

seer; that he wishes to aid them, and not watch them as does the superintendent of a company of chinamen.

The teacher who is able to bring a little light and sunshine into the school room, by being pleasant and free, yes intimate, not necessarily too familiar with them, has the power to lead those children to accomplish good and lasting results.

Older people would object to being housed six hours a day, without their own consent; then why expect the younger ones to willingly relinquish all their rights of freedom of employment. The grown person dislikes his prison cell more from restraint than from want of comfort. If he could occupy the same room, and go from and return to it when he chooses, it is very likely it would appear pleasant and inviting, but since there is no alternate, if he must remain, it becomes severe labor.

Likewise if the teacher can work with the children by participating in their sports, suggesting means for improvement, and work with them in the school-room as a guide he may make himself useful and his work a pleasant one.

The Study of Greek.

It was natural enough that the address on a college fetich delivered by Charles Francis Adams, Jr., before the Harvard Chapter of the Fraternity of the Phi Beta Kappa in June, should raise a hub-bub among the collegiate educators of the country. Mr. Adams attacked Greek in particular as a dead tongue, bearing no immediate relationship "to any living speech or literature of any value," and, therefore, as a study to which vastly too much attention was given in college education. And as a graduate of Harvard, a member of one of the oldest New England families, and a man of life-long studious habits, declaring that he had forgotten the Greek he learned, and had never found it of any use to him, Mr. Adams appeared like a most unexpected iconoclast at an unlooked-for moment.

Mr. George William Curtis has endeavored to soften Mr. Adams' attack on Greek and Latin by treating it as a sort of appeal for education in general, that is more in accord with the popular demands of these days. But Mr. Adams' address was really an attack on the study of the Greek language, and as far as it had any semblance of a

constructive system, it was simply an appeal for the substitution of modern languages in the place of Greek. Mr. Adams and Mr. Curtis are both men of practical experience, with a knowledge of the demands the world makes on cultivated men, and naturally they are inclined to view as useless anything that does not enter into and aid men in their daily intercourse and conflict with the world.

Professor Seegle, of Amherst, some weeks ago pointed out in reply that wherever special courses in science or in modern languages had been tried as a substitute for the old-time classical course, such trials had been found in the main unsatisfactory to the students, to the standard of education, and even to such practical work as the men themselves had chosen. This was decidedly a practical reply to Mr. Adams, and the truth of it can be verified. Now, Professor Porter, of Yale College, replies with an elaborate argument that does not meet the case as strongly as Professor Seelye's few lines of fact. The question has been discussed in the past, and will be again, but the one broad thing to be said about it is this: that, as the Greek language represents the highest mental and literary culture the world has ever known, and as it has survived these last two thousand years of multiplied iconoclasm, there are reasons upon reasons why modern men, who want above all things to cultivate their own minds and literary methods, should make a careful study of the Greek language, which, in the truest sense, cannot be considered dead to-day, or be expected soon to die.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Another Vacant Chair.

Elder R. A. Carpenter, of Harris' Bridge, Washington county, Or., is dead. He fell asleep amid the warriors on life's battle-field, at home, Oct. 31, 1883, surrounded by his family, many true friends, neighbors and brethren. His illness was of short duration. His hour had come. Neither the skill of his physician nor the prayers of loved ones could detain his flight. He fell at his post with the pressing work of the Master's cause—his life work—full upon him.

" Fallen—on Zion's battlefield,
A soldier of renown,
Armed in the panoply of God,
In conflict cloven down!
His helmet on, his armor bright
His cheek unblanched by fear—

While round his head there gleamed a light
His dying hour to cheer.
In life's high prime the warfare closed,
But not ingloriously;
He fell beyond the outer wall,
And shouted victory;
Beyond the stormy battle-field
He reigns in triumph now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song
With glory on his brow!"

He was born near Strawberry Plains, Jefferson county, East Tennessee, Aug. 6, 1823. He was the eldest son of William and Isabella Carpenter, with whom he emigrated to Iowa when but ten years old. Here his father died, leaving him at the youthful age of fifteen the care of his mother, brothers and sisters. Three years later he made the good confession, being baptized by Bro. Ross, after which he united with the Christian church meeting at Lost Creek, Lee county, Iowa. At the age of 20 he was married to Ellen Lucas, eldest daughter of William and Hettie Lucas, who is left to mourn his departure from earth. In 1853 he came to Oregon in company with his wife and two sweet children. Soon after arriving here he united with the church in Chehalem, Yamhill county. When the Farnington church was organized he put in his membership there and was chosen one of its elders, which position he filled for near 20 years, until the Master called him into the "Rest that remaineth to the people of God." In his death Sister Carpenter sustains the loss of a gentle, loving husband and faithful companion, his children a noble hearted father and counselor, the community a faithful friend, adviser and leader, the State one of her best and truest citizens, and the church one of her pillars and lifelong workers. To day, Nov. 2nd, I attended his burial. A good man had died. All nature

inanimate seemed to put on her loveliest attire, rejoicing that one more had passed the valley of shadows, and entered the light eternal; the land where no funeral draperies wave, no sable train slow paced moves toward the tomb. No, for that is the gate through which all its inhabitants have passed into the "Green pastures" and "beside the still waters." The skies were flecked here and there above the cemetery with snowy banners of cloud indicative of the life of purity which he lived. The sun poured down upon us all a flood of gold, baptizing the earth anew with life and light and joy most signally in contrast with the feelings of our hearts as we wept around his grave. As I stood there, a silent looker on,

I thought that we ought rather to rejoice that the pearl-gates had once more on their hinges turned and admitted the victor home. "There is a crown for the victor, a crown of light to be worn with a robe whose spotless white makes darkness seem resting on alpine snows."

Why should we weep and mourn when all the holy angels are wild with joy because the daystar of immortality has arisen in another life never to set or grow dim? When another harp of gold is strung and trembling with the chords of heavenly music. After the great concourse had gone, some in tears, and all in sorrow, I returned alone to his new-made grave. Bouquets, wreathes of flowers, floral crosses and sprigs of evergreen covered it with emblems of affection and regard. The cross! the cross! was his theme on earth and redeeming love his theme in heaven. Slowly turning away I bade him a mute farewell, "Till spring shall visit the moldering urn, and day shall dawn on the night of the grave," for "an angel's arm can't snatch him from the grave, legions of angels can't confine him there." One by one our loved ones are crossing the tide. One by one the mystic ties that bind us to earth and time are being broken from their moorings and placed on high to lure us onward and upward to that perfect home of the soul.

By request of his family.

J. A. CAMPBELL.

1884.

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