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WHOLE NO. 1,005.

Selected Poetry.

The Death-Answered Prayer of Moses.

BY H. WALTER FEATHERSTUN.

"I beseech thee, show me thy glory. Ex. xxxiii. 18.
On Sinai's cloud encircled brow,
Adorned with vivid lights aglow,
Where God the towering heavens doth bow,
His awful grandeur to portray,
Rise! Moses stands and gaze on
The scene sublime with wonder fraught,
Till his face—the sacred glow—
The presence's kindling glow has caught.

And gazing on, he wonders why
This mighty spirit should be hid?
What new design matured high
In heaven is now to be portrayed!
He prays: "Oh Father, show to me
Thy glory—all thy grandest traits—
Unfold the glorious mystery—
Upon me let it linger shine!"

"No man can see my face and live—
Can scarcely stand a glimmering beam;
The sight thou cravest I must not give—
But still its clouded rays may gleam
Upon thee—not its fullest blaze—
An admiration thou mayst see—
To fall like them in other days
I'll pour unclouded full on thee."

His work is done—death's day has come—
His spirit still abroad in the air
Of that vast throng, while tear-drops large,
Fall fraught with grief, so glistening warm,
O'er his face—his eyes which fondly turn
A farewell gaze on that loved form,
For which each angel bows before him.

The dear-loved form, revealing now,
Ereover from their view ascends
Old Noah's rugged, lofty brow,
And passing now, a moment spends
In meditation, gazing o'er
The plain bedazzled with the blue
Of snowy, sunlit tents, so warm
To greet his living, hovering gaze.

Now high on his old Pharaoh's top
He stands, while smiling Palestine,
Green-robbed before his view, looks up
And then that pensive, gloomy frown,
Looks down for a long, sad, awful
His splendour to his captives view;
Old Time's career his vision trails,
The cloudy future piercing through.

He sees his own loved Israel spread
In beauty o'er those emerald hills—
Jehovah's people, his chosen ones—
How low the score his spirit thrills!
He sees her high in glory stand,
Ere up to lofty ethereal clime,
He sees her kings and sages wise,
Her poets, prophets, most sublime.

All further on he sees the light
Of angelic rays on the earth—
The Sun of righteousness, for fight,
Plume with his wings at Shiloh's birth.
He sees the light more glorious grow,
All hearts now like the world glow,
Until it melts before the glow
Of grand Millenium's brighter ray.

And further yet he sees, away
Beyond old Earth's and Time's career,
The brightest beam of heavenly day
And heavenly music greets his ear.
He sees loved Israel gathered round
The throne of Israel's Shiloh bright,
And hear their rapturous songs resound
E'er o'er those blissful plains of light!

As he each opening scene beholds,
More raptured still his spirit grows;
But now the last grand scene unfolds,
And he sees now his spirit glow—
His quivering frame sinks 'neath its weight—
His trembling spirit spreads its wings—
Now bursts its earthly prison's gate,
And, quick as thought, toward glory springs.

Oh man of God thy fervent prayer
Is answered, and the glory shown—
Why thus so still and pale? O where
Has the structure of spirit grown?
Transcending depths of aural deep,
It passes through thy portals bright,
O'er heaven's verdant fields to sweep,
All bathed in floods of golden light.

Communicated.

For the Advocate.

Letters to a Young Inebriate.—No. IV.

But there are other evils growing out of the use of tobacco, besides its polluting, unseemly filthiness, which, were it to pass over in silence, I would do violence to my convictions of duty, and you will allow me to bespeak your patience, and if need be, your forbearance, (if so be that you indulge in this habit) while with almost parental solicitude, and, as I trust, a due sense of professional responsibility, I warn you of the physical, and sometimes moral disaster that this habit entails upon its victims, some of all of which may overtake and overwhelm you ere life's duties are done.

The millions of the human race who use the weed, are brought forward to prove that there is something in it that meets certain propensities of our nature, and yet by nature no one has a relish for, or will love the taste of tobacco. These are purely acquired—its properties are violently poisonous—and its effects preeminently prove this. The vertigo, deadly nausea, and subsequent profuse vomiting that follow its absorption in the system,—are so many pointings of nature going to prove her repugnance to its presence in her appointed work—and are so many reprobations against its repetition or persistence in bringing her well ordered laws in subjugation—it follows therefore that the taste for tobacco is first endured and afterwards loved, purely to secure its effects. These though so repugnant and terrible at first, gradually subside, as the infatuated victim persists in his efforts to overcome them, until not only a new taste and want is aroused, but a new train of sensations are developed, unnatural in their cause, morbid in their character, and pernicious in their tendency—both to the physical and mental man. This new train of sensations and unnatural wants soon gains an ascendancy over their victim that in thousands of cases amounts to a species of monom-

ania which is premonitory of the whole train of mental aberrations, from incipient to confirmed insanity. But by far the most common and wide spread evils growing out of the use of tobacco are seen in its effects upon the physical health. That its use in all forms is highly deleterious to health, productive of a vast number and a grave character of diseases, is none the less true; though neither regarded, feared nor believed by its votaries, whose aggregate is probably a majority of mankind.

The essential oil of tobacco, or its active principle, is declared to be one of the most active and virulent poisons in the Materia-Medica, as may be proven by simple experiments on animals,—and as seen by the morbid effects its continued or immoderate use soon brings upon its consumers. These morbid effects are varied and wide spread, and extend largely into the causation of that potent and alarmingly prevalent disease called *dyspepsia*. This is true in probably nine cases out of ten. *Dyspepsia*, arising from the use of tobacco, is a very intractable and obstinate form of that disease—hard to treat and harder to cure—because of the difficulty of drawing off the poison, which is its chief cause. This form of *dyspepsia* not only torments and tortures its victims with almost the whole catalogue of physical diseases, but reacts on the mind, inducing paroxysms of dejection, anxiety, fearful forebodings, palpitations, tremors, and a hypochondriacal and constant fear of impending death. This physico-mental disquietude is so terrible that it cannot be described in words, is admitted to be indescribably *wretched*.

Think of a man—a minister, studying a sermon, visiting the sick, instructing and encouraging an earnest inquirer, or ascending the pulpit to preach a sermon in such a frame of mind as that! This state of physical and mental suffering so terrible to think of, will measurably pass off, if the victim will abstain for a few hours from his indulgence—and one would think that a person once passing through all these dread horrors—if he could only feel himself free again, ex-citricated, released, would "go and sin no more"; but such is the infatuation of this habit upon the man. So impetive the morbid craving within him, that sometimes in a few hours he finds himself writing again in the clutches of his tormentor. (How like the poor enslaved inebriate!) Talk to him in regard to his habit, he will agree with you,—remonstrate with him, he is ready to promise,—warn and entreat him, he sees the danger but rushes right upon it. How appropriately he might exclaim with the Apostle, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But, then, tobacco is a powerful nervous stimulant, and sedative according to the manner and extent in which it is used, or tolerated by the system; all poisons of its class first stimulate to be followed by sedation. This exaltation and depression, having a specific cause, and that being a poison, soon induces a morbid condition of the nervous system—such as sooner or later cripples the strength—limits the capacities and disturbs the equilibrium of the human mind. This is perhaps true in thousands of cases among all our professions, and may account for their premature decline in physical endurance and mental strength. A great mind inspired with great thoughts, that is thus benumbed and obtunded in its struggles to be free and to grasp the great truths of science or religion, must not only exhaust and back down the physical system through which its acts, but must at last fall short in its own powers, of what it otherwise might have achieved. This is a most startling fact, while I pray you to remember, for if this is true in regard to other things, or other professions, it is equally true in regard to the work of the ministry. Embracing as it does matter for the profoundest thoughts that ever engaged a mortal man; and looking to results that reach beyond the end of time to find their consummation in the day of eternity. Is it not a pity—more is it not a sad calamity that so many of our ministers are poisoning their systems, enfeebling their energies, fettering their minds; and in this way—fore-telling their usefulness, curtailing their labors and influence, and abbreviating their lives, just to gratify a taste and craving of their own creating, for a poison, that kills while it satisfies.

You will see, my dear brother, that I have devoted this entire number to the consideration of the evils and damages of an indulgence in this habit of using tobacco. I offer no apology for doing so. The magnitude of this habit and the injury which it is entailing upon the health of our ministry and the Church, to me are sufficient reason for warning and remonstrance;—and, however lightly these may be esteemed, and however far short they may fall of producing the restraint and reform that are so much needed from

you, I hope for a better hearing, and for this reason, confidently appeal to you, if you are a slave of this habit, that you will shake it off as you would some dreadful incubus—that like a "strong man armed" is weighing you down, or if you are not, that you will slum it, as you would a mortal sin.

Yours in Christ,
WATCHMAN.
Cedar Grove, February, 1874.

For the Advocate.

Annual Conference No. 3.

MR. EDITOR: One of the most striking features of these conferences is the behavior of the preachers whenever a contribution of money is called for. And really, brother Jim, I sometimes feel like taking the whole posse out and flagellating them soundly for their conduct.—A stranger would think that they had "dead loads" of money, seeing how they give it away. Not a collection is made for any purpose that these in-pecunious brethren do not give nearly every dollar of it. At this very last conference one of these benevolent paupers gave one hundred and fifty dollars in one lump. And just four years before, I saw the same charitable beggar give fifty dollars at once. To be sure that style of doing it is not common; but the tens and fives fall "thick as autumn leaves in Yalambrosa's vale" whenever a pressing call is made for them. Don't you say, friend Bobbitt, that they ought to be thrashed for it? I confess that it always makes me feel mean when I see it; and I don't like to feel mean. I have often wished that the stingy supporters of the gospel at home, in the church and out of it, could see the self-denying generosity, the heaven-trusting courage and faith, with which these men give so freely of their insufficient and ill-paid salaries. But of them do not, because they cannot, give. It was with no little pain that I learned, after leaving there, that one of them, "of whom the world is not worthy," with the burden of many years, and more abundant labors upon him, was removed from one charge to another nearly across the State, and had not, as he told my pastor, "five cents" to meet the expense of that removal! The preachers made up a purse for him! If the devil don't get the greater part (if not all) of his late parishioners, brother Bobbitt, I'd like for you to tell me if the devil knows his own business.

The open housed hospitality of the citizens on these occasions is always most genial and pleasant; and every preacher seems to be at liberty to take whom he will, and as many as he will, to the house where he is lodged. The preaching at Conference is always good as it always should be.—But it is said that "kissing goes by favors." Does preaching at Conference go the same way? And do preaching and kissing therefore go together? If so, brother Bobbitt, can you tell me how many times brother H. had to kiss brother M. before he, brother H., got two appointments to preach at one Conference, while so much eloquence was kept bottled up in other vessels and not suffered to explode at all? I have been figuring at that problem myself, and conclude that the heavy whiskers must have swept the clean-shaven face, or e converso the clean-shaven face must have sought and pressed the heavy whiskers, several times. Next time I move that the kissing be required to be done on the conference floor *coram pub.*

What shall I say of the bishop? He looks more like a judge on the bench, or a general in the field than a preacher. A man of impressive appearance and great dignity of manner, he seems born and trained to command. And yet I thought at times that a little more of the *fortiter in re* would not have been misplaced. His preaching was quite up to the bishop mark; and yet I could name several who I think can beat him. As an executive officer, I should say that he has no superior, if an equal. Though this was his first visit to the North Carolina Conference he was, I am told, as minutely and thoroughly informed of the recent history of every man in it, and of every pastorate under its jurisdiction as any of his council. When a name was proposed in the council he referred to his memoranda, and could tell at once where that man had been and what he had done for several years past. When a pastorate was called, he could as readily tell by whom it had been served for the last several years, and what was its general condition. Decidedly, a Joseph E. Johnston sort of commander; one who keeps his forces well in hand, and can tell any minute where any man is and what he is doing.

There are many things of interest to be seen and heard at Conference, of which I will tell you of but one more: "for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also and of Samuel, and of the prophets;" of the Sunday-school Mass Meeting, of the Missionary Society meeting, of the solemn memorial services in honor of our Reid, our Barringer, of Norman the aged, and of father Holmes. We must omit many things and hasten to the close; for time presses and patience fails.

The one scene and one event which moved most powerfully the heart, and with chastened effect, the imagination, is the administration of the Lord's Supper to the large number of communicants who there throng around His table. This service was conducted at our last Conference by our excellent brother, Rev. Dr. Deems. It had been some time in progress when I reached the church. How many had commended, I know not. The chancel was surrounded and crowded by the kneeling communicants on my arrival.—And again and again, and yet again, many times was it thus surrounded. As band after band gathered round that table and retired, as company succeeded company of communicants, the congregation the while accompanying them with "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord," the Doctor spoke to them words of advice or warning, of exultant hope or triumphant faith which now melted, now strengthened their hearts.—Quoting our Lord's almost dying words "this do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me," he reminded them that more than eighteen hundred years have passed since that sacrament was instituted and those words were spoken. Then the splendid Roman empire was in the zenith of its greatness and glory; centuries have elapsed since that mighty fabric crumbled to ruins and the dust of more than a thousand years lies thick over its buried grandeur. He told of other empires and nations that have since risen and fallen; of the temples and columns and triumphal arches and other creations of human genius and monuments of human glory then standing or since erected, seemingly raised to stand forever, long ago overthrown and forgotten; of that glorious temple at Jerusalem, with its hundreds of priests and servants, its "golden stoves and gifts," its gorgeous ritual, its bleeding sacrifices and smoking altars, of which truly it is to be said that not one stone has been left upon another that has not been thrown down; of which it hath been wailingly sung—

For the Advocate.

Revival in China.

I have just received a letter from Lungchow, Shantung Province, China, written November 29, 1873, by my dear friend, Mrs. L. T. Crawford, of the Southern Baptist Board in the United States; and in giving an account of the missionaries whom I used to know in that country, Mrs. Crawford speaks of Rev. Mr. Corbett, an American Presbyterian Missionary who is laboring "a hundred or two miles" south-west of Lungchow.—"Mr. Corbett is having a great revival," is the statement. "At last accounts he had received into the church more than a hundred adults." How long the revival had been in progress is not stated. The intelligence comes in a manner that indicates the work to be one of no ordinary character, and that it is still going on with unabating interest. "A great revival" in China!—How strange, and how cheering, especially to one who has labored among and with that people, and witnessed their inexcitability, their want of enthusiasm, upon religious subjects; and seen with what reluctance they give up their old and familiar system of religion for the Gospel! How such news must cheer the hearts of all the missionaries in that country! How it must quicken their faith and stimulate their zeal! "A great revival" in China. Let it be told in all Christendom.—Let it be known in all the Churches!

Surely such news "from afar" should arouse the whole Church to renewed efforts for the salvation of the last heathen, and increase the confidence of Christians in the China Mission.—Can any one doubt longer that it is his duty to support that mission—his duty to contribute to strengthen it? Can any one longer doubt that the Gospel is intended for that people? If so, he had better become deeply and earnestly concerned for his own soul, and begin to pray for his own salvation. No one can be saved without trying to save others—without trying to save the heathen especially. With our the Gospel they must perish.—How can any one expect salvation himself if he cares not for the salvation of the perishing? How fearful will be the account of men of means,—of any means, who heed not the Macedonian call! Men are called to contribute according to their means. What a burning shame for a man making his thousands annually to contribute only fifty cents or a dollar to the missionary cause, while some poor body, who has to depend upon her needle for a support, pays that amount or more each year!

What shall the Methodists in the North Carolina Conference raise the present Conference year for the cause of missions? Only 4510, which is assessment! That will not be ten cents to the member. Thirty two cents to the member would give the amount the Board at Nashville assessed our Conference last May. Shall we not raise it? why not? The amount is very small for our membership.—Let every preacher treble his assessment and it will be raised.

It is to be hoped that the time is at hand when missionary assessment will not be made. That collection ought to be unlimited.

M. L. WOOD.

Literary Women.

Very intellectual women are seldom beautiful. Their features and particularly their foreheads, are more or less masculine. But there are exceptions to all rules, and Miss Lankon was an exception to this one. She was exceedingly feminine and pretty. Mrs. Stanton likewise is a handsome woman. Miss Anthony and Mrs. Livermore are both plain. Marie and Jane Porter were women of high brows and regular features, as was also Miss Sedgewick. Anna Dickenson has a strong masculine face; Kate Field has a good looking, though by no means a pretty one, and Mrs. Stone is thought to be positively homely. Alice and Phoebe Cary were both plain in features, though their sweetness of disposition added greatly to their personal appearance. Margaret Fuller had a splendid head, but her features were irregular, and she was anything but handsome, though sometimes in the glow of conversation she appeared almost radiant. Charlotte Bronte had wondrously beautiful dark brown eyes and perfectly shaped head. She was small to diminitiveness, and was as simple in her manner as a child. Julia Ward Howe is a fine looking woman, wearing an aspect of grace and refinement and great force of character in her face and carriage. Laura Holloway resembles Charlotte Bronte both in personal appearance and in the sad experience of her young life. Neither Mary Booth nor Marian Harlan can lay claim to handsome faces, though they are splendid specimens of enclaved woman, while Mary Clemmer Ames is just as pleasing in features as her writings are graceful and popular.—*Baltimore.*

Selected.

Justification by Faith - A Paraphrase.

BY VOX CLAMANTIS.

No thoughtful observer can have failed to notice the confusion and perplexity that exists in the minds of many teachers and seekers of religion in reference to the subject of faith and justification. This embarrassing confusion is one of the grand hindrances to the personal holiness and comfort of God's people, as well as the successful preaching of the gospel. We notice:

1. That justification and the assurance of justification are often confounded. Justification is an act of the mind of God. The assurance of justification is the communication of the fact of justification to the mind of the penitent. The act of justification in the mind of God is not only a fact distinct from the knowledge of assurance imparted to the penitent, but they are facts that are not always constant. Penitent souls are often justified or have the witness of justification. Justification takes place in the mind of God the moment the sinner surrenders his will to the divine will through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. The witness of justification or the spirit of adoption is communicated to the penitent after he believes in the fact of his justification which has already taken place in the mind of God. The condemned culprit at the point of execution may have been pardoned by executive clemency while death seems to him his inevitable doom. The arrival of the swift messenger with the reprieve does not create the fact of pardon, but brings the witness of a fact that has already taken place. Even so the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God. Now, we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

The faith which secures justification is often confounded with the faith which secures the witness of justification, as well as with that assurance of faith which is produced by the witness of the Spirit. Here are three modifications of faith which should be clearly distinguished in spiritual instruction. The Scriptures teach plainly that we are justified by faith only. This is the cardinal doctrine. The very pillar and ground of the truth. But the faith which secures justification is essentially distinct from both that faith which brings the seal of the Spirit upon the soul, and that assurance of faith which is the fruit of the Spirit. The faith which secures justification is the reliance upon or acceptance of Christ as the only and all-sufficient meritorious ground of justification. Its object is not the fact of justification, but the all-comprehensive merit of Christ as the procuring cause of justification. It is simply a willingness to be justified by receiving Christ as a complete Savior. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on his name. The faith which secured the witness of justification has for its object the fact of justification itself. The penitent, consecrated soul receives Christ as a complete Savior, and in that moment it is justified in the mind of God, but the Spirit of God only knows the mind of God, and may or may not communicate the fact of justification at the same moment. For the penitent may receive Christ as a complete Savior without at the same time believing in the fact of justification. This is a psychological fact of the deepest significance. It is faith in justification as a fact; the belief that I am justified through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, that secures the abiding witness of the Spirit. This act of faith sometimes accompanies the reception of Christ which secures justification and then the justification of the sinner and the witness of justification are constant. Assurance of faith is the faith of the operation of the power of God, which is preceded by both the faith that justifies and the faith which secures the witness of justification. It is the fruit of the spirit or the direct gift of God." Notice:

3. Some of the results of not clearly perceiving these distinctions. One of the consequences of not making the distinctions noted above, is the very absurd practice of urging penitents to believe that they are forgiven, in order that they may be forgiven. In answer to the agonizing inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" the penitent is instructed to believe that God does now for Christ's sake forgive him, that he may forgive him. Now unavailing this, and we find confusion, perplexity and absurdity itself. Let us see. The penitent desires forgiveness or justification. The instructor urges him to believe that God does now forgive him for Christ's sake, as the only condition of his justification. That is believe what is not a fact, and it be-

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comes a fact. Believe a lie and it becomes the truth. You are not now justified, and you will be justified. Plainly this involves the absurdity of substituting effect for the cause. Faith in the fact of justification must necessarily be the effect or result of the antecedent fact. It cannot therefore be made the cause of what has already taken place in the mind of God. All this confusion and perplexity arises from not distinguishing between the fact of justification and the witness of the fact. The penitent who is willing to accept Christ as a complete Savior, is justified already by virtue of that acceptance or faith, and should be instructed to believe in the fact of his justification not in order to create the fact, but to secure the witness of the fact. Another difficulty which arises from not distinguishing assurance of faith from the faith which secures justification, that penitents are urged to believe in order to justification, and at the same time told that faith is the gift of God. God does indeed require and command faith as the condition of salvation, but assurance of faith is the immediate, direct and glorious fruit of the operation of God upon the heart of the penitent believer. The first is the condition of justification and the gift of God only as the result of that previous grace which is given to all men. The second is the result of justification and the witness of the Spirit.—*St. Louis Advocate.*

Court Etiquette.

Among the most perplexing questions to which European Courts have been subject in the past are those of etiquette and ceremonial. We find much curious information on this subject in a recent article in an English Magazine. The Spanish Court was the most punctilious, and many absurd tales are told of the extent to which scruples of etiquette were indulged in. Among them we have that of the origin of the death of Philip III, who finding the fire too hot for his royal well-being, told the Marquis de Polbar to put it out. But the Marquis could not presume to do so, because fire extinction was one of the attributions of the Duke of Useda, who most fortunately, was at that moment hunting in Catalonia. So the king, who of course could not condescend to give way to fire-being bound by etiquette to give way to kings—sat majestically and scorchingly still, grew far too warm for health, got erysipelas, and thereby died.

French etiquette was almost as extreme as that of Spain. Arm-chairs, backed chairs, and stools were, for centuries, as Voltairesays, "important objects of politics, and illustrious subjects of quoterels." He explains, with his usual spitefulness, that the etiquette of chairs came from "the barbarians, our grandfathers," who had only one arm-chair, which was solely used by the people who were ill. This latter view is borne out by the fact that there were provinces in France where the piece of furniture in question was called a *chaise de deuil*; and that the Germans have, from all times, denominated it *krankensessel*—a sick chair. Voltaire goes on to say that Mademoiselle spent a quarter of her life in the mortal tribulation of disputes about her seat; ought she to sit in a certain room, upon a chair or upon a stool, or not sit down at all? The whole court was in emotional perplexity about these insoluble difficulties. Even the king himself was not free from the obligation of sitting according to regulation. If he condescended to pay a visit to a courtier ill in bed, etiquette constrained his majesty to lie down too, for it was impossible that a sovereign could permit a subject to indulge in unshared recumbency in his presence; so when the king was coming to a sick room, a second bed was prepared before hand, and the conversation was conducted in mutual horizontality. Louis XIII. visited Richelieu in this way at Arzacan, and Louis XIV. did the same when he went to see the Marechal de Villars, after he was wounded at Malplaquet.

In England, questions of precedence are determined by reference to a statute of Henry VII. Doubtful cases are referred to the crown, and the crown refers them to the Herald's college. A catalogue of persons entitled to precedence and the order of their precedence has been published. It begins with the king and queen, and ends with burghesses and their wives; it includes ninety-eight ranks of men, and sixty six ranks of women.

In 1508, Pope Julius II. endeavored to establish the rules of precedence for the ambassadors of the European powers. His list comprised twenty ranks, beginning with the Pope and ending with the nephews of the Pope and the legates of Bologna and Ferrara. It is subject of remark that for all the titles of sovereigns on this list only three exist in the same name at this day.

Amusing stories are told of the struggles of individual ministers to

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settles the question of precedence with each other. In 1661 a Spanish envoy attacked the carriage of the French ambassador in the streets of London and had his horses laming, in order that he might reach court first.

When Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro met to settle the conditions of the marriage between Louis XIV. and Maria Theresa, in order to preserve the full dignity of their nations by yielding nothing to each other, the two Ministers stepped together, with the right foot, side by side, into a council chamber hung in corresponding halves with their respective colors, and sat down at the same instant precisely opposite each other at a critically square table, on two mathematically equivalent arm-chairs.

Briefeld tells a story of two envoys, one from Genoa and one from Bradenburg, who, being unable to come to terms as to which of them should present himself first to the French king, stipulated that whoever reached Versailles soonest on the day of their reception should take precedence of the other. The cunning Prussian went down the night before the audience, and sat on a bench in the palace until dawn. The Genoese, not suspecting this activity, arrived in the morning early, saw the Prussian, recognized that he was beaten, but with the perfidy which Italian proverbs attribute to the children of his native town, slipped surreptitiously through the door of the king's bedroom, which had been left ajar, and instantly commenced the requisite salutations. The Genoese rushed indignantly after him, pulled him back by the skirts, and began pouring out his own harangue.

Two ambassadors met face to face on the bridge at Prague, and stopped there for the entire day, because neither of them would disgrace his country by letting the other one go by.

In 1768, at a court ball in London, Ivan Czernicheff, Ambassador from Russia, sat down audaciously next to the Imperial Envoy, in the very place which belonged to the Comte de Chatelet-Lomon, representative of France. The latter came in a few minutes later, did not say a word, passed quietly behind the Russian, affected to sit down on a bench of the second row, and suddenly, with a bound, sprang in between his two colleagues, and in that way reconquered his legitimate position. A duel was the consequence of this, and Czernicheff was wounded.

"Sacred Music."

As American clergymen have been spending his holiday vacation in visiting some of the large cities in the United States, and gives the results of his sight-seeing in a New York paper. In describing one of the most interesting cities in the States, he relates how he spent the Sabbath. He says: "We decided on attending one of several orthodox Congregational churches, in which a distinguished professor of theology was announced to preach. The first thing presented to our view was the platform, near the pulpit, on which stood a large vase of fresh lilies. The first Scripture read was that part of the Sermon on the Mount in which our Saviour pointed to the birds of the air and the lilies of the field. The sermon was excellent—on the providence of God. But the part of the service on which I have some comments to make for general readers was the opening piece. The solemn worship of God was introduced by a solo, "Consider the lilies," performed by the leading singer of the choir, gracefully accompanied by the organ. So far as the music was concerned, it was beautifully and faultlessly rendered. The effect upon my own mind, however, was anything but devotional. The singer commenced, "Consider the lilies of the field," etc., and when she came to the application, it ran thus: "And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory—was not arrayed—was not arrayed—like one of these—was not arrayed (interlude by the organ)—was not arrayed (interlude by the organ)—like one of these." And then she went back again, and asseverated in the most emphatic manner, "I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed—was not arrayed—was not arrayed (pause), until I began to despair for poor Solomon, lest he should never get the very first of his garments on."

"There was yet another piece of church—not sacred—music, in which the soprano led off with the announcement, 'I will wash'; and then came the contralto, 'I will wash'; and then the tenor, 'I will wash'; and then from the profoundest depths comes up the guttural of the basso, saying also, 'I will wash'; and last of all they strike in together, crying out in concert, 'I will wash.' No one could imagine that this singular and oft repeated announcement of an intended ablution was a rendering in sacred song, for the spiritual edification of a Christian congregation, of those solemn words of the Psalmist: 'I will wash my hands in innocency; so will I compass thine altar, O Lord.'"