

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

D. T. STANLEY, Editor.

T. F. CAMPBELL, Ass't Editor.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1876.

OUR AIMS.

- 1. To fearlessly advocate the teachings of the Bible, in the spirit of kindness.
2. To earnestly plead for the union of all Christians on the Bible alone.
3. To point out evil in the church and suggest a remedy.
4. To keep our readers posted on the movements of the brotherhood in this state and elsewhere.
5. To entertain and instruct the young.
6. To give a brief summary of state news and the latest telegraphic dispatches.
7. To make this the leading religious paper on the Pacific coast, either at the same or any other price.

INDUCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

We will send the Messenger to those not now subscribers from the time your subscription is received to Jan. 1, 1877 for ONLY ONE DOLLAR, postage paid. Now is the time to subscribe. Let us roll up at least a thousand new names under this unparalleled offer. Will all our readers show this to their friends that they may avail themselves of this opportunity to take the Messenger on trial at a low fraction of its value.

We make this offer, believing that no family after having read the paper for a few months, will be willing to do without it in the future. We are determined to have 3000 subscribers by the beginning of the new year, if a first class paper at low figures will bring them.

Send \$1.00 in coin by registered letter or \$1.10 by postal money order on Dallas, at our risk.

Bro. Boothby desires to express his thanks to the brethren of Washington Territory for their uniform kindness to him during his recent tour among them. He reports many warm friends of the Messenger, and that they are zealously at work to increase its lists of subscribers and thereby increase its usefulness.

We have received the Watch Tower which has been resumed by Bro. Walsh, at Kingston, N. C., after its suspension. It is neatly gotten up in pamphlet form, and we wish it success, as Bro. Walsh certainly deserves the support of the brethren of his state in his old days, after spending a life in the service of his Master. He is now working under opposition, as a rival paper has been started, and one or the other will surely have to succumb. How many aged laborers in the Lord's vineyard, find in the following from the Watch Tower for June, an expression of their own experience:

When I have directed my guns against sectarianism and infidelity, I have been applauded; but when I have labored in the fear of God, to educate the brethren to walk in a higher plane of piety and zeal, and have pointed out the failures on the part of the disciples, to live up to the beautiful theory we advocate, there have been low mutterings, discordant sounds, and the utterance in low whispers of bitter words. It seems, as Paul says, I have become their enemy, or, rather, they have become my enemy, because I tell them the truth. And there is not an intelligent, pious, conscientious disciple among us, who does not know in his heart of hearts, and low down in his conscience, that I have warned them truly and faithfully.

Of all the messages that have emanated from the White House at Washington, our President has sent none more worthy of his position as the guardian of our liberties, or none fraught with more interest to the welfare of the nation than the following:

Centennial Message.

WASHINGTON, June 6, 1876. To the Editor of The Sunday School Times, Philadelphia:

Your favor of yesterday, asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States, to accompany your Centennial number, is this moment received.

My advice to Sunday schools, no matter what their denomination, is: Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practise them in your lives. To the influence of this book are we indebted for all the progress made in free civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people. Yours, respectfully, U. S. GRANT.

The committee appointed at the meeting at Egoria, Ill., to investigate the Abingdon difficulty, has been accepted by both parties, and we earnestly hope for a speedy adjustment of this trouble which has been proving so great a calamity, not only to the Abingdon church, but the cause in general.

Generosity Well Bestowed.

It has been the custom at the Annual Meetings in this State to take a public collection for the benefit of some aged brother. This year Bro. Harris was made the recipient of \$25 thereby, and with his characteristic generosity, he gave one-half of this amount to the Christian Messenger, for which paper will be sent to the poor and into parts of the country destitute of preaching. We have been talking about missionary work, home and foreign, and while talking Bro. Harris has done more than all of us. There is no more successful way of spreading the Gospel, than by circulating our papers where they will do the most good.

Bro. Thos. P. Haley, of St. Joseph, Mo., moves in the Christian that several of the strong churches of that state, send their pastors out as missionaries two months in the year and allow their salaries to go on. Other brethren are seconding the move and it is probable that it may be carried out. Who can estimate the good that may be accomplished in this way. All the plans and theories for Home Missions may yet fall into nothingness before this more practicable way of evangelizing. When such men as T. P. Haley, G. W. Longan, Wilkes, Hopson, Enos-Campbell, and numerous others are turned loose for sixty days against the kingdom of darkness, Satan will tremble. The idea is just as practicable elsewhere in Oregon—as in Missouri. While our theorists are talking and raising money enough to send one man to some foreign land to convert a dozen heathen in a year, hundreds of missionaries may be put to work in our own country—where the Gospel needs to be preached as badly as any where on earth—who may be instrumental in converting more than a dozen thousands in a few months. The idea is such a sensible one, that we hope to see it carried out promptly.

The first number of the Christian Visitor is received. It is a monthly newspaper, published from Smithfield, N. C., and edited by Bro. J. J. Harper and sister Sallie R. Dixon. It is a lively little paper, and disclaims all intention to work in opposition to the Watch Tower, and we would be glad to see it succeed; but as North Carolina can hardly sustain one paper well, it is evident the best thing these brethren can do, is to combine their forces and give the brethren of the south cast, a first class monthly.

To those who send us ten trial subscribers to Jan. 1, '77, and ten dollars, or five new subscribers for one year, with the money, we will send the Messenger free for one year.

The Annual State Meeting of California will be held at Yontville, Napa county, commencing Friday, Sept. 26, 1876.

Attention, Brethren!

We are in earnest when we say, we mean to make the Messenger the leading religious paper on this coast, and as you are interested in having this accomplished, as well as ourselves, we ask your assistance to this end. A leading design with us, is to keep our readers fully posted in all things that pertain to the interest of the cause of our Master in this State as well as elsewhere. We can only accomplish this, by the aid of the brethren. Some congregations have already appointed regular correspondents for the Messenger, who are to report weekly, or as often as matters of interest occur, in their respective localities. If your congregation has not already done so, please lay this matter before them at their next meeting, that some one competent to the work, may be selected to report as above. By this means, we shall be able to collect all the church news, and with able contributors on doctrinal questions, we shall have a paper that will be worthy of our noble brotherhood in this great State.

Examine Yourselves.

It is a solemn time when we sit around the Lord's table, to commemorate His death, for it is a time of self examination. No man can turn his thoughts inward, to the examination of his own heart as it must be seen by God himself, without being humiliated, and feeling to exclaim, "Lord be merciful." Notwithstanding the plain teachings of the Lord and His apostles on this subject, and all that has been said to

enforce these teachings, many persons continue to look upon this ordinance as a matter of fellowship, one with another. Hence, they are inclined to examine one another and not eat, instead of examining themselves and eating, as the Apostle has directed. Nothing could be more erroneous, and few things fraught with more evil. We are not responsible one for another, but for ourselves, which only increases the importance of our watchfulness over our course of conduct.

We are pained to be compelled to speak of another great impropriety, to say the least. Some, especially young persons, seem to take no thought whatever on the matter, but simply partake of those emblems, either as a matter of duty or mere form. We actually saw two young persons, not many days ago, engaged in having a lively time; but when the brother came around with the emblem of the shed blood of Christ, they became sober a moment to partake thereof, and immediately hid their faces to begin their merriment with renewed vigor. How we felt in the very depths of our heart to pity them; and pray God to have mercy upon their thoughtless souls.

Older brethren sometimes set a bad example, by engaging in conversation on business matters, possibly connected with the success of the meeting, during the time that should be devoted to that self examination so necessary to prepare themselves to partake, not unworthily, but discerning the Lord's body. Don't do it, brethren; you may mean well, but you are injuring those who are weak and thereby doing wrong.

Our Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the disciples in the State of Oregon, closed at Dallas on the 26th inst. Notwithstanding the gloomy forebodings of many, the meeting was, in many respects, quite successful. There was a good attendance of preaching brethren, while the audiences were fair in numbers nearly all of the time, and too large on Lord's days. The shed would seat comfortably some two thousand persons, but from one-third to one-half of the people were unable to find seats either Lord's day. In the main, the preaching was good, the audiences attentive, but the results in the way of confessions, not so great as on former occasions. Much credit is due the police force of Dallas for constant attendance and preventing all rowdiness on the grounds. Bro. L. L. Rowland, of Salem, was chief engineer of the meetings during the greater part of the time, and greatly enhanced the interest of the meeting by his persistent efforts to have things done decently and in order.

It was greatly desired that we should have full reports from all our congregations in the State this year, but in this we were not successful. The report as found in another column, does not make as good a showing for the cause as is desirable. But it is a step in the right direction and at subsequent meetings, we may be able to gather fuller statistics. Every Christian is interested in this matter. As a reunion, it was altogether a success. From all parts of the State were gathered the loved ones of the Lord who had met in former years, with some who were here for the first time, and the clasping of hands and the cheer of greeting and good cheer, showed that the occasion was not one to be soon forgotten. But in the midst of these rejoicings, many were the tears of sorrow, shed at the remembrance of our fallen heroes. Often was our attention called to the fact, that many had gone to their reward during the past year, and we parted wondering, who would be gathered home from our number, ere we meet on a like occasion again.

Doubtless a course might be pursued which would make the Annual Meeting far more beneficial to the cause in general, but this is not the proper time for suggesting any particular method of procedure. The sentiments of the brethren themselves, are preparing the way for improvements that will certainly be beneficial. Taking it altogether, the meeting had more of good and less of evil influence than we expected.

Kentucky University.

We learn through the Apostolic Times that the Annual Meeting of the Board of Carators, has just been held with open doors. The present indebtedness of the University is found to be about \$120,000. Two plans were discussed by the Board:

either to suspend the work of the University till the accruing proceeds from remunerative investments should liquidate the debt, or curtail the expenses by abolishing certain departments and professorships, thereby creating a sinking fund which should, in time, liquidate the indebtedness. The latter course was adopted, and the Commercial College was abolished and one or two professorships in the College of Arts. A resolution for abolishing the College of the Bible was warmly discussed, but we are thankful to say, was lost.

There was no extraneous pressure of any kind, all warfare against the Board having ceased. It was recognized that the chief want of the institution, is the confidence of the brotherhood, that should bring to it the patronage of former days. Without this increased patronage, there is nothing in the action of the Board that will save the institution from an early suspension and subsequent death.

Personal Mention.

Bro. H. M. Waller was in town, last Wednesday.

Bro. Stanley has gone to the Marion and Linn county meetings. Bro. O. E. Knox and lady are in our burg. We welcome them, but grieve that sister Knox is seriously unwell.

Bro. Buchanan has returned from Eastern Washington, but reports that he has found the promising land up there and expects to remove his family hence soon.

Bro. Warren, late of Ohio, but now of Washington Territory, was in attendance at our State Meeting and preached some telling sermons. He also expects to be at the Annual Meetings of Marion and Linn counties.

Bro. Boothby attended the Washington Annual Meeting and brought back subscribers and good cheer for the Messenger.

Bro. T. F. Campbell is to deliver the Baccalaureate Address at Corvallis College this week. He will spend the next two months traveling in the interest of Christian College finances, and we trust may be abundantly successful.

Bro. Gano Kennedy has accepted a position in Pierce Christian College, College City, Cal.

Bro. Judge Dunham, has been elected to a professorship in Christian College, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Bro. D. T. Stanley has arrived in Monmouth, Oregon, and assumed the management of the Christian Messenger. He seems to sit gracefully in the chair editorial, and we wish him and his enterprise abundant success.—Christian.

Bro. Jas. A. Wells writes from Racine, Mo., that he is in good health, but that business is dull and he wishes himself back in Oregon. And the Oregon brethren wish him back too.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Sister Mary Stump.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., June 1, 1876. A dismal, gloomy ride to Salem on a wet, cloudy day, a pleasant visit there of a day and a half, a ride by rail to Portland, and two days there of waiting for the steamer to sail before we were well started on our journey. At Portland, passed an hour happily in Wood's Museum with several friends, met a number of acquaintances, saw Himes' Steam printing press throwing off the New Northwest, visited some English and German ships and left Portland altogether satisfied that we had enjoyed ourselves more than we had anticipated. Met Mr. and Mrs. McNeill just returning from an extended visit to their old home in Illinois. They return to Oregon thoroughly contented with their adopted home in the west. Was very glad to find that Kate Jackson and J. M. Powell were going on the steamer with us to San Francisco. Left Portland at 11 a. m. on Friday the 19th of May and were until late in the evening of the same day reaching Astoria, the steamer stopping at several canning establishments to take on a cargo of salmon. We stopped so often and so long that it became monotonous and there was more than one card written to friends at home that the Aze was salmon bound in the Lower Columbia. The gill nets which the fishermen were throwing out of their boats as we passed by were something new to me. I watched them till the night grew dark and could not but think what a hard life, and a daring one, these fishermen must live, out in the murky, misty twilight, with sail full

spread by a stiff breeze blowing in from the ocean.

Saturday morning at 11 a. m., we crossed the bar, and I leave the succeeding two days of our travels a blank to be filled in by those who have had a similar experience.

As our steamer entered the Golden Gate a most magnificent spectacle met our sight. The passengers had all crowded forward as we sailed between the lights on either side and as the multitude of twinkling gas lights became visible, I felt as if we were entering the enchanted land of the Arabian Nights. Sailing slowly in the double rows of lighted lamps changing and scintillating in the distant darkness made a sight which impressed me with the beauty of a scene of which I had heard much, but never appreciated until seen with my own eyes.

Gliding past the great thoroughfares which represent the commerce of the West, the long twin rows of shining lamps reaching from the water's edge on and on up to the far heights, and the ever shifting panorama of the thousands of starry lights coming and going all over the great city was enough to make one believe that Alladin had here tried the wonderful power of his magic lamp, and beheld the result? I was forcibly reminded all the while and the words kept ringing in my ears.

"The night has a thousand eyes, The day but one, Yet the light of the whole world dies When the day is done."

My poor words are inefficient to tell of the beautiful scene; but I felt all its wondrous brightness, and it is a treasure of remembrance that will often give me pleasure. Remained in San Francisco some days, during which time we were occupied in seeing the sights of the city. Quite a party of Oregon folk spent, with us, nearly half a day in Woodward's Gardens. I confess, reluctantly, that the Gardens did not realize my expectations. The Art Gallery was not so large as I expected to see, but the dear little singing birds and the birds of beautiful plumage, twittered and sang and shook their brilliant feathers while Kate and I stood by looking upon them in mute admiration. Climbed Telegraph Hill and from there had a fine view of the city. Came back to our hotel through China town and came to the conclusion that San Francisco was a conglomeration of chinamen, saloons and flying sand. It was seeing San Francisco in another light than the beautiful one which enchanted us upon our arrival, but I must dwell no longer upon our stay in the city, suffice it to say, I enjoyed it as only those can, who have always longed to see such things.

Left Kate visiting relatives in the city, and J. M. P. seeking medical honors. All the others of our party were going to the Eastern States. There were Mr. and Mrs. Flint, from Albany, Mrs. Adams, from Hillsboro, Miss Nelson, from Portland, Capt. Lafollette, from Grand Ronde and some half dozen other gentlemen who made up our party, as lively and jovial a company as any one could wish to travel with.

Came to Sacramento by boat, and greatly enjoyed the ride up San Francisco bay and the view we had there of the island in the bay and the towns along the shore. It was a clear, bright evening and we sat on the after deck watching the waves and asking questions. Still on further and further through San Pablo bay touching at Benicia which connects the San Pablo and Shoshone bays. Benicia is a delightful place or so at least it looked, bathed in the evening sunlight, its beautiful home like dwellings, nestled amid the trees which bordered the streets. Sundown when we left Benicia, and the cold wind soon drove us to our state rooms, where I was soon in the land of dreams, and heard nothing until father's call awakened me and I opened my eyes to see the morning sunlight streaming in, and we passing the tall swamps of the Sacramento. Reached Sacramento city about 7 a. m. Came to the hotel, had breakfast and strolled out to see what Sacramento might be like.

Wandered through the city, stopping at every crossing to look far up and down the wide streets which are completely shaded by the thick foliage of the closely planted trees. Have visited the State house and while climbing the grand staircase throwing out of their boats as we passed by were something new to me. I watched them till the night grew dark and could not but think what a hard life, and a daring one, these fishermen must live, out in the murky, misty twilight, with sail full

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med with smooth, broad walks running in every direction. Flower beds and borders of varied color and diversity of arrangement give a pleasing variety and are interspersed everywhere. It was an hour well spent and I shall never regret the time passed there. We leave this city soon to journey on and on, I wish it were forever.

Philadelphia Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

The few days of warm weather, during the past week have made those who are able to leave the hot, close city look toward the mountains and the sea. Many permanent and temporary residents of Philadelphia are preparing to spend the summer at Atlantic city and Cape May. The famed Stockton House, the largest hotel on the Atlantic coast, was opened at the latter place on Monday the 14th inst. and the preparation at all places of summer resort indicate that the proprietors expect patronage in spite of the rivalry of Fairmount Park. The watering places will, no doubt, deplete the half filled hotels of Philadelphia.

The temperature of a furnace, and exorbitant Philadelphia discomforts may be endured a day or two, for the desire to see the exhibition is strong and wide spread, but the flesh is weak and the spirit becomes disgusted with from two to ten dollars per day for a single room without board. This is the rate at the hotel Aubrey.

There is a steady but very slow increase in the daily attendance at the exposition. A large proportion of the visitors are from the country and surrounding towns. With wise provision they bring their satchels with them, and after they have filled the aching void above their shoulders with knowledge of the industries of the world, they sit down and fill the aching void below. Many visitors from the city also bring their luncheon with them, they have all heard of the charges of the centennial restaurants.

The Turkish cafe was opened last week and having read when a boy about the excellence of the coffee, I ordered a cup, it was brought, without sugar or cream, in a tiny vessel that did not hold more than three table-spoonfuls, but it contained more of the exhilarating essence than is found in a quart of the chicory and bean concoctions that they serve at hotels. I called for a nargelia and smoked under great difficulties. It was very hard to draw the smoke through the vase containing water, and afterwards through the long hose, but I enjoyed temporary distraction, those who came to see the cafe evidently considered my attempt to smoke with that strange apparatus one of the sights, and between my efforts to appear perfectly accustomed to the exercise, and restrain laughter, I had pretty hard work. The charge for the coffee and the smoke was fifteen cents each. A Turkish girl gorgeously arrayed stands behind the counter, and waiters in Turkish costume bring you the pipes and coffee.

As a preface to a toff of the world nothing can be better than a visit to the exposition. The exhibits do not pall, if the visitor were confined to only one exhibit he would find in the excellence and perfection of the industrial display, subject for prolonged and interesting study. But the displays are almost innumerable and of infinite variety and contrast. In the main building the best industrial productions of the world are seen. In machinery hall the process of production may be seen, and, when the senses are wearied with sight seeing, the visitor can find groves with underwood that suggests the primeval forest in which Wm. Penn bought an empire for a few beads and blankets. Down in a little valley, only a few rods from machinery hall, and the Art gallery, in a secluded place, there is a rude camp, such as a hunter or a miner would build of logs and thatch with brush in two hours, it is hung with trophies of the chase and trap, a restless, unhappy little bear is chained to a tree in front of it, and a brook near by has been dammed to represent a lake on which ride two Indian canoes.

This exhibit is not much in itself, but when taken in contrast with the displays of high civilization all around, the effect is greatly enhanced. The Russian exhibit promises to be interesting and unique. They are adding to it daily, both in machinery hall and the main building. There is a certain sameness in the displays of the maturer civilizations, as of France and England. But the Russian display will, I think, be characteristic and present artistic and industrial features that are in a certain sense original; at least this was the impression made upon me from a hurried glance at the tables, clocks and fire places of beautiful green malachite, and from her bronzes representing mounted Cossacks, and far clad natives in sleighs; but it is too early yet to write of this exhibit, it will be at least a week before the arrangement is completed.

The Austrian Art display is exciting much interest among connoisseurs and artists, it seems to be pretty generally conceded that one of the finest as it is the largest picture on exhibition is in the Austrian collection. The subject is Venice doing homage to Catharine Carnaro, the young ex-queen of the island of Cyprus who abdicated the throne upon the death of her husband, and made a free gift of her realm to the Venetian Republic. This picture was painted by John Markart, of Vienna, and contains forty life size figures admirably grouped and distributed, on the piazza of Saint Mark, where Catharine-Carnaro sits and receives with gracious regal composure the floral offerings of the Venetian maidens, and the dignified homage of the Venetian statesmen.

The most prominent picture in the American collection is Rothermel's battle of Gettysburg, it is of immense size, occupying an entire side of the room in which it is exhibited, but the picture is not pleasing in effect. The despairing courage with which a handful of confederate soldiers throw themselves against the irresistible position of superior forces is very powerfully depicted. But the question may well be asked, why all this canvas of horrors, cui bono? The representation of human agony, of men dying from wounds and thirst, and covered with streaming gore, is not the province of art. No pleasing or gung lino emotion is excited, only horror and aversion. There is a long stride in art between the aggravated horrors of this bloody daub and the picture in the Austrian department, appealing with calm incessant power to the purest emotions.

It has been arranged that the fourth of July ceremonies shall take place in the square behind Independence hall and upon Chestnut street in front. There is but little space in Philadelphia for a grand pageant. The streets are narrow and it is impossible for more than a tithe of the population to witness the parade. Large cities on an occasion like this, are always crowded with visitors who have come to see the show, but who never see it, all the available points of observation having been occupied by the resident population for hours before.

There will be no field display of agricultural machinery as has been customary at former exhibitions, the judges having decided that no more accurate estimate of the comparative efficiency of a machine can be obtained in this way than by simple examination of the plow or reaper as it stands in agricultural hall. They will therefore recommend such machines as seem to combine most improvements, without competitive trial.

Excursion parties are constantly arriving, drops in the bucket, every little helps, but only on the fourth of July will the attendance at the exposition reach the figures that the more sanguine supposed a few weeks ago would be the daily average.

The Irishman and the Priest.

Never was a better answer made than a poor Irishman made to a Catholic priest, while defending himself for reading the Bible. "But," said the priest, "the Bible is for the priests, and not for the likes of you." "Ah! but sir," he answered, "I was reading in my Bible, 'You shall read it to your children, an' sure the priests have got no children.'" "But Michael," says the priest, "you cannot understand it." "Ah! very well, your reverence, if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm, and, what I can understand does me a heap of good." "Very well Mike," said the priest, "you must go to church, and the church will teach you; the church will give you the milk of the word." "And where does the church get it from but out of the Bible? Ah! your reverence, I would rather keep the cow myself."—Baptist Weekly.

Another conscientious man is opposed to opening the Centennial Exhibition on Sunday. He says Sunday is the only day he gets time to go fishing.—Norristown Herald.