

### The Individuality of Christian Labor.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

Baccalaureate Sermon, delivered at College City, Cal., April 25, 1880, by Prof. J. Durham.

(Continued.)

That which makes America the glory of the earth and the pride of kings is the freedom of all, her institutions and the great privileges granted to every American citizen. The poorest boy, with ignoble ancestors, reared in a secluded canyon, as a shepherd lad, may become the chief executive of the nation. Before the young of to-day the path is plainly laid out for the honest, the frugal and the temperate. Besides there are a thousand intermediate stations between the humble laborer and the Presidential mansion, and each station should be filled with the virtuous and good.

Long, long ago was American soil dedicated to God and freedom.

Columbus gave God the praise when his eye first bitted the rugged rocks of San Salyador, and when the waves from the *Mayflower* washed the sand from Plymouth rock, the pilgrim fathers kissed the soil and breathed into it a spirit of religious freedom, and to-day, when the new dollar drops into the coffers of the infidel, it echoes back with the ring of a silver bell, to his faithless heart, "In God we trust."

There are a few who claim to be loyal Americans, and would banish the Bible from every household, obliterate every word of it from American literature. These persons are not true, loyal American citizens, they ignore the fact that the Bible is the foundation of the republic; that its moral precepts are interwoven with every fibre of our freedom, and furthermore that it is the keystone of that arch that unites the "Land of the free with the home of the brave."

Let every loyal American stand out in his life work, in the defense of the Book of God. Let that work be an individual thing. The mountain stream shows its efficiency, when by its narrow channel it bears down the mountain side with such an impetuous force that it wears out the echoing canyon, otherwise it would drop down to the lowlands and spread out only to be represented by the stagnant pools. So our life current, to become efficient, must be turned into the narrow flumes of personal duty, as expressed in the words of the Apostle, or else life will end in the sluggish pond of do-nothingness. "Life becomes mighty when its currents are dammed up and turned in a proper direction."

The individuality of the immortal Luther, backed with the cause of truth, shook the old apostate church to its very center. It was the same principle that made Wickliff's voice to be heard in England, and Huss in old Bohemia. It made Wessel assail the papacy in Germany and Holland. It was that which caused the voice of Savonarola to sound through Italy, for which he was executed and his body burned. The same personality awakened the great Zwingli to repeat through cantons of Switzerland the echoes of Martin Luther, the immortal Calvin to speak out in France, and the bold Knox in Scotland. The same called the pious Wesleys to breath through England a desire for more piety, godliness and less formality, and the godly Campbell to call for a Bible life and pure worship. The spirit and power of God, with Paul's individuality, carried the Gospel into the cities along the Mediterranean and before the kings of the Roman empire. Hence the apostle says, "You watch, you stand fast in the faith, you quit yourself a man, you be strong." And do not wait for others to do the work you can and are prepared to do. The apostle says, "Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand;" then, like a faithful general

in battle, he says, "Stand, therefore."

Our battles are not such physical contests, nor do they involve the trial and sufferings that the martyrs had to undergo. Yet the monster who seeks the subjugation of the Christian is capable of transforming himself into an image of light, and hence we may expect a covert attack at any time and in any way.

As the wonderful achievements of science, art and literature have been made, side by side with these advancements has the archenemy of man and all goodness reared his bristling battlements, ready with his shafts of sin to resist and, if he can, to conquer the strong holds of truth. Hence it becomes every true heart to shout

"Storm the fort for Christ is leading,  
He has shown us how;  
Shout the answer back to heaven,  
We are ready now."

All the advantages of the past are at the disposal of the young of to-day, and more will be required of this generation than any that has preceded. "The demands are according to what a man hath," and many adventitious circumstances will arise to change the course of life, but do not let them change the noble purpose of honor, usefulness and heaven.

I have no fears of the result of the great battle between truth and error; the struggle may be fierce and long, and many will fall with many a scar, but my only fear is that during the severest of the conflict, when the battle is thickest, the smoke is the densest, and when there is need of valiant men and women, my fear is, that too many will break ranks as unfaithful soldiers and desert.

My friends, the world is in great need of more practical workers. Theory only has been the cause of untold injury to the world. Where is the theoretical that has made one step towards advancing the nation's greatness?

The practical made the sparkling, foaming wake follow the Clermont up the lovely Hudson; and the practical attachment of the little boy to the steam chest has covered the seas with the perfect application of steam. Thus, in every direction, you may see the result of the triumphant success of the practical over the theoretical, while a moment's glance into the great National Patent Office, at Washington, will reveal to you ten thousand models of no practical value, covered with the dust of ages, while the truly useful is found daily employed in our grain fields, in the printing office, in the workshop, in our own houses, on the high seas, and everywhere, at work from sun to sun. As a synonym for the practical, is also the doctrinal in the church.

Paul said to Timothy, "Take heed to thyself and to thy doctrine." It is doctrine that has moved the world of mind and spirit. It was the doctrine of Christ that shook the Jewish theocracy to its center and caused the sacrifice of the Son of God. Therefore "take heed to thy doctrine," and beware of speculation. Speculation never caused the first Christians to suffer the most severe persecution and heart rending torture. No theory or speculation rent the air with the shrieks of hundreds of thousands of martyrs whose blood the earth drank as if to conceal in its pure bosom the life of God's children. But the doctrine of Christ, Peter and Paul has been the landmark of all ages past, and will be for all ages to come.

Beware of "those who teach for doctrine the commandments of men," and, "Be not carried away with every wind of doctrine, of the cunning craftiness of men."

True doctrine, practical, only will give you success in any measure.

Go then, my young friends, on your mission; and remember that it is *your* work and not the work of another. If you would have the work well done, be sure and do it yourself. Go in the spring time of life, "Ere the silver cord be loosened or the golden bowl

be broken," while your step is elastic, your hopes buoyant, while the sun is bright, the air pure, and fear not of making too strong an effort.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy Land," but remember "That whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Your field of labor is not circumscribed "from where the bow of promise spans old thundering Niagara to the lovely cotton fields glistening in their snowy whiteness, nor from where the sprays of the stormy Atlantic washes the ledge of Plymouth rock, to the Golden Gate where the tide goes out with the setting sun."

No, my friends, your labor is not confined with in such narrow and beautiful limits, but said the Great Teacher, "The field is the world." A denationalizing sentiment that places the Christian student who desires a useful life in a world of mind, of thought and action. Make good use of your time and talent, let it be like the gentle snow drop that falls on the Sierras, and ends its mission in the leap of the grand Yosemite, so with a true and well directed effort, let your influence percolate through the rough boulders down to the granite foundations of truth, and thus begin the disintegration of the frowning ragged corners of error until the rough sterile rocks shall be converted into rich and fertile vales, where the "Garden rose may richly bloom in cultured soil and genial air." The man of God will need many times to take his stand on the Jerusalem corner stone, view the old landmarks, set his compass by the pole-star of heaven, take his bearings with the utmost exactness, measure his distance with the greatest precision, and he must run all his lines in accordance with the old original field notes. He must take no man's duplicate of these field notes, but only such as were traced by the Divine hand, written by the spirit of God, delivered in the presence of angels and the spirits of the just. Then with an assurance of right, and by the help of God, let him move out into this sinful world, set his stakes, mark his path, make his corners, and "Well done thou good and faithful servant" will be the glorious welcome from heaven's king.

"Do not now stand idly waiting,  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Work in patience and in prayer;  
If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it anywhere."

And when your life-work is ended, may it have a happy, a prosperous close, and may you gently be carried to that glorious "Home of the soul," to meet us with all the faithful of God, at that day of all days, a commencement day wherein we shall begin an eternity of peace and love.

And now we commend you "unto him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

### \$5,000 A Day.

The richest man in the United States is probably Mr. Vanderbilt, of whom this item is reported:

If Mr. Vanderbilt carries out the purpose with which he is credited, of investing in Government four-per-cents the money he is soon to receive in a final settlement of New York Central Railroad stock sold to the syndicate, he will become the owner of \$100,000,000 in bonds, or one-fourteenth of all that are in existence.

As it is, his \$51,000,000 in bonds represent as much as the entire annual expenses of the Government some years before the war. The checks for interest that he will receive every ninety days will amount to over \$500,000, or more than \$5,000 a day. —*Youth's Companion.*

In the United States, 100,000 bushels of hemp seed are annually consumed for bird food alone. Much of it is imported.

### Ilois and the Troad.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus describes a recent visit to the home of Dr. Schliemann while in Athens:

We were ushered into a bright room partaking of the character of study, library, museum and sitting room; the walls being covered with book shelves, pictures, photographs, and testimonials of membership to numerous societies, geographical, archaeological, etc., while tables covered with books and papers, glass cases filled with antiques, ancient jars evidently in process of reconstruction, and articles of modern use made for the comfort of the occupants filled the room. As soon as the introductions were at an end, Dr. Schliemann, without a moment's pause, even to take a seat, plunged in medias res by showing the gentleman diagrams of maps of the excavations in Troy, the manuscript for his forthcoming book, "Ilois," and other matter, while his wife entertained the ladies and a stray gentleman or two, who finding the doctor well surrounded, concluded to try the chance of picking up a few grains of instruction by joining the lesser circle.

Dr. Schliemann is a short, bald-headed, round faced German, speaking with a thick, nasal voice, as if his eye-glasses pinched his nose to hard, and quite fast except when he attempts to repeat Homer, at which time he stutters and stammers and backs up, in a way that recalls the schoolboy. Mrs. Schliemann is a Greek of exceedingly pleasant features and graceful manners. She is so artless and unassuming that one is tempted to think she has always led a quiet home life, a belief soon dissipated by seeing her admirable skill in entertaining a large circle at once. To our inquiries as to what led her husband to dig up old Troy, she said in her pretty English, "Because he believes so whatever Homer says." And even as Dr. Schliemann believes in his blind bard, so does Dr. Schliemann's wife believe in her husband.

She has always been at his side in all his labors, except for one period of his sojourn of two months and a half when she was too ill to leave Paris. Their first stay in Troy of seven months, she said was very uncomfortable, on account of the heat and dust, Homer having rightly named it Windy Troy, and their inability to procure more than a few articles of food, and those of the commonest kinds. For subsequent trips, however, they provided themselves with everything necessary beforehand. When asked how she employed her time in those long months of retirement, she answered: "I was too busy from six in the morning until dark; for I was my husband's first assistant, and there were others under me. We had the oversight of the diggers, keeping them busily at work, taking charge of all articles discovered, and marking them with the number of metres of depth at which they were found."

Dr. Schliemann next invited us into a room containing his antique treasures, at which his pretty wife was disturbed, and begged the ladies in a low voice to excuse the looks of the apartment, for, since her husband always kept it locked, the servants could not get in to sweep and dust. Here we saw the cup with two handles, which the Doctor considers the greatest of his minor discoveries, and he was for a moment disposed to be ruffled when one of the gentlemen present inadvertently expressed a doubt as to the acknowledgement of its correctness, but quieted himself by assuring the doubter that the universities, Mr. Gladstone and all, now granted the truth of the identification.

The treasures in this room of jars owl-headed pig-shaped, culinary utensils of all kinds and numerous other curiosities were so great that we remained standing an hour more, and whenever the ladies made a

movement toward the sitting-room, the Doctor would cry out, "One thing more ladies," which would at once bring them back. Meanwhile tea was passed around, the servants assisting being Pelops and Briseis, for the worthy master gives Homeric names to all his household at their birth if possible, if not, at their entrance into his family. His wife calls Glaux Minerva's sacred bird while his children are Andromache, a little Greek of seven years, and Agamemon, a flaxen-haired boy four or five years younger.

We asked Mrs. Schliemann if it was true, as commonly reported in America, that she could repeat all of the *Odyssey*.

"Oh, no," she replied, "only detached portions of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*." On being questioned which she preferred, she replied with decision, "The *Iliad*; it is so much grander, although woman holds a higher sphere in the *Odyssey*." She also expressed her conviction that the two were not by the same author. We then begged her to repeat some of the *Iliad* for our pleasure, and as several joined in the request, she asked simply, "Do you really wish it?" and being assured that we did, most gracefully complied, giving us at our request Andromache's parting with Hector, and never since the days of the blind bard have those immortal lines flowed more musically from mortal lips. She recited several times interrupting herself to exclaim on the beauty of the lines. She told us that she learned these portions to please her husband, who loved to hear her repeat Homer, and well he might. One of the company asked how many languages she could speak, she modestly answered, "As poorly as I speak English, five."

We were all by this time grouped about her in the sitting room, while the Doctor seemed rummaging in his treasure house, and Mrs. Schliemann told us much about her husband's habits. He rises summer and winter at 6, jumps upon his horse and rides to Phalerum for a plunge in the sea, returning to for his *café au lait*, at 8, when he devotes himself till lunch at noon, after which, with his amanuensis he devotes himself to his new book dining at 6, and in the evening his wife reads aloud to him until 8:30 when he retires. We looked at the clock; it was long after the Doctor's bedtime, and we hastened to make our adieus, but were detained by his entrance with his hands full of terracotta votive offerings, dug up from Troy, which he distributed to his guests as souvenirs of the delightful evening he had given them. When we tried, however, to express our pleasure and thanks, Mrs. Schliemann assured us we gave equal pleasure, since her husband was delighted to meet his countrymen, he being a naturalized American citizen, and so proud of his citizenship that his children have caught his spirit, and little Andromache says, "If papa is an American, why I must be one too." —*Rural Home.*

ANTS.—When these insects are troublesome in the garden, fill small bottles two-thirds with water, and then add sweet oil to within an inch of the rim, and the insects coming for a sip will get into the oil and perish, as it fills the breathing pores. The writer once entrapped in a pantry myriads of red ants in a shallow tin cover smeared with lard, the vessel having accidentally been left in their track. Another means of entrapping them, suggested to me by Professor Glover many years ago, is to sprinkle sugar into a dampened sponge near haunts to attract the insects. When they have swarmed through the sponge it is squeezed in hot water, and the trap is reset until the majority of the insects are killed.

—Before Fanny Fern married James Parton she wrote in a description of Broadway, "Here comes James Parton, who doesn't believe in a devil." George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, copied it subsequently, and added: "Ah! Fanny, that was before he was married."