

The Missionary Hen.

Will not each sister in the State select from her poultry yard a fine healthy hen and make a donation to the Missionary fund of this State by (with her) raising one dozen fine chickens which will, in the market, bring \$3 cash. Say one hundred sisters each by this means appropriate \$3 to the Missionary cause, it will be \$900. This would employ two evangelists during the year, and besides it would be a noble example before the brethren (their husbands). If the sisters can, by this means, raise \$900 or \$1000, cannot the brethren also donate \$1000, which would be sufficient to employ four evangelists. This, in addition to what is donated by those in other business than farming, would place within our treasury funds sufficient to send the Gospel into many desolate places. Douglas county needs one or more evangelists. Coos county is at present in need of Missionary funds. I don't say Coos county is now without an evangelist. During the last three years the Coquille valley has been evangelized to the good of the cause, and the support has been inadequate to the work.

Since last July our worthy Bro. O. C. Huntington, late of Portland, has been traveling and preaching gratuitously and paying traveling expenses out of his own pocket.

Brethren, this will not do. Bro. H. is a good man and an able worker, and his praise is in the mouths of all the brethren. He writes to me that without material aid he will be compelled to desist. Will the Missionary Board not look into this matter immediately and see to sending funds to Bro. Huntington. He is now preaching at four important points where the writer has been laboring during the last two years, and he writes to the indications and manifestations are good, but will be necessarily compelled to discontinue without help from the Missionary Board.

Can we not and shall we not do all in our power for the spread of the Gospel in our State, is the prayer of your Bro. in the Lord.

T. M. MORGAN.

Choate and Webster.

Perhaps the weight and power of Webster's character were due to the hours he spent in the woods and fields and on the ocean, chatting with the farmers or sailors, as he was engaged in hunting and fishing, as to the hours he spent in his study.

Now Choate, superior to Webster in quickness of apprehension and imagination, was an in-doors man. The larger portion of his mature life was passed in the stifling atmosphere of the courts, or in what Milton calls "the still air of delightful studies;" that is, in his library. He, of course, was not so foolish as to neglect exercise; but his exercise was commonly confined to long walks through the streets or around the Common of Boston. No one ever enjoyed nature more intensely; but he never sojournd with her. His friend Charles G. Loring, one of his competitors for the leadership of the Suffolk bar, once invited him to pass a summer day at his beautiful residence on the Beverly shore. Mr. Choate was full of enthusiasm as he walked among the woodland paths, or gazed at the varying aspects of sky and ocean; he doubtless stored up in his mind images of natural beauty which flashed out afterward in many a popular speech or legal argument; but he exhausted the capacity of the place to feed his eye and imagination in half a dozen hours. "My dear Loring," he said, in parting, "there has not been a twentieth part of a minute since I entered this terrestrial paradise that I have not enjoyed myself to the top of my bent; but let me tell you that should you confine me here for a week, apart from my work

and books, I know that I should die from ennui. You are fortunate in being able serenely to delight in it day after day." If he had been asked to pass a fortnight with Webster at Marshfield, or at his New Hampshire farm, and had accompanied him day after day in his shooting and fishing expeditions, not even Webster's conversation could have saved him from being devoured with an impatient desire to escape from the monotony of such an existence. All the eccentric originals of the neighborhood, whom Webster delighted in year after year, he would have been delighted in for a day, and then dismissed them from his mind as intolerable bores; the mountain or ocean scenery might have enthralled him for a few days more; but the shooting and fishing, in which Webster took such pleasure, would have seemed to him a scandalous waste of time, which might have been more profitably bestowed on Eschylus and Aristophanes, on Thucydides and Tacitus, on Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, on Bacon and Burke, on Shakspeare and Milton.

In one particular Choate excelled Webster—that of constant high-bred courtesy to men and women of all ranks.—EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, in *Harper's Magazine* for November.

Baptism in the Jordan.

He came "baptizing," that is signifying to those who came to him, as he plunged them under the rapid torrent, the forgiveness and forsaking of their former sins. No common spring or tank would meet the necessities of the multitudes "who from Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, came to him confessing their sins." The Jordan, by the very peculiarity of its position, which, as before observed, renders its functions so unlike those of other Eastern streams, now seems to have met with its fit purpose. It was the one river of Palestine; sacred in its recollections; abundant in its waters; and yet, at the same time, the river, not of cities, but of the wilderness; the scene of the preaching of those who dwelt not in king's palaces, nor wore soft clothing. On the banks of the rushing stream the multitude gathered—the priests and scribes from Jerusalem, down the pass of Adummim; the publicans from Jericho on the south, and the Lake of Gennesareth on the north; the soldiers on their way from Damascus to Petra; the Arab chief Hereth; the peasants from Galilee, with one from Nazareth, through the opening of the plain of Esdraelon. The tall "reeds" or canes in the jungle waved, "shaken by the wind," the pebbles of the bare clay hills lay around, to which the Baptist pointed as capable of being transformed into "the children of Abraham;" at their feet rushed the refreshing stream of the never-failing river. There began that sacred rite, which has since spread throughout the world, through the vast baptisteries of the Southern and Oriental churches, gradually dwindling to the little fonts of the north and west.—Dean Stanley.

The life of the sisters Bronte, thinks the *London World*, ought to be written in tears; and adds that it is in accordance with the fitness of things that one of them should find a resting-place in a dismal plot of ground, by no means suggestive of God's acre, overhanging the German ocean. Still, one hardly likes to discover, close by the dusty roadside, a neglected grave, marked by a worn and sinking stone, with an almost obliterated epitaph: "Here lie the remains of Anne Bronte, daughter of Rev. P. Bronte, incumbent of Haworth, in Yorkshire. She died, aged 28, 1848." And this brief and melancholy record is all that tells of the tomb of "Acton Bell."

Talmage's Four Gates of Hell.

Mr. Talmage continued his series of sermons on the wickedness of New York, yesterday, before an audience that filled all the available space in Brooklyn Tabernacle, Talmage described the four gates of hell, through which he took a peep. He said that at the gambling-houses night business don't commence actively till the theaters let out. Some of the frequenters were men who had served in the State prisons, some were bankers and ship brokers, and some were going the first rounds of their vicious career. In gambling processes \$123,100,000 changed hands every year. The first gate of hell, Talmage said, was bad literature. Anthony Comstock had seized twenty tons of bad literature, yet not all was gripped by the law. Parlors and libraries were full of it, and children retire and read it with the gas jet burning near their pillows. It exists under the title of scientific information, and under this guise one vender in a single hotel disposed of hundreds of copies of an infamous book, selling them all to women. As for novelettes, no lady who reads them could keep either integrity or virtue. He pursued pleasantly: "One hundred thousand men and women in the United States to-day are reading themselves into hell. Leprous book-sellers had gathered up catalogues of girls' seminaries and of boys' schools and sent their circulars of death to every one, without exception."

Gate second was the dissolute dance. He said there was a dissolute dance which was pursued both in the haunts of death and elegant mansions. "You know," said he, "what postures and motions are suggested by the devil." He continued: "The dissolute dancer slides into a dissolute dance over an inclined plane swifter and swifter and wilder and wilder, until, with the speed of light, he whistled off the edge of a dissolute life into a fiery future. No one has a right to take a position to music which he would be ashamed to take without music."

Gate third—"Indiscreet apparel." Mr. Talmage had been told that there was a new fashion coming from Paris which was shocking to all righteousness. Multitude of men owed their eternal damnation to the boldness of female attire.

Gate Fourth—"Alcoholic beverage." The captive of the wine cup was also the captive of all other vices, which went in flocks, like carrion crows, so that when you saw that beak ahead you might know that other beaks were coming. Courts and legislatures swing wide open this creaking, stupendous gate of lust. In the coming war to be waged against the gates of hell, Mr. Talmage said the Christian press was to be the battering ram; the pulpits were to be arranged in a storming line, and that "God's red-hot truth was to be the flying ammunition of the contest."—Ex.

Sleeping Church.

Mr. Moody relates the following: "There was a little storygoing the round of the American press that made a great impression upon me as a father. A father took his child out into the field one sabbath, and lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to his father and saying, 'Pretty! Pretty.' At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the little child wandered away. When he awoke his first thought was, where is my child? He looked all around but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there, upon the rocks and briers, he saw the mangled form of his loved

child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought, as I heard that: What a picture of the church of God! How many fathers and mothers how many Christian men are sleeping now, while their children wander over the precipice a thousand times worse than that precipice, right into the bottomless pit of hell. Father where is your boy to-night? It may be just out here in some public house; it may be reeling through the streets of London—yes, praying Christian too—whose children are wandering away while they are slumbering and sleeping! It is not time that the church of God should wake up and come to the help of the Lord as one man, and strive to beat back those dark waves of death that roll through our streets, bearing upon their bosom the noblest young men we have? O, my God, wake up the church? And let us trim our light and go forth and work for the kingdom of God."

The Use of Short Words.

This world is a great school-house, in which through life we teach, and we all learn. Here we must study to find out what is good and is bad, what is true and what is false, and thus get ready to act in some other sphere. What we are at the end of this life we shall be when the next begins. We must spare no pains, then, when we teach others or ourselves. We teach ourselves by what we hear and read and think,—others by our words. We must take care that we think and speak in a way so clear that we do not cheat ourselves, or mislead others by vague or misty ideas. We must put our thoughts into words, and we must get in a way of using these in thought with the same care we use when we speak or write to others. Words give a body or form to our ideas, without which they are apt to be so foggy that we do not see where they are weak or false. When we put them into a body of words, we will, as a rule, learn how much of truth there is in them, for in that form we can turn them over in our minds. If we write them out, we find that in many cases the ideas we thought we had hold of fade away when put to this test. But if they prove to be real or of value, they are thus not only made clear to us, but they are in a shape where we can make them clear to others. We have a proof of how much we thus gain when we state to others our doubts; for, as a rule, we solve them, when we do this, before we hear what they have to say. In most cases what we say to others, not what they say to us when we consult them, settles the doubt.

We must not only think in words, but we must also try to use the words, and those which in speech will put what is in our minds into the minds of others. This is the great art which those must gain who wish, to teach in the school, the church, at the bar, or through the press. To do this in the right way, they should use the short words which we learn in early life, and which have the same sense to all classes of men. They are the best for the teacher, the orator, and the poet. If you will look at what has been said in prose or in verse, that comes down to us through many years, which struck all minds, and that men most quote, you will find that they are in short words of our own tongue. Count them in Gray's *Elegy*, which all love to read, and you will find that they make up a large share of all that he uses. The English of our Bible is good. Now and then some long words are found, and they always hurt the verses in which you find them. Take that which says, "Oh, ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" There is one long word which ought not to be in it, namely, generation. In the old version the word "brood" is used.

Read the verse again with this term, and you feel its full force: "Oh, ye viper's brood, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

William H. Maynard, a very able man who stood high in his country and his State, once wrote out a speech for the Fourth of July in words of one syllable, save names. His strength was very much due to the fact that in thought and speech he made it the rule to use as few words as he could, and those that were short and clear. If he had lived out his term of threescore years, he would have been known as one of the great men of his State. Those who wish to teach or to lead others must first learn to think and speak in a clear way. The use of long words which we get from other tongues, and the mass of men do not know exactly what they mean, and I am not sure that scholars always get the same ideas from them. A word must be used a great deal, as short ones are, before it means the same thing to all.

Those who wish to teach or to lead others must first learn to think and speak in a clear way. The use of long words which we get from other tongues, not only makes our thoughts and our speech dim and hazy, but it has done somewhat to harm the morals of our people. Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a word. When a man steals, and we call it "defalcation," we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. If he does not tell of "prevarication," it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it. No man will ever cheat himself into wrongdoing, nor will he be at a loss to judge of others, if he thinks and speaks of acts in clear, crisp terms. It is a good rule, if one is at a loss to know if an act is right or wrong, to write it down in a short, straight out English.

He who will try to use short words and to shun long ones will, in a little while, not only learn that he can do so with ease, but that it will also make him more ready in the use of words of Greek and Latin origin when he needs them. If he tries to write in words of one syllable, he will find that he will run through a great many words to get those he needs. They are brought to his mind in his search for those he wants. It is a good way to learn words of all kinds. When a man is in search of one fact, he may be led to look at every book in his library, and thus he finds many things.

There is another gain when we try to use only short words. To bring them in and keep all others out, we have to take a great many views of the topic about which we write or speak. In this way we start many new thoughts and ideas that would not otherwise spring up. I am sure, if this plan is tried, men will be struck with the many phrases brought to their view of things they study, that they would not see if they used words in the usual mode. In this way, men not only learn more about words, but more about the topics of which they write, for they will not be able to carry out their plan without looking at their subject on every side.

Dr. Johnson loved long words. But when he wrote in wrath to Lord Chesterfield, he broke away from the frogs and clouds and roar of his five-syllable terms, and went as his lordship in a way to terse and sharp, that all can see that he felt what he said.

Love, nor hate, nor zeal, ever waste their force by the use of involved or long-winded phrases. Short words are not vague sounds which lull us as they fall upon the ear. They have a clear ring which stirs our minds or touches our hearts. They best tell of joy or grief, or rage or peace, of life or death. They are felt by all, for their terms mean the same thing to all men. We learn them in youth; they are on our lips through all days, and we utter them down to the close of life. They are the apt terms with which we speak of things which are