with dread, Thus conviction to the creature comes, Whose spirit is awakened from the dead. A foul carcass, that defies a Heathen Land, Thus of their father the sons of Jacob make, When his past history presents to mind, How blindness of his life has made a wreck. But through humility the crown is won, And as a victor, Jacob marches home, While with awe the nations gaze upon The heir into his possessions come. The knowledge of the Good did not in darkness die, Nor did the gloom of death dissolve its Holy light, Faith in the Helmsheet's promise lit her cheerless sky, And his forgotten love illumined her Night. She knew that Darkness must have its reign, But that to learn its nature was not death, And waited patiently the rising of the sun, That should drive Death's shadow from the earth. At length the appointed hour arrives, When the heir of promise should be weaned, And into his hand the Father gives The treasures for him from Eternity designed. Thus it was that silence reigned in Heaven; Nature for half an hour remaining still, After the seventh seal was broken, Ere man was startled by his Maker's call. Again the Voice of his Master calls to man, To which he answers now in trembling fear, When the trial in Heaven's Court began With Judgment, and sentence rendered there. Did the quaking earth and darkened heaven, Awake in man a consciousness of wrong? Who remembered him he had forsaken, And from remorse his terror sprang? For the silence of the grave was broken, When the Tree cast its untimely fruit, But he who despised when love had spoken, Now hears a voice to fear and tremble at.

"Where art thou Adam?" the Master makes demand, Who surely knows where all his creatures dwell, As "Ye are spies come to view the naked land," Came from him who knew his brethren well.

For the Helmsheet freed from his prison sits, As Joseph sat on the Egyptian throne, When with his hungry brethren he meets, To whom he makes himself dreadful and unknown. Although he turns aside as Joseph did When he saw his suffering brothers woe, To conceal tears, like those that parents shed, Over the child whose punishment is due. Harsh to their ears was the upbraiding voice, Though a father and brother in judgment sat, But changed to their eyes was the angelic face, Who made of himself an help their need to meet. "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat," The deceived woman thus presents her plea, To the cruel snake that hides from sight The face that she had risked her life to see. A knowledge of the evil he had done, Was thus presented to the Father's eye, And also of the love that he had won, That though deserted still refused to die. Then the Law that bade man forsake his Head, Beheld the faith of her that was forsaken, That woman was deceived when she obeyed, And as one betrayed into the snare was taken. Thus the conscience-stricken Judah saw the truth, The child of the voice still loved and sought for him; Faith in his love had lured her soul to death, And back to her through death the Spirit came; As when Canaan sinks beneath his Father's curse, The convicted Helmsheet stands before the bar, While he who exposed Nature's nakedness Makes of himself a prisoner there. Upon the Word the Ruler lays the cross, His form shall fill the grave that wrong has made, The crawling worm shall execute the curse, And knowledge from the dust shall get its bread. The Father thus condemned himself, By his own hand the parent form was felled, A figure of him whose remorse and grief, Gave its victim to the potter's field. "And the figure of the Christ was completed, Even to the day when the graves were rent, And men beheld the risen bodies of their dead, Though in their blindness they discerned it not." St. Matthew, Chap. 27, verses 51, 52. For the Lord would breed enmity in them, Between the woman and her accursed dead, Her seed henceforth should loathe the worm, Though on the form of its beloved fed. And an embodiment of Evil hath, The deceitful serpent ever been, Who by this same self-sacrificing death, Made of himself a cloud wherein the sun might shine. But man thus brought to God could frame No reason from his knowledge of the past, He took the fruit the woman gave to him, Whose answer betrays the God-like nature lost. Upon Adam's Helmsheet he lays the blame, Nor claims the bride of Heaven for his own, But as "the woman" made to be with him, Behold man's Evil nature clad again. As when the angry Eas's cruel hate, Was kindled against his mother's son, He spared not shared the woman's fate, But left her to meet the dreadful doom alone. But a likeness to Isaac, man reveals, Who thus denies Rebekah as his wife; Thus through fear of death man's honor falls, Who forsakes woman to preserve his life. Twice by man the Tree of knowledge is denied, Who is the figure the faithless Peter fills, For the man and his wife were both afraid, And in the hour of need their courage fails. But he who rejected God is rejected now, And like Simeon who was in Egypt bound, Man in his grave is pinioned low, And his rest restored to its native ground. Here Israel's firstborn sleeps with shame and grief, And the Father deplores with shame and grief, That man defiled the bed that gave him birth, The careless victim of doubt and unbelief. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return" The cast-off parent thus recalls his child, But justice is satisfied; its work is done, And as the woman's seed, man is recalled. The discarded bride shall redeem the lost, And man's fallen nature in her arms receive, But the word shall rend the parent's grave at last, And the victory to Death's victims give. Thus born of the woman man becomes Also a child of Adam's flesh and bone, And a brother to the voice, whence comes The word, that restores his lost lighthouse to man. To dust again the Parent Head shall bow, To be bruised by the woman's seed, The voice that is "wording" its own sentence now, Was the tree of life, and the serpent's head. Thus with the fruits of Discerning Light, The younger repairs the elder nature's wrong, And were like unto the gifts that Jacob sent, To reconcile his brother, angered long. To woman is appointed as her Lord, The bond that unites the earth and heaven, Thus power upon man's helmsheet is conferred, And rule into his righteous hand is given. Lost, but redeemed in her seed the woman sinks, Beneath the burdens of her evil load, And in death's bitterness and sorrow drinks, The cup that contains the wisdom of her God. And she to whom a nature had been given, Born of paternal care and tenderness, Becomes as one of God's forsaken, Through pain and wrong to bear her nature's cross. "Son of my sorrow," dying woman cries, When the Evil nature to her arms is borne, But "son of the Right Hand" the father replies, Who knew the features of his elder born, Benjamin. As for me the aged patriarch says "I buried Rachel at Bethlehem," Adam the angelic keeper of his ways, And his beloved Rachel were the same. The house where Adam dwelt was thus dissolved, And in the darkest cell of the cold ground, The wretched offspring of the Heaven crawled, Where for its bread only the dust was found, As an accursed thing the body died, When Nature's cross was laid upon the Lamb, Who Himself upon the altar laid, And was before his accusers dumb.

Thus Adam, the husband and father fell, The redeeming Angel of the man, And on the right hand next to the parent shall Sit the son, that woman's faith and love have borne,

And the cross that bred discerning life Was reformed to man by the murderous Cain, Who by casting the paternal nature off, Was redeemed by the Lamb that he had slain, The partakers of Adam's flesh and bone, Becoming partakers also of its death, Thus all who were of Adam's mother born Into the world of spirits had their birth. Thus life remains united to the dust, While the Angelic mother is set free, Who on Earth or Heaven alike may rest, Nourished by the same paternal tree. Behold the glory of the living soul, The heir that was promised long to man; The Tree of Life is rooted in Earthly soil, And of the Heaven and Earth his bride is born. In homage both the Earth and Heaven, To the mysterious dreamer bow, Who of himself a tree hath given, Upon whose living limbs their light may grow. Thus the Angelic mother meets her God, And the woman by her long-sought teacher stands; And the Holy Light of Joseph marks the road, To where man's pilgrimage through sorrow ends. The parent voice, Joseph's divining cup, That was hidden in the younger brother's sack, By the dissolving dust is yielded up, When the tree recalls its offspring lack. When from the lost behold the Helmsheet rise, Whose glory shines anew on Adam's brow, For he who named the brute, opens their eyes, By naming the wife of Adam now. For it was he who drew the curtains of the night, Upon the day that gave to all the living birth, And called her "Eve" who like the fading light, Was mother to all she bore to God by faith, Even as "Mary" named by the creating God, Bade the woman behold her dear arise Revealing to her where the Master stood, Whose form made him a stranger in her eyes. Thus the ties of birth the Master owns, And proclaims universal brotherhood; As by naming his mother the beloved John's He made man, and his maker kin through blood, And the Forbidden Tree was no longer God, But the loving, watchful brother of the dust; Whose eyes were opened, and blessed the rod, Whose severest ordeal was the best. Leaning on his arm the mother stands, Whose wisdom compels homage from the grave; To whom all nature in reverence bends, Who was man's Helmsheet that the Father gave. "Bury me not in Egypt," Jacob cries, And in obedience to this last request, The Recorder in her native skies, Leaves the martyr mother to her rest. And the worm that hides its body in the mire, And feels its helpless misery on dust, Becomes a rosette to the fairest flower, That blossoms in the regions of the blest. Behold the generations of her day, As Cain, and Abel are rehearsed, And in her seed as Adam's family, The promise is fulfilled in man at last. And God hath appointed me another seed, In Abel's stead who was by his brother slain. The prophetic voice of the woman said, And its last words to the Recorder's pen. Listen to the land of angelic Trumpeters, Where curses haunt the Prophet's troubled dream, And shape themselves into dreadful spectres, Whence a light to wisdom is reflected to them. Behold the fate traced; and on his third, First falls the curse pronounced for Adam's sake, Where the thorn and thistle rear their head, And man's garden cloth a desert make. "Cursed be the ground whereon thou treadest For thy sake" the maker to Adam calls, And with it comes the fiery breath that eateth, The tree and grass from the third on which it falls. The second trumpet sounds, the serpent's form "As it were a mountain burning with fire," Is now changed into the crawling worm, And doth with his nature's third, his curses share. The third trumpet sounds and a burning star "As it were a lamp from Heaven falls" And bitter event to death became her share, Of the nature, where the fallen woman dwells. The fourth trumpet sounds, man's curse is done, His third of nature sinks into the grave; "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," Give back to darkness the creature that it gave. The fifth trumpet sounds, and the serpent's Head, Now down to the dust from Heaven falls, As an Angel descending to its death, To pierce the grave, and rend its walls; When he who held the keys unlocked the grave, And from the ascending smoke there came Knowledge, its mysterious nature gave That which was to man a taste of hellish flame. Well might the paragon of helpless sorrow, That the dread of an open grave doth bring, Give to the figures that they borrow, The venoms of the scorpion's sting. Then men shall seek for death, but it shall flee, Before the knowledge of a life beyond; Where an unending Eternity Of wretchedness awaits the damned. To the creature the destroying Angel came, Armed with the terrors of a pit, That has no bottom to its frightful form, Nor bound to the horrors that people it. And the tales that a parent in his wrath, Prepared for his child this dreadful doom, Gives to Wisdom's heir the knowledge of a death, That is beyond the confines of the tomb. The sixth trumpet sounds, and at that sound, Nature's heel; even the grave is bruised, When the Angels by the Great Ephraim bound, Yes, four from beneath its curse is loosed. From Adam's Altar even Calvary, Hear, "It is finished," from its Lamb Chained by his Word these victims lay, Who now through death provides escape for them. The serpent, the woman and the man, Together with their glorious Head; In a burning, fiery furnace long have been, But now come forth as victors from the dead.

Though as his ministers still in the darkness, Their freed natures for white are strayed; For thus the Master appoints a witness, Who still on Earth should bear of him record.

Whose power is in their mouths, and in tales, Founded on their knowledge of their Head, Which hurts the evil nature till it fails, Before the breath, that paints a Hell for them to dread. But those natures that were not destroyed, By the love nor wrath, of which God's servants tell, Who reject not the bad, nor receive the good, Preserve a knowledge of the Evil still. For the seventh trumpet sounds, and the dead, Who die in the Lord ascend on high, Back to the tree the pilgrim hath been led, And as his bride is welcomed to the sky. It was then the mighty Angel spake, Declaring that time should no longer be; And the pilgrimage begun for Wisdom's sake, Was safely ended in Eternity. Where the steps of the parent end the child's begin, And from the mother's grave the eye can trace, Where'er the footsteps of the son hath been, Since the beginning of his mortal race. The child must tread the path its father's trod, And climb the steps grad by grad by grad; He too must be divided from his Head, And journey through the land of death alone. As a new king in Egypt rose, From whom the light of Joseph's life was hid; Again in darkness the form of Evil grows, And man loses the knowledge of the Good; But when the light from life begins to fade, And the chilling winds of night commence to blow, In skins the naked forms of man are clad, That to the gods discerning wisdom show. "Behold the man becomes as one of us" "To know Evil and Good" the gods declare; Least by discerning Wisdom led, he too shall cross The Forbidden land, and dwell forever there. Again the fated Hagar and her son, Into the wilderness are driven, Where clad in Adam's glory Ishmael shone, "In the presence of all his brethren." Thus from the Heavenly Garden man is cast, The tale of whose pilgrimage below, Is but a rehearsal of the first, In form more perfect than the plants that grow. A COMMUNICATION. Human thought is the same in every age; individual, and national thoughts and aspirations were the same in the days of the Caesars as they are today. Individuals rise to eminence, and fall, exactly from the same motives, as they did in ancient times. Some one has said "the history of every nation is but a repetition of the past," and we cannot expect to be exempted. We have risen high in the scale of nations because our fathers, builded well; but they could not eradicate the principles in human nature, which undermine and destroy all nations. We build it on education. Education was, and is, our strongest principle. "It" (as has been so often said) "is our only safeguard." Blindly, the Knights of Labor are working; a great many worthy citizens have joined this organization, but they have been deceived. Organized with best intentions, instead of bettering the condition of the working men, they are, slowly, but surely, making times harder for them. This must be stopped; Knights of Labor unions of all classes must disorganize. Education is not advanced by them; Legislation is not influenced in any manner that would effect them, and there can be no possible benefit derived from these organizations. The working classes are spending too much time, too much money, and too many of the best hours of their lives in this useless attempt to control elections, legislation, etc. There is a foolish false pride among the working classes, which is the cause of all this dissatisfaction. Who can be an admirer of labor and a true laborer himself, and think it more honorable to carry a musket pike or ax, and for weeks, and even months, pass his time idly demanding higher prices, shorter hours, and all the various war-cries of his organization. A true Knight of Labor will, instead, go earnestly to work, and when times are hard, work the harder knowing that honesty and frugality are sure to meet their reward. Let working men devote more time to their homes, home-life and home-associations, and they will be benefitted more than all the Knights of Labor can do for them. By ALLEN ARLINGTON. July 29, 1886. Since gaining her independence, Greece has made remarkable progress in education. During the time of the supremacy of the Turks, there was neither a public school nor a printing-press in the land. Before the year 1821 the Greek books were published in Amsterdam and London. Ten years after the way of liberation there were 252 public schools 22,000 pupils in Greece. Thirty years after that there were 71,561 pupils in the public schools, 10,650 in private schools, 40,405 in so called middle schools, and 1,500 students in the University at Athens. The libraries of Athens now contain 150,000 volumes, and about 200 periodicals appear in the country. More and more in our day moral issues are coming to the front in legislative bodies, and the moral side of questions involving material interests is more emphasized than other phases of these subjects. For this reason the province of civil and ecclesiastical bodies will more and more overlap each other. Under such circumstances it behooves Christian men to remember that on the one hand that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and on the other that each of us should do all we can to hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." Gen. Baron Von Edelsheim, who has just been retired from the position of Commander-in-chief of the army in Hungary, was the best cavalry officer of the Empire, and it was he who broke the French line at Solferino. He is one of the wealthiest of the landed nobility, and is a zealous Magyar.