Brother Anderson.

I was to preach for brother Anderson. He was a good pastor. Almost the last time I saw him he had just called on a lamb of his flock, to ask after her spiritual welfare, and fifty cents towards his salary. He had left his tub and brushes at the foot of the hill, and he resumed them when he had made his call; for, like the great apostle, he was used to labor, working with his own hands.

When swinging himself along slowly toward his home after a day of work on walls and ceilings, few took him for a preacher. Splotches of whitewash showed finely on his face,—they were his business cards. Nature had done little to beautify him, the tailors nothing. He was short, broad, large-headed, and seemingly without neck. His cravats could never get under his chin. His eyes were full, with smoky whites and slack lids. He was numerously clothed. His great breadth and small height caused many rents and wrinkles in the layers of his clothing. What was given him, though well-worn and tender, he put on and went about his work without pride or apology.

For years I had met him, but had not known him, he was so silent and contained. He never seemed to know, much less resent, the caste-prejudice that weighs so heavily on his race. All this was long ago. He has preached his last sermon, and is, I doubt not, restfully awaiting the resurrection of the just.

I was to preach for brother Anderson one Sunday afternoon. As I stood eavesdropping by his little wooden church, and waiting for the hour to come, I heard strange noises inside—not the confused and voluminous noise of a crowd excited as in revival times, but a single wild cry now and then, or one heavy stamp, or a ringing clap from a pair of big tough hands—the creatures of will and not the outbursts of feeling. It was the corpse of a starved "class-meeting," and the noises sounded as if jerked into being by the occasional shocks of some experimenter.

Punctual to the hour, brother Anderson came rolling across the street and up to the door, and we went in together. After the usual songs and prayers, I took for my text Paul's counsel to the Corinthians as to their disorderly meetings and meaningless noises. The sermon was in the main a reading of the fourteenth chapter of Paul's first letter, with comments and applications interspersed. I spoke for half an hour, and while showing consideration for the noisy ways of my audience, exhorted them to cultivate intelligence as well as passion.

"When you feel the glory in you, let it out, of course. Shout, glory, clap your hands, and all that. But stop now and then, and let some wise elder stand up and tell you what it all means. Men and boys hang round your windows and laugh at you and at religion because they don't understand you. Some men, you know, have religion all in the head—clear, sharp, dry and dead. Others, all in the heart. They *feel it in their bones*. Now, I want you to have religion in both your head and heart. Let all things be done decently and in order."

I was very well satisfied with my effort, at the time—it seemed a success. As I sat down, brother Anderson got up and stood on the pulpit steps to give out a hymn;

"Let saints below in concert sing."

I am not certain that he could read; for he stood book in hand, and seemingly from memory gave the number of the hymn, and repeated the first two stanzas with deep and growing feeling. After reading two lines of the third stanza, he stopped, and swallowing one or two chokes, went on to say: "I love brudder Beecher. I love to hear him preach dis afternoon. He's tol' us a good many things. He's our good fren. An' he sez, sez he, dat some folks goes up to glory noise'n shoutin', an' some goes still like, 'zif they's 'shamed of wot's in 'em. An' he sez we'd bettah be more like de still kin', an' white folks like us. An' den I thinks 't aint much count, no way, wedder we goes up still-like or shoutin', 'cause hebben's a mighty big place, brudders, an' when we all goes marchin' up to see the Lo'd, an' I's so full ob de lub an' de joy an' de glo'y, dat I mus' clap my han's an' shout wid joy, de good Lo'd's got some place whar we won't 'sturb nobody, and we kin shout—Glory! Glory! Bress de Lam'! I's safe, I's safe in de glory at las'! I tell you, brudders an' sistahs, dat hebben's a mighty big place, an' dar's room 'nuf for brudder Beecher 'n us too."

"Dats so!"—"Bress de Lord!"—"Amen!"—"Glory!"— shouted the congregation.

"An' brudder Beecher sez dat 'tisn' de folks dat makes mos' noise dat does de mos' work. He sez dat de ingins on de railroad only puff—puff—puff—reg'lar breathin' like, w'en dey's at work a haulin' de big loads, an' dat de bells and de w'istles don't do no work; dey only makes a noise. Guess dat's so. I don't know 'bout ingins much, an' I do n't know wedder I's a puff puff ingin or wedder I blows de wistle an' rings de bell. I feel like bofe sometimes. An' I tell you wot, when de fire is burnin', an' I gits de steam up, don't dribe no cattle on de track; de ingin am comin'! Clar de track!" This with a voice that shook the little house, and a magnetism that thrilled and fixed me. Of course his hearers were by this time swaying and shouting splendidly.

"An' de boys an gals, an' de clarks an' young law'ers, dey come up yar watch-night, an' dey peek in de winders, an' stan' roun' de doahs, and dey laff an' make fun of lig'n. An' brudder Beecher sez, Why do n't we stop de noise now 'n den, an' go out an' tell 'em 'bout it—'splain it to 'em. An' I 'members wot de Bible says 'bout de outer darkness, an' de weepin' an' de wailin' and de gnashin' ob teeth. An' if dese boys an' gals stan' dar outside a laffin', bimby dey'll come to de weepin' and wailin' fus dey know. An den wen dey stan roun' de great temple ob de Lo'd an' see de glory shinin' out, and de harpers harpin', and all de music, an' de elders bowin', an' all de shoutin' like many waters, an' all de saints a singin' Glory to de Lam'! s'pose God'll say, 'Stop dat noise dar! Gabriel! You Gabriel, go out an' 'splain!'

"Yes; I see dem stan' das' winter roun' de doahs an' windows an' laff, an' dey peek in an' laff. An' I 'members wot I see las' summer 'mong de bees. Some ob de hives was nice an' clean and still, like 'spectable meetin's, and de odders was a bustin' wid honey, and de bees kep' a goin' an' comin' in from de clover, an' dey jes kep' on a fillin' up de hive till de honey was a flowin' like de Lan' ob Canyan. An' I see all roun' de hives was de ants an' worms, an' de great drones an' black bugs, an' dey kep' *on de outside*. Dey was n't bees. Dey could n't make de honey for darselves. Dey could n't fly to de clover an' de honeysuckle. Dey jes hung 'roun' de bustin' hives an' live on de drippin's!

"An' de boys and gals come up yar an' hang 'roun'. Jes come in an' we'll show you how de gospel-bees do! Come in an' we'll lead you to de clover! Come in—we'll make your wings grow! Come in! won't yer! Well den, poor things, let 'm stan' 'roun' de outside an' have de drippin's. We's got honey in dis hive!"

Raising the hymn-book, and with tender voice, he took up the stanza just where he had left it—

"Part ob de hos' hab cross' de flood,
An' part am crossin' now."

"Sing, brudders!" said he, and to his "lining out" they sang the whole hymn as only such as they can sing. All this was ten or twelve years ago. I remember that while he was speaking, my sermon seemed to shrink and fade. And now, as I recall the scene and record his words but in part, I am feeling the power of his truth—Heaven's a mighty big place. "The Father's House hath many homes" and places prepared for many.

Was he dreaming of these as he went about our streets with tub and brushes, to whiten and sweeten the homes of men? Did he wear his rags contentedly, mindful of his robes shining and exceeding white as snow? In that day when those that are last shall be first, few will look down to find Brother Anderson.—*Thos. K. Beecher.*

The Opportunities of Old Age.

There is a dignity in age which should command respect. The inspired book says, "The hoary head is a crown of glory," and yet old age is often spoken of slightingly, and treated disrespectfully. This is greatly to be deplored, both because the younger folk lose so much of the benefit which they might receive from the varied experiences of those who have preceded them in the painful and dangerous journey of life, and because the elder ones are deprived of the sweet companionship of those who could, if they would, do so much to brighten their waning years.

There is no more harmonious, helpful friendship, than when the old and the young walk together in loving confidence. True, the younger must be patient with the infirmities and conservatisms of age, as it, in turn, needs to be tolerant with the impetuosity and enthusiasm of youth.

We can not help thinking that, in many instances, elderly people are themselves to blame for much of the indifference which is shown to them, and to which they are naturally so sensitive; inasmuch as they often withdraw into themselves, and do not accord to those who are coming on after them, and who are undergoing experiences like their own, that generous sympathy and consideration which would draw them closer together. Who should be so sympathizing in times of sorrow as those who have known trouble and suffered grief? Who so fitted to understand the peculiarities of childhood, to have patience with the waywardness and stormy sports of youth, to listen kindly and wisely to the confidences of shy lovers, or to advise with, and assist in mapping out the future of the young couple just starting in their new life, as those having gone before them, step by step, know by experience the conditions and needs of each and every period?

Removed as it were from the more active duties of life, they have time and opportunities to cultivate friendships with the younger ones, which may be ever warm and abiding, and, having gained their loving respect, to drop words of counsel which shall be of infinite service to them in the future. We often hear elderly people say, with a weary sigh, "I seem to be *of no use to any one. Nobody* appears to care about me." This, we are sure, need not be. Love begets love, and there is no reason why grandpa and grandma may not be the center of a faithful, loving circle, consulted in every difficulty, intrusted with all the little secrets, and sharers in all the pleasures of the family group. But they must make the advances, and be always the same true, disinterested friends. Though young blood be hot, and impatient words may sometimes be spoken, yet in time they will be regretted, forgiveness sought, and peace restored.

We have known the most beautiful friendships of this sort. We recall, especially, the love of one dear boy—who has now passed away in all his youth and promise—for his grandmother. It was a warm and enduring attachment. When discouraged, or sick, no place was so attractive as "grandmother's room," or so comfortable as "grandmother's bed." Many a confidential talk they had together, and she had opportunity to give him many a word of caution as well as of cheer. And now that his chair is vacant, one of her pleasantest recollections is the memory of his devoted affection for her.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Getting Up in the Dark.

Did you ever try the experiment of getting up in the dark, and doing your utmost to prevent the people in the house from hearing you? Nobody gets up in the dark, be the object ever so innocent, without feeling a strong desire to perform the operation noiselessly and secretly. Why it is we do not know. It is one of the mysteries of nature. You just try it some night, and note the result.

You are in the habit of telling your friends that you have "a place for everything and everything in its place." You could get up in the darkest night and know right where to put your hand on anything in the house, but when you come to attempt it, quite likely things may turn out just as you expected them to.

You slide out of bed stealthily and put one foot down first and then the other, and feel to be sure that you have hit the floor, and are not being betrayed into any hidden pitfall.

If there is a cat in the house you will step on her tail the first thing, and the howl she will set up will be as penetrating as the toot of a French horn, or the grind or two broken-winded band-organs. Your blood will curdle, for there is no sound so full of horror as the yell of a down-trodden cat in the night-time.

When you have recovered your self-control, you will strike afresh, and generally speaking, the first thing you will bring up against will be the rocker of a chair, or a "love of a hassock," which you were a month embroidering. If there is a box of buttons, an inkstand, or a basket of fancy work, including a score of spools of thread and silk, you will be sure to knock it over, and it will make clatter enough to arouse the whole house and impress the timid ones with the fixed idea that the mansion is being burglarized and everybody is in danger of being murdered in their beds.

You grope after matches, but the match safe has been moved away since you went to bed; then you remember there were some stray matches on the mantel a few days ago. You search for them, and off goes a Bohemian vase or a piece of pottery, and smashes itself all to flinders at your feet.

You stand dismayed, afraid to step, lest you step on broken glass, and immediately you call to mind all the stories you have ever read of lockjaw and paralysis which resulted from stepping on broken glass.

You find a match at last, and scratch it on the wall-paper, regardless of the "scratch my back" in perforated board and sand-paper which you know must hang somewhere in your vicinity, but just where—ah that is the question. You scratch the wrong end of the match, and quickly reverse it and try the other, but both ends are the wrong ends. The days of its usefulness are past; somebody has scratched it before.

Before you get back to bed in safety you have stumbled over half the chairs in the room, upset an ottoman, barked your ankles and bruised your feet, exhausted your patience and roused up everybody in the house, and next morning at breakfast you will be asked by the whole household, severally and collectively, what on earth were you up for all night, tearing the house down.—*Rural Press.*

—Aim high; but not so high as not to be able to reach anything.

Public Prayer.

Preaching is one thing and prayer is quite another. An address in a prayer meeting is one thing and a prayer there is another. Sermons and addresses are for instruction and exhortation; the soul of prayer is adoration, praise including thankfulness and petition. Sermons and addresses are addressed to men, prayer to God. A preaching prayer is neither the one thing nor the other; is of very doubtful profit to men and not acceptable to God. Men are indeed to pray in public assemblies to the edification of those who listen, but that does not mean that they are to preach to them through the supplications. The listener is edified by the prayer that leads him to adoration, to praise, to pour out his wants before the throne of grace. If the prayer is delivered to men the hearer is led to look to the arm of flesh, and is not lifted out of his worldliness, but if the prayer is addressed to God the hearer is lifted up to communion with the high and holy One, and is inexpressibly benefited by it. Very sweet and precious to God is the adoration and praise and petition of his creatures. How He pleads for such offerings. What infinite pathos in the yearning of the great heart of love as expressed in his invitations. When he chides men for neglect to praise him, to acknowledge his mercies, to cast their care upon him, what tender, affectionate grief the language seems to convey! God speaks as if his heart had been wounded, as if the expectations of his love had been disappointed. It is not much one can say on such a theme beyond what was said a moment ago, that the praises and petitions of his creatures are very sweet and precious to God. Whoever bears such tribute to his throne receives a blessing words can not carry, and whoever leads others in the sanctuary or prayer meeting to bring such offerings leads them to an action and disposition and relation that is heaven begun below. Such prayers edify; open the eyes of the soul to a region of beauty and glory like that of Paradise, a region perhaps never known before, but never thereafter to be forgotten. May the Holy Spirit help us so to pray.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Assassination of Judge Elliott.

On 26th ult., Thomas Buford, of Henry county, Ky., assassinated Hon. John M. Elliott, one of the Judges of the Supreme court, in front of the Capitol Hotel, Frankfort. There was no quarrel between Buford and Judge Elliott, and never had been. Buford had appealed a civil suit from the lower court, and the decision of the Supreme court sustained that of the lower court. This was all. Buford asked Elliott to go snipe shooting with him, which invitation was declined. He then asked the Judge to drink with him, and before he could answer, leveled his gun and delivered its contents, twelve buckshot, into Judge Elliott's chest, who fell and died without a struggle. Buford said he had put twelve buckshot into the other barrel of his gun for Chief Justice Pryor, but on account of Pryor having children, he concluded not to kill him. There is not wanting some evidence that he intended to kill Judge Cofer also, and to leave the State without a Supreme court.

This is the first instance of a Judge of a Supreme court having been killed for rendering his decision in the United States. If it is not avenged by inflicting capital punishment on the assassin, we might as well give up civilization, and voluntarily adopt the savage state. Buford has been sent to the Louisville jail for safety from mob violence. We trust that the honor of the state and the majesty of the law will be vindicated in the punishment of Buford.