

# Raleigh Christian Advocate.

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## Selected Poetry.

### CUBA.

Siempre Fidelissima Isla de Cuba.

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE.

Over thy people, O, Cuba!  
Through thy valleys of romance,  
Altho' glorious days of freedom  
Are but dream as in a trance.

Altho' pass'd and fading, valley—  
Hurl'd down and spreading plain,  
How the banners of the spirit  
In the burning lust for gain.

Since the estray of Golon  
First set up on thy strand,  
By thy shores, O, Cuba,  
Shall the sun Spanish land.

How the crash of martial music!  
How the clash of arms and steel,  
How the tumult of the morning  
Of the story that is told.

How the steps to Arcturo—  
There was done a deed of shame!  
How the sun was coldly butchered—  
Was a part of Spanish fame.

Wander now down to the Paria,  
By thy name, O, Cuba,  
How the sun was coldly butchered—  
Was a part of Spanish fame.

In the Moor—in the market—  
In the shadow of the sun—  
How the sun was coldly butchered—  
Was a part of Spanish fame.

And now Santiago's story  
Gives the world a mighty shock,  
Strength and Valour kind their victim  
To the admiring rock.

And they fallen on the Cuba!  
How the sun was coldly butchered—  
Was a part of Spanish fame.

How the sun was coldly butchered—  
Was a part of Spanish fame.

And they give the tears, O, Cuba!  
And our tears to God split,  
That at last the sun's celestial  
May come down to thee—a gift!

## Communicated.

For the Advocate.  
The Youth of our Country.

Although the unassisted genius of Stephen Decatur led his haughty spirit into misconceptions of gentlemanly dignity and honor, and induced him to place on record a precedent which christian intelligence will ever deprecate, the sentiment uttered by his noble father should never fade from the American mind: "Our children the property of our country." It is a lamentable fact that too many of the youth, who are to characterize the future of our country, are contracting debasing and disreputable habits. Many of them seem to think it smart in them to shrewdly deceive their parents, and indulge in degrading practices after they have retired to rest. Go to our week-day prayer-meetings, especially in our towns and villages, and who do you generally find there? A few of the aged members of the church scattered over the church, while the young men, who are to be the guardians of the dearest interests of the church in coming years, are in too many instances, frequenting gambling, billiard, and drinking saloons! Disregarding parental counsel and admonition, and wholesome restraint, the outcroppings of their nightly carousals too plainly manifest their preference for grog-shop associations, instead of the cheerful fireside at home. Although I may not hope to arrest the mighty current of moral corruption which is sweeping so many of the once promising youths of our land into the vortex of degradation and ruin, may I not hope to induce some, who have not passed the Rubicon, to pause ere borne down and fettered by the force of indulgence, like the victim of a merciless reptile withering in hopeless agony, they find themselves powerless to resist!

When young men think they are shrewdly deceiving their mothers, and seek the association of grog-shops, billiard and gambling saloons, and other scenes of debauchery after night-fall, they occupy truly a perilous situation. Such young men are to be pitied, and have much need of caution lest they be "led captive by the Devil at his will," the bane and curse of society. Young men! The old Serpent, the Devil, has a numerous progeny whose venomous bite is deadly and ruinous, engaged in the work of baiting his traps and deadfalls with tempting bait to decoy and catch unwary youths. Your parents and your sisters, and the church see the perils which surround you, and feel a deep interest in your happiness and welfare. Why leave the high road to respectability and usefulness to seek the fetid atmosphere and inviting shades of the moral upas which poison and debase the moral sensibilities of man? If the small-pox or yellow fever visits a people, spreading gloom and desolation in their midst, the electric wires con-

vey the mournful intelligence to every corner of our sympathizing land. We very properly send our afflicted brethren needed assistance. But how few feel concerned for the church, and sympathize with the afflicted mothers of the many deluded young men whose feelings of respectability and responsibility are being smothered and crushed in the miserable cess-pools of moral corruption which infest this land.

Young men! you know not the heavy weight of sorrow you are heaping upon your kind and afflicted mother's heart when you disregard her admonition and her council, and prefer the association of scenes of debauchery to the cheerful fireside at home, and the church of God. It is a terrible thing to have your affections, inclinations and desires crouching in hopeless desolation in degrading homage and servitude at the altar of a degrading and ruinous indulgence, with ghosts and frightful hobgoblins chasing you in your phrenzy, and terrifying the nightly visions of your soul. Make one more effort to disentangle yourself from the coils of your indulged and besetting sin. Go with your kind, forgiving, and care-worn mothers to the house of God, and rejoice their hearts with the cheering reflection that their noble and consecrated sons are ornaments to the church—that a brighter future awaits the church and the country when they shall be reaping their reward in the land of unsullied bliss.

Young man! lift up your head and resolve to be a man. Like the eagle with his eye turned upward to the orb of day, lifting himself above the tempests and the clouds, look out from the moral gloom which surrounds you, and like a Sampson, in the strength of a manly resistance, burst asunder the fetters of habit which threaten to chain you to a sad and hopeless destiny. Lift yourself to a higher and purer atmosphere, high above the debasing practices which brutalize and fetter the mental and moral perceptions of man. God did not endow them with the thinking faculties of an immortal soul to be desecrated to the *manic a potu* of loathsome cess-pools of moral darkness and corruption, frightened into madness by imaginary demons and hissing serpents. Man, created in the image of his God, was made to stand erect in all the majesty, dignity, and nobleness of his immortal nature the noblest of created beings; with his soul drinking in the purifying, elevating, and illuminating light of a higher and holier influence.

Young man! the love and anxiety of a dotting mother's heart pursues and clings to thee with deathless tenacity in your waywardness and thoughtlessness of your duty to yourself, to your parents, and to your God. Should sickness prostrate you, with christian fortitude and resignation, she would watch over you in your lonely hours of feebleness and of sadness, hoping proper nursing and medicine might restore you to health. And when debasing and bedouling habit is deadening the refined sensibilities, and crushing out the manly and generous emotions of your nature, and an unfeeling world is spurning and frowning upon thee as feelings of self-confidence and respect are fading from your mind, like a lingering angel of mercy, her love, anxieties, prayers, and hopes will pursue thee, hoping for thy moral rescue and elevation and undying felicity in a brighter land. You know not how poignant and oppressive the weight of grief which is embittering the cup of her joy and sinking her to the tomb, as she sees her beloved boy whom she nursed in his infancy, turning his feet from home associations and from the path of christian consideration and of duty, and plunging in scenes of dissipation, disreputable, debasing, and ruinous. The solicitude of David's heart for the safety of his son, as expressed in his lamentation, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!" conveys but a faint idea of the inexpressible grief of a sorrow-stricken mother's heart, when she sees her son, the object of her many prayers and tears, sink into the grave a mental and moral wreck of manhood, and the last lingering ray of hope of his reformation and eternal happiness fades from her mind in the sad realization of his melancholy fate and hopeless destiny.

Young man! your pious and devoted parents love you. Do not disregard their kindly admonition and counsel; but obey their teachings and follow their christian example. Kneel with them around the family altar, invoking the blessings of heaven upon your head. And when they stretch their aged limbs to rest upon their beds, do not desire or seek the debasing scenes of outside association, but retire to your rooms, placing yourselves under the care and protection of the great Shepherd that neither slumbers nor sleeps, feeling that if the material sun should never again illumine your pathway on earth, that your purified and redeemed spirit would bask in the eternal and ever illuminating sunlight of eternal light and love. Let it never

be written on the tombstone that points out your mother's grave, "Here lies an humble, devoted, and affectionate christian mother, whose gray hairs were brought down with sorrow to the grave, by the waywardness and ingratitude of an unprofitable and wicked son."

Young men! bear in mind the teachings and the council of the Inspired Apostle to the Gentiles: "Flee also youthful lusts;" and forget not the admonition of the angel of mercy to the lingering lot, when the merited vengeance of Heaven was about to descend upon the cities, and the wicked inhabitants of the plain: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain, lest thou be consumed." Take the high road to respectability and usefulness, shunning the demoralizing influences which contribute to the degradation, downfall and ruin of men.

OXFORD, N. C., Oct. 28th.  
For the Advocate.  
Historical Society of N. C. Conference.

The question of having the History of North Carolina Methodism written is being now agitated. All agree as to the propriety of the enterprise. The successful career of Methodism in our State, is earnestly worthy of being embalmed in the permanent form of written history. If secular history is philosophy teaching by example, ecclesiastical history is christianity teaching by example. We have a number of N. C. Histories in reference to secular affairs. We have general histories of wars, of heathen and civilized nations. We have N. C. novels and biographies. The History of the Lutheran Church in N. C. is already published—that of the Presbyterian, is largely written in Mr. Foote's sketches of N. C. The Baptists, I learn, took the preliminary steps, at their late convention, to gather materials for the writing of their Church History, in N. C. Methodists, equal at least in moral force, christian usefulness and influential power and numerical strength to any other denomination in the State, ought to have self-respect enough to preserve the shining deeds of their forefathers in the form of history. What shall we Methodists do? Let us, at least, organize a Historical Society at our approaching Conference, as the best means of collecting the widely scattered materials necessary for the writing of the proposed History. There are two sources from which we can gather facts. First, the fragmentary sketches of Methodism to be found in books, magazines, papers and the unpublished manuscripts of our pioneer fathers. Secondly, the knowledge attainable from the memory of the aged persons now living in and out of the State. The information from this last source, must be obtained speedily or else it will be irretrievably lost by death. It is just *one hundred years* since Robert Williams began to preach in North Carolina in the Roanoke section. This was the first Methodist preaching in our State at any regular preaching place. It was then Missionary ground. The first circuit was formed 97 years ago, and was called "Carolina." Two years later, the Carolina was divided into three—Roanoke, Tar River, New Hope. It would be eminently appropriate for us to *celebrate the hundredth year* of Methodist preaching in the State by taking the preliminary steps of having the proposed History written. I therefore, heartily sanction the article written by Bro. Raven on this subject, and write this to get the enterprise put upon the footing of practical operation.

H. T. HUDSON.  
Letter from Dr. Pierce.

Mr. Editor: In my former letter, after a brief reference to myself, I suggested much in the way of my fears, and a little, in reference to my idea of reinstating Methodism in its primitive excellency. Than this, there can be no higher object before Methodist pastors and people.

Methodism, as a system of practical godliness, never can be improved upon its original John Wesley foundation. All attempts to improve it are more abortive than would be the folly of a surgeon who would attempt to benefit his patient by cutting off his natural legs in order to substitute cork ones. I have never known any one to fall out with Methodism, as Methodism, except for the reason that there was more religion in it than they had any relish for. Such a church can neither be created nor perpetuated, without constant discipline in preserving it from accumulating a stock of merely denominational members. Such accumulation will take place in any popular church, just in proportion as what is called cultivated and refine social life, increases under a popular religious influence. Hence, the importance of a strenuous guarding of the door of entrance, so that all who look for

admittance there: "Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it." The constant exercise of a high moral discipline is indispensable to the maintenance of a spiritually minded Church; and the very day when a Church, like ours, falls below this standard idea and law of church membership, it enters upon its own dissolution. A merely religious organization, for the sake of religious reputation, is the darling of the devil, in my opinion; is so, because the more religious any people become, while the light that is within them is darkness, the better is Satan's chance. Hence, you will find, in every country where a formal religion is becoming an ingredient in the composition of high civilian life, the startling fact, that the higher the civilization idea rises, the lower sinks the evangelization idea. And this, just because the flesh, and spirit, are contrary—the one, to the other. It never has been, neither will it ever be, that the idea of high civilization is associated with any idea of what I am calling high evangelization—by which, I mean spiritual regeneration. On the contrary, every appetite that is engendered by what is commonly called fashionable life, is of fleshly origin. The old but true adage, "birds of a feather will flock together," applies to these worldly affianced members. They are always ready for any thing that will increase the gorgonousness of a formal religion; half crazy at the suggestion of any measure for raising money to magnify the Church, as a thing; and the more grandly it is social, the more cheerfully will this class of members contribute labor or money. In them, to them, dull rounds of spiritual duties, such as prayer-meetings, class-meetings, etc., they find no attraction. Take out what feeds the carnal appetites and put in what satisfies only spiritual desires, and you will establish a test of genuine church membership, as infallible as inspiration itself, which says, "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, and they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit."

Now, Mr. Editor, if you were on an ecclesiastical jury, and sworn to give, to the best of your judgment, a right, correct verdict, in such a case as I will now set forth, would you not write the verdict, so far as your vote was concerned, "We find the accused persons guilty of living after the flesh?"—A charge of living after the flesh, is preferred against a number of young persons of both sexes, based upon the fact, that they are to be found at every fashionable or social party within their reach, while seldom or never at any of the sociable meetings of the Church. They admit the fact, and confess that living after the flesh is the characteristic of their lives. If living after the flesh is a crime sufficient to damn the soul, of course they are unfit for the Church, and such a verdict would lead to their expulsion, unless the Church consent to turn out its laws, in order to keep members in. And yet, the Church is crowded with just such cases; those proves, only too clearly, that those cuttings are waived, because conviction and consequent expulsion, would be inevitable. My horror is that this ignoring the sinful course of members, to avoid expelling them from the Church, will grieve the Holy Spirit away from us, which alas! I fear is already largely the case. I fear so because I believe that any church recognized of God as conformed to His will, would have more power with Him, than we have, as an open endorsement. I tell you, my brethren, God meant a great deal when he told Jeremiah, that if he separated the precious from the vile, he should be as His mouth. My idea is that the neglect of the Church of the Living God, committed as it is to our hands as God's appointed rulers, is a crime of fearful results in many retributive instances.

Our office is to show God's people their sins. This sounds strangely, but "God's people" means church members,—all who have entered into covenant with Him. This we must do by open and faithful denunciation of all conduct which we believe to be contrary to God's Holy word; and kindly but firmly informing them that, if after such denunciation on our part, they persist, we must and will bring them before the Church upon the charge of living contrary to God's word. The specifications may be drawn upon one or more points, in which, in our opinion, the accused does not make the word of God, his or her rule of faith and practice. The Church, as God's Grand Jury is to find a true bill or no bill. When this verdict is rendered, if the Church should be so corrupt as to find no bill in cases of obvious guilt, you would be at your end as guardian ruler, but not so, as a minister of truth. It would still be your duty to preach faithfully against all those ways of evil living. But on the other hand, should this Grand Jury decide that the accused is living contrary to God's word, you have nothing to do but to say to

the offender, if you accept the judgment of the Church, and will yield obedience, all is well; but if you determine to go on in your own way, you leave me no alternative but to read you out; as you are obliged to see that no church can deliberately continue to retain in its fold one who is determined to live in a way which the Church, in the fear of God, has decided is contrary to God's word. In cases of persistent obstinacy, always suspend the execution of the sentence, with an earnest exhortation to the delinquent, to comply with the judgment of the Church. But let it be clearly understood, that dismissal is absolutely certain within ninety days, unless he sets himself right with the Church. Do this, and you will be joyfully surprised, to see how few you will lose.

I tell you all—I mean you pastors of churches—that the way you are going on compromises the whole Church, yourselves along with it. These worldly, fleshly minded members, feel that they have the consent of the Church, in the course they are pursuing, because through your failure, no decided dissent is set up by the Church. This cannot be had by individual expressions of opinion, but only by united utterance in response to distinct charges. Take the proper course, file your bill of complaint, put it before the Church in this Grand Jury form, and you will always succeed.

—S. W. H. A. to cat.

### The Death-bed of Prince Albert.

Most of our readers are probably familiar with the remarkable saying of Prince Albert when upon his dying bed:

"I have had wealth, rank, and power. But if this were all I had, how wretched I should be now.  
Rock of ages, rest for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

It is not easy to conceive of a more brilliant and happy life than was that of Prince Albert. He was a child of illustrious birth, and the heir to what would generally be considered large wealth. The home of his childhood was one of the most imposing of baronial castles, which feudal pride and opulence had reared upon the heights of Grosvenor. In his early youth he enjoyed every privilege of education earth could give. The best teachers of Europe guided his mind in all branches of knowledge. Obscure attendants anticipated his wants, as he freely moved amid the luxurious surroundings of the castle. Family largely with the most cultivated society gave him the highest polish of manners, and made him familiar with the etiquette of courts. He was by nature endowed with a fine mind, native amiability of character, and remarkable beauty of person.

Prince Albert thus early became, in personal attractions, in mental culture, in princely bearing one of the most accomplished gentlemen in Europe. When about eighteen years of age he visited the royal family in England, to which he was nearly related. In the gorgeous saloons of Windsor Castle and of Buckingham Palace he was an honored guest. He was introduced to a circle of society as brilliant and refined as has ever been known upon earth. And here he won the love of his cousin, the Princess Victoria, the heiress to the throne of England.

Their marriage was an event in which not only all Christendom, but every government on earth was interested. Embassadors flocked to London, in honor of the occasion, from all the principal dynasties of Africa and Asia. Westminster's grand cathedral was never before crowded with such an assemblage. All that earthly ambition could desire was now attained by Prince Albert. He was in the enjoyment of wealth unsurpassed in the visions of romance. He had rank which placed him on an equality with the most illustrious kings. He had power such as few mortals ever possessed, and yet without the pressure of toil and responsibility.

An attractive family of sons and daughters grew up around him. He had no paternal anxiety as to provision for their future. As each child was born, the British Parliament voted that child, for the support of the dignity of the royal family, an annual income of about one hundred thousand dollars.

One daughter married the heir apparent of the crown of Prussia. Thus there is opened to her perhaps the highest position which a lady can now occupy upon this globe—that of the Empress of Germany. The eldest son, heir to the throne of Great Britain, married into the royal family of Denmark. Other brilliant alliances opened before others of the children.

In the midst of all this prosperity, in the meridian of his days, being but forty-two years of age, sudden disease strikes Prince Albert down, and he lies upon a dying bed. The regal couch is draped with an imperial canopy. The splendors of a palatial chamber glitter around the bed. The

highest dignitaries of Church and State are present with their sympathy and homage.

But death is the equalizer of prince and peasant. The queen is but a woman weeping, broken-hearted, over her dying husband. The royal children are but sons and daughters sobbing in uncontrollable grief over their dying father. Prince Albert is but a man gasping, fainting, sinking in death—passing from the shadow of an earthly crown to the tribunal of God, where, like the humblest subject in his realm, he must answer for every thought, word, and deed done in the body. In a moment of cessation from pain, he looked up to the weeping ones around him and uttered the memorable words:

"I have had wealth, rank, and power. But if this were all I had, how wretched I should be now.  
Rock of ages, rest for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

He had, we believe, something more. Faith in an atoning Saviour sustained him. He had a professed faith in Jesus, and all who knew him believed him to be a sincere disciple.

Restless you will soon be placed on this dying bed. Have you this faith to sustain you in that dread hour? *A. T. Evans.*

### Palm Sunday at Rome.

[From Castellan's "Old Rome and New Italy."] It is Palm Sunday. The great Basilica of St. Peter is going to be to the benediction of Palms. Behind in the church the people are crushed together, as if they had not received with baptism the seal of Christian equality. From the grand altar to the great door are two lines of soldiers to prevent the multitude from pressing on the Pope. Although the assemblage is most numerous, it does not fill the immense space; for St. Peter's could contain sixty thousand souls. The words of military command resound loudly in the temple, where the voice of prayer should alone be audible. The butts of the firearms fall noisily on the marble pavement. Those present are strangers. The Roman citizen has almost disappeared in the inundation of foreigners called by the Pope to his honor. At the time fixed, the procession bringing Pius IX. appears. It is impossible for any one to give an idea of the different dresses worn by his retinue. To do so would necessitate a masquerading nomenclature like that of Bizancio. At length, after an army of courtiers, comes the Pope, seated on a gilded throne, and borne like the saints in our processions, wearing a robe of crimson velvet and a white mitre, his left hand holding the golden cross, his right uplifted in benediction to those who implore it kneeling. St. Peter's appears a theatre. The stalls, raised on steps under the vast arches which support the wondrous dome of Michael Angelo, are occupied by ladies. The arrangement of these religious seats seems the same as that of the central area of the Grand Opera of Paris. German whose costume is strictly *en regle* occupy the places below the stalls.

During the Mass, some talk, others walk about, and all occasionally use opera-glasses, sometimes turned on the ladies in the stalls, sometimes directed toward the cardinals. The noble guards—dressed like our cavaliers of the Court of Philip IV., with trunk hose and silk stockings, short velvet jackets, the sleeves slashed and adorned with clips of satin; the mantle on the shoulder; the dagger with hilt of steel before; the black head gear under the arm, and the white collar on the neck—join in the general conversation and mingle in the general profane. The Swiss only are immovable. It is pitiful to reflect that they have been so weak-minded as to forsake the liberty of their native mountains to serve—poor mercenaries!—a foreign sovereign. Their costume was designed by Raphael, and in this the great painter did not prove himself a master of color—it is a mixture of stripes of black, red, and yellow cloth; a helmet ornamented with a white feather covers the head, and each bears an elegant battle-axe. They look like lay figures dressed as harlequins.

### Going Through the Thin.

A venerable father was giving the charge to a young brother, who had just been installed over his first pastoral charge. "You must be prepared," said he, "my young friend, to go through thick and thin." Then raising his voice, he added, "But especially the thin." The pastors and missionaries, who are laboring on salaries of from \$400 to \$800 or \$900 a year, will appreciate the point of the charge, whether their congregations do or not. The stinginess, and sometimes absolute meanness, which ministers are compelled to submit to at the hands of the people they serve, is one of the greatest trials they are called to meet. They have one consolation: the Master they serve is not mean, if he has some mean people.

### Thought Better Than Books

REV. C. H. STEPHENS.

I would earnestly impress upon all the truth that a man who is short of apparatus can make up for it by much thought. Thinking is better than possessing books. Thinking is an exercise of the soul which both develops its powers and educates them. A little girl was once asked whether she knew what her soul was; and to the surprise of all; she said:

"Sir, my soul is my think." If this be correct, some persons have very little soul. Without thinking, reading cannot benefit the mind, but it may delude the man into the idea that he is growing wise. Books are a sort of idol to some men. As the image with the Roman Catholic is intended to make him think of Christ, and in effect keeps him from Christ, so, books are intended to make men think, but are often a hindrance to thought. When George Fox took a sharp knife and cut for himself a pair of leather breeches, and having done with all the fashions of society, hid himself a hollow tree, to think of the months together, he was growing into a man before whom the men of the books speedily beat a retreat. What a flutter he made, not only among the Popes, and Presbyteries of his day, but also among the well-read proprietors of dissent. He swept no end of cobwebs out of the sky, and gave the bookworm a hard time of it. Thought is the backbone of a student, and if more ministers would think, what a blessing it would be! Only we want men who will think about the revealed truth of God, and not dreamers who solve religions out of their own consciousness. Now-a-days we are pestered with a set of fellows who must needs stand on their heads and think with their feet. Romancing is their notion of meditation. Instead of considering revealed truth, they exogitate a mess of their own, in which error, and nonsense, and conceit, appear in about equal parts; and they call this "modern thought." We want men who will try to think straight, and yet think deep, because they think God's thoughts. Far be it from me to urge you to imitate the boastful thinkers of this age, who empty their meeting-houses, and then glory that they preach to the cultivated and intellectual. It is miserable cant. But earnest thought upon the things which are assuredly believed among us is quite another matter, and to that I urge you. Personally, I owe much to many hours, and even days, spent alone, under an old oak tree by the River Medway. Happening to be somewhat indisposed, at the time when I was leaving school, I was allowed considerable leisure, and armed with an excellent fishing rod, I caught a few small fishes, and enjoyed many day dreams, intermingled with searching of heart, and much ruminating of knowledge gained. If boys would think, it would be well to give them less class work and more opportunity for thought. All errand and no digestion, makes flesh destitute of muscle, and this is even more deplorable mentally than physically. If your people are not numerous enough to supply you with a library, they will make fewer demands on your time, and perhaps you will be even better off than your brethren with many books and no time to meditate upon their contents.—*Christian at Work.*

### How Arizona Lost Her Forests.

Legend of the Utes.

A LEGEND of the Utes, for which I am indebted to the pursuit of Major Powell's M. S. notes, explains the cause of the absence of woods in northern Arizona. It is not long, and there is something so impressively novel in its movement, as well as in the fact of our drawing a new mythology and fresh imagery from the very heart of the continent, that I give it, as it is remembered. It is called, "The Origin of Fire," and tells how once upon a time a bright spark fell from the point of a red upon the ground, and the nightingale picked it up in its beak and found it was fire. And the mighty chief of the Utes asked what it was, and the nightingale said it was fire. And the chief asked if there were any more in the world, and the nightingale said, that far off in the South was a people dancing ever about a great fire, with songs and shouts. So the mighty chief of the Utes made ready, and put on a fine cap, with long eagle feathers upon it, and started for the people of the South. And, as he went, he stationed nimble runners of his tribe all the way from the land of the Utes to the Fire People, at intervals of a mile. And, journeying, he came, after many days, to the Fire People, dancing with songs and shouts about a great fire. And he mingled with them, but they saw he was a stranger and looked askant at him. But he danced and sang, and shouted, with them, and suddenly stooping, thrust the end of his eagle plumes in

the fire, and they blazed up mightily. And the Fire People would have caught him, but he leaped over their heads, and falling exhausted, handed him the blazing torch of plumes and told him to run. And he ran and fell exhausted by the second man, handing him the plumes. And so they ran, each man catching the fire plumes from the hand of the runner, until the last man brought it to the land of the Utes. And they were so rejoiced, they put the torch to the roots of a mighty tree on the edge of the forest, and whistled as it burned. But a great wind sprang up and carried the fire into the forest and it spread in every direction, and all the woods were destroyed. And the people of the Utes prayed long and loud to the god Tawotz, and at length he sent a mighty rain, which quenched the fire. But a turtle sat upon a spark of fire and kept it alive during the rain. And this was the origin of fire. The myths combined give a not uninteresting barbaric history of the origin of the Grand Canon and river of the Colorado, and of the absence of forests in this part of Arizona.—*M. S. Stearns, in Old and New, 17 December.*

### Mischivous.

—A paper mill—a fight between rival journals.

—Before slates were used people multiplied on the face of the earth.

—Athens, Ga., has a paper named *Car*, with the motto "I can scratch."

—Out in Montana when they start a man down hill in a barrel, they speak of his "appearance in a new role."

—"What is your name, little girl?" "Minnie." "Minnie what?" "Minnie Don't; that's what Maamma calls me."

—A Boston dry goods dealer advertises "financial crash towels."

—Some people have their thinking, like their washing, done out.

—An Irishman has defined nothing to be "a footless stocking without legs." A description by another Emerald is better. "What is nothing?" he is asked. "Shut your eyes and you'll see it," said Pat.

The lowest thing a Southerner says he has read lately in a Northern journal, is the thermometer record.

A cow at Rome, Ga., lay down recently and her tail froze to the ground. A Southern paper, in giving a pathetic account of the affair, says that when the cow got up there was another snap.

THE ONLY OBSESSION.—"One day last summer," said Mr. Nast, to an interviewer, "I received a genuine proposition of marriage from an admiring young lady in Ohio, in which she referred to General Schenck and ex-Governor Dennison as to her position."

"What did you do?"

"Why, I sent back a cartoon of Mrs. Nast and the children," labelled "the only objections."

### Seed Thoughts.

—Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.—*Sam P. Stussy.*

—Nothing tends so much to produce drunkenness, or even madness, as the frequent use of parenthesis in conversation.—*Stussy.*

—He that impoverisheth his children to enrich his widow, destroys a quick hedge to make a dead one.—*FULLER.*

—Ambition thinks no faces so beautiful as that which looks from under a crown.—*Sam P. Stussy.*

—An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie for an excuse is a lie guarded.—*Pope.*

—The ready way to the right employment of life is, by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it.—*SEMPER.*

—More bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.—*HOOVER.*

An Akron, Ohio, cat relying upon his nine lives to save him, allowed his tail to swell, his spine to curve, and with a war cry emanating from his jaws, waded into a buzz saw in rapid motion. The cat was never seen again, but the boss sawyer, who always stood with his mouth open while at work, remarked to his assistant that he could "taste little strings and sausage meat in the air that morning."

One of the Ohio papers tells about a brave little boy out there who found a broken rail on the railroad track, and perceiving the peril in which the train would be placed if it should come dashing past without warning, sat on the fence for five long hours in the bitter winter cold, in order that he might carry the first news of the accident to his father, who is local editor of a paper published in the neighboring village.