

Fainthearted Christian.

Many professed Christians work well as long as a strong preacher is in the lead, but as soon as their favorite is gone, the house of God is shorn of its lustre, and they forsake the assembling of themselves together, and discourage those that would go. While others were born in a storm and only frequent the house of God in time of a revival.

Reader, you will pardon me if I call such "balky" Christians. The balky horse pulls best when there is nothing to pull, or while the "old wheel horse" is pulling the whole load. But as soon as the "old wheel horse" is taken away to help pull another load and their "reserved" strength is badly needed, they begin to champ the bits and refuse to pull a pound. Others run well for a time, but as soon as difficulties arise, or offences begin to come so that their help is needed to settle such difficulties, they go muttering round and want to withdraw from the church, thus increasing the trouble in the church, while others will run about among their concerned (?) non-professing friends and lay before them all the faults of the members, giving the world a splendid opportunity to fully understand all that is going on in the church.

These things come up before the preacher, and as Paul, he has before him the care of all the churches; and if the preacher or elders don't settle difficulties satisfactory to all, he is blamed for not doing his duty.

The preacher must be as strong as a lion if he don't feel the chilly sensation of the cold water often thrown upon him by those that should hold his hands up. Either he "isn't smart enough" or "he preaches too long, or he don't preach long enough." "He preaches too fast," or "he don't preach fast enough," and so on until many fainthearted preachers have abandoned the field, and ceased to preach. Where members are ever faultfinding you may be sure there is something wrong within their own bosom.

A preacher is "public property," and is subject to criticism, and sometimes a reprimand is absolutely necessary; but let brethren be aware that they can "freeze out" a good preacher, or can build up a poor and unexperienced one until they will be proud of him.

I drop these thoughts because I know we have many young preachers that are worthy of our highest consideration, and a few cheering words from the good brethren will do lasting good and stimulate them to overcome many hardships and surmount many difficulties.

A preacher ever has troubles at heart, and knowing the weight of responsibility resting upon him and having his own fleshly nature to guard and the scrutinizing eye of the world ever looking upon him taking cognizance of his weakness, and frequently the case of a large family and poverty, he certainly much needs the sympathy and encouragement of the brethren.

A preacher is human, and is subject to faint heartedness and despondency, and his burden is heavy, and his conflicts in life oftentimes grievous, and many cease forever to frequent the pulpit, largely owing to the lack of sympathy and encouragement on the part of the brethren. "We should run with patience the race before us," not only for a season, but for lifetime. "Add to your faith virtue (courage). Moral courage is all that will carry any Christian through life, and without courage no one can succeed in any work. "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize?" So run that ye may obtain.

T. M. MORGAN.

Looking Glass, Aug. 23, 1879.

MAXIM FOR A YOUNG MAN.—Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Witnessing the Truth.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and the power of truth is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the *Albany State Register*. He was an eye-witness of the scene in one of the higher courts:

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge, "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror; and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered,

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was, before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emo-

tion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child!" said the judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.—*Ex.*

About Poets of One Poem.

Some having quoted from Isaiah—"Sing many songs that thou mayest be remembered"—proceeds to remark:

"This is rather satire than a serious receipt for securing fame. It is more easy to remember a single master-piece than a multitude of splendid things, and great author's names generally go, in public mention, with the name of some single great work of theirs. It is surprising to find how many people of real merit have sung one song and died. They saved themselves a world of labor for fame by striking twelve the first time."

And then he instances poets and poems as follows:

"Henry Carey—God Save the King.

Hopkins—Hail Columbia.

Key—Star-Spangled Banner.

John Howard Payne—Home, Sweet Home.

Chas. Wolfe—Burial of Sir John Moore.

Chas. Kingsley—The Three Fishers.

Edgar A. Poe—The Raven.

Tom Hood—The Song of the Shirt.

Julia Ward Howe—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Bret Harte—The Heathen Chinese."

The implication thus set forth is quite erroneous, as far as it relates to one-half these names. To be sure each of the first five is never mentioned save in connection with the poem credited to him, but the latter five did not "sing one song and die." Kingsley wrote more than "The Three Fishers." Poe's "Raven" is not more famous than his "Bells" and "Annabel Lee" rivals both, while much of his verse beside will live long. Tom Hood will be known as author of "The Bridge of Sighs," when his "Song of the Shirt" is seldom heard. Mrs. Howe has written many lyrics that compare favorably with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was by no means her introduction of fame. And Bret Harte has seldom written so poor a piece of verse as his "Heathen Chinese."

When one poem makes a poet's fame, it is generally safe to assume that the poem is poor, and that some unusual concurrence of fortunate circumstances has given it credence or popularity. The man who can write one good poem, can write other good

ones. He will not commonly write well once, without many endeavors before, and some tolerable success. If he succeed by real ability and often attempting, he will not stop there, but will seek further successes. The poetic expression is both a gift and an art. The art must supplement the gift. Without the art no man can "strike twelve" at any time; with the art he may strike the full noon of his gift more than once.—*Ex.*

Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment was tried and reported to a scientific congress at Strasbury. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough examination; in these cases only two were found who died from diseases of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died of apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood that they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are—cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or rapid walking, going too suddenly from a close room in the air, especially after speaking, too hasty walking or running to catch a train, &c. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.—*Ex.*

Opulent Young Farmer.

The Newport (R. I.) correspondent of the *Providence Journal* writes about the sons of some of the summer and wealthy residents of that watering-place as follows:

They appear determined that they will not lead a life of idleness, and with commendable enterprise have started out in life for themselves. Agricultural pursuits appear to have the greatest of charms for them.

Mr. W. R. Hunter, the son of Mr. Edward Mayer, who owns an elegant stone villa on the Point, facing the harbor, has for two years been engaged in conducting the affairs of Brook farm, upon which he is expending a large amount of money.

Mr. John Mayer, of Newport, a relative of the Assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. J. Nelson Howard, of New York (the latter of whom formerly had a sheep ranch in Virginia), have gone into the market-gardening and milk business, and are making quite a success of it.

Mr. Melville Bull, son of Major Bull, and a recent graduate, with high honors, from Harvard, presides over the destinies of Ogden farm, belonging to George F. Tyler, of Philadelphia, one of our summer residents. Mr. Bull is raising the best stock, and obtains for his butter the handsome price of \$1 per pound. Mr. Bull is roughing it at the farm, and evidently prefer hard work to luxurious loafing.

Mr. Edward Boker, grandson of Mr. Elbert J. Anderson, a society man, has the Redwood farm, where he devotes himself to raising hens for the market, and finds it quite a profitable investment.

Mr. Edward Larned, a wealthy young gentleman and college graduate, well known here, is also keeping a hen-farm in Warwick.

Sensible people will applaud these young gentlemen for their evident desire to be of some use to the world.

—The memory of mischief is no desirable fame.

Names.

The Boston *Post* paragrapher is moved to remark that Mark Twain got more for his "Gilded Age" than Shakspeare received for all his plays. This is, perhaps, why Mark answers one of the ill-paid William's many conundrums. In "Romeo and Juliet," Shakspeare inquires "What's in a name?" and in "The Gilded Age" Twain replies "There's millions in it." It might be an interesting calculation for some imaginative statistician to figure up how much we pay for names in a year. Any one who purchases a piano or organ knows that a name costs a great deal. It is the same way with everything. Many articles cost a high price, because of the name of the maker, although he may have been dead for years, and the characteristics for which his particular article became famous, have been superseded by better qualities in other articles of the same kind. But as a general thing a name is a very good criterion on which to buy. If we get a watch, or a knife, or a piano, or a buggy from a celebrated house, we are pretty sure of getting a good article for our money. Very few men would think of buying a book on science, history or any other subject, without knowing the name of the author. We would be more apt to get a good work on astronomy, for instance, if the name of Proctor or Watson or Swift were on the title-page than if in that position stood the name of Smith or Brown, or Jones, estimable as we know these gentlemen to be in private life. It seems, therefore, to bring things down to a fine point, that the name of the author appended even to a short magazine article is very desirable. *Harper's Magazine* thinks differently, and it is consequently a sort of "No-Name" magazine. Mr. Curtis defends this system in his "Easy Chair" for August by saying that it gives old and new authors an equal chance with the public. This would be a strong argument in favor of the system, but it falls to the ground when we know that in many papers the names of the authors are published, in the monthly advertisement of the magazine. The names should be either kept secret or given in the Magazine itself as the present system merely gives the reader extra trouble finding out who the authors are.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Dolls of Japan.

The dolls of Japan are quite an institution, and are the funniest things imaginable. They look so like real babies and children, that I have often been deceived when I have seen them in the arms, carried about the streets. Besides playing with dolls at New Year's time, and any other when they choose, there are two days set apart in April for what is called a "Doll's Festival," and all the girls—and even big women—make a great time of it. They take them out to walk, visit, get new dresses for them, and treat them just as tenderly as if they were live children. You may think it funny for women to do this, but the poor Japanese women have a very aimless life, and I think playing with dolls is about as harmless a way for them to get pleasure as they could find.—*Ex.*

A NEWLY DISCOVERED CAVE.—The Danville, (Ky.) *Advocate* reports the recent discovery of a cave on a farm, the old Shelton place, Boyle county, owned by Mr. Sam Stone. Mr. Stone was plowing in his field, when suddenly his mule sank down to his hips, but with difficulty the mule was released. On examination a cave twenty feet deep was discovered. A room of considerable size was found, and in it bones, pronounced to be human bones by the physicians of Danville. Only a hasty and very partial exploration was made.