

## What a History.

By correct data it is known that sixty thousand of our people, in the States and Territories, die annually from drunkenness. These victims are equal to, if not above the average of our people in intellect and social standing. Each one has a history, that if recorded, would harrow up sad recollections in the minds of his or her surviving friends. If the history of the whole number were written, compiled and published, what a history would that be! The time was when each one of these took his or her first dram; and there was a time also when he or she took the last one. What were the allurements, temptations and inducements to take the first dram each one knew. Every one of these once had parents, and most of them had brothers and sisters; and many of them had wives and children. Perhaps none of them died without causing grief to their surviving friends. When the good and the noble ones of earth pass away, their memories are enshrined in our hearts, and we love to dwell upon their many virtues, and the example they left behind them to us. They have left tens of thousands of volumes of good books of their compilations to us. But the poor deluded ones, who filled the drunkard's graves, left no pleasant memories, no bright examples to us.

Manhood, wealth, character, social comforts, health and religious principles were all sacrificed at the shrine of Bacchus. Their sun set in darkness, and no ray of hope dawned upon them as they passed through the lonely portals of death. If any of their obituaries were written in truth, a mournful tale was told. The world is very charitable to its own. Many of them are said to die by the visitation of God! It is true that they reap what they sow. But did they not sow to the flesh? And the crop which they harvested was a double death. If the earth could forever close upon these victims of strong drink, and their memories be blotted out from earth, and there was no hereafter, still their lives would be an abortion. And this mortality is going on all the time in our country, and yet what indifference there is amongst our people about it! Perhaps two millions of our people died directly and indirectly from the late civil war in the four years of its continuance. The wailings of woe went up from grief stricken hearts all over the country. The memories of those who died in their country's cause are yet sacred with their friends, and yearly do we meet to strew flowers over their graves and to recount their virtues and patriotism.

But of the class of our fellow citizens, who have filled the drunkard's graves, we bear a sad recollection. The enemy that destroyed them is yet amongst us, and is doing his work. His work of destruction is not confined to geographical lines. While a strange apathy, a strange lethargy and deadness of feeling seem to pervade the minds of most of our people, yet there are many good men and women in our land who are fully roused up to the enormity of the sin of intemperance. They are concentrating their efforts and organizing to overthrow the power of the rum fiend. Some of them are called fanatics, enthusiasts, and they excite in the minds of many, feelings of scorn.

If foreign enemies were amongst us in our midst, destroying our people's lives and property, at the rates of the whisky makers and sellers, what an excitement would we witness! What mortal resistance would there be; and the strong arm of the civil and military power would be invoked to drive them from our midst.

But this domestic foe is not only allowed to deal out death and destruction of all that is worth living for, but the law making power licenses and permits this monster traffic amongst us. The magna charta of our

liberties guarantees to each one of us "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Are not these greatly abridged by the legal traffic of strong drinks amongst us?

DAVID NEWSOME.

## Babylon.

The empire of Babylon is considered the first great monarchy of which any record is found in the annals of the world. It appears to have been founded a short time after the flood, and, according to the astronomical tables sent by Alexander to Aristotle, about 2234 years B. C. Of this first Babylon there is but little except what is related in the Sacred Scripture.

The city of Babylon, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Babylon, was founded by the first descendants of Noah, some 2234 years B. C., and in a manner rebuilt about 1200 years before Christ by the queen of Assyria. It was by Nebuchadnezzar brought to such a degree of splendor and magnificence as rendered it one of the wonders of the world.

Babylon was enclosed by a wall 350 feet high and 87 feet in thickness. On each of its four sides were 25 brazen gates. The streets of the city (there being 50) were fifteen miles long and 150 feet broad. The city was built upon either side of the river Euphrates, and was always supplied with provisions for 20 years. Here reigned the proudest monarch of the earth who had robbed every kingdom and had decorated Babylon with wealth indescribable. Enriched with the spoils of the East, and exulting in the day of her prosperity she seemed born to command the world. She said in her heart, "I am the queen of nations, and my reign is forever; I am; and there is none else beside me. My destiny shall survive coeval with those stars in which the observance of the heavens have read the records of my perpetual duration." Her proud monarch, while flourishing in his palace, could say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power?"

But the God of heaven said, "Is this the man that made the earth tremble, that shook the kingdoms? that made the world as a wilderness and destroyed cities? \* \* \* thou shalt not be joined to them in burial, because thou hast destroyed the land and slain the people." "I will rise up against them saith the Lord of hosts, I will cut off from Babylon the name and remnant, the son and the nephew. It shall become a heap of ruins, a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment and a hissing without an inhabitant." Is. xiv. 4. "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, it shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there, nor the shepherds make their folds there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lurk in its ruins; the houses shall be full of doleful creatures; there shall the owls dwell and satyr's dance. And the wild beast of the island shall cry in their desolate domes, and dragons in their pleasant palaces. I will make it a possession for the bittern and pools of water; and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts." Is. xiii. 19.

Concerning her king it was said, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut off from the earth, thou who didst subdue the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, I will be like the Most High, yet thou art brought down to the mansions of the dead, and to the sides of the pit."

Modern travelers describe the ruins of Babylon in every particular as the Lord God said by the prophet it should

be. Babylon to-day is only known in history, its relic corroborating with the fearful denunciations of heaven. That proud monarch wielding supreme rule over the nations in his day was a fit type of the "man of sin," the "son of perdition," of whom the apostle spake, "who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God, \* \* \* whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all unrighteousness, in them that perish."

This "man of sin," whom the apostle says, "the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming," is considered by the Protestant world the Pope of Rome, Head of Mystic Babylon. Babylon, etymologically, means confusion, which had its start in the confounding of the tongues of the builders of the Tower of Babel, from which this name is derived.

This "mystery Babylon," of which ancient Babylon was a type, is spoken of as "drunken with the blood of the saints and the martyrs of Jesus." "This woman which thou sawest," said the angel to John, "is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth." "How much she hath glorified herself and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her, for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death and mourning and famine, and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord that judgeth her." "And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great mill-stone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus, with violence, shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more." "And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying; salvation and glory and honor and power, unto the Lord our God, for true and righteous are his judgments; for he hath judged the great whore, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand. And, again they said, Alleluia. And her smoke rose up forever and ever."

T. M. MORGAN.

## The Wisdom of Modern Divinity.

And now we are told of another divine who has made the wonderful discovery that there is no resurrection of the dead. The sensation occasioned by the declaration of Bro. J. S. Lamar, had scarcely died away in the mist and gloom of the clouds of speculation theory till Dr. Curry, of the M. E. church, comes to the front, saying, "Our Lord's resurrection was in no sense a pledge or fathom of the promised resurrection of all men; nor was that body in which Christ was seen for forty days after his resurrection the same that had gone into heaven."

"How say some among you there is no resurrection of the dead?" "But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." 1 Cor. xv. 12, 20.

The first fruits of them that slept is equal to the first fruits of the dead. The resurrection of the dead is a prominent theme in the teaching of Christ and the apostles. Both observation and Scripture declare that the body of man dies. It is the body that dies that is laid in the grave. Neither observation nor Scripture teach that the spirit dies; not one of these modern divines who deny the resurrection admit that the spirit of man dies or rests in the grave, or that it is mortal or corruptible. It is therefore useless to speak of a resurrection from the dead of any thing that does not die, or of this corruption being raised in incorruption, of natural body raised a spiritual body, and of a

victory over the grave by anything never in conquest with the grave.

It seems to us that it is folly to admit a resurrection of the dead at all and have it predicated of anything but the body of man; that to deny the resurrection of the body is to deny the resurrection in full. Since there is no promise of a resurrection of anything that does not die, and to deny the resurrection is to plainly deny the declarations and promises of our Savior and his ambassadors; and if we throw aside this; as Dr. Curry does, there is nothing left but to deny Christ's resurrection, and have no hope for the future at all.

If the body in which Christ was seen for forty days after his resurrection is not the same that entered heaven, will some of our modern divines tell us what became of that body and what it was that did go into heaven? Men of good brain but only ordinary scholarship do not so easily detect the mistakes (?) of Jesus and the apostles, or perceive the hidden rules of interpretation that suggest these ideas heralded forth by the scholastic divinity of these late days. If these Drs. are correct, unfortunately for the great mass of mankind, the consolations of the Gospel are so obscure that around the cold damp graves there is little or nothing to stay their hopes and bind up their hearts. Even Paul's desire to attain to the resurrection of the dead will never be realized. The Lord will never come from heaven to change our vile body and fashion it like unto his glorious body. Evidently no man can agree with Jesus and the apostles on the one hand and the doctors on the other. With us the claims of the former are superior to the latter, and the doctors must not expect those who count the promise of our Lord great and precious to throw them aside for the wisdom of man; for it is better to trust the Lord who said, "All that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth," &c.

Yours in hope,

S. H. HEDRICK.

Fairfield, Iowa, Aug. 18, 1880.

## Death of a Poet's Wife.

Mrs. John G. Saxe, the wife of the poet, died of bronchitis on August 1st, at her residence, No. 28 First place, Brooklyn, and was buried on the following Tuesday afternoon. The funeral services, which occurred at the house, were attended by near relatives of the family only. Mr. Saxe, who has himself been long an invalid, was not able to leave his bedroom. The death of his wife has filled his friends with serious apprehensions for him. Mr. Saxe, in several of his works, has drawn his best woman, both as a loveliness of person and beauty of moral character, so plainly after his wife that friends always recognized the portraits. In 1873 Mr. Saxe dedicated to his wife his edition of poems, published by Osgood & Co., in this paragraph:

To my best friend (a diamond edition of a woman) I inscribe this diamond edition of the poems of her husband, J. G. S. Brooklyn, N. Y., September 1, 1873.

The following sonnet was written by the poet to his wife on her birthday:

What—years? I never could have guessed it  
By any token writ upon your brow,  
Or other test of time—had you not now,  
Just to surprise me, foolishly confessed it.

Well, on your word, of course I must receive it;  
Although (to say the truth) it is indeed;  
As proselytes sometimes accept a creed,  
While in their hearts they really don't believe it!

While all around is changed, no change appears,  
My darling Sophie, to these eyes of mine,  
In aught of thee that I have deemed divine,  
To mark the number of the vanished years

The kindly years that on that face of thine,  
Have spent their life, and "dying make no sign!"

—Bulletin.

## A Complaint.

"Tabitha" sends the *Indiana Farmer* this very interesting bill of particulars.

"Aunt Patience says in your paper, quoting from some one, 'A woman may love her husband devotedly, may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country, for him; but melancholy fact, if she fails to make home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her.' That must have been written for an Indian squaw, and not for us farmers' wives! How can I make our home comfortable, when there is not a closet in the house, and only seven eight-penny nails in the wall to hang our clothes on, and there is not a blind on the windows to keep out the hot sunshine, and there is no cistern for soft-water, and the big kettle that I made 'broke water' in is cracked, and the pump leaks and has to be primed every time I want a little water, and there is a hole in the garden fence and the hogs got in, and destroyed my truck? Don't tell me my husband can't afford to furnish better! Hasn't he got a new barn, and painted it red; and a new reaper, and don't he ride when he rakes hay; and didn't he pay a nice little sum for a chilled plow the other day? I guess I chilled him when I showed him my bread-pan with a hole in it, stopped up with an old rag! I am tired of this 'railing out' at us women all the time, as if we didn't do the best we can. If my husband would sell that Gold-dust colt that he paid \$50 for before it was ten days old, and put blinds on our house, and paint 'em green, and make me a pantry and a sink and a cistern, and throw away that old Resor stove that hasn't a whole lid to it, and make the house only half as comfortable for me as the stable is for the colt, my heart would sing for joy; and Mr. Editor, I want you to put it in your paper, and say that we farmers' wives are shamefully misused by our husbands' neglect of necessities and conveniences about our houses; and do you put a head line to the piece, saying something about a colt or horse or cow, and then they will read it, for it is only the stock pieces that they read in your paper."

The editor of the *Farmer* did as requested, and obligingly headed the article "A Kicking Cow," so that Hoosier husbands would read it.—Sel.

JOHN BROWN'S SON.—Owen Brown, one of the sons of old John Brown, is now the sole inhabitant of Gibraltar, the beautiful home that the wealth of Jay Cooke reared years ago on one of the islands of Lake Erie. This son was one of the guard left by Brown over the guns in the little school house on the Blue Ridge when he captured Harper's Ferry. The son, on hearing of his father's capture, made his way through the mountains of Maryland and Pennsylvania to a safe retreat in Northern Ohio. A correspondent who recently visited Owen Brown says he asked his guests into his "den," as he called his place of living. It was a small, square room, where he lived and cooked. His bedroom was overhead, and that, with a cellar kitchen beneath, gave him all the room he needed. The main room was filled with a little of everything. A gun stood in one corner and a fishing-tackle in another. A table was covered with books, papers, a lamp, dishes, sewing material, by which his mending was done without outside help, and a dozen and one little contrivances that need not be described. A cook-stove, a few chairs, a model of a boat and a few articles of clothing completed the furnishing of the room, and rounded the usual idea of a bachelor's apartments. This semi-hermit life seems to suit Owen. His brother, Captain John Brown, lives on a farm in Put-in-Bay Island, and is fairly prosperous.—Bulletin.

—The busiest of living agents are certain dead men's thoughts.