

Iowa and Missouri Splinters.

The political boom is the theme that now interests most people.

There was little rain fall, and water is scarce. The weather is delightful, and there never was a better opportunity for fall work. The farmers are reaping a rich harvest, and therefore business "booms."

On our recent trip to Potosi county, Iowa, we baptized seven persons, all but one natives of Scotland. They were all baptized in their infancy, consecrated and raised up after the straightest sect of the Scotch Presbyterian religion.

Mary Blake has read such books and tracts as *The Christian Baptist*, *Family Campaign*, *Morris' Letters*, *Sincerity Seeking the Way to Heaven*, *Franklin's Sermons*, &c., and withal the word of God. She has therefore learned the truth and converted her friends.

We enrolled 18 names, and will visit them again soon. If we can get a little aid aside from what those brethren will do, we shall do much pioneer work in that county.

While in Ottumwa, in August, we enjoyed a pleasant chat with Rev. Thompson, of the Congregational church, in his parlor. The following is a part of our chat:

Rev. T.: "By the way, I have a brother who is a Baptist minister; he is an evangelist, and is quite a successful man in that work. He brings hundreds into the Baptist church, and immerses every one of them."

"Well," said I, "that part of the process is all right, and I hope they are immersed into Christ."

Rev. T.: "Yes, I know you folks think so."

"Well, sir, what we think does not effect the matter either way, but so far as immersion is concerned, that is what the Book teaches."

Our host sat looking out at the sun in the western sky, and his scholarly mind, his logical active intellect seem to be contemplating the scope of the subject, and finally he said:

"Well, Bro. H., I never debate that question, but I have baptized a few persons by immersion myself."

"Why, my dear friend," said I, "You never baptized any one in any other way. If you ever immersed any one, that is the only baptizing you ever done, for in those cases where you sprinkled a little water on the face, or applied your moist hand on the head, there was simply no baptizing done at all."

Rev. T.: "Well, I don't debate that question."

We are progressing. Last week, while at Kirksville, Mo., Rev. Ceter, who has charge of the Kirksville circuit of the M. E. church, made an appointment for us to preach to his people, for two evenings. He took us in his buggy, and conveyed us among his flock, to whom we made two lengthy speeches, opening and alleging the things that pertain to the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ with all confidence, and they all listened as though they appreciated our efforts.

The last night of our meeting in Potosi county, Iowa, we had shown numerous examples in proof that God had revealed man's duty, and after other things we applied the principal to baptism, that Jesus used a word that clearly indicated the action; that it was immerse and not sprinkle or pour. Whereupon a zealous old man of the M. E. church demanded that we should tell how Saul was baptized. We lead him a little while, when he demanded that we should "tell what the Scriptures said about how Saul was baptized." So we quoted Rom. vi. 4, that Saul "was buried with Christ in baptism." Then he insisted that we should tell what other Scriptures said on the matter. So we quoted the full account in Acts ix. Our old friend thought to catch us on Paul being

told to "arise," but we informed him that all our subjects stood up when we immersed them; that this was, if not absolutely necessary, quite important in immersion, but if baptism was really performed by dashing a few sprays of water on the face or head, there was no need of so much as sitting up, much less standing. With great apparent indignity our catechist left the room.

Bro. C. P. Hollis is lecturing on the Typs of the Old Testament at Lancaster, Mo., and there is a crowded house and several additions. Bro. H. is a host indeed in Bible things, and can quote when and where he will more readily than any man we have ever heard.

Some times the printer finds it difficult to print what we intended. We are not going to complain, but we will say of one mistake in our last "Splinters." The church on Plume St., Detroit, Mich., sent \$250 should read \$28.00.

One of the most successful Sunday school teachers we have met is Prof. John Paden, of the Normal School at Kirksville, Mo. He has a blackboard for his class, and the lesson is reduced to a complete analysis. If his class do not learn it is not his fault.

S. H. HEDRIX.

Fairfield, Iowa, Nov. 18, 1879.

Napoleon's Marriage.

The marriages of the Bonapartes play an important part in the story of their fortunes, and none of them were so significant or important as those of the Emperor. To one who, like him, looked upon the world as made for him and upon laws merely as something which were good for him to impose upon others, it must have appeared that his two wives were admirably planned for his use. Josephine de Beauharnais was an ideal wife for a young and rising man of genius. She had everything which would appeal to a fancy like his, at once selfish and passionate. She had beauty, rank, and power of pleasing, and a certain indolent grace that promised an obedience reasonably free from jealousy. Up to the time that he mounted the imperial throne and seated her by his side, she was all that his narrow heart and boundless ambition could desire. But after the marvelous victory of Wagram had opened up to his fevered imagination still wider perspectives of dominion, he looked for another style of wife, and found her in Maria Louisa of Austria. Her blonde beauty formed of pink and white color and roundly curving lines and the golden floss of a child's hair, appealed strongly to his jaded taste. He was not old, but, as he said to the Directory, "one ages fast upon the field of battle," and he wanted some such solace as this soft unintellectual beauty (somebody has called it the Alderney style of prettiness) in his home, if such a word may be used of the Tuileries. Besides, he doubtless felt that an emperor should have an emperor's daughter to wife, and this was a young girl who had a hundred monarchs for her ancestors, and yet she would be gentle and obedient, and not argue with him or answer him, and give him heirs. He was genuinely attached to her, and if he knew nothing about her, and had no premonition of Count Neipperg, it was all the better for him. She also was quite taken by storm with him, and for a while the novelty of being loved by an ogre—for such she had always considered him—was agreeable to her. But his tumultuous glory was quite too much for the daily food of such a small human being as the Empress, and she was doubtless relieved when the indignant soul left his body at Longwood, and she was free to follow her ignoble little heart and marry Neipperg.

Josephine would have her revenge if she could have foreseen the course of history for even a few years. It is

she and not the pretty Austrian, who will be known forever as the wife of Napoleon. It is her statue that rises in marble in the public places of Paris. It is her name and those of her children that mark the great avenues of the metropolis—Avenue Josephine, La Reine Hortense, Boulevard de Prince Eugene. Though she was ousted remorselessly from a throne to make room for Maria Louisa, it was her children—the children of the creole proscript—who should become the tenants of palaces, and not those of her rival. The Duke of Reichstadt was to pass a youth of inglorious gleasure, and was to die before his prime, and leave no son to inherit his claims to empire; while Beauharnais line was to stretch out like the swarm of kings seen by the Thane of Cawdor in his vision. Eugene, her heroic son, after the fall of the Napoleons, returned to the Court of his father-in-law, the king of Bavaria, and became Prince of Eichstadt, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and first nobleman of the kingdom. His daughter, united to the son of Bernadotte, became Queen of Sweden; another became a princess of Hohenzollern, and a third Empress of Brazil. His eldest son won the hand of the Queen of Portugal, and a younger married a daughter of the Czar Nicholas of Russia. And whatever doubt might be thrown on the purity of the Napoleonic descent by which Napoleon III. claimed the throne, he was unquestionably the son of Hortense, and was Beauharnais and Tascher-la-Pagerie beyond challenge. The grandson of Josephine, Louis Napoleon, ruled France in peace and with a sort of splendor for the space of twenty-two years, while the period of the Napoleon's reign, counting Consulate and Empire together, was but fifteen—though so powerful was the personal imprint made by the uncle, and so vague was the individual character of the nephew, that the shorter reign seems like an age, and the longer like an episode.—*Harper's Magazine*.

The End of the World.

Camille Flammarion, the well-known French scientist, thus beautifully expresses himself in *La Correspondence Scientifique*, regarding the ultimate fate of our globe:

The earth was born; she will die. She will either die of old age, when her vital elements shall have been used up, or through the extinction of the sun, to whose rays her life is suspended. She might also die by accident, through collision with some celestial body meeting her on her route; but this end of the world is the most improbable of all.

She may, we repeat, die a natural death through the slow absorption of her vital elements. In fact, it is probable that the air and water are diminishing. The ocean, like the atmosphere, appears to have been formerly much more considerable than it is in our day. The terrestrial crust is penetrated by waters which combine chemically with the rocks. It is almost certain that the temperature of the interior of the globe reaches that of boiling water at the depth of six miles, and prevents the water from descending any lower; but the absorption will continue with the cooling of the globe. The oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid which compose our atmosphere also appear to undergo absorption, but slower. The thinker may foresee, through the mist of ages to come, the epoch, yet afar off, in which the earth, deprived of the atmospheric aqueous vapor which protects her from the glacial cold of space by preserving the solar rays around her, will become chilled in the sleep of death. As a writer says: "From the summit of the mountains a winding sheet of snow will fall upon the high plateaus and the valleys, driving before it life and civilization, and masking forever the

cities and nations that it meets on its passage."

Life and human activity will press insensibly toward the inter-tropical zone. St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople and Rome, will fall asleep in succession under their eternal shroud. During very many ages equatorial humanity will undertake Arctic expeditions to find again under the ice the place of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseilles. The sea coasts will have changed, and the geographical map of the earth will have been transformed. No one will live and breathe any more except in the equatorial zone up to the day when the last family, nearly dead with cold and hunger, will sit on the shore of the last sea, in the rays of the sun which will hereafter shine below on an ambulant tomb revolving aimlessly around a useless light and a barren heat.

Fine Prayers.

Prayers need not be fine. I believe God abhors fine prayers. If a person ask charity of you in elegant sentences he is not likely to get it. Finery in dress is out of place in beggars. I heard a man in the street the other day begging aloud by means of a magnificent oration. He used grand language in a very pompous style, and I dare say he thought he was sure of getting piles of copper by his borrow-speech. But I, for one, gave him nothing, but felt inclined to laugh at his bombast. Is it not probable that many great prayers are about as useless?

Many prayer-meeting prayers are a great deal too fine. Keep your figures and metaphors and parabolic expressions for your fellow creatures; use them to those who want to be instructed, but do not parade them before God. When we pray the simpler our prayers are the better; the plainest, humblest language which expresses our meaning best.

So a political paper thinks. Not long since I heard a prayer some 20 minutes long, the petitioner standing at his desk, and making gestures as if he was preaching. I was in the gallery, I watched and listened, as I took no part in the pretended worship. The people sat. I could not have determined most of the time whether the man was pretending to pray or preach.

This language was fine; so were his gestures and voice. As an address to the people, it was good. There were very few petitions or thanks in it. But like the sermon, it passed with the hearers for a fine prayer. How it sounded in heaven is another question. C. K.

Religious World.

—The number of Baptist Sunday schools in Indiana has increased from 185, with 23,000 scholars, in 1868, to 550 schools, with 55,000 scholars and 5,500 teachers.

—The Catholic Missionary College at Mill Hill London has just sent out three priests as missionaries to Afghanistan. Cardinal Manning attended the farewell meeting.

—In the Episcopal Diocese of Western Michigan there are 32 clergymen, 29 parishes, 11 organized missions, 36 churches, and 3,031 communicants. Last year 337 were baptized and 174 confirmed.

—The entire Catholic world is preparing to solemnize the jubilee of the immaculate Conception, which falls on the 8th of December next, and Pope Leo XIII., by a decree lately published, accordingly grants to all Catholics a plenary indulgence on the day of the feast, or one of the days of the octave of the Immaculate Conception.

The Western Michigan Methodist Episcopal Conference at a recent meeting gave unmistakable expression to its sentiments on the use of tobacco by the unanimous adoption of the following resolutions: 1. That hereafter no young man using tobacco in any form, coming as a candidate for the ministry, shall be received into this Conference; 2. That those

members of this conference already addicted to the use of tobacco are exhorted to desist from it in public when in the company of those who do not use it; 3. That all circuits and missions are advised not to send delegates to this Conference hereafter who are users of tobacco; 4. That no local preacher will be ordained an Elder who uses tobacco.

—Two years ago the first meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council was held in Edinburgh, Scotland. At this Council delegates from the various branches of Presbyterians in the United States were present. The second meeting of this General Council is to be held in the United States at Philadelphia. A meeting was held a few days since in Association Hall, in that city, at which the general objects of this alliance of all the Calvinistic Churches on both continents were stated and at which preliminary arrangements for entertaining delegates were discussed.

Select Reading.

—Let your anger set with the sun, but never rise with it.

—Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

—Every accepted prayer is not an immediately answered prayer.

—The weakest point in every man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

—Anxiety is the poison of life; the parent of many sins, and more miseries.

—The prompt performance of duty in the past, is the best pledge for future faithfulness.

—When a good resolution is formed, beware of the tempter—he is then always nearest.

—A cheerful heart is more to be valued than all the riches of the world without cheerfulness.

—Black sorrow and white joy, woven together in the loom of time, make the gray experience of life.

—Happiness is the congruity between a creature's nature and its circumstances.—*Bishop Berkley*.

—Truth is a pearl that will always be found although it may be hidden in the closest mussel shell.

—Give according to your means, or God will make your means according to your giving.

—One ounce of "it is written," gives more confidence than a ton of what we have felt.—*Spurgeon*.

—We believe immortality because we have not proved it, but we forever try to prove it, because we believe it.—*Lord Bacon*.

—It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

The Life Beyond.

What is it? A continuance of the present life—nothing more, nothing less, except so far as circumstances and associations effect life. This, friends, should be an aspiration and restraint. We are living not only for to-morrow, but for eternity, and eternity for us begins with our life on earth.

Heaven is not a place fenced in to keep good people securely. Hell is not a place walled around to confine bad people. They are states of being. The golden gate of heaven is kind words. The pearly streets a sweet temper. The jasper walls, holy impulses. The mansions, a pure heart. The blessedness, congenial associations. And Hell is the opposite of these in a soul.

If we would be happier, nobler and more blessed, we must live daily with that purpose in view, eschewing all evil, seeking only that which is good. And if we would have heaven beyond we must strive for heavenly-mindedness.—*Selected*.

Wisdom is better than riches. Wisdom guards thee, but thou must guard thy riches. Riches diminish in all using; but wisdom increaseth in the use of it.—*Arabic Proverb*.