

sary of the re-opening of the Jamaica mission, the ladies held a meeting, Bible readings and sketches of all foreign missions. It is said to have been a delightful occasion.

—Was the Eunuch a Jew? That's the great question now agitating some of our scribes out West.

—Miss Laughlin has reached Jamaica and entered upon her work. She feels encouraged and hopeful.

—Our Legislature disgraced both itself and the good people of this Commonwealth by remaining in session last Lord's day.

—The Pope has sent Jesuits to convert Africa.

Literary Notices.

PEACE ON EARTH.—We have received from the publishers, A. Williams & Co., Boston, a volume of 231 pages bearing the above title.

It seems to be "something new in religion." Though complete in itself it seems to be one of a series: *War in Heaven, Origin of Man, and Peace on Earth*, by James P. Simmonds, a member of the Georgia Bar.

We have not been able yet to give it a critical reading. From the hasty glance at its table of contents, we conclude that the subject matter is important and arranged in good order. The concluding thought in it is certainly worth the most profound and prayerful consideration of all Christians. *A practical union and co-operation of all who accept Jesus as the Christ.* Whatever points in the direction of "peace on earth and good will amongst men," should command the respectful attention of all who hope for immortality.

When time permits we shall devote time and space to a critical examination of the work.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE.—The April number of this highly popular periodical is promptly on our table, and fully maintains its well-deserved reputation as one of the best, in every respect, published and worthy of a place in every American household. As this may be regarded as the Easter number, the leader is a deeply interesting Easter story, entitled "Winona," by Mary G. Hollister, at Aintab, Turkey. This is followed by a very instructive paper of "Some Easter Customs," by Mr. Godfrey A. Hudson. Mrs. Heman's beautiful poem is reproduced—"Easter Day in a Mountain Churchyard." We have not space, however, to enumerate even the most attractive features of the contents of this richly freighted publication, filling 128 quarto pages, and embracing every style of literature; the reader cannot fail to be interested, entertained and edified. The illustrations are profuse, and of great artistic merit, adding not a little to the interest and popularity of the *Sunday Magazine* which is certainly a marvel of cheapness, the subscription being only \$3 per annum, postpaid; a single copy 25 cents. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

MUSICAL INFORMATION.—Ninety thousand copies have already been sold of Will L. Thompson's famous song "Gathering Shells from the Sea Shore." It is thought that "Drifting with the Tide," this author's last composition, will even eclipse "Gathering Shells" in popularity. Any music dealer will mail either of these beautiful pieces to your address on receipt of price, 40 cents. Send order to M. Gray's Music Store, 105, Kearny St., San Francisco.

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE; OR, A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN, by John Fisher Murray, with Illustrative Engravings of the Scenes that took place there between the Pope and the Priest, Father Tom, is published this day by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and the New York Christian Observer in

noticing it, says:—"There is a time to laugh, and we had it when we read this book, with the taking title of 'Father Tom and the Pope.' It is a broad satire on the faith and practice of Mother Rome: too broad perhaps for this country, where the Irish brogue, Irish humor, and Irish technical terms are not as readily caught as they are in the green isle for which the book was written. 'Father Tom and the Pope,' is issued in uniform style and price with 'Theo,' 'Kathleen,' 'Miss Crespiigny,' 'Pretty Polly Pemberton,' and 'A Quiet Life,' by Mrs. Burnett, price 50 cents a copy, and it will be found for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, and on all Rail Road Trains, or copies of it will be sent to any place, post-paid, on remitting 50 cents in a letter to the Publisher, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Speak Well of Your Brethren in the Ministry.

There should be no necessity for such an advice. The nobility of soul which a minister of the gospel is, from his profession, expected to possess, should make it superfluous.

But, however unnatural it is for a minister of the gospel not to speak well of his brethren in the ministry, the fact that many do the contrary is lamentably true.

This advice is important, for one of the greatest injuries a minister can bring upon himself is, when the members of his congregation say, "I never ask him about any minister but he invariably says something against him." The people will see that such a minister really delights in lowering his brethren, and for no other reason than that of building himself up upon their ruins. Such conduct is unbecoming a man preaching the gospel of the "meek and lowly Jesus," and will result in his losing the confidence of the people, by whom he will be known as a cynic and scandal-monger.

The minister who is guilty of this sin not only injures himself, in that he loses the confidence of his people, but also in that he fosters one of the vilest passions of depraved human nature. Any allusion to the talents, moral excellencies, or success of others increases his misery, until he comes to the conclusion that every other minister is over-estimated, and that he alone is under-rated. The time that should be given to study or to prayer will be spent in brooding over his wrongs, which his distorted imagination, made so by his envious heart, has drawn.

Again: the minister who fails to speak well of his brethren, not only injures himself, but also the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ. The only hold that a minister has upon a community for good is that which his reputation for ability, honesty, and purity gives him. Let this be taken from him, let the people lose their good opinion of him, and all his efforts to do the people good will be paralyzed. An unguarded word, a shrug of the shoulder, or an ominous silence is sometimes sufficient to roll a stumbling-block in the way of a man who had been heretofore successful. By such conduct the minister of the Gospel acts in conjunction with the mighty efforts that are made by the hosts of darkness to impede the progress of the work of the Lord.

Guard the reputation of your brethren as a priceless treasure. Oh! that the ministry throughout the length and breadth of our land possessed more of the mind of Christ, making them an "example to the believers, in word, in charity, in spirit, in purity."—*Sermonizer.*

There are over 7,000 Americans studying in German schools and universities. The American Consul at Wurtemberg estimates that over \$4,500,000 are thus annually expended by Americans in Germany. This amount he thinks would go a long way toward building up and sustaining similar institutions at home. Among the evils of a student's life in Germany he cites "the free and easy way of social life that surrounds them," and an attachment to foreign customs which makes them "restless under moral restraints, and weakens their attachment to the laws and systems of their native land."

The Dearer Dead.

You mourn for your dead; you go, Glad in your robes of woe, To the spot where they sleep; And you weep Such bitter tears, and there You strew flowers fresh and fair. You place a white stone at the head, Where carven with sculptor's art, We read your sorrow of heart, And the dear name of your dead.

But there are dearer dead; you know Not the bitterest woe Till you close the eager eyes Of sweet young Hope, till mournfulwise You cross the hands of Love, And sorrowing dead above The ashes and dust Of Honor and Trust and Truth: For these are the dearest dead.

Oh, these other dead! who dare Robes of mourning for dead hopes wear? Who bids a stone arise To tell where dead Love lies? When did ever a mourner say, Help me bury these dead away?

These funeral trains men do not see; The move silently Down to the heart where the grave is made.

Where the dead is laid. No flowers are strewn there; Hear we no moan there; No ritual is said Over their bed. Hidden from human sight, The grave lies low; But the solemn silent night—That doth know; And it alone seeth the white Face of our woe.

You are happy who mourn for your dead By the side of graves kept green By the tears you shed; Who can lean Lovingly where they sleep. Pray for those who in secret weep The dearer dead.

The Rev. W. F. Stevenson, of Dublin, returned last spring from a visit to the missions of all denominations in Asia, from Egypt to Japan, and delivered before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland an address seldom equaled. Summing up his observations, he said:

"It was when I saw the well-mannered and well-attended theological colleges that have sprung up not only in China, but in the very priestly heart of Japan, in a city where ten years ago foreigners could only be smuggled in by stealth; when I listened to sermons preached by native ministers to large native congregations, and found them so scriptural, thoughtful and eloquent as to place them on a level with our best sermons at home; and then in India we passed through Travancore and Tinnevely, and found Christian congregations and houses of worship dotted so thickly over the extreme south of that country that one was often not more than a few miles from the other; Sunday-school children marching in procession from various points to some central service; native Christians giving a tenth, and more than a tenth of their earnings to Christian work; young men giving up every week one, and sometimes two days of their working time, that they might go and preach Christ in the districts around; and villages where three and four, and even seven hundred of the families are Christian; when I preached in a stately church on a week evening to a congregation of perhaps fourteen or fifteen hundred, and learned that the foundations of this building had been laid by a man of faith forty years ago when there were only seven converts; . . . when having spoken at midnight to some Christians at Cape Cormorin, the waves at our feet breaking on one of the most sacred temple sites in India, I found myself afterward addressing a native congregation just at the foot of the Himalayas, that flung their shadows on the village street, it was then that I began to realize the work that the miss on has accomplished already, and the vast possibilities that lie before it in the immediate future; the possibilities of faith which are not to be reckoned as the dreams of an enthusiast, but as the actual and divinely promised inheritance of a believing Church."

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Daisy's Dog.

Daisy had a pink dog. Now, who ever heard of a pink dog? There are black-and-tan dogs, and gray dogs, and yellow dogs, and white dogs; but daisy's dog was pink, and it was a China dog—the safest kind of a dog to have round in warm weather. Daisy had a friend about as old as herself, named Posy, who lived next door, and these two little friends were so devoted that they had to see each other every day. Sometimes Daisy went to Posy's, and at other times Posy came to visit Daisy.

Although these little girls loved each other dearly, yet they would sometimes quarrel, and then they wouldn't speak to each other for three whole minutes.

One day they had a worse quarrel than usual. Daisy began by saying:

"Don't you wish you had a pink dog, Posy?"

"Yes," said Posy. "Are you going to give me yours?"

"What! my pink dog, Posy Willis? No, indeed; I guess not. You'll have to get your mother to give you one, same as I did."

"Well, I think you're real mean, Daisy Summers," said Posy; "I guess if I had a pink dog, I'd give it to you."

"You wouldn't either," replied Daisy.

"I would."

"You wouldn't."

"I would."

"You wouldn't; and you needn't say so again," screamed Daisy, in a very loud voice, and giving Posy such a hard push that she fell over on the floor and struck her head against the bureau.

Her screams brought in Daisy's mamma, who rushed to see what was the matter. Posy was more frightened than hurt, and was soon quieted down, for Mrs. Summers took her into another room and gave her a nice large lump of white sugar.

When Daisy's mamma inquired into the cause of the disturbance and found that her little girl was to blame, she sent Posy home, and after giving Daisy a little motherly talk, left her alone for half an hour to think how naughty she had been.

When she went into the room again she found Daisy just finishing a little letter which she had printed to send to Posy, and this is what it said:

Dear Posy I am sorry I pushed you down and here is my pink dog to keep forever. DAISSY.
So you see Daisy was really sorry.—*Yonk's Companion.*

Paralysis.

Which so often arrests the steps of business men and hard brain-workers after they have passed middle life, might in most cases be prevented by an occasional use of "Compound Oxygen." Nature usually gives a timely warning of the approach of danger from this direction, and they are wise who heed it. Get our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" and learn all about this new cure. It is sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1112 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

An Awful Responsibility.

Everybody has something to say about consumption. We all deplore its terrible ravages, but only a few of us seem to have common sense enough to take the proper means of preventing it. It is a fact as easy of proof as that two and two are four, that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, taken as a remedy for cough, cold, difficult breathing, hoarseness or any other of the symptoms which, as it were, pave the way for that terrible destroyer, will effect a radical and rapid cure of the ailment, and avert all danger. Whoever, knowing this, neglects to resort to the true specific under such circumstances, assumes a fearful responsibility.

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Longevity the Result of Care.

The fact that the late Richard Henry Dana was regarded as an invalid until he reached 60, and yet outlived all his contemporaries, is not so uncommon as it appears. The opinion that it is usually the healthful, robust men who attain longevity while it is prevalent, is not correct. Many of our citizens now over 70, and likely to last much longer, are not and never have been vigorous of body. They have been on the contrary delicate from childhood, and keep themselves in active life by prudence and the excellent care they take of themselves. Peter Cooper is a conspicuous example. He was puny at his birth, and has continued more or less feeble ever since. Nevertheless, he has engaged in various enterprises; has created from nothing a large fortune; has been a most generous benefactor to his native city; and will have completed, on the 12th instant, his 88th year. The persons who go to their graves at 40 and 50 had frequently had any amount of physical stamina and have depended on it so entirely as to neglect all hygienic laws and disregard anything like discretion. There is a certain arrogance of health which ruins health by excess of confidence. Men of this sort are persuaded they can do and endure anything and everything, and acting on their presumption, they break down suddenly and slip out of existence. The semi-invalid, or valedudinarian, on the other hand, seldom incurs any risk. He guards himself at every point; he sees where danger is and sedulously avoids it. His condition has rendered him heedful, and heedfulness has grown into unchanged and unchangeable habit. Ease of circumstance also contributes greatly to longevity where a man has simple tastes or is judicious in his mode of living. Adversity to the accepted notion, poverty is rarely good for anybody; for it entails not only absence of comfort, but constant friction and endless worry. Other things being equal, the rich long survive the indigent.—*N. Y. Times.*

Suffering for a Life Time.

Persons afflicted with rheumatism often suffer for a life time, their tortures being almost without remission. The joints and muscles of such unfortunate are in most cases shockingly contorted and drawn out of shape. To afford them even temporary relief, the ordinary remedies often prove utterly useless. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, on the other hand, is avouched by persons who have used it, to be a genuine source of relief. It keeps the blood cool by promoting a regular habit of body, and removes from it impurities which, in the opinion of all rational pathologists, originate this agonizing complaint and its kindred malady, the gout. Besides this the Bitters remedy disorders of the stomach, liver and nerves, prevent and eradicate intermittent and remittent fevers, promote appetite and sleep, and are highly recommended by physicians as a desirable medicinal stimulant and tonic.