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HENRY WARD BEECHER, } EDITORS.
LYMAN ABBOTT, }

THE OUTLOOK.

The public confidence in the recovery of the President, which continuously favorable bulletins had developed into assurance, received a painful shock Saturday, when the dispatches from Washington announced that his symptom were less favorable, and that grave apprehensions were felt by his physicians. It appears that the natural discharge of the wound was interrupted, and in the condition of extreme prostration to which the severity of the President's wounds and his long illness have brought him his condition was rapidly changed for the worse. The pulse rose to 125, the highest point which it has touched since his illness. Drs. Hamilton and Agnew went on to Washington at once in response to urgent telegrams, and Sunday was a day of extreme anxiety throughout the country. A surgical operation, however, restored the natural discharge from the wound, and the patient rallied rapidly. The physicians feel no apprehensions of blood-poisoning, and while the President's condition continues to be critical there is still substantial hope of his recovery. Public interest continues unabated, the unfavorable news of Saturday being received with the same painful anxiety as was the intelligence of the assault at the beginning.

United States District Attorney Corkhill, who has had in charge the preliminary investigations respecting Guiteau, publishes a statement which is reported to be based on Guiteau's own confessions. He formed the purpose May 18th; he borrowed money, ostensibly to pay his board bill, and with it bought a pistol; practiced to insure a good aim; once followed the President to church, with the idea of assassinating him there, but abandoned the idea because he could not execute it without endangering others; on several other occasions dogged him, pistol in

hand, but could get no chance to execute his murderous design till July 2d, in the station. It thus appears that the design was pursued for over six weeks before it was finally carried into effect. If this was the persistence and cunning of a madman, it is certainly the duty of the State to protect itself from such madness as effectually as from crime.

It is stated, apparently upon good authority, that even before the attempted assassination of the President a majority of the Cabinet were so burdened by office-seekers that they were convinced that the Government could no longer be carried on under the old system, and it is now declared that the Secretaries are a unit in their desire for some form of civil service reform. The pressure for place was so persistent during the spring that the chief officers of the government were fairly swamped by it and unable to attend to the necessary duties of their positions. The evil had, in fact, grown to such proportions that it would probably have cured itself even if the bullet from Guiteau's pistol had not started the nation into a sudden comprehension of its enormity. Meanwhile the system of examination of candidates for clerkship is working very successfully in the New York Custom House. At the very outset it secures the beneficial result of discouraging all political "bummers" and hangers-on, who are not able to face even the simplest requirements of such a test. It relieves the responsible heads of departments of the undue pressure which makes office-holding a perpetual strain upon character, and it effects an immense economy of time. We are, of course, at the very threshold of this reform, but there is no doubt that so far as they go these examinations have proved very successful attempts to solve some of the difficulties of the problem.

The Christian Union has reported from time to time the indications of a growth of public sentiment favorable to co-education in our colleges and higher seminaries. The reform is one which requires a preliminary change of public sentiment, co-education in exceptional institutions having many of the disadvantages which would not be experienced in a community where this was the rule. It has had to overcome, in its advance, the traditions of generations and the passive resistance of large endowed institutions, some of which could not, without a diversion of funds, open their doors to women, others of which would never think of opening them until public sentiment becomes overwhelming. The greatest of all opposition comes from the under-graduates themselves, who have small appreciation of the evils of the monastic methods of education. The declaration of President Barnard in his annual report to the Trustees of Columbia College is the latest indication of the current of public sentiment. After referring to the success of co-education as an experiment at Michigan, Cornell, Girton, Newnham and other colleges, both in the United States and abroad, as demonstrating that the objections commonly urged to co-education are fallacious, he says:

"I can only repeat the conviction expressed in my former report, that the question here considered is in this institution only a question of time; and that, whatever may happen this year or the next, Columbia College will yet open her doors widely enough to receive all earnest and honest seekers after knowledge without any distinction of class or sex."

Such an expression from such an authority on education as President Barnard will carry great weight even among conservative and cautious people; and the day when the richest college in the country opens its doors to women will mark an era in civilization, as well as constitute a witness against mental separations during the educational periods of life the most potent which has yet been borne on the subject. President Barnard might well have cited, in

his list of colleges which have tried and proved the feasibility of co-education, the Boston University.

The uprising in Northern Africa appears from later reports to be more serious in its proportions and more threatening even than was first anticipated. The troops of the Bey of Tunis have deserted in large numbers. Over one thousand Spaniards in the district of Oran, in Western Algeria, have been massacred or carried away captive by the Arab banditti, their houses and factories burned and their fields ravaged. Troops of Arab horsemen are raiding through Tunis and Algeria, whom the poorly-equipped French cavalry are quite inadequate to pursue and from whom the French infantry are no protection. A Mussulman rising from Morocco to Tripoli is threatened, and there are even apprehensions that it will extend into Egypt; indeed, if the torch is once lighted no one can surmise how far the conflagration may extend. It is rumored that letters have been sent from Mecca appealing to all Mussulmans to unite in a general religious war against the military powers of Christendom, and well-informed correspondents are of the opinion that such a union, extending even into Turkey in Europe and into India, is imminent. The Mussulman power has been steadily decaying; European Turkey is rapidly passing from under the crescent; Russia has made great inroads into Armenia; and this last expedition by France threatens the Mussulman power where, hitherto, its control has been undisputed; viz., in Northern Africa. The Italian people have submitted with difficulty to the French protectorate in Tunis and now the Spanish press is indignantly demanding some satisfaction from France for the massacre of Spanish citizens whom France was bound to protect from the insurrection instigated by her military campaign. The French government has been sustained in the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 353 to 130. The English press are divided in sentiment respecting this French movement; the Conservatives demanding that England interfere to prevent a French war of conquest, else the peace of Egypt will be disturbed; the Liberal organs, on the other hand, thinking that civilization demands a European protectorate over the provinces of Northern Africa, where under pagan rule once flourished cities of wealth and seats of empire, now reduced under the crescent to crumbled ruins and desolated fields.

The New York "Herald" publishes what purports to be an account of an interview between a "special correspondent" and a "high political officer" in Russia, who is "on intimate terms with the new Emperor." It must be confessed that an interview by an anonymous correspondent with an anonymous official, and published in the columns of the journal that let the wild animals loose in the Central Park, is not a very substantial and trustworthy means of information. But there are two statements in this interview which probably may be accepted as facts, and they are both significant. One is that the Emperor has constituted a Council of twelve persons, each one representing a separate region or district of the empire, who are invited to deliberate and advise concerning certain reforms which it is intended to inaugurate. As the members of this Council are all chosen by the Emperor, that is, by the office-holders, and as they are without any power whatsoever, being mere advisers, this is not a very long step toward a representative Parliament; but it may be taken as an indication that the Bureaucracy are convinced that the people must be at least pacified with a pretense of representation. Among the promised reforms is a reduction of taxes; but as this is always promised in all countries by office-holders to appease discontent, and seldom performed, the promise is of small account. The other significant statement is that the

to or irony of the cordial affection so embalmed. I have sometimes wondered what shade of expression would be likely to strike a lover's face on coming in contact with one of these books—his own presentation—and seeing that the warm emotions of a former date had dilated to so little purpose. I have given a good many books away and loaned many that never returned, but I have been spared, so far, the personal experience of seeing them again as somebody's stock in trade.

Of course there is a mass of rubbish that drifts to the smaller book-stalls; but a single nugget, sometimes, will pay for exploring a good deal of dirt. It is a study to look at the faces that are habitual to these haunts, and, while they are reading the titles, read the various forms of expression that animate them. Where you meet the real "old stagers," and not the mere casuals to whom the scene itself has not as yet lost its first novelty, the study is not unworthy of a Darwin. It should belong to a special branch of physiognomy, where each separate emotion would be found to leave some infallible sign-facial. The feeling which imprints itself on the face when its possessor has found the third and fourth volumes of a broken set of four, of which he owns only the first and second, should be suddenly marked and plainly seen. It is not an uncommon occurrence; for two friends of mine have felt the glow of satisfaction which it brings within a very few days, dating from the time I write.

The fact that valuable sets of books, in good order, are so frequently broken suggests the query of how it happens. It is certain no person in his right mind would divide a set of volumes for the sake of selling a part of them, and thus foolishly damage both fragments. A volume or two may be stolen from a shelf by a pilfering servant, or hanger-on in a library, with so little discretion that no notice is taken of the fact that what is stolen is not complete, and afterwards be sold on the best terms possible. Whatever may be the cause, broken sets do abound, and may be seen in every place where old books are sold. I come upon them so frequently that it seems to me (and I hereby patent the idea) that it would pay some thrifty bookman to establish, in connection with his sales, a feature which might be called a "Literary Clearing House," in which entry-books should be kept for the registry and description of all imperfect sets of literary wares in New York, Brooklyn and other large cities. To this point those who wish to match their incomplete sets would go; and whoever should avail himself of the privileges of the "Clearing House" would, of course, pay a suitable fee.

In this way, perhaps, hundreds of lost relatives—sundered ties as pathetically rived as any since the havoc made by the slave-block—might be happily brought together. If some owner identified occasionally his lost property by this means justice might eventually be done; and dealers would be cautious in buying and thieves in appropriating and selling that which belongs to other parties. If any dealer who reads *The Christian Union* carefully, as all dealers should, sees fit to act upon this suggestion, I trust he will respect the copyright I enter, which he may satisfy by making liberal discounts on, or awards of, his own books.

You can easily see, when you look over rows of second-hand books, that very good works which ought to have, and do have, a fair sale are to be often found as good and as fresh as if new—and they are often new—at half price or less. The fact shows, in one way, that a good many people who read a good many books are not able to own all the books that they buy, and so they sell some of them, after a quick perusal, at a large discount, and turn the avails toward other purchases.

If I speak of a book as being second-hand I do not mean to intimate thereby that it is necessarily second-rate. Books acquire a value sometimes from their previous ownership, from some particular history connected with them, or from corrections and notes made on the fly-leaves and margins, or from the unostentatious autograph of a distinguished owner. Books sold from Charles Dickens's or from Bayard Taylor's library were increased in value by their previous ownership; and a book containing such an autograph as this, for instance, which is not of a kind so very uncommon, "To Charles Lamb, with respects of T. De Quincey," would have a double enchantment to a putative purchaser. Books published by certain publishers have a certain aroma to the collector, apart from all other considerations. A Pickering or Chiswick, or both combined, is quickly noted by the chronic collector, who possesses the proper ardor, though many of these would be thought dull-looking by one who is a casual or uninitiated; and very likely the latter personage would skip over a dozen of them to buy a gaudy, glowing volume out of some cheap brand of Dolly Vardenish gilt and spangle, whose loud self-consciousness and conceit of manner would debar its entrance into any well-chosen library.

There is a good deal, too, in the binding of a book,

and in the binder who puts it on, that makes or qualifies the value of it. We laugh at a non-expert among pictures who pays too much attention to the frames; but the analogy does not hold with respect to books. The garment does not make the man, but it frequently does go a good way toward making the character and high quality of a book. Tree-calf or full Russia are among the royalest of bindings, and signify a sort of princely blood; half Russia and morocco may stand for patrician and brains, while plain cloth can be said to represent the plebeian or democratic costume; and happy is he who can command even half what he wants in this latter garb. When the edition of a work is limited and out of print, and a new demand springs up, not quite sufficient to warrant reprinting, and yet which is urgent so far as it prevails, the price of a copy of it goes up often far beyond the quadrupling of the original price, and, in rare cases, to a price that is fabulous and beyond the reach of all ordinary purchasers. Other things being equal, the age of a book, after it passes a certain point, adds to its value. A copy of the Mazarin Bible, which is not only rare but very old, and which is soon to be sold in the Brinley Library* sale, will undoubtedly bring a good many thousand dollars—enough, probably, to purchase a country-house and farm. A book like this, however, does not get into the book-stores, but is usually sold at auction when the estate to which it belongs is to be settled up.

A stranger who first begins to frequent book-stores notices very soon that the manner and traditions of trade there are quite different from those which prevail in the dry-goods, hardware, or any other style of mercantile business. The dealer and his assistants pay no attention of the ordinary kind to the customer if he seems to know what he is about, and the customer goes all over the store, or along the shelves of a hall, handling and looking at every book he chooses. If he stays a half day, and then starts to go out, there is no occasion to speak to him, and he may come the day after, and the day after that, repeating the same process. But if he pauses in his search, or if he seems to be in any way in a daze or in doubt, he will be asked what book he desires, and have it pointed out to him. This deference to the average book-buyer always strikes me—if I may be allowed to put it so—as a kind of tacit compliment to his intelligence, and a token conferring in a certain way the imprint of superiority.

When I was in the city lately for a few weeks' stay, I had two friends, M— and W—, whom I wished to see often; but I made no appointments for that purpose. It was never necessary to do so. When I happened to make a general circuit of the retail book-stores I was sure somewhere to find the former; and, if I stepped into the book auctions some afternoon, I invariably found the latter deeply absorbed in his catalogue. I do not intend to intimate that the financial resources of either of these friends are any less than their high mental equipment; but I am certain if they should some day possess the equivalent of Mark Twain's favorite volume—"Vanderbilt's pocket-book"—there would soon be no choice books left for me to buy, and my occasional recreation in hunting such treasures up would be summarily and irrevocably extinguished.

SAUL'S CATTLE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE P. HAYS, D.D.

SAMUEL'S interview with Saul, after the slaughter of the Amalekites, contains the whole philosophy of the worship. If it was well studied, both by those in the church and out of it, it would clear up many a difficulty and resolve many a doubt. The principle there laid down is this: that all acceptable worship or sacrifice must be, not a sacrifice of the offering, but a sacrifice to the offerer. What God looks at is the feeling of the heart, and not the outward attitude of the body. Man, in his superficial thoughtlessness, assumes that what God wants is the bending knee and the praying and praising lip and the smoking altar. In this way Saul assumed that what God wanted was fresh meat for his altar, and so to Saul it seemed a great waste to kill all these Amalekite cattle. They were therefore driven home. I pass by the important question whether Saul's reply to Samuel was not an after-thought. It seems very likely that he intended to increase his own herd with them, and only thought of sacrificing them when he found he was caught in his disobedience. Many another has said "corban" about his wealth when his poor friends needed help. Many a selfish old sinner has made a virtue out of necessity and when he found he could not keep his money

* It impresses me that it would be a great favor to out-of-town book-buyers if the dictionary of New York, or some little manual, or some enterprising journal, would take pains to give a complete list of all the book-stalls and retail book-stores that are to be found in New York and its adjacent cities, so that one could go at times to each and all of them. But I know of nothing, except the memory of my friend W., that can supply this unique information.

longer has tried to deceive God Almighty by making pretense of big charity in a large bequest. So, probably, Saul, with ready wit, tried to get out of the scrape he was in by blaming the survival of the flocks partly on the people and partly on his own purpose to offer them in sacrifice. But, whatever is the fact, the excuse gets all the validity it can claim from the absurd assumption on which it proceeds, that God looks at the size of the offering and not at the motive of the worshiper. God asked obedience and Saul gave him beef and mutton.

We hold up our hands in horror; but let us look into the modern church and see if the same breed of cattle is not yet found in the possession of the church. A congregation concludes that what God wants is some good music. So they hire a quartette choir, regardless of the moral character of the singers, and locate them in an organ gallery as near heaven—for height—as possible, and shutting their own mouths and hearts enjoy the music as music themselves, and suppose God does also. The choir, adopting the theory of the church, strive to earn their money and the favor of God and the people by selecting the most elaborate and difficult exercises in vocal gymnastics and executing them in a most exquisite style of art. The words are entirely overlooked in the attention paid to the marks on, above and below the score. What are words to sounds? It is all very fine, compared with what music we get here; but when God can hear angels this must fall very flat, seeing there is nothing but its music to recommend it. The unsanctified ear may enjoy it, but to the spiritually minded and to a spiritual God the choir are but Saul's cattle bellowing in the distance.

Others suppose God wants prayer and bodily movement and beauty. So they cross themselves, and count the number of times they say their prayers by a string of beads, so as to give full measure, and pepper themselves and their churches with pictures, good and bad. Is God thus pleased? Saul's cattle have a fine figure and fine horns, and the sheep are models of grace and symmetry. So, in some struggling church, the one man in it who has a superabundance of this world's goods rises and proposes that he will be one of twenty to pay off the debt. To him one-twentieth of the debt would be as nothing. He would never feel it. Giving it is no sacrifice to him. The other nineteen-twentieths are made up very largely from those who will be the colder all the next winter for what they have given for their love of God's house. The rich leader expects God's thanks for the example of liberality he has shown, and lays the flattering unction to his soul that this is true sacrifice. If he would listen, he could hear Saul's cattle lowing all round his house.

When David said to Araunah, "I will not offer unto the Lord my God burnt-offerings of that which cost me nothing," he put the thing in its proper light. If all God wanted was cattle, no matter at whose expense, Araunah's would have done as well as David's. As that, however, would have been no sacrifice to David, it would have found no favor in the eyes of heaven. So prayer, praise and gifts are the natural expression of the grateful feelings of a heart filled with a sense of its obligation to Christ for his dying love; and the more they express the recognition of all things as God's lendings to us, and the joyous purpose to hold ourselves and our talents as offerings irrevocably consecrated to him, the more acceptable will they be. When offered without the heart, they are but the bleating of innocent Amalekite sheep in the hands of a godless plunderer who seeks to conceal his rebellion under the guise of giving God what he got for nothing.

KERLINY.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

"HOORAY! Kerliny! Howdy? howdy? A lookin' fer me, wuz ye? A lookin' fer a right smart while? Well—hyar ye beholt me. Long-looked-fer-come-at-las'. Eh? Mighty nigh bein' too late? Now ye don't tell me, Kerliny! ye don't! Wot's dishearted ye thet a way? Chirk up now, an' shake yer leg outen o' thet ther bunk an' dainse a stret ole Virginny reel, Kerliny, fer ther's good news—I 'low ther's good news thet 'll go ringin' right peelin' thro' an' thro' yer livin' vityals. Ye don't? Kerliny, ye ain't a talkin' studdy, now air ye? Ye ain't a tellin' me the doc nez guv ye up ter die? No! Ye musn't die, Kerliny, ye musn't! Yere, swaller yer draps, an lemme chunk up yer pillers. Ther now, shore over leetle, an' gimme a seat holt onter the edge o' the bed rail, an' listen while I tell ye. Rough times ye hev seed sence I lef' yer, ain't yer, old chap? Things hez gone rough enough, I'll reek it. But the good news I'se brung ye 'll set ye up, I 'low.

"Oh, hooray! Ef yander ain't Stranger, teemin' down the gulch! Jis lay still, Kerliny, tell I hello him up. Stranger'n me toted over a powerful smart piece o' road together back yander in Kaintuck. Never told him my arrant, howsomever. Didn't 'low ter tell no tales tell I hed somethin' wuth while, fer sho. He's