

# CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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## Poetry.

### Flowers of the Heart.

There are some flowers that bloom,  
In the world with beauty not of earth,  
Whose petals are of heaven's perfume,  
Whose fragrance is of heaven's perfume.  
There are some flowers that bloom,  
In the world with beauty not of earth,  
Whose petals are of heaven's perfume,  
Whose fragrance is of heaven's perfume.

## Communicated.

### OUR MISSIONARY WORK NO. 1.

BY REV. H. T. HUBSON.

The necessity of more energetic action and liberal contributions to push the work of Foreign Missions will appear when we consider the extent of the MISSIONARY GROUND IN THE WORLD. The latest returns accessible to us are the following statistics of membership in the leading Christian denominations in the world.

Denomination	Members
Anglican (mostly in Europe)	135,000,000
Church (in Russia)	20,000,000
Orthodox (mainly in Russia)	25,000,000
Protestants (mainly in Europe)	13,500,000
Methodists (mainly in Europe)	7,500,000
Baptists (all kinds)	6,100,000
Presbyterians and Congregationalists	4,200,000
Evangelists (all kinds)	2,500,000
Others (all kinds)	1,300,000
Total of all Christians	257,600,000
Total of the world's population	1,000,000,000
Proportion of Christians to population	25.76%

Look at the vastness of the work to be done. There is Mexico—or near Mexico—arched with sunny skies, cooled by balmy, salubrious breezes, yielding a soil rich in mineral products and vegetables, and bountiful in the bloom of fragrant flowers. But there is scarcely a hundred genuine Christians among a population of eight millions. The people are in a state of ignorance, misled by scheming magicians and constantly convulsed by internal dissensions and bloody revolutions—demonstrating the necessity of the Gospel's influence and authority to give peace and durable prosperity to nations, as well as salvation and redemption to individuals.

ries in the world; China, containing one-fourth of the world's inhabitants, invites Christian enterprise; Japan opens her gates once more to Christian missionaries, and sends not only her ambassadors, but her young men and maidens, to see the marvels of European civilization, and to study the manners and languages of Christian lands. In Africa the slumber of centuries is being broken, and its vast interior is being opened alike to the missionaries of the cross and the energy of enterprising travelers. In Madagascar, and the other islands of the Pacific, the world of God is having free course and being glorified. Now, Christ claims by right redemption purchase the whole of this vast moral wilderness. Not one foot of it is left to the oppressive occupancy of the Devil.

The religions of the ancient pagans were limited by national boundaries. The Persian religion was limited to the population of Persia, the Chinese to the people of China, the Egyptian to the Egyptians, the Assyrian to the Assyrians. They had no missionaries to propagate their religion. Every pagan nation had its own God, and made no efforts to establish their worship among other nations. The Greeks did not go forth to convert the world to the worship of Jupiter, Mars, Juno, or any of their deities. The erection of the Pantheon at the imperial city of Rome embodied the idea, that all the Gods of all the nations were to be recognized and worshipped without any molestation. But the fundamental idea of Christianity is the complete dethronement of idol gods, the disrobement of their priests, the destruction of their altars, and the conversion of their temples into churches of the true worship of the one, living, eternal God, the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth. Christianity bears upon its shining front the sublime truth. *There is but one God, Him only shall thou worship.* Christianity is radically different also from the religions of the pagans in overstepping the narrow limits of the people among whom it had its origin. Not the confined boundaries of Palestine is its field of operation, but it boldly claims the wide world for its parish. It is to be preached to every creature, and become glad tidings to all people. It is to rise like the summer sun, and spread light, beauty and fruitfulness over the broad world. The promise of the Father to the Son is: "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

But how is the Gospel to be spread over the world? It is to be propagated by the direct effort of missionary enterprise. The early Christians were effective missionaries. They sold their property and made a common fund to propagate the Gospel. The apostles forsook their secular vocations, homes and native land, and went out into regions beyond and preached Christ, and Him crucified, in the midst of fiery storms of pagan persecution. Their successors with unflinching zeal and fidelity pressed on their glorious work into remoter lands. The church grew rapidly, spread widely, and had a triumphant career of permanent prosperity. The blood of the martyrs was the fertile seed, that multiplied the church into a thousandfold. Thus the Gospel spread over Europe, transforming the wild, fierce, warlike, superstitious, degraded Huns, Vandals, Goths, Celts, into the civilized, intellectual, Christian nations of England, Germany, Holland, France, Russia—nations the most illustrious of the world for political power—for the splendor of sciences, the fine arts, and extended learning. The Gospel propagated by missionary enterprise has thus planted its throne in the heart of these great nations, and reigns in their laws and rules in their social customs. It has cleared the field of all pagan opposition. It has swept down into hopeless ruin the Druidical religion of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, which stained its altars with the blood of human sacrifices. It has forever demolished the pagan religion of imperial Rome and intellectual Greece. The world no longer believes that Jupiter thunders from Olympus—that Neptune rules over the tempest-tossed sea—that Aëolus sends from his cave the rushing winds that who whistling around the world—that Apollo drives the golden chariot of the sun up the steep acclivity of the East, or that the grainfields are under the control of Ceres. Christianity has cast these imaginary gods of the Gentiles to bats and moles, and taught the world, the consoling doctrine, that the all-wise Providence of the true God, is wielding and marshaling the forces of nature to the grand end of the world's salvation. Thus, we see that the whole world—the storm-baten world—is to be steered to the grandly luminous Pharos of the Cross. "All the

earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." This prophetic announcement implies the supremacy, the full triumph, the universal sway of the Gospel. The spiritual conquest is to go on until "One upon all nations, and all cry, Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us! The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks shout to each other, and the mountain tops from distant nations catch the flying joy, Till nations after nations taught the strain, Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

### 'I DON'T LIKE REVIVALS.'

As others, prior to your existence, entertained the same peculiar notions of Christian enlightenment, I trust you will not take to yourself too much credit for originality in the matter.—The idea of luke-warmness, dignity and quietude, is by no means original with you. Others have occupied a similar position in the church, and looked with feelings of self-pleasantry and of indifference on their own, and the spiritual condition of others. In St. John's time, some belonging to Laodicean church, acted upon the principle contended for by yourself, that a Christian soul should be neither cold nor hot. The consistent elements of Christian propriety and of character forbid anything like manifested emotions of gratitude and joy. It was in their estimation evidence of mental weakness, or a want of proper training, and like you, my quiet, revival-opposing brother, they avoided what you term the extremes, and adopted the middle course of luke-warmness. I don't know that they expressed themselves as you did when you said, "no one was ever yet converted at what we term revival meetings," but one thing I know, inspiration says in regard to them, "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Man is represented as being dead in trespasses and in sins. As such, he needs the quickening and reviving power of a higher and of a holier influence upon his heart, to purify and elevate it high above "nature's darkness," to the purer atmosphere of Christian fellowship and joy. Do you suppose, my anti revival brother, that a Christian people whose affections and desires drink from the great fountain of abiding love, in the warm sunlight of heaven, will pause to listen to your puerile efforts to limit the joyous emotions of Christian hearts to the cold and narrow limits of sectarian bigotry and blindness! Why attempt, in this age of Christian progress, to revive the long exploded sentiment of those charlatmen who accused the inspired followers of Christ of being drunken—filled with new wine? Why is it, my brother, that you professed faith in Christ at a revival meeting, where you fell down beneath a weight of conscious guilt, crying for mercy, and now denounce such meetings as fanatical, and beneath the notice of intelligent Christian minds? When you made a profession of faith at such a meeting, did you act a hypocritical part, or did you really feel the love of God in your soul when you rejoiced with God's people? If you really felt the power of converting grace at a revival meeting, how can you now make the assertion that such meetings are altogether emotional, resulting in no permanent good to the church of Christ? If your daughter was to profess conversion at a revival meeting, would you not throw wide the doors of your church, and gladly receive her into Christian fellowship in the bosom of your church, in such a profession of faith? If you would my brother, you surely would not try to impress on her mind the belief that the means of grace used in the awakening of her soul to a consciousness of its danger, was the work of satanic influence! Would you do that thing? What! pluck the fruit, and smile at its deliciousness, and then spurn and rend the tree that bore it?

Because some churchmen in olden times, who perhaps thanked God that they were not as other men, thought our Saviour "cast out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils," was that any reason why, in fulfillment of prophecy, the renovating spirit of God was not to descend upon fallen man, purging out the dross and corruption of his heart, lifting the purified affections of his soul to the holier atmosphere of eternal joy and gladness? The Gospel of the Son of God is to be preached in its purity, as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, despite the opposition of opposing elements rising in hydra-headed deformity in its pathway. Ye darkened, small bound bigots! why grope your way in sectarian blindness, (having eyes and seeing not, ears and hearing not,) denying the motive and ecstatic joy of Christian hearts, instead of lifting your eyes to the sun-illuminated

heavens above you, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God? Infidels may scoff and deride, and blinding sectarianism laugh at the joy-inspiring truths of the gospel, but there is a quickening and reviving influence operating in the world, destined to eradicate joy and gladness in the soul of man until the dawning brightness of millennial day shall awaken jubilant songs of triumph from earth's redeemed and martyred saints.

### OXONIAN.

#### OUR MISSIONARY WORK AGAIN.

I am glad to see that some of our ministers are deeply interested in this great work. I agree with every word uttered by Bro. Hudson in his communication in the Advocate of the 17th September. I know of many Missionary Fields that ought to be worked—of many destitute sections that are perishing for Gospel instruction, and are totally unprepared. And are we not culpable in the eyes of God for our unfeeling inactivity in this matter? And does not the good book say that who stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor he also shall cry but not be heard! Now if this be true in reference to temporal wants when so few persons perish for want of earthly food, how much more criminal must we be if we stop our ears at the cries of the spiritually hungry, while thousands upon thousands, not only in heathen lands, but in our so called civilized lands, are perishing for Gospel food, and the bread of eternal life!

Will not these spirits when lost on account of our singleness cry out against us in that great day, and who will be able to say I have done my duty? I am confident that the men engaged in these Missionary fields are cramped and have to labor more than half their time to get the common necessities of life, and cannot cultivate their spiritual fields with anything like full success. I feel myself very frequently involuntarily filled with deep anxiety to enter soul, body and spirit upon this work, and could anything like a fair compensation for services be expected, would gladly leave all temporal engagements and enter heartily into this work. All my spare moments are already given to it, but the pressing wants of a large family admonish me frequently (when much of my time is taken up in it, and business snubbers by it,) that he that will not provide for his own household has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.

I believe if the proper system is put in operation, that the whole of this \$24,000 spoken of by Bro. Hudson, might be raised, and if I may not be thought to be presumptuous, I would suggest a plan, and hope it may be carried out at the next Conference.—And I urge upon some resolute, God-loving member of that body to inaugurate this or a similar plan.

A number of boys and girls—Sabbath scholars could be made the instrument for its accomplishment. If the membership of a church should be 100, appoint 10 to collect \$10.00 each and in that proportion according to membership.

Let them raise each, per quarter, or \$100 per month or 25 cts. per week. The Pastor of the church or the Superintendent of the school acts as Treasurer to whom their children should report.

In this way, in our opinion the \$24,000 could not only be raised, but if necessary double that amount, and no one would miss the sum paid. Seven years ago I saw this plan established at a place where the people extremely poor and not at all characterized for their deep piety, and that from that day to this a single Sabbath has passed when they had school that every individual present has not given one cent. In this way they have paid for a house and lot, have always had books because they had plenty of money to buy with, and the Treasury has never been empty.

Bishop Pierce at one of the District Conferences when listening to this plan described by its originator, remarked that "that man had hit the nail on the head," and who would ask for better judgment than his?

Yours truly,  
JOHN F. BOTT.

### Births and Deaths of Distinguished Personages.

COMPILED BY J. H. BECTON.

many. 19th. Leigh Hunt, Harriet Hooper. 20th. Lord Palmerston.—21st. Samuel T. Colridge, George Combe, Solon Robinson. 23rd. Francis Jeffrey. 24th. Sir James Mackintosh. 25th. Dr. James Battie, Lord Macaulay. 26th. Count Von Moltke. 29th. George Keats, James Boswell. 30th. John Adams. 31st. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Archbishop Tait. Total. 25.

### DIED IN OCTOBER.

1st. Baron Hastings. 2nd. Black Hawk, Major Andre hanged, W. E. Channing. 3rd. Samuel Adams. 5th. Lord Cornwallis. 7th. Edgar A. Poe, Dr. Reid. Henry Fielding. John Hancock, Franklin Pierce. 9th. Lord Derby, Howell Cobb, Count Polaski, killed. 10th. Kosciuszko, W. H. Seward. 11th. Fanny Fern (Mrs. Jas. Parton). 12th. Robt. Stephenson, Gen'l Robt. E. Lee, Marshal Murat, shot. 10th. Latimer and Ridley, burnt, Thomas Farnell, Marie Antoinette executed, Mrs. Landon, Ex Gov. Joseph Baker of Pa. 19th. King John of England, Dean Swift, Henry Kirk White. 20th. Dr. J. H. Merle, D'Angbigne. 21st. Edmund Waller, Dr. Tobias Smollet, Sir Rodrick Murchison. 22nd. Keyton Ranolph.—24th. Archbishop Tait, Gantier, a French poet, Daniel Webster. 25th. Geoffrey Chaucer, George II, Gen'l Henry Knox, Dorothea (B. C. 322). 26th. Dr. Doddridge, William Hogarth, Gen'l Robt. Anderson of Fort Sumpter, notoriety. 27th. William Lowndes. 28th. Alfred the Great, John Locke. 29th. Sir Walter Raleigh, beheaded, Charles Pinckney. 30th. Gen'l Mitchell, the astronomer.—J. F. Grimko, Judge Roger B. Taney. Total 52.

### FACTS AND FIGURES.

TABLE NO. 2.

Mr. Editor: The figures in Table No. 2, in the article on "Facts and Figures," in your issue of the 24th of September, were intended to show that Methodism in the United States was that much in excess of the Denominations named.

Your Printer breaks the comparison and puts down the figures as the statistics of said Denominations. It is a palpable mistake. The figures show how much more in numbers Methodism is than other Denominations.—After the words, "She has in excess of some others as follows" please print (if you will) the subjoined Table.

	Origin.	Births.	Sittings.	Property.
In excess of the Baptist.	9,449	7,725	3,769,074	\$28,455,939
Presbyterian	17,424	14,808	8,282,260	16,528,825
Evangelical	22,449	18,726	10,712,128	22,802,312
M. Church	21,151	17,081	8,293,693	8,888,826
Methodist	22,390	18,561	9,623,217	18,988,374
Christian	31,700	18,515	8,669,767	62,428,951
Congregational	22,291	18,428	8,431,797	44,734,493

### THE GLORY OF THE PULPIT.

BY BISHOP BASCOM.

After all, what glory is comparable to that of the Pulpit! Is it found in the torch of classic illumination, or the bannered arch of chivalry? Is it to be seen in power, extending its iron scepter to every thing beneath the circuit of the sun? Can it be seen in the spectacle of crouching millions, bowing to kiss the imperial hand of a regal Despot? Is it to be met with in the history of the world's Caesars—is Alexander—is Marlborough, and his Tamerlans—who roll their chariots to glory over the dying and the dead; who light the fires of conflagration, and sweep creation desolate, from the cottage to the throne! Oh no! It is the immaculate simplicity of the Christian Altar that charms! It is this, that has made kings forego their crowns—the warrior his sword—the philosopher his lamp, and last, though not least, the miser his golden gains!

Such is the glory of the Pulpit.—And long has it spoken more than the thoughts of man in the ears of every people. Contemporary and successive nations estranged from God, have beheld its rising power and exclusive bearing with virtuous dismay. It has humbled the power and pretensions of every other worship to the dust—even the most lofty and imposing, sustained by the lore of Greece and the empire of Rome. The groves of Delphi were deserted and her oracles confounded. The Minerva of the Aroepagos became an ivied desolation. The fane and the altar of Ephesian Diana, boasting the richest magnificence of Ionian splendor, faded from the vision of the world; while the proud temple even of the Capitoline Jove, in all its bewildering grandeur, bowed low in a contest with the unlettered fishermen of Galilee!

Pulpit fidelity belongs to every situation—all conditions. Whether in the palaces of the great or hovels of the poor, amid the Favonian breezes of summer and the tempests of winter, ministers must maintain their stand. That minister, who does not fear the

world, will make the world fear him. Let the faithful minister say to Adam in his transgression, "Where art thou?" Do Cain, the fratricide, "Where is Abel thy brother?" To David, the royal voluptuary, "Thou art the man!" To Jonah, the fretful prophet, "Dost thou well to be angry?" To Peter, the Satanizer, "Get thee behind me, Satan." To the Devil, the common enemy of our kind, "The Lord rebuke thee." And, to the God-rejecting thousands that attend his ministry, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" To the infidel Sadducee, he should preach the immortality of the soul and resurrection of the dead.—Reason a Pagan tribunal, he should reason of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come; and in the imperial court of the Aroepagos, drag Jupiter from his throne, and thunder against idolatry, like a messenger from Heaven! He should break in upon their lethargy in the accents of the tempest. His warning voice should pierce their ears like the birth of the mountain wind—the near echo of an earthquake! He should come down upon them, with the palying sweep of impending terror and gathering wrath; while to the penitent, the weary, and the heavy-laden, the minister of God should be like the bow of tenderness, sheathing its radiance amid the tears of the storm! Thus, in the character of a minister; devotion, fearlessness and feeling, should be made to blend, as nature has blended the breath, the brow and the vermillion of Heaven!

### A SAD CALAMITY.

Under the obituary head of our present issue, will be found a notice of the death of little SALLIE MARIA SUMNER, and mention is made of the circumstances connected with her demise. Two or three weeks since we briefly alluded to these circumstances, and afterward visited the scene. Mr. CHARLES E. SUMNER lives at Narnysville, about seven miles from Suffolk. On a lovely morning about the first of this month, he arose early and left his home for Narnysville, N. C. on business, and did not return until late at night. His wife, a most estimable Christian woman, was confined to her bed from indisposition at the time, but was not seriously sick.—About noon, a dark cloud arose in the West, the thunder was heavy the flashes of lightning brilliant, and the rain for a short time came down in torrents. But soon the rain ceased, and Mrs. Sumner arose from her bed and took a seat near the end door of her room, at the south-west corner of the building. The wind was blowing pleasantly, but the cloud had not passed entirely over. On her left, came little WILLIE, her deaf and dumb, yet remarkably sprightly little son of ten years, and laid his hand upon her shoulder. Little CHARLES, eight years old, came up on her right side, threw his loving arms around her neck, kissed her and said, "Ma I am so glad to see you getting better," and with his hand on her knee, enquired of her the best way to cut a piece of leather which he held in his hand.—Just at that moment a flash of lightning played around them, and both the dear little boys fell dead at her feet. She was stunned, and fell beside them. Little SALLIE MARIA, with an older sister, was on the other side of the room. The lightning came down the chimney and at either corner of the house, threw a kerosene can from the mantle, and set fire to it, and enveloped the dear little girl in flames. She was burned from her feet to her head. A lady in another house ran to her relief, put out her burning clothes, and then lifted poor Mrs. Sumner from between her two dead boys, and laid her on the bed, to realize the state of things surrounding her.

Mr. Sumner did not reach home until nearly midnight, to find the light of his household gone out during his absence. We visited the scene when the little boys had been borne away to the old family cemetery, locked upon the poor little suffering girl, now gone, offered the comforts of his holy religion to the deeply bereaved and distressed mother, and sorrow stricken father. We will never cease to remember our feelings and the exercises of our mind, as we sat down to weep with the bereaved father.

Mrs. Sumner is still confined to her bed, and is very weak, but bears her losses with much Christian fortitude and patience. Only a few weeks before, she had consigned her darling babe to the grave—four children taken from one family in so short a time!

Oh! how every Christian heart should pity the sorrows and bereavements of those around them. We know not how soon we may be in trouble, and crave the sympathy of others.—Suffolk Christian Sun.

### MARRYING WITH A RING.

With this ring I thee do wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

This portion of the marriage ceremony, as it now stands in the Methodist Discipline, seems ill-adapted both to the fortunes and to the tastes of those who are expected to use it. We need not now inquire into its historical origin, or its force and fitness in other lands and in other days. The times have changed, and we are not precisely what our English ancestors were half millennium of years ago. The use of the ring in the consummation of the matrimonial vow is an ancient custom, and to many so beautiful that they would regret its discontinuance. But the phrase, "all my worldly goods," is often suggestive of possessions so pitifully small in amount, or so ridiculously unsuitable to constitute a dowry for a wife, as to mortify the parties being married, while it evinces their listening acquaintance. Even if the bridegroom be possessed of fortune, he could scarcely be expected to transfer it all to his bride. That he will freely share with her whatever of worldly goods he may possess is implied in the promise to love, comfort, honor and keep her, which he has already made. But even supposing it were his intention actually to convey to his bride a title to all his earthly possessions, would it be either legal, customary or becomingly reverential to make such conveyance in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost? In religious sacraments, prayers and vows these awful names of the Triune One may be fitly employed; but a formal transfer of "worldly goods," in this sacramental style seems highly inappropriate. Would not the expression of some tender and earnest sentiment be a more seemly accompaniment for the adjustment of the ring? Some like the following: "With this ring I thee wed. As it is one, so be our hearts united; as it is pure, so be our wedded life, as it is endless, so by our plighted love, till death shall part."

Others would perhaps prefer the sentiment in rhyme: "With this ring I thee wed, 'tis the pledge of my love, 'tis the promise of a true wedded life, 'tis the earnest ambition of the hearts we unite, 'tis the circle of eternity that we now plight."  
—N. O. Christian Advocate.

### THE FRENCH AS HUMORISTS.

*Je suis Français* is a phrase often heard in France. If an imputation be made on a man's courage, his figure is drawn up to its greatest altitude, and the words are uttered as if from Olympian heights. If he takes what he deems a noble stand, worthy of himself and his country, he taps himself on the breast and the three words follow. If a reflection be made on that honor about which there is so much talk, the phrase of three words is pronounced with an intimation that excuses must be offered with the alternation of blood-letting. Rarely crowd a man at the theatre or the railway station, and two to one he will say, "Don't push me, sir; I am a Frenchman!" implying that you may possibly do so to others with impunity, but not to a man of his nationality.

One sees in the Anglo-Saxon a disposition to jest at death, as in the gibes of the grave diggers before Hamlet, and the Western journal which said its State was so healthy that in order to start a grave-yard the citizens had to borrow a corpse from a neighboring State. This effort to encircle a death's head with a garland of humor shocks the Gaul. *La mort* is not used in a jocular vein. With us young people not unfrequently go to the cemeteries to amuse themselves; this would strike him as singular. He respectfully removes his hat as he meets a funeral procession and as he passes before the house of death.—Tombstone wit is rare, and Boileau showed a disregard of public opinion when he penned such an epigram as this:

C'est un homme. Ah! qu'il est bien Pour son repos et le mien [which may thus be rendered in English: Here lies my wife and oh! how fine. For her repose as well as mine.—Ed.]

When one of his fellows is keen-sighted, the Gaul says he has the American eye, which probably has its origin in his acquaintance with the works of Cooper; for if he be ignorant of every other American author, he always knows this one. When he says he is sick at the heart, this is one of his graceful evasions, and he means that he is sick at the stomach. When he speaks of a man as sober, he refers to his temperament, and it has no connection in his mind with the absence of drunkenness. Our streets look, and his give, on the street. The American imbecile will never set the river on fire; the French one has not invented powder. Romeo waits at the rendezvous for his Juliet, he calls the hour of the shepherd. We call a spade a spade, and he calls a cat a cat. When the time for paying comes, with nothing in the purse, he describes as the ugly quarrel of an hour of Habelais; in France a stupid man is a gosse; in France he is a turkey. The French duck we have acclimated, and it bears on its back the burden of our shame and false reports.

Anglo-Saxons are apt to take for granted that they enjoy a monopoly of humor; that they only have the thing as well as the name; but it is an ancient French word, and was employed in the English sense by Corneille, in whose plays it is found.—Then it fell into desuetude, and was revived by Diderot. Of the late writers, Sainte-Beuve gives one of the best English applications of the word, where he says, in speaking of Chateaubriand, that he had a kind of humor or fantasy, *qui se jouait sur un fond triste*—a description, by the way, that would apply equally well to the character of President Lincoln. Humor in the English sense is restricted, in the French it is almost a synonyme of caprice, leaving aside its primary signification. The French possess this quality in common with us, but with the condition that mirth shall not master art; there must be no coarseness in the exhibition. The Gaul cannot see the amusement of a man with a hat knocked over his eyes; he does not laugh when another falls, however awkwardly he may sprawl. The distortion of language in the search after droll effects does not move him to mirth. Though he understood our language as well as ourselves, he would never learn to be amused with the deformed orthography of some of our humorists; those broken-backed words and twists of language would only offend his taste.—Albert Rhodes, in the *October Galaxy*.

### FEMALE SOCIETY.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman so accustomed and at ease in the society of man superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken their delicacy and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declaratory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually.—Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like the gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of woman than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of good and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.